

bound to happen. I was talking to one of the diplomatic corps in England not long ago. He told me that diplomacy informed government months before the war that the outbreak was coming; government declined to believe it—or seemed to. I told him that an Australian business man who had been in Germany and Belgium buying electrical machinery, early in 1914, was so convinced that a great war was only a few months' distant that he placed his orders in the United States at a higher price, because he foresaw that the goods would not be delivered from Europe."

But there was always the cheerful Australian note in his speech. He had observed England with a hopeful eye.

"When I went there last winter," he said, "England had not wakened up. The labour men of England had not taken hold of the war. They are doing it now. When Kitchener said that the war would start in May, he knew why. Not merely that there would be any one great offensive launched on the western front—but that until May, England would not be ready."

"Her army, you mean?"

"Not only the army. I was talking to a munitions manufacturer who showed me how his firm had to instal new machines for the purpose of making the cradles that take up the recoil in field artillery. These cradles are made of phosphor-bronze, a metal not in common use; by machines that had themselves to be made before they could turn out one piece—and it was near the end of April before his firm, the first private firm in England to turn out such things, was able to make them, as they are now doing, by hundreds."

Mr. Watson eulogized Lloyd George.

"He is the right man for the job," he said. "The strongest man in the British Cabinet. A man of magnetism, who can carry the people with him."

"What effect do you think the war will have on the labouring masses of England?"

"The very best. The war and the new army are breaking down class distinctions. The Englishmen are becoming one common family. The fact that this war depends so vitally on the labour man gives him a new sense of his value in the State, and the classes a better appreciation of labour. The war is abolishing the snob. The promotion of non-coms. makes for democracy in society. England always waits till the emergency arises before she rouses. When she is roused—look out. She is becoming a new people. The real wonder is not that she was unprepared, but that being unprepared she has developed such a marvellous military machine."

MR. WATSON admitted that there was an extreme Socialist element in British labour that was troublesome. He regretted the defection of such men as Ramsay Macdonald and a few others whom he mentioned.

"But the great body of Labour will not be affected by the retirement of these more or less showy and brilliant people. As for Keir Hardie, he is a delightful old man, whom I have often entertained; but there is no use trying to argue him out of his inherited ideas. We in Australia do not measure the value of the Labour movement by its theatrical and emotional side."

"Do you expect to have any change of heart on

the Oriental immigration problem as a result of the war?"

"Not in the least," he said, steadily. "Australia must remain a white man's country. Our conceptions of Empire do not include indiscriminate immigration. We are doing better as we are. Of course we look for immigrants; but we expect them mainly from the old land. We have been under a handicap in that regard. Canada is nearer to England than we are. Australia is nearer the Orient. Therefore, we fight harder against the Oriental."

"But what if you begin to develop trade with Japan, China and India?" he was asked.

"That will make no difference," he replied. "If those countries wish to trade with us, we are willing. But though trade to some extent follows the flag, indiscriminate immigration is not bound to follow trade."

"You believe in the British preference?"

"Yes, we have a scale of preference that works out much the same as yours. So far as economics can combine with sentiment, I think all parts of the Empire should work together to create trade routes within the Empire. But it would be foolish to attempt to make the trade of the overseas Dominions follow the flag as abjectly as some dreamers seem to think it should."

Very clearly the ex-Premier of Australia had his own four-square opinions and knew how to express them. He knows how to combine blunt truths with enthusiasm and compliment.

"Of all cities I have seen on my trip," he said, soberly, "I think Ottawa and Washington are the most beautiful. Your Parliament Hill is unrivalled." But wait till Canberra's Commonwealth pile goes up.

# THE SEA-GIRL

"She Spoke Dreamily, Her Dark Eyes Looking Out to Sea"

By DOROTHEA CONYERS

THE thresh and hum of the sea shivered through the keen air. There is a chill in it even in hot summer, taste of the boundless, heaving, hungry waters which suck and swirl and heave beyond the rocks at Dunhaven. Dangerous even in its quiet, the Atlantic pounds on the huge, golden arc of the bay, shrieks and foams against the low granite cliffs.

A cruel coast, no kindness there in the strong waves which are out for the death of man, which have swallowed the fishermen from a whole village, and resent the frail canoes which dare to brave their might.

Little cottages crouch in scanty shelter, and here where the tortured remnants of the Armada were swept in and wrecked, the survivors of the Spanish sailors have left their mark on the Irish race.

"Katie is late the night." Nora Crehan looked out across the wind-swept, grassed land, watching for her girl.

"Ah! there ye are, Katie."

"I forgot the time be the say, Mamma. The waves were thrashing below there an' I sat to look at them."

Mrs. Crehan reproved her daughter for habits of mooning down where there was danger.

"Perchin' like a say gull ye does be," said Katie's mother, sourly, "an' never knowin' the minnit when one of them waves 'd git up from the pure spite an' shweep ye. Since John was tuk I have no use for the say, Kate."

"An' it draws me. I'd sthay watchin' it all day, Mamma."

Here Mrs. Crehan remarked that it would be a good thing when Katie was safe inland with work to watch instead of salt water.

The Crehans' cottage was a poor little place. Katie flung a piece of bog wood on to the turf fire, and the flickering light lighted the room up; pieces of bacon hung from the blackened rafters, mingled with strings of onions. A family of chickens pecked sleepily at the door waiting to come in.

"I'll wet the tay." The glow of the golden light fell on Katie Crehan's face, showing its dark, passionate beauty, her dusky, olive skin and slender hands.

GENERATIONS had passed since the cruel Dunhaven rocks had torn the galleons apart with shrieks of cruel water laughter and mockery of echoing winds, but Katie might have put on her mantilla and joined the Spanish race as one of themselves. Her people did not understand her moods and her temper, her lack of carelessness and power to suffer.

"Thady was in an' Molly tuk him to look for ye. That's enough tay. Agra . . . enough."

For Katie, muttering "Quare lookin'," was resolutely lading in tea without stopping.

"Well, she knew where to look," burst out Katie. "An'" she left the tea-pot in the ashes, going to the little sand-caked window looking out on the sea. Foam mixed with sand flew for half a mile inland when winter storms raged.

The stacks of turf rose dark against a gloomy sky, the whisper and whine of coming storm was in the night. She could see two figures crossing in from the cliffs.

Thady Donillan was to marry Katie in a month's time. A big, good-natured Irishman, who had reduced all his family to distraction by forgetting cows and pigs and match-making and being swept off his feet by a pretty face. Katie's fortune was nothing, and though all the family of Donillans met and consulted, and pointed out eligible maidens vainly, Thady meant to have his way. Had it even been Mollie, who had just come from Dublin. Mollie had fifty pounds left her by an aunt, who had educated her, but Katie—they raised their hands in dismay.

Big Mollie, her sister, who had been away all her life until a month ago, was laughing up in Thady's face. Mollie wore a hat and yellow shoes. Katie only used a shawl and her slender feet were often unshod. Katie saw but she could not hear.

For Mollie coming back just as Katie had been promised, believed firmly that Thady had made a mistake.

They crossed the low bank into the hay yard. Mollie slipped clumsily, lying against Thady's shoulder with her face touching his.

Thady would have lacked the elements of humanity if he had not pinched her fat arm and laughed at the light smack on his face, and neither knew of the blazing, miserable eyes which peered from the dirty window watching them.

Thady was a mere country man who only exercised his brains as to making farming pay. He pushed Mollie away next minute, telling her not to "be goin' on."

Mollie walked on laughing gaily. Thady had an outside car, a slated house, a barn of cows and—she despised Katie.

AT the door was Katie, bringing in the chickens. Two scarlet spots flared her cheeks, her eyes blazed. All the passion of the far-away forefather flared in her dark eyes.

"Katie, darlin'," Thady said. "I was searchin' the wurld for ye."

Flaming eyed, sullen Katie faced him.

"The ready tongue ye have," she said, darting out of the house.

Molly smiled happily. Katie's moods would tire any man. Thady followed the little figure, caught the girl at the turf stack, where she stood sobbing.

"I seen ye," Katie burst out. "An' if ye loves her best, take her, Thady, but don't break the shtrings of me heart that's wound around ye." She pushed him away. "For I loves yer as we can't understand, an' I can't half understand meself," she said. "An' I could die, but I could not bear to see ye go gradual away from me."

Thady did not understand, he was only a big Irishman, honestly fond of the girl he was to marry, but he had sense enough to take Katie in his arms, and tell her truthfully that Mollie was nothing to him, and that he'd sell his world to make his darling happy.

"Ye're the very life of me," Katie whispered. "I could kill wan that would come between us. An' I am so little an' she so fine. I am afraid since she come home to us from Dublin."

They stood looking out across the moaning sea,

with the Arra Isles showing clear against the pale sky.

Big Thady was puzzled sometimes by the wild bird he had caught, but he meant to have it for himself, and was happy when she smiled happily.

"Katie. I was in from the market an' I knew I'd find ye here. I soult the calves well."

KATIE was perched on a green bank, her eyes fixed on the stormy sea. Great rollers tore their might from the waters; heaved up in ponderous green smoothness, rushed, gathering swiftness to break with a roar of wrath against the cliffs, the spindrift fled from their crests as they curled to their death before they swirled back broken and beaten to be engulfed by the next monster wave.

The banks were built to keep sheep and cows from falling into the gulf. Katie would sit there for hours, sometimes looking out to sea, sometimes down on the cool depths of Poule Na Quirka.

"Would that ye'd sthay in shelter. Ye'll be blown in some day, little craythur." Thady kissed the scarlet lips.

"I loves it, Thady. I'd watch all the day. Arrah! See that wave now."

A huge roller reared itself outside, a green, irresistible wall of water. A crash, a roar, as it met the cliff, flinging up a blinding sheet of spray, then the sucking noise as the water rushed back off the long, smooth rock near the entrance to the gulf. Then the slow swell ran up the inlet to break at last on a tiny gravelly beach, with just sufficient force left to drag the stones back with a rumble as of distant thunder.

"Isn't it fine, Thady. The rocks is like some great baste, fightin' for his life, flingin' the waves back wan be wan as they come at him."

She spoke dreamily, her dark eyes looking out to sea, resting on the exquisite green light shining through a smaller wave which curled to break before it came to the cliff.

To Thady it was storm-driven waves breaking on rocks, cold and dreary, and induced by weather which spoilt his hay-making. He could not understand Katie, but he loved her in his clumsy way. Thady said that he would rather find a sheltered spot by Spanish Point, where he could sit down and make love until tea time, and he lifted Katie off the bank.

The girl came reluctantly, peering over now into the swirling chill depths.

"I'm dhrawn here, Thady," she said. "'Tis so quare and lonesome, the weather so deep an' black, an' outside so green an' nisy. I wondther—if any wan fell over whether they'd die of the fall, or struggle there an' be sucked out to say, an' smother in the could between the sides."

Thady, with a shiver, pulled the girl back. He said that no one would wish their worst enemy such a death.

"The fall is not so great," said Thady, "an' a man would be below clingin' to the rocks till he was swhep off. It's time, Katie, I had ye above at Doolish out of sight of the say. It does be drivin' ye silly here."

They went to look for shelter, Thady talking of (Continued on page 18.)