

CHILDISH OPERATIONS OF CENSOR HANDICAP GATHERING OF AN ARMY AND KEEP ENGLAND IN IGNORANCE

Charles Edward Russell Tells How
Britain Loses by Censorship—Can't
Have an Autocratic Democracy or
a Democratic Autocracy—Must Be
Autocracy or Democracy.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL



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and economist, who is writing letters
direct from the war zone to the Mail
Tribune.

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LONDON, May 3.—One reason why
Great Britain, after nine months of
tremendous effort, still has no army
to compare with the armies of France
and Germany is because Great Britain
has become a censor.

The idea of an army created by
voluntary enlistment is a large, lovely
democratic idea. The idea of a news
censorship is not democratic at all,
but purely autocratic. You can never
make a democratic idea team up with
an autocratic idea. The two do not
jibe.

The government of Great Britain,
dependent for its army upon volun-
tary enlistments, could not possibly
have done a crazier thing than to
clamp down a censorship upon the
news of this war.

You can't have volunteer enlist-
ments without a war feeling, and
you can't arouse popular feeling about
a war if the people know next to nothing
of it.

Both Autocratic and Idiotic

Any censorship is bad enough, but
the kind of censorship the British
government put to work was worse
than that, because it was both auto-
cratic and idiotic.

All the people of Great Britain actu-
ally know about this war is what
they gather from the few gritty and
indigestible crumbs, the mindless gen-
tlemen now conducting the censor's
office are willing to throw at them.

The British public is now even al-
lowed to know simple and essential
facts. Better and fuller war reports
are printed daily in 500 American
newspapers than usually appear in a
British journal. The American public
has today a clearer and surer knowl-
edge of what is going on than the
British.

For days together the British news-
papers, minutely edited by the mind-
less persons before referred to, print
nothing in the way of war news but
slush, guff and obvious dreams. Ev-
erything is going well; Germany is be-
ing licked; Russia is pouring through
the passes of the Carpathians; Italy
is about to join the allies; the people
of Berlin and Vienna are starving;
there are bread riots in Buda Pesth;
Britannia Rues the Waves.

Some of the Childish Censors Operations

I will give a few examples of the
childish operations of these censor
persons and then you will see one
thing that is the matter here.

The allies, on the western front,
face the most stupendous problem
ever attempted by men. To win they
must drive 4,000,000 entrenched men
backward 200 miles, inch by inch, at
a cost of so many lives an inch.

Of the size and nature of this prob-
lem, the British people exist in sweet
and blissful ignorance. Consequently
they are not concerned about it.

The censor will not let them know.
The battleship Audacious was sunk
last November off the northern coast.
To this day the censor has refused to
allow a word to be printed about the
disaster. The American newspapers
had columns about it and from them
the news has come back to be circu-
lated from man to man across these
islands. But the censor still cuts it
out of the press.

By the middle of April all the rest
of the world saw clearly that the at-
tack on the Dardanelles was a fiasco.
The British public was kept in blind
ignorance of that fact. Not a line
could be printed here except of the
gallant deeds of the British navy, and
when there were no more gallant
deeds the subject was dropped.

"SEATS OF THE MIGHTY" AT PAGE WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY



Can't Stop Him From Being a Perpetual Postmaster



You can't down him! J. W. Brady in front of the private post office he started in Oiltown, Okla., when he lost his job as United States postmaster at Haskell.

Found! The world's greatest opti-
mist!
He is J. W. Brady, "perpetual
postmaster." Once of Haskell but
now of Oiltown, Okla. People who
know him and those who know of
him say he's the original obstacle
overcomer and living proof of "where
there's a will, there's a way."
Brady likes the job of being post-
master. In fact, he likes it so well
he won't stop being postmaster. Won't
stop for anyone, not even Uncle Sam.
For seven happy years J. W.
Brady was postmaster at Haskell.
Big fellow is Brady. Big, bulky and
beaming, that describes him. Always
cheerful. Always handed out a smile
with the mail.
Then he lost his job—but not his
smile. Friends saw the latter, broad
as ever, when they came to condole
with him, for it was known that

Brady's finances were mighty limited.
"Don't worry about me. I haven't
quit being postmaster by a long shot.
Just watch me. I'm going to have a
postoffice of my own," laughed
Brady.
The fixtures in the Haskell post-
office belonged to Brady. What did
he do? Simply loaded them on a
truck and hauled them over to Oil-
town, a few miles away. Oiltown is a
live town in a flourishing oil district,
but Oiltown had been overlooked when
Uncle Sam was distributing postof-
fices. Residents had been going to
Jennings, seven miles away, for their
daily mail.
"Won't have to any more," said
Brady. "Watch me!"
He rented a little frame building,
installed his postoffice fixtures and
them put up this inscription:
POST OFFICE
J. W. Brady, Proprietor.

Now Brady goes to Jennings daily
and gets the mail for Oiltown folk.
He charges 15 cents a week for daily
box rent in his post office, ten cents
additional for handling each individ-
ual's mail and 25 cents for delivering
a parcel post package and five cents
for two two-cent stamps.
If a person rents a box he must
pay the 15 cents a week in advance
and in addition he must pay ten cents
a week to get his mail.
Is business good? Well, Brady has
300 boxes and they are all rented. In
addition he operates a hack line be-
tween Oiltown and Jennings.
Some day Uncle Sam will come
along and start a postoffice of his
own at Oiltown. That will put Brady
out of business.
But Brady's the world's greatest
optimist, so he's not worrying about
that just now.

mediate response. Nothing doing.
A third cable producing 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 en-
quiries. I will hop over these on the
Lusitania, get what I want elsewhere
and hop back."

Nary a Cable Got to Boston
So a week later he stalked, in some-
thing of a grouch, into his firm's of-
fice in Boston, and found that not
one of his cables had been received.

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 ex-
change editor in a London office saw
it and clipped it. The censor passed
it, and the whole thing was repro-
duced in the London journal.

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

No correspondent or reporter is al-
lowed at the front. If by any chance
one picks up a good story the censor
cuts that out and burns it. A so-
called "Eye Witness," being an army
officer chosen by the government,
goes with the troops and is supposed
to furnish all the description any
taste could desire. A week or two
weeks after a battle is fought this
person comes lumbering along with a
thousand words of desiccated and
juiceless comments, all showing the
surpassing valor and wonderful suc-
cess of the British soldiers and care-
fully omitting anything that would
give a hint of what is actually going
on.

A huge force is employed in open-
ing, examining, editing and suppress-
ing the nation's correspondence—at a
time when army enlistments lag, the
commanders plead for troops any
everywhere are insufficient hands to
useful and necessary work.

Every day the government from its
posters screams, roars and hollers at
the nation's young men, urging them
to enlist. Every day the govern-
ment's censor assures them, through
their newspapers, that all is well and
the Germans are licked.

Can you beat that?
Wise old government.
No, have an an autocracy, if you
will, or have a democracy. But don't
try to have an autocratic democracy
or a democratic autocracy. The thing
can't done.

ALLIES SILENCE FORT KILLID BAHR

LONDON, May 15.—A message
from Mytilene forwarded from Ath-
ens to the Exchange Telegraph com-
pany says the allies have silenced the
Turkish fortifications at Killid Bahr
on the European side of the Darda-
nelles at the end of the narrow near-
est Constantinople. The fall of Na-
gara, on the Asiatic side across from
Killid Bahr, is said to be imminent.
The Turks are sending reinforce-
ments to their positions along the
Gulf of Smyrna.

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her guest Mrs. R. M. Hugal of St.
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men's store must be sold out
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Go Out of Business
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