

Current Topics

Home Rule

Of course we are taking it for granted that you all know that Ireland has Home Rule now. Surely the evidence is convincing. Did not the British Parliament pass at the beginning of the late lamented war a Bill in which it was provided that Home Rule should be deferred for 12 months, "or if at the expiration of those 12 months the present war has not ended, until such later date (*not being later than the end of the present war*) as may be fixed by his Majesty by Order-in-Council"? There now! What more do you want? If we were dealing with Huns who tear up scraps of paper, of course that Bill would mean nothing. It would not do to take it seriously. But as we are dealing with British gentlemen, have we not ample reason as Irishmen to take their word of honor? If you want further proof of that you will find it in the next paragraph.

The Word of British Government

Two young boys were kidnapped by the British Army in Ireland. They were taken away secretly; their parents did not know if they were drowned; they had committed no crime. After long delay—after vain appeals to the police and even to Lord French—by some means the Habeas Corpus Act was put in motion. The Irish Lord Chief Justice gave the police such a castigation as is rarely given them in the land where they can do no wrong. While he was scourging them, the Government let the boys out at the back door—just as a publican would bustle out thirsty customers on a Sunday when the "peelers" are signalled, as the *Dublin Leader* has it. When asked to explain this bit of Prussianism, MacPherson had the effrontery to stand up in the House and say that "the boys were taken into the care of the police in order to protect them from the Sinn Feiners." Needless to say, he had not the courage to tell that deliberate falsehood to the Lord Chief Justice. Again, when the recent siege of Limerick aroused strong comment in England, Mac calmly told the House that Limerick was made a military area on account of the strike, when as a matter of fact everybody in the House knew that the strike did take place as the result of Mac's proclamation. If you want further evidence of how British statesmen keep their word, recall half a dozen of the little episodes in the political life of Lloyd George which exemplify what we are saying. There have been asses put in Dublin Castle before now; there have been lunatics sent over to rule Ireland; there have been out-and-out liars time and again. But surely MacPherson takes the cake! Why then doubt that the Home Rule Act is a reality? There remains just one reason. Some weeks ago, at a demonstration in favor of Irish freedom in America, a banner with a strange device was carried through the streets. That device was "CONCESSIONS BE DAMNED." For the reason that stands for we still doubt. Ireland will have no more fooling, no more half-loaves. What she wants is not any sort of good government from England. It is self-government and nothing else. Knowing that does not prevent us from watching with amusement how the "statesmen" will wriggle out of the position their Tom-Fool Bill has put them in. It is instructive to remember that the first session of the League of Nations will sit at Washington—especially when you also recall that the American envoys to Ireland are going home with a full account of what they saw themselves and with details so far suppressed concerning the barbarous treatment of Irish women in British gaols. The American papers will be worth watching in a short time.

Good P.P.A. Advice

There is good in everything. As we once said (and were nearly exterminated for the joke), even bagpipes do not smell. A wise man welcomes the good at all

times, and rejoices when he can draw good from evil. There is not much that is good or middling in the P.P.A., as everybody knows. It is quite certain that if the ignoramus Earnshaw and his *confrères* did not protect themselves by only addressing select hearers in their alleged public meetings the ghouls and coprophagi would have been hosed off the face of the earth long since. Strange as it may seem, we are at one with them as regards two things. We believe, like them, but for unlike reasons, that no Catholics should be in the Civil Service; and we heartily subscribe to their protest against marriages between Catholics and Protestants. Not, as we said, for their reasons, do we agree so far. In the Civil Service of the Empire, with its network of that Masonry which corrupted the French army and, hardly less, the British army, during the war, Catholics stand little chance of rising to decent positions. What jobs they get, generally speaking, are not worth having, and there is little or no hope of their getting out of the ruck. Look at the higher positions and you will see what moonshine the ranters talk when they say that Catholics hold more than their just proportion of Civil Service billets. Catholics are allowed to sweep up the crumbs that fall from the Masonic banquet tables, to wear a few policemen's boots out on the asphalt, to sort letters or to add up figures at a desk at a starving wage. The judgeships, the well-paid defence jobs (*jobs* is the word, mind), the inspectorships of schools, the positions that count are reserved for the chosen few under the flag of freedom. It is as sound advice as can be given to tell Catholics to shun the Civil Service as they would shun the plague. Parents ought to instill into their children from early years a horror of policemen and a detestation of the Post Office strong enough to save them from being later caught in the coils of the octopus that is the N.Z. Civil Service. Back to the land, to commercial callings, to the professions, to the trades and arts and crafts, ye Catholics. Leave to the P.P.A. the Civil Service, and be free men and women, not afraid that the practice of your religion will cause you to lose your starving wages. And as for mixed marriages, even such a problem in humanity as the Nosworthy person or the foul-mouthed glory of New Zealand's Upper House cannot be so stupid as not to know that the *Ne Temere* Decree, regarding which they make untrue statements, is aimed directly at preventing mixed marriages. Therefore, as they tell Protestants not to marry Catholics at any cost, if they were wise (which they certainly are not), if they were gifted with common sense (which nobody has ever yet alleged), they would welcome the *Ne Temere* Decree as a trump card. Apart, however, from the mental vagaries of P.P.A. spouters, our advice to Catholics in this matter falls in line with theirs: avoid mixed marriages, boys and girls, for your own sake, for the sake of the Church, for the sake of your soul. Possibly one per cent. of mixed marriages may turn out well; but we doubt it. It is certain that 99 per cent. turn out badly, and that when the glamor of passion which blinded reason has gone the eyes of the Catholic party are opened to the fact that a mistake has been made that even death cannot set right—for after death there will be the children who, in their weak faith, their defective training, their carelessness for religion, will inherit the curse and pass it on to their own children in turn. Yes, even as Balaam's ass, the P.P.A. Ass. has spoken well once.

On the Views of a Forger

There is no need to tell anybody who reads the following extract that it was taken from the *Passing Notes* of "Civis," the New Zealand Piggott:—

"In the *Spectator* of April 12 is an excellent retort to the 'ancient litany' of wrongs which, there as here, Irish malcontents are perpetually chanting. If the British of to-day are to be answerable for the misdeeds of the British of Cromwell's time, why is not the same rule applied to the Roman Church? 'If Protestant Englishmen must make amends for injustices or crimes said to have been committed generations ago, by what

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