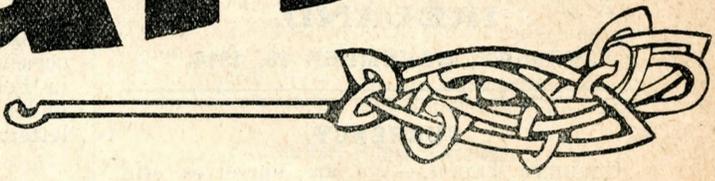


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Friday, November 13, 1914.

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One Halfpenny.

HOW THE GOEBEN ESCAPED.

ACQUITTAL OF BRITISH ADMIRAL.

Admiral Troubridge, tried by courtmartial for permitting the escape of the "Goeben" and "Breslau" from the Straits of Messina, was yesterday acquitted.

The manner in which the two German vessels escaped from the Straits—held by a British squadron—has not been published in the Irish or British Press.

The Stockholm "Dagblatt," however, gives this account of the affair:—

"The two German cruisers had entered Messina, where German steamships gave them an abundance of coal and supplies. They were provisioned while the British warships outside the harbour prepared to capture them.

"All day the 'Goeben' and the 'Breslau' remained quiet, but when night fell the two captains decided on a sortie.

"A dark night favoured them. They decided to slip out of the Strait while the bands of both cruisers were left behind lustily playing 'Die Wacht am Rhein.' The bands were placed aboard a chartered tug and the familiar strains of the German air soon reached the ears of the English sailors, who were expecting some kind of a night surprise. To their astonishment the sounds became louder and louder, presaging the rapid approach of the hostile ships.

"The ships south of Messina closed in for battle, blocking the passage through the Strait. They brought their searchlights into play and scanned the waters in vain for German cruisers. Instead they saw an Italian gala night with launches and sail boats following a tug which was emitting German music.

"The situation seemed to dawn on the British officers, but it was too late. The 'Goeben' and 'Breslau' were already well out of the Strait."

HOLLAND AND NORTH SEA.

The "Algemeen Handelsblad" contains an article dealing with the measures adopted by the British Admiralty and Germany with regard to the North Sea. The article asserts that the Dutch Government should declare to Great Britain and Germany that the North Sea is a free sea for all nations of the world. The article, therefore, advocates that the Government should join in the suggested action of the Scandinavian States with a view to opening the North Sea and clearing it of mines placed there by belligerents, thus maintaining the North Sea as a "mare liberum."

THE MEN OF HARLECH.

The annual West Merioneth hiring fair held at Harlech was attended by a record number of male servants between the ages of seventeen and twenty-eight years. The military authorities at Newtown sent three Territorials to the Fair with the object of recruiting a number of young men. They were also assisted by a local soldier who was wounded in the Battle of Mons, but, says the London "Daily Mail," not a single one enlisted.

GERMANY AND FRANCE.

According to the "Journal des Debats" suggestions have been made to France that Germany does not regard that country as its real enemy, and that it might conclude peace with France on the basis of returning Metz, with a portion of Alsace-Lorraine, Germany receiving in return sufficient territory to enable her to connect Antwerp with her dominions. M. Cailloux, the ex-Premier, is hinted at as one of the French statesmen who is in favour of friendly relations with Germany. The "Debats" says the German suggestions will not be entertained.

The "Temps" correspondent in Flanders writes that in spite of the slaughter of Germans that has been taking place in the north, the enemy is by no means demoralised, for he still believes all the officers relate, and there is scarcely a man among them who is not convinced they are winning easily.

THE MYSTERY OF THE OLYMPIC.

A cable from Paris to the New York "American" says:—"It is reported the real reason for the detention of the White Star liner "Olympic" at Lough Swilly" for four days was that she had taken on board survivors of the crew of a British battleship which had been sunk off the British coast.

"The desire for keeping secret the sinking of the battleship was the motive for preventing communication between the "Olympic" and the shore.

"The sinking of the battleship has been previously reported, without confirmation and without giving her name."

WHERE IS THE MONEY GOING?

At the last meeting of the Cashel Board of Guardians, Mr. Maher, R.O., laid before the Board an application from a woman living in Cashel, whose son is serving in the recently-formed battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment. She stated that she was not allowed any money for her son, who was her main means of support. She was obliged to look for out-door relief. The Guardians had made an order that anyone drawing allowances from the army authorities would not be entitled to relief.

The Board made an order calling the attention of the Local Government Board to this case, where the son was the only support of the mother, who has already applied to the authorities for assistance, but so far received no reply. The Guardians have been further informed that there are many instances in Cashel where the wives and mothers of soldiers made application to the authorities several weeks since for assistance they were led to believe was available for them, and so far they received nothing. Perhaps the Local Government Board could ascertain where all the money being subscribed is going to, as in the opinion of the Guardians the treatment meted out to these people by the authorities is anything but creditable to the British Government and the military authorities.

MARTIAL LAW FOR THE NATIONAL PRESS.

REPORT IN LONDON "TIMES."

The London "Globe" last night called for the suppression of the Nationalist Press in Ireland.

The London Times yesterday stated that its Dublin correspondent had learned that the danger of that Press had now been realised, but that the "Irish Executive" would leave it to the military authorities to act.

REPORTED STRIKE AT KILWORTH CAMP.

Reports reached Dublin yesterday that the carpenters employed at Kilworth Camp went on strike on Monday last, that on Tuesday the Military Commandant informed the strikers that they were liable to penal servitude, and that they were menaced by a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets. Two of the workmen were then, it is reported, placed under arrest, one being a Dublin man named John Hickey, but that they were subsequently released on the condition that pending the settlement of the dispute in which the strike originated they would resume work.

GERMAN INVASION PLANS.

THE ZEPPELINS.

The London "Daily Mail" publishes what purports to be the narrative of an American's visit to Bremen and Hamburg. The following passage will be read with interest:—

"I was also taken to see the airship sheds outside Hamburg. There were eleven sheds there, each, I was told, containing a Zeppelin. The Germans claim that they now have eighty Zeppelins, and that fifty are being built. There was great activity at the air camp, and I saw any number of aeroplanes of all types. A lieutenant in the Flying Corps said, 'Don't think we Germans are such fools' as to waste Zeppelins by single raids over London. We are keeping all our dirigibles for the time when our Fleet, accompanied by Zeppelins, will attack the British coast simultaneously. We mean to send out a dozen Zeppelins at a time. We count on possibly losing six of them, but the remainder should give a good account of themselves. But this is not a plan for the bad weather such as we are now having in the North Sea. Wait till the spring comes."

The correspondent adds that he saw three huge Hamburg-American liners which, he was told, were the transports destined for the invasion of England "when the time comes."

Trusting the Egyptians.

Egyptians in Britain are not allowed to return to Egypt or to go abroad. Their names are registered, as is required of the Germans, Austrians, and Turks.

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In sending matter for publication the writer must enclose real name and address; otherwise it will receive no attention.

IRELAND.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1914.

CURRENCY.

CURRENT TRUTH.—We are ourselves still without liberty.—Father Crowe, C.C.

CURRENT SENSE.—Home Rule is on the Statute Book, but it is a long way from the Statute Book to Dungannon, not to mention Tipperary.—Prof. Eoin Mac Neill.

CURRENT REDMONDITE.—The conduct of eligible young men who do not enlist is discreditable.—"Cork Examiner."

CURRENT "LOYALTY."—It is loyalty with the fume and damp of jails about it, the loyalty of the whipped cur, the loyalty of the mouse to the cat.—A. Newman.

CURRENT NEWS.—Germans make preparations for retreat. Germans capture Dixmude.—Dublin "Evening Mail."

CURRENT STRATEGY.—Dixmude is of no strategic importance.—London "Times."

CURRENT HYPOCRISY.—A free Press has always been one of our Empire's most cherished institutions.—The English Premier.

CURRENT ATROCITY.—Germans murder Infants.—"Irish Independent."

CURRENT CANT.—If England is beaten Ireland will be beaten.—T. Landon, M.P.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

The total value of the exports from Ireland last year, according to the Return issued yesterday by the Department of Agriculture was, in round figures, £74,000,000—the total value of the imports being only £200,000 less. We imported nearly £8,000,000 worth of manufactured goods more than we exported, and £6,500,000 more of raw materials: but we exported £15,000,000 worth of farm produce and food and drink stuffs in excess of our imports—the difference is more than accounted for by our cattle exports. Grain, flour, meal, and feeding stuffs represent an import of nearly thirteen and a-half millions into the country, while our export was only one and a-quarter millions. Meat, eggs, butter, and poultry we produce in abundance, but for our daily bread we—who once supplied ourselves and exported largely, are now almost wholly dependent on foreign countries.

Our direct trade with the Continent is almost a cypher. England has annihilated it. What Irish goods reach the Continent now, reach it—90 per cent.—through England, weighted with the English middleman's profits. The foreign trade of "Great Britain and Ireland," which the British Fleet ostensibly exists to protect, is thus divided:—England, 92 per cent.; Scotland, 7½ per cent.; Ireland, ½ per cent. The Irish taxpayer is thus forced to pay for the insurance of Great Britain's foreign trade. It is one of the privileges Mr. John Redmond urges him to spend his blood to maintain.

At the present time the supply of bread-stuffs in Ireland is far below the average, and cattle and sheep are being exported in abnormal quantities—the exports including breeding cattle, on which the maintenance of the supply depends. What is the Department of Agriculture doing to check the dangerous export of cows and springers? It has certain powers in the matter and obviously it is not attempting to use them.

THE ANANIAS CLUB.

President: The Right Hon. The Lord Mayor.
Vice-President: Mr. J. D. Nugent, T.C.
"He would go further in telling them that at that moment the Leader of the Irish Party had entered into a contract for the supply of 50,000 magazine rifles, with 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition."—Mr. T. Landon.

WHICH IS THE LIAR?

"The King had a most enthusiastic greeting on his way to the House of Lords yesterday for the opening of Parliament, and again upon the return journey. It was the first public ceremonial in which his Majesty has taken part since the war, and the London public seemed determined to seize the occasion to manifest in a special way the loyalty and unity by which all classes are inspired at this moment of trial for the Empire. Not only were the crowds far larger than usual, but the cheering along the route was marked by a fervour unprecedented on similar occasions in the past."—"Freeman's Journal," London Letter.

"The crowds in the streets yesterday during the progress of the King and Queen to Westminster for the opening of the new session of Parliament were of less dimensions than on the occasion of the inauguration of the last session in February. . . . The public were very undemonstrative."—"Independent," London letter.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.**A Tale of Tales.**

I met a man in Belfast
That met a man in Larne,
That knew a man that saw a man
That heard an awful yarn
Of how the German soldiers,
One day in holy France,
Cut off the tails of twenty cats
And fried them on a lance;
Then with the gravy stuck them on
The poor wee things again—
Now, shouldn't tales like that recruit
All Ireland's able men?

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

The London correspondent of the "New York Globe" writes:—

"Man for man the French soldier is better than the English soldier now in the field in France. The French officer is better than the English officer. The troubles of the English troops in this war have been due to the fact that they have been bravely but badly led." This is the statement of one who is regarded as an expert upon war. In its essentials it is supported by the statement of an English war correspondent of wide experience. Both contend that the English professional soldier, of which the expeditionary force is principally composed, is unequal to his French brother-at-arms.

The dash of the French soldier is everywhere admitted. His critics have held that he will not stand fire in cold blood well.

"Will the Frenchman lie and take it?" I asked. "He has," was the reply. "He lay in the trenches and took it for days at a time. His percentage of loss by death and wounds is far higher than that of the English army, and closely approaches that of the Germans in relation to the number engaged."

There is a rather bitter feeling growing between the French and English soldiers in the field. The French think the English have not "played the game." With 150,000 men in the field they have assumed to direct a campaign in which their allies had almost 3,000,000 men engaged.

Thanks to a rigid censorship, and to the fact that England is quite naturally chiefly interested in what happens to English soldiers, London has been led to believe that the English expeditionary force is the backbone of the allied armies.

There are 150,000 Englishmen and 3,000,000 Frenchmen in the field. The English forces bear the same relation to the allied armies that 150,000 men do to 3,000,000."

MRS. FINNY TAKES THE FIELD.

As we go to press we learn that Mr. John Redmond and his colleagues having failed to convince the people of the country that emigration to Flanders is their duty, Mrs. Finny, of Merrion Square, is about to take the field and put down "sedition." When the lady has had the Irish Press locked up she will instruct the heathen in the "Truth about Germany." The broom-stick of Mrs. Partington has fallen upon her.

DAWN OF HUMOUR.

The following resolution has been passed by Loughmore (Co. Tipperary) Redmondite Volunteers:—"That we, the descendants of the Loughmore warriors of the Jacobite days, imbued with their spirit in the camp and on the battlefield, will be thorough Irish Volunteers

under the chieftainship of Mr. Redmond, and . . . that we ask Mr. Hackett, M.P., to favour us always with his ability, experience, and reputation in our military work for Ireland."

Great Britain is the protector of small nations. . . . Militarism and compulsory service are two totally different things.—Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P.

"A SCRAP OF PAPER."

This is from the current issue of "The Irish World":—

It is only a scrap of paper,
But it pleases a country's pride,
A little harmless humbug,
That will keep our trouble betide,
And the King, once so unwilling,
With alacrity signs the Bill
That will stifle Erin's anger,
And England's war ranks fill.

Once again dear England loves her,
As only a mother can,
(As note to save her own sons,
How eager to Erin she ran)
But Erin's grown older and wiser—
Though her heart is still the same,
She refuses to fight the Kaiser,
For merely a Home Rule Name.

She has trusted a treacherous nation,
Full many a time of yore,
And given her blood and treasure,
To be kicked when the war is o'er.
If Redmond has joined the ranks of
Castlereagh, Carson and Law,
He'll find only fools and traitors,
To fight a step-mother's war.

It's a long road through Irish history,
It's a wade through a bloody sea,
Every milestone marks the grave-stone,
Of a nation once prosperous, free.
Let us close the book on its pages,
No more let them blood-stained be;
Let us end English humbug history,
And re-write it "Erin Free."

It's a long way through Irish history,
It's a sad way to go,
It's a hard wade through Irish history,
Wading through a sea of woe.

"BLACKBERRYING."

A Tipperary warrior at the front has written home that his regiment at the front was so cool under fire that though shells and bullets were flying and doing great execution, "the men were blackberry-picking" until they thought it was time to charge. The letter, which has received much publicity, is the subject of much criticism on the part of returned wounded soldiers, whose lurid accounts of terrible scenes is enlivened by scathing criticism of the blackberry-picking yarn. Who is the schoolmaster at the front who has taught so many soldiers to write able letters in such a short time?

RECRUITING IN FERMANAGH.

Irvinestown was en fete on Saturday, when the Fermanagh Detachment of the U. V. F., undergoing training at Finner, Donegal, marched into town on their recruiting march through Fermanagh. Redmondites vied with Unionists in preparing entertainment during their week-end stay (Saturday to Monday), representatives of both parties making a house-to-house visit for the purpose of inducing gifts of fowl, provisions, etc., unspoken threats of being pilloried for refusal being held over the reluctant inhabitants. Yet, despite this, many were the refusals. Union Jacks were flown from all the Unionist and Liberal houses, and two Redmondite houses (one a J.P.'s, the other an hotel-keeper's). The U.V.F. were headed by two Solicitors and one of their sons. There were about 200 men all told, and on Monday (Fair Day), prior to their departure, each one was a recruiting sergeant. Two recruiters for the North Irish Horse, two from the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and two from Redmond's "Irish Brigade" were present. The total number of recruits netted were fifteen Unionists and two Redmondites—the latter two boys.

At a mobilisation of the Enniskillen Battalion of the Redmondite Volunteers on Sunday 500 men turned up. The recruiters were at the meeting, but only two "fighters in France" could be cajoled.

At the weekly meeting to-night (Friday) of the Dublin Branch of the Neutrality League, Mr. Tomas Aghas will speak on "America and the War." The meeting will be held at 17 Parliament Street, commencing at 8.30 p.m.

THE WAR DAY BY DAY.

The Fighting in Belgium.

The fighting going on at the present moment in Belgium and France is manifestly of a momentous nature. Both sides are fighting desperately and a decisive result on one side or the other would have incalculable results. Frankly speaking, it is impossible for any man not at the seat of war, or in receipt of special information, to hazard any prophecy as to the result. First and foremost the considerations that will bring about a general advance or a general retreat are numberless. They depend on the morale of the opposing forces, the strength in men, guns and ammunition at vital strategical points, and in the genius of the military leaders in seizing hold of the decisive moment to press home the attack. We cannot know these things, therefore our best plan is to await results with calmness and patience.

Heavy Losses on Both Sides.

One thing, unhappily, is only too certain. The losses on both sides are beyond all doubt enormous. These losses will have to go on until a general retreat takes place. It is in a big retreat that prisoners and guns and transport and all heavy impedimenta of an army are captured and that the morale of an army suffers so severely. If the allies are compelled to again retreat, this second retreat would have a further depressing effect. If the Germans are forced to retreat towards Antwerp and the Rhine it would have an equally depressing effect. One side or the other will have to do so before very long, because a deadly face-to-face daily battle cannot last indefinitely. The chances, too, of a turning movement are less now that the struggle extends from the sea to the neutral State of Switzerland.

The Russian Campaign.

The Russians are concentrating against Austria in lower Galicia and Bessarabia, and against Turkey in the Caucasus. These places may be regarded as the points where the war can best be carried on with a view to the ultimate objective, which is Constantinople. The Turks claim considerable successes over the Russians in the Caucasus, and if this be true the Russians may have to send heavy reinforcements. This fighting on four fronts—East Prussia, Poland, Galicia and the Caucasus must be imposing a heavy strain even on the vast resources of Russia, more especially as her railways are not good and also because winter is now setting in with deadly severity. The Russians are also suffering severely from lack of medicines, which she used to obtain mostly from Germany.

Servia.

Servia appears to be beaten, and it is difficult to see how Russia can aid her unless Roumania or Bulgaria declare war on Austria. Both countries, however, continue to be neutral, and show no signs of change. Neither of these small States has any particular cause to like or expect much from the two great Empires of Russia and Austria, and they very probably feel they will gain more in the end by being strong while the Great Powers are gradually exhausting themselves. In any event, the relations between Bulgaria and Russia have not been over friendly lately. Then there is always the path by land to Constantinople which Russia craves and which Roumania and Bulgaria block at present. Both little States are rightly wary and inclined to think neutrality more valuable, at least for the present, than participation.

C.

THE GERMAN PRISONERS IN TEMPLEMORE.

There are about 1,700 German prisoners in Templemore Barracks. The majority are military and of a splendid type. The men are very well equipped, all of them wearing very serviceable high boots. As a body of prisoners were marching to barracks on Saturday your correspondent heard several ladies say: "These men do not look like the kind of men who would murder women and children." They certainly did not look anything but kind and intelligent. There were no stunted brows or brutal faces, and the men paid no attention to the females who lined the streets.

Dublin Castle has interdicted the performance of Bernard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," in Dublin, under a fine of £300 for each performance. It is understood the Repertory Theatre will ignore the interdict and produce the play next Monday at the Repertory Theatre, Upper O'Connell Street.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

DUBLIN REGIMENT.

Field Manœuvres at Swords on Sunday.

The companies of the Dublin Regiment paraded at Parnell Square on Sunday last and marched to Swords for the purpose of executing field manœuvres on a large scale. At Swords they were joined by some of the County Dublin companies, and the following disposition of the combined forces was made:—The 3rd, 4th and 5th Battalions, together with one of the county companies, were to fight a rearguard action from their encampment at Broadmeadows towards their main body, which lay between Swords and Dublin. The advance guard of the invading force were attacking in a line extending from Swords to Magillstown, and comprised the 1st and 2nd Battalions with two county companies.

Capt. Markham, "E" Company, 2nd Battalion, commanded the advance guard of the invading force, and Capt. Begley, "B" Company, conducted the defence.

Messrs. Monteith and Delaine acted as umpires, and discharged the onerous duties of the position to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

By a series of well-executed manœuvres the defending force was driven back across the Broadmeadows stream to a previously entrenched position, where they made a determined stand against the vigorous attacks of the invaders, which were pushed home with skill and determination.

A remarkable engineering feat was performed by a section of the invading force, which succeeding in repairing, in an incredibly short period, a bridge across the Broadmeadows stream demolished by the retreating army.

The manner in which this section advanced over the repaired bridge in the face of a murderous fire from the defenders, who were entrenched 200 yards away, was worthy of the best traditions of the war correspondents attached to the Continental armies, whose tales of unflinching heroism in connection with the battles of the Marne and the Aisne were completely eclipsed by this incident in the battle of the Broadmeadows. Another section of the invaders, while executing a flanking movement, suddenly came upon a strongly-entrenched position occupied in force by the enemy, and were completely annihilated.

A well-directed attack in the centre resulted in the capture of a large section of the defending force advancing to recover possession of the bridge. Flanking movements on the right and left, skilfully executed by the attacking force, exposed the defenders to an enfilading fire from both flanks, which created havoc in their ranks and compelled them to fall still further back and signal for reinforcements.

Commander Begley was hurrying forward with supports when the bugle sounded "cease fire," and the desperate and sanguinary conflict came to an end with the laurels pretty evenly divided. The work of attending to the wounded and burying the dead was then proceeded with, after which the column of route was formed and friend and foe alike set out on the return march to Dublin, which was reached about 8.30 p.m.

The stamina, pluck, and endurance of the men was wonderful, and their cheeriness on the return march after an arduous day's work, during which they must have covered 30 miles, was something to marvel at and proves that the Irish Volunteers are of the stuff of which soldiers are made.

An interesting lecture on last Sunday's field operations at Swords will be given by Captain Monteith on Saturday next at the Offices, 206 Great Brunswick Street. The lecture will begin at 7 o'clock sharp, and all the Dublin officers are requested to be punctually in attendance at that hour. Some interesting criticisms of the performances of the various companies may be expected, and any officer absenting himself will be considered as having been "put out of action."

Limerick City Regiment.

A firing party of the above regiment had practice at the butts on Sunday last. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather in the morning the parade numbered about 200. The assembly took place at 10 a.m., and the troops returned to the city at 6.45 p.m. The day turned out fine, and though the party had a long march and a hard day's work on the hills, the men, as a result of their training, returned fresh. On the previous Sunday the regiment used the Mark 3 service rifle for firing, and on last Sunday a trial was given to the Martini-Enfield, taking the same ammunition. It is a very accurate and serviceable weapon in the hands of men who have studied the care and use of a rifle, such as the Limerick Corps.

LONDON AND PARIS.

A CONTRAST.

(From the New York "Sun.")

Paris in war time is a changed city, having no longer its usual aspect of gaiety and activity. "On one of the principal streets, a mart of trade," says a correspondent, "there is but one post card shop open and a drug store. The Americans, except those who have houses and apartments, those connected with the embassy and the few stray travellers, have disappeared."

This is quoted to serve as contrast to a description of London, which goes on in its phlegmatic way outwardly little affected by the war. One of the changes is in the occupations of women. If England should decide to replace its fashionable crest with another, it would not be a bad idea to adopt a figure of a woman knitting.

Flannelled Fools Abound.

For every British woman knits. It has been suggested by Americans in London that a little more effort might be directed, not towards furnishing the soldiers with socks—truly a laudable enterprise—but towards furnishing soldiers to wear the socks. Young men of military age parade the streets. They block the corners outside of saloons on Saturday night. They are in the tea rooms and lunch places; in the theatre stalls. Explosive with wrath against "the Huns" than hiss or applaud the war pictures of the kinemacolor—wonderful pictures, by the way, calculated, if anything could do so, to make recruiting active.

Hampstead Heath Preferred to the Battlefield

Hampstead Heath is a reposeful place to go on Saturday afternoon when you want an airing and to rest your eyes from the usual outlook of grimy facades and chimney pots. Here, though, even here, one is exasperated by the presence of the "flannelled nuts." They are everywhere, running marathons, playing tennis or football, with cameras, with corps of Boy Scouts—or girl scouts rowing on the lake, climbing trees or flirting underneath.

Stalwart young chaps they are, lithe, supple, good sports; but why, some people ask, are they in Hampstead Heath when only across the narrow Channel cities for which their nation has assumed responsibility are being wiped out of existence?

Difference Between London and Parisian Shopkeepers.

The shops along Oxford, Regent and Bond Streets never looked more alluring. All the newer models, for which there is no demand in Paris, are exhibited here, and every possible financial inducement is offered to the would-be purchaser. While Paris at the very first intimation of danger put her precious stocks of laces, jewels, costumes and furniture into fire and bomb proof vaults, London displays with lavishness all that she has, ignoring the talk of incendiary bombs and Zeppelin raids.

"Zeppelins?" It would be unpleasant, wouldn't it?" London remarks when the possibility is mentioned. Knit, knit, knit!

Why the Theatres of Paris were Closed and Those of London Remain Open.

The theatres in Paris were shut, even the famous Comedie Francaise, not because there was no demand for seats but because there were no actors. French actors are at the firing line side by side with French artists, with French litterateurs, with French craftsmen.

But there are plenty of British actors, plenty. Not a theatre is closed on account of their absence with the Colours; and the omnipresent placard calling for recruits, that is one of London's few signs of war, is stuck on the doors of smart playhouses, where every night English actors present to English audiences pretty little colourless dramas, while on the theatre of war such a tragedy is being played, with no advertised hours and as yet no third act in sight, as the imagination refuses to comprehend.

English Newspapers During War.

The British newspapers are many in number. There are editions and special editions; but don't imagine for a moment that they are as in Paris, cut down to war news simply. They bristle with advertisements of the very latest perfumes, of smart hats, of irreproachable furs, of lovely gowns. Once in a way you are reminded, as your eyes glance through them, that there really is a war, that some hundreds of thousands of homeless refugees are at the gates, for you are advised "not to wear German corsets, etc."

The social columns in the same old British way go on reporting that at a certain function

Lady Soandso sat next to Lady Blank and both look pleased. New books are reviewed at length and you are not only told what plays to attend but what to think of them after you have seen them. Knit, knit, knit!

Sample "Flannelled Fools."

Into a quaint tea room in Richmond a party of young people come for the non-inebriating cup. They have arrived in a couple of beautiful limousines and the young men are taking a few hours of recreation from the arduous profession of being territorials. They chaff each other. "Ah, come now, girls, you cawn't, you really cawn't have two pieces of cake apiece. Why, we don't get a bob (twenty-five cents) a day, you know."

Then the girls prettily suggest that they pass a hat around to pay for the tea and this is done. "But, my dear chap, you forget we're at war. Those are the most expensive cigarettes here. Cut down your expenses, man, and live on your bob," (twenty-five cents) one of the young women retorts.

Then the pet of the party begs the girls not to send all his socks on the same day. "Really, now, I couldn't stand the shock, you know. I must have one pair on Monday, one on Wednesday, and one on Saturday." So the girls promise.

Another protests that he is drinking Kitchener's beer. "Actually drinking it, my dear chap. What can a feller do when he don't get but a bob (twenty-five cents) a day? Certainly not champagne. No, indeed, Kitchener's beer." And after a lot more amusing, light-hearted, wholesome "swank," that sounds funnier than it writes, they finish their little tea party and drive away. All very well.

But to imagine such a happening in Paris is impossible. Paris is mourning its dead. It is mourning its beautiful lost summer, its coming days of despair, when each hearthstone will have its empty chair, and it is mourning as well the sorrows of other nations.

Tommy Atkins Amuses Himself.

At the recreation tents in Hyde Park and other recruiting centres are concerts, for Tommy Atkins must be amused, and at every one in the same time-honoured way the chairman rises to announce, "Mr. Smith will oblige with a sentimental."

The English dowager says placidly, turning a heel of the stocking she is knitting, "My dear, I don't think we need worry."

"Why?"

"Because the war cannot last. It was made in Germany, and nothing that is made in Germany ever did last."

Then she placidly proceeds, having thrown her own jest into the military talk, the British jest against Germany's cheap products.

Belgian Refugees Amazed.

The Belgian refugees, like other travellers, are amazed when they reach London and find life going on in this unchanged way. They have left razed homes, stricken territory, carnage, loot, cruelty, every inch of their way marked by some frightful scene. It is only about four hours from Ostend or Dunkirk to Folkestone, and scarcely have they recovered from their fatigue when they find themselves in a country, not only different in architecture, in customs and in manners, in the organisation of daily life, but a country in which apparently there is no war spirit felt. Some of them are bitter, very bitter. They do not hesitate to say that if there had been a bigger English army Belgium would not be where she is to-day—a cypher in the sum total of nations.

Posted all over London, all over the United Kingdom, in fact, the "England Expects" placards are visible.

The Belgians have these pointed out. They are very decorative, with a portrait of the War Secretary and much red ink thereon. Then they look in the streets and see every sort and variety of man, old and young, rich and poor, some working, some loitering, but all of them—staying at home.

"Look at Kitchener," say these might-be fighters, and with that exclamation they rest content.

Belief that London will Be Immune from War Horrors.

This sublime belief that no one can really hurt England is at the same moment a hope and a handicap. It gets into the marrow of the visitor's bones. You find yourself reading war news in the same phlegmatic spirit.

"Zeppelins!" "Bombs!" "Aerial attack on London!" It simply cannot be. Of course, we don't fancy that they will make the attempt, but "Look at Kitchener." So the daily life goes on! And the English women knit and sew.

An American Girl's Wish.

"Of course, I don't want to hurt the Tower, but I'd simply hate to have anything happen to Buckham Palace, and what would the Americans do with no Westminster Abbey to weep in? But honestly, if some nice fat Zeppelin would drop a nice fat bomb near—just near the Nelson monument I do believe you people over here would wake up," said an American girl the other day in an assembly of mixed English and Americans.

One of the English ladies laughed, "Really, you Americans take the war more excitedly isn't it?"

than we do. It's quite ex-tra-or-r-r-di-na-ry,

England Does Not Realise that Her Enemies are Knocking at Her Gates.

England seems to the onlooker who doesn't pretend to get far below the surface of things to be, not fast asleep, but certainly dozing, and in that light slumber, visioned by past victory, sublimely self-content, she does not hear, or hearing, does not heed, "The Hun is knocking at the gate."

Millions of men are fighting, separated from London by a mere strip of water, gripped in a death struggle. Yet London life goes placidly on.

CRAOB DROM CONNRAĆ AḂUS SḂAS NAORḂEAN.

Tá na buirdeanta fé lán t-reol aḂainn anoir .i. an áro buirdean aḂur an buirdean iomr meádonac sácl síde Dia h-aoine aḂ a h-ócc a clog. Tá sácl tuine aḂ obair sḂo sian, síceallac aḂur mara sḂeoircear ó Craob Drom Connrać aḂur SḂar NaorḂean inr an bliádaín reo cḂuḂainn ní lá fóir é!

Seolac:—Nalla na Láimhe Deirge, SḂar NaorḂean.

FONN SAIRSE.

Ta lucht molta Shasana ag tromaidheacht ar lucht na Gaedhíle fe lathair. Is leir doibh go bhfuil lucht na Gaedhíle ar thaobh na hEireann. Ni hiongnadh son. Ni fu do dhuine ein nidh do dheanamb ar son teangan na hEireann, mara bhfuil fonn air Eire shaoradh o smacht na nGall. Ma ta se i ndan duinn bheith ceangailte le hImpreacht Shasana go brath, caide an maithas duinn an Gaedhíle? Píoc ar domhan! Nu daoine do thit le hobair Chonnradh na Gaedhíle, is le gradh d' Eirinn do dheineadar e. Fonn saoirse do sprioc iad chun na hoibre. Tuigeann an uile dhúine san Chronnradh e sin ach amhain Mac Ghiolla Brighde agus Una Ni Fhaircheallaigh agus beirt no triur eile. An te ata dall air sin, is glarr go gcuirfar i n-umbail do e.

COLMCILLE BRANCH, GAELIC LEAGUE.

The first Ceilidh of the Session will be held on Sunday next, 15th inst., from 6 till 12 o'clock. The prices are—Double, 2/6; single, 1/6. An enjoyable night is assured. The Irish Language Classes are now in full swing, and meet as follows:—Tuesday and Thursday at 8 p.m., 1st, 2nd and 3rd year; Wednesday at 7 p.m., children's; Friday at 8 p.m., advanced classes. The Children's Dance Class meets on Fridays at 7.30, and is in charge of Miss M. Neville: address—Colmcille Branch of the Gaelic League, 5 Blackhall Street.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DUBLIN VOLUNTEERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "EIRE."

Sir,—In your issue of to-day I read a letter signed Pat E. Maguire, criticising a portion of the above force as to their military efficiency, as displayed during last Sunday's manoeuvres at Swords.

As a Dublin Volunteer it surprised me very much to learn that Mr. Maguire was chief umpire, or is he assuming the position? And why does he select one particular company out of the many who took part in last Sunday's march for special mention? Are the Dublin Volunteers to take his (Mr. Maguire's) letter as the umpire's decision on last Sunday's work? If not, from what position does Mr. Maguire send forth his public condemnation of the defending force? Is he an officer? If so, to what company does he belong? Is he capable of criticising last Sunday's manoeuvres, and is his criticism in the interest of the Irish Volunteers? Might I suggest to him that he become

acquainted with the proper quarters through which he should send his criticisms and advice as to how the force should be officered?

This, in my opinion, should not be through the public Press.—Do Chara,

J. M.

Dublin, 12th Nov.

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