

patriotic enthusiasm. "Italia Irredenteo" became a slogan.

The Prince quit trying to win over Salandra and Sonnino, who wanted such explicit terms. He began to dicker with a disgruntled patriot and ex-Premier, Signor Giolitti, an intimate friend of his and leader of the Giolittiani. Von Buelow played his cards to get Salandra out and Giolitti in at the head of a neutralist Cabinet. Salandra countered on him by boldly denouncing the Triple Alliance, which he should have done months before, and tendering to the King his resignation. That was on May 4, at the celebration of the Garibaldian expedition. The whole Cabinet went out with him. Popular demonstrations reached to mob dimensions. The people and the army scented the poker-playing game of treason and shouted for Salandra and Sonnino. The King refused to accept the resignations. The Chamber of Deputies endorsed the King and the Salandra Cabinet. By an overwhelming majority they voted to go to war with Austria.

THE national schism was over. Italy declared war, for which she was not only ready, but wildly enthusiastic. Socialists buried their differences with other people as completely as they did in France and Germany. Women suffrage leaders threw in their lot with the people and the war. Once more Germany had misinterpreted a nation. Von Buelow had failed. He was the only man in Germany who could have kept Italy out of war so long. His failure meant a fiasco for all German diplomacy. Italian troops invaded Austria along the north-eastern shore of the Adriatic. The Italian navy went into action against the Austrian. Memories of Garibaldi and Mazzini swept over a united Italy, roused to get back from Austria what Austria had grabbed by force and

with the backing of Germany. Prince von Buelow naively says that Austrian and German troops are so intermingled on the firing line that Italian soldiers may kill German troopers, which, of course, might mean war with Germany also.

BUT what does Italy care? She understands that to fight Austria is to fight Germany, and she intends now to achieve her independence as a free State against both the Teutonic nations. There are various theories as to what Italy's advent on the stage means to the Allies. There is but one sound opinion as to what it must mean to Germany. One of the English papers that made the attack upon Kitchener, went so far when war was declared by Italy as to let its Copenhagen correspondent state that Germany had 2,000,000 fresh reserves to move up front, and that in Berlin's estimate 500,000 of her first lines would be sufficient to handle the Italian army.

But Berlin knows very much better. There may not be in the Italian army the preponderance of enormously heavy artillery and high explosives found in the German army. But the infantry arm is up to a million in numbers of men ready to take the field, some of them already there, all well equipped, eager as March winds and only recently experienced in warfare with the Turks. A million more are in reserve. Thus, according to Hilaire Belloc's recent estimates, the whole strength of the Italian army is only about 400,000 less than the entire reserves of Germany at the beginning of war. In his opinion, Germany is already on her last 800,000 draft of these reserves, just as Italy throws her weight with 2,000,000 fresh men on the southern front. Italy's entrance means enormously the super-weight of men on the side of the Allies. And with enough men to

keep Germany and Austria switching army corps from one front to another, the Austro-German offensive should be retarded quite enough to permit Mr. Lloyd George to catch up with his high explosives and other munitions.

The Italian navy, by some reckoned as the fourth, by others the sixth in Europe, will have an immediate effect on the Allies side of the war in the Mediterranean. If the Dardanelles scheme is still to be pushed through, the release of French warships from the Adriatic and of possible Italian land forces to aid in the land operations on the Dardanelles ought to give some extra shove to operations in that quarter. And the work of the Italian navy will be to get for Italy the complete control of the Adriatic.

At present the Italians are passing through the stage that France experienced during the early part of the war. The French were eager for "revanche" and Alsace-Lorraine. The Italians are just as eager for revenge and getting their feet once more on the soil of Italia Irredenta. When they have passed through that glorified delirium the Italian army will settle down to be a real side partner with the French, the British and the Russian in closing in upon Germany and Austria.

THEN if the German chancellor asks the Kaiser—"Why do the nations—?" the Emperor will probably realize that the people do not imagine a vain thing. Italy going to war means more than 2,000,000 men plus a good navy against Germany. It means that there is no great power left in Europe, either in war time or in the peace that follows, that is anything but a foe to Germany. And this is a prospect that it will take a few generations of nation-building and diplomacy and international forgetfulness to undo.

"They'll Give Kaiser Bill Something to Think About"

A Visit to a Canadian Artillery Camp in England, With Some Opinions Collected by the Way—Ninth Letter

By G. M. L. BROWN

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I RAN over to the old town of Jewes the other day (that is not quite the name, but at least it rhymes accurately, and one can't be too circumspect with the censor) to see my friend Nosworthy, now a full-blossomed gunner, gaily accoutred in his riding togs, with whip, spurs, lanyard and bandolier complete. From his clicking heels to his newly-inoculated right arm, Nosworthy was a finished and peculiarly fine specimen of the khaki warrior. If Britain had two million of his like she might confidently sound the advance on the Rhine almost any fine day. Unfortunately there are others, myself included, who either in physique or temperament are bound to remain Kitchenerites—supers, so to speak, upon the martial stage.

Jewes is a peculiarly attractive old place, even for quaint Sussex, and ordinarily one might spend days in sauntering through its ancient streets, viewing its historic landmarks, such as the Jewes Castle, the ruined Priory, the cottage that still bears the

name of Anne of Breves (temporary spouse of Henry VIII.), etc., until its somnambulistic atmosphere had obliterated all modern memories, including the cataclysmic events of recent months.

But not on the day I saw Jewes—no sir-ee!—that was quite another Jewes; an electrified Jewes, a distracted Jewes, a Jewes suddenly and rudely awakened, to find itself crashing from its medieval couch upon a hard, materialistic twentieth century floor.

JEWES, in brief, had that day received a visit, or, better, a visitation, and in a trice all thoughts of Anne of Breves and old King Hal, and even that pristine yet perennial topic, the price of Southdown mutton, had vanished utterly, leaving the inhabitants numb and speechless. For Jewes had

received its taste of modern war.

It began with a low rumble far over the Downs, which soon developed into a first-class representation of an artillery duel in the Carpathians. Presently a cloud of dust was observed, and then, on the Duckfield highway leading directly into the centre of the town, emerged a brigade of horse artillery, galloping as if the fate of the Empire was in the balance. Down they came with a roar and a rattle that must have shaken the very foundations of its ancient priory.

"You should just have seen them, mister," remarked a venerable citizen, stroking his beard. "It was them Canadians from Bearsfield, I've since heard, going through to Lighton to repel the Germans. But at first we thought they must a-been the Germans themselves, such a unholy disturbance they did make, sir."

"Tell me about it," I asked of my friend after our respective healths had been duly cemented.

"It certainly was a ripping sight," laughed Nosworthy, "to see that Brigade come down the hill on the dead gallop and tear through the main street, ripping up the pavements—all right, look there if you don't believe me—and out by the Lighton turnpike like a through express—blame but you should have seen the old cronies sit up and gasp!"

"Out on a practice march, I suppose?"

"Of course—or, rather, a practice charge."

"But who said they were Canadians?" I demanded. "I didn't know there were any Canadians nearer than Shorncliff."

"Why, there are two brigades of Canadian Light Artillery over on Prince Dunster's estate at Bearsfield Park—just beyond Duckfield—and a jolly fit bunch they are."

My old-time pal, as will be remembered, is a Gothamized Briton; hence the blended character of his colloquialisms.

"Well," I announced, "I know where I shall spend next Saturday afternoon—d' yuh wanta come along?"

"Sure thing," quoth Nosworthy.

BUT by a series of mishaps we missed each other at the hour appointed, and so I journeyed on alone. I alighted at Duckfield, and seeing some Army Service men loitering at the station "pub," stepped up to enquire my direction.

"What kind of chaps are these Canadians?" I asked, well knowing their impartial, albeit critical attitude towards all branches of the Service. For the A. S. C. bears about the same relation to the fighting units of the army as the art critic to art-servants, in a sense, of their more professional comrades (and none too honest the latter are apt to taunt), they nevertheless give to themselves a certain air of superiority.

Consequently it was with both surprise and gratification that I listened to the following eulogy, which, though somewhat condensed, is essentially as I heard it:

"Well, there's no use in any bloke's saying those chaps can't ride, for they can. Honestly, we've never seen anything like it in England. They come into this here station to get the mails and they nearly

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WHAT CANADIAN PRISONERS IN GERMANY MAY BE DOING.

British Prisoners in Germany marching out to their day's labour on the land under German guards. As Germany expected to put in and harvest this year's crop largely by means of women, children and old men unable to fight, the free labour of hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war may prove a great help. While this is not according to strict international ethics, it is quite in line with German general policy. It will be remembered that the war did not start until August, when Germany's 1914 crop was all gathered. And though Germany has raised doleful wailings about the starvation blockade of British ships, no one expects that Germany, with her intensive methods of farming and her fields unspoiled by war, will be unable to gather in a good, fat harvest in 1915.