

To convince the average German-American of Germany's great wrong was an almost Herculean task until recently. Not only their homes kept the fires of Pro-Germanism burning, but other factors helped to keep them alive even among German-Americans of the third and fourth generation. It was, therefore, not surprising to find 90 per cent. of the 15,000,000 people of more or less German and Austrian origin in the U. S. A., in thorough sympathy with the central powers at the outbreak of the war. With the help of the various American Pacifist sects, and Irish sympathizers, they succeeded in preventing the entrance of the U. S. A. into the arena of the world war for thirty months. I noticed a distinct weakening of pro-Germanism shortly before Christmas. Many of those who had opposed my pro-Allies activities vigorously, and denounced me as a traitor to Germany, frankly apologized to me and acknowledged their mistake. For the first time since the outbreak of the war, I felt that I was absolutely safe against personal attacks.

Russia's change of government was a hard blow to pro-Germanism. It lined up the influential and large Jewish element of New York and other large cities with the Allies. And the Zimmermann blunder also caused many hitherto pro-Germans to desert Kaiserism. When the U. S. A. declared war against Germany only about 70 per cent. of the people of German and Austrian origin still subscribed to a mild but harmless form of pro-Germanism.

There are three distinct classes of German sympathizers of German blood in the U. S. A. To the first

belong those Germans born in the U. S. A. and their descendants, who settled in the U. S. A. prior to the German-French War of 1870-71. They are strong believers in democracy, and their sympathies were about evenly divided between the Allies and the Central powers. Were the German revolutionists of 1848 still alive to-day, I for one believe that there would have been no such division of sympathies, but a practical unanimity in favour of the Allies, such as exists now among them since America's entry into the war. The spirit of the men of 1848 is still personified to-day in Dr. Abraham Jacobi, the Dean of the American medical profession, who was the most intimate and trusted friend of his revolutionary comrade, the late Carl Schurz. Dr. Jacobi has repeatedly, under his own signature, pronounced himself strongly pro-Allies long before the U. S. A. declared war against Germany.

The second and third classes comprise Germans and Austrians who have entered the U. S. A. since 1871, also their descendants born on American soil. The former includes hard-working business and professional men and property-owners, who left the old country with a deep affection and profound admiration for the newly-created and victorious German Empire. While the sympathies of this second class were strongly pro-German before Woodrow Wilson declared the existence of a state of war with Germany, these people, citizens, or non-citizens, now stand loyally by the U. S. A., against Germany, although less wholeheartedly than those comprising the first class. It is only the people of the third class

that cause anxiety to the Government to-day. Some are adventurers with criminal instincts, and paid agents of the German Government, who are disloyal to the U. S. A. and absolutely dangerous at this time. Others are fanatics and dreamers, more or less harmful. Many of these imagine it an act of a German patriot to destroy American life and property. The third class, in my judgment, numbers half a million people, only one-tenth, or 50,000, of whom need cause any concern. The arrest of about a thousand of their ringleaders, and the close supervision of a few more thousands would serve the best interests of the country, and also promote the happiness of the peaceable and loyal Germans.

To all appearances the problem of alien enemies is being handled with fairness and efficiency, at least as far as the State of New York is concerned. Governor Whitman has established a Bureau for Aliens which is largely in charge of loyal Americans of German descent or birth, because of their familiarity with the language, customs, and habits of thought of these aliens. They are expected to bring sympathetic understanding to the solution of many vexing problems at this time. The Bureau will see that the alien enemies, together with all the other inhabitants of the State, are registered in the coming census. It is planned to encourage the employment of aliens, but to provide for their removal from all strategic points. To prevent the unjust charge of aliens, all employers in the State will be asked to leave the matter of the discharge of alien employees to the alien division.

CANADA IN WAR PAINT

UNTIL there was a war, quite a lot of people hardly knew there were such things as mules. "Mules?" they would say, "Oh, er, yes . . . those creatures with donkey's ears, made like a horse? or do you mean canaries?"

Nous avons change tout cela! "Gonga Din" holds no hidden meaning from us now. We have, indeed, a respect for mules, graded according to closeness of contact.

In some Transports they think more of a mule than of a first-class, No. 1 charger. Why? Simply because a mule is—a mule. No one has yet written a theory of the evolution of mules. We all know a mule is a blend of horse and donkey, and that reproduction of the species is mercifully withheld by the grace of heaven, but further than that we do not go.

When the war began our C. O. was talking about mules. We had not crossed the water then. He said: "I will not have any mules. No civilized man should have to look after a mule. When I was in Pindi once, a mule . . . Mr. Jenks"—our worthy Transport Officer—"there will be no mules in this regiment." That settled it for a while.

Our first mule came a month after we had landed in Flanders. It was a large, lean, hungry-looking mule. It stood about 17 feet 2 inches, and it had very large floppy ears and a long tail; it was rather a high-class mule, as mules go. It ate an awful lot. In fact it ate about as much as two horses and a donkey put together. The first time it was used some one put it in the Maltese cart, and it looked round at the cart with an air of surprise and regret. We were on the move, and the Transport was brigaded, and inspected by the Brigadier as it passed the starting point. James—the mule—behaved in a most exemplary fashion until he saw the Brigadier. Then he was overcome by his emotions. Perhaps the red tabs reminded him of carrots. (James was a pure hog where carrots were concerned.) At all events he proceeded to break up the march. He took the bit between his teeth, wheeled to the left, rolled his eyes, brayed, and charged across an open ditch at the G. O. C. with the Maltese cart.

The G. O. C. and staff extended to indefinite intervals without any word of command.

James pulled up in a turnip patch and began to eat contentedly. It took six men and the

By CAPTAIN RALPH W. BELL

A SERIES of Sketches—most of them Smile-Makers—written by a Canadian who is a member of the First Canadian Battalion and has been at the front as long as any man, except the survivors of the Princess Pats. Capt. Bell, an Englishman by birth, was for some time a member of the Toronto Globe staff. Afterwards he was a free lance Parliamentary writer in Ottawa. Always with a pipe and a smile, he was considerable of a broncho, and saw the humorous side of life with a chuckling cynical philosophy.

Copyright by J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd. Canadian Serial rights held by the Canadian Courier. This instalment mainly illustrated BY FERGUS KYLE.

NUMBER ONE—ON MULES



Transport Officer to get him on to the road again, and the Maltese cart was a wreck.

After that they tried him as a pack-mule. He behaved like an angel for two whole weeks, and then some bright-eyed boy tried him as a saddle mule. After that the whole of the Transport tried him, retiring worsted from the fray on each occasion. One day the Transport Officer bet all-comers fifty francs on the mule. The conditions were that riders must stick on for five minutes. We used to think we could ride any horse ever foaled. We used to fancy ourselves quite a lot, in fact, until we met James. Half the battalion came to see the show, which took place one sunny morning at the Transport lines. We looked James over with an appraising eye. We even gave him a carrot, as an earnest of good-will. James wore a placid, far-away expression and, now and then, rolled his eyes sentimentally.

We gathered up the reins, and vaulted on to his back. For a full two seconds James stood stock still. Then he emitted an ear-splitting squeal, laid back his ears, bared his teeth, turned round and bit at the near foot, and sat down on his hind legs. He did all these things in quick time, by numbers. The betting, which had started at 2-1 on James, increased to 3-1 immediately. However, we stuck. James rose with a mighty heave, then, still squealing, made a rush of perhaps ten yards, and stopped dead. We still stuck. The betting fell to evens, except for the Transport Sergeant, who in loud tones offered 5-1 (on James). That kept him busy for two minutes, during which time James did almost everything but roll, and bit a toe off one of my new pair of riding boots.

There was one minute to go, and there was great excitement. James gave one squeal of concentrated wrath, gathered his four hoofs together tightly, bucked four feet in the air, kicked in mid-ether, and tried to bite his own tail. When we next saw him he was being led gently away.

Since then we have had many mules. We have become used to them, and we respect them. If we hear riot in the Transport lines we know it is a mule. If we hear some one has been kicked, we know it is a mule. If we see one of the G. S. waggons carrying about two tons we know mules are drawing it. Old James now pulls the water-cart. He would draw it up to the mouth of the

(Continued on page 27.)