

nation pretending to be free was absolutely entitled to know.

The Dardanelles expedition was the sole device of Winston Churchill, head of Great Britain's navy department. All of the admirals and naval experts were dead against it. He insisted. "Of course, these naval men don't know anything about politics," says he. They then pointed out that at best the attempt to force the Dardanelles with only naval power was utterly futile; there must be landing parties to keep the positions won by the shells of the fleet.

So an arrangement was made with M. Venizelos, then prime minister of Greece, by which Greece was to furnish the land forces, thereby plunging her into the war on the side of the allies.

In this M. Venizelos was doubtless sincere, but he had overlooked the fact that King Constantine of Greece, like the rest of the crowned heads of Europe, is a German. The king kicked over the prime minister's plan and the prime minister resigned.

This left the expedition without a landing party. Mr. Churchill nevertheless banged ahead with it, and it got rolled up, as the admirals had predicted. It was necessary, therefore, to withdraw troops from other services for this one.

The censorship passes every day preposterous inventions to the effect that Germany and Austria are starving.

Germany and Austria were starving six months ago. According to the British press they have been starving every day since. No public on earth that is able to read at all is dull enough to be fooled in this way. But the censorship is dull enough to think it can be fooled.

Hence the dreary repetition of the same old fakes.

Every line that goes into a British newspaper, whether editorial, news or advertisement, must be passed by the censor.

The whole thing is of the mutt,

mutty, and of the nut, nutty.

Soon after the beginning of the war the government found itself seriously hampered by lack of certain materials, the manufacture of which was unorganized and inefficient in Great Britain.

An American in that line of trade heard about the difficulty and worked out a plan to remedy it. After he had convinced the authorities, 1, that he wasn't a spy; 2, that he did not intend to blow up the king; and, 3, that he had no designs on the prince of Wales, his plan was adopted and he was engaged to take charge of the work.

He found he was in need of articles he could not get here; also of expert workmen. He cabled for these to his firm in Boston. No reply.

He cabled again, requesting an immediate response. Nothing doing.

A third cable produced nothing. He sent some heated letters. No reply.

The work stopped short.

Then he said to the government people:

"I guess my firm has blown up or died. I can get no reply to my cables. I will hop over there on the Lusitania, get what I want elsewhere and hop back."

So a week later he stalked, in something of a grouch, into his firm's office in Boston and found that not one of his cables had been received.

The censor had stopped them all.

But this isn't the whole of the story. On his arrival in New York a reporter there gathered from him material for a cracking good Sunday story about his plans and work for the British government.

This, with full details, the New York newspaper printed. An exchange editor in a London office saw it and clipped it. The censor passed it, and the whole thing was reproduced in the London journal.

Beyond this in muttism there would seem to be nothing achievable by the human mind.

No correspondent or reporter is al-