

# CAUSTIC COMMENT UPON SITUATION IN IRELAND

The New York Times Indicates Feeling Aroused in United States by Irish Movement Against Conscription.

New York, May 12.—The New York Times, under the caption "Wrongs and Wrongheads," says editorially: "In Dublin today (Sunday), the collection for the anti-conscription fund resulted in a payment of first instalments averaging £300 to a parish.—Associated Press Despatch."

"Ireland runs over with prosperity. Her farmers, fattened by British legislation have been rushing about in automobiles to Sinn Fein meetings. Some of them refused to sell food to British and American sailors. There is money enough for luxuries, for abundant races. Irishmen eat of the fat and drink of the sweet, while England lives narrowly and is partly rationed. The Sinn Feiners have long had time and money enough to make all the trouble for England, to give all the help to Germany that they can."

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"Now Nationalist and Sinn Feiner are united to oppose conscription; and as a testimony to the wrongs of Ireland" Dublin is able to subscribe largely to a fund whose object, however disguised, is aid to Germany.

Such must be the direct result of the anti-conscription movement in Ireland no matter what wrong-headed, loyalists are joined with Sinn Fein rebels or revolutionists, would-be founders of an Irish republic.

"The world has heard somewhat too much about 'The wrongs of Ireland.' Long-continued and black as they were, they are of the past. For a generation the English democracy has sought to redress old injuries. If the Irish of Ireland haven't had bestowed upon them everything they want in the way of self-government, whose fault is it but their own? Is England to blame for the quarrel of Irishmen?"

"Has Ireland forgotten the foul wrongs done by Germany to civilization, the drongs of Belgium, Serbia, Armenia, the murder of non-combatants on sea and land, the German parodies of sacred Catholic ceremonies, the slaying of priests, the profanation

and destruction of churches and cathedrals, the reintroduction of slavery, robberies, deportation, almost four years of incredible cruelties and bestialities? It seems so. To their kinsmen here, to their old friends in America, the abstention of so many Irishmen of Ireland from the war, their dallying with Germany, is unintelligible, monstrous.

"Even Sir Horace Plunkett, whose fruitful work for Ireland and the general moderation of whose views all of us know, leaves us more than a little surprised. Conscription and home rule, disastrously linked together by the British government, cannot be achieved 'without bloodshed and lasting hate,' that the government must 'set up immediately a responsible government in Ireland,' when the bill is passed, to an Irish executive of representative and responsible men should be given the task of setting up a parliament as quickly as possible, promoting voluntary recruiting. The Irish people, given their own instrument of government, would quickly show the world their real attitude in this war."

"After four years, their own parochial concerns attended to 'the Irish people' will so condescend to take notice of the wrongs of civilization. 'Give us Home Rule, and we will or may, enlist.' What sacrosanct dignity of an Irishman of Ireland shelters him from conscription? Why is he so much better and more privileged than 'a common, ordinary' American or Canadian. Sir Horace speaks of the English 'inability to understand us.' That inability applies to the United States also."



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## SOLDIER TELLS OF HIS TRENCH EXPERIENCES

REFERS TO MAN-KILLING  
EPOCH AS A DAY OF JOY

Barrage is Terrific—Although Outnumbered, the Allies Inflict Heavy Losses on the Enemy.

London, May 12.—"I am a sniper by trade and it was a day of joy for me," said Private Langford in relating his experiences in the great German offensive on the Somme. Langford, who was a member of a battalion stationed at Mally, is now in a hospital here recovering from a wound.

"We arrived on the Somme on the morning of March 26," he continued. "As we went up toward our position, Fritz was shelling us pretty hard, putting over some very big stuff."

"As soon as we got into the trenches we spotted the Germans 600 or 700 yards away on a ridge. During the night our flying men didn't allow those Huns any sleep but kept peppering them with heavy bombs."

Barrage is terrific. "About ten o'clock next morning they started one of the most terrific, deadliest barrages I have ever seen. It was fierce, and I have had seventeen months of strafing. No gas shells but all very heavy explosives. He kept this bombardment up till about a quarter of twelve, I should say then he left his trenches and came toward us in mass."

"As the boches came along I killed some myself. All our chaps were very busy laying 'em out."

"Unluckily when their creeping barrage got right on top of us we had to keep down and we couldn't see what their game was. Fritz managed to slip through a gap on the left of our company."

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**Old Dutch  
Cleanser**

"Two machine gun crews in advance of the main body got through the gap and right in our rear. They nipped through very quick and smart, and planted their guns in a shell hole in no time and intended no doubt to wipe us off the map. But our boys spotted their game."

Surprise is Sprung.

"There were only about twenty-three of us and the Huns with their machine guns were about thirty yards distant at our backs. Yes, he thought he'd got us beat, but we had something up our sleeve yet. As quick as lightning our chaps threw a nice little dose of Mills bombs at 'em—and that was the end of them. The whole lot were done in."

"We then looked to see what was happening in front of our trenches. I saw they were coming full tilt for us. They outnumbered us, I should say, by ten to one. But we got busy with our machine guns and rifles and did great execution, cutting lines in 'em."

"When they spotted what had happened to those machine gun crews they saw their chance was up. They turned right about and ran, and they did run, too. You see, they weren't more than fifteen yards away when they turned, and I don't think a single one of them got back to the line again. They were all killed or wounded. Most of them were a brave lot of men. No squalling or handsup business. They were tremendous big fellows—in fact, about the biggest men I have seen. Just about this time I got wounded and I must say I was a bit sorry, because I was just having the finest day's shooting I'd had since I left home."

## Slants of Humor

CAN'T KEEP IT DOWN.

"Having watched the municipal method of laying a street pavement and then tearing it up," says a man who dwells in the country, "I am convinced that a good pavement is like a good man—you can't keep either down."

A PROBLEM FOR HOME.

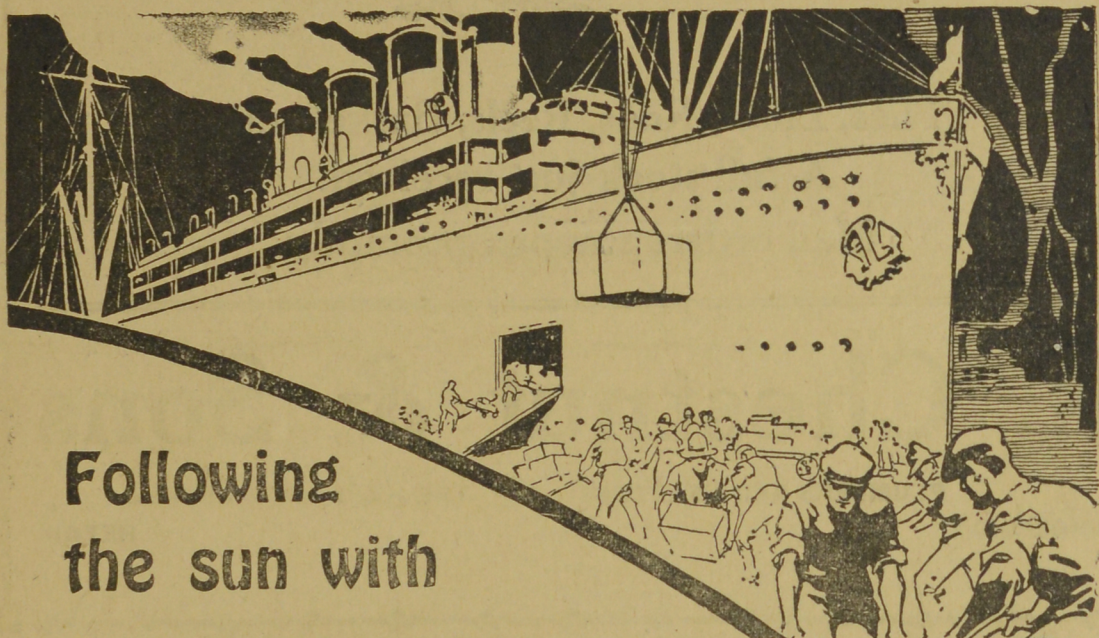
"Good morning, children," said the arithmetic teacher. "How many of you have prepared an original problem in multiplication as I requested?" Only one hand went up.

"Well, William, you may give your problem and the rest of the class may solve it."

"If my baby sister is a year old now and weighs twenty pounds, and keeps on gaining two ounces a day until she is 16 years old, and if the price of living doubles again in the next ten years, how much will my sister's graduation outfit cost? Mother says she would like to know."

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beneath the Southern Cross—

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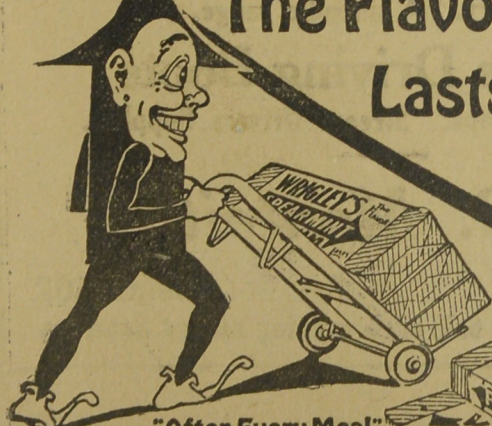
There, because men find  
comfort and refreshment in  
its continued use.

Because of its benefits  
and because

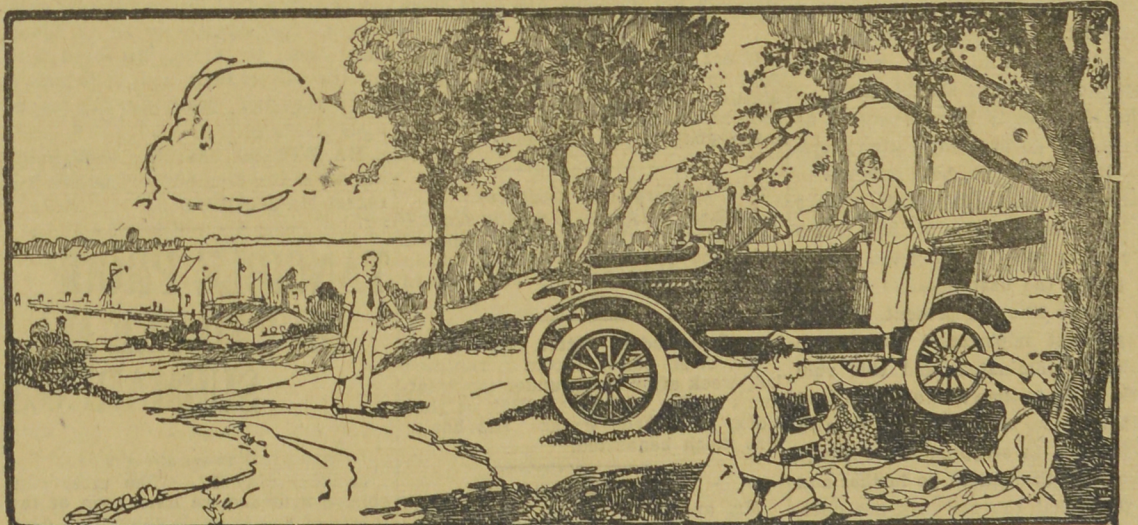
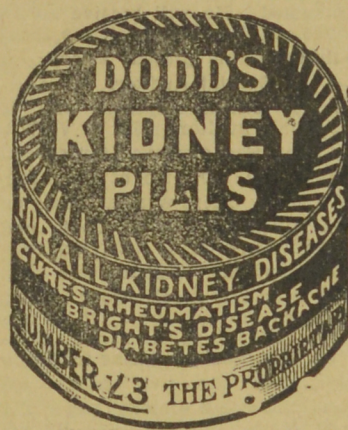
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