

ABANDON HALF MEASURES IN THE NATIONAL SERVICE

Horatio Bottomley Calls Upon Neville Chamberlain With "Now or Never" Plea — Not Two Bites of a Cherry

By Horatio Bottomley, editor of "John Bull," following his recent appeal to Lord Devonport to "do it now," again voices public opinion in calling upon Neville Chamberlain to abandon all half measures in connection with the scheme of national service—which, in his own powerful manner, he maintains be placed upon the same basis as military service. He writes as follows in Sunday Pictorial of March 4:

The other day I pleaded with Lord Devonport to "do it now"—that is to say, to stop tinkering with the food question and put us all on rations, just as though we were in the navy or the army. I said that what is good enough for "Jack" and "Tommy"—in the cold North Sea and the wet trenches—should be good enough for us at home. Not that I like the idea of compulsion—in anything. I don't like rates and taxes, or carter oil, and all kinds of other things which I am given to understand are good for me—but I have to submit to them. And I didn't plead for compulsory food rations until I saw that the voluntary plan was doomed to failure. You see, every voluntary system—in regard to anything—means: Do what you like, not what you ought to do. And such is human nature that we all like doing what we ought not to do. That is the secret of the fall of man. If Eve hadn't been told to leave that apple alone, she would never have wanted to take it. Let us hope it wasn't ripe, and that it give her a nasty stomach ache!

Well, food rations are coming—'as sure as dith'—and the sooner, the better. Let us get rid of the Bunceonian regime and come down to business. I have just had my lunch at a well-known hotel in the north of England. I thought I would begin with a sardine—which, in my ignorance, I regarded as an hors d'oeuvre. Then I had a slice of ham—and then I cast a lustful eye on a piece of pudding. "Very sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but a sardine is a course." Now, that waiter is an old friend of mine—and he ought not to have deceived me; but he is a dull dog, and altogether failed to appreciate my retort—"a four farthing course?" Which, I may explain for the benefit of the uneducated, is the shortest course known to racing. He simply said, "No, sir—three and six." I am satisfied he is a shikher, and am reporting him to the military authorities.

Well, now, what about National Service? Now, or never, Neville! Do let us know where we are. At present all is confusion. I quite understand that, as

in the case of Devonport, you are probably handicapped by the politician. Give him a miss. If you are controller of National Service—control; if you are director—direct. You were dragged away from your own manifold business activities to create this new department—create it. The public are sick of half measures; they want the war finished. They don't want speeches or advertisements. War waits for no man—for no nation. We all belong to the state now. List point was settled the day we got military conscription. Thenceforward every citizen became a mere part of the great body politic—every citizen, I said; the "conscientious objector" is a fungus growth—a human foul-stood—which should be uprooted without further delay.

So—Now, or Never, Neville! Don't take two bites at the cherry, swallow it in one go—and let the stone look after itself. We are ready, and waiting—only we want the other fellow to come along with us, just as he wants to be sure we are with him. We know that the war is to all intents and purposes over, and we want to be in at the death—only tell us just what we have to do. Today we are countering, and every day—every minute—counts. We have to catch up the arrears of the late government. We have "to do in six weeks what should have been done two years ago," and this is no time for experimenting in "voluntary" sacrifice and effort. Don't let us have the military service muddle all over again.

The new British government has been described as a business government. It might be described with equal propriety as a literary government. Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, Mr. Balfour, R. E. Prothero, Dr. Addison, H. A. L. Fisher and Sir Alfred Mond have all written books. Mr. Prothero, for instance, has produced a work on "The Peasants of Human Life." Mr. Fisher has written more than once on Napoleon Bonaparte.

Nature's Remedy. Bessie was attending her first class in a letter on fertilizers, stating that your farm needs so many tons to the acre. "It's all right, hubby, I sent a sample of soil to the agricultural department. My geranium hasn't been doing very well."—Judge.



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the same discipline at home as that which prevails in the military fields and on the seas. At present it is chaos and confusion everywhere. Nothing is to be gained by nancing matters—the times are far too serious for false compliments. As I have already said, I do not entertain an atom of doubt that Mr. Chamberlain and the other business men in the government are being hampered by the professional politicians—but they must assert themselves. Every hour lost means a further toll of precious lives—a further lease of pain and agony—more broken hearts and ruined hopes. To trifle with destiny is to create destruction. The sombre day of conflict is fast spent. On, Neville, on! Away with voluntarism in all its forms, till the war is over. Give us our marching orders.

Can there be a shadow of doubt as to the response of the nation when once it hears the trumpet call of duty, of devotion and discipline—the trinity of triumph? What is the use of telling us "we must build ships, we must make munitions, we must till the land?" Make us do it—every Jack of us who isn't doing anything of equal importance. In days of peace we were told that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance;" in days of war it is eternal work. But that work must be general—universal. One man must be penalized because of the sloth of his neighbor. Conscientious objectors, pacifists and all the rest of them must be roped in; the round men must be pulled out of the square holes, and all over-lapping and confusion must cease. We must conscript the manpower, the woman-power—and the youth-power of the nation. As I have said elsewhere, lusty lads and lasses have something better to do today than to learn how many wives Henry VIII had, and how he managed to get rid of them. There is no better "education," in the true sense of the word, than that provided by the lessons of this war. Everything else will keep.

Then, Now or Never, Neville—but, in God's name, let it be now.

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EDISON TONE TEST IN CITY ON APRIL 2

Miss Ida Gardner, Artist of Recognized Ability, to be Sent Here for Event of Particular Interest to Musicians.

Some time ago it was learned that an endeavor was being made in musical circles in this city to arrange for a New Edison Tone-Test, the musical and scientific demonstration that has been attracting so much attention in the musical centres of the United States in recent months. It now is announced that, through the courtesy of Mr. Edison, the music lovers of this city will be given the opportunity to give one of these unique tests and that Miss Ida Gardner, the renowned contralto, will be the artist sent here by him to take the principal part in the demonstration. Many prominent musicians already have received invitations to the affair which will be held in the Imperial Theatre, Monday afternoon, April 2, and to which admission will be by card only.

Miss Gardner is one of the best known concert contraltos in the United States, despite the fact that she is comparatively new to the concert platform in this country. Born in America and receiving her early musical education here, she spent a number of years in France studying with Lloyd D'Aubigne, the noted vocal instructor who maintains his studio in Paris. Under him she not only became highly proficient as a concert singer, but went through all of the preparation essential to success in the operatic field. When the European war broke out she was considering an offer from the Imperial Opera in Vienna but the conditions in Europe necessitated her return to this country. Here she has made repeated appearances, in cities from coast to coast, and everywhere she has met with receptions that only are accorded to artists of rare merit.

A most distinguished audience will greet the charming young singer when she makes her appearance in this city, according to the interest that is being manifested in the coming affair.

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