

HELPING YOU to KEEP POSTED

A Boost for a City
The American Magazine

To Mobilize the Eskimos
The Outlook

WHAT'S THE PROSPECT FOR IRELAND?

AN Irish Republic is out of the question. Sinn Fein, good as it is in some things, bad in others, can never be allowed to create a stamping-ground for an enemy of England. The Irish Coast is 20 miles from England at its nearest point. A modern siege gun can throw a shell ten miles further than that. Hence an Irish Dominion may be possible; an Irish Republic—might be British suicide.

Adventures in Africa
The Wide World

Peace By Christmas
From John Bull

VERY likely the labors of the Dublin convention will fructify at any time now, and although all the deliberations have been kept privy to the council chamber, what little light has leaked out between the chinks illuminates the idea that the convention is surely shaping a proposal that Ireland shall be given the status of a Dominion in the British Empire.

The Sinn Feiners are officially "out" of the convention—a clear enough indication that the convention is not getting het up over any proposal that Ireland shall become an independent sovereign power. The Ulster extremists are sitting back "at home" pooh-pooing the convention as a perfect farce—which can only mean that a banshee has been set upon the proposal that Ireland should be divided.

Ireland as a Dominion seems to be the only compromise which could hold the opposing factions in debate for so long a time. Those who favor the idea as a solution of the "Irish difficulty" say that Home Rule as Colonial Independence—the status of a Dominion—is well known throughout the British Empire and that the granting of such a status to Ireland will not dislocate the constitution either of Great Britain or of the British Empire. The existing Dominions, they say in effect, have flourished under such a form of government, they are prosperous, contented and loyal to the British Empire. Ireland will liken the other Dominions in all these qualities, they say—if she be granted the status of a Dominion. Mr. Childers, one of the ablest among the apologists for Home Rule and a vehement advocate of the doctrine that Ireland should be given and should accept the status of a Dominion, says:

"History apart, circumstances demand this solution. It is the best solution for Ireland, because she needs precisely what the Colonies needed—full play for her native faculties, full responsibility for the adjustment of her internal dissensions, for the exploitation, unaided, of her own resources, and for the settlement of neglected problems peculiar to herself. As a member of the Imperial family she will gain, not lose. And the Empire, here as everywhere else, will gain, not lose."

Mr. A. V. Dicey, in a lengthy article published in the "Nineteenth Century Review," weighs many of the arguments for and against the projected policy and concludes with a recital of what he considers to be "the insuperable objections" to such a policy. The close neighborhood of England to Ireland affords a main reason why for England it is all but impossible to give to Ireland, even as a mere experiment, the status of a Dominion. "Note the differences between

Ireland and the present five Dominions," he says. "The Dominions are as a body rich and prosperous. Ireland is, to say the least, far from a wealthy country. The Dominions have most of them the prospect of becoming flourishing and powerful nationalities. Ireland has no such prospect. There has never been any lengthy and lasting feud between the Dominions and the United Kingdom. Ireland and England have before and since the formation of the United Kingdom been distracted by secular feuds, measured not by years, but centuries. The Dominions are, every one of them, divided from Great Britain by thousands of miles. Ireland lies at one point within about twenty miles of Great Britain. The distance between the two countries, measured now not by space, but by time, lessens every day."

To give to Ireland the status of a Dominion will involve the gravest danger to Great Britain. The refusal to grant the status of a Dominion to Ireland rests on reasonable grounds. For the bestowal of such a status would have two results which do not flow from the existence of the five Dominions. It would, in the first place, mean the actual diminution of the United Kingdom. It would, in the second place, mean the raising up of an all but independent country within about twenty miles of Great Britain. A separate Government and Parliament in Ireland would have the means of weakening the action of Great Britain even in peace time. It is, indeed, almost superfluous to insist that during a war the power of Ireland as an independent Dominion might seriously and injuriously affect the course of affairs in Great Britain.

Even under the old system of war, which existed until towards the end of the nineteenth century, every enemy of England meditated or tried to execute an invasion of Ireland. This held specially true of the revolutionary governments of France.

If anyone thinks that an Irish Parliament or a portion thereof might not have been led to render a great service to Germany in the course of the war, let him consider what would have been the effect upon England and upon the world of a resolution passed, or even supported, by a large part of an Irish Parliament which, on August 3, or, say, August 5, had declared that Ireland protested against the war with Germany, or was of opinion that Ireland ought to take no part in the war. It is vain to argue that no party in Ireland could ally itself with or receive help from German despotism. The rebellion of 1916 gives the lie to such a statement. No doubt the rebellion was not consciously fostered by most, if by any, of the Parliamentary Nationalists.

In Praise of Detroit—

OVER in the United States they take great pride in their cities and towns. In certain magazines every now and then—sometimes several articles in a row—we come across city articles, written in a breezy, interesting style. One of the latest of these is an appreciation of Detroit, where so many thousands of people buy motor cars; the city which is only prevented from being annexed to Windsor, Ont., by the accident of an international boundary in the shape of half-a-mile-wide of Detroit River, the city where young—young people one might say, lest you infer smugglers—don't have it all their own way. And it's H. M. Nimmo, editor of Detroit Saturday Night, who in the December American, writes of his own town.

Detroit, says Mr. Nimmo, has the usual accoutrements of the major American city—a baseball team that can at times play baseball, a municipal government that ought to know better, slums and an art museum, plenty of business and plenty of golf, a cabaret belt and a lobster zone, and suffragists happily more hopeful than bellicose. But Detroit has something else that every major American city is not blessed with—an abundance of red-blooded men and a neighborhood spirit that sudden bigness has not killed.

When you visit Detroit any one, or more, of several thousand organizations is ready to welcome you, if you let them know you are coming. We elected one man mayor of Detroit four times because he made such nice welcome speeches, and we used to hang a welcome sign on the city hall for everybody, including conventions of undertakers and em-

balmers. But it wore out.

If you want to be President of the United States you will find it encouraging to open your campaign here, as Mr. Hughes did; or deliver one or two "non-partisan" addresses here, as Mr. Wilson did; or let everybody here know early in the game what you think of them, as Mr. Roosevelt did. If you are a poor foreign brother, unlettered in the language of the land, unskilled in the art of making a living, and overtaken by unemployment, you will find a board of commerce here whose members will make it their business to see that you are comforted if they cannot get you work, and will show you why and how to become a good American. If you are an advertising man, which seems to be customary nowadays, you will be greeted by many of your own kind who will put you up at their club whether you like it or not, and instruct you how to go after the tougher prospects. And if you really must have some of the stuff that cheers, they will take you to a place with a rail to rest one foot on while they explain to you that Billy Sunday is a great and good man, and why they voted for prohibition in Michigan.

It is usual to say that the automobile did this for Detroit. Certainly the automobile has done most of it, though it is not to be forgotten that we are making everything from ships to pills, and making it in quantities. What the automobile did besides requisitioning new factories, and importing employees by the thousands, was to inject fresh vitality into the life of the community. The speed of the machine itself stirred our blood, the ingeniousness of it stimulated our intellectual interest, the romance of it charmed us, the art of it fascinated us. Here,

we said, is something to the liking of men, women and children alike. We will make it for them, for they will want it. So our mechanics turned their deft hands to it, and our capitalists took chances on it; and it grew, and here it is; and everything it typifies has got into our marrow and reinvigorated us. It is the very symbol of life—power, grace, efficiency, harmony, easy effort. No wonder we love it. We cannot live without it, and we cannot get buried without it. Children cry for it, and visitors unacquainted with our driving manners frequently swear at it. They have even been known to refuse to cross a street in the evening without a tail-light.

—Eskimos to the Rescue

AT last—if Christian Leden, explorer, has his way—the farthest north people in the world are to help win the war. People who as yet don't know there is a war should be producing food for civilization. The Eskimos of Canada, in short, should come to the rescue of a distressed civilization. And it all seems so possible. The resources of the whole world, says Leden, are on the verge of exhaustion, and it is a duty not to overlook any corner of the earth whereby replenishment might come. Even under the primitive conditions of the Eskimo, with his crude spear and bow and arrow, he is a very clever hunter, capable of killing game where a white man would fail. He kills much more than he can possibly use for his own consumption. His religious belief tells him he must kill all animals he meets or sees, for they were expressly sent by