

The Beacon

VOL. XXX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1918

NO. 3

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

WHEN Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.
The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.
Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel-wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.
Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart;
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

PATRICK S. GILMORE.

SOME GAINS OF THE WAR

By SIR WALTER RALEIGH, M. A., Professor of English Literature at Oxford University.

(Paper read at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute held at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on February 13, 1918. Reprinted from *United Empire*.)

(Continued from last week)

WHAT brings me to the first great gain of the War? We have found ourselves, which of us, in the early months of 1914, would have dared to predict the splendors of the youth of this Empire—splendors which are now a part of our history? We are adepts at self-criticism and self-depreciation. We hate the language of emotion. Some of us, if we were taken to heaven and asked what we thought of it, would say that it is decent, or not so bad. I suppose we are jealous to keep our standard high, and to have something to say if a better place should be found. But in spite of all this, we do now know, and it is worth knowing, that we are not weaker than our fathers. We know that the people who inhabit these islands and this commonwealth of nations cannot be pushed on one side, or driven under, or denied a great share in the future ordering of the world. We know this, and our knowledge of it is the debt that we owe to our dead. It is not vanity to admit that we know it; on the contrary, it would be vanity to pretend that we do not know it. It is visible to other eyes than ours. Some time ago I heard an address given by a friend of mine, an Indian Mohammedan of warrior descent, to University students of his own faith. He was urging on them the futility of dreams and the necessity of self-discipline and self-devotion. "Why do the people of this country," he said, "count for so much all the world over? It is not because of their dreams; it is because thousands of them are lying at the bottom of the sea!"

Further, we have not only found ourselves: we have found one another. A new kindness has grown up, during the War, between people divided by the barriers of class, or wealth, or circumstance. A statesman of the seventeenth century remarks that it is a misfortune for a man not to have a friend in the world, but for that reason he shall have no enemies. I might invert his maxim and say, "It is a misfortune for a man to have many enemies, but for that reason he shall know who are his friends." No Radical member of Parliament will again, while any of us live, cast contempt on "the carpet Captains of Mayfair." No idle Tory talker will again dare to say that the working men of England care nothing for their country. Even the manners of railway travel have improved. I was travelling in a third-class compartment of a crowded train the other day; we were twenty in the compartment, but it seemed a pity to leave any one behind, and we made room for number twenty-one. Nothing but a very kindly human feeling could have packed us tight enough for this. Yet now is the time that has been chosen by some of these pensive gentlemen that I spoke of, and by some of these excitable journalists, to threaten us with class-war, and to try to make our flesh creep by conjuring up the horrors of revolution. I advise them to take their opinions to the third-class compartment

and discuss them there. It is a good tribunal, for, sooner or later, you will find every one there—even officers, when they are travelling multi at their own expense. I have visited this tribunal very often, and I have always come away from it with the same impression, that this people means to win the War. But I do not travel much in the North of England, so I asked a friend of mine, whose dealings are with the industrial North, what the work-people of Lancashire and Yorkshire think of the War. He said, "Their view is very simple: they mean to win it; and they mean to make as much money out of it as ever they can." Certainly, that is very simple; but before you judge them, put yourselves in their place. There are great outcries against profiteers, for making exorbitant profits out of the War, and against munition workers, for delaying work in order to get higher wages. I do not defend either of them; they are unimaginative and selfish, and I do not care how severely they are dealt with; but I do say that the majority of them are not wicked in intention. A good many of the more innocent profiteers are men whose sin is that they take an offer of two shillings rather than an offer of eightpence for what cost them one and a penny. Some of us, in our weaker moments, might be betrayed into doing the same. As for munition workers, I remember what Goldsmith, who had known the bitterest poverty, wrote to his brother, "Avarice," he said, "In the lower orders of mankind is true ambition; avarice is the only ladder the poor can use to preferment. Preach then, my dear Sir, to your son, not the excellence of human nature, nor the disrespect of riches, but endeavor to teach him thrift economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed in his eyes. I had learned from books to love virtue before I was taught from experience the necessity of being selfish."

The profiteers and the munition workers are endeavoring, incidentally, to better their own position. But make no mistake: the bulk of these people would rather die than allow one spear of English grass to be trodden under the foot of a foreign trespasser. Their chief sin is that they do not fear. They think that there is plenty of time to do a little business for themselves on the way to defeat the enemy. I cannot help remembering the mutiny at the Nore which broke out in our fleet during the Napoleonic wars. The mutineers struck for more pay and better treatment, but they agreed together that, if the French fleet should put in an appearance during the mutiny, all their claims should be postponed for a time, and the French fleet should have their first attention.

Employees and employed do, no doubt, find in some trades to-day that their relations are strained and irksome. They would do well to take a lesson in the Army, where, with very few exceptions, there is harmony and understanding between those who take orders and those who give them. It is only in the Army that you can see realized the ideal of ancient Rome:

Then none was for a party,
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.

Why is the Army so far superior to most commercial and industrial businesses? The secret does not lie in State employment. There is plenty of discontent and unrest among the State-employed railway men and munition workers. It lies rather in the habit of mutual trust. If any civilian employer of labor wants to have willing work-people, let him take a hint from the Army. Let him live with his work-people, and share all their dangers and discomforts. Let him take thought for their welfare before his own, and teach self-sacrifice by example. Let him put the good of the nation before all private interests; and those whom he commands will do for him anything that he asks.

I cannot believe that the benefits which have come to us from the Army will pass away with the passing of the War. Those who have been comrades in danger will surely take with them something of the old spirit into civil life. And those who have kept clear of the Army in order to carry on their own trades and businesses will surely realize that they have missed the great opportunity of their lives.

In a wider sense the War has brought us to an understanding of one another. This great Commonwealth of independent nations which is called the British Empire is scattered over the surface of the habitable globe. It embraces people who live ten thousand miles apart, and whose ways of life are so different that they might seem to have nothing in common. But the War has brought them together, and has done more than half a century of peace could do to promote a common understanding. Hundreds of thousands of men of our blood, before the War, had never seen this little island, have now made acquaintance with it. Hundreds of

thousands of the inhabitants of this island to whom the Dominions were strange, far places, if, after the War, they should be called on to settle there, will not feel that they are leaving home. I can only hope that the Canadians and Anzacs think as well of us as we do of them. We do not like to praise our friends in their hearing, so I will say no more than this: I am told that a new kind of peevishness, very haughty, and very self-important, has arisen in South London. Its members are those householders who have been privileged to have Anzac soldiers billeted on them. It is private ties of this kind, invisible to the constitutional lawyer and the political historian, which make the fine meshes of the web of Empire.

Because he knew that the strength of the whole texture depends on the strength of the fine meshes, Earl Grey, who died last year, will always be remembered in our history. Not many men have his opportunity to make acquaintance with the domain that is their birthright, for he had administered a province of South Africa, and had been Governor-General of Canada. He rediscovered the glory of the Empire as poets rediscover the glory of common speech. "He had breathed its air," a friend of his says, "fished its rivers, walked its valleys, stood on its mountains, met its people face to face. He had seen it in all the zones of the world. He knew what it meant to mankind. Under the British flag, wherever he journeyed, he found men of English speech living in a atmosphere of liberty and carrying on the best domestic traditions of the British Isles. He saw justice firmly planted there, industry and invention hard at work unfettered by tyrants of any kind, domestic life prospering in natural conditions, and our old English kindness and cheerfulness and broad-minded tolerance keeping things together. But he also saw room under that same flag, ample room, for millions and millions more of the human race. The Empire wasn't a word to him. It was vast, an almost boundless, home for honest men."

The War did not dishearten him. When he died, in August 1917, he said, "Here I lie on my death bed, looking clear into the Promised Land. I'm not allowed to enter it, but there it is before my eyes. After the War the people of this country will enter it, and those who laughed at me for a dreamer will see that I wasn't so wrong after all. But there's still work to do for those who didn't laugh, hard work, and with much opposition in the way; till the same, it is work right up against the goal. My dreams have come true."

One of the clear gains of the War is to be found in the increased activity and alertness of our own people. The motto of to-day is, "Let those now work who never worked before, and those who always worked now work the more." Before the War we had a great national reputation for idleness—in this island, at least. I remember a friendly critic from Canada, who some five or six years ago, expressed to me, with much disquiet his opinion that there was something very far wrong with the old country; that we had gone soft. As for our German critics, they expressed the same view in gross and unmistakable fashion. Wit is not a native product in Germany—it all has to be imported, so they could not satirize us; but their caricatures of the typical Englishman showed us what they thought. He was a young weakling with a foolish face, and was dressed in cricketering flannels. It would have been worth their while to notice, what they did not notice, that his muscles and nerves are not soft. They learned that later, when the bank-ers of Manchester broke the Prussian Guard into fragments at Contalmaison. This must have been a sad surprise, for the Germans had always taught, in their delightful authoritative fashion, that the chief industries of the young Englishman are lawn-tennis and afternoon tea. They are a fussy people and they find it difficult to understand the calm of the man, who, having nothing to do, does it. Perhaps they were right, and we were too idle. The disease was never so serious as they thought it, and now, thanks to them, we are in a fair way to recovery. The idle classes have turned their hands to the plough and the plough. Women are doing a hundred things that they never did before, and are doing them well. The elasticity and resourcefulness that the War has developed will not be lost or destroyed by the coming of peace. Least of all will those qualities be lost if we should prove unable, in this War, to impose our own terms on Germany. Then the peace that follows will be a long struggle, and in that struggle we shall prevail. In the last long peace we were not suspicious; we felt friendly enough to the Germans, and we gave them every advantage. They despised us for our friendliness and used the peace to prepare our downfall. That will never happen again. If we cannot tame the cunning animal that has assailed humanity, at least we can and will tether him. Laws will not be necessary; there are

millions of others besides the seamen of England who will have no dealings with an unsubdued and unrepentant Germany. What the Germans are not taught by the War they will have to learn in the more tedious and no less costly school of peace.

In any case, whether we win through to real peace and real security, or whether we are thrown back on an armistice and the duty of unbroken vigilance, we shall be dependent for our future on the children who are now learning in the schools or playing in the streets. It is a good dependence. The children of to-day are better than the children whom I knew when I was a child. I think they are more intelligent and sympathetic; they certainly have more public spirit. We cannot do too much for them. The most that we can do is nothing to what they are going to do for us, for their own nation and people. I am not concerned to discuss the education problem. Formal education, carried on chiefly by means of books, is a very small part of the making of a man or a woman. But I am interested to know what the children are thinking. You cannot fathom a child's thoughts, but we know who are their best teachers, and what lessons have been stamped indelibly on their minds. Their teachers, whom they never saw, and whose lessons they will never forget, lie in Flanders and Gallipoli and Syria and Mesopotamia, or unburied at the bottom of the sea. The runner falls, but the torch is carried forward. This is what Julian Grenfell, who gave his mind and his life to the War, has said in his splendid poem called *Into Battle*:

And life is color and warmth and light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight,
And who dies fighting hath increase.

Those who died fighting will have such increase that a whole new generation, better even than the old will be ready, no long time hence, to uphold and extend and decorate the Commonwealth of nations which their fathers and brothers saved from ruin.

One thing I have never heard discussed but it is the clearest gain of all, and already it may be called a certain gain. After the War the English language will have such a position as it has never had before. It will be established in world-wide security. Even before the War, it may be truly said, our language was in no danger from the competition of the German language. The Germans have never had much success in the attempt to get their language adopted by other peoples. Not all the military laws of Prussia can drive out French from the hearts and homes of the people of Alsace. In the ports of the near and far East you will hear English spoken—pidgin English, as it is called; that is to say a selection of English words suited for the business of daily life. But you may roam the whole world over, and you will hear no pidgin German. Before the War many Germans learned English, while very few English-speaking people learned German. In other matters we disagreed, but we both knew which way the wind was blowing. It may be said, and said truly, that our well-known laziness was one cause of our failing to learn German. But it was not the only cause; and we are not lazy in tasks which we believe to be worth our while. Rather, we had an instinctive belief that the future does not belong to the German tongue. That belief is not likely to be impaired by the War. Armed ruffians can do some things, but one thing they cannot do: they cannot endear their language to those who have suffered from their violence. The Germans poisoned the wells in South-West Africa; in Europe they did all they could to poison the wells of mutual trust and mutual understanding among civilized men. Do they think that these things will make a good advertisement for the explosive guttural sounds and the huddled deformed syntax of the speech in which they express their arrogance and their hate? Which of the chief European languages will come first, after the War, with the little nations? Will Serbia be content to speak German? Will Norway and Denmark feel a new affection for the speech of the men who have degraded the old humanity of the seas? Neighbourhood, kinship, and the necessities of commerce may retain for the German language a certain measure of custom in Sweden and Switzerland, and in Holland. But for the most part Germans will have to be content to be addressed in their own tongue only by those who fear them, or by those who hope to cheat them.

(To be continued.)

"Rawley Jones? Why, that's my husband's pen name," said the lady of the house. "Ain't it funny, marvelled the cook. 'My husband has one, too. Up in the pen they call him 'Glycerin George.'"—Judge.

NEWS OF THE SEA

An Atlantic Port, July 11.—The trawler *Georgia*, carrying a crew of nineteen, was sunk in a collision with the steamship *Bristol*, off the New England coast last night. All hands were picked up by the *Bristol* and landed here to-day. Capt. Percy Firth, of the *Georgia*, and Captain Hart, of the *Bristol*, reported the vessels crashed in a dense fog and that the accident was unavoidable. The fisherman was hit aft and the crew barely had time to enter two small boats before the *Georgia* went down.

An Atlantic Port, July 13.—A German submarine, appearing 300 miles off Cape Race on July 6, captured the Norwegian bark *Manx King*, and ordered the crew of nineteen to take to the boats, it was learned last night, when the survivors arrived here on a British steamship which picked them up at sea.

The *Manx King* which left a United States Atlantic port about two weeks ago is the first vessel to report meeting a U-boat so far north in the Atlantic.

Members of the crew explained that they promptly obeyed the order to abandon the bark. Pulling away rapidly, they were overtaken by darkness before seeing what disposition had been made of the sailing vessel.

The *Manx King* was built at Stockton, England, in 1884, and was of 1,729 gross tons.

Buenos Aires, July 14.—Two British steamships have been sunk in nearby waters as the result of collisions. The British *Clan Robertson*, of 4,826 tons gross yesterday, collided with another British steamship and sank in the river Plate.

A dispatch from Monte Video reports the sinking of the British steamship *Indiana*, of 4,426 tons gross, off the Brazilian coast, between the Rio Grande and Coronilla, after a collision with an Italian steamship.

An Atlantic Port, July 16.—The Associated Press to-day carries the following "The sinking at sea on July 11 of the American steamship *Oosterdijk*, after a collision with the American steamship *San Jacinto* was reported by a Swedish steamship arriving here to-day. The *Oosterdijk's* crew was taken aboard the *San Jacinto*, which, although badly damaged, had managed to reach an Atlantic port, it was said. Both vessels, manned and officered by naval crews, carried cargoes.

The *San Jacinto's* 'S. O. S.' calls brought one American and two neutral vessels, which stood by until her safe arrival in port was assured. The collision occurred in North Atlantic waters. The *Oosterdijk* was a vessel of 8,252 gross tons, built in 1913 at West Hartlepool, and owned by the Holland-American Line. She was one of the Dutch ships recently requisitioned while in an American port."

Amsterdam, July 17.—The Turkish cruiser *Medjidieh*, which was sunk in 1915 and subsequently raised by the Russians, has arrived at Constantinople, having been seized by the Germans at Sebastopol, according to the Constantinople correspondent of the *Germania*, of Berlin.

Ottawa, July 17.—The chief press censor announced to-day that the steamship *Ochenstels*, of 5,621 tons burden, which went ashore early in the month during a dense fog at Prospect, about twenty miles west of Halifax, has been floated and safely docked.

London, July 17.—Thirty-five Americans, constituting the crew of the former Great Lakes steamer *George L. Eaton*, have arrived in London. Their steamer, foundered at sea in a storm. They got away in the lifeboats, were rescued some time later by a warship, and were brought to London.

London, July 17.—Of the 637,829 American troops brought to Europe in the months of April, May, and June, 359,956 were carried in British ships, according to a statement made in the House of Commons to-day by Sir Leo Moseley, parliamentary secretary to the minister of shipping. He added:

"Arrangements were being made where-by we hope to carry larger numbers in the future.

Tokio, July 16.—The Japanese battleship *Kawachi*, 21,420 tons, displacement, blew up and sank in Tokoyama Bay, 150 miles northeast of Nagasaki, on July 12. Five hundred members of the crew lost their lives.

Ottawa, July 16.—The Chief Press Censor announced to-day that the steamship *Sevell's Point*, a new steamship of 3,354 tons, which went ashore in a fog at Five Fathom Harbor, about 25 miles east of Halifax, on July 1, has been successfully floated and taken to Halifax and docked.

An Atlantic Port, July 17.—The Associated Press carries the following: "Word reached here to-day that the

Norwegian sailing ship *Marosa*, 1,882 tons, loaded with coal, had been sunk at sea by a German submarine and that the crew was landed safely at Canso, N. S., yesterday."

Halifax, July 17.—Advices received here from Canso, Nova Scotia, where the crew of the Norwegian iron sailing ship *Marosa* sunk by a U-boat, have been landed, state that the sinking occurred in latitude 40 north, longitude 50 west, about 600 miles of Cape Race. The crew, twenty-two all told, reached port in their own boats. The captain, in a message to the Norwegian consul here, states that all are well. She was bound with a cargo of coal from Newport News for Buenos Aires.

Seattle, Wn., July 17.—After being 16 days in the great ice floes of Behring Sea and one month and thirteen days on the round trip, a passenger liner has completed a voyage to St. Michael's, Alaska. Officers of the ship said the conditions in the north were the worst in ten years. The liner brought down 77,000 pounds of reindeer meat.

Athens, Greece, July 17.—It is announced from a Spanish source that a Spanish steamship on which Minister Lopez was returning to Spain, has been torpedoed by a German submarine. The ship flew the minister's flag. The diplomat and his family have been rescued. The German government had been notified of the minister's departure a week in advance.

Buenos Ayres, July 17.—The British steamship *Clan Robertson*, which came into collision on Saturday in the River Plate with another British steamship and sank, has been refloated and towed into dock. The vessel is badly damaged.

New York, July 17.—The Italian steamship *Napoli*, 9,210 tons, gross register, formerly engaged in American-Italian trade, was recently sunk in a collision near Genoa, according to reports received here to-day in marine circles. The *Napoli* was in the service of the Italian government transporting army supplies from the United States. The ship was built in 1899 at Newcastle, England, and was formerly known as the *Sannio*.

TRUE TO SEA TRADITIONS

Christiania, July 11.—Hans Olsen, one of Norway's best known pilots, who for years piloted the German Emperor's yacht on its summer cruises in Norwegian waters, has returned to the German Legation the numerous decorations given him by the Emperor. He wrote the German Minister that the decorations were returned as a protest against the shameful murder and cruel massacre of Norwegian sailors, many of them his friends, by German submarines. While he had appreciated the decorations, their possession now gave him no feeling but disgust.

TROOPS ARRIVE SAFELY

Ottawa, July 16.—It is officially announced through the Chief Press Censor's Office that the following troops have arrived in the United Kingdom: Field artillery, draft number nineteen, Kingston; Dental draft from Military District No. 11, Regina. A. M. C. doctors, nursing sisters; infantry, balance draft number 38, First Battalion, First Quebec Regiment; balance draft number 39, Second Battalion Second Quebec Regiment; draft number 71, First Battalion, First Quebec Regiment; draft number 72, Second Battalion, Second Quebec Regiment; infantry from New Brunswick; Engineers, draft number 75, Brockville; Imperial recruits; details. A total of 3,064.

REPAIRING THE HARBINGER

The steamer *Harbinger*, owned by Connors Bros., of Black's Harbor, has been brought to St. John by the tug *Wasson*, and will be repaired here. The steamer struck a ledge at Lettie, known as the Harrow Teeth, on Friday last, while attempting to make the harbor in a dense fog. Happily there was comparatively no sea running at the time, but a strong current chafed the ship on the rocks, and the damage suffered was considerable. Lewis Connors told *The Telegraph* last night that an examination of the steamer showed that her rudder had been torn off, her keel, stem, and stern post damaged considerably. A survey will probably be held upon her to-day. The repair work will be done by Fred Haines, of this city, and will be rushed so that the *Harbinger* may resume her regular sailings in as short a space of time as possible. Mr. Connors reports a fair run of fish at Lettie, and while there inspected his sheep ranch, where he has 173 sheep at the present time. It is understood that he contemplates selling out his sheep ranch in the near future.—*St. John Telegraph*, July 18.