

OLD ERIN'S HEART IS ABSOLUTELY IN THIS WAR, SAYS JOHN REDMOND

By EDWARD MARSHALL.

JOHN REDMOND seems to grow no older as the years pass. His hair has whitened somewhat since I first knew him fifteen years ago, but he is as alert and vital as he ever was.

It was in his cheery little office underneath the House of Commons in London that he gave me the story I had asked for, the story of old Ireland and this war. It was the only place about the historic legislative building by the Thames in which I saw no khaki.

Before we went to it with its cheery fire and big, bright window I had watched Mr. Redmond in the lobby of the House, as he sat upon a bench in deep discussion with a wonderful old Irish priest straight from the firing line—a priest in the trim black regiments of the Church, but in the brown uniform of the battalions.

His message must have been important, for he was muddled with the mud of the French trenches, and evidently had come hurriedly from the zone of blood and suffering and death to the peaceful halls of Westminster, whence came the impulse that directs the battlefront.

"What," I asked Mr. Redmond, "does the war mean to Ireland?"

"It means everything to her," he answered very promptly. "For the first time in her history she is now a self-governing portion of the British empire, with all her interests bound up in the future of that empire."

"That any Irish in America should think otherwise amazes me. That any Irish in America should have listened to the propaganda of the enemy autocrats and shocks me."

"The defeat of the Allies would carry ruin, black and utterly complete, to Ireland."

"Ireland is not the Ireland that the fathers of the present generation in the States fled from. During the past forty years the Irish have been given land, and free education in all its grades, including university training, has been established very fully."

"Today local government in Ireland is fully as free as anywhere. Decent living conditions have been assured to all the Irish laboring classes, and finally now has come a full measure of Irish self-government in the broadest sense."

"Let the Irish of America remember, when they think the situation out, that a German triumph in this war would most undoubtedly take with it into Ireland a ruthless dispossession of the Irish people from all these hard-earned advantages. They would be dispossessed from their land and would be crushed by war imposts. Promptly there would come an end to all their found freedom, all the splendid progress which they have begun to make."

"Those are matters for the Irish of America to consider carefully."

"And a victory for the Allies?" I ventured.

"On the other hand," said Mr. Red-

Great Leader of the Nationalist Party Warns Irish Americans That German Triumph Would Mean an End to All Hope of Home Rule

mond, nodding slowly, "a victory for the Allies must mean assured prosperity and continued increasing freedom for the Irish, for, although they scarcely could obtain by law a greater freedom than is now assured to them, the efforts of educational work now under way will give them, as time passes, the greatest of all liberties—intellectual freedom. Its interruption would put them back where they once were."

"The course which Ireland has followed in this war has almost utterly wiped out all of the old prejudices and misunderstandings which have long existed in some minds with regard to her. Nothing is more certain in this world than that home rule will remain upon the statute books forever, absolutely unchanged, through all the years to come, save only in the inconceivable event of a real German victory."

"These are the reasons why I feel so strongly when I am informed that there are some—I trust not many—of my countrymen in the United States whose opinions differ from my own in regard to the large issues of this war."

"I suppose they are not to be very drastically condemned. After all they have not been upon the spot, as I have. I have been active in the work for Irish freedom for the last forty years and naturally am more familiar with conditions than the men who emigrated a generation since can be."

"Especially it is inevitable that we who have been here, and working and watching, should be better judges of the situation than the Irish Americans who have been reported as the leaders in the anti-British movement in the States. Many of these never saw Ireland and are wholly out of touch with new conditions. They have belief and arguments upon tales and records of conditions which have long since passed into unpleasant story."

"My message to these Irish in America is that they should extend to Ireland what Ireland ever has demanded from England—home rule, leaving Ireland of today to decide the questions of today as she sees fit and for herself."

"The attitude of Ireland toward this war can be in no the slightest doubt. Every elected public body in the island without exception from the highest to the lowest, from the Irish Parliamentary party, elected by the people, on through all municipal corporations, city councils, down to the parish councils, has formally declared in favor of the stand which I am advocating, and they have done so freely and without the slightest hint of any manner of coercion."

"No constituency, parliamentary or municipal, in the whole country would hold out the faintest chance of an alternative to any man holding on one side or the other. It is only in other days if there were such a man, who would express a view of Ireland's duty."

In this war differ from that which I am now expressing.

"Is Ireland in favor of the war? The question seems absurd to the mind of any man who is upon the ground and watching actual present tendencies, not those of twenty-five years past. Official figures show that to-day we have with the colors 145,000 infantry recruited upon Irish soil, without counting Irishmen in the navy, where there are very many, in the cavalry, the artillery, the Army Service Corps, the Medical Corps or in any of the numerous military branches which I have not mentioned."

"Nor am I in this statement including any officers in all these services, although nearly every officer in every Irish organization is an Irishman."

"At the present moment we have at the front an entire Irish army corps in addition to the old, historic Irish regiments which were in existence when the war commenced. I have made a careful inquiry into the number of Irishmen existing in Great Britain and find that of all ranks in the English and Scotch regiments there are at the lowest possible estimate few, if any, short of 200,000 of them."

"Thus it becomes apparent that we have with the colors today at least 300,000 Irishmen, and if to those are added the 25 per cent, or even 20 per cent, of Irishmen in the Canadian, Australian and New Zealand contingents we find that there can be no exaggeration in the statement that Ireland has given to the service of the Allies a full half million men."

"And note this fact: every man of this half million is an absolutely willing volunteer."

"These are the Irishmen in active service."

"To state the splendid figures of their willingness to fight the Germans leaves the tale half told, for, in addition to these men there are in Ireland twenty-six battalions at present in existence or being raised by voluntary enlistment to supply the wastage in the Irish regiments now at the front."

"There is no hesitancy in Ireland about volunteering for the service of this war. Some of the organizations I have spoken of are actually overflowing, with more applicants than they can care for. A few need filling up, but that is being done with admirable rapidity."

"And this, as it is remembered, is the natural outpouring of modern Ireland's determination that this war must end with victory for the Allies. It does not tally very well, does it, with the statements made by German propagandists in the States that Ireland is disloyal in these days of the great empire's need. It does not very fully endorse the views of the mistaken Irish Americans the Germans tell about who are Teutonic in their sympathies, does it?"

"The published reason for the failure to apply conscription to the north and Wales was that the Irish might or did object to it. That was not the actual reason."

"That real reason was the fact that in old Ireland conscription was not, is not needed."

"Of all the people in the world I think the Irish best love liberty. They are convinced that this war is a war for liberty and that defeat of the Allies must mean defeat of liberty."

"The whole flower of Irish manhood has sprung to the defense of liberty. In Ireland one will hear no words but those of ridicule or bitter condemnation for those men of Irish blood 3,000 miles away who so lamentably have misinterpreted the sentiment of Irishmen at home, and who so easily have been misled by the fact that every issue dear to Irish hearts is included with the aims of the Allies, while not one of all of them is found recorded in the German creed."

"I asked Mr. Redmond to forecast Ireland's future."

"After the war has ended in a victory for the Allies," he answered, "I am absolutely sure that the prosperity of Ireland, under the new home rule Government, will increase by leaps and bounds."

"It must be remembered that Ireland is the only part of the United Kingdom which so far has not suffered materially from the war. Ireland is almost exclusively an agricultural country and agricultural prices have been higher since the war began than ever they have been before."

"The peasantry of Ireland never has been as prosperous as it is today. No doubt there has been an increase in the cost of living for the Irish people as a whole, but the rise in agricultural prices, and therefore the increase in their incomes, has been great enough to do far more than to offset it."

"This year's harvest has been rich and plentiful. Today, as compared with the past, there is nothing to be called real poverty in Ireland."

"In the towns there is practically no unemployment. The great industries, such as shipbuilding, are running at high pressure, while in addition the new munition factories are working night and day, employing tens of thousands."

"Does not this imply an absolutely certain depression after the war, when these factories are shut down?" I asked.

"On the contrary," said Mr. Redmond, "it implies prosperity in days to come, for it means a population trained in an emergency industry. When the war ends all that training will not be forgotten."

"It means a population newly accustomed to good living. After the war has ended it will never be content to sink into the old conditions."

"Already the Government has established in Ireland two national munition factories, one at Belfast, one at

Dublin, and though these are still in infancy owing to delays in machinery delivery they now give employment at good wages to 12,000 people, many of whom, I am glad to say, are women. In the course of a few weeks this number will be quadrupled."

"In addition to the Government factories many private factories have sprung into existence in all parts of the country, stimulated by Government orders and assistance. Shells by the thousand are being made in Waterford, in Wexford, in Cork, in Limerick, in Kilkenny, and indeed in almost every town throughout the north and south and west of Ireland."

"And not only will these factories train all Ireland to industrial life and effort but when the war ends Ireland will find herself equipped as never before with machinery adapted to the manufacture of almost anything."

"This predicates what, as must be generally admitted, can be nothing else than practically an Irish industrial revolution for the better."

"I believe the Government factories will continue as munition factories after the ending of the war, but I think the private factories now devoted to munition manufacture will very quickly be adapted to such other purposes as may seem wise."

"I am told that the great strength of Germany in the manufacture of munitions lies in the fact that before the war her factories were built so that they could quickly be transformed with little waste into establishments for the production of war materials. Well, Ireland's industrial strength after the war will lie in the fact that her munition factories have been so constructed and arranged that when the great call for munitions ends it will be possible quickly and economically to convert them into other uses."

"It may surprise the Irish of America to learn that the high explosives factory at Arklow, County Wicklow, is at this present moment next to the great Krupp works in Germany the largest of its kind in the whole world."

"Every week it is producing hundreds of tons of high explosives, and it is interesting to note that the small shells which carry these across the Channel have not been interfered with by the German submarines. They will not be. The other day I learned the reason for this notable immunity."

"I was informed from a reliable source that the destruction by explosion of one of these small Irish ammunition ships would mean sure destruction for any submarine within a radius of seven miles. This would be due not only to the shock of the explosion and the resultant pressure, but to the vacuum which would be caused by it and its resultant drag. The nearby submarine, to put it in a term which I have heard used by Americans, would 'let it both ways.'"

"This being true I think our Irish ammunition ships are pretty safe. It is a pity that some similar means of safety can't be found for the great passenger ships which so often have been prey of German submarines."

"I asked Mr. Redmond to express himself with regard to the American cause in connection with the war."

"We in Ireland," he answered, "are watching with the keenest interest and real anxiety the action of America. You are the greatest of the neutrals. You are of immense importance to us and to the world at large."

"I am glad to feel quite sure that as a whole American sympathy is with the cause of the Allies, but it could not be otherwise. I should deeply deplore the rise of any sort of real misunderstanding between your country and my own."

"Nothing gives me greater pride in my own countrymen than the reflection that the Irish in America have been able, as a whole, to combine loyalty to Ireland with good American citizenship, to combine loyalty to America with devotion to the ancient land from which they sprung."

"I hope and I believe that this unusual condition may continue to the end."

"When in Ireland we have crowned our efforts by the assemblage of the first Irish Parliament, I know we shall have the sympathetic congratulations of the entire American nation, as in the darkest days of our great struggle we have had its sympathetic help."

"Though the Irish 'love a shindy' when it's right and though they bathe with a valor unsurpassed in this



JOHN REDMOND.

great war no people in the world hates with a bitterer hatred everything which savors of the cure of militarism.

"The people which hates militarism is a people sympathetic with and anxious to advance the cause of international peace."

"This impulse Ireland shares with the United States, and, for that matter, shares with England."

"Ireland hopes with unexampled earnestness that through the crushing victory of the Allies militarism throughout Europe may be brought to a full stop forever."

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MY WAR ADVENTURES FIGHTING FOR THE ALLIES IN THE AIR

The author of the series of articles of which this is the last has seen service as an aviator with the Allies in France, Italy, the Balkans and Turkey. For obvious reasons his name cannot be given; he has received medals for gallantry. In the present article he describes phases of airmanship about which little is printed but which are every bit as thrilling as the other experiences he has related.

WHEN you see in the newspapers a despatch saying that "a hostile aeroplane was brought down by anti-aircraft guns" I wonder what you think the aeroplane is like. Well, I will try and explain.

After an accident to my own machine I was in the front line of our trenches a few weeks ago when a land attack was made upon some German Trenches. While I watched one machine was shot down from a height of 5,000 feet.

It was one of the most fascinating and puzzling spectacles I have ever seen. It was with very much reluctance that I saw the poor wretch hurled to destruction, for invariably I draw a parallel in my own future experiences.

When the "Archies" on our side of the trench opened fire on him it was interesting to overhear the comment of those in the trenches. They were as interested as though they were watching a football game in the heart of London. "Send, I bet that made him up!" Then "That got him!" "No, it didn't!"

Then a shell burst over the German, just half way along his machine. We waited. The machine put its nose down a bit, did a half turn and a sort of lurch—a drunken lurch; then put its nose down right vertically and began to spin around faster and faster. I knew what that meant. The pilot of the machine had been killed, and the machine was falling aimlessly and unguided, the leaves fall from a tree.

At about 5,000 feet something came away. At first it looked like a wing tip, but after it had fallen some 2,000 feet it resolved itself into a recognizable form. It was a human being.

What thoughts crowded my brain? Of all those in the trench I was the only one who through personal experience could comprehend the awfulness of it.

Our men set up a terrific cheer as the machine crashed to earth, but I was silent, under the spell of the silence which came from sending forth the hope and prayer that no such termination would await any of my future flying adventures.

And this incident recalls to my mind an experience which befell a member of the aviation corps to which I was attached during the battle of Ypres. I was amazed one morning at the strange evolutions of one of our aeroplanes that had been sent to reconnoitre the German positions and movements. The machine suddenly pitched downward, almost vertically, then just as it was about to crash to the ground regained its equilibrium and began to rise again.

Flying in the direction of the enemy's lines the aeroplane wavered and swayed and staggered in a

world, uncertain manner. Eventually the machine, around which the smoke of bursting shrapnel never ceased to coil, turned homeward and, still reeling like a laboring ship, gradually neared the French trenches, behind which its engine dropped to earth like a wounded bird.

From the wreckage the Lieutenant observer was extracted—dead. The pilot, a special friend of mine—had swooned, but was still clutching his levers. After my friend had recovered he told me this story of the dramatic event as I sat by his bedside in the next hospital.

We had flown barely 500 yards after turning homeward when the Germans' fire became heavier than ever. We were soon enveloped in such a dense smoke that we could see nothing twenty yards ahead.

Hoping to get out of range we decided to climb higher up when a loud burst with a frightful, ear-splitting detonation just over our heads. For an instant I thought my brain was rent. At the same time I felt a hot, smarting pain in my eyes, then everything became clouded, and it was as if another thick pall of smoke had closed around us.

"In spite of the pain I was suffering I clung desperately to my levers and tried at least to maintain our altitude, so as to escape the projectiles. I shouted to the Lieutenant, 'No damage done!' but no answer came.

Assuming that he had not heard, I repeated the query, trying to open my eyes to see him. Again there was no reply, and still I felt that dreadful darkness. Like a flash I understood that I had escaped death, but I was blind. And for a companion I evidently had a corpse.

"Cold sweat stood on my forehead in beads when I realized my situation—alone in space 5,000 feet above the earth and everything a blank to me. I consoled my soul by God and then concentrated my mind on one thing—the possibility of making the French line in order to report the result of my mission. Guided by the sounds which floated upward from the ground I headed the machine for what I believed the right direction.

"Two minutes afterward I was startled by the voice of the Lieutenant crying: 'Look out! Head her nose up, quick!'"

"Without waiting for explanation, I pulled the lever and the aeroplane leaped toward the sky, just scraping something which proved to be the weathercock on a church steeple."

"Thank you, Lieutenant!" I exclaimed. "Excuse me if I am not in the right direction, but I cannot see. I am blinded. Are you wounded?"

"Yes," he replied, "and pretty badly. I think! Then, seeing that I was steering away from the French lines

I cried, 'Right about. Now to the left—left again—now straight on!'"

"Presently a fresh hail of shrapnel told me that we were above the German lines. In a few minutes, however, the Lieutenant whose voice was getting weaker and weaker, warned me:

"Now for the descent. We have got to our lines. Our fellows are waiting for us. Out of the engine. Now complete about!"

"And I heard nothing more, but the far away sound of smashing wood and tearing canvas as we touched the ground until I awoke here in the hospital."

My soul was distracted as I looked upon that excellent, courageous fellow, blinded for life.

Very few of our aviators have had the distinction of making flights as

far as I passed outward. How awfully costly was for me, looking down through my periscope, to spot even the smallest objects on the water's surface.

Nothing of unworried appearance came within my vision until I was within sight of the Belgian coast. A very distinct object was discernible, which in shallow water might have been the upper spars of a sunken merchant steamer. But it moved perceptibly and I could imagine the water immediately fore and aft was slightly different from the surrounding water.

A submarine! I brought my machine down slowly to a lower altitude in the graceful, birdlike curve of the diving boat until I was positive that I was correct in my diagnosis.

"Sure enough, when I got down to about 1,500 feet I could see the periscope and also the faint outline of the boat itself, as it swept along just under the surface of the water. Evidently the envelope of parts of the ship were installed by a newly discovered process."

But the thing in which I was most interested was the fact that some of the ship's crew suddenly appeared entirely in a cloud of vapor emanating from their own body.

A few days ago I learned that the latest Zeppelins are to be equipped with the aerial torpedo invented by Capt. Uge of the Swedish army, the rights of which were bought by the Krupp.

The torpedo causes great havoc on explosion, and there have been cases where men have been blown out of trenches and landed some distance away.

It has not been my privilege to take part in an air cruise against such a craft, but several thrilling stories of such events have been related to me at first hand. A friend of mine who is a Flight Lieutenant attached to the R. N. A. S., was detailed from his hangar ship to make an extended reconnoitering trip over the North Sea waters abutting that part of Belgium which is now under German domination, in the course of which he had, in his own language, his "hardest of all experiences."

He was plotting an American flying boat when he sighted the periscope of a German submarine, and with the dashing of his kind he swooped down and broke it off, making it necessary for the submarine to rise to the surface. But to let him tell the circumstances in his own words:

"In the brilliant glare of the early morning sun, within sight of the Belgian coast, I started from our hangar ship. It was a glorious morning and my little flying bus seemed to act in a little worthy the occasion. It dived and bounded from the surface of the ocean, almost as soon as we had swung clear of 'the beach.'"

rapidly from their bases as to the very important Lake Constantine district, where nearly all of the important Zeppelin experiments are carried out. With two other comrades I had this experience.

The trial flights over the Lake Constantine neighborhood never cease, and the noise of the motors, which are tested day and night at the most, may plainly be heard in Switzerland.

The shape of the airship has undergone a great change since the first type appeared. It is much longer and slenderer. Two gondolas hang very low, and no catwalks are any longer visible, but one is probably hidden within the vast body. The gondolas are armor plated and carry at least six machine guns and several large pieces of artillery. The platform merely noted on the top of the balloon has disappeared, and a narrow over one-fifth of the whole body.

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chance in a hundred of coming out with his life.

There are fleets of aeroplanes trailing the night skies of London on every night when the climatic conditions are such as would warrant the undertaking by the Germans of a Zeppelin raid on the metropolis. Things at night in an aeroplane has this advantage: If the motor should ever stop when the pilot is away from the hangar searchlights be would get the almost certain death—a missile could save him.

On my first night patrol for Zeppelins it was a cold, clear, starry night, with no moon—no stars, faintly when distances and objects in looking toward the sky are shown, and it is difficult to get the range of rapidly moving objects.

How clearly the Thames River stood out! Little wonder that the Germans could negotiate their way to the heart of the city, it appears so in a night's darkness.

But through the dim moon, my motor I could hear a foreigner in the air. An airplane was at it, and I heard the noise of another motor quicker than anything else. And that was what I heard, perhaps it was a fellow member of the night patrol, the metropolitan air police, I wanted to throw my searchlight around in friendly greeting, but then it might be a Zeppelin.

And it was!

Furthermore, it had been heard by the watchers on land, for in a twinkling of an eye there was a sudden flash, and a narrow band of light reached out from below and I can feel around the sky as if a third, a fourth, until soon there were more than a score of aeroplanes, some searching the skies.

I soon discovered that I was not alone. One of the Zeppelins, in a sudden moment it would be discovered by the rays of light, and then the Zeppelin would speak. I was right. Soon there were 'hills and bushes and short bursts of fire' and a black background. From all directions they came, but they were all so short. And I wondered what damage was being done by the Zeppelins. In some cases I am certain they fell on densely populated sections of the city.

Now the patrol in the air was no longer a Zeppelin. A German airplane was heard from. A German airplane was hit, and I saw the flames of the engine. I could hear the