

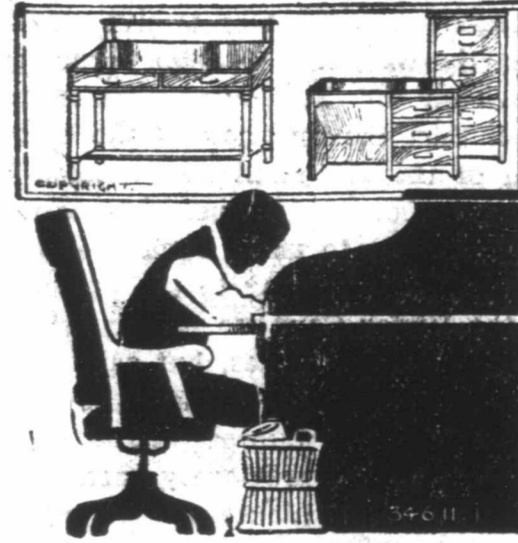
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## The Sailors' Part In Jutland Battle

The return of the battle-scarred Grand Fleet from the great Jutland battle is vividly described by a correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, who was in the home port to which the victorious ships returned. He says:

It was a memorable scene when the long line of fighting ships fresh from the greatest naval battle of modern times, swung into a wide estuary and sought the moorings which they had slipped so swiftly hours before. Far in the foreground came a mighty battleship, which represented the latest in naval power. The German naval authorities assert that she is on the sea floor at this moment, and the Kaiser, that Barnum amongst the rulers of the world, had endorsed the assertion without reserve. True I could see a line of hills famous in literature through the gaps in her funnels as the mighty ship came slowly to the harbor, but she came in under her own steam. Naval men will know that that means in a ship of her type. She did the better part of 400 miles under her own steam to harbor after she ought to have been on the bottom. There is some ground for the German feeling that if that ship is not destroyed she ought to have been. She was the ship which, in the midst of a terrible action, stood up to the fire of the most powerful of the Kaiser's ships in numbers, which should have been overwhelming, and after sending to the bottom two great adversaries, was ordered out, and turned and came home.

The wonderful procession of the returning brave which followed her into harbor was a heartening sight to a people who at that time had been told of nothing but that which foreboded disaster. The line of battleships, preceded by the light cruisers, bore another and a new tale. In seeming silence they swept to their moorings, and their decks were crowded with the gallant men who had fought great odds and won. In one ship it was obvious that there were guns out of action. In another a great dent on the port side amidships showed where an enemy projectile had almost reached the vitals of the ship, and around the point of impact a wide circle of yellow, deepening to brown, revealed the effects of the released explosive. The funnels of another were penetrated by shrapnel or shell fragments. A famous battle-cruiser this—a ship which is the pride of a great colony, and one of the best known ships of the navy in the harbors of the world. There were gaps in the glorious line which had sped to the battle, but the ships which were returning were victorious ships. Of cheering there was none, but could be heard ashore. The squadron was conscious of great loss, the measure of that loss being not the number of ships and men left behind to the scour of the tides as the price of victory, but the regard for each other which grows amongst gallant men who have endured and fought and striven together since the King sent his message to the fleet that war had come. Yet there were unmistakable signs of victory. As a well-known window came abreast on the shore or a familiar jetty or a fluttering handkerchief the men on the crowded decks were seen to be waving arms and caps and I knew that the lads were cheering though the roll of it was borne away on the west wind. The Invincible was not in the place she held when the ships put to sea, and the Indefatigable—the grand "Old Indefatigable"—was missing also.

**Sailor Psychology.**  
They had been part of the price of victory. Somewhere out in the North Sea the two ships were lying shattered, and two men who had been my friends would never return to port. It may appear strange but it is the fact—neither of those men expected to return. There is a phase of sailor psychology which has been impressed somewhat vaguely upon me in various areas of the seven seas but with impressive force since the war began. Students of psychological phenomena may deal more carefully with the matter. I am only concerned with the presentment of the facts. There was a man on the Pathfinder, who to my pride regarded me as his friend. He spoke to me one day of sending off a parcel by post. It contained all his money and all his valuables, and the parcel was going to his wife. "There is something coming to me," he said quietly, in explanation. Within thirty hours his ship had been destroyed by torpedo and he had gone down with her. So with the man on the Indefatigable to whom I have referred. For a week before the call to action came over the wireless he had been in the depths of depression, and had given expression to his belief that there was "something pretty

bad on the way." And the invincible case was similar. The sailormen have been proved sadly accurate in their forebodings, but they saw stirring work before they "went out."

**The Splendid Men.**  
Her presence in the proud line which came back proclaimed that the luck of the mystery ship had held true. She had been in the very thick of the battle, and had taken heavy punishment; but had given more than she took. With an hour or two to take in food, fuel, and ammunition, she was fit for the open sea and the fray again. There had been losses on board. Men had fallen, and men had been grievously wounded. They are proud of their ship and of their service, those hardy fellows, who had gone with the vessel over the whole world since the war began, looking for a foe that would stand up to action. When the action came the pride of them was paramount in the midst of the wild struggle. There were wounded men on the mystery ship who defied the doctors. In the frenzy of battle they were almost unconscious of their injuries. There was one man, with a grievous leg injury, who appealed to his attendants in the following words: "Tell me how the scrap is going. Quick men, for the love of heaven, strap me up and let me go up again."

"A's! that gallant fellow will never walk again. To the doctor another wounded man, whose arm was gone, made the most determined appeal for liberty to get back into action. "To — with my arm. I want to go up again and give the boys a hand." The scene as the British destroyers dashed in a wild charge upon the whole German battle fleet drew rousing cheers from the mystery ship as from the whole of the British vessels. "To see that flotilla line up and head full speed for the German fleet in a do-or-die rush made one thank God that one was British and make one thank God for being British every time the memory of it comes back. It was the great sacrifice. Every man of that splendid sacrifice knew that it was death or glory. We know it was both. We cheered them, not that they could ever have heard us in the inferno of noise, but because we had to cheer. The destroyers went at racing speed into a veritable hail. Aye, and they got it—great work. We saw them pounded, and we saw them smashed, but they hurled home their attack, and the German navy today knows how well they did in an attack which for its wild rush has never been excelled on the waters of the world."

**When Jellicoe Came.**  
There were cheers again for the mystery ship when away in the distance the great ships of the Grand Fleet racing to the action which had been so gloriously upheld by the battle-cruiser squadron came into sight and gave tongue with their guns. The men of the battle-cruiser squadron knew then that for the Germans the end had come. Three great lines of Jellicoe's ships were discerned bearing down on the scene, and there was joy in the squadron and dismay in the German lines. The enemy did not stay long to consider the situation. The total period during which he could be said to have presented what seemed an undaunted front to the Grand Fleet did not exceed twenty-five minutes. Then he showed signs of distinct discomfort, and then came the break for home and shelter. The weather aided him in his flight, as is well known. On board the mystery ship the damage was not great, as I have indicated, and the luck of the great battle-cruiser holds. In token of that I may give a story which is going round the ships. At the close of the action a leading officer on the mystery ship was asked specially to inspect a certain section of her. To be exact the section included the pantry. That important quarter had been knocked "all ends upwards," to quote a sailorman, by a shell. As the officer looked at the damage his attention was directed to the extraordinary fact that despite the general upheaval—the pantry mirror hung scathless and level, as though the ship had never left the graving-dock. The state of that mirror was matter of much satisfaction.

**AMERICAN FOOD SUPPLIES FOR LUXEMBURG**

LUXEMBURG, July 23.—It is given out in official circles that there is a prospect that Luxembourg will begin shortly to receive American food supplies on the same basis as Belgium, France and Great Britain having finally abandoned their objections advanced on the ground that supplies might be requisitioned by the German authorities. Hence nothing now remains but to secure the consent of the German Government for the transportation of supplies to Luxembourg.

## The Empire and Children of Our Fallen Heroes

By Denis Crane.

What is to be done for our War Orphans? Ordinary humanity demands for them, as helpless victims of misfortune, wise and prompt consideration. But the fact that their condition is directly due to the patriotic self-sacrifice of their fathers entitles them to preferential treatment. They have become, in a special sense, the children of their country.

**Poor-Law Children.**  
Their cause can, however, be properly considered only as part of a larger problem—that of the orphan and destitute child in general, of whom we have, even in times of peace, an immense and pathetic army. In England and Wales there are approximately 70,000 children of this class in Poor Law establishments alone. To these must be added upwards of 20,000 children in orphanages and other charitable institutions. At the close of the war, notwithstanding pensions to soldiers' wives, it is only too probable that the total number of children to all intents and purposes parentless and dependent on public or charitable funds will be brought up to 100,000 of whom, it may be assumed, one-half will be girls.

We must consider what is the best mode of dealing with them—best from our own economic standpoint, best for the children themselves, and best for the Empire. Let me put in a plea, at least as touching a proportion of them, for what I may call an Imperial policy. Now, at first, the proposal to send out of this country, even to our own Dominions, any considerable number of children at a time when we have suffered heavy losses in our most virile manhood, and when the normal birth-rate is falling, is like to find small favour. But more closely examined it has much to recommend it. Staunch Imperialists contend that it is obligatory, particularly in regard to girls.

**The Economic Argument.**  
Take first the economic argument. And let us confine ourselves to the Poor Law child, of whom, perhaps, least is to be expected, and concerning whom ample facts are available.

On a conservative estimate, and allowing for the wide range of costs in various localities and under the various systems adopted, the Poor Law child costs the nation, for maintenance and education, £20 per annum. The children are provided for until school-leaving age, though the majority are kept a year or two longer in order that they may receive some kind of industrial or technical instruction, putting the average period for which the children are under the care of the Guardians as low as eight years, each child costs the ratepayers £160. Thirty-five thousand girls at this rate represent an annual charge of £700,000, or a total for the entire period of their maintenance of £5,600,000. Now, a single payment of £20 or less to one of the approved emigration societies will pay the cost of a child's emigration, say, to Canada—travelling, outfit and maintenance—and inspection until her seventeenth birthday, when, with reasonable industry, she is able to earn her own living and even put a little money by.

**Saving Money and Children.**  
That sum is equivalent to one year's maintenance at home—one year out of eight. But it would be the sole payment, and for each of the remaining years there would be a saving of £20. Mr. Bogue Smart, the Dominion Government Inspector of British Immigrant Children, asserts that comfortable homes could be found for 15,000 such children every year, without risk to their physical or moral welfare. Send only 10,000, and you effect an immediate annual saving of £200,000. But children are not, of course, soulless pawns to be moved about the chessboard of Empire at the dictates of financial prudence merely. A mother's first thought is the welfare of her child, and departure from that order proves ultimately as false in economics as it is bad in morals. Which brings us to the moral argument.

Girls migrated to Canada thrive and do well there, equally so with boys. The claim has been disputed, but remains irrefutable. Their interests are well looked after by the societies that take them out. Canadian law, indeed, places the societies in loco parents to the children, and requires their periodical inspection until they are eighteen.

Poor Law girls are further inspected by the Dominion Government and reported upon to the authorities here. With the Atlantic rolling between them and the land of their misfortunes, they are safe from the cupidity of worthless "relatives"; while, on the other hand, absorbed into the robust life of a young community, they rapidly gain in health and become cheerful, self-respecting and prosperous. Ninety-five per cent of them, according to Government statistics, are returned "satisfactorily" as to conduct—

a higher percentage than of children who are Canadian born.

**Moral Risks.**  
It has been suggested that such girls run grave moral peril. In a recent volume I have dealt at length with this contention. It is enough to say here that the facts absolutely belie it. With obvious precautions a girl in domestic service in Canada, whether in town or country, runs no more risk—personally I should contend that she runs less—than the English domestic of the same class, who, everyone knows, is exposed to all the wiles and blandishments of the tradesman's boy, without the check of a wholesome environment. The one condition to observe is that the girl should go out young—under ten, if possible, never over twelve. This gives her a chance to acquire Canadian habits and points of view before the disturbing element of sex begins to appear.

From the Imperial standpoint, the strongest argument is that based on the disproportion of the sexes, both here and yonder. Prior to the war there were in England upwards of 1,300,000 more women than men. At its close, that disproportion will be greatly increased. In Canada the balance was the other way. With a population of only seven and a half millions there was a preponderance of nearly half a million men. The disparity was most marked in the West. In Winnipeg alone the disparity reached 12,000. In British Columbia, had every woman married, there would still have been 110,000 men unmatched.

**Future Brides.**  
The perils of such inequality are obvious. In the one country are thousands of girls who, on a numerical grounds, and because of the growing inability or disinclination of young men to marry, are destined to remain unwed; while in the other, where industry rather than pleasure is the prevailing note, are thousands of robust men who would marry, and could well afford to do so, but cannot because there are not brides enough to go round. These, broadly stated, are the grounds on which I plead for the selective emigration of a proportion of our orphans.

**PERSIAN EASY TO LEARN**

A new interest in Persia which the war has awakened may tempt some of us to become acquainted with the language of that country. We need not be afraid of making the attempt, for Persian shares with English the reputation of being a singularly easy language to learn, the chief trouble being that it is written in the Arabic character. It had, however, at one time three numbers and eight cases, and the Avesta, the chief book of the Zoroastrians, is only to be understood by the ripe scholar. But modern Persian has no cases, no declensions and no genders, and many therefore, be mastered without tears and without the application of wet towels to the head.

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