

"The cause of the inferiority of the defence to the offence is very clear," he says. "For the aeroplane possesses a mobility far exceeding that of any other instrument of war. Fleets of flying machines can scatter as they will—scatter and reconcentrate. What would be the chance of equality at any given place, possessed by our aerial guards, against a large force of aerial enemies, even though the former, if gathered together, would outnumber the latter by ten to one? Lord Haldane himself could hardly anticipate that the enemy would give them exact notice of his intentions. No sophistry can obscure the

reality that one machine actively employed against the enemy on the Continent is worth more than five machines employed at home."

Mr. Wyatt is positive in his advocacy of the

reprisal principle. At the conclusion of his argument in favour of such a policy, he makes the startling statement, "the German air-raids, unlike other acts of theirs by land and sea, are perfectly legitimate features of the new warfare." There is a legitimate military objective, he says, for bombs dropped from fighting planes. If a munition factory is a "legitimate military objective," says Mr. Wyatt, "then, since bombs cannot be aimed with accuracy, the place in which the factory is situated also becomes a legitimate object of military assault." Mr. Wyatt would also include military clothing factories, boot factories, army food depots, or any other factory or storehouse where either work vital to the army is carried on or the fruits of such labour are preserved. "Is every spot of this kind to be held by us as sacrosanct," he asks, "if it stands in any town of which the inhabitants are liable to be hit by bombs dropped during an air-raid."

Drawing a parallel of "right" as between the bombardment of a city by an army and the bombardment of civic centres from fleets of aeroplanes, he says: "An army which bombards a city has first to reach that city, usually a long and painful process. Then it can, and is expected to, give notice of its contemplated action and, as an alternative to it, to demand rendition. When, however, these preliminaries have been fulfilled, and when surrender has been refused, then the shells fired from the guns of the besiegers are missiles as deadly as the bombs dropped from aeroplanes. But it is admitted that there is still this difference: that the population of the city bom-

barded by guns can, if they choose, at any moment agree to the surrender which they first declined, and the besieging army can then occupy the town.

"Now take the case of a fleet of aeroplanes. Within the constantly widening limits of its fuel capacity, where it will, there it can go. But however terrific the downpour of its bombs, it cannot accept surrender because it cannot take possession. Neither, practically, can it give notice of its intention to bombard. For in giving such notice it might enable an enemy fleet to concentrate to meet it. Therefore we reach this point: that either aerial fleets must not be employed at all to bomb legitimate military objectives, which will very frequently be situated in the midst of towns, or else they must be employed just as the Germans have been using their squadrons against them. Let us then come to close quarters with the Bishops (et hoc genus omne) on this issue. Do they say that bombardment of cities by guns is lawful but bombardment by flying machines unlawful because of the two differences named? And do they maintain that rather than ignore those differences they would prefer to see the Allies defeated, Britain converted into a Belgium or a Serbia, and British women and children massacred by the million? If that is not their contention, at what point precisely do they draw the dividing line?"

THERE is an unusual quality about such dreams as are preserved as vivid in memory as anything ever seen in the outer world and in many cases where every detail of the picture is so tapestried in memory the material seems to be woven from a substance which matches in its meaning the "visions" set down by the chroniclers for the early prophets. A dream of this kind befel Henry van Dyke twenty-five years ago, and the story of it is told by him in Scribner's Magazine. In the preamble he says:

"I shall try to tell the story of this dream with an absolute faithfulness, adding nothing and leaving nothing out, but writing the narrative just as if the thing were real. Perhaps it was. Who can say?"

The setting of the dream was in an ancient city where the dwelling places and larger buildings were gray and beautiful with age. The city lay beside a river or estuary. The older part of the town was closely and intricately built. The narrow,

stone-paved ways led out here and there suddenly into an open square. Mr. van Dyke had left his wife and little girl in a lodging and had walked out alone to visit the sleeping town. He stood in the largest and more important looking of the public squares, which fronted a great cathedral. It seemed to be a little before midnight.

Two heroic figures seated on the shallow stone steps in front of the cathedral were talking earnestly together. "They were like Greek gods," says Mr. van Dyke, "very strong and beautiful and naked but for some slight drapery that fell snow white around them. I could not hear what they were saying; yet I could see that they were in a dispute which went to the very roots of life."

"They resembled each other strangely in form and feature"—continues the narrative—"like twin brothers. But the face of one was noble, lofty, calm, full of vast regret and compassion. The face of the other was proud, resentful, drawn with passion. He appeared to be accusing and renouncing his companion, breaking away from an ancient friendship in a swift, implacable hatred. But the companion seemed to plead with him, and lean toward him, and try to draw him close. In a little while the two figures stood up, the one calm and benignant, the other fierce and threatening. The quiet one continued his pleading, but the other, with a proud, impatient gesture, shook free. "At last," says Mr. van Dyke, "I heard him speak. 'I have done with you,' he cried. 'I do not believe in you. I have no more need of you. I renounce you. I will live without you. Away for ever out of my life!' At this a look of ineffable sorrow and pity came upon the great com-



The cathedral spire . . . was swaying and rocking in the air like the mast of a ship at sea.

—Franklin Booth, in Scribner's Magazine.

panion's face. 'You are free,' he answered. 'I have only besought you, never constrained you. Since you will it, I must leave you, now, to yourself.' He rose into the air, still looking downward with eyes full of grief and warning, until he vanished in silence among the thin clouds."

"A sense of intolerable calamity fell upon me," says Mr. van Dyke. He had realized that one was Man and the other was God. A powerful impulse drew him into the cathedral where Man had strode. The nave of the church was packed with a vast throng, amongst which tumult and angry division broke when Man declared, "I am the Lord! There is none above me! No law, no God! Man is power. Man is the highest of all!" A panic fear possessed the crowd. They were stricken dumb as the floor of the cathedral was moved and lifted by a mysterious ground swell. They poured from the building, struggling in furious silence, and Mr. van Dyke's dream self was swept along with them. "One thought possessed me," he writes. "I must get my wife and child, save them, bring them out of this accursed city." The cathedral spire was swaying and rocking in the air like the mast of a ship at sea. It was an inferno with thunder added to the clamour of men struggling together, fighting, shouting or shrieking.

Avoiding the thickest centres of the strife, driven always by an intense longing to reach his wife and child, Mr. van Dyke struggled in his dream until he came to their lodging place. The woman and the little girl went away with him at once out to the newer section of the town and by dark ways to the shore of the river. They came on to a dingy beach of a back-water of the main stream. A little day had begun to whiten the eastern sky. Out from the main harbour great ships were visible all passing out to sea. The backwater was sprinkled with smaller vessels all filled with people and slowly creeping seaward. He put his wife and child into a small boat which seemed to be waiting for them. An old man held the tiller and was impatient for Mr. van Dyke to get in and sail away. "But I felt that I could not," he says at the conclusion of his narrative. "I let go of the boat. I cried 'good-by,' I was compelled to go back to the doomed city. I must know what would come of the parting of Man from God! The tide was running out more swiftly. The water swirled around me. I awoke.

"But the dream remained with me, just as I have told it to you."



Any Englishman in doubt as to the necessity for air-reprisals on Germany has only to look at this picture of a child aged seven who was hurt in one of the recent air-raids on London.