

way of pretending not to notice the war, while each day the inward determination to gain a crushing victory grows stronger and stronger.

Again we read of the war-shy single men and the war-shy married men and that verminous reptile who calls himself an Englishman, but who suddenly finds that he has a conscientious objection to doing harm to his country's enemy; at least that is what he says. But the Immortal William *was* a good judge of character. That there may be *some* conscientious objectors we do not doubt in the least, but what we cannot understand is this—Why should the breed be allowed to inhabit our country? Why should *we* have to sully our honour by the knowledge that when we are fighting for our country we are also fighting for *them*? Is there any rational reason why they should be allowed to retain their British nationality? A 3rd single to Berlin (could such a ticket be bought) would surely be the best thing to give them. At least that is how it strikes us. But of course we are only sailor-men—not lawyers or politicians.

Anyhow, to us, it is rather exasperating. And when one hears the murmured complaints—“Swine—Well I’m hanged—Oh, *strafe* every one!” of Langton, engrossed in the latest paper, one can guess what he is reading.