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# SOLDIERS of LABOUR



BY  
BART KENNEDY

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# SOLDIERS OF LABOUR

**WORKS BY THE SAME  
AUTHOR**

A TRAMP'S PHILOSOPHY  
THE HUMAN COMPASS  
THE HUNGER LINE  
SLAVERY

# SOLDIERS OF LABOUR

BY  
BART KENNEDY

WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
JOSEPH SIMPSON

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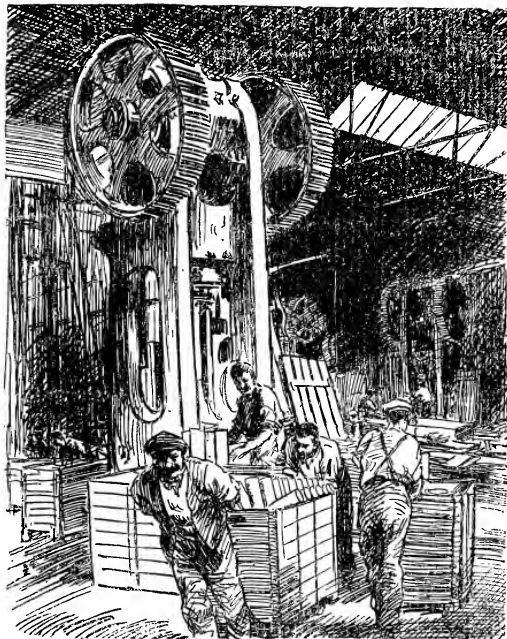
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THE  
BARRAGE





“They work so that their country may endure”



## THE BARRAGE

**B**UT for it our men at the Front would be done. There would be no power in their hands.

\* \* \* \*

This gigantic Barrage is as no barrage that the world has ever known. It is mightier even than any that has ever been dreamed of by engineer of genius. And it is infinitely more significant. To it the barrage built for the turning of a river, or the uniting of seas, or the uniting even of oceans, is as nothing. It is being built now here in Britain so that the corrosive flood of slavery may be deflected from mankind. It is being built at once for the future and the present. Built for us and for those who are to live after us in the centuries to come.

And the name of its engineer is Liberty.

\* \* \* \*

This mighty and splendid Barrage! Millions are at work, putting it over. Millions are at work in all sorts of places. Men are delving down in the deep strange blackness of mines, winning out coal, winning out ore. Men are working on the land to bring forth the food. Men are at the wheels of ships, guiding them as they drive through sea and ocean waters. Men are working in the half-gloom of vast shops where iron is being melted and turned into shape. Women are weaving. Women are working on the land even as are men. Women are working in the hospitals. Women are doing their equal share with men. Hour after hour, day after day, these millions are working in all sorts of places. Down in deep mines, on spreading fields, on wide, heaving waters, in shops, in hospitals, in many places. Aye, these millions are working.

Putting over the Barrage.

\* \* \* \*

It is the power behind the power. A power, subtle, essential, mysterious. A power that works as if in confusion and



that still is focussed to a point, to an end, even as the bayonet. It is as the very power that lies behind the mystery of growth. It is behind the propulsive energy that lives in the arm of the soldier, in the brain of the general. It is the spirit, the soul, the inner essence of the fighting. It is the shield, the protector. It lies behind the striking of the blow. A thing at once visible and invisible—at once simple and mysterious. Wearing the aspect of confusion, and still moving absolutely to a definite end.

This splendid Barrage.

\* \* \* \*

That stretches out into all places. That stretches high up into the sun-lit air. That pierces the cloud. That rises up over the lofty mountain. That stretches out over the spreading plain. That stretches over the sea. That pierces down into the sea's darkness. That is here, there, aloft, below, near, afar, visible, invisible.

An infinite Guard.

\* \* \* \*

And the millions who are putting it over

are of all classes. They are recruited from all places. From slum, from mansion, from palace. I said these millions were of all classes. But to say this is to say what is surely invidious. For all are merged into one great class of heroic workers. They work so that their country may endure. Away with distinctions. These workers who are putting over the Barrage are as one. They stand or fall together. They are the millions behind the millions who are fighting at the Front.

These heroic workers who are putting over the Barrage.

\* \* \* \*

Worker of the Barrage! It may be that you are but one who plies the needle. It may be that you work in some quiet place that is off from the sound and shock of war. It may be that you will think that your work is of little avail.

But think not this. For all the work that is done by the millions of your fellow workers is as one and the same. All the efforts fuse one into the other, making the

Barrage that protects and enshields our men of battle. Your work is as vital as the work of those whose names stand out.

Do not forget this.

\* \* \* \*

Worker of the Barrage! Your son has gone forth into the line of fire. He is taking his part in the stupendous battle for the honour and safety of his home and his country. He is fighting so that the men of Britain may hold up their heads without shame.

And you are here, a worker of the Barrage. You are protecting your son. Without you he could not carry on. You are putting power in his arm, you are making his eye sure.

You are behind him.

\* \* \* \*

The song of the Barrage! It rings out from the hammers of the workers through the length and breadth of Britain. It comes up from the picks of the workers who are deep down in the blackness of mines. You can hear it in the shipyards. You can hear

it in the great foundries. The song of the Barrage! It comes from all places and blends into a glorious song that tells of coming victory.

A ringing song.

\* \* \* \*

Our soldiers of the land, our soldiers of the air, our soldiers of the sea have confidence in the millions who are putting over the Barrage. They feel the might that lies behind their valour.

Valour without might is a thing of little import.

If soldiers are to meet and vanquish the mighty in war, they themselves must be mightier. They must be greater and stronger in enginery. They must be able to deal out immense, collective blows. Blows of annihilation. They must have the steel, the shot, the shell, the engines, the machines. They must be well found. They must have the food, the arms, the apparel, the appurtenances. If they have not these, they are undone. They may be the bravest of the brave, but if they have not these their

fate is sealed. Destruction will come upon them.

And dishonour and destruction will come upon their country.

\* \* \* \*

And so it is that your soldiers depend upon you. You, the millions who are putting over the Barrage!

But for it your soldiers would be done.

\* \* \* \*

There would be no power in their hands.



THE  
YOUNG  
MEN







“They go forth for the cause of liberty”



## THE YOUNG MEN

THEY have come to the threshold of the fullness of life and before them lies the mightiest task that has ever fallen to the lot of humankind. They are to save not only their country. They are to save civilization. Indeed it may be that their task embraces a larger issue even than this. It may be that they are to prevent the blotting out of man himself from the world. For who is to know what may happen if the Hun be not crushed? It is conceivable that there might be brought forth agencies of destruction that would destroy the race of man to such an extent that the world would be given over to the domination of animals.

And so it is that our sons have gone and are going out into the war. They have

gone and are going out to fight the monstrous power that threatens us with dishonour and annihilation.

There are some amongst us who cry out for Peace. True, we all want peace. I, you, the other man. But there is no royal road to peace.

We can get it neither by smooth words, nor soft spoken words, nor crooked words.

We can get it but by fighting, and by fighting alone.

The young men. They are our ambassadors. They go forth with arms in their hands. They go to speak to the enemy with potent voice.

Yes, I know. You are willing to go. You are anxious to go. And so am I. But we have been vetoed by Time, the inexorable. Time says to us, no. Our ambassadors must be quick of eye, and quick and supple of limb. They must be at their best—strong and ready and active and smart. For the work to be done is work most vital. Upon it hangs everything. Upon it hangs the fate of the world. And therefore necessity

has it that we get those amongst us who are at their best to do it.

The young men.

They go as hostages to the fortune even of the far, far future. They go to fight at the turning of the ways. These gallant and glorious lads of ours. These who are flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood. The story of their might in battle will resound through Time—will resound as long as the race of man lives on this earth.

At the turning of the ways. One way leads to slavery and blackness and annihilation. The other to light and freedom and the sacredness of the individual.

These young men fight so that man may keep his soul. They fight for the honour of their kind.

Many of them have died. Thousands upon thousands. Many of them will die.

No, war is not glorious. It is hideous and dreadful and damnable. No one with sense speaks of it in itself as glorious.

But to face this horror rather than submit to dishonour and slavery is a supremely

glorious act. To go forth into hell for the sake of their country, as our young men are doing, as a thing that is divine.

These rifles and bayonets that our young men carry are the only argument that will avail. They express the only logic that will appeal to the Hun: Face them. Look at them. They are terrible weapons. But their logic is incontrovertible.

Listen, you man who always finds his country in the wrong. Listen, you who talk of peace where there is no peace. Tell me of a logic that will appeal to the Hun other than the logic that is expressed in these weapons. Yes, tell me.

But you cannot tell me. You are only a perverse talker for talking's sake. It would be graceful for you to be silent. It would be well for you not to forget that our young men are fighting for the roof that covers even you.

These young men who are on the threshold of the fullness of life! From them is asked the supreme sacrifice. They are in the flush of their power. Before them have

opened glorious vistas of promise. Life, that master gift, is theirs. And they are asked to give it so that their country shall live.

Well, what is there to say? What is there indeed that one can say?

Only perhaps this: To give up life when one is young is the hardest of all things. Life is the most wonderful of all things. It is the most valuable of all possessions. But even life—wonderful though it be—may be purchased at too high a price. You may give too much for it. There comes a time when the highest privilege of all is the privilege of dying. There may come a time when death is the only glory—the only thing that is beautiful. There may come a time when living in itself is an unspeakable degradation.

Such a time would be upon us here in England if the Germans conquered us. Rather than have this happen it would be better for us all to be dead.

It is useless to deny it. It is useless to pretend. We live in the midst of a world where the sword is the arbiter. And if a

race shrinks from this arbitrament that race is doomed to a worse fate than that of death and extinction.

And that is why our young men go forth to the war.

They are our ambassadors. They carry for us the only effective reply to the Huns. They are the bearers of the only logic that will convince.

Yes, many of them must die. Many of them must go out on the journey whence there is no return. But we cannot help it. We have no choice.

Well, let them go. They are the standard-bearers. They go forth for their homes and for their kindred. They go forth for the cause of liberty. They go forth for the cause even of man in the profound future.

Bearers of a logic invincible. Bearers of light.

These fine young men!



SOLDIERS  
OF  
LABOUR





“It is the work of a man”



## SOLDIERS OF LABOUR

### I. DRIVING STEEL

**H**E swings his hammer and brings it down on the smooth head of the steel drill. He is working in gloom and dimness. Near by is a flaring yellow light that shines on the head of the drill. Around him are dark shadows and further off from him is dense darkness itself.

He swings and swings his hammer, and the sound of the blows rings out. They go off into the distance and sound and sound again. But he hears them not, or, rather, it is as if he did not hear them. He has hardly any sense of his personality down here in the gloom and the dimness and the darkness. Is he a man at all? He hardly knows. In fact, the thought as to whether he is really a sentient being or not does not

come to him. He just drives and drives the steel into the living rock.

All sense of the life that he lived before, of the life that he lived in the light and the life above is gone from him. Or if it comes to him, it comes to him but as a vague, dim, strange dream. He is not of the light and the life above. He is a being of the darkness. A gnome buried down here under the earth.

One who drives steel.

His mate holds the drill. And he turns it a little after the falling of the blow of the hammer. His back is turned to the striker. The shining head of the drill that he holds just protrudes over his shoulder. He is in no sense afraid that the striker will miss the drill as he swings and brings down the hammer and that the blow will fall on him. For the blow is a blow of absolute precision. For a long time this man has driven steel, and he knows the way of it.

He will drive and drive till the hole in the face of the rock is deep enough. And then he will go to the other side of the heading

and drive the drill so that the holes will meet and form sections of a triangle. For the work of him and his mate is to drive holes in the heading so that dynamite cartridges may be put in and the face of the rock burst out with the explosion.

It is the work of a man, just as fighting is the work of a man. In fact, it is fighting. It is fighting so that a tunnel may be pierced down through the bowels of the earth. He is a soldier.

A soldier of labour.

He swings and swings his hammer. There is no cessation. No stop. No time for rest. He goes on and on. On through the hours.

No, he feels no fatigue. He is not tired. His muscles are as the steel he is driving. For he has been used and broken to this work. Used and broken to a life of labour. His body is hard and powerful as the very rock itself.

No thought comes into his mind as to whether he likes the work or not. He never thinks of that. At least he never thinks of it when he is down here, driving the steel.

Then he is a machine. A being whose normal life is the life of darkness.

There are times in the life and the light above when perhaps he thinks of things. He wonders, perhaps, as to why it is that he is one whose fate it is to drive steel. He wonders, perhaps, as to why it is that he is one who labours whilst others do not labour—at least not in the way that he does. But these thoughts are not with him for long. For even up in the life and the light above his mind is somewhat vague. When he thinks of things, the thread of thought is apt to pass away from him. His mind is dulled. Dulled through the work he does here down in the darkness.

And—well, curious to say, he is in a way content with his work. He does not feel he is a slave. He feels perhaps on occasion that life ought to be better for him. But, on the whole, he has no grumble with fate. He likes to feel the presence of the power that lives within him. He likes to feel that he is a sure and skilful driver of steel. Contrary to all that may be written or said by



those who do not the labour of the hands—and who know nothing of it—he feels in no sense down-trodden. He is free to come or go. Free to stop work, or begin work. He is a man of power.

A man of power with the hands.

It may be—it must be—that a time will come when his power will be gone. When it will depart. It is not to be that he will always have the power that he has now. But he does not let his mind dwell upon that. Time enough to think of it when it comes. And he goes on his way. Working day by day—day by day.

He saves no money. At stated times he spends what he has earned in a carouse. And let it be confessed. He is glad when his carouse is over to come down here in the darkness and drive the steel. Well, he is glad in a way. He likes the feel of putting forth his strength through the hours. He, the tireless one. He, the driver of steel. He, the brave and hardy soldier of labour.

Has he so hard a time as times go in this strange world that it is given to no man

either to grasp or to understand? When the time comes for him to leave this life is it to be said that, taking things all in all, he gets less out of life than a king or a potentate, or the wealthy one who lives off the labour of others?

He, the driver of steel down in the darkness! Is he to be pitied, or is there in his life as much as there is in the life of any other man?

One does not know. One cannot tell. It may be, and it may not be.

But, anyhow, he is a man.

## II. DOCK-WOLLOPING

It is fine, hard, interesting, exciting work. And dangerous work, too. A man who takes it on has to be quick and strong and big and active. A small or light man has no chance at all—at least, not at all-round dock-wolloping. Some kinds of jobs he can do, of course. There is a certain kind of ship that runs a light class of freight. But



“To men who shovel it back to other men”



if a man is to take every kind of work that comes, he must be a whole man.

In some ports dock-wolloping is tough indeed. The men have to handle a good deal of cotton. Cotton is amongst the heaviest of freight. A bale of cotton is a kind of immense bundle of fluffy, resilient steel. If a man knock against it, or it knocks against him, it has an effect of stunning.

To see the dock-wollopers loading a ship with cotton is to see a sight indeed. The wharf is alive with men, running with trucks. The bales are stacked side by side under a great shed on the wharf. A man dashes up with his truck. When he is within ten feet of the bale he is making for, he wheels round like lightning—backing the truck-end against the bale as he does so. Two men are standing alongside the bale. Each is armed with a steel hook. They dig the hooks into the side of the bale, and yank it down on to the truck. The plomp of the bale on to the handles of the truck is like the fall of a house. But the cotton-trucker

jerks the truck upwards, and slightly sideways, and saves himself from the cruelty of the shock.

With a mighty effort he gets a start. And he keeps the start as he runs with the bale that is behind him on the truck. If he slacks up, he is done for. For he won't have power enough to get another headway on the bale. Besides, there are men coming behind him. And men coming behind them again. He must keep going on as fast as his power will let him.

He is now out of the shed, and going full-bang along across the wharf. And here is the yawning open side of the ship. Leading from the edge of the wharf into it is a broad gang-plank. Down this he rushes, or up it he goes—as the case may be. If the ship is only at the beginning of her load, he has to struggle his way up the plank. It is a case of hard fighting every foot of the way. But he manages by working the wheels of the truck behind him in a sort of zigzag way. There is a knack in doing this. If a man had the strength of an elephant,

he wouldn't be able to manage if he didn't know the way of it.

He is in the hold of the ship now—he has dumped the bale off his truck—and he is returning. He is going with empty truck down another gang-plank. He is going swiftly. But now it is for him a time of ease. He is having his rest as he runs across the wharf and enters the shed. And he tackles another bale.

It is easier for him, of course, when the ship has got a good part of its load. For then the in-going gang-plank slopes downwards. But it is more dangerous for him as he dashes with the bale into the hold. If he swerves at all out of the right course, he will likely enough get smashed up. He may get killed. For the bale behind him is a dangerous lump when hurtling around out of control. He may have to go to hospital.

Unloading coal from a ship is a bit of a tough job, too. It isn't so bad if it is small coal. But if it comes in the way coal comes usually—jammed together in lumps of all sizes—it is very hard work, especially in

the beginning. Down comes the big bucket from the crane aloft and a man has to work lively with his bare hands and his shovel. He must make a hole down and down into the coal till he gets down to bed-rock—to the floor of the hold. Before he manages this, he will have realized that he has been working. His shins will have been battered with big, falling lumps of coal. He is alive, but why he is alive he doesn't quite know.

But when he is down on the floor of the hold all is well. Very well indeed. Being able to get his shovel cleanly under the coal gives him a kind of sensation of conquering. At last he has got out of the hard and cruel digging down into the heart of the coal. He is able to get forrader now. And it isn't a tenth part as tiring. Besides, he feels that he is getting a proper result from the spending of his energy. It is analogous to the winning part of a stubbornly contested fight. And there comes what may be described as a feeling of elation.

Loading a ship with coal is easy work. All that a man has to do then is to shovel





“He takes the submarine as a matter of course”



back the coal so that the hatchway—through which it is being dumped—won't choke up. Men shovel the coal to men who shovel it back to other men. It is passed in this way to the sides and the ends of the hold. And all the time the men are working with their shovels on the floor of the hold. There is no awkward, ugly, digging down.

Unloading crate-stuff from a ship is what might be called a soft job. For even when the crates are heavy the different muscular efforts called for give to the men relief. The most trying of all kinds of manual work is where a steady, monotonous effort has to be put forth through the whole of the time.

Dock-wolloping isn't work of this description. For though it demands the best kind of a workman to do it, there is in it variety.

### III. SAILORING AND THE SUBMARINE

SAILORING now isn't what it used to be. The fair-weather sailor has vanished. In the old days he was useful for breaking strikes and

cutting down wages. But in these days of Armageddon his occupation has gone. The shipowner has to rely on the tough nuts and the hard cases. He has to fall back on the hardy fellows who were in the habit of not putting up with too much nonsense from bulldozing mates.

The man who signs on now is a man. Going before the stick is more dangerous and trying than going into the firing line. For the sailor never knows what moment of the day or night will be his last. He lives on the edge of death from port to port.

The fo'c'stle at the best of times is a hard, dim, gloomy place. The poetry of the life of the sailor is a fiction evolved from out the imagination of the land-lubber poet. The sailor is up against it the whole of the time. Even if he lives aft he has as hard a time, in a way, as he has when he is of the fo'c'stle. His work is the most monotonous and dangerous of all the work that falls to the lot of man. Watch and watch. Watch and watch. It is the same day in, day out,

week in, week out. Always working to the ring of the bell.

The sea is ever a place of mystery and gloom and strange danger. And because of this it may have a fascination for some temperaments. I say it may have, for I do not know. I am unable to define exactly why men continue going to sea. Very likely it is because there is usually a difficulty about getting a job ashore. To go back to sea is as easy as easy. The demand for sailors is always very much greater than the supply. And men go back again to sea in obedience to the natural law that impels human beings to follow the line of least resistance. A man leaves a ship, determining never again to make a voyage. But the little money he has is gone quickly; he is hard up; and, in the end, he drifts into the shipping office and signs on. Personally, I feel that this is the real reason why men follow the sea. Necessity, rather than romance and poetry, is at the root of it.

The psychology of the man who has developed into an effective sailor is a peculiar

one. He is afraid of nothing that happens, or may happen, at sea. Being in a dangerous situation on land might make him nervous. But he will accept a more dangerous situation at sea as a matter of course. It is part of the game. He has learned not to be afraid of anything. He takes heavy weather just as he takes fair weather. He has become used to the imminence of death.

I am quite sure that he takes the submarine as a matter of course. It is but a new peril that is added to the many that belong naturally to the sea. And it is a peril that carries with it a compensation. It has caused the wages of the sailor to rise. But even if it did not, the men that sign on now would still sign on. They would take it but as a new element that had cropped up in the same old game.

Naturally the Germans thought that sailors would be frightened from the seas. They banked on this when they inaugurated their infamous policy of sinking merchant ships without making any provision for the safety of those on board. But the Germans

have shown in this particular—as in others—that they are bad psychologists. The German racial intellect is theory-ridden. It makes no allowance for the un-gaugeableness of human nature. Not being what could be called a sea-going people themselves, they were unable to understand sailor human nature.

As a matter of fact the submarine introduces into the sea-going game a new spice of adventure. It has frightened off the fair-weather sailor, of course. But the fair-weather sailor is not really a sailor at all. He is only a land-lubber who gets out of his element. And it is to be hoped that when the war is over he will leave sea-going to hardier men.

This also has to be considered: The submarine may be evaded, or beaten off. A storm cannot be evaded, or beaten off. It has to be met, and managed with. But a submarine is a thing most vulnerable. One well-placed shot will account for it. And it can't work in heavy weather. Things have to be just so if it is to do its work effec-

tively. So a merchant ship has a run for its money in any case. It has a sporting chance of getting through the blockade.

And that is quite enough for the British sailorman. He is willing to take his chance. Indeed he is more than willing to take his chance.

And even if the worst comes to the worst there is always a good prospect of being picked up. He is not in so bad a case when he takes to the boats as he would be ordinarily. There are more vessels now on the look-out for him.

There is a certain element of theatrical display about the possibilities for destruction that a submarine possesses. True, if things are just so its effectiveness is terrible. But things have to be just so. It is like poison gas, and other German devices. It has to depend on a certain combination of circumstances. It lacks that power that is at the root of success in warfare—the power of adaptability.

Our sailormen are not afraid of it. They sign on as they signed on before it came.





“Kneading and shaping iron to their will”



They make their trips from port to port in the good old way.

Our merchant sailors!

They are men to be proud of.

#### IV. WORKING IN IRON

THEY are here, working in the dim, vast place through which pierce and glare hard, red shafts of light. The glares bring out with sharpness the dimness and the shadows. Around them are the concussions of vast hammers. They are here and there and off in the distance of the vast shop. And there is coming the musical ring of the hammers that are wielded by the hand.

The whole scene is as a monstrous symphony sounding in an immense Cyclopean smithy. Some workshop in an underworld of gods. There is a roaring and a blaring of intense fire.

These soldiers! These soldiers who are working here in iron! Their faces are hard and set and grimed. Here one of them is drawing a red-hot bar of iron with a huge

tongs. Here red iron is being crunched through a machine. Here is a molten stream of iron pouring into a dark receptacle. The sparks are rising and flying round. Boom! Boom! It is a mighty hammer sounding from the distance. Explosive sounds are raging. Here is primal, dark, elemental fighting.

As if of the beating out and the making of a monstrous world.

These men are mighty-muscled gnomes with blackened faces and shining eyes. Gnomes who are forging great weapons of war. Gnomes that are soldiers behind soldiers. Gnomes who are fighting for the freedom of the world.

This vast shop is a place of dark enchantment. It is a home of sounding terrific magic. A place of ordered confusion. Behind the chaos is exact intention and plan. These noises, these concussions, these explosive sounds, these hammer-rings are going to a definite end. Out of convulsion spring thought-out, balanced forms. The gnomes are evoking from it

servants of a power incalculable. Servants that are to fight for the rights of man.

The gnomes are subjugating, are kneading and shaping iron to their will. Through millions and millions of years it lay, enclosed down amid the rocks in the bowels of earth. Through millions and millions of years it slept. Aye, it slept since the time, gone a reach profound and illimitable, when it was wrought into veins by a monstrous and titanic fire pressure.

And now it has been brought up here into this vast strange place to be subjected to the power and the will of the magician, Man.

About this scene is a fascination indescribable. Here is being enacted a drama gigantic. A drama, dark and splendid and monstrous. See the men as they pass quickly hither and thither! See these actors whose acting is of the very woof of reality itself! See them standing by their mighty hammers! See them striking blow upon blow, blow upon blow! Gallant men of fight.

Real men doing real things.

Fashioning in the midst of resounding

clangour the world of to-morrow. Nay, fashioning in the midst of resounding clangour the world of centuries to come. Fashioning the destiny of man. Fashioning tools to strike from man the chains of tyranny.

The soldiers behind the soldiers!

They work on and on. On amid the glorious sounds of a mighty and splendid clanging. Hour after hour. Hour after hour. Day after day. Day after day. Night after night. Night after night. Always going on.

Mighty-muscled soldier gnomes.

From this vast place of the shaping of iron you will see, as with a far, piercing vision, the fighting that is going on out in the field. To you will come the picture of Armageddon. To your inner ear will come the sullen sounds of the great, destroying guns. The guns that destroy so that man shall live. This dark, dim, vast place of the red, glaring shafts of light is linked with Armageddon — is Armageddon. These swift-moving soldier workers are at one with the charging soldiers in the field. One with the men in the trenches. One

with the men who go forth to destroy the enemy in the darkness of the night. One with those who slay so that life may come.

These splendid workers. They are one and indivisible with the soldiers in the field.

They forge and forge in the Cyclopean smithy. They fashion the dread monstrous beings that speak with the potent voice of annihilation. The beings that crumble the powers of the enemy to a nothingness.

Gaze on this scene. It is as a confusion inextricable. It is as a chaos of dimness and shadows and glares and concussions and soundings. It is not for you to follow it. One thing goes into another. Confusion fuses into confusion. You can make nothing of it. It is mysterious as an involved process of nature. It is not for the eye to relate into a whole the things that are happening here together. It is not for the ear to get the key to the harmony of the sounds. But these jumbling pictures fit into the scene of an ordered accomplishing. Behind them is a purpose, guided and balanced.

Is anyone to tell us of the future of the

workers in iron who delve through the hours of the day and through the hours of the night in this vast, strange place of sound and light and gloom? Is it to be that they will lead the world to the light? Is it to be that from them will come men who are destined to be as gods? Will these soldiers of labour bring into the world beings dominant and wondrous? Is there held in their inner vision Heaven?

Who is to know? Who is to tell?

But here upon us now is the hour of danger. The foe who would crush us all must be beaten from the gate. And he must be followed and destroyed. It must be seen to that he rises not again.

And so it is that our soldiers of labour are here in this dim, vast place. They are fighting for the present and the future of Britain. Nay, more. They are fighting for the present and the future of humanity. Here in this confused place of glares and concussions and soundings these soldiers behind the soldiers are doing valiant work.

Salute them!

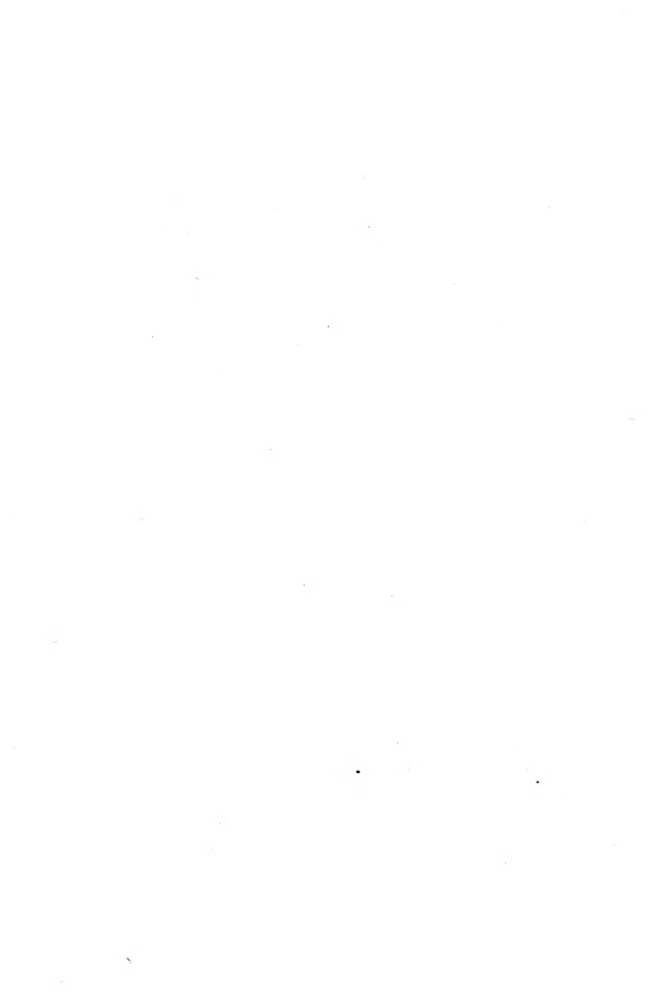


OUR  
DEEP  
LINE





“The work of our deep line carries on”



## OUR DEEP LINE!

**B**EHIND the rifle and the bayonet and the shell are the plough and the spade and the hoe. If men are to fight they must have food. Valour and hunger go not together. In this mightiest of all the wars the man who tills the soil is as the man who holds the trench.

I said the man who tills the soil. But I might as well have said the woman. For the woman who works on the land takes actually and effectively the part of the man who bears arms in the fighting line. She fights for her country just as he fights. The same honour is due her.

Indeed the same honour is due all the workers on the soil, be they men or women, or young or old. And further let it be said that in these trying days that are now upon our country, all the workers are soldiers. To

all there is due a like honour. The plough and the spade and the hoe are as the rifle and the bayonet and the shell. All the workers with the hands are soldiers as gallant and as brave as any.

You are playing well your part, you who are guiding the plough! And so are you, you who are digging with the spade! And you also who are sowing the seed in the soil!

You who are watching the lathe are fighting even as you watch! Do not forget it. Britain has need of you. She has need of you even as you have need of her power to endure to the victorious end. She has need of your tenacity and your sureness of eye and hand.

The fighting line! Why, you are all in the fighting line! This line is a deep line indeed. Deep as the British Empire. You are all soldiers. You and I and everyone. All. We are all in this fight.

And that this is so is a thing glorious and splendid. It is fine to have the feeling that we are one family. A family of millions

upon millions, and still a family close knit. One is for all and all is for one. We are all to sink or swim together. This is the feeling that will bring us to victory. This is the feeling that will keep our deep line safe and intact. For forget not that what is in the mind of a nation is also behind the fighting force of that nation. If the people feel that they are not pulling together, the day surely comes when their actual fighting power declines.

Of course there will be a little grouching here and there. But that is nothing. It is only human nature. There are times of friction even in the most harmonious of families. Indeed frictions are often but a sign of sturdy health. No one who knows anything is afraid of grumblings. The thing to be afraid of is dejection. Dejection would mean that the game was up.

We, the strong Island Race, are inveterate grumblers. We would not possess the freedom we possess if grumbling were not an inherent part of our racial constitution. And those amongst us who are at the

head of things through ability, or through the juggle of chance, must not lose sight of this.

Also let it not be forgotten that our leading people are no more than the people who follow, and, on the other hand, that our people who follow are no less than the people who lead.

The soldier is as vital a part of our fighting machine as is the general. And the worker is as the soldier. We, the whole race, are one and indivisible.

Our deep line!

To think of it fills one with pride. It surrounds the world. A mighty bulwark against tyranny. Upon it the sun never sets. Our deep line! The memory of it will live through the thousands upon thousands of years to come. Aye, it will live while man lasts upon this earth. Men will speak of it in the future profoundly far away. The fame of it will live in distant song and story. Man, in the end, is destined to be really free. He is destined, in the end, to shake from him all shackles.



The blows for the coming of real freedom are now being struck. We hear the thunder of them as it comes to us across the sea from France. Giant blows are they. Mightier than the blows from the hammer of the German god of slavery and blood, Thor.

No, there is no other way. The only logic that the German heeds is the incontrovertible logic of the bullet and the bayonet and the shell. The only voice he heeds is the voice that issues from the mouth of the cannon.

The only orator who has power of suasion over him is the dread orator who carries the scythe.

The one who gainsays this is one who denies a fact that is patent and clear as the light of the sun. He is one who is more dangerous than the traitor who sells his country for gold. For he is a danger more difficult to deal with.

Day follows day, and the immense battle goes on. Fighters pass from the deep line to go out on the long journey. They go forth to return not. They lay down their

arms. They leave their guns; they pass from between the handles of their ploughs. Rifles and spades and hoes and lathes, and the varied weapons of the vast conflict, are left behind by the fighters who have entered into the shadows. They have done their duty in the line and have gone forth. And others step into their places.

The work of our deep line carries on. It goes through the days and the days. An epic sounding and terrible and immense.

Our deep line! Let us be proud that we are of it. Let us be glad.

For its presence in the world means that man is destined to be free.

THE  
LABOURER





“ Upon his bent shoulders the crux of all things rests ”



## THE LABOURER

HE goes along the country road, a figure bent and worn. Too often he is thought to be but of little account in the big world of passing and of change. He must rise in the morning, he must go through the toilsome work of the day whatever comes or goes. He is not even greatly affected by the dread and mighty Armageddon that rages so near to him that at times he can hear the sound of the great guns.

What are his thoughts as he works through the long day in the field? Who is to tell? Who is to know?

Some there are who say that he thinks not—that his mind is dulled by the work he has to do. Whether this is so or not I cannot tell.

But I am inclined to believe that his mind works clearly and surely in its own

way. I am inclined to think that in large essentials he knows as much as any other man. For the lack of power of expression does not mean the lack of power of thought.

He works and works through the days on the land. He is patient and enduring. He works as did his fellow of centuries gone.

Revolutions have come—and had their hour—and passed. Conquerors have come—and conquerors have gone. Men with high, stern brows have come and preached of the dignity of labour and of humankind. Men have perished on the scaffold for the sake of glorious ideas. Men have written wonderful books in which glow immortal words.

But the lot of the labourer has been affected not. The lot of the labourer has been affected not by the overthrowing of states and empires. The lot of the labourer has always been the same in republic or autocracy.

Even the thing called Progress has always left him standing in the same place.

Is there in his life a compensation? Does



he balance evenly in the mysterious scale of things? When all is said and done, does he get as much out of life as gets the man of power, or the man of wealth, or the man of position? When the last sleep comes upon him does it come upon one who in the essentials has had as much out of his life-span as any king or conqueror? It is not for me to answer. For I do not know.

But one thing I do know. I know that upon his bent shoulders the crux of all things rests. But for him the prowess of the soldier in the field would be as nought. But for him the plans of the mighty conqueror would be futile. But for him the great statesman would be powerless. Art would not exist but for him. Science would not exist but for him. Vast edifices would not be reared but for him. Great schemes of enterprise would die in the minds of those that conceived them but for him.

Aye, the crux of all things rests upon his bent shoulders. He is the Titan who holds up the world. This man of labour. He is the one being who is absolutely essential.

If he were removed all our elaborate civilization structure would fall. He is the base of the pyramid.

This man of labour.

What is it that he gets out of life for the supreme service that he renders? Are there for him either honours, or titles, or wealth? What, I ask, is his reward for the service that he renders? What does he get?

His food, and nothing more. He gets just what will suffice for him to do his work. This, and nothing more. In all places of the world this is all he gets. His food, and nothing more. Through the ages he has never got more than this. It matters not under what form of government he lives. This is all he gets.

For this there is a reason just as there is a reason for all things. But the reason is beyond my power to define. I cannot say whether it be a just or an unjust reason. Men have lived, and men there are, who say that the reason for this is an unjust one. But neither the things that men have said, nor the things that men say, nor the things

that men have written, nor the things that men have done, have altered this fact one jot:

He gets no more than he ever got for the supreme service that he renders.

Men have died for his sake. But it has not mattered. Men have pictured his lot in words glowing and magical in great chambers of debate. But it has not mattered. Men have drawn the sword in his behalf. But it has not mattered. Nothing that has ever been done for him has mattered. It always was even as it is now. Will it always be so?

I cannot tell. I hope not.

He goes on now as he has always gone. Working, working, working. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year. Always working, always toiling, working through the heat and the cold, through the rain and the wind.

Working even as the men of his kind have worked through the generations and through the centuries.

This mighty, patient, enduring Atlas who bears upon his shoulders the world.

What does the future hold for him? Will there come for him redemption from out Armageddon? Will there come for him a gift of the gods from out the immense and terrible crucible that is now flaming? Will he receive a fitting portion of the fruit of his toil?

He has never received it up to now. He has never had his due. The liberator has forgotten him even as the tyrant has forgotten him. He has gone along the same road for thousands of years.

Always bearing upon his shoulders a mighty burden.

Man of labour! Man, patient, enduring, and strong! You have lived through a long and dark and weary night. Wars and risings and revolutions have passed you by.

Heedless of you.

You have been forgotten by the glorious fighter for liberty even as you have been forgotten by the crushing, devastating conqueror. Your lot has always been the same. Grand words have sounded out concerning you.

And they have died away into nothing.

You have been as the slave who pulled the oar in the galley of old. Your lot has always been the same, it mattered not who conquered.

Does the future hold anything for you?

\* \* \* \*

I feel that it does. I feel that the long, long night will pass. Aye, it will pass even as the world itself will pass. Thousands upon thousands of years are as nought in the stupendous length of the life of the world.

I feel that man is destined in the end to become as a god. I feel that a glorious civilization will arise.

A civilization lit with the magical shining of the sun of Fraternity. Fraternity glorious and beautiful and splendid and radiant.

\* \* \* \*

For thousands upon thousands of years man has lived under the shadow of the sword. Violence has reigned. The cry of the woman and the cry of the child have gone up to God. Through thousands upon thousands of years.

The shadow of the sword!

Beneath it the horrible fungus, Slavery, has thriven. The sword! The sign-manual of Odin, the god of slaying and of blood.

\* \* \* \*

And now has come Armageddon. The gigantic world-battle is raging. Under the waters, upon the waters, upon the land, high in the air. A glorious host, valiant, invincible, indomitable, is fighting the powers of Hell.

\* \* \* \*

The sound has gone out.

Fire is dissolving fire. The power of the sword is dissolving the power of the sword.

And soon the fire-world of Odin will set to rise not again. And there will come the glorious dawn of the sun of Fraternity.

The fungus, Slavery, will shrivel and wither and pass from the world. And there will arise a civilization spacious and wondrous and fair and beautiful.

A civilization wherein will be realized a splendid dream.

\* \* \* \*

The dream of the brotherhood of man,

LABOUR  
PHYSIOLOGY





## LABOUR PHYSIOLOGY

WHEN I worked in the round-house at Miles Platting, Manchester, a "hot job" would come in now and then. A "hot job" simply meant a locomotive engine that was disabled and that had to be worked at without a break till it was put into shape again. The engineers of the pit, where it was being repaired, would sometimes have to work as many as thirty hours at a stretch upon it. They would keep on and on, only stopping to get something to eat.

The men did not like these jobs. Though they got time-and-a-half—for the hours worked outside the ordinary hours—there was no advantage in them. The men were so used up, through the long spell of continuous work, that they had to lose a day or so of their ordinary working time to enable them to get right again.

To put it shortly, this way of working was most wasteful. The output was in inverse proportion to the amount of labour used.

I bring forward this illustration from actual experience, because there is a good deal of very loose and ignorant talk going on in England to-day concerning the way that munition workers and others engaged in the production of war material ought to work. Things have been said in which the inference was suggested that men ought to work night, noon, and morning, Sunday, Monday, and every other day, so as to help to put the Teuton under the earth. I have read also brilliant editorials in which the same unsound inference was suggested. If the worker shies at working eighty or ninety hours a week, he is put down as being next door to a traitor. And a most misleading analogy is drawn between his work and the work of a soldier in the trench and flung at his head.

This kind of thing drives home to one the fact that pure, solid ignorance is by no means the monopoly of the illiterate or the half literate class. A man may be able to do

weird things in the way of Greek verse, and at the same time be as dense concerning certain essentials as the dullest agricultural labourer. A politician may be speaking, and at the same time he may not be even remotely aware of what he is talking about. This is an odd world, and there are many things in it that even the most knowledgeable of us does not know.

Anyone who has worked for a living at manual labour knows that the most effective results are gained by the maintaining of a steady pace that is easily within the power of the worker. Spurts are of no use at all. If I may so put it, one must get into a kind of easy, rhythmical swing of movement. And then the pace can be kept up hour after hour without fatigue. The body, as a machine, will accept the work as being normal to it.

To acquire this rhythmical swing is to acquire the art of what is miscalled unskilled labour. Men who work in fields acquire it. Navvies, and other workers, acquire it. In fact, it is acquired by all people who get their living by the doing of the apparently simple

work that is called unskilled by those who know nothing about it.

The running of a hundred yards in even time, or the fighting of a battle in the ring, or the pulling of an oar in a Varsity race, or the being in a trench under fire, are quite different physiological problems from the problem of getting the most effective result out of the steady, organized labour of human beings. One would have thought that it was unnecessary to have to say a thing like this. It would seem to be as obvious as that water is wet, or that fire is hot.

But it is evidently not obvious to those who have no practical knowledge of manual labour in its professional aspect. If it were, you would not have certain people saying what they say, or writing what they write.

And that idiotic analogy that is drawn between soldiers who have to stay for days in a trench, and workers who jib at working eighty or ninety hours a week, would never be heard of.

As a matter of fact, if you had a thousand, or any other number of workers at your

disposal for the making of munitions, or the doing of any work vital or otherwise to the existence of the nation, you could get more out of them by working them fifty-four hours a week than you could by working them eighty or ninety. And you could get still more out of them by working them forty-eight hours a week.

I mean that you could get a bigger amount of shells, or whatever else it was that you required, out of them. Added to this, the work would be better done.

This principle of having generous margins between spells of work is not as a rule popular with employers of labour. There is a certain reason for this, but I will not go into that reason now. It is not my desire to be contentious. Our country is fighting for its existence, and it is vital therefore to close up our ranks and fight shoulder to shoulder till we have weathered the supreme danger that threatens us.

My desire here is to explain as well as I can the physical conditions under which you can get the best results out of manual labour.

The chief thing to avoid is the working of people for too many hours a week. Overtime is quite wrong—that is, if your object is to get the maximum result out of the effort put forth. I am sure that there are employers of labour here in England who will agree that this is so.

To work people seven days a week is to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. It means that you destroy the source of your supply. And I would like to point out in this connection that the British officer—as far as it is humanly possible for him to do so—follows out the principle of not overworking the fighting men whom he has in charge. There is no one so considerate of the welfare and the well-being of those under him as the British officer. He looks after them to the fullest extent in his power.

In fact he might well in a sense be called an ideal director of labour. And it would be a good thing if directors and employers of civil labour took a leaf out of his book as far as thought and consideration for their people were concerned.

However—to again say something that it ought not to be necessary to have to say—there is no analogy between the work of the soldier in battle and the organized work that must move steadily and smoothly if it is to accomplish surely its ultimate, synthetic goal. One work is the negation of the other.

The conditions of stress that are inseparable from fighting would be fatal to the effectiveness of the civilian worker if applied in even the remotest degree. His best and quickest pace is an even one that is well within the capacity of his physical power.

In the nature of things the soldier must confront the unexpected and the terrible. At times he must bear dreadful and intolerable burdens. It is not to be avoided. It is part of the stern and awful game in which he is involved.

Yes, our soldiers, and our workers with the hands who are behind our soldiers, have their own laws to guide them in the getting of the best out of their efforts.

These laws are as opposite as the poles.





FULFILLING  
THE  
PROMISE





“ But still must man keep watch and ward ”



## FULFILLING THE PROMISE

CAREFULLY must the soil be prepared for the seeds that hold within them the promise of the harvest to come. It has to be broken up fine and the hardy, weed plant-forms taken from it and destroyed. These plant-forms are tenacious of life. They know their way about. For countless seasons they have been fending for themselves, living upon the richness of the soil. If let alone they would choke and kill the seeds. And therefore is it that man must come with his plough and his spade and his rake and fight for his seeds. He must prepare and protect and watch from the dawn to the darkness. Though the seeds that he sows hold within them life for him, they are vulnerable and simple and know not the ways of holding their own with the weeds. If they are to fulfil their

promise of a glorious fruition they must be given every chance and be helped in all ways.

It is war.

Man must fight for his seeds in the battleground of the soil. If he were to fail, his portion would be death. In this world peace is a thing that exists not. It is fight, fight, fight through the whole of the time. Even when armies lay down their arms Armageddon still rages. There is no cessation, no stop. Ever it goes on.

These magical seeds! More wonderful are they than the vastest ship, or the most beautiful work of art, or the chariot on which man rides through the air, or a mighty canal that joins oceans, or the greatest bridge that ever spanned cataract. Small, humble, quiet seeds that, as they lie in the hand, give no hint of the strange, inscrutable mystery of power that is prisoned within them. They are at once nothing and everything. The prey of a small bird, and at the same time the life of human-kind. It is not given to the profoundest human

mind to know of the reason and the ways of the force that lies within them. In a small seed lives a spirit wondrous in its way as the spirit that lives within a man. In a small seed is a consciousness. In a small seed is a sense of destiny. These magical seeds!

Their genesis is hidden from man. Through thousands upon thousands of years he has learned but the way to prepare for them the soil. But the place from whence they come is hidden in a mystery impenetrable. For all he knows they may come from some central world of a magnitude illimitable. They may have travelled and travelled through vast spacial reaches. They may have lived, or the spirits of them may have lived, in worlds of fire. One knows not.

But now is the soil prepared for them by the hands of careful man. They are laid in the refreshing, beautiful earth. Over them is a slight veil of darkness. But in this veil are meshes through which the seeds see the light of the golden, glorious sun. For it

comes to pass that when the seeds are laid in the earth they awake from the sleep that was upon them. Consciousness comes to them. They attain to a waking life. They see. The sense of their destiny becomes vivid within them. The sun, the golden, glorious sun! Their impulse is to unfold and reach out towards it. The marking of the stage of another journey of life—that man calls birth—fills them with joy. They unfold and unfold and unfold. The warmth of the sun comes to them. Through a long, long reach of space a message is sent to them. "Come to me! Come to me!" cries the sun. And joyfully do they obey the command of the Light-God. They send forth plants that shoot up and up and up.

And lo! it comes to pass that the plants break through the darkness!

Their heads are now crowned with the full, splendid light of day.

Carefully does man watch them. For here in the light is the beginning of the fulfilment of the promise that lies in the seed. The tiny messengers of green are



the beginning of fruition. The first stage of the new life of the seed has been safely accomplished. Well has the dark, cool earth done its work. Well has it nourished the seed.

And man, also. He has fought well so that the seed might enter upon its new life. He has kept at bay, and destroyed, its enemies. From dawn to dark he has laboured. He has given of the best of the power that is in him. And here now are the tiny messengers of green that are the beginning of fruition.

But still must man keep watch and ward. For surrounding the plants are enemies of all kinds. They are living in a world that is at once a world of life and of death. A world that nourishes them and still nourishes the things that would destroy them. They know not of this. They know only of the joy of life. It is their ambition to reach up to the sun. They stretch and stretch up towards it.

They are absorbed in their destiny.

Time passes. Day follows day, night

follows night. There are times of rain and wind and storm. Times dulled with clouds and glorious times of the full shining of the sun.

And the growth of the plants goes on and on and on. They become higher and higher and stronger and stronger. Always are they reaching up towards the sun so far away and still so near. They take joy in the full golden light. They live and live, coming nearer and nearer to their goal—fruition.

And now are the days long and full of the sun's bright shining. And splendid and beautiful are the things of the fields. They are of the colour of the sun. Things born of the earth and born of light.

The seed has fulfilled its promise.

THESE  
SPOILS  
DIVINE





“ Reaping in the riches born of the seeds ”



## THESE SPOILS DIVINE

**P**ROUDLY stands the wheat in the soft-shining field. The seed that was put into the earth in the spring has fulfilled its promise. It sent forth a tiny sprout of green from the darkness up to the full light of the day. And it lived and grew through many weathers. Through days of rain, and days of wind, and days cloud-darkened, and days not truly of the season. Through many vicissitudes it passed. And through many dangers.

But man guarded and watched it. He fought its enemies. He watched it as it grew up into a strong, straight stalk. He thought of it, and he tended it carefully.

And now the wheat stands proudly in the soft-shining field. How beautiful it looks! It has come to the fullness of its life.

Look around. Other things have come

to the fullness even as the wheat has come. The promise of the spring has been carried out. Before you are spread the riches of the fields and the orchards. The true riches of the world. Neither are they as silver or gold. Neither are they as the shining diamond-stones. Silver and gold and jewel-stones are to these riches of the fields and orchards but as dross. The men who have sown the seeds, and who have watched and tended them through the many weathers, have done a nobler work far than those who dig and delve after gold and precious stones.

These riches, born of the seeds and the watchful labour of man, are to gold and diamonds as reality is to myth, as substance is to shadow, as light is to darkness. And the beauty of these riches, born of the seeds, is far past the beauty of Art's most glorious triumph. This field of sun-lit ears of wheat! Can you conceive of anything more beautiful? How soft and wonderful is the shimmer of the light upon it. The imagination itself can frame nothing beyond it even in a dream. And yonder orchard and the



soft blue sky above it! Surely it makes a picture far more splendid than any picture seen in the world's greatest gallery of art.

Laden is the air with the aroma coming from the riches born of the seeds. It lives around as a soft, beneficent, encompassing spirit. How grateful to inhale it! It gives a sense of gladness. A sense of joy in the surrounding fruition.

Yonder, in the distance, are the reapers. They are moving with their backs bent. The people of labour. They are reaping, for the time has come to pass when the riches of the earth are to be gathered. These riches are destined to hold the life in man. They in themselves have gathered life from the life of the sun, and it is decreed by the law of change that they are to live again in another phase. It is so with all things—even with man.

Sharp in the sun gleam blades of steel in the reaping. There is a sounding of voices as the workers move in their task. Brown are their faces, and sinewy their hands. And some of their bodies are labour-stiffened

and labour-bent. But upon them, all is the sign of inward stability and balance that man calls health. These brown-faced workers are of the life outside. Day in and day out they work on the land. They work from dawn to dark. From heat to cold, from cold to heat. Children of the open. Though it may be said that they get not much of the riches they gather, it must at least be said that there is one thing that they do get. And that thing is health.

And they are working here in the midst of this scene of glorious beauty. Reaping in the riches born of the seeds. On and on they work till there comes the time for a spell of rest. And then they laugh and talk and quaff the ale allowed them. Ale is indeed ale when quaffed in the midst of the reaping. A nut-brown drink for the gods. Gloriously it goes down the thirsty throat. Ale in reaping time! A drink worthy of the scene. A drink divine.

Aye, they laugh. For to them come something of the joy and glory of the time of fruition. The time of fruition is to man

a time of victory. He has had to fight through long days so that the seeds and the plants might sprout and thrive. He has had to fight for the life of the produce that is now around him. A battle hard and stern. A battle never-ending. If he possessed not the power to conquer the enemies of the seeds and the sproutlings they sent upwards to the light, life would be denied him. So therefore is it that the fruition, the fulfilment, is for him a victory the winning of which is life itself.

Joy is in the air. It permeates into all places. You feel it as you go along, as you go hither and thither. This time brings forth a gladness and a thankfulness. This golden, glowing time when nature smiles and gives forth her bounty.

Reaping time. Time when the riches of the land take on a brown-gold hue. Time when the seed has accomplished its destiny. To live in its midst is a wonderful thing. It is wonderful to see the stretching, soft-shining fields. It is wonderful to see the fruition of the true riches of the world.

This fine time of conquering. Then it is that the battle of battles is over and won. More significant is it than the thunderous battle of redness and death. Man has fought it through thousands and thousands of years. He must fight it through thousands and thousands of years to come. For him it is the battle that is over all.

And how glorious are the spoils. How beautiful and wonderful are these soft-shining fields that have upon them the shimmer of the gold of the sun. How beautiful they are.

These spoils divine.

**HODDER & STOUGHTON**

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**The German Terror in  
Belgium**

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