

'Send out the Army and the Navy,
Send out the rank and file,
(Have a banana!)
Send out the brave Territorials,
They easily can run a mile,
(I don't think!)
Send out the boys of the girls' brigade,
They will keep old England free;
Send out my mother, my sister, and my brother,
But for goodness' sake don't send me!'

Always something light and lilty—as if to turn off with a laugh the darker side of the serious work on hand, and to take it all in the easiest and breeziest spirit. England has not, for centuries, suffered in her own soil as Ireland, Scotland, or France has done; and this, perhaps, may explain the new development. If the murderous business of Scarborough and Hartlepool is repeated to any extent British war songs may take a more serious and impassioned tone.

LONDON IN WAR TIME

(By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE, in *America*.)

It is Trafalgar Day. Round the decorated Nelson column in Trafalgar Square there have been all day patriotic demonstrations, to which a practical purpose has been given by making collections for the war relief fund and for our guests, the Belgian refugees. Round the base of the column hang memorial wreaths, in honor of the brave men who met their deaths so resolutely and devotedly when the lurking danger of the North Sea struck their ships and gave no chance of striking back. We are proud of our navy in this war. It has done all we expected and we expected the best. Our ships have kept their silent watch on the narrow seas; they have paid the price in gallant lives; when the opportunity offered, they have fought with the disciplined efficiency that brought swift destruction on their opponents; and in the hour of victory our seamen showed a reckless courage in saving the lives of their late enemies, and a manly appreciation of the courage with which the German sailors kept their guns in action to the last.

The great day of trial—the pitched battle on the sea—is still to come, but we look forward to it with confidence. Meanwhile the navy is keeping our shores safe by its mere presence and its silent power. And it is also keeping the great ocean routes clear, by 'bottling up' von Ingenohl's squadrons behind the batteries of the Frisian coast. There are a few hostile cruisers still on the prowl. They were out before the war began. Some of these raiders have been hunted down; the rest will soon be caught. Meanwhile the damage they can do is relatively a trifle. Our food-ships come into our ports; our mail steamers and cargo ships start on the appointed days. There has been none of the huge rise of prices that was predicted before the war. For a few days they had a tendency to rise; then came the official statement as to supplies available and on the way; the guarantee of insurance on food cargoes; after that prices first steadied and then in most cases actually dropped. Raw material for the sugar refineries was short for a time, because the war had come as a surprise. A Government grant to the importers settled the difficulty and now the price is very little above what it was six months ago. In the London restaurants and teashops the scale of prices has never been altered from the peace tariff.

The war is, it is true, fifteen weeks old. The first week was the worst. We were plunging into the unknown. There had been no war with a European neighbor for many a long year. We had never attempted a general mobilisation. We could not realise what the readjustment of business would mean. And then there was a really dangerous financial crisis. The London banks had been financing big foreign transactions, taking over bills for half Europe, helping the Stock Exchange to carry on with prices dropping hourly in

the anxious week before the crash came; and financing contractors, traders, and manufacturers on securities that now left no margin. An immediate liquidation would have meant a deficit of fifty millions sterling. If a run had started, the great banks would have gone smash like a train of fireworks crackling off in succession. The four days' bank holiday, the temporary moratorium, the Government guarantee of a whole series of liabilities, and the issue of pound notes and ten-shilling notes (not of the Bank of England but of the Treasury) warded off disaster.

The mobilisation went like clockwork. Everyone who had anything to do with it was surprised at the easy and rapid way in which the home army expanded from about 150,000 to over half a million. Then came the rush of new recruits and old hands rejoining. In some of the foreign papers I have seen absurd stories about the people hanging back. The plain fact is that the rush of recruits surpassed all expectations, and at one moment was an actual difficulty on account of all preparations, that had been made on the most sanguine estimates, proving insufficient. Even those who had opposed the idea of war were enthusiastic supporters of the Government from the moment that the Germans marched into Belgium. Whatever may be thought in other countries of the merits of the quarrel, the people here are solid in support of what they hold to be a just cause and a necessary fight for the safety of the country and the Empire.

And I feel sure that no praise can be too great for the calm, orderly spirit in which they have faced the trials of war time; for the generosity with which all classes have contributed to the funds raised for the victims of the war; and finally for the eager kindness with which they have welcomed and provided for a host of refugees from Belgium. Not the least praiseworthy feature of this hospitality is the way in which even Protestants are taking care to provide for the spiritual needs of these Catholic exiles. At the Alexandra Palace, a great place of entertainment in North London, where the scheme had proved a failure and the huge buildings are derelict, temporary quarters are provided for many hundreds. It is a kind of receiving depot from which the refugees are passed on to more permanent quarters. Here the theatre has been converted into a church with several altars. The high altar is just behind the line of footlights. The refugees begin the day with Holy Mass, said by some of the priests who have come with them. It is true that Catholics are represented on the reception committee, but the majority are Protestants.

And let me note that the war, though it has temporarily paralyzed more than one of our organised Catholic works, is indirectly helping the Church in England. At the front and at home Catholics are doing their part. One of the first patriotic gifts made after the war began was the offer by Cardinal Bourne of the free use for the wounded of a fully equipped and fully staffed hospital just founded at Willesden Green, in North West London. Catholic names are numerous in the roll of honor of those who have fallen in fight.

Just after the Belgian refugees began to arrive we had a Catholic procession in the streets of London, ending with a service at the Cathedral. It was a processional of prayer for the dead and for an honorable peace. English and Irish, Belgians, French, and Poles marched under their national banners. We had about 5000 in line. I acted as one of the marshals and interpreters for the foreign contingents. While the procession was being formed I had a talk with a soldier in khaki uniform, a gunner of our Royal Artillery, with a row of war medal ribbons on his jacket. The Sudan ribbon started the talk, and we exchanged memories of old campaigning days on the Nile. I asked him where he last saw fighting, and he told me he had been wounded at Mons, had now recovered, and next week would be back with the guns in France. Then we talked of the fighting in Belgium. 'I never saw men like the Belgian priests,' he said. 'I could not imagine braver or better men. They were up to the firing line, and whether you were Catholic or Protestant didn't