

THE REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.

While the people of the United Kingdom are engaged in foreign war a revolution has taken place at home—a revolution which at other times could not have occurred without bloodshed but in the stress of the past year, has passed almost unnoticed. Free Trade has gone by the board, and in its place there is a protective tariff on motor cars, pianos and other articles, with the prospect of an extension of the protective principle to follow. Even that stalwart champion of "free trade as they have it in England," the Westminster Gazette, declares that "we shall not return to our old haphazard methods of business. Industries that are necessary to this country like the dye and chemical industries and many other branches of science which we have neglected will be assisted, and even subsidised by the State."

More extraordinary still is the sweeping movement towards State Socialism made by a Government in which some of the chief places are held by the most rigid of Tories. Not only have all the railways been taken over by the Government, but the State "has," the Gazette goes on, "invaded almost every sphere of private enterprise. It has established a vast network of factories and workshops all over the country, in which a great army of labor is employed under the control of the Government. It has fixed the profits of employers in the munition areas, and it is sweeping half the excess profits of every contractor and firm in the country into the coffers of the Treasury. It has commanded ships and fixed the price of coal at the pit-head. It has extended its arm to every part of the world to purchase meat and grain and sugar for the public. At the same time the Board of Trade has set about organizing the industries of this country and creating new ones to supply goods that we formerly got from our enemies. And silently and efficiently it is preparing for the time when peace shall come and millions of men will return to England to take up their work again. They must not be allowed to exchange the trenches for the pavement. They must be fitted into a great scheme of industrial organization."

It will be a very different England after the war. In its fiscal and industrial policy, at least, it promises to be indistinguishable from Germany before the war.

WOES OF THE ARMENIAN.

Treasurer W. W. Peet, of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, has reported to the home office at Boston that German missionaries have informed him that there are 6,000 persons, mostly women and children, in the villages of Aleppo and Damascus, in Eastern Turkey, in wretched conditions. The report says:

"The needs of this people are indescribable. The Bagdad Railway Company has received back from exile about 10,000 workers with their relatives, often twenty in a family. All are run down, starved and robbed."

"They brought typhus with them, and many of the men who came for work died. Families were thus broken, without bread and in miserable tents from which the women and children scream for food. At one camp, which I have just visited they had nothing but water to live on for three or four days."

"Still another horror has taken hold of the people. The Turks seem to think that they have too many of these Armenians. So they have decided to send several thousand of them—of course the majority are women and children—away again. But the people are in no respect able to stand a third deportation. So they will surely perish."

One of the probable outcomes of the European war is better times for the Armenians, a people who have been hounded and persecuted by the Turks ever since they gained the ascendancy over them. The Russians are now overrunning Armenia and conquering the land. There is little likelihood that they will surrender it. While the Russians have not been easy task-masters, at the same time they have been far better than the Turks and the Russian Government has been seeing many things in a different light during the past few years than formerly.

WOMEN AND TOBACCO.

A secret of the ages has been divulged by Dr. Albert H. Burr, of Chicago, who in a paper printed in the Illinois Medical Journal maintains that women live longer than men, and that the reason is, they do not use tobacco.

Dr. Burr says that the female though outnumbered at birth and by immigration, reaches old age in far greater numbers than the male; that this disparity is due to certain extrinsic poisons capable of inducing cardio-vascular presenility, to which toxins the male is obviously more prone than the female; that the nicotine habit answers every specification of a cardio-vascular toxin, and is therefore, one of the very significant reasons why fewer men than women

attain old age.

We are told that the cigarette habit is growing among women. Fortunately this habit has not yet entrenched itself to any extent among the women of our city. Yet let us utter a timely warning to those ladies who are beginning to look upon the cigarette with toleration because they think it in favor among the women of the smart set. According to Dr. Burr's theory, if you adopt the masculine custom of filling your system with nicotine, you will die off as fast as the men do, and thus will you lose your feminine privilege of having the last word!

WHO HAS BLUNDERED?

As everybody knows, grumbling is a chronic British habit. It does no harm where it is well understood. But even the British privilege of fault-finding should have its limitations. It has had none since the beginning of the war. It has continued and increased during a world-crisis when, if ever, it should have been restrained. It was heard before the report of the first hostile cannon. It has been heard incessantly ever since. It is increasing rather than diminishing in volume. Listening to it one might think that British statesmen can do no right; that all the virtues, all the activities, all the perfections are to be found with foreigners and foreigners alone, and that, among foreigners, our Allies, inferentially corrupted by association with us, are much less capable and effective than our enemies. Let us see!

What were Britain's mistakes before the declaration of war? Did she take up arms hastily or recklessly; or was she forced into war reluctantly, resisting each step, and striving against hope to preserve peace until at least the whole British people became a unit in opposition to German aggression. Was that a British or a German blunder? The British people were utterly opposed to war. Who blundered in making it impossible for them to keep out of the war; in making them glad to enter it and firmly determined never to withdraw except as victors? Was that, or was it not, German blunder, No. 1?

The war began, who made the second great blunder in despising as well as foully wronging Belgium? Who made the third, in scorning Britain's "contemptible little army" while being drawn by it into a carefully prepared trap? Who made the fourth blunder in failing to perceive the trap which had been laid for the German armies, until its jaws were closing upon them at the Marne?

Who made the fifth almost inconceivable blunder of pottering on defensively in the West for almost a year, during which the Germans greatly outnumbered their opponents, and when they out-pointed the French and British at least three, and probably far more, to one in guns and ammunition? Who were guilty of the sixth and greatest blunder of all in delaying the assaults on Verdun until its defenders were as ready in all respects as its assailants and the chances of victory for the assailants had vanished? Who have committed the seventh and maddest of all blunders in hurrying their men for more than three months, against the immovable wall of death defending the Verdun salient?

Who fell into the amazing error of antagonizing the United States, the greatest of all neutral nations, to the very verge of war, and for no practical advantage or conceivable good purpose?

The record of Germany, from the time deliberately chosen by her for the forcing of war to the present moment, has been one of continuous and egregious blundering. She had plotted and prepared war for forty years. She struck at her own carefully selected hour. Yet it was she who was "surprised" and dismayed, almost from the first shot, not her intended victims.

As for Britain, she was prepared absolutely, in accordance with her understanding with France and Russia. She was prepared, relatively, as never before in all her history. Not only was her Fleet ready in every smallest detail; not only was it victorious instantly before firing a shot, but she had an army which although relatively small in numbers, was the most effective military weapon of its size, which she has ever possessed or the world has ever seen. Behind service, only in course of formation when the war mous armies which she has since raised and equipped—armies which, today, after only a year and a half of making-ready, are more than a match, corps by corps, for any forces which Germany with all her forty years of preparation can pit against them. The new British troops are almost as numerous as those of Germany. They are as valiant and efficient. They are as well officered. They are as well equipped. They are as well supported by artillery and munitions. They are infinitely better fed and supplied with medical and field comforts. The British aerial it she had the nucleus and framework of ennobled, now has definitely the upper hand.

Where has been the blundering or failure in all this on the British side? Where the ineffectiveness or incapacity? Germany is in process of now being stripped of her last shred of colonial territory. Her flag floats unmenaced nowhere outside of her European bounds and the trenches at the front, which she cannot quit except in flight and from which she will soon be routed. Gallipoli, on the surface, seemed a Brit-

ish "blunder." But was it? Time will tell. At least it kept great Turkish and German forces fully employed while Russia was preparing her advance in the Caucasus. The Bagdad expedition met with a painful setback. Does that prove that it was a blunder? It kept considerably more than two Turkish army corps facing it for a year. Suppose that those 100,000 Turkish soldiers with their German officers had been free to oppose Russia in Persia, or the Caucasus, or to threaten, if not attack Egypt? Would things have been as satisfactory as at present?

And whose diplomacy broke down most seriously—Germany's in losing her bouden ally, Italy and antagonizing the United States, or Britain's in failing to restrain Bulgaria, long secretly pledged to Germany? Which country, Germany or Britain is best regarded today by the neutral nations? Whose prospects of ultimate success are brightest?

It is sickening to hear chronic growlers persisting in their dismal walls, in the face of British deeds and achievements such as the world has never before witnessed, and of German blunders and failures which would be inconceivable were they not German. Germany believed that she had the war won before she began. After twenty-one months of war, she is face to face with inevitable and humiliating defeat.

THE IRISH IN THE WAR.

Not long ago, Mr. John Redmond, the brilliant leader of the Irish Nationalists, whose name is honored wherever the British flag flies, complained in the House of Commons of the somewhat remarkable absence of official recognition of the gallant exploits of the Irish regiments in the present war. This official reticence is as applicable to the case of English, Scottish and Welsh soldiers as it is to those of Ireland, but one unfortunate result is, as Mr. Redmond pointed out, that the people of Ireland, and indeed the Irish folk all the world over, know very little of the brave deeds of their own famous regiments in the titanic struggle of the nations. Yet in fact, as we have said, the Irish regiments have maintained, and far more than maintained, their magnificent traditions of courage and capacity in the field.

This lack of official recognition is, however, being supplied partly in books written by men who have had the opportunity of seeing or learning how the Irish soldiers have fought. A case in point is a book written by Mr. S. Parnell Kerr, "What the Irish Regiments Have Done." To Mr. Kerr's book Mr. Redmond contributes a diary of his visit to the front, which contains some interesting passages. Mr. Redmond spent a week in the British, French, and Belgian lines, and he writes: "From that time until I left the shores of France again I met Irishmen everywhere and in every capacity, not merely in the Irish regiments, but in every regiment, and high up in every single branch of the service—Irishmen from North and South and East and West. In fact," Mr. Redmond remarks, "it is true to say that from the Irish Commander-in-Chief himself right down through the army one meets Irishmen everywhere one goes."

At one point the Munster Fusiliers were paraded and drawn up in a hollow square, and Major-General Rawlinson introduced Mr. Redmond, and asked him to address the men:

There was a battery of British anti-aircraft on my left, about forty yards away (says Mr. Redmond), and a battery of 75mm. French guns about forty yards on my right. After I had spoken a few sentences the battery on my left sang out with startling suddenness, and we then became aware that there was a hostile German Taube aeroplane right over our heads. From that on until the end of my speech the British guns on the one side and the French guns on the other fired shrapnel shells at the Taube at regular intervals. It was a strange experience for me to have my speech punctuated, not by applause, but by the roar of guns situated only a few yards from where I was standing.

Mr. Redmond mentions as a marvellous exhibition of the discipline and steadiness of the men that, while this firing was taking place, not one of them even lifted his head to look in the sky at the aeroplane, but remained absolutely passive at attention. Mr. Redmond passed through villages and towns lying in absolute ruins. In these towns, he says, the churches in every case suffered most.

In many towns we passed through there was not a living human being except a few Belgian guards who were living in cellars. In Pervyse, in a half-ruined two-storeyed house in the middle of universal ruin, we found that two English ladies were living. One of them is a Miss Chisholme, and they remained there all through the war, tending the wounded and succoring the starving children of the remnant population. By the same kind of extraordinary coincidences, as that whereby crucifixes and statues have escaped destruction in Belgium so the portion of the little house which these ladies have inhabited to this time has remained untouched.

It is not surprising, he thinks, that the Bel-

gian people look upon them with a sort of supernatural and sacred love. Mr. Redmond was informed before leaving the British Headquarters that King Albert had graciously expressed a desire to see him, and he therefore proceeded to his residence:

A small, unpretending, detached seaside villa, without garden or grounds of any sort or kind, standing literally on a sandhill, looking out to the sea, and only about thirty or forty feet from the edge of the water, is the Royal Palace. I shall never forget my visit to the King, his kindness, his courtesy, and his sympathy, and how warmly and generously he spoke of the little that Ireland had been able to do to help him. Mr. Redmond confesses that his emotions were stirred by this interview, more perhaps than ever before.

Britishers of all nationalities will welcome this eloquent tribute to his countrymen from Mr. Redmond. No man has done more to advance the Imperial cause in this war than the Irish leader, and he may well be proud as we all, we believe, are proud of the achievements of the gallant Irish soldiers at the front, who, to use the words of Mr. Redmond in a recent appeal for recruits, "have covered Ireland with glory, before the world, and have thrilled our hearts with pride."

They don't allow anyone, even the wives of soldiers, to live in idleness or at public expense in Germany. Lately the Frankfurt moving picture shows flashed notice on their screens, during intermission, that married women whose husbands are at the front have only to present themselves at the box office on their way out to obtain repayment of the sum paid for their seat. It was a police trap. As the women went to the box office to get their admission fee back they were met by a police sergeant and several policemen who marched them all to the station. There they were told that as they had enough money to go to the movies it was evident that they did not need the allowance made to them owing to their husband's absence and therefore this allowance would be suppressed.

There is an Irish priest in the Province of Quebec who deserves to be popular, says the New York Evening Post. He is half fellow well met with every one in the village, asks for contributions, and gets liberal ones, from Protestants and Catholics alike. One day a delegation of Baptists called on him—men who had frequently contributed to Father W's church—told him they were going to erect a new Baptist church, as the old one was too small, and asked him to subscribe to the fund. "Well, boys," he said, after a slight hesitation, "you know my religion forbids my doing that, but I will give you fifty dollars to help tear the old church down."

Future civic commissions in Argentine will have a heavy task before them should they attempt to remove the gigantic billboards with which an American advertising firm is now decorating their landscape. Arrangements have been made for the erection of the largest advertising billboard in the world. It will be a mile in length and covered with huge designs of the articles advertised. No single display will be less than fifty yards square and some of them will be over 100 yards square. Because of its great size, the billboard, is being built upon heavy steel framework which is set in firm concrete foundations. In addition to this immense display, near Buenos Aires, many miles of smaller billboards are said to have been contracted for, chiefly by American firms who take this means to acquaint the South Americans with their products.

THE OLD-TIME HIRED GIRL.

New fashions now are all the rage,
Old things have passed away;
We're living in a hustling age,
And few things come to stay.

We're moving at a rapid pace,
And time is on the wing;
The auto takes the horse's place,
Machines can talk and sing.

We telegraph and telephone
Without the use of wire;
We fly in ships from zone to zone,
And cook without a fire.

We now have maids of foreign birth,
With whom 'tis hard to deal;
They want more money than they're worth,
Yet cannot cook a meal.

And so, we sigh for what we've lost,
A dear and priceless pearl;
To have her back we'd pay the cost,
The old-time hired girl.

She took an int'rest in the home,
Could wash, and bake, and sweep,
She stayed indoors and did not roam,
Thought nights were made for sleep.

But now, no matter what the need,
We cannot call her back;
Our cries for help she will not heed,
She's gone—alack! alack!

—Myrtle A. Aldrich, West Burke, Vt.

Other Editors' Opinions

"HOME PAPERS" FROM IRELAND

The Beacon is in receipt of a packet of Dublin and Cork papers, the first arriving here since the late unpleasantness in Ireland. One of them, the Irish Times of Dublin, by reason of its pro-imperial sympathies almost entirely escaped the attention of the censor, but the Cork Examiner, Nationalist in its sentiments, although never radical in its utterances, was horribly lacerated by that vigilant and energetic functionary.

Both papers give one a very good idea of what happened in Ireland Easter week. The Times deals entirely with Dublin while the Examiner, unhampered by any local outbreak, interruption of communication with the provinces or conditions of siege gives very good reports from the country districts.

One reading the despatches allowed to come to America while the revolution still existed, was very apt to receive the impression that the revolution was more of a quixotic absurdity than it really was. The details published in the Irish papers at hand—all of them out of sympathy to revolutionary methods—go far towards the removal of that impression. On the contrary, considering the infinitesimally small number of men engaged in the rising, and the almost total lack of equipment and stores, it admittedly became, during its short career, the most serious approach to formidable warfare Ireland has seen in a hundred years. The discipline of the rebels is conceded to be extraordinary. They were not nearly so many uneducated outrages committed as usually accompany half-baked rebellions. Everything requisitioned by the rebels was paid for in full either in gold or bank notes, on the spot, and some genius was shown in the strategic disposition of the handful of men participating. And above all the movement was launched upon a definite purpose and outline of policy, that, when carefully analyzed, induces one to modify his opinions as to what at first sight would clearly seem to be an enterprise of utter madness.

Even the Irish Times, Tory and Unionist to the core, the organ of Irish aristocracy only, while fully praising the executions of the leaders, admits that they personally were men of fine character and so honestly convinced that they were serving their country that they met death, as they would a welcome visitor, thoroughly imbued with the conviction that the cause was worth the sacrifice. The Times looks upon the whole matter as a species of criminal idealism which had to be punished, severely and capitally, to prevent its spread throughout the country. The fascinating idealism of the thing, in the editor's opinion, made it too dangerous to treat lightly. It was so publicly and openly propagated that the Times is unable to see why the chief secretary tolerated it at all, and hence it charges the government with being as guilty of treason to the King as were Pearse, MacDonagh and the other men who signed their names to the "declaration of independence," which, by the way, reveals a scheme of governmental policy that is quite interesting. This declaration proclaimed a republic based on equal rights and privileges among men and women, the universality of the franchise, free public education, guaranteed freedom and security for all forms of religious practice, the encouragement of an enlightened nationalism and the development of the agricultural and industrial resources of the country. Not much seems to have been said about the political phase of the revolution but undoubtedly it will soon become a subject of literary treatment and when it does it will invoke pity where at first it invoked scorn. The tendency of all the Irish papers is to look upon the Dublin fiasco in the light of a splendid madness, but so intolerably dangerous for that very reason that the government must take some effective steps to crush it. —Wichita (Kansas) Beacon.

MILITARY NOTES

Friday night was a hard time for the Barriefield camp. The officers of the 15th remained up all night going from tent to tent and making things comfortable for the men. Rain fell in sheets and water invaded some tents but the men were cheerful. "The spirit of the men is fine," said Lieut. Sanford on Saturday, "and they are eating like wolves, so well is camp life agreeing with them. There is a marked improvement in the boys already. There is no fooling. Hard work is begun and they like it." The nature of the training given at Barriefield is entirely squad drill which will last until the men are ready to take part in platoon drill.

EXPERIENCE CANADIAN

Jas M. Gullett of Had Tying Ypres and

BEARS MAN

Tales of Hun man Officer Cycle Ac

Such a record of "crabbed" wounds as 15th Battalion, a local related to "The Ontario" is rare in the annual Gullett joined the 15th (Black Watch) of August 1914, and won the First Canadian Medal in France in and got under fire as one of them who "to the battle of Neuve Chapelle without a scratch. Canadian Black Watch is taking British.

Shrapnel in Face The next engagement was now famous battle of the Somme. They were supplied with a Battalion of Black Highlanders and the 8th had to use few of the French (who were fleeing in gas attack), in order Most all the members were gassed. Private Gullett was April 23rd with shrapnel and shoulder as comrades in a German they had taken. One shrapnel entered his knocked several to right side.

Marvellous Operation

In the hospital which was a Japanese formed a wonderful on his cheek. The hole of shell had nearly to disfigure the face doctor wrought a He put clamps on the cheek and it and held together with the torn flesh. Outside he needle and thread, and ed-plasters and kept drawn together so without a scar. A physician praised the wonderful skill.

Three or four we heal the wound and times to go into the bert. "I was in a bad

