

In Paris every able-bodied man is under arms. The Belgians also. In Italy the same conditions are coming about.

We have sent forth the best of our breed and hosts of that best have been swept away—millions of men in the prime of life and efficiency.

And the war has only begun. Now that the Russians are in retreat we know that the allies' aggressive campaign will not begin until next spring!

Such an epidemic of unnatural deaths among the young manhood of a dozen countries in Europe makes a husband famine inevitable.

Today in England there are 12 marriageable, well born women to one eligible man, and the ratio will soon be much higher. The upper class girl of 19 to 22 who is not already engaged must give up the hope of marriage.

What result will a husband famine produce? A great awakening, for one thing. Certainly much of the work of the English world must be done by women for a generation.

I believe in marriage, but I do not believe in the unwise war marriage, romantic though it be. The vast majority of those heroic weddings, celebrated by thousands in the eight combatant countries, must be childless. Perhaps fortunately so.

The position of the war widow is pathetic, but woe to the war wife. To support a maimed husband, to rear weakling children, that is a tragedy more tragic than loneliness.

Our slums, almshouses and prisons are peopled by descendants of the unfit.

Neurasthenic wrecks, rheumatic from the water-logged trenches, or the icy seas, chronic invalids suffering from incurable ailments of the intestinal tract are biologically disqualified for fatherhood.

It is not the dead who endanger the race. Since the Germans began to use gas insanity among British soldiers has increased in appalling ratio.

Nations have died of wars. The fall of Rome was due to the decline in the quality of the population. Today's wholesale destruction of the fittest may spell wholesale ruin in Europe. For a long war under Krupp conditions spells suicide for a modern nation.

For a century European countries have been growing less prolific. German fecundity is a thing of the past. In 1876 the German birth rate was 40 per 1,000, in 1911 28 per 1,000 in Greater Berlin 20 per 1,000. The French birth rate of 1872 was 945,000, of 1907 below 800,000, of 1911 below 700,000; a loss of 200,000 babies a year within a generation.

Had Germany waited, there would have been no need to declare war on France. The day when France could fight was rapidly passing away.

In both Germany and France emigration has fallen to almost nothing. In order to carry on agriculture and manufactures Poles, Italians and Belgians were imported into both countries in ever increasing numbers.

War increases the deaths and diminishes the births. Modern war means the destruction of the fittest and the survival of the unfittest. In France, for instance, men are two inches shorter than a century ago because the Napoleonic campaigns killed off the tallest and strongest.

In every country the man who is not sound enough to be a soldier stays at home to become a father.

Ne'er-do-wells rejected by the recruiting sergeants mate with the mothers of tomorrow. Broken, hollow chested, previously unmarriageable men are accepted by lonely, anaemic women. As a result the percentage of epilepsy, crime and disease is enormously increased after each war.

When the Five Nations fought the French in Canada for nearly two centuries, the husband famine was so great, the toll of unborn dead so dangerous to the tribes that Iroquois women claimed and obtained the