

power and the sailing radius of her undersea boats are true, our ports are liable to many a savage blow before the navy is equipped to deal with the menace, and Mr. Bryan's friends among the cotton planters of the south, and the wheat-growers of the west may learn by sad experience how important is free access to the seas, even to people who live far from the seacoast.

To sum up the situation, we stand in the very gateway of war, almost unarmed. If Mr. Wilson is determined, as we most sincerely hope he is, thoroughly to prepare this country against past and future danger, he will find that he must begin at the beginning. What we have now in the way of national defence is scarcely more than a hint of what we shall need to carry out a real policy of preparation for war. We are without an adequate navy, and the navy we have is without adequate organisation; we have a ridiculously small army, which, in point of equipment and arms is bad for its size; we are without proper coast defences, without mines for harbors, without torpedoes, without machine guns, without field artillery, without organised transportation facilities for the swift moving of troops and supplies, without manufacturing plants ready to supply the immediate needs of an army and navy of the most moderate size. We are without an adequate number of trained men and without laws for procuring them. The Government to which Holland first offered his submarine is without a force of undersea boats worth talking about, and the country in which Wilbur Wright was born and lived and worked and died does not own for its own defence—or, so we have been told—a single aeroplane capable of carrying the weight of a high-power gun.

THE MUNSTER FUSILIERS.

Come, pass the word round, Munster, let the call ring
loud and clear,
We want the merchant and the squire, the peasant and
the peer,
For we mean to whip the Germans then away with
paltry fears,
So join that brave battalion called the Munster Fusiliers.

Chorus.

So join that old battalion, boys, now while you've got
the chance,
Be proud that you are Irish now, you're wanted out
in France,
And when they march through Berlin you can hear
their ringing cheers,
And inscribe your name on that roll of fame of the
Munster Fusiliers.

We have boys from Co. Waterford, from Kerry, and
from Clare,
Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary, sure no braver lads
were there
When fighting England's battles they led the van for
years,
Who saved the guns that day at Mons—the Munster
Fusiliers.

Chorus.

When first they entered Belgium under gallant General
French,
He says: "Bring up the Munster boys, I mean to hold
that trench;
They were just 1000 bayonets against a million German
spears,
Yet they saved the guns that day at Mons—the Munster
Fusiliers.

When marching down through Belgium they thought
of days of old,
For many a cruel sight they saw that made their blood
run cold,
To see the ruined convents and the holy nuns in tears,
Then—"on we go, revenge or die!" cried the Munster
Fusiliers.

Chorus.

Well, the Kaiser knows each Munster by the shamrock
on his cap,
And the famous Bengal tiger, ever ready for a scrap;
All his big battalions—Prussian Guards and Grenadiers
Fear to face the flashing bayonets of the Munster
Fusiliers.

May God rest our fallen comrades, let them take their
long last sleep
On the fields of France and Flanders, but we have no
cause to weep,
For their deeds will live in history, and the youths of
future years
Can read with pride of the men who died of the Munster
Fusiliers.

Chorus.

PRIVATE T. DWANE,
9th Batt. R.M.F., 16th Irish Division, France.

HONORS FOR IRISH CATHOLIC DOCTORS.

It is very gratifying (states the London correspondent of the *Catholic Press*) to Ireland and to Irish Catholics to find that one of the two first names in the recent list of honors conferred by the King is that of an Irishman and a Catholic: he is bracketed to receive the highest honor then conferred, with the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. I refer to Sir Alfred Keogh, who has received the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and the name he is bracketed with is Sir Wm. Robertson. Surgeon-General Sir Alfred Keogh, to give him his full title, was born in 1857, and is the son of Henry Keogh, B.L., R.M., of Roscommon. He was educated for medicine at Queen's College, Galway, and studying for the army, was a Herbert Prize-man and a Martin Gold Medallist at the Army Medical School. He entered the army in 1880, and he soon received promotion, as we find him only 12 years later gazetted Major in the R.A.M.C., and Lieut.-Colonel eight years afterwards. Thus, it shows that from the first his brilliant attainments were recognised. He served during the South African War, 1899-1901, and in 1900 was Principal Medical Officer at No. 2 Hospital, Pretoria, when he received his C.B. We next find him as Deputy Director-General of the Army Medical Service, which post he held from 1902 to 1904, and the following year he was appointed Director-General, and this post he retained until he became Rector of the Imperial College of Science and Technology in 1910. But when the war broke out Sir Alfred Keogh was brought into the forefront again, and appointed Director-General of the R.A.M.C., and we, who know what he has achieved during the last two and a-half years in organising that wonderful department which has increased and multiplied by such vast numbers, can only say that the honor which he has just received is a well-merited one. Although the difficulties which he had to surmount were a thousandfold, and the criticism with which he had to contend was levelled at him from many quarters, still, he has proved that an Irishman can and will carry out with distinction and whole-hearted enthusiasm and zeal for duty whatever special work he may be given to accomplish. And the best answer to his critics is the award of the G.C.B. to Surgeon-General Sir Alfred Keogh, K.C.B., LL.D., M.D., etc., to quote but a few of the letters which stand after his name; I should add, however, that he is a Knight Grand Cross of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.

The second Irishman to whom a new honor has come is Surgeon-General William Donovan, C.B., who is now made K.C.B. The new Knight is a son of Staff-Surgeon Donovan, R.N., and was born in 1850. He received his first education at Fermoy College, and later at Trinity College, Dublin. He entered the army eight years previous to Sir Alfred Keogh, and took part in the Afghan War and the Chitral Relief Expedition, for which he was mentioned in dispatches; he also served in the Southern African War, but previous