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EDITORIAL.

MEDALS FOR MOTHERS OF DEAD AND WOUNDED HEROES.

We announced last week that the Governor-General of Australia, our old friend, Sir Ronald C. Munro-Ferguson, has approved the issue of a medal to the wife or mother or the nearest female relative of any member of the Australian Imperial Force, and the Naval or Military Expeditionary Force, including members of the Australian Army Nursing Services and Masseuses. We approve the idea greatly.

We would venture to put forward another. We think there should be a special medal for mothers of all wounded men dead or alive. Because, in war, mothers suffer their own special agony—often acute—and prolonged day after day, when their own flesh and blood is on active service. This is a physiological fact which millions of mothers can affirm.

There is accentuated torture sometimes, even in sleep, and mothers' dreams might if translated into prose, rank as a war book of extraordinary interest to the psychologist.

With sons in battle array the mother lives silently expectant.

What she awaits daily and hourly is news delivered by telegram—the ominous sound of its delivery, or the sight of the orange flimsy upon entering her home. Just there it is to be placed, and it is at this spot she instinctively glances every time she enters the house.

Sooner or later, the torture of uncertainty ceases. The mother knows the worst. The spark of life she has begotten, no longer shines in this world—or it is flickering in the borderland, or in a blessed degree the injury may be slight.

Thus the story is told: Dead. Dangerous. Severe. Slight!

If the supreme sacrifice has been exacted, very surely the mother of the son who falls in battle finds consolation in their heroic affinity. Very surely the Valkyries have made a noble choice, and the mother spirit goes with them as they bear to Valhalla the souls of heroes worthy to be slain in battle.

With those smashed and shattered and in agony and pain, the mother passes through every degree of suffering. Every scar and injury and disfigurement on their beautiful bodies is stamped upon her soul.

The endurance and heroism of mothers is held of little account in war. They will have it so; but some special recognition from their country that their sacrifice is valued, that it is their flesh which is tortured in the trenches, and their blood which is spilled upon the ground, would in some degree reward the courage of the mothers of killed and wounded men.

HOW THE BLONDE BEAST HUMILIATES BRITISH WOMEN.

A Government document issued on Monday throws a lurid light on German infamies in East Africa. The Vicar-General of the Diocese of Zanzibar, in a petition on behalf of British prisoners interned in German prison camps, describes the obscene insults offered to women, some of them nurses, and the appalling privations the prisoners had to suffer at the will of their guards.

The Blonde Beast was often riotously drunk, and in this state violated every sense of decency.

It is a story of suffering and humiliation which we British women will do well to study and retain in our memories. "Never again" will be our vow—even if the smashing of the Blonde Beast takes another decade. Let us hope German women will publicly dissociate themselves from murder, rape and all uncleanness.

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