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Heart Messages From the Trenches


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HEART MESSAGES
FROM
THE TRENCHES

By
NELLIE ROSILLA TAYLOR

1917
ROBERT J. SHORES
NEW YORK

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DEDICATION

A simple verse I send to you—HUMANITY,
I am your kin, and you, my Brother man.
Adown the world-ways, journey we together,
Where strife is calling—hasten, while we can.
Give strength to weakness, courage to the fallen,
Though darkness wraps in gloom the setting sun.
The night has eyes, that look to a tomorrow
Where smiles a day, when sorrowing is done.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

BY

NELLIE ROSILLA TAYLOR

One of the hardest tasks that is sometimes set down for an author to do, is to write concerning self. I trust my readers will appreciate this and excuse me from writing much concerning the personal pronoun I.

I am assured, however, that all those who read this volume, will want to know a few things concerning the letters and the poems herein contained.

With the single exception of the one thousandth letter, which I give in this volume as the sample of the style of the letter written by me to the men in the European conflict, all the other letters contained in this book were written by the soldiers to me and are answers to the letters I have written them. They came to me from trench and hospital in war-stricken lands across the sea. In writing

the poems in this book, I at no time, gave much thought concerning their literary merit. My intention was solely to entertain, and if possible, to bring a little diversion into the hearts of troubled men. Some of the poems may seem to be clothed in sadness. If this be true, it may interest my readers to know they were of the type of verse well-liked by men in battle-scarred regions of Europe. I am giving only a few poems, feeling assured the letters will be far more interesting to read.

My letters have been examined and appreciated by many American gentlemen of great prominence, and many of them have been read by His Royal Highness, The Duke of Connaught, and also have been read by the Honorable Colonel W. K. McNaught, C. M. G., of Canada, a gentleman to whom I am indebted for this encouragement in my efforts to give this volume to the world.

Colonel McNaught is well-known in Canada, through his activity in promoting Public Ownership and other legislation in the interests of the people generally. He has also taken an active part in organizations connected

with the war, and in this way he has been brought very closely in touch with Canadian soldiers both at home and on the European firing line. In recognition of his public services he was, in 1914, made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Concerning the letters in this volume he writes: "It is my hope and my belief that millions of copies will be sold to the American people alone."

Should this hope be verified, suffering humanity in the war-stricken lands of Europe will be benefited.

If there is a cord of sympathy in human hearts, let it go forth and as a life-line let it twine itself around the struggling people. whose moans are calling to us for aid.

I am also indebted to Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, F.R.G.S., a well-known Philadelphia gentleman, for his kind expressions in behalf of my efforts, and for his belief in the response humanity will send to greet the lines in this volume.

Mr. Biddle is well-known all over America as a philanthropist, an author, Corresponding

Member Société Archeologique de France, and as the founder of the Drexel Biddle Bible Classes, an International Organization consisting of one hundred and fifty thousand men. He has reflected much credit on himself in his zeal to assist his country by founding the Training Corps, incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania.

Reader, it is such men as I have introduced to you who will go with us, into the trench and into the hospital, where we may read what is written on the hearts of men in the European conflict.

We can talk freely concerning the writing we find on those troubled hearts, for as time goes to meet time, the only name by which any of those warriors will ever be known, will be by the sacred name of Soldier.

FROM THE TRENCHES

PREFACE

BY

HONORABLE COL. W. K. MCNAUGHT, C. M. G.

No one can read the heart-touching letters and poems contained in this volume without a feeling of admiration for the splendid heroism of the men who are fighting for Freedom and Humanity on the battle-field of Europe, or without realizing that war is a scourge which should hereafter be made absolutely impossible in this age of civilization and Christian enlightenment.

The thorough contempt which Germany has shown for solemn treaties to which she was a contracting party, the savage brutality of the German Military Machine and its utter disregard of every amenity which differentiates civilized warfare from that of barbarism; last but not least, the heartless slaughter of innocent women and children in their hellish submarine and Zeppelin warfare; these things have created such a feeling of horror and disgust, throughout the civilized world

that it will take Germany many long years of repentance and good conduct to live down.

The great majority of American people, true to their traditions, and loyal to the principle of Justice and Liberty, the cornerstones on which their Constitution was founded, have been heartily in sympathy with the Allied cause, and although they have remained strictly neutral, and made no sacrifice of life in what we believe to be a sacred crusade, they have certainly done great and noble service in succoring the destitute of war-scourged Europe and alleviating the sufferings of those who have been wounded in battle. Their splendid response to the calls of suffering humanity has touched a sympathetic chord in every Allied heart.

Never has the line of cleavage between Liberty and Despotism been so plainly drawn as at present, when this war will undoubtedly decide whether the world will be ruled hereafter by German Military Despotism, or be the home of free men whose Government shall be, of, for, and by the people.

The world is too small for both of these

ideals to live side by side. One of them must walk the plank, and the Allies are determined that Military Despotism must be that one.

To us in Canada, who have given freely of our best for this sacred cause, money counts but as dross, when weighed against the splendid young manhood that we have sent to fight for Freedom and Humanity on the battlefields of Belgium and France.

Thousands of them have already offered up their lives, and thousands more will, doubtless, make the supreme sacrifice before the war will be brought to a successful conclusion. But they and we have made our sacrifices willingly, knowing that National and Individual liberty has always been purchased by blood, and that it is only by self-sacrifices, such as these, that the greatest boons to humanity have ever been obtained.

We are fighting if possible, to make war impossible. So far as the Allies are concerned, the war, which was not of their seeking, will be fought to a finish in order to determine whether in the years to come the world shall organize for Peace or War as its chief business.

Never before in the history of the world has there been so stupendous a struggle or so gigantic and precious a sacrifice, and we owe it to those who have fought our battles and died for us, to carry aloft the Standard of Liberty which they have flung to those who followed, until the last vestige of Militarism has been trampled under foot.

We can erect no nobler monument to their memory than to endeavor to impress upon the world's innermost heart, the realization that their sacrifice has broadened the heritage of Liberty and Human Rights, made the world a better place to live in, and brought nearer the time when men shall beat their swords into pruning hooks and learn the art of war no more.

Our heroes will not have died in vain, if as a result of this struggle, there shall have been seared into the world's conscience the conviction, that the "Golden Rule" is as binding upon nations as upon individuals; that international relations should be placed upon a basis of Justice instead of Brute Force, so that even the smallest of nations may have an

opportunity of peacefully working out its national ideals and aspirations. In short, that men the world over will realize as they have never before realized, "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

To Nellie Rosilla Taylor whose single-hearted devotion to the Allied Cause has made possible the publication of these heart-throbs direct from the battlefields of Europe, the American people are indebted for a fascinating volume which will be an Inspiration as well as a Revelation to every lover of Personal and National Liberty.

W. K. McNaught,
Canada.

AMERICAN PREFACE

Reader, as the night-sky is illuminated with stars to brighten the darkness, so, in our mysterious lives, wherein so much seems dark, luminaries occasionally shine in our midst to brighten gloom.

Down succeeding centuries poets have blazoned the way with messages which have resounded through the entire world. We all know many of those messages can never die. Such messages were sent into a world of troubled men from the rare mind of Nellie Rosilla Taylor, and she is sending the answers from those messages to you.

Her appeals reached the immortal side of man's nature and followed him into the field of battle and there they cheered the wounded and gave comfort to the dying.

By the fitful light of a flaring torch, or under the flickering candle ray, men deep in trench mire, men who were soldiers, gathered together that they might read and find comfort.

FROM THE TRENCHES

Some of the greatest men in the world of letters are awaiting the coming of this volume, and those who read it will not be surprised to know that many who have heard the letters read express the belief that they will be a great revelation from a human standpoint.

The badge of one of the most distinguished and historic regiments in the whole world, now at the front, has been presented to Nellie Rosilla Taylor in recognition of her splendid and unselfish work for men hidden away in trench-misery and discomfort.

Many of the letters and poems sent to the troubled men were written during the first eighteen months of the war and a man well versed in conditions there has assured Nellie Rosilla Taylor that her messages aided and comforted many men as death came to claim them.

Not only have our brothers across the sea been comforted by the pen of this lady, but she has been active also in many other directions, causing help and comfort to visit the suffering abroad and at home.

It is the belief of all who have listened to

the reading of the letters and poems contained in this volume, that others, now groping in darkness, may, by reading them, find a new light and by it read anew as they journey on.

ANTHONY J. DREXEL BIDDLE, F.R.G.S.

PREPAREDNESS

A nation unprepared invites the tyrant in,
To grasp the jewels that she does not prize,
When honor hides behind imagined wrong,
To strike a neighbor of the lesser size.

A nation unprepared! A land of dream ideals,
While guns are calling by the cannon's opened jaw.
The man of action is the man of peace,
'Tis he, who writes the everlasting law.

A nation unprepared! Oh,—what a sorry truth.
To learn for all time, of a neighbor's worth.
From voice of gun, and the red tongue of flame,
Must come protection for the men of earth.

Heart Messages from the Trenches

The Flag of a Fellow's Country.

The other night the boys had a call to go forward, but I was left behind, too ill to go on. I strained my eyes trying to see if I could make out the forms of my comrades through the darkness. In a little while I had to cover my ears against the terrible rumble or I would have limped on and gone out there with my comrades. Soon the night was red by fire that seemed suddenly to come up from the earth. As I lay on my cot I felt dizzy; just to be looking out on the red light and the blackness of night. If ever we get back home many of us fellows could be developed into the most wonderful surgeons. One grows accustomed to seeing red rivers flowing through white open skins. Wounds are common occurrences now, and we often look back and wonder that

they ever could have been the exception. Sometimes, when we see wounded comrades, and as we watch them dying, we just grit our teeth and we swear to avenge their suffering.

The tobacco kind people have sent to us, is great! So are the socks the good women have knit for us and the mufflers, and we appreciate, too, the great things men have done. We fellows like to know we are not forgotten by a world that seems to us now like a dream of long ago. Sometimes, when no one is looking on, the tears in our eyes will not stay back when we get to thinking about old friends, old days, and the folks back at home when some of us were mean enough to be too hard to please. It takes the flag of a fellow's country to bring out the best that is in his nature. Just tell all the boys for us that a lot of good may come from suffering patiently endured. We have learned one great lesson here in the trenches and that is—too much ease—too many comforts—can easily rot character.

It was a mighty handsome bunch of chaps who were called out the other night. You

should have seen their excitement when they were going. Some of them yelled with the fury of a great joy and when their voices were all blended together they sounded just like one great—ah!

Those who were left behind looked as though they had been neglected to be invited to a great feast. I was one who was left behind and I know just how that feels. A friend of mine who has been beside me most of the time since I came here was among the men who went out with the others. He came back after the fight was over almost exhausted, but he was unhurt and he told me that when he was coming back to his dug-out, he walked through avenues of dead and wounded men. Rain was falling and it was cold, but he told me that through the whole inferno men kept their nerve and did everything in such a quick and orderly way that the dead and wounded were soon cared for.

In the whole tracery of this awful affair one thing astonishes many of the men here and many a time we talk about it but can find no answer. It is this, how wonderfully

active men can be when it comes to killing-time, and how equally active they can be in caring for the men they have either killed or wounded. We fellows talk here quite a lot about a germ we know to be sleeping. It is a germ that we whisper about but rarely talk of in the open. We know now there is a sleeping germ of Brutality in every man's heart. That germ only wants a good reason to sting him into activities. Let that germ wake in a man's heart and unless someone places a cool hand on his hot head he can easily be reduced to the level almost of a fighting beast. Convince a man he has cause to fight and his color changes to the livid or the red, and the fireflies in his eyes will be sure to guide his fists to their destination.

I am no more afraid to die than is any other man here and if giving my life to aid humanity will do the trick I am ready to go at any minute. It might sound better, however, after I am buried in some unmarked grave if what I am about to say should be read to others. If men's bodies must be the loom on which humanity must be woven into better ways,

physicians should find some antidote to relieve the suffering of helpless women and children. A little chap here told me that your country is tired of war talk. I absolutely refuse to believe that. What your country hears about us and about how we are faring will be a great help if war decides some day to visit your side of the world.

I got a bite from wire entanglements. I shall feel their accursed teeth as long as I live. I escaped by giving them only a bite before they had a chance to mouth and swallow me completely. Another thing I heard here also, and as I heard it from the same little chap who told me that your country is tired of war talk, it may be that one of his stories is just as true as the other one. He tells me that he knows for a fact that never in the history of the world has there been a time when so many Bibles have been sold to the world as were sold before this war came. When he told me the Bible story there came into my mind an experience I had one day returning from an attack. I picked up a helmet that had fallen from the head of a dead German. Inside the

helmet was written in German letters: "I have put on the helmet of Salvation."

I am wondering—and not only am I wondering, but a lot of the other boys talk of it too, if some day when the trenches are all refilled, when cattle come straying over the firing line, when the shadows of shepherds drape the spot where so many men have fallen —if people will need a tolling bell to remind the shepherds that they are guiding where men have offered up such awful sacrifices. To our minds it is the humble people who will think of us the longer. People filled with prosperity will seek the gay sunshine and will be sure to avoid even the memory of cloudy days. Well, we hope that if people think, they will teach their children to pray that sacrifices have not been made in vain. And so I say,—and so say the boys around me,—for I have read this letter to them, that as we battle on, as we suffer, as we endure, we say also, to those who have gone before us from this conflict,—may they rest in peace.

(*Somewhere in France.*)

THE ROAD TO YONDER TOWN

There was turmoil in the village,
The boys were to leave at noon,
For the joy of it, flags were waving
To the call of the bugle's tune.
High in the trees, to the tree-tops
The envious small boy clung,
While onto painted gate laths
The form of a fair child swung.

For weren't the soldiers coming?
They were to pass that way.
All night long, she had watched for the dawn
That would bring her this wonderful day.
Why was it mother was weeping,
As she tried hard to hide her tears?
Why was it father did things so odd—
Like a man filled up with fears?

Wasn't the music playing?
Wasn't the sun in the sky?
Why was it sweethearts were sighing
At the sound of two words, "Good-bye"?
The boys were dressed so grandly;
There were good things for all to eat—
And father went from the table
To give John the honored seat.

HEART MESSAGES

Mother, she just kept busy,
Always turning her head away.
As John looked down on his well-filled plate
Saying, "This is a very fine day,
Somehow, it's too fine to be eating,
A fellow don't need to eat,
When he's just chuckful of dreaming
Of the tyrants he means to defeat."

And then a face from the garden
Looked through the window frame.
It was John's sweetheart, Mary,
Saying only, "It looks like rain."
Now the sun was high in the heavens
But nobody looked that way.
Somehow everyone acted queer,
Because soldiers were going away.

Then came the call of the bugle,
Mother ran quick for a box.
"Here, John," she said, "Is something to eat,
And here are your knitted socks.
Be careful of colds, John, be careful,
And pray when the night time has come;
But when the call comes to go forward
Don't feel that praying time's done."

Father, he came with tobacco
And a pipe he bought from a store

While nearer and nearer the music came
Such as I never had heard before.
Mary came in from the garden
And gave John a picture on tin,
While a tear fell on Mary's sorrowing face
As if giving it were a sin.

The soldiers were nearing the house now;
Our John seemed to back away.
"Now look here, father and mother," he said,
"I'm not going off to stay.
Some day, I'll be coming home again
For I am your only son.
Just give me a chance to help the boys
Keep the enemy on the run."

In the open door stood a bent old man
As John marched away—and then—
A mother swooned on the garden path,
And Mary marched on with the men.
The boys in the tree-tops cheered and cheered;
The bands played a merry tune;
A little while—and night came down,—
Some nights always come too soon.

After the noise of a flickering day
The silent village slept.
But the little house on the trampled road
Knew watchful eyes that wept,

Till the child that rode on the swaying gate
Crept silently down the stair.
"Look through the night," the child exclaimed,
"See! our flag is waving there.

"John's on the road to Yonder Town.
Why must you always sigh?
Don't you know the flag is drooping
When a hero great must die.
The flag's in the air, I say to you,
For Mary and I, up there
Have knelt by the window-seat and prayed
For our soldiers everywhere.

"Tomorrow, you'll hear the church-bells ring,
You'll kneel at the altar rail,
You'll ask of Him, who bore a cross
To help, and He will not fail.
Then some day the soldiers will come again;
Our John will be marching brave.
That day, you'll be proud you had a son
Who could his country save.

"What good are sons? What good are flags?
If fathers and mothers grieve
Because their sons take a hero's part,
In a land we all must leave.
Would you rather he'd sit by a sodden stream
And bask in a noon-day sun

Or have your boy defend the land
Of which he has always sung?

"Would you have the song in the hero's heart,
Come to his pallid lips,
As he gives his life for his native land
Or live, and grudge, as he sips
The wine that flows from hero's deeds
As he boasts of the battle-air?
Look up at your flag! as it looks at you,
And read what is written there."

YOU SHOULD SEE THE OTHER PICTURE

(Translated from the French.)

By Rev. Francis J. Henning.

The road to Paris is—not yet
The road to Paris shall—not be
The road to Paris is—not wet
With the blood of a would-be enemy.

Have just returned here from Paris. Left many German helmets with French relatives and friends. I have as yet my two legs and my two arms for which I greatly rejoice,

knowing how badly legs and arms are needed for work at the present time. If I retain them, I mean to carry back to Paris more helmets and good news for my many friends, all in the same bundle.

The carnage here is terrible and every man will shudder, thinking on it in years to come. At the present time, however, carnage is necessary and we mean France and the whole civilized world to approve. This place has been scratched with shells and red with liquid fire until we have become accustomed to the roar and quite familiar with the light. You should see the other picture when the ground is carpeted with the dead. Naturally we soldiers do not enjoy killing but—what will you—when the barbarians leave their own nest and come over here meaning to crush the life out of their betters? I am not a linguist. I am a French soldier and I mean to be a French soldier until—adieu.

From Verdun.

A Paper and a Book

Lord Kitchener came through today to look the boys over. Two of my comrades have been ill and one of the fellows was reading to his comrade "Von Hindenburg's March into London."

Lord Kitchener came unexpectedly. "What are you reading?" he asked in the kindly tone he always uses if any of the fellows are ill.

My comrade felt confused. "Oh, your Lordship," he said in a stammering manner, "this—is—only—a book."

"And you?" said his Lordship, noting the paper in the hand of the other fellow.

"It's only something that was sent to me by an English friend over in Flanders," he said, as he handed Lord Kitchener the paper.

I noticed how my two comrades had become nervous, and both watched Lord Kitchener's face anxiously as he read the paper through.

It was an anxious moment, even for me, for I did not like to see my friends get in wrong with his Lordship. I guess you know Lord Kitchener is a great War Lord over here and

every one looks up to him as one of the greatest men in all the world. We all breathed fresh air when Lord Kitchener had finished reading and we heard him say:

"Fine. Congratulate the author for me."

He slowly folded the paper, and as he did so we noticed a strange, determined look come into his eyes.

"The Road to Yonder Town it shall be," he said slowly, as he handed the paper back to my comrade. "It shall not be 'Von Hindenburg's March into London.'"

As he walked away we fellows looked at each other in silent astonishment. "He must have eyes in every pore of his skin," the fellow with the book whispered. "How could he know I was reading 'Von Hindenburg's March into London' when the book is covered by a thick brown paper?"

From the Doncaster Training Camp.

I Tried to Turn a Tune

I'm not wounded, except by a trouble in my heart. I try at times to turn a tune but not a tune will come to the pipes in my throat, for

lately the rust seems to have gotten into them. Where's the man just now who isn't choked up with the doings in a world that seems anxious to stand on its head. It isn't the funny act it's doing either, even if the dress it wears is bright red.

We're getting ready to go out—but out where—we don't know. I was to be married a month ago and here I am getting my feet ready to be poked into a dirty unhealthy trench as I keep my eyes in a good bulge looking for the dirty scamps who want to get at us as much as we want to get at them.

Maybe with the black of this lead pencil, I'm now making the mourning border around my own death lines.

She wanted to marry me before I came here, but I said, "No—maybe you'll be better off if I leave you to something better than to be the widow of a corpse."

This war in the long run is sure to be worse on the poor women than it will be on the men.

Men love to fight but the women run from it. Just now they must run into it, for they

must bind up and make good what the men rip up and destroy.

There is entirely too much Hell in the liquid that Germany is throwing out on decent men at the present time. A decent Irishman's blood boils at the thought of the can filled with the liquid fire, and it's myself would like to turn the can upside down and make every mother's son of them drink from the liquid that was brewed in Hell.

From the Training Camp in Currogh Kildare.

The Wheel of Peaceful Days

If we fellows had a wagonload of ice, believe me it would be as precious to us as diamonds would have been in peaceful days. Often our throats are hot and parched and our heads seem to be burning as if the enemy had sneaked inside of us and lit a flame. One day not long ago a fellow came up to me with a dazed look in his eyes and asked me if I thought he had been drinking liquid fire. I tell you the fellows here go through enough to set them wild. Wounded men, red stains,

the night watch for the enemy,—and we wait, —we watch,—we suffer.

We know that every move that will be made by the enemy will be a sneak move and naturally we are on the defence all the time. Don't think we fellows fail to appreciate all the things done for us by our nation and by our friends, nevertheless, here in the grinding mud, and here also in the eagerness with which men shed their clothes for new ones as their tainted garments go into the acid pit, I can tell you men need all their courage to keep on enduring. Our glorious soldiers sometimes in talking ask themselves if the whole thing is an awful dream, or can it be reality that has turned the wheel of peaceful days and brought to decent manhood horrors indescribable? Yet the nation that is responsible for this condition in a civilized century sings a song they call—Kultur.

We feel sure that some poor fellows have gone to their grave before life was fully extinct. I, myself, was glad to see a fair youth of twenty-one breathe his last breath after he had been terribly wounded. He seemed to

have a horror of being taken a prisoner by the Germans. Before he died he said: "Oh, what a terrible earthquake is war."

I thought how well his words expressed this awful conflict. You who are too far away to hear the roar of the artillery or the groans of suffering men should thank your God.

Many of us fellows wish your nation were nearer to us. Someone said, your nation is not prepared for war. Well, if that is true, millions of your wasted dollars should be melted into cannons strong enough to say to a would-be bully nation: "I am ready to meet you or to aid other nations not loving a fiendish war."

The greatest peace is,—Strength. Who ever saw an ordinary man foolish enough to kick a pugilist? The ordinary man wisely knows just how small a potato he really is and he keeps himself busy trying to look respectful, as he gazes on the iron muscles that, if necessary, could teach him a lesson concerning the wisdom of keeping in his proper place.

I feel it in my bones that an attack is near, and I am glad, for anything is better than

thinking. We want to get at it and every man is only too eager to do his own part. I suppose you know England is better equipped than she was a year ago. Germany was well ready to do the killing act and England was forced to meet her with her own tools.

THE NATION'S CALL

Where you lead, a Nation follows,
Hark! I hear a beating drum,
Are the soldiers coming, Mother?
God! They are—ah—let them come.

I am ready,—you are ready,
You're the mother of a man.
Hear the music calling, Mother?
Make us cowards,—ye,—who can.

In the camp-fire,—by the hill-side,
Pictures, I will paint of you,
There, I'll see you kneeling, Mother,
Thanking God, your boy is true.

Hear them? They are coming, Mother!
You'll not weep, for Glory's Call;
You're a mother, I, a soldier,
On us,—Nations rise or fall.

I'll be watchful. Good-bye, Mother,
See! I knew you would be strong,
Smile at me, from out your window,
And I'll take your smile along.

Where you lead, a Nation follows,
Hark!—The echoes die away,
As a woman's heart is hiding
In a smile she gave that day.

The Cathedral at Rheims

You want to know what I am doing and of the things I have seen. Ah! are you a child or a grown-up to imagine a man in this war tall enough to be able to look down and tell you all the things he has seen? All? Why years and years would not be big enough to hold all the things that have happened. I have lived half a century in a very short time. I will, however, tell you a little about the destruction of the great cathedral at Rheims. Not long ago I witnessed it and it is in my memory now. I had been wounded and it was my last day of rest. I was standing with some friends not far from the cathedral, with

my back turned to it, and suddenly I heard horrible noises and saw people running in all directions. I turned, but I did not run away, for I had had some experience with noises and the frightened people had not been on the firing line.

I saw smoke coming from the broken windows, caused by the flames inside, and I could hear only too well the crashing of statues and the crumbling walls. The low trick that destroyed that historic building might so well have been avenged on the wounded prisoners who at the time were lying on the floor of the cathedral.

For hundreds of years,—seven hundred years or more—that cathedral had been the pride of the French people, and no words can describe their anguish as they looked on the tragedy. The cathedral had been given as a refuge for wounded Germans and was filled with them at the time of which I write.

I can hardly explain the sight as it was. I cannot exactly tell how it all happened. The disaster came like a bolt from the blue and the German shells had done their work.

The French people stood outside of the cathedral, many of them weeping as they witnessed the destruction of the shrine that had been theirs in which to worship and which was in a way the pride of the French nation.

The men outside of the cathedral, hearing the crashing statues and seeing the walls breaking and knowing that the wonderful paintings inside were being demolished, suddenly grew frantic and many of them called loudly for vengeance on the German prisoners who were lying helpless and maimed on the cathedral floor.

I forgot everything but the mighty sight before my eyes, and terrible as it was, it was also wonderful to behold, for the attitude of the French people was marvelous and I thought at the time that the French must have gem-set hearts, for let me tell you, no other nation on the face of the earth could have suffered as they suffered and yet allow their tortured minds an opening where reason might enter.

Outside the cathedral the French people

listened as a voice suddenly called to them "Burn the prisoners inside the cathedral. Let their bones be in the ruins of their own work. This is their message to a House of God."

"Burn them! Kill them!" came back the murmurs, "Yes, kill them—kill them,—kill them!"

Then a voice was heard above the multitude: "They are wounded men inside that House of God. Remember you and I are Frenchmen."

The cathedral doors were opened and the maimed and helpless Germans were being carried outside. The people did not heed the voice and, almost insane with grief, many of them rushed forward. Then a priest was seen standing on the upper steps of the cathedral, his pale face wet with the tears that had fallen from his eyes.

"My people," he cried, "in God's holy name, stop until you hear my words! Remember we are Frenchmen. When you remember Frenchmen, you recall that for all time Frenchmen have known what chivalry means. Remember those wounded men were resting inside the

House of God. Remember we cannot be as the horde who have brought this ruin to our feet, but we know we are Frenchmen and we know that Frenchmen trust in God, and in the ruins of His House that our enemies have caused, we will kneel and pray."

Suddenly the anger of the people seemed in a measure to be restrained and many heads were bowed, while others looked on and wept. But the wounded Germans were allowed to go to safety, and the French seeing the men pass, were seen to struggle with their emotions.

One beautiful young Frenchwoman drew off her cloak and placed it over the form of a wounded German. He smiled up into her eyes. but she turned away. An old man placed his silk handkerchief over the face of a wounded soldier as pieces of plaster came down through the air. One old Frenchwoman sobbed as she watched the wounded German soldiers being carried to safety.

"I was the mother of five boys myself," she said, "and bad as these are, they are some mother's boys after all." But as the German

soldiers went on, the cathedral was burning and soon we were all ordered back to a safer position.

Are you satisfied with my explanation? No? Neither am I. I can't explain it because it is like a great tragedy that might have come only in dreams, nightmare dreams that would leave shudders in one's nerves for years to come. The great historic cathedral was in ruins. The grief of the French people will be lasting. I love the French people. They can be so gay—the gayest people in all the world—and they can turn from gayety and accept awful sacrifice as their hands tremble to strangle. At such times they can know self-control and I have seen them spare enemies who showed them nothing but treachery of the studied type. You see, there are some types of people who still believe that all is fair in love and in war. But with the civilized people—with the French people, for instance—that quotation did not hold good, since it did not seem fair to let the maimed German soldiers burn in their own temple of worship.

France.

Letter from the Scotch Lassie

I received a letter from a Scotch Lassie and back of my wee bump of thought there is a feeling to tell you about it, for in that letter you will find something far more interesting than if I were to write merely concerning myself. I know—and you know—the world loves a lover, and you don't know my Lassie's name, so I can write of her for the glory I feel in the doing of it and for the glory of Old Scotland and for the pride she has planted in my heart from the first day she came into my life.

She is only twenty years old and she has spent seven years out of her short twenty living in Germany with an aunt who married a German.

I cannot answer her letter as I would like to, because I have not her flowing rivers of thought, and that bump of thought in my head makes me wish you were here to give me a wee hint or two as to the things worth saying, so that the Lassie herself might think I came half way to meet her at least. I got sick and my head reels at the thought of

writing to her, for when I do write to her it will be the first letter she has ever received from me, and I'll be in a bad way if she finds out concerning stiff brains that won't move as smartly as her own.

I want you to know things she wrote me because you might send me a thought that will help. She wrote me this:

"Robert, when I was in Germany I was surprised to see that the very first things in the way of toys that are given to German boys are guns, soldiers, soldier suits, and various kinds of cannon, to say nothing of the swords and books about soldiers fighting. From the cradle to manhood the boy is taught to fight. When he is a man he is turned into something like a sheep because he must follow the word of his Emperor; whether that word be a foolish one or a wise one makes but little difference.

"While I was in Germany, my Uncle, although he was a well-meaning industrious man, was filled to the brim with but one ambition. He wanted his boys to live long enough to be drilled as perfect soldiers. My

Aunt, who was his wife, and to whom he owed his success in life, was always brushed away as a fly might be when she ventured an opinion contrary to anything German. I never could make up my mind why my Uncle married my Aunt, and I was convinced he took keen delight in insulting her about the land of her birth.

"The Germans are nearly all specialists and consequently they see only through the narrow groove of their choice. They make wonderful surgeons, and I have often thought that the reason of this is that there is a great streak of the brutal in their natures, giving them courage and scope to make ventures that often lead to success. They love Shakespeare —and after a long study of the German nature, I realized that their love of Shakespeare was because of his tragic style.

"War paintings they consider best in the world of Art, and uncanny music appeals to them, such as the noisy Wagnerian type.

"I always knew from toasts that were given and from things that were said that the Kaiser's dream has always been to strengthen

the German throne out of the remnants he meant to make, if possible, of thrones the world over.

"I sometimes feel sorry for the German soldiers and the German civilians for that which is in them has been put there by years of drilling and instilled into their minds by the Kaiser's teaching."

This is what my Scotch Lassie wrote in her letter. I cannot tell you more even though I know you would like to know everything she said.

I know you are hearing news of us here, so will not write more, and will only add that this Scotch Lassie has seven cousins in the famous Black Watch and she is a happy proud one with the knowledge of it. Some day I hope that the smoke of battle will grow ashamed and go away, and when that day comes—if I still have my eyes, I hope to see the face of a wee girl,—for it is that face I dream of here under the stars, and it is that face which is always framed for me between the sunrise and the sunset.

France.

MY MOTHER WAS ALWAYS AROUND.

DEAR FRIEND—

Some of us poor Johnnies here wish we had learned more when we were at school. Here we are all the time wanting to say fine things and no hole seems to open up in our heads to let the good thoughts out. Maybe if we get a head wound it will help open the way a bit to let out what we want to say. Smart fellows write big letters. Some of them keep right on at one letter for a long time. My mother got a neighbor to write me before she died. She told me not to worry about not getting home to her, that I was needed worse out here.

All the fellows write big letters, and now since my mother is gone it makes me feel blue and I think I tell you all this just because a woman's heart is kind and can understand.

I used to live in a nice little house with a garden. It had four rooms in it and my mother was always around. She said it was right for me to come here, and I guess it was, for my father agreed with her.

They took her to a hospital and she talked all the time about me before she died.

FROM THE TRENCHES

This war is drawing to its top-notch and I believe it will be a slow going down on the other side of the hill for the Germans. Maybe I won't be glad to get back home! But I guess I won't feel very good, not seeing my mother waiting for me at the door. Next to our house and at the house across the street, fellows left with me when I came here, but no one has died in their homes. I guess death is all right when it comes, but not when it takes away a fellow's mother or father, his wife or his child, but then I guess that makes up a fellow's whole world.

I hope you never will get into war, for you cannot dream of it as it is. We hope it will soon end and then we will take a long rest and I will go back to my lonely father and help to brighten his life.

Flanders.

A Little Father at Thirteen.

(Translated by Rev. Francis J. Henning)

We are not unthankful, for we pray. People who are unthankful do not always pray,

for they do not always feel like offering thanks, because they want more.

My brother is alive, my father is alive, and I try to be a good little father to my father, because my mother is dead and I know it would please her, because she always said I was a little man.

Everyone is glad to have a mother dead now. I used to cry so much, but I cry no more. I am thirteen and thankful that my father and brother's lives have been spared and because my mother's eyes are closed and she cannot see.

My father is very old, and my brother had a hurt when we were leaving Belgium. He was helping two soldiers who were wounded. One was a German soldier and one was a Belgian soldier. I am glad my father and my brother are alive because not all my friends are alive now. When my brother's hurt was mended he went away and he is now in a deep hole in the ground in Flanders. They call the hole a trench. I am now wearing an American boy's clothes, and I will remember it when I am as old as my father, and he is

seventy-eight years old now. The boys and girls here pray for peace to come and they pray for the boys and girls in America. I want very much to see Belgium again. I had a nice dog and I am afraid he is dead now. I am glad I can write this letter, because I was told I could write it as a reward.

I borrowed a lead pencil from a good man here. He told me to write my best and I am trying to do it. I hope you will like it.

Some day, if I live to grow big like my brother, I will come to America, and I will then thank everybody in your country for what they have done for the boys and girls of Belgium. When Belgium is made new again it may be your people will go there. Your people are such good people and they would love our King. He is a beautiful King and he is a good King. He will have us home again when he is allowed to have us. We will always remember your country, and when I am confirmed I am going to take for my name the name of your country. I have a picture of America in a book at home, but I am afraid the book is burned up now. Our

house was burned down. I am going back to Belgium some day and I can find the spot where my house was, as there were two little trees right beside it. Across the way from our house there were two trees, and one of them was very crooked. Please come to my country some day and see all the boys and the girls, and when your people come from your country to ours, our boys and girls will sing for them, and they will sing very good, I am sure.

From the Belgian Refugee Camp in Holland.

My Brother Dick

Your very touching letter was handed to me this evening by our Sergeant, who thought it might afford me some comfort after the loss of my brother. It has done me a lot of good to read it, because I feel that the boys out here have your prayers and your sympathy, and it is a comfort to know that we also have the good wishes and the sympathy of so many of the women of your country.

My poor brother Dick was killed last week in the big fight we had when we stormed and carried the German trenches. We had been

preparing ourselves for this ordeal for some days before, and our officers were satisfied that every man knew what was expected of him and was prepared to do it. You can imagine our nervousness and our excitement while our artillery was shelling the German trenches in preparation for our attack.

It was to be our first actual experience of hand-to-hand fighting, and we were all wondering how we would come out. Our greatest fear was not that we would be knocked out, but that we would not be able to live up to the splendid reputation that our Canadian boys have earned in France as the equal of any of the crack British regulars.

At last the artillery fire ceased, and almost on that instant we got the word to charge. Over the parapet we charged, every one trying to be first, and dashed forward toward the German trenches. Their wire entanglements, although badly damaged, took us a few moments to get through, and all that time we were under a heavy machine gun fire. We broke through at last, and the next moment we were at the edge of the German trenches,

and hurling bombs down upon its defenders, who soon commenced to throw up their hands and cry—"Cowards!"

The taking of the second trench was easy, and we got it with but little additional loss. It was all over in ten minutes and the trenches were ours. We at once commenced to make good our position by building up the trenches on the side next to the Germans so that we could resist the counter attack which invariably follows the capture of the enemy's trenches. This attack did not take place, why, I do not know.

As soon as we possibly could, we hunted around to find out how many of us had been wounded or knocked out. Not more than half of our platoon were on their feet and we did all we could to get the wounded men where they could receive medical attention.

I found my poor brother lying almost at the edge of the German trench,—but he was dead. A bullet had struck him almost in the center of his forehead and I don't suppose he knew what killed him, so sudden was the call. Poor Dick,—only twenty-one, and as

fine a young athlete as ever donned khaki. His was one of the loveliest characters I ever knew. He was as gentle as a woman, and yet in the cause of right he could be as bold as a lion. He didn't know what fear was, and he was always ready for any risky service that required a volunteer. Mother didn't want us both to enlist, as we two were all the boys she had, and our Dick was her pet and the apple of her eye.

I enlisted in the Eaton Machine Gun Battery and afterwards you couldn't hold Dick back. The first thing I knew he was beside me in the same battery. We came to England with the brigade and were afterwards assigned to the McNaught Battery, one of the four batteries forming the Eaton Brigade.

There did not seem to appear to be much chance of our getting to the front with our armored motor cars as long as trench fighting continued, and we were exchanged into one of the infantry battalions that were being sent to the front. Soon we were there and in the trenches.

Dick was the life and soul of our platoon,

and I think that every man felt pretty nearly as bad about his death as I did, for he was always doing kindly acts for everyone.

We buried poor Dick that night behind our reserve trenches, and when our chaplain read the burial service, there wasn't a dry eye in our little party. There was a smile on Dick's face and I kissed his dead lips so as to send it to dear mother, thinking maybe it might be a comfort to her to get it and to know that her fine boy died doing his duty to his country, and I felt it would give her some comfort too, to know that her boy died without any pain.

The night before he was killed, he and I were talking in our dugout and he said, "You know, Bob, I am twenty-one now and a man." I shall always remember him, my great, big, strong brother, the boy who acted a man's part, and who helped to win over two lines of German trenches.

Good kid he was, and good kids get their reward in Heaven.

We have lost a lot of the best and bravest boys we had, but they all died as soldiers

want to die, and please God, we will get them all back again. When we attack the German trenches the next time, God willing, we will win. *Somewhere in France.*

"Mr., Mrs., Master, Miss,
Listen, while I tell you this":

The above lines were two lines from a comic poem I had written and sent to a soldier. He quotes from it in his answer. In the same letter I asked him for a description of war as it appeared to him. THE AUTHOR.

WHEN HE THINKS YOU AN EASY MARK.

Mr., Mrs., Master, Miss,
Listen, while I tell you this":

The Devil wanted excitement. He knocked hard at the door of the earth and the world

called it,—earthquake. In some places the earth caved in, so anxious was it to go to meet the caller. In other places people ran around wild and others looking on called it "Brain storm." People glared at each other as steel flashed, and they listened for the roar of the guns and the weird ploughing of the artillery. Others stood with hanging jaw and eyes glued to the open mouth of the dry earth that was thirsty for the gore of men. It got it. It drank it, and while snow came and covered it up and rain fell and thunder called loud to the quick-going lightning, men moaned as they looked on their torn bodies, while others were sent by others to the big hole where the bodies of men are received before they decay.

Trees fell and men hid in deep holes while women turned away to cry for fear their men would lose a man's courage. Little children laughed at the coming soldiers and danced for the music that was going to bluff them into becoming orphans. Men fought like devils, and afterwards were glad they did, for they believed they had a devil as an opponent. All this is only a little like war as it is. Do not

be too hard on the fighting men, and do not christen them brutes. When a neighbor insists on kicking you behind your back, and when you let him off, when he thinks you an easy mark, then he soon gets to taking more liberties from your generosity to him. Then he spits at you from long range. It is then time to powder his face with the puff he is trying to give to his betters.

The Devil was getting lonely. He whispered into the ear of a likely friend and the rumble started, for the Devil knows well his own starting place. This is only one man's idea of war.

I saw a dead comrade lying on the battlefield with his mouth wide open while the rain was falling into it and the earth drank his blood. All the time the organ of the artillery played a dirge for the man who had gone.

One day in the hospital I heard a man praying when it was near the morning hour. I know something of medicine, but the whole scene in the hospital was on my nerves and I felt I would rather be on the firing line than looking on at those pain-racked cots.

I asked one sick man why he prayed so fervently when he was sick.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, "Maybe it ain't fear and maybe it is. At home prayin' was dear, for we were taxed to keep goin' and a feller has pride sometimes, and if he can't give to keep up a church, he feels ashamed and sneaks away. It costs nothing here to pray, so we turn to it."

As I write I can hear the French guns as they battle for the railway not far away. The soldiers are lined up to do the real thing and, believe me, they will do it, and I believe the war will come to an end sooner than anyone imagines. This infernal hot pot that is stewing the flesh and blood of men cannot end too soon. If you know the British people do you not think the British Government has been marvelous, getting together four million men in less than two years? That is what had to be done when the Devil was wagging his tail into the faces of nations and daring them to come forward face to face. I am afraid I am taking liberties with His Majesty the King of Evil's name.

You are kind, so you will pardon me, because sometimes the fellows feel desperate when, with a far-off look in their eyes, they see a home where people are inside looking through a window fearing, yet hoping, for news. When I think of them I must stop writing. Men are looking on, and men who mean to be real men will not have the dew in their eyes when each one of us is fighting hard to give, each man to his pal, a little sunshine from his own tortured heart.

France.

A Brave Soldier is the Grandest Work

While I wonder why I write, the answer comes, and I know I write because many of us have been comforted and some have been amused—an unusual thing in these dark awful days. It would be odd if I expected to escape being killed here. I do not expect to escape, as death is showing her ugly teeth at us at every turn.

If you have steady nerves and a stout heart, you should see us as we are. A few days ago

the battle was raging and it was a Hell battle, take my word for that! The Germans piled their corpses high and made them into barracks as our brave suffering fellows made of themselves a stone wall that refused to give way to the enemy even when the enemy increased their artillery, and for a time worked on, through deafness that was caused by the mighty roar in our ears. My brother and four of my cousins are going somewhere north, where they expect to do great work and where they mean to take a lot of trenches before they take a rest. Across the German line, thousands of men have retreated or have been killed or taken prisoners. I think a great many of our men have been more or less wounded, but many of them won't admit it, because they are afraid they might have to retire, and most of them want to keep right on and see this war to a finish.

Not far away on the German side, I am told, there is an old ruin where Germans are hiding, biding their time to get at us if we forget to keep our eyes on them. But few of us need the use of glasses to keep our eyes their way,

for we know they are looking for us and will come when we least expect them.

This place belongs to the soldiers—nearly all the civilians have gone away. When a civilian is seen it is nearly always a man who comes back looking for something he is afraid is lost, but as a usual thing he leaves faster than he came, for what he finds is only destruction, caused by the desperate shelling by the enemy.

The Australian soldiers are wonderful men. Do you know any Australian soldiers? If you do, you can afford to be proud of them. When the Germans get near the Australian boys they get such a surprise party it takes them right off their feet, ripping the leather in their boots with the shock. When the Australian boys go back home their country will have no cause to be anything but mighty proud of the boys the war sends home and of those who remain here, for she can always recall with pride the sons who fell asleep fighting this great cause.

I wish you could see the war kitchens. But I won't tell you about them now, for to me a

brave soldier is the grandest work of all, and as I peep out of my shell pit, I sometimes wonder why I was made a soldier, because I feel small when I see other men so much greater than myself.

You should see the great leaders of this war. Talk about old-time war leaders. I tell you the men of today are greater than the men we have read about in our school histories. With all their greatness they always have time to think of the comforts of others, and the whole mix-up shows in their faces. It is wonderful to be like those men, for they win for themselves and they win for everyone else, and to have their names go down in the history of the future is a small reward for so much bigness.

France.

THERE AIN'T MUCH FUN FOR SALE.

"Don't run away," he said to me.
As if I could.
"Don't run away," he said again.
As if I would.

"You just stay here, right where you're at.
Have you no soul?
You just keep peeking for the cause
That put our feet in this mud-hole."

"Shut up!" I hollered back at him.
He did it then.
"You keep your tongue inside your lips."
"I hadn't ast your words 'n when
You know as much as me
Maybe you'll think 'n try t' grow.
Folks as push 'ard their 'orns are weak,
For hot-air talk is only blow."

When you wrote those lines we laughed hard with fun, for it fixed a lot of the jolly pippins when they got to blowing. A little nonsense, I say, is good sense in trench times, when there ain't much fun for sale, a little comes in good, especially if a fellow is laid up in the hospital, like I am now, and knows that he has lost a limb.

But I say, a lost limb ain't the whole tree, so I am trying to keep up and am hobbling along and soon hope to be out of the hospital. I suppose the best I can do now, as long as I live, is to limp. Every blooming soul I cared

for died since I went to war. My mother, she fretted and soon gave it all up. My sister, she took a dose by mistake, thinking it would make her sleep, because she fretted about Ma and me. She never woke. And my girl has gone and married a better man, but I don't think so, as I was wild about her. Now, when she sees me all broke up she will be glad she took the other man, as I certainly do look awful,—and if you are kind at heart you will understand how I hate to have her all the gladder she took him when she sees me.

I am trying to laugh all the time, for I have it in my head that maybe the laughing will frighten the horrors away. For, say, didn't the noise of the war send things that chased the lads up and made a heap of difference in the most of them. Then I say, why can't the noise of laughing make things happen too.

I can get to a good many places yet, on one leg, and if I'm not wanted one place I can try another, and if I ain't wanted no place maybe some day I can get a place at a railway station, for I can call out great, and if I can't

travel I can watch other people go, and that's the next thing to traveling, ain't it?

I ain't poor, for I have eleven pounds and things for a room, and I am thinking about going to my mother's and my sister's grave. But when I get thinking about my mother I just wonder if she will know anything about my crutches. I hope she won't, because she was awful afraid of men on crutches. My little sister was a beauty, but she was feeling too blue for the world. Fellows must keep trying to laugh, for I say misery is a twin to misery, and so I try to bluff it and make myself think that some day I am going to be glad. War is awful. It ain't Hell,—it's Hell's own damnation, with the Devil laughing at the overflow.

Say, where has Peace gone? For God's sake and for the sake of the boys, if you know where it's hiding pull it out and send it our way. But if it ain't to be got, get 'em to put steam on the war and end it by doing it up quick instead of stretching out the agony into inches, for a man's got feelings and somehow men can't shake off feeling, and life only gives

a fellow once his legs and his arms and his eyes.

Say, get us Peace or give us more War.

London Hospital.

Many a Modern Homer or Bobby Burns

Some people are shabby enough to say we soldiers are fighting in the dark and that we know nothing of what it's all about. I say to those people that they are telling great untruths,—untruths that are big enough to choke their voices.

A soldier, even a fellow who may not know his letters, soon gets into the heart of things, and he often sees better than many a man outside of the war line who is doing nothing but trying to talk wisely.

Let a man starve awhile; let him get enough cuts and bruises; let him face the shotgun, and don't you think, even if he has a thick head, it will thin down a little and he will ask questions concerning what it is all about? Many a fellow here speaks half a dozen languages and many have wonderful minds in other

directions. Let me tell you it is still the hut or the attic for many a modern Homer or Bobby Burns. You should hear the fellows tell things in the simple way in which it seems to roll right off their minds,—little Belgium, for instance, and the big King that reigns over a small people. Then I wish you could hear them when they get busy and hear the cutting way in which they meet the German scythe. You should hear their description of the brutality, of the cutting off of children's hands, of the manner in which women were driven on ahead at the point of the gun while the men were shot as they came on behind.

About thirty thousand Canadians have been killed. I belong to the Princess Patricia regiment, and I tell you all the boys have been real wonders. The Australian fellows, too, have been a credit to their country as well as to themselves. We all wish the war was over, and there are times when we feel like men half-mad and half-glad,—mad that decent men are forced to meet such conditions and glad of the prospect of taking victory back home,

for if we didn't take victory we wouldn't go back and face our good people. If we live we'll take victory home, if we die the other boys will take it home for us.

When I was leaving home there were great crowds of people on the streets. Faces looked out from windows and from almost every eye we could see the tears. Boys looked down upon us and they crouched in tree branches.

I saw a dear old lady crying bitterly and I wanted to say a few cheerful words to her, but I couldn't. Near her were other women, and as the boys were at a standstill for a few minutes, I heard one of the women say:

"Look at that poor woman crying. I guess she has a boy going away, poor soul!"

The dear old lady who was crying heard what was said and she replied in a low tone.

"Yes, I have boys," she said. "Look at them,—they are all my boys, the whole lot of 'em. I'm what you might call an old maid, but I have boys, and they have lived here in my heart all my life."

Say,—a lot of fellows heard her and maybe we didn't send her a few kind smiles. I'll bet

wherever she is now that angel maiden mother-o'-mine is thinking about us out here. We fellows here agree on one thing about her. If St. Peter isn't kind to her kind, something will be out of place in the heart of the keeper of the gate, for many a night we have talked about her, the dear Canadian maiden lady with the maternal instinct so large in her heart that she was able to weep for a great army of boys who were off to war.

What wouldn't we give to know her address, and you bet we'd write her a great long letter if we only knew. I would ask you if ever you print this letter to see that it reaches Canada. Maybe if she sees it she'll be glad to know how we feel, because it may be we can never return. In that way it would be nice to give her comfort in the knowledge that we understood her the day we came away and that we think of her in our lonely hours.

THE FRENCH ACTRESS

We are better off here than the fellows in the trenches in Flanders.

Flanders is a low, flat, unhealthy country,

as ugly as the war itself, while here in France there is lots of real beauty that gets into a fellow's eyes. I tell you a bird singing in the trees will now hold the attention of a man as never before. Isn't it odd, nature and horror meeting like this in a world that has become new to us fellows. I wonder where the world is rolling to? Oh, my God! I hope it ain't rolling down! for what is the use of what people tried for if that is to be the end of it all.

One day some weeks ago a French actress came to sing for the fellows in the trenches. She sang songs of our sweethearts at home, but soon she saw by the look in the men's faces that she had made a great mistake, for a lot of the fellows looked awful blue and some of the soldiers were actually in tears.

She stopped singing abruptly and sang merry, hopeful tunes, and then all was changed as if by magic.

After she was gone, the fellows looked at each other, and I can tell you there was a question and an answer in every man's eyes. The question was something like this: "Men,

what would the world be like if there was not a woman in it?" And then the answer seemed to come: "Men, you would be worse than the conditions here make you."

God bless good women everywhere, for a man must suffer a lot before his mind gets to thinking. Soldiers know women and what they have done for them,—the soldiers will always remember,—and take it from me some of them are a mighty lot ashamed they didn't know better, sooner.

France.

HAIL TO THE NOBLE SCOTCHMAN

Your letter made me and a lot of the soldier fellows laugh. What you said about putting on different clothes was mighty funny, because we know all about something that happened like that only last week. Somewhere, German soldiers stole out of a big woods all dressed up as Scotchmen. They robbed the dead Scots, put their clothes on and came, never expecting any one would know the difference.

Blest if Scotchmen's blood don't boil at the

thought of it, for whenever did a German look like a Scotchman, either below the kilts or above 'em.

It didn't take long for the Germans to know they were going to be set upon, so they faded away, but the kilts haven't been found yet, but if there are any foreigners found inside of 'em I'd hate to be it, knowing just what would happen.

Here's a verse I used to know:

"Hail to the noble Scotchman
Whether on land or sea;
Hail to the dear Scotch maiden
Wherever she may be.
Though the dead be shorn of garments
They never can fit a foe,
For the soul of a worthy Scotchman
Would waken, for he would know."

France.

That's the Voice of Peace

I, like many a better man, have felt the shock of a terrific shell. In my battalion so many men have succumbed to the poison of gas that it would be a lot better for them, as

it may be for me, too, if we just go out and are forgotten.

We have looked at the corpses of German soldiers and for them we have often felt a pity that young men of any nation should be sacrificed for a one-man greed and thirst for war. Sacrificed they had to be, since the war came on. Some of our own wonderful soldiers, those who have given their lives for a cause, we shall always know as martyrs.

One day a big shell exploded near me and I remembered nothing more until I awoke some days later with my head bandaged and my throat feeling as if it were on fire.

I had been fortunate until that shell exploded. When I was carried to the dressing station they found that my right leg had been partly blown away. I will not explain about my injuries. Why should I? Didn't I come here to the war expecting to be injured or, if need be, even to be killed? Well, I am not dead yet, but should death come I think I would be glad to welcome it, unless I can be assured that in the future my life can be of use to someone.

What is to become of all the wounded men? Ten years from now, twenty years from now, what will be their fate—poor soldiers!

A newer generation by that time will be big enough to look on a level into a man's eyes, and what will they feel?—Only repulsion.

Wouldn't it be a grand thing before this generation dies if good people, who lived with us during those horrible times, and who were in a way our companions in suffering, would collect a fund to care for their friends in trouble who are unable to go on and to do for themselves. On their own journey toward the grave their purses would seem but little the lighter for the coins dropped from them for such a noble purpose, and when the tolling bell of the cemetery gate is reached the doleful tones would seem less mournful.

Large calibre shells are waiting to send out a horrible bombardment, anxious to kill and to cripple good worthy men. I saw a poor comrade die only a short time ago. I, myself, had been caught by a fragment of a shell, but as I saw my comrade far worse off than I, I dragged myself to his side. I placed his

head on my arm and he looked into my face. "Oh, God!" he said in a hoarse whisper, "have you chosen us to be torn even as you were torn?"

I leaned over him and gave him a drink from my water bottle. "Is it vinegar?" he asked in a whisper.

"Take it, Fred," I said to him, "it is water."

"Who are you?" he asked, as he stared blankly into my face, "are you come to heal war with water?"

I pressed the water to his lips and as I did so, from far away came the horrible roar of the artillery, and the dying man paused as if trying to listen.

"That's the voice of Peace," he said, and he smiled as he breathed his last breath. I was glad he was dead. Over his dead body I thanked God who had taken him home. Later I found in his pocket a letter and an enclosed poem, upon which was written your address. The poem was called "The Voice of Peace." It had been sent him by an aged Belgian woman and he had evidently been reading it. This Belgian woman had a son who had died

on the field while in action and soldiers had found in his dead hand the poem from which a copy had been made and sent to my comrade.

I thought the coincidence unusual. You know the story of the poem and I feel it only right to let you know concerning it.

If I have luck I expect to get an artificial leg. But I must wait my turn. Sometimes I am thinking of the boys and I wish I was back with them on the firing line, but here I am waiting only for—a wooden leg.

Men talk of kindness. Men teach it, impress it upon the minds of the young and then when filled with beautiful thoughts we go out to encounter bursting shell and to watch men writhing in anguish,—how long, oh, God! Oh, God, how long.

France.

IMAGINING HERSELF TO HAVE BEEN WRONGED

The German hand had fallen heavily on a small people. A dear old neighbor of mine in Belgium, an old man over eighty years of age, lay dying in his little home at the close of the fateful day when the German soldiers marched

through Belgium. They entered the opened door of the dying man's house, as all Belgian doors were ordered to be left open so that the German soldiers might enter at their will. The German soldiers were told that the aged man was dying and they were begged to allow the old man to die in peace. The Germans hesitated,—but only for a few minutes. Laughing and whispering among themselves they entered the sick man's room and taking up the bedding on which the dying man lay, they carried him to the door of his little house, and threw him into the garden.

In a short time the red flame of the burning home tapered with a red glow the dying man, lying on the ground.

It is true that war must always be cruel—that from war nothing but cruelty can come; but the German idea of warfare in civilized days has proven to be the King of Brutality that would have done credit to dark ages.

Germany has planned cruelties so barbarous that the imagination becomes stupefied. May Germany wake up in the ruins of her own dreams, and when she awakes may she realize

that her dreams have led her into the nightmare she would have rejoiced in making for her neighbor nations.

Only to her own people has Germany ever shown real appreciation. Imagining herself to have been wronged she has invented tortures that must have been hewed somewhere from the hot regions below. If the nations Germany has attacked would retaliate and use upon her some of her own tools, dealing out to her some of her own medicine, she would call loud in her thick guttural tones a lament against her wrongs.

From the Belgian Refugee Camp.

WE COULDN'T HELP THE FRIGHT.

It is not my fault, I hope, if what I write seems brutal. Hideous things have been happening and we are asked to tell of them as they are. But we can't do that because there were so many dark deeds given to us—we can't explain them all, try as we may. So dark were some of those deeds that we seem to be blinded by the very blackness of them, for we cannot see and we never will be able to see

any reason for the misery we have been called on to endure. Belgian people tell me that as long as they live they will hear the tramp of the German soldiers' feet as they came on and into their beloved country. As for me, as long as I live, even though my ears should grow deaf, I will hear that sound, and should I become blind, I shall always see the terror of my people during those terrible days.

We couldn't help the fright, for the women and the children clung to us in terror and we seemed so few and so entirely unprepared. Soon we found we had good reason to know that our fright was not the fright of the coward, for our fright was the fright of men for the women of their country, for the children and for our country itself. Things our Belgian people endured will never be entirely understood by an outside world. Our people—many of them—and among the numbers were many women and children—were driven like cattle before the German soldiers, while the Germans followed behind hoping to shield themselves from the French guns.

I saw a German soldier nimbly climb a tree

and push from her hiding place a pale young girl of about eighteen years of age. She fell to the ground, much to the amusement of the German soldiers who were standing below The girl remained on the ground, unable to rise, and one of the German soldiers turned her over with his foot. Seeing that the girl was injured and unconscious, the soldiers grew impatient and passed on and away, leaving her on the ground. Later, she was carried into a farm house and there it was learned a bone in her head had been broken.

The girl remained ill for many weeks and at present writing, she does not seem to be herself mentally. Only when one speaks concerning her cousin, who is at the Refugee Camp in Holland, does she show signs of knowing what is said to her. Last week this cousin wrote to her concerning the great work that is being done in Holland by the Rockefeller Foundation and then she whispered; "I am very pleased it is so. Please tell everybody for me not to hide in a tree when the German soldiers are coming."

The earth is torn for the purpose of plant-

ing so that from the torn earth might come food for men. Many colored fruits ripen overhead before they fall from the trees on this very earth that sends up vegetation. Men are made strong by those things, and from the strength given, men seek to kill and to destroy. I often think of this when the rain comes to keep those fruits and vegetables alive, and when I watch the sun come down to warm and to ripen. Strength comes from gifts and from that strength too often comes brutality.

Broken Belgium appreciates everything her benefactors have done for her, and Belgium believes that all who have been kind will someday see their kindness bloom, if not in this world, then in a world where the cry of terror or the noise of the cannon can never enter. After the war is over we will try our best to get our families together as in the old days, or, at least, we hope to gather together those who are not lost to us entirely. I, myself, fell from a wound received while, with others, I was pleading with the German soldiers to allow an old man to remain in his home. I

spoke too many words and am now nursing a bullet that is hiding somewhere in my body, for it cannot be found.

I was an assistant teacher in a little school and to me the little children were the dearest things in my life. If a heart can shed tears, my heart has often wept thinking over their pretty ways and the memory of their little voices that comes to me even now as I think of them. Many of those little children, now orphans, have come to me, and many of them have come to bring me stories I cannot tell to you because a blot,—ink-black, cannot be erased by mere words.

Some years ago I saw a play called "The Sign of the Cross." I was at that time traveling with an English gentleman through America, and we were stopping in the great city of Philadelphia. I marvelled at that time at the pictured suffering wrought on Christians, and I noticed in the audience there were many handsome, saintly-faced clergymen. I have thought about all this here in Belgium as I look on our wronged people. Often I have wished I could see again

that play, for it may be I would find comfort in it and be able to once again look into the faces of those good men. I find myself trying to think of those men's faces, but now, distance and time have placed me so far away, so far indeed that I do not seem to be able to read. Our Belgium is in tears and the hearts of our people are mourning. The whole country seems to be buried in a grave of suffering as wrongs undreamed of pass on and we stand afar and hope. *Belgium.*

OUR MEN

You hadn't heralds with beating drums
Nor coats of flaming red—
There was no time to pose for them, boys—
Onward! was what you said.
Your dead are mute, for their work is done,
They have given the battle to you,
So shoulder your gun and steady your eye,
March on! It is time to do.

To do for your country, for loved ones all,
To do for the coming years
When the seal of Time, on things as they are,
Tell not of a soldier's fears.

Not a soldier's name will be found on that list,
For not one man is afraid
To meet the bold cannon, to scoff at the gun,
For he knows them, at worst, as man-made.

What man is afraid of man-made gun,
What man is afraid of a foe?
Old Time will tell you some day himself,
Our men were too ready to go.
The bold battle-guns on the brave battle-line
May mock men from every side,
And the gray of the smoke, if it mantles the dead,
Not a man used that mantle to hide.

So march to the glory, of flute-notes or drum,
Or with only the flag that you love,
You are on the tramp for those at home,
And for Right, that was coined above.
Does any man grudge, to Trial's way,
The toll of a few small years,
So that Love may bend, or his form at rest,
To smile through her holy tears?

No! Away to the battle, since go you must
And steady! each man with a will,
Go into the thick of the reeking Hell,
Till the fires are embered and still.

'Tis Humanity's voice, that is calling to you,
Your ears have drunk from the sound,
Be off to the front! There is work to do.
Wrong must be brought to the ground.

The Way of the Cross

Dear Friend: What we want is our country; we want it back again. We will not be as we were, not for a long time, if we ever do get our country back, but we will work hard, and from hard work we might make it something like it once was.

Our children ask us why all this is, and we wonder why ourselves, for we do not know where the answer is hiding.

Our King Albert has been so wonderful, has made himself almost a plain Belgian, and poor people so distressed as to be nearly crazed, have often seen tears in his eyes from the sorrows that are in his heart. Why, we could see he was trying to make us forget he was a King, and he came to us suffering himself, and was so kind and gentle we just took courage,

for we saw he was trying hard to make us brave.

Our children weep and we cannot please them. We try to please them but we cannot, since it is only words we have to give them. Meat, counted in American money, is now one dollar and twenty-five cents a pound. And our Government cannot even contract a loan because Germany refused to permit it while our country is held in German hands. We were so happy once. Now, families are separated, and some are lost forever, for we know nothing of their whereabouts. Those we know to be dead, we know where they are, but many children and young people are missing, and many tired eyes have become almost blinded watching for them everywhere. One gives up looking after many weeks of patient watching and praying.

Sometimes, when people in country places, or even in a big city like Brussels, suddenly see a shadow before them at night time or in the day, they have been known to cry out, thinking it is some one who has been lost and is returning home. Yet the Belgians try to

keep on hoping. People with kind hearts in their bodies heard the broken-hearted moans of our people, and many things of comfort were sent to them,—clothes to cover their nakedness and food for starving bodies.

I am a young soldier and have much to learn, but I never want to learn more about misery than I have seen in trampled, tortured, ill-used Belgium.

As long as I live I shall never forget one old man I found on the streets on the day when the German soldiers had entered Belgium.

He was a man about eighty-five years old, with a long white beard and soft white hair. I had seen him often before and always when I saw him he was moving feebly along, leaning heavily on a cane.

But the day of which I write, I saw that old man hurrying along the streets without his cane. Every few minutes he would look back, then he would turn and hurry on again. I stopped him, as I thought maybe his reason had left him.

"Tell me," I said, "where are you going?"

"Where am I going, boy," he said, as he halted and looked sadly into my face. "I'm going the way of the Cross. Look, young man!" He turned and pointed first to the North, then to the South, to the East, and to the West. "That forms a cross," he said, "and this day is the day of our crucifixion."

"Come with me," I said, "I will take you to safety."

"I am going into the church, boy," he replied. "I was there at baptism and I want to be there at death."

He hurried away almost like a man in the prime of his life, but I learned later that when he reached the church he found the doors had been locked by the German soldiers. He was found dead in the cemetery near the graves of his wife and his children.

It is said in Belgium now, that when the Germans are pushed from the Somme front they will come to the Belgian frontier, but for happenings we can only wait.

Generations yet unborn will never understand the filth of the the path we are travelling now. If their feet go by our graves in hap-

piness, let us hope they will feel a thrill for what we have suffered as we went on before them. Thank God no man can pass the same way through the world a second time!

Belgium.

IF THERE WERE NO WOMEN

Some of the fellows here would really like to solve your puzzle. But a question answered in a haphazard way takes with it no guarantee that the puzzle has been satisfactorily solved. Words may explain much, but to really understand, one must be, or must have been, a part of the thing he is trying to explain. It is true I am one, but only one, out of millions of men in this big storm of Rage, and it may be, if you appreciate words, you can gather some idea of the storm as it is.

You have asked a lot of the fellows to tell you of things they see. Well, many a time they cannot see at all. They often grope on, through the darkness of smoke that chokes them almost into suffocation, and often, when blinded and choking, a period stops them

short. It comes in the form of a bullet, and when it arrives, they know, if they know anything at all, that their groping is at an end.

Of all the stubborn things, the most stubborn is Death. When it comes, no persuasion on earth can move a man to the firing line again. Then, brave, handsome men, often stand knee deep in mud while their eyes look off toward the cannon's smoke, where, as they look, sometimes, foolish fellows,—they build. Let what they build be tall or little, you may be sure the castle is a fairy one for them, for anyone can see by their expression that the castle they are building is meant for a woman.

When the smoke is down and when the frail castle for a time has been demolished, I wish you would see the men leaning on their elbows as they look off in the distance, writing their love stories in the cornerstones of their minds. Maybe she is his mother, or his sweetheart. Maybe she is his daughter or his wife. One thing you may be sure of: when an attack is not on or one is not hourly looking for an attack, each man is dreaming of some woman. It is a woman who always walks into the

heads of the fellows here and invites the poor devils to make of her a dream.

Men brought together as they never have been before in the world's history, soon learn the map of the other fellow's mind, and I can assure you it is the dream woman that quickens a man's resolve.

If there were no women to return to after a long-drawn-out battle-day, if there were no homes, no children—well, chills would soon replace chivalry, and men would look at each other, a hatred yet unborn would enter their hearts and it wouldn't take long for them to sink into the inaction that would carry them back to the day that would give them a chance to prove the Darwinian theory.

When I was a boy, I attended a country school. There, I used to sit on a bench under a big tree that held out great strong arms calling for the wind to come and rock her. I have often wondered if that big tree knew the thoughts of the boy who was under one of her long dark arms. If she did, she would know I was thinking of the things I had read about wars in the school history. Many a time as

I sat dreaming, other fellows would steal up behind me and too often the bench I was sitting on rudely invited me to the ground.

I was always up and at them, and many a time boys were bumped by my fist as hard as the ground bumped me when I was sent to it. Bumps, however, could never erase from my mind the romantic dreams I had in my school days concerning war times. Now that I am in the worst war the world has ever known, I know my school-day dreams were bubbles beside this big fight.

Only yesterday I saw a man take the entire scalp off a man's head. Then, throwing it to another man, he called out to him to make of it a muff to guard against the cold weather that was coming on. This kind of thing goes on almost daily, and you ask me to describe it. I cannot describe it just as it is, but it is something like this.

Have you ever seen a great crowd of men that suddenly seemed to have gone stark mad? Have you ever heard the cry of anguished surprise, or the terrible noise of mocking artillery? Have you heard the booming of can-

nons? Have you seen the smoke, light and airy as it went upwards, or heavy, threatening and foreboding as it slowly lifts to show you the horrors beneath it? Have you ever seen men trampling one another? All the while you are forced to press on, knowing that the dying men beneath your feet are the worse for the weight of your heavy body, while the rivers of blood could find no outlet on the ground and must take their own time to sink in, and away from your horrified view.

Have you ever seen wounded men, carried in the open way of danger by comrades brave enough to risk their own lives, so that a friend may be made more comfortable? Have you ever seen the sweat on the forehead turn grimy and thick and the eyebrows become loaded with the weight of the dust that gathers until it enters the eyes?

Have you ever seen men break their own teeth as their jaws clinch with suffering, even as they refuse to call out, fearing to give satisfaction to the ears of a possible enemy? Above all this, have you ever seen the big dark devil-bird high in the air covering the horrors below

as it glides along diligently looking for lives, perhaps of a few delicate women or children?

One day last week I found two children lost and standing motionless on the field. Both were crying, as they clung one to the other, bound together by a common terror. They had forgotten their names, forgotten all else but their fright, that seemed to have paralyzed them completely. I took them up on my horse and carried them into the nearest village, where a woman, too poor to care for herself, volunteered to take care of the children. This is something like war. Have you peeped into the hospitals? Have you seen what is left of what was magnificent manhood? Have you heard him say with the little strength that is left in his weakened body that he wanted to be patched up so that he might once again be on the firing line?

I have laid awake at night because my brain was rocked by the noise of the cannon, and rest was hammered into what seemed to me to be one eternal waking journey.

Men crouch around me, and just across the

firing line other men are crouching, each and all planning to do the other fellow up, while overhead, the stars wink and around me the winds moan.

"God!" a man said yesterday, "I can't get it out of my head how I felt when I was in the German trench and helped to take German prisoners. To my left I suddenly saw a fellow who had been my lifelong friend. Before me was a comrade about to do him up. I shuddered as I turned my head away, but as I did so, I heard his voice as he called to me. 'It's all right, Larrie, I'd have done as much for you.'"

From my thoughts one thought is uppermost. Can it be true that everything goes only to a certain height and then for some reason begins the downward course? The rose bush, the tree, the height of man, the grass grown too tall, droops back again to the earth.

From old ways, new ways will be born, and as sparks from the anvil fade in the distance, so will grass grow and flowers bloom over the soldiers' graves. I am expecting to go into

battle perhaps in less than forty-eight hours. It may be that I am one who has grown too tall and may need pruning. From dreams in a country school-yard, where wars were always so wonderfully romantic, I have left behind me forever the coarse-limbed tree, and I am here in a filthy, muddy trench, the living opposite of childhood's empty dream. I am going out, and I am going out unafraid. If I must be knocked down for the things men hope to build up, it may be that my mission on earth has been a privilege, and I say to you and to the great people of your wonderful country, that I wish you well and I hope you may never know the horrors men here have experienced in a conflict that after all seems such a terrible penalty for humanity to pay for the privilege of paving better ways.

Somewhere in Flanders.

THE OLD MAN

I cannot thank you enough for your kindness to our boys over here in France. Your letters have been wonderfully helpful, and I

want you to know your messages of cheer and good will came to the boys like rays of sunshine on such cloudy days.

It is good to know the best people in your country are with us in this war. Will you think I am complaining if I venture to say, however, that while sympathy and prayers are fine in their way,—active help would be far more practical.

Well, why write of that to you, who have given the best that was in your mind just to encourage us? Later on, you shall see we mean to keep a promise now made to you. We are going to win. No matter how big a fight the Huns may put up, we will win out on the closing day.

When the war started they were the only people who were ready,—I was going to say, good and ready. On second thought I shall simply say, they were the only people who were ready. They had the largest and most perfect fighting machine the world has ever seen. We had practically no army worth speaking about—few guns, and only a very limited amount of ammunition.

Between the French and ourselves, we managed to stand them off in spite of all their advantages over us, and we feel that if they couldn't win during the first three months, when they had every advantage in their favor, it is an impossibility for them to win now that we are fully organized and are superior in men and in guns.

In morale, too, we are far superior. Our men know that we can beat the enemy every time we meet and almost under any condition now. The Huns have not the same stomach for a good standup fight that they had two years ago, and I think our boys have taken much of the overflow of conceit out of them.

Perhaps you would like to know about some of the things that go on at the front. If this letter is allowed to pass to you by the Censor, this incident in which I participated not long ago will very likely interest you.

You know we are not allowed to send any information in our letters that might be of value to the enemy if published, and this being so, I cannot be more specific as to names, places and dates.

I may say, however, that our battalion is a Canadian one, and has been somewhere in France for the past twelve months. Of course, we have had our share of fighting. Our losses have been very heavy, and many fine brave young fellows we have laid away since we came over here. Many of our men, too, have been wounded, some of them have been so badly wounded that they can never go back on duty again. Our commanding officer, although Canadian born and bred, was a retired Imperial army officer. When the war broke out they couldn't hold him back and he was given command of one of the battalions that were being raised in Ontario.

The commanding officer of the battalion is generally known as "The Colonel," or the C. C., for short, like Lord Roberts was familiarly known as "Bobs" because he was the idol of the British army. So our Colonel was known to us all as the "Old Man," not because he was old, for he was not much over fifty, but because we all really loved him.

Our Colonel was a gentleman in the truest sense of the word, and with us, his word was

law, and his decisions were accepted always without a murmur. Was he brave? Ah! I speak for all the boys and tell you something. On his breast were the ribbons for three campaigns and two special decorations for merit, and his war record was one that any soldier might well be proud of. With all this he wasn't a martinet. The comfort of his men was always his first thought, and he set his officers an example in this respect that they were all willing, and even proud, to follow.

When he was on the march our "Old Man" was very seldom mounted. He generally trudged along with his battalion, and as for grub,—what was good enough for his men was quite good enough for him.

In appearance he was rather small, and even meek looking. But when it came to fighting, —well, say—he was something to wonder at. He was a perfect demon. When not in action the demon was nowhere to be seen, and something of the angel seemed to be looking out through his nature.

It was always, "Come on, boys," and every man-Jack-of-us would have followed him to

certain death rather than lag behind when he was before us leading the way.

With such a commanding officer, it was no wonder that our battalion gained a good reputation for doing things, or that we were selected to attack one of the strongest positions in the German lines. The enemy had boasted that the position was impregnable. They often jeered our men across "No-Man's-land," that lay between our trench and theirs, for they were very close together at this point, and they often dared us to "Come on." This had worked us all up into a very angry state, and we swore that when we got the order to attack, we would make a thorough job of it, no matter how good a fight the Huns put up.

When finally we got the order to charge, we went in with a will, and were on top of those Huns, I think, before they quite realized that an attack was coming. As usual, our Colonel showed us the way, and we followed him, knowing that he was leading us to victory. In five minutes there wasn't much fight left in any Huns that were alive in those trenches. We had cleaned them out so thoroughly that

there was no doubt who had won the fight. There were a couple of counter-attacks before we had time to consolidate our winnings, but so good was the practice of our artillery that but few Germans succeeded in reaching us, and these were either shot down or taken prisoners.

By this time it was dark night. A heavy downpour of rain was falling, and after consolidating our gains as best we could, we set about removing the dead and getting the wounded back where they could receive medical attention. I had been shot through the left arm, but a brother officer had given me first aid, and although I was very weak, I managed to find my way back to the dressing-station in the rear. As I passed along, occasionally meeting comrades, inquiries were plentiful as to how we had fared, who had been killed, who were wounded, how badly, and where were they lying.

One question was invariably asked. "How is the 'Old Man?' Is the 'Old Man' all right?"

So far as I knew, he was all right. When I had last seen him, he was in the enemy

trench, and had shot down a German officer, and was emptying his automatic into some dozen of the enemy who were putting up a stiff fight. Our arrival, and the landing of a couple of bombs in their midst, made them quickly throw up their hands and surrender, and soon some new development in the fight separated us and I had all I could do to look after myself. It was while consolidating the trenches that I got the bullet through my arm.

When near our quarters, who should I run up against but McGuire, the Colonel's body servant, an old Irish veteran, who had been the Colonel's man when he was in the regular army. They had served together, those two, for over twenty years, and the love that David felt for Jonothan wasn't in it with the way McGuire idolized the "Old Man."

McGuire thought the sun rose in the Colonel's eyes, and set especially for the benefit of his master's rest, and woe betide any one in the battalion or outside of it, who dares to say a word against the Colonel of our battalion in the presence of McGuire.

He tackled me at once with "Have you

seen the 'Auld Man' tell me, have you seen him, and how is he?" I hastened to assure him that the "Colonel" was all right when I last saw him, and that I had been talking to him but a few minutes before. As McGuire and I were talking there came to us the steady noise of tramping feet, and presently one of our sergeants, with his head bound up, and looking very pale, his clothes covered with mud, came into the streak of light that shone from the door of the little shack where McGuire held undisputed authority. At once he was greeted by McGuire's anxious inquiry, "Hullo, I am glad to see you alive. Is the 'Auld Man' come?" The sergeant halted suddenly, and stood at the salute and then looking at McGuire and myself in a dazed sort of way, he stammered, "Yes—the 'Auld Man' has come. The—'Old Man'—has come—back."

McGuire's face was aglow at the good news, and he hurried away to the regimental cook sergeant for the hot tea he knew his master would be needing after his long day of trial. He meant the "Old Man" should take his rest after he had been warmed up, and he went off

murmuring that he would see to it that no one should disturb his rest.

Soon he was hurrying back with a steaming cup in his hand, but just before he reached the shelter he had put up for his master, he was stopped by one of the regimental officers. Saluting, McGuire said, "Very glad to see you safe, Captain, I suppose you know the 'Auld Man' is come."

With a haggard face and twitching lips, the officer replied in a low tone, "Oh, yes, the Colonel is here." McGuire pushed his way into the rude hut where he found the regimental doctor and several other officers standing between the door and his master's couch. Forgetting military etiquette for once, he eagerly called across them to his master: "Colonel, indade I'm glad you're back, sir! I have your tea here, sir—or perhaps you would like a little hot soup, sir,—or else maybe——"

One of the officers interrupted him. Laying his hand upon his shoulder, he said in a hoarse whisper, "Don't you understand, McGuire—the Colonel is——"

The two men looked into each other's eyes for a moment and then McGuire, with a groan that seemed to rend the very heart within him, staggered forward. The officers stood aside so that he might see the outline of a figure which was lying on the couch covered by a military cloak. McGuire was on his knees, and with a touch as gentle as a woman's, he reverently raised the covering and gazed upon the cold dead face of the master he had loved so well, and served for so many eventful years. At the sight of McGuire's grief, the officers turned away, so that they might not appear to witness a man's heartbroken agony.

On the face of the "Old Man" there was a smile like the smile he was always so ready to give when any one was downhearted and needed a little bracing up. Looking at him, I felt that the soul of the man had found its way out through that kindly smile, for to me, his smile had always explained the workings that were hidden away in a heart both generous and humane. His spirit had passed in the hour of victory, but he left behind him, to his battalion, a record that would always be kept

sacred in memory to inspire those who remained to emulate his courage.

Somewhere in France.

Actors Always Prepare

Germans are a glad lot when they are taken as prisoners and safely housed and fed by the English hand. Nearly all the prisoners express themselves as relieved at being out of the conflict. It is amazing to see what a happy lot they are, herded together in an English prison, for without exception all of them seemed certain of being exterminated by the guns of the Allies. Moreover, few of the German prisoners-of-war seem to understand the nature of the conflict, but all of them have deeply imbedded in their mind the superstitious certainty that a Divine Providence will give to the Fatherland a victory that will mock enemies for all time to come.

Nearly all of them have ping-pong heads, are narrow-chested, weak of limb and, taking them altogether, they are a sorry-looking lot. Their belief in the Kaiser is pathetic. To him

the right to hew down or to build up at will. They pray but little, feeling assured their cause is well-protected, so they eat, and sing the songs dear to the German heart, and if in their sleep they have dreams, they are sure to be of the spilling of English blood and their successful entry into London.

Since coming here I know well England never expected Germany to attack her. England admired Germany in many ways and considered her a friend. Germany is considered an educated nation, but her education is narrow, being of the brain and not of the heart. She was a nation getting ready for the wider opening of her mouth, having long had a taste for greater power. If she were to win in this conflict she would open her mouth all the wider, in the hope of swallowing other nations. England wanted peace and therefore was slow preparing to meet an enemy. Germany was long preparing and she was uppish accordingly.

Actors always prepare before coming into the glare of the foot-lights. Once there, they feel assured of their power, and it takes more

than incandescent lights to knock them from their self poise.

The Kaiser has been a good warrior, but he will be sure to die a good worrier!

Somewhere in France.

A Woman Looked Up at Me from the Street

I am resting in a hospital here trying to get well of my wounds. Men around me are trying hard to fool themselves into the thought that they are happy. Often when a poor devil groans in agony we try to think it is the sound of an organ playing his wedding march. It is sunny in the streets outside, but in here we see it as though we were looking through a veil, or as if something is held over our eyes. I wish we could get healed as quickly as we got wounded. Good things always come slower than bad things, but a good thing came quickly to me only a few minutes ago.

A woman looked up at me from the street and waved her handkerchief and smiled. I didn't happen to have a handkerchief ready, but the bandage on my arm was loose, so I

pulled it off and waved back at her. Then we both laughed, and now I feel more cheerful and somehow everything seems to have brightened up a bit.

Can't you do something to help us realize our wishes? We are always wishing. We keep on wishing and through it all we do not seem to be able to forget.

Men are coming in here daily and sometimes they come in nearly every hour. Last night a thunder storm came up and all the men woke up—some of them calling out loud. They thought they were in the thick of it again—but very few of them ever will be, for most of them are done for.

I am now going to look, hoping to again see the pretty woman pass in the street beneath my window. I have my bandage ready and shall wave first, if I am lucky enough to see her coming. What would sick and wounded men do if they could never see a woman's face?

Paris.

Meeting the Kids at Home

Lately there has been a sad falling off of our brave soldiers. If we live to get back home one thought makes us grow cold; that thought is our march through the city streets while some of our bravest boys are lying dead away off here and we are going back home without them. Now we understand the wet eyes of those who loved us best when we left home. After all, it seems to be the women who understand suffering. Men must experience it, or see it, to properly understand.

How can we meet the gaze of the mothers of our dead comrades? How can we meet the look in the eyes of sweethearts and of wives? Above all, how can we look into the eyes of inquiring little children, and how can we properly explain to them?

One of my comrades received a letter the other day from his little girl. She wrote him "To hurry home so he can rock her to sleep in his arms as he did before he went away."

The child is an invalid, and when the letter was read to my comrade he wept bitter tears from his sightless eyes. He is stone blind and

both his arms are gone. He wants to die, but the soul is in him and he must stay a while longer.

Some of our grandest soldiers are torn crosswise—up and down—and most of the wounds will never heal.

I saw a fellow yesterday bend forward to drink from a cup. Suddenly, he realized both arms were gone. Tears fell on his cheeks and dried there.

It is awful to hear the wounded soldiers talk about their terror of meeting the kids at home. Most of them are afraid the change in their appearance will frighten their little ones, and I guess it will.

All the poor, brave, broken soldiers have to depend on now is—love.

The love of their country—the love of their children—the love of their wives, and the mother-love that is immortal.

I tell you if a good soldier's wife, or his children, turn from him, the broken shoulders that held on so bravely to his country's flag will degenerate from despair, and those who will be responsible should be branded as the

cowards of their country for all the rest of their vile lives.

Mexico has long been picking the patience off of the gilding of the American gate. We trust Mexico is not big enough to carry your great nation into a war, for does it not seem pitiful to chastise the people of such a race by steeping the rod in the blood of good men?

Many of the fellows here wish your country was fighting with the Allies,—your English-speaking cousins. No doubt you are doing much good for us in your own way, and we hope you understand that we feel we are capable of bringing the German Kaiser to the use of New Thought,—as a looking-glass through which he can view himself and his methods for all future time.

Certainly his barbarous system has furrowed the brow of the whole civilized world into a lasting frown.

One may travel far on the avenues of Wrong —but the price of leather is sometimes very high, and when one's shoes are at last worn to the skin the road of Wrong is not so pleasant,

as anyone who has travelled that road knows to his sorrow.

I cannot write poetry—much as I should like to answer you in that way. Here is a verse that suggests itself to me at the present time. I have called it:

DOWN WITH THE KAISER'S WISH.

Down with the Kaiser and his men,
Down with his brutal, babbling ken,
Down with all those who wish him well,
Down with his Wish—to his Friend in Hell.

Somewhere in Flanders.

VERDUN

Verdun, we sing your song of praise today,
'Twas you, who battled, you who to Paris
blocked the way,
Thy gates immortal stand, upon a height
Locked by the guards of Valor and of Right.

Verdun, eternal Verdun, while years are in
the world,
Thy heroism, for all time, shall be unfurled.
Thy strength, a monument, enduring, just,
Shall point to Triumph, while thine enemies
are—Dust.

THE MOTHERS AND THE WIVES

Have been at Verdun but I am now going toward the north of France. You should see Paris as I see it today. Never was it as picturesque as it is at the present time with its uniformed soldiers; its proud young braves wearing their decorations, won on the battlefield.

The anxious look on the faces of the French people is giving way to a more peaceful look of resignation. Whenever there comes the sound of the Marseillaise, people everywhere seem suddenly to grow frantic. I recall the week in the early days of the war when the American Ambassador made a formal declaration requesting Americans to leave Paris. That week over a million people hurriedly left the city and everywhere horror brooded over a great people. Many French families left also, fearing for the lives of their little children, but my family decided to remain by the guns to the very last.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from my mother. The envelope was bordered in black and before opening it it told me the story I

was expecting to hear. I read on that black border of the death of my brave soldier brother. He had been terribly wounded at Verdun and he died a horrible death, caused by coming into contact with German gases. His lungs were eaten away and his eyes destroyed. I am glad he is gone. I tell you it is better so. When a fine fellow is torn to pieces with his future before him and he only a remnant of what he was, one likes to think of such a one as sleeping. My mother in time will be resigned when she realizes she has given a son for a cause that will bring lasting peace to an otherwise threatened world. She says she is grieving now for other mothers—those who know their sons are suffering and they can be of little use to them.

I tell you it is the mothers and the wives who have felt the sting of suffering the most, and I am afraid men will always see in the eyes of our women at home the hidden suffering they are so bravely trying to carry in their almost broken hearts.

France.

You Ask Such Questions

All around me there are big brave fellows with big brave hearts, and into their big brave hearts comes a feeling of thankfulness that they are not forgotten. That thought strengthens the soldiers and when, once in a while, a fellow begins to hang his under jaw, all the others try to boost him up by telling him he is a silly ass for his dejection, for he is not forgotten.

You ask such questions. Why, don't you know the questions you ask are the last letters of the alphabet. We are not down that far in letters as yet, so we can't spell out the things we do not know. But as to how a man feels—or as to how men feel when going right into a battle—well, that is so big a question that to describe it makes a fellow feel just about as drunk as he felt when he was right in the battle smoke, when all around him and before him, and above him, he seemed forever to have closed himself away from all hope.

That he could ever again find his way back from the dense forest of smoke,—that he could ever again expect to go back to his old life

seems, if he thinks of it at all,—only a foolish dream which quickly passes as the smoke remains.

I was right in the thick of that smoke,—right in the midst of it. When we should have been saying "May God forgive us,"—we went, man for man, with bayonet and with fist, each determined to put the other down. We took the trench we wanted. We lost it again and once again we took it. The price was great. Long afterwards we knew the price had to be paid for the men who went down in the smoke, not only by the men themselves, but by the wives and the parents and the children that must get a dose of the bitter afterwards.

So I must tell you that a man really don't know just how he feels when he is in a hand-to-hand battle, or in the thick of the smoke that spells death. Nor does a man know how strong he really is until he knows his time has come, either to grip on or to hand over his last breath.

It might surprise you to hear that a lot of the men are superstitious when face to face with danger. Seeing as much of them as I

have, I think if the poor fellows take comfort in superstition it does a great deal of good.

I saw one fellow hold tenderly to a rabbit's foot which his wife had given him when he was leaving home. It surprised me to see the comfort that man got from the ugly thing which is supposed to bring its owner luck. When we went into action he was right by my side, and I saw him go down, never to breathe again.

A few days before he was killed, he had said to me, "You've been mighty good to me, Joe. Let me tell you something: If at any time I should forget to take my rabbit's foot with me, should we get a call, and if anything should happen that I don't get back, you just take it, for if I can see and know anything, it will make me feel glad to know you are having luck."

The chaplain made such a beautiful prayer when he was buried, but I think I was the only one who knew that in his pocket was stored away the rabbit's foot, which had failed him at the end.

France.

War Machinery Turns the Knitting Needle

As I look over the ruins, I try to think. But thinking is like a crochet needle that twines itself into the thread so that the pattern may be woven and at the end will come that which was desired.

I am a soldier, and not knowing how to use the needle, can only look over the ruins here and try to think what the city of Verdun was like before the scourge of war. The things that are to be in the future, when the noise of battle has ceased and when the ruins are repolished and the quiet has been restored, one can only surmise.

The terrible drive of the German soldiers and their frantic efforts to gain the road to Paris has been so awful that one thinks with dread of the mighty strength that is stored away in the brains and the arms of determined fighting men.

I wish you could see war as it really is. Men and women who are far away from it no doubt speak of it with horror and soon they may grow tired of the war talk, since war is a heavy subject. But the men in the trenches

and on the firing line, dare not grow tired of the talk or of the war, and day and night the cruel hand of the war machinery turns the needle that will some day finish a pattern that we all hope will last until the end of time. When such a brain moves in the head of such a man as Sir Douglas Haig and gets to working, we all know the pattern will come out as was intended and to the credit of a civilized world.

Some of the trenches are now only shell pits, and men have learned the quick movements that so often cheat the bullets which are chasing each other for the purpose of giving death.

In the north the fighting is on and I am told it grows worse every day, but we have enough to do here, and we must keep at it, for Paris is near, and France believes in us. The heaps of dead German soldiers on the field are terrible. Many of our soldiers have fallen, and of course more will follow them, but the men are so filled with determination that they do not seem to be afraid. A man must be laid out for good before he shows the

white feather. Even when he is down, it is seldom that he is thinking of himself. It is pitiful to hear some of the men talking of their homes and their home people when they know their time is short. I, myself, was wounded, but I can tell you I gave but little thought to my wounds when I saw the other fellows' bravery and great unselfishness. When torn almost into strips, many of them seem to be thinking only of friends and family and of the great cause for which they are suffering.

"Tell my little sister I wish I had bought her that doll," a dying soldier whispered to me.

"I'll get one for her, Alec," I told him. But he did not seem to be half satisfied.

"Thanks," he whispered faintly, "but after all, Bob, that won't be me, will it? I didn't get her the doll in the shop window—but God bless you, Bob, if you will get one for her. You just tell her for me, I said good-bye, and for her to grow up and be a good girl just as our mother used to be. Tell her all this, Bob, and don't forget to tell her I just fell asleep, and say—Bob," he said as his voice grew

fainter, "don't you dare go worrying my little sister about me."

In a few minutes he was gone. I have written a friend about the doll in the window, for who can tell whether Fate has decreed that I, myself, will ever get back to Bob's old home?

The men here try their best to be gay. They tell jokes; they sing hymns, and some of the boys compose funny stories, but through it all there is hanging before us the gray curtain of the battle smoke.

I know a number of fellows here who always loved the gay things of the world, but they are greatly changed now, and are often heard singing sacred hymns instead of the gay tunes of the Parisian cafés.

One day a fellow was cleverly imitating church bells by a peculiar twist of his lips.

"How did you catch on to that?" I asked him.

"Easy enough," he answered. "A fellow gets to thinking hard and then he does things. I am thinking here, sometimes, and in all this danger I see again the day when the London

bells called me to worship, and I would not listen to them. I wish to God, Bob," he said, "I had the same chance now."

That is how a lot of the men feel, for they know they are face to face with death. No soldier loves to kill. But a man must protect his own, and to kill before we are killed seems the only thing to do. It is a terrible thing, but it must be done.

Before this war began many of us had friends in the enemy's ranks, but today each of us is seeking the other with shot and with shell, and only memories remain of the days when we were children and played together. But this is war. Horrible? Yes, but necessary.

I studied to be a clergyman, but I am fighting instead. Gruesome, isn't it? Let us all hope the day may come when man's strength will not be the tool to put down oppressors. We have such wonderful brains in our war machinery; such men as Col. Winston Churchill, who gave up so much at home and came here and was soon made a Colonel; such men as the great Lloyd George, General Robertson,

Admiral Sir David Beatty, Admiral Jellico, Sir Edward Grey, and the Premier of England—Premier Asquith. Premier Asquith has sent to the front three of his handsome sons. Lieutenant Herbert Asquith and Lieutenant Arthur Asquith were wounded in the Dardanelles, and another brother, Raymond Asquith, is now at the front. Great Britain has not produced finer boys than the Asquith brothers. So you see with such fighting blood fighting for a great cause we have no fear of the outcome.

But I am writing too long a letter. I must be up and doing. The soldiers send regards to well-wishers, for we know that well-wishers send thoughts our way which some day may bloom into one great everlasting reality.

Verdun.

SOMETHING THE WORLD IS CALLING FOR

It seems to me after having seen and heard the horrors of this war, those who go from it, on hearing the national airs, will appreciate them as never before. Verdun, after a

terrible resistance, has told the German War-God that his dream was but a dream and the waking time has come. After all, what a rotten thing is boastful strength! And how soon the boastful can change their tune into a moaning pipe. Has there ever been in the world's history greater evidence that the powerful in every walk of life are the thinking people who, as they go on their way, prefer to do things in a peaceful manner yet who, when unjustly aroused, can show the strength of the tiger's jaw? I have seen the Kaiser at least a dozen times in my life; and I have talked with him on two occasions. On both of those occasions he impressed me as a man who could not brook contradiction. While I have always heard him lauded as a man of great bravery, my private opinion of him was entirely the reverse. He seemed to me to be consumed with a vanity which was almost overbearing, and I recognized in his eyes and in his expression the type of man who, if once overruled, could be completely cowed.

The fellows here feel that the Kaiser's dream has been to whip us good and then wink

at America. A cousin of mine has in his possession a letter from a member of the Kaiser's own household, and in that letter there are two lines which tell how the Kaiser has always dreamed of becoming a greater Napoleon. Further on in the letter there is another allusion to the same subject, saying the Kaiser must succeed.

Yesterday was a bleak day here. A great number of our brave soldiers were laid to rest, and I feel that every man who witnessed the scene was thinking of the families of the soldiers, probably at that moment waiting for news. Your country is on the peaceful side of the world, and if anything the fellows have written is worth while, you may use it to help humanity.

It isn't saying much to say we are now more comfortable than we were at first, for at first our fate was hardly like anything decent men should have to endure. But we are in it—in it to bring out something that the world is calling for. In the trenches, we hear the cry, when we are on the fighting line, we hear the cry,—when we are retreating, we hear the cry.

Awake and asleep we hear it, and amid insects—for there are millions of them here, and the filth, and the discomforts, the hunger and the thirst, and the suffering—no matter what comes, no matter what goes, the cry goes on and the echoes come back again to us. That cry is the call for victory, and the echoes are answered to every calling voice. We mean to gain victory, for it is needed for a world's salvation. Victory will mean future peace, and from peace a better humanity will surely arise.

France.

The Lord Gives and Then He Takes Things Back Again.

I was at a funeral before I came into this war. The minister said: "The Lord gives and then He takes things back again."

I have many a night thought about those words here in the dark. And do you know, it sounds all right, because I think He takes things back to see if we measured up as he

wanted us to do. There is a jolly lot of beggars who would like to keep everything for themselves, never wanting to pass anything on, so that the man who gave 'em the presents decided it would be a lot better to have a hand in the gain, by taking things back and looking them over.

My little baby—nine months old—died since I came here and I have never seen him. He was a little boy and I am promised his picture and I can hardly wait to get it, because children are beautiful and I wanted mine.

I was wounded in the leg but I am better and am at it again for good or bad. Lord, but it has been awful at times! I would like to tell you all about it, but I am told it isn't safe. All the letters are to be looked at by somebody called a Censor.

I wish I hadn't lost my baby, but when I did I sent to my wife four lines out of your poem to have put on the paper or at the graveyard. Two fellows here helped me to pick out the verse and I will always remember them for it to my dying day. This is what I picked out:

"Thou art as foam on galleries of a sea
That disappears, only to rise again,
Or valued gem, reposing in the dust,
To resurrected be, illumined new, to reign."

It sounds fine but it makes me feel badly. I must not get wounded again if I can help it, for I am wanted back home since the baby died. But here work must be done, and do you know what we all are? We are all capenters, making the pole on our flag longer so that our flag will go higher than it has ever been before. *Flanders.*

LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING.

When first the boys came to war, the song was "Tipperary." Tipperary was a long way off, so the boys said then, and to me that song sounds a mighty long way off today. We can't even hear an echo of it and I know it couldn't be sung nearly so loud today, because so many of the boys who sang that song are father away, now than they ever have been, because they will never sing another song on this earth. There are greater things in the

trenches than have ever been thought outside, which are used to keep men from getting the punches of the other fellow.

Little rooms are fitted up for the officers, with all kinds of conveniences and with telephones that tell us when it is time to make an attack. No matter how big the feet of the German army, nor how long their arms, they can't get at those men in the little rooms beneath the ground.

Let me tell you something: An organ grinder with a monkey trimmed in a red jacket and cap would be a grand party now for us fellows here. But on second thought, the red jacket and cap would have to be discarded if we wanted to keep the poor monkey safe from stray bullets. Men all huddled together see great fun in things they only thought good enough for the kiddies before this war. To me it is the oddest thing to see us men fighting here for big things and all the time growing so easy to please with the little things.

One day up in the north of France a crowd of German soldiers marched bravely into a

graveyard. They took down the tombstones and made themselves comfortable by using the stones for tables on which they ate their fill over the printed names of the departed. The next day French soldiers made a discovery. The German soldiers, who had dined on the demolished gravestones, had visited a large vault and played shuffle-board with the coffins, trying, perhaps, to find out if the bones of the departed were strong enough to hurl back at their own people.

Not far from me a fellow is singing and he has a sweet voice. I cannot catch the words he is singing, but it sounds to me like a hymn. I recall years ago I heard it said that everything ascends through suffering. If you will come into a trench you will know it is true. Even to ascend to the level ground might give our souls a good chance to peel off our bodies, and I can tell you when a fellow's heart is heavy, it is mighty hard for his body to go on.

We are sorry our friends and our folks at home can't get word in a nice way if we get a knock-out blow. It's terrible they can't get a little notice about us beforehand. Not a line

can any of them get saying, "He's a little worse" or "He's a little better."

Not a line saying, "Prepare for the worst."

When they hear about a poor duffer it's usually just this: "Killed in action," and I can believe news sent suddenly in those words drives many to inaction for the rest of their lives.

Well-cared-for people grumble entirely too much, and are too ready to bite off the good names of people when they should be thankful for the comfortable homes that are given them for good purposes. I say every house is comfortable that doesn't let in rain. Even if it is in an alley, it isn't in a trench. And it beats me, that people who wag their tongues to cut other people up, enjoy themselves when they use the same tongue in wagging their prayers.

I wish you could come to see us but then, what's the good of wishing? Maybe to wish helps to pass the time, and I can tell you if some of the fellows' wishes were to come true you would see many an odd sight.

Flanders.

To Know Things Best Is to Find Out by Losing.

A snowstorm is raging, so I have time to write, as I promised my dying comrade I would. He placed his hand on his heart, and said, "You go on and leave me here alone, this will stop ticking before morning."

He had two Australian cousins who were great soldiers and one of them was killed not long ago, somewhere on the firing line. When Joe was dying he told me he could see him, and I hope he could, for he talked about those cousins a great deal when he was sick.

I suppose men have tough hearts—unlike a woman's—for it was not until yesterday that I woke up and resolved to keep my promise to Joe. Then I went on an errand for one of the officers and, passing through a dark strip of woods, I suddenly came to a grave covered with snow. I got off my horse and found at the head of the grave a rough wooden cross on which was faintly scribbled in lead pencil the name "Ed:" There was no last name. Taking off my hat from

my head, I felt a strange chill, as I saw beneath the name the words, "Home at Last."

I suppose the fellows who put him there did not know his last name, and I am sorry for that. We think and we talk a great deal about people at home who live in small streets, with a bath-tub upstairs; with hot and cold water running through pipes; with gas and a bed at night after a warm supper. It makes us sick to think of them complaining. I can tell you that the poorest families there are like millionaires compared with us, so far as real comforts go, and they don't seem to know it. I suppose to know things best is to find out by losing.

As for the rich—they are doing a lot to help us. Rich people would be heathens to tighten their purses just now when this old world is walking backwards on the edge of its heels, going to the side of a big hill when it may fall over if people do not keep up their courage and our courage, too. All we want is enough rope to pull us back, or to loosen rope enough to let us string up the barbarians. Today, France is all snow, all dark, all gloom, and the end

is far away, but we are heading for Berlin and if we do get there we will not treat the Germans with the low brutality they handed out to decent people beyond their gates.

France.

THE CLOUDS AND THE BLUE.

When the clouds are kissing the blue, dear,
'Tis then I am thinking of you, dear.
And when the raindrops are falling too,
Kissing the earth, I am thinking of you,
For you are the rose of my lonely life,
You are the song on the lips of strife.

When the clouds are kissing the blue, dear,
'Tis then I am thinking of you, dear.
Over the waters and far o'er the land
You guide my life—you gave me your hand,
You are the joy in the heart of Love,
You are my hope of the earth and above.

When the raindrops are falling too, dear,
I know you are always true, dear.
Night is on me, and you are away,
Away in the land of our own yesterday.
In clouds and in raindrops, again I see,
And I hear your voice—it is calling me.

I am writing to tell you that a handsome chap, just as brave as he was handsome, had the words of the Clouds and the Blue. I want you to know the boy loved the verses. He was an Australian and he was hit by a fragment of a shell and died soon afterwards. Before he went he gave me the words, but I am not sure about making them out properly for the paper is mud-stained and torn.

I know you wish us good luck. We need it.

Flanders.

I Was Not Afraid to Die.

Not a soul can get what the good people have sent us here, unless they get us too.

My brother was killed in Belgium after he had returned from a visit to France. The Germans came through and just powdered the whole country, and my poor brother went down without time to say a word to his God about his fear or his hope of meeting Him.

Our skins are growing thick and coarse, but our hearts are softer than when we came into

this awful war. Men grow sick and reel at the ghastly memory of broken lives and lost homes. Sometimes it is a relief when we hear a torn comrade is dead and gone away from it all. Our King is more than King—our King is a Saint. Our Queen is our guardian angel and we know our God is looking on. Some of the German soldiers here said to us, "You see what your God does for you now. God is with the Germans, you fool, and as long as you have eyes, use them and see that this is so."

I was not afraid to die so I answered back: "We trust in God, even though such as you bring to us black suffering. God knows what suffering means, and He knows that from it, can be built up to Him, men who stand deep in the ruins made by His enemies."

The German soldiers laughed loudly at me and then a very stout German soldier spat in my face. The other soldiers looking on laughed again—then most of them spat on the ground. I wiped off the insult with my handkerchief and later I threw the handkerchief away. I knew it seemed wasteful to be reck-

less with the linen, but somehow that handkerchief seemed to me to be accursed.

Whether or not the German Emperor considers himself a figure of destiny, he and his people can best answer, but those who have seen the brutality and have felt the iron glove of the German have good reason to feel that detestation would be the word that could better describe the whole German military system.

We have patience and we hope on. I am glad to say I can write and speak English as well as I do my native tongue. Just now I recall lines from a little hymn I heard when, as a small boy, I was visiting in Ireland.

"Dark Night has come down
On this rough-spoken world;
But the banner of Truth,
Is forever unfurled.
Though night is upon us,
No home can we see,
Our Father in Heaven
We call upon Thee."

From somewhere in Belgium.

LIGHTS WENT OUT ALL OVER PARIS.

Last night I saw a Zeppelin. I was out on a balcony making it comfortable for some ladies who wanted to come out there to look over the city. I was at Verdun and got a good case of poisoning from German gas and I am now improving and am on a visit to friends in Paris. I hope to go north in the near future but I know you would much rather hear about the Zeppelin.

The telephone in the room behind the balcony rang once, twice and thrice. I could not move. I just looked up and kept looking up on the thing coming on through the night. The lights went out all over Paris, but the telephone kept on ringing. There I was on the balcony, unable to move. In a little while I ran inside to get my pistol. I found it and let the telephone ring. Then I went back to the balcony and watched the night-bird. After awhile it seemed to come lower down, and then I must have lost my head, for I shot at it and soon my revolver was empty. The damnable bird came on, not in the least disturbed by my pistol shots, and someone

screamed at me to get inside, but I hated to move. Suddenly I thought of the women folk inside. I ran in and down the stairs and told them to lie on the floor and get under blankets. This they did, but the noise outside that night would make your blood run cold. We are alive yet, but many are dead and the killing is still going on in this war which never seems to get tired, no matter how many men it calls away.

France.

Sometimes They Break Without Powder or Shell.

I want to let you know how we are doing at present. So far I and my relatives are safe but we are busy trying to keep on the lookout to escape the sudden coming of German gas. You know if the wind is from the enemy's side, the gas comes through pipes and might get at us without notice. Some of the trenches are now nothing but shell pits and we are most of the time on the jump and many a time we find it convenient to take shelter behind a

useful hill. Often when desperately hungry we can take our choice—bombardment or soup. To get the soup we have to run the risk of meeting powder, so biscuits and sometimes a little canned meat have to keep us going.

What's the use of trying to tell much about what is so big that there is no explaining it? Soldiers are not made of iron and sometimes they break even without powder or shell. Many a time they do not care if the break comes fast, especially when they get the blues, but usually men want to keep right on until this great cause is won. Hell on earth it is, and hell on earth it will be until the gates of Heaven are opened and Peace appears in the door and says: "Fellows, you come right in and stay." Until then, horrors must be and the men here must keep right at it and make of themselves fuel to keep the flames burning. Take it from me, while you are in peace, keep it, before you go to pieces.

Verdun

A French Soldier is a French Gentleman.

(Translated by Rev. Francis J. Henning.)

You wish to know about French soldiers? There is much to tell while the confusion of this war is approaching a crisis and men have not much time in which to write long letters.

A French soldier, my friend, is not only a French soldier but, usually, a French gentleman as well.

You inquire so cordially, and the people, your friends, have been so kind, especially to the Belgian people, that it seems only right in recalling this, to send to you, and to them a few words of esteem.

We have in France a greater general than was Napoleon. Certainly it cannot be necessary to tell you that the name of this wonder-man is—General Joffre. We have another wonderful general, also, and of course you have heard of him—the great General Foch. There are many others; each and all of them, in their different ways, are the pride of France.

The French soldiers have been like oldtime warriors. I was wounded myself and, having had time to rest, I watched the men at times and I am afraid that I thought that even in battle there can be a mighty grandeur.

Tourists have often made remarks concerning the gayety of the Frenchman's nature. Tourists have never seen the Frenchmen in battle, however, and if they did the greatest souvenir they could carry away with them would be the memory of a Frenchman fighting for his country in the hours of his country's trial.

Many of the soldiers, at times, have not known what sleep meant for many days and nights. Many of them fought on, even when wounded, not giving up until they dropped from exhaustion.

Somehow, as I think of those soldiers as I saw them in battle, I try to look forward to a day when a dreaming artist will attempt to show on a painted canvas the French soldier, as he is, and has been, at his best.

I have seen men, forgetting they were hungry, ignoring the thought of rest, and I

have seen them, mud-stained and blood-stained, and always with the same eager, determined look in the eyes wherein the tourist saw only merriment and laughter.

I have seen the soldiers breathe their last, wishing to live only to be of service, and I have seen men with open wounds carrying a mortally wounded comrade into the open jaws of danger, because another way around might be a rougher road and the wounded man they were carrying might suffer greater discomfort.

The men of France are fighting to free themselves and their loved ones from the flames that are licking their way toward their country for the purpose of consuming it at the enemy's will.

I have seen soldiers whom I knew in Paris, that were known there as the gayest men of the city. Here some of them are the most serious men in the whole battle arrangement. They are untiring and unafraid of the tortures that threaten them on every side. No matter what comes their way, they seem to surmount it, and no song that ever will be written, or

lines that ever can be penned, or pictures that may ever be painted will do justice to the French soldier as he appeared with arms extended to protect his beloved country.

Most of the French soldiers are tall and slender. If you understand the athletic build you will understand the endurance of the French soldier.

The soldiers of France are not so far away from their homes as are many of the soldiers of the other allied countries. The knoweldge of this seems to give to them great comfort.

One day an English officer said to me: "The French soldier in battle is a genuine moving picture."

I think he described the Frenchman in battle as they really appear to me, although until it had been suggested to me I had not thought of it in exactly that way. I am in charge of many men, but am forced to rest for awhile. Have I seen men die? Yes, I have seen many—too many of them close their eyes, for a noble cause. Only yesterday I was standing by a man's bedside when he suddenly opened his eyes. "France," he said, in a feeble voice,

"France, you are my country! On you I live, on you I die!"

"You'll be better soon," I said to him.

"I think so, too," he said. "Do you know I can see the old school-house and the bench under the big tree."

"You know me?" I asked him, for I thought he was delirious.

"Certainly I know you, Victor," he said smiling, and then I knew his head was perfectly clear.

"You'll be better soon," I assured him again, "don't give in, France needs you."

"Victor," he said to me, as he looked straight into my eyes, "when a man's going out he knows it. It is then, Vic, the things of his childhood come back to visit him. A man may rest on the wounds of his country, but childhood is kind for it takes him back into happier days, and somehow a man forgets his suffering."

Outside, the noise of war suddenly became louder.

The dying man leaned on his arm, his eyes strained, as he tried to listen.

"Hear that, Vic," he said, "that noise out there is brotherly love on the way to kill."

I laid his head on the pillow.

"I got this blow, Vic," he said, "helping a wounded friend to shelter. I'll tell you a little about him. When he goes back home he is going to be married to the girl I have always loved. I wanted that girl, Vic, more than I want my life now. But she didn't see me because she was looking the other way."

He stopped talking and he did not speak again. He was gone before sunrise, and the thing that hurts me more than my own wound is the fact that if I live I have promised to be the best man at the wedding of Victor's friend. So goes it with men in wartimes. As to material things, the property destroyed will count into the millions. But property is not human life and can some day be restored.

The French soldiers send you greeting. Many of them say to you, and I join them in the same fervent wish, that we all may meet some day in Paris and then we shall drink to the health of those who are left and to the sacred memory of our dear, dead French

soldiers, who so bravely died that France might live.

France.

THEY TELL ME SHE IS BEAUTIFUL.

Not long ago the first shots were fired in France telling the people everywhere that the great battle was on. It is my sorrow to tell you that early in the game I was wounded and am now being cared for by kind people in France. I have just left a hospital and I am with people outside of Paris. I cannot see to write because my eyes are blinded. A young friend of mine is writing down as I tell him to write, because I want the world to know, through you, how I feel and how some of the others feel about this horrible war.

The plan of the Germans was to enter France by making a dash through Belgium with a tremendous army of five hundred thousand men. They meant to crush the French as they marched on, and on reaching Paris they meant to take it by a bloody storm.

Two weeks ago they seemed to be near their

longed-for goal and the hearts of many French families trembled in horror.

The Germans came through Belgium into France and helped themselves to all the northern towns Roubain, Lille, and the chain of important manufacturing towns in the Nord.

People grew pale and looked at each other, almost afraid to ask questions.

The Germans were within twenty miles of Paris. They were sending their aeroplanes over the city, dropping bombs in our midst, when suddenly they ran up against a strong and determined line of French and English artillery.

The strength and bravery of those wonderful soldiers surprised the Germans and they were stunned by the strength and the stubbornness of the men, they thought would be so easy. The German dream of an easy conquest was rudely shattered, as mile by mile the German soldiers were driven back and those who ventured near were soon taken as prisoners of war.

In the office where I was employed before this war began, out of seventeen men, nine

went to the front, and out of the nine brave fighting men, five have been killed, one mortally wounded, and I am waiting, not knowing just what the end will be as I sit in the darkness of blindness thinking about the awfulness of it all. There are a few thoughts that give me comfort and one of those thoughts is the hope that out of the smoke and the suffering will come better ways for people who will follow when I, and such as I am—are gone. I would rather be blinded for the rest of my life than to keep my sight and see a scheming people crush my beloved country.

My last walk through Paris was an eventful one and I feel in the humor of telling you about it for it may be you will care to know and will care to tell it to all the friends who wish us well.

I was standing on the steps of a cathedral watching the brave-looking English and French soldiers who were passing, when an Irish youth, with a handsome open countenance, stole quietly to my side and said in a low whisper:

"It's yourself, isn't it, that's German?"

I was astounded. Curious to hear more I answered the young man saying I was a German.

"It's yourself that's a dirty plotter as well as a German," he said excitedly, "for I heard you plotting against England and France!"

"Be careful, young man!" I said, not knowing what was coming next.

"It's me that is careful," he retorted. "I was careful enough last night as I came from Vespers to write down in me brain every word that left your mouth. Don't think my hearing's bad for you said to your friend, the German beer keg that was rolling along beside ye, that you were one of the secret van who meant to girdle the world for the Fatherland. You see," he continued growing more excited, "it's me that happens to know a few words of German and I made out your plan."

There was a silence for a moment and we both stared into each other's eyes. Then the young Irishman went on to accuse me.

"You got your German friend to promise you that he'd be a link in your filthy brass chain, but when you were counting on him you

forgot to count on me and the two ears, one at each side of me head."

Again there was a silence until the Irishman spoke.

"It's to a rope I'm going to give you and let it be soiled by doing it's duty."

By this time I began to get awake and to see that I had made a great mistake.

"Young man," I said, "You're mistaken in me. I'm not the man you heard talking at all. I wanted to hear what you had to say so I omitted to mention the fact that I am a French soldier and do not speak the German language at all."

"No?" answered the young Irishman, staring at me, "Well then, if you're not German your mother must have had twin boys. One of them was born in Germany and maybe the other one was born in France."

I laughed but the honest eyes of the Irishman frowned into my face.

"A French soldier should never run the risk of trying to fool an Irishman by claiming himself to be a German when he is only trying to find out things. I have only your

word and that ain't much, so I'll keep an eye on you," he said, as he closed one lid over a handsome blue eye.

"If there's murder hiding in your heart and you mean to put a girdle around it to send it around the world, maybe it's rough handling it'll get before it goes very far, so I would advise you, if you see your twin brother to tell him to loosen up the links and use them for pegs to mend the old shoes that were on his feet."

Three days later I was blinded. Paris, my beloved Paris, never to see again. No more to struggle for France, and I only a young man in my twenties.

A young lady comes often and brings me cigarettes. Sometimes she brings me presents and often in a low voice she sings for me the songs I love. They tell me she is beautiful, but even in the darkness I would know that, from her kindness to me and from the tone of her sweet low voice. Last night she placed her cool hand on my forehead and she told me she would always remain my friend. Somehow the darkness seemed suddenly to grow bright

at her words and I painted pictures of things worth living for. I am growing to miss her when she forgets to come, but this she must never know. Some days she will marry a man who can see with his eyes and appreciate her and she deserves to be appreciated. But I pray God the day will never come when I may not know that she is somewhere near, and I am grateful that my hearing has been left me so that I may hear her voice and the news of victories. I am grateful for the love good women give to broken soldiers and I have a great faith that those good women will never desert us in our need. It may be some will remember the broken soldiers they played with as children, only to throw away—but there were many children who pieced their broken soldiers and have kept them and cherished them, on into womanhood and into old age.

Vive la France!

France.

THE SONS OF CANADA

The fighting sons of Canada know a story
Historians will write in years to come;
Then, Canada shall wear a crown of glory
Fair as the gold upon a noon-day's sun.

No stain shall mar the history of her pages,
Her sons were martyrs for the cause of Right,
Upon each brow, the hero's crown thro' ages
Shall shine resplendent and with holy light.

Adown the vale in memory's safe keeping
We bow our heads in reverential awe
For those, who in their silent tombs are sleeping
For country, honor, and for Godly law.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY GROWING IN PROFUSION.

Tell me—can you tell me—are we walking backwards to the Dark Ages? Does everything go to a great height and then slip back to a beginning? Before we came here, we had too much joy, too many sweethearts, and I fear we did not then fully appreciate our gifts.

FROM THE TRENCHES

Out here all the excitement we get is the hope of breaking into the enemies' lines and giving them, in a milder form, some of the medicine they are so eager to deal out to us. Yesterday I saw on the border of the trench wild berries and lilies-of-the valley growing in profusion. The eyes of men strained across the border line of berry and flower, and as I looked I thought what a wonderful God-image is man.

The wonderful French soldiers, they who have made the battle of Verdun immortal, feel they have only begun to use some of their pent-up indignation to crush back the foe. Some of the poor fellows were so blue that two rabbits, running across the land and into the trench, afforded them untold amusement.

When I was a little boy I imagined the Turk to be the most barbarous human being on the face of the earth. But the Turk is a gentleman compared with the German soldier. The Turk would not fire on the Red Cross wagon and German soldiers have not hesitated to do this.

If the world really knew some of the atroci-

ties of the German soldiers the shutters of a civilized world would be closed in mourning.

Drunken German soldiers have entered churches, have desecrated holy altars, have destroyed holy women, and they feel assured God has given them strength so that their right arm might do His bidding. Germany was made a nation by war, and a just retribution will prove that by war Germany will fall.

If the Kaiser envied Napoleon his conquests, if he desired to achieve similar successes, can it be possible that he failed to take into consideration the shadows of a lonely figure with bowed head reflected on the sands of the Island of St. Helena?

Will the Kaiser yet write in the sands that neither wave nor time can erase five simple words—"Vanity—vanity—all—is—vanity."

Somewhere in France.

IT FEELS LIKE THE HAND OF THE DEVIL.

To write is a comfort sometimes, but I would be very sorry if what I write should not be of interest to you and to your friends.

After all, most of us are only fragments of manhood, but then, we have been made that in order to prevent the German Emperor from giving as many of his men to death as he said he was willing to give in order to gain Paris. He said he would willingly sacrifice two hundred and fifty thousand German soldiers if by so doing he could gain the city of Paris. What do you think of such generosity? Human beings to be given as the price of a city and to realize the dream of one human being.

I am now slowly recovering from the effects of German liquid fire and German gases. It feels like the hand of the Devil, does that liquid fire when it comes on you suddenly and burns you to the bone in its grasp. And the German gases are like the Devil's breath. I can never go back. I wanted to stay on and see the victory. I wanted to be one in the grand march going back home and to see the people's eyes lit up with joy. I'll be there too, if I am alive, but as both of my legs are gone, an old man seventy years of age, a friend of my boyhood days, has promised to push me in a rolling chair and get me into the front

line where I can see the boys return. The gas came and helped itself to my lungs and the trouble is still going on.

I have had a nice letter from my mother. "Oh," she said, "how I am longing for the day when you'll come marching home. I'm putting up in glass jars all the things you like and when you get back I know you will have a lot of new songs to sing. I can hardly wait to see you and to hear you sing as in the old days and maybe your voice is improved by a long rest."

She doesn't know my voice is being eaten away. She can't see me with the other fellows marching home with victory because I have no legs to march on and I want to die before she finds all this out. God! How we fought at Verdun! Paris was behind us and the enemy was right in front. I tell you men had to shed their arms and their legs, even their lives, because there was only a strip of land betwen the heavens they owned and a hell that was coming on. Into our faces the Germans spit the liquid fire and belched at us their terrible gas. We went back at them like

human machines and not a man knew what it was to be tired. Humanity was the price we had to pay for humanity's sake, but now, as I have time to think, I ask myself when will the price of suffering be big enough to make a great Angel of Peace.

France.

WARFARE.

Warfare? What is it—trial?
Yes. War is a melting place,
Where men, and women, and children,
Look Sacrifice in the face.
Where the lordliest man from the manor,
And the lowliest man from the street,
Stand side by side on the battle-line,
Where the watch-word is—Defeat.

War—ah—well you know it,
Since you went out there to the front,
The hail of bullets, the groans of men
All eager to bear the brunt,
And you know the cold of the night-sky,
The trench and the yielding mire
The hunger, the thirst and the cannon,
The flame of the liquid fire.

War? 'tis the broil of the nations,
Where each man must fight to the end
Till crippled, blinded, defenseless,
Death halts, a reprieve to lend.
While strife goes forward, and onward,
'Mid the roar and the crash, and the pain.
As Anguish walks, shadowed by Comrades,
To the music of thunder and rain.

War—ah—well—some day 'twill be over,
Then men will dream on through repose,
While the mind will be canvassed by pictures
Where Memory painted all those,
Who leered from the enemy's army
Now unknowing, and slumbering in dust,
While the sun goes far, to the western sky
And Time veils the cannon with rust.

Then trumpets, grown weakened from calling
To men in their unmarked tombs,
Refusing to come from their slumbers
For the click of the war tale looms,
Weaving, for those, who come after,
A covering, broidered with deeds,
While the Pioneer weeps for the horrors
That grew for Humanity's needs.

Then—the cup that was weighted by nectar,
If it falls with a crash to the ground,

FROM THE TRENCHES

If the hero, stands flushed, by the sunset,
On the flag his Vanity crowned,
If he waves it—far—far to the breezes,
Soon it must droop into rest,
He may see, in its folds, the shadows,
Lying deep, in his own troubled breast.
As he sees again the great conflict
And the grit of his lordly ken,
As they grasped from a war-mad sportsman
A lasting victory for men,

While the laggard coined dreams of a hero,
As his comrades went forward, to do,
To give at the Shrine of their Country.
Their All, for a Cause—that was true.
Then!—Then he may see in the sunset
On the flag that crimsons his face,
The stain on the soul of his manhood
For the blot he has been on his race.
Words coined are empty echoes
Unless from the mouthway of Deed,
The struggle for right, is the voice that lives,
To crush the vain heroes of Greed.

*NOTE: The above poem is the one thousandth poem that was sent to soldiers fighting under the Allied Cause by the Author.

EDITH CAVELL.

On various occasions you have asked our soldiers concerning the last day in the life of Edith Cavell.

You will be interested to know I was talking to her the night before she was taken a prisoner by the German soldiers. At that time I was impressed by her calm personality and deeply thrilled by the earnestness of her desire to be of service to the wounded soldiers of Belgium.

The next day she was taken a prisoner by the Germans and later was accused of treason in trying to aid wounded Belgian soldiers to escape. To those wounded men Edith Cavell was as a beacon light that might suddenly appear to men lost in a dense thicket from which there seemed to be no avenue of escape. Knowing her influence on the soldiers, she used it only as a means to encourage the men to hope on and to be patient.

She was executed in Brussels, and on that dark day in the history of the German nation, strong men of the more civilized type grew ill and faint, but Edith Cavell was strong. On

the face of the German military system the execution of Edith Cavell has left for all time an ugly scar, impossible to cover. Time cannot weave a veil that will be sufficiently coarse to cover the hideous mark.

Edith Cavell went to prison, her head erect, and with her head erect, she died.

After she had been court-martialed, the ears of the world must have heard the cowardly shot that sent a noble woman to her doom.

But the ears of the world could not hear her voice as I heard it on that awful day when the light in her glorious eyes was extinguished because of her fault in having a kindly heart.

Her sweet voice floated out on the Belgian air and it seemed to me, as I listened, to be floating upward to her God, where she had meant her words to go.

Like a tall lily she dropped as from a stem, a smile on her fine countenance.

While in prison, my dear mother, having had sufficient influence to gain an audience with her, went into her presence trembling and in tears. Imagine my astonishment when I saw my mother return from that interview

with a smile of resignation on her dear old face.

"My son," she said to me, "Edith Cavell is a saint. She is not afraid to die for she knows she is to die the death of a martyr. What a fine thing it must be," she continuel almost in a whisper, "to go to one's death with such a soul-offering for One who understands."

From that moment, my mother seemed to take on new courage and at no time did I again find my mother weeping or afraid, as she had been before, but praying—yes—I found my mother praying, and at such times I have always turned away.

The combined strength of the whole German military system was not sufficiently strong in their boasted strength to make of one noble woman a coward, such as the civilized world recognized Germany to be in its murder of Edith Cavell.

The memory of Edith Cavell will never die and as time goes on that memory, like a fair flower, will grow the taller, so that pilgrims passing by her tomb shall not forget.

Somewhere in Belgium

THE BELCHING CANNON TELL US NOTHING.

More terrible than the Hell-trials of Verdun are the trials that are threatened on the Somme. Burrowing into holes like animals, we are trying our best not to admit the truth to ourselves. We come out of those holes only when we mean to attack. Many a man here knows that only deafness can make him indifferent to the weird heavy roar and rumble of the cannon. You may well understand that a man's hearing, or his brain, or both, must give way if this keeps up much longer. Over two years have passed, and still the war goes on, gaining new heights but becoming more terrible all the time. No man seems tall enough to stand on his feet and rise to his toes where he can look down and see the end of it all. We know we are nearing the crisis, but the smoke, and the belching cannon, tell us nothing as to whether the day of victory is near at hand, or whether it will be delayed for another long horrible year. I can tell you, if the soldiers looked this thing in the face, as it really is, if they did not try to coax themselves and each other into a make-believe of

happiness, there is no doubt of it but men would be running around wildly insane, chasing the sound that took their wits away.

A friend has promised to send me a kodak. If it comes I will take some pictures and will send some of them to you. They will, however, tell only the stories of the outside of men. The minds of the men cannot be shown, and poor fellows, comrades of mine, I would not picture their minds even if I could.

Last week we did not seem to have much to do but think, so someone suggested that we play cards. Don't you think we should be thankful that we now have some amusement? It is this great change in our condition that keeps body and mind together, and as for the soul, well, we will try to hold on to it unless the German soldiers send a plaything reminding our bodies and souls the parting hour has come.

Did you ever hear of Hallam the Actor? He enclosed to me a copy of a letter he received from you and says when the war is over he means to make a picture of it.

The German counter-attack here has been a

failure. I tell you, the French have a fine position on a road not far away that is of great worth. The enemy has munition depots everywhere around the railway and the railway depots are feeling the knocks of our guns. All the same we would like to shorten the cut and get back home. If the end of this war comes quickly it will be best for us and you bet it will be best for the Germans, themselves, unless Germany wants to rid itself of the male sex.

I heard a story concerning a British officer that I cannot vouch for as being entirely correct. I was told that a regiment passing through London on its way to the front suddenly saw something very amusing. One of the officers openly smiled and in consequence was confined in the barracks for a week or ten days. Some of the other soldiers in the same regiment smiled also, but for some reason they were not caught. The dignity of this incident was apparent to me after my first feeling of surprise had passed. I tell it to you so that you may appreciate the serious and dignified business war is to a great nation.

As I finish this letter there is a stir along the line. If I live I will write you again. If you never hear from me you will understand the reason. I hope all who have been friends to us will take consolation in knowing that they have helped us when we needed friendship. So, I say to you now, that in war and out of it, may we all find rest in Peace.

Flanders.

WHEN YOU ARE IN A HAMMOCK WITH YOUR BEST GIRL.

You want to hear from us? Well just that much and more than that much, do we want to hear from you. You ask us if we are trying to be happy. Soldiers here, who are just plain civilians at home, and who found plenty of time in which to dance to merry music, need all their nerve in times like this. The cities in which the men knew happier days could not be expected to know any more than the men themselves knew of the wet fields, or the mud of dirty trenches, that were waiting for us. Nor did we ever dream of the rheumatic fevers,

of the plain old fashioned rheumatism, waiting to make our acquaintance.

I can tell you, starlight or moonlight is wonderful when you are in a hammock with your best girl, or when you are standing at the garden gate at the farewell hour. But a lot of weary men only waiting to get the other fellow before the other fellow gets them, get to thinking about the hammock, the gate and the girl. It is at such times you want to go out and smash hard and get the whole job finished so that you can get back again to your girl.

A poor devil in the fires of battle needs reward better than a wooden leg, an artificial arm, or darkness in his eyes to remind him of war for the rest of his life.

After awhile the world will go on just as it did of old, but a lot of the poor fellows who will go back from this war, will be a sorry sight for merry eyes. It isn't so much that men will mind our deformities as it will be the love we will miss through those deformities. There is hardly an unmarried man here but expects he will be a blank in the love market should he escape the shell, the cannon or the

bayonet. Of course, the men who go back safe will be in favor with their sweethearts, but what about the other fellows, the poor bent, broken boys? They will not only have deformities but empty hearts for the rest of their lives. A fellow said something true to me the other day. He said to me:

"Suppose our sweethearts should want to stick to us, no matter how much we are broken up. It wouldn't do them or us any good in the end. Why can't you see her mother coming into the room and with one sharp black look finish with her eyes what is left of a poor chap."

Mothers will not be giving their girls to the fellows who go back leaving limbs and arms on battlefield.

General Joffre is the idol of all France and he is a man of iron determination.

The British men have been great fighters, too, and will make history. Sir Douglas Haig has been a wonder, and Colonel Winston Spencer Churchill sacrificed many things at home before he came to the front to do so much for humanity. Then there are those magnificent

men, Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Grey. They have all been doing great things for their country and for humanity. What all great men and small men want now is Peace. But the meanest man here is not looking for Peace unless that Peace is covered by the mantle of victory. Of course when a man stands between love and duty he sometimes wishes there could be a division made of him and while I am thinking on this a soldier near me is forgetting that he he is not giving me courage, for he is singing "I Wonder Who Is Kissing Her Now."

France.

UP THE STAIRS THEY FLEW.

As neither well-regulated London Bobbies, or the great God Himself seems willing to release us from this mud-hole, we must stay on to fight it all out to a finish. It is dirty work, this, while decent men play hide and seek with a jolly lot of German ruffians who want to lord it over a peace-loving world.

Only yesterday I heard a story and I want you to know it, and I want you to tell it to all

the folks in your neighborhood. There was in Belgium an old farm-house that stood far back from the road. The Belgian family who had resided there for years had been driven away by the German soldiers and an old German made himself comfortable in the empty farmhouse.

French soldiers thought they heard moans coming from the empty house and they stole quietly around the house and you bet they listened. In a little while they heard moans so the French soldiers smashed in the door. Up the stairs they flew and as the old German heard them coming, he fired shots right and left, but on and up the stairs went the Frenchmen. There on the wall of the room the French soldiers found hanging by the pits of her arms a small girl about ten years of age. The old German, knowing it was all up with him, put a bullet into his own brain, but not until he had fired on the hanging Belgian child. She was dying at the time I received that letter, and by this time she must be dead. I guess the Almighty God knows his business in keeping us here a little longer, but we

would be glad if he would change his mind and give us a good chance to clean up quickly.

France.

THE GIRLS MANAGED TO RUN OUT OF THE OPEN DOOR.

We are so thankful for the great kindness that has flown to us from the hearts of people that we find it hard to find the proper words to express our gratitude.

Oh, God, what a thing is memory! Why can't people just forget things that horrify when the same brain that sees without eyes into their past, cannot see even a little way into the dark future?

I think of my nieces. I raised them from childhood and kept them by my side. There they had always been safe. I taught good lessons to them and it was a joy to hear them sing in the church on Sunday mornings.

They were beautiful on the outside even as they were beautiful within. Their mother died when they were small children and their father was a helpless invalid. He was unable

to walk, having at one time fallen from a tree and seriously injured his spine.

Word came that the German soldiers were coming. It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon and my beautiful girls came running to me asking me in a breathless manner to protect their father from harm, assuring me that the soldiers were nearing the house. We carried their father to the cellar of the house, bidding him to be cheerful, and assuring him that we would come for him as soon as possible. Then we returned upstairs and waited.

The soldiers came on, and the door of our home being wide open, according to orders, they entered. Immediately on entering the house, the German soldiers leered insultingly into the faces of the two girls. I stood between the soldiers and my nieces, but I was brushed away, receiving kicks as I lay on the ground. It was not until that night that I realized my right arm had been broken.

By some ruse, unknown to me, the girls managed to run out of the open door and across the farm land toward the west. The anger of the German soldiers was terrible to

behold. With oaths they ran after the fleeing girls. I saw them chase the girls across the farm, on which they had played during all their young lives. I called aloud to my dear girls to run for their very lives. I was like a man suddenly stricken mad. There was no one to resent my calling, for the soldiers were after the girls and I was left alone.

That seems such a long time ago. I have never seen my darlings from that day to this. I look into the face of their helpless father, coining lies all the while to deceive him concerning the whereabouts of his daughters.

That night, I saw many houses burning to the ground. It is my hope that our fair young girls are lying dead somewhere in the black ruins of those burnt homes. Does anyone blame me for such a wish?

No one will, unless it be someone unacquainted with the methods of the German soldiers.

Their father, not understanding, prays for their return. I pray they may be dead. Gone to their God on the pathway of their early training.

My cousin, a mild, God-fearing man, a priest of a little flock here, one who was always grateful for the little church, and for the welfare of his few parishioners, was accused by the German soldiers. He was dragged through the streets at the end of a heavy rope, just as though he had been an old broom, in the hands of children at play.

I received my education at a University when I was a young man. My education was a gift to me from an English gentleman, who rewarded me for once having done him a service in saving the life of his child. Through that gift I have been enabled to care for my little family, who consisted of my two nieces and their invalid father. Life to me now is of but little value. Running across the farm, which I tried so hard to cultivate for the benefit of my loved ones, I will see all the days of my life, the forms of two fleeting girls.

I am alone now with their invalid father, who is my brother, and at times my assurances fail to comfort him. At such times his shoulders shake with sobs that come from a father's breaking heart. All we have left now

is Hope. We try to use that Hope to persevere, feeling that we will emerge in the eyes of our Saviour, a truer gold from the awful fires of almost unbearable trials. Some day—it may be—in God's own country, we may meet our dear ones and all our kind friends. Until that glorious day, we must pray on—we must wait—we must hope.

Somewhere in Belgium.

THE PREACHER IN MY CHURCH AT HOME.

The Sergeant here gave me one of your letters because he knew I was feeling mightily down. I saw three of my friends buried last night and, somehow, all along the line the men seem quiet and I know it is because they feel the loss of their friends. It is raining hard and the weather is raw and cold but I feel that if I begin to write I won't keep thinking about myself and of what I saw last night.

There is not much to tell because I know many of the fellows here have written you all the news. I want you to know the boys thought a lot of the things sent them from

your country and I wish you could see how they enjoyed the letters you sent. I tell you this because I want you and the good people in your country to know how grateful we all are. But I want to tell you a good one on myself. One day I heard a fellow say, "That big Australian looks as if he could lick the Devil himself, if he made up his mind to it."

Now the preacher in my church at home was always pleading and begging people to get the better of the Devil. When I got a bayonet stab and was laid up for good, I got to thinking of the words I had often heard in the church at home, and I compared them with what the fellow near me said about the big Australian.

As I lay in the hospital one rainy day, who should be brought in on a stretcher but the fellow who had sized me up as being a good match in a fight with the Old Boy. He suffered a great deal and so did I, but after awhile when we both got to feeling a little better I told him what I had heard him say about me. "That's all right," he said, "so you could beat the Devil in a fair fight if he came after you, but don't forget I said the Devil.

I didn't say War, you know, for nobody could beat war, since war is the Devil's masterpiece."

Then again I got to thinking that there's a lot of difference between fighting the fellow who wants to make a door in you, so as he can come in,—the fellow whom the very refined preachers call Satan, and fighting the fellow you can see with your eyes. It is easy to shut out the Old Boy, but when men are facing men, almost mad, I can tell you it's different from a quiet church service where a good man stands up before you and begs you to shut out a fellow you've never seen.

Why, it only takes one little spark of decency to kill the Old Boy, and all the time you grow stronger just because you chased him away. The whole map of life is a mighty puzzle. You get weaker here if you keep on fighting men. You get stronger all the time if you keep on fighting the Devil.

Don't you wonder why this should be? Preachers have to sweat because they are kept busy begging people to chase someone they can't even see. I never thought of all this

until I came here, but since I am here, I know it ought to be an easy thing to chase one who, after all, is only a shadow.

It must be a mighty easy task—the getting of a fellow's soul. Why, to peel bodies away from souls keeps millions of men busy here in the war and all kinds of machinery bellowing morning, noon and night.

I had a letter from a relative some weeks ago. He told me of a mighty queer experience. He, with a lot of fellows, encountered a German shell, and the poor lads were blown to pieces and only my relative escaped with his life. One of his arms was blown completely off and the remaining arm was blown back and pushed under his cartridge belt. He was taken away more dead than alive and for some time was kept in the field hospital. Later, he was returned to England, and is at the present time in a hospital in Manchester.

Another fellow here had a letter from his folks in Scotland. You know the good Scottish people have argued that the German Zeppelin would never reach Scotland. Well, one night Scotland got a surprise party. A

German Zeppelin arrived and looked Scotland over. Then down came the bombs and a lot of people were either injured or had mighty narrow escapes. But what would you say about one kind thing a German bomb really did? It landed in a pretty little Scotch garden and it seemed to like the looks of things there, for it refused to explode. The bomb lay on the ground of the pretty little Scotch garden while the people in the house, a few yards away, gathered together, frightened half out of their wits at the thing that was flying overhead, not knowing about the visitor that was just outside their door.

The Scottish Government soon grabbed the bomb and put it out of business, thinking it wise for the Scotch people to find another type of plaything.

If I ever get back to Australia I shall study for the pulpit. Come to see me, if I ever do get back home. I guess I'll have a little church, and if you are in the front seat I hope I will know you are there. If I don't know you are there, you just ask me to explain myself, for I'll feel ashamed I didn't know my

real friend was so near. But I guess you won't come and, after all, I may not fill a pulpit. Who can tell what I shall fill? Maybe something will come across the line and fill me so full of powder I may decide to take a long rest. If I live, you'll hear from me again. If you never hear from me, and if ever you go by a little church just think of the stranger you befriended and who thought well enough of your friendship to write this letter. Think of him as one who meant to do better things, had more years been given to his life. Don't think I'm sad about it, for I'm not exactly that, I'm only thinking of what might be. If ever you pass a little lonely-looking cemetery, you just remember a big boy who is sleeping far from his home and friends, but who tried to take comfort in knowing he died for his wonderful country and for those whom he loved.

Flanders.

AMERICA HAS TATTOOED WITH A KINDLY TOUCH.

You say there are some very fine German American families in your country, who have no love for the Kaiser. You say, too, those German-Americans are highly respected citizens and many of them feel very badly about some of the things the German military machine has been doing.

Well, if they are ashamed of it, it shows they really have good common sense, and I guess that kind of people are really all right. If those people were in Germany they would be at us, but as they are not in Germany, it wouldn't be fair to show them the slightest disrespect. But I can't help wondering if they should be successful in compelling your country to stop aiding us with ammunition if they would be willing to advise the shutting down of the great Krupp Gun Works in Germany? The Krupp Gun Works have been making things to blow us up for many a year, and it makes things big and strong so as to blow at us mighty hard. I always feel sorry for nice people having to bear the stigma of peo-

ple who do wrong, only because they bear the same name, and I am glad to hear that the nice people and the kind people of Germany have all gone to America.

America is a wonderful country and has tattooed with the kindly touch many people from many lands, and take it from me the nice people from Germany who are living in your great America should have no regret for the choice they have made in their new home. I am glad many of them have the good mind to dislike Mr. Kaiser. If they really dislike him it shows they know a thing or two, because they can read between the lines of Mr. Kaiser's intentions. If Mr. Kaiser were to win in this war he would soon be burrowing American soil with his nose, smelling for trouble. That would make things in your country mighty uncomfortable. I was in a field hospital, and as I got a good whack I was later sent to the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly, and while there I was treated very kindly and was sorry to leave. But room was needed, as men were constantly being carried in.

As I write this letter a man just called to me to know to whom I was writing. I told him to guess. He said, "Well, you have been at it so long I know it must be a woman." I told him to mind his own business. That is the last piece of excitement that has happened here. The other day I heard men comparing notes. They were comparing their present life and their life in the day when they were at home. They were talking of the happiness that was theirs, but it might not have been theirs, since they didn't seem to be conscious of it. At home it was work, rest, play, laugh, sing, good food, smiling faces, good beds at night, and a big kind clock to time each gift that was handed out to them. Now it is gunpowder, smoke, noise, sickness, discomforts and death. War is a brutal thing, but when a man is in it he is part of it, for as the machinery grinds, he soon becomes one of the cogs. At fighting time he thinks of nothing but fight. He fights like a demon and he is willing to fight like ten demons.

I wish you could see the men getting ready when they know the fight is on. You should

hear the mad, furious roar from the mouths of the wild, fierce, brazen cannons. It is a pity the whole world cannot see this war as it really is. Sometimes we rest while we are waiting, and we rest when we are wounded, and we rest when we are done with work forever. It is too bad that the feet that must walk through this war are made of mere flesh and blood. It isn't as I used to think of war. There isn't the music to spur on, nor prancing horses like one sees in picture galleries. There is just a dull booming that never changes its tune. Just the shriek and the moan, just the thud of bodies falling, sometimes man upon man, tier upon tier.

When the fight is over, there are deep damp gutters men call trenches. There is the smell of powder that chokes the senses. There are men always looking for men's bodies, as God waits for men's souls. I saw two men who were writing to you, with tears streaming down their faces. Poor devils, they don't know just how long they will have a hand to write words or a mind to compose a sentence. If any good is in any of our letters, you tell about it to

others, for like the men who in the days of peace give their bodies to be dissected for the good of those who may come on after them, so we give of our minds while there is yet time. We regret your country is so far away, but the sea has placed you on the other side of the map, and waters always wash clean.

Flanders.

THE TRAIL OF A SOLDIER'S DREAM

Solitude, thou artist dreamer,
Painting dreams, wherein I see
Hidden paths, entangled, blooming
Down the vale of Memory.

Often there on hills I wandered,
By my trembling shadowed side,
While the silence, cold, immortal,
Was my friend, my foe, my guide.

On the prairie, or the desert,
Hark! I hear them calling now.
Back, where dust of cities crowned me,
I, a King, and serfs must bow.

HEART MESSAGES

Shadows danced on columned story,
As the chiselled face looked down,
Lips now mute tell not of glory,
Shadows danced, they did not frown.

Oh, ye heroes of tomorrow,
Ye have light to torch the dawn,
Though the green of earth is crimson
And the veil of Mystery drawn.

Hope, we mount you on tomorrow,
Now so near, I cannot see,
Through the curtain of the darkness
That has fallen over me.

On the silver, moon-beamed carpet
There are wondrous hues designed.
From the soul of deeds are patterns
Wrought from catacombs of Mind.

While a day draws near the telling
Where the sunset waits to call,
Night, all filled with stars, with moonbeams,
And a God above it all.

On the walls of Life's gray hallway,
Lo!—I see the forms of men,
Men in conflict. God of valor
Give them Peace with Thy Amen!

We Staggered into the Holes and Staggered Out Again

I am in London looking at a changed city. It isn't the buildings that are changed, for they are the same as they were before men faced each other to fight. The change is in the men and in the women. Men are seen everywhere trying their hardest to get well of their wounds or making up their minds that if they do not get well they must just give in and let their lives ebb away. I stopped a fellow the other night to condole with him about his injuries. "I'm not alone," he said, "I'm still in the army—the army of a new world that is walking through life on wooden crutches."

Never while I live can I forget the day when I left the trench and went into the woods and then into the open. While we were in the woods—and before we got to the open—the bullets rained a horrible tune all round us and I fortunately became deaf; otherwise I think my brain would have become affected. Tree branches fell around us and big fine old trees shook and fell to the earth beneath our feet, while the earth was gullied as we stagger-

ed into the holes and staggered out again and shambled on. You should have seen the men! God bless every noble soldier in this great fight, but thinking of that day I say fervently, God bless my countrymen, my Scotchmen. A lost finger was only a scratch if another man was worse off, and the four fingers left did active service for a comrade with a torn head or a broken limb.

I am of the Scottish border regiment and am now convalescing here in London with some friends who are wonderfully good to me. I have been torn and broken, but I want to get well, as I want to get back to help the lads. Sometimes I think I am selfish to rest at all when I think of the lads who might be needing my right arm, and after all, it isn't my right arm that was injured.

London, once so full of merry noise, seems to sing a sad song today. At night everything is dark. Do you know there is a fine imposed on anyone who has a lighted window at night in London? The top part of the glass street lamps is painted black and everything seems to be in mourning. Yesterday I read in a little

book about things being purified by fire. I wonder if it is true. Hell is on earth, I know that, for I have been there, but no one ever came from a real Hell purified, for I am assured the real Hell can be everlasting. It is all a mystery, and in the meantime, war goes on. But let us pray that this Hell on earth may soon burn itself out before a world will be consumed by fire, for that is how it looks to me when I recall the terrific tortures human beings have been called on to endure.

I am doing my best to get well, and for one purpose only. I want to get back and help the men put out the fire that is daily being fanned.

London.

Some Fellows Never Forget to put on Airs

We are doing as well as can be expected, considering we are up against a big tree shedding tough nuts.

Even in the mud, though, some fellows never forget to put on airs. Did you ever notice that? If you haven't noticed it maybe it is

because you never saw a crowd of men making their home in a mud-hole.

I guess it's habit, but as for me, I never had time to learn about it, because I had my sister's kiddies to raise for ten years after she died. There were four of them, and when I came here they all cried as if their hearts would break. Every blooming one of them followed me a-foot to the train, and there they stood until the train pulled out, and I waved my hat and laughed just as though I were glad, but of course, I wasn't.

The more they cried, the more I shook my hat and laughed, but you bet when the train pulled away I felt mighty different.

I was wounded—part of my face was torn away—but they don't know about it at home, and as they are getting on fine, I don't want them to know. I hear America is looking up about Mexico. It will be too bad if every nation must fight just because some bartender must have mixed up a turmoil cocktail and handed it over the counter for the whole world to drink. Did you ever read in your copy-book: "Be this your watchword,—trust God

and keep powder dry?" Now isn't that foolish! Who would wet powder? And every blooming one must depend on God, for which one can defy Him by depending on himself?

We are doing grand work here and we are gaining every day. But who knows about tomorrow? I don't, you don't, the Allies don't, the Germans don't, but God does.

I've been half buried in mud and pulled myself out of it only to go back into it again—then on the firing line, back to the trench, and then back again to the firing line.

Our last charge was desperate. Men by the hundreds went down to the ground never to rise again. I saw pieces of men scattered around everywhere. The shells came on like screaming devils tearing and scraping the earth, and I can tell you they did scrape the earth and the men standing on it. As the fellows went down at the front more men came to take their places, and again as they were mowed down others came on, and as I fell myself, I did not see the finish.

Men in the trenches have a frightful time

living, not as men should live, or as some beasts are allowed to live.

They are brave men. Oh, yes, I can tell you they are a brave lot! They put their bodies on the firing line so that others may be benefited, and they fall so that big things may some day be built up from them.

Soldiers are the posts that bolster up nations, and I hope that those who are not soldiers will remember it, and if the posts are bent, I hope there will always be waiting for them a kind word or a friendly smile. I can tell you, just as other men here can tell you, that kindness in the shape of a friendly word or a good-hearted smile goes mighty far into a sick man's life before it fades. I am now going to write to the kiddies and I will draw for them, a picture of a soldier eating ice cream. They will think it is true, poor little ones, and seeing that picture they will be glad. Why not make children glad, when trouble has already entered their lives, even without their knowledge.

Somewhere in Flanders.

I Salute the Ladies

I salute the ladies of America, and the ladies of our allied countries, whether they be as angels of hope on the field of battle, or whether they be the most beautiful ornaments in their homes!

We have a fine hospital here, the gift of the Japanese Government. We have cute little nurses all wonderfully trained in the art of nursing, and we have had good reasons to learn how kind can be the true Japanese heart.

I have told much to the Japanese nurses concerning the kindness of our good friends, the ladies. The fame of those friends has travelled far and has reached into every true soldier's heart. Our soldiers here are trying their best to be happy, trying to feel that victory in the end will repay them for their unsightly and sorry infirmities. The wounded men of Europe are at present nothing less than calamity on feet. Most of them, even in their sleep, hear the roar of artillery and the scraping of shells as they cut the ground. Too often the poor fellows cry out in their dreams, hearing the groans of dying men.

At times the soldiers feel as though they were actually wearing dark glasses, so deplorable does the whole world seem to their eyes. New noses are being made from metal; new jaws, new fingers, new limbs, to disguise the terrible disfigurations.

Much that before the war was unheard of is now being invented because, alas! necessity has proven herself to be the true mother of invention.

Paris in the old days always echoed every laugh, but I can tell you that just now eyes are wearing mourning, even if bodies forget to put on a sign of their grief. I was talking to a sweet girl who came to the hospital yesterday to comfort the soldiers. She brought with her some jellies and many cigarettes, but I felt there was a great sadness about that girl of which she might not like to speak.

However, when she came to my side I begged her to tell me why she looked so sad. She looked at me and said slowly: "Is it not sadness that is hiding in every French heart just now? Have not French hearts become graves for their beloved dead?" Neither of us spoke

for a moment, for I was surprised at her words.

"You have lost some one?" I asked her at last.

"Yes, I have lost three," she said, as tears came to her eyes.

I thought, as I turned to look through the window, that even graves can overflow sometimes when overcrowded. She passed on and left me to think of her and her words. Soon afterward, while a great thunderstorm was raging outside, a fellow who had been terribly mutilated came up to me and said, "You remember the young lady who has just left you? She's my cousin. She talked to me for ten minutes before she came to talk to you, and she gave me cigarettes, but although we've been like brother and sister for the past five years, she didn't even know me. I hadn't the heart to introduce myself, knowing the horror I am now. I have liked that girl all my life," he went on to say, almost in a timid manner. "Now her lover is dead—was killed with her two brothers. She treated me with kindness because she knows I'm a sight for the Gods.

As long as I live that girl will never look on me again."

I told him he was foolish not to let her know. But he shook his head. "I don't want her pity," he said, "Not I!" He went away, but I called after him: "That girl is mighty brave. Why don't you give her a chance to be your comrade, at least. You're not fair to her." He turned and shook his head and went on.

When I was alone that incident made me wonder a lot about the different kinds of love there must be in humanity. A man can face all kinds of experiences for his country. He can be mutilated for his country, and he can die bravely for his country. But, he shrinks from facing the woman he loves, if his love for his country has spoiled his appearance.

That brave man and I were side by side in a terrible encounter. I saw him when he went over a parapet and into a German trench in a hand-to-hand encounter, and I want you to know that the man who shrank from the eyes of one woman handled the enemy as if his muscles had been made of steel. He was

carried into the dressing station later, and the men who carried him there fully understood they were carrying a hero.

Now he is here with me, and I understand he is soon to receive a decoration for his bravery. Men in your country may appreciate the man's position and, after all, it is only by way of a little romance that I tell it to you at all. If I were a woman I'd hunt such a man as that hero is until I tracked him down. A woman can idealize love in the eyes of the man who really loves her. I would do that if I were a woman—just hunt him down, wouldn't you?

From the Japanese Hospital in Paris.

BLUE LETTER.

I received a pathetic little note from a young soldier, who had seen one of my letters received by one of his comrades, and in it he asked me if I would send him a letter and some verses too, as he would appreciate it highly. In his note he said:

"Please write in the key of my own mood. I've had a Dickens of a time in life. Everyone I've wanted seemed to look at the people next door. If you write as I feel, it will make me know somebody understands."

I wrote him a long letter and the verses—

"THE PEOPLE I ALWAYS WANTED."

(The Author.)

N. B.—I regret that the Blue Letter was accidentally destroyed.

THE PEOPLE I ALWAYS WANTED

The people I always wanted
Were the people who didn't want me,
For they went their way and left me alone
On a boundless night-dark sea.

The people I loved were people,
Just people who didn't want me,
Though I only asked for a smile or a word
But my thoughts they could not see.

They were people—just people I wanted
But what did they know of me?
I was only one in a moving tide
That the world called Humanity.

The people I wanted were people
I loved,—and I wanted to feel the glow,
That comes from a warmth of a friendly smile
When the heart-throbs are ebbing low.

The people I always wanted
Could have lit in my soul a glow,
By the magic wand of a smile or a word,
Joy Archangels only know.

The people I always wanted
Sent a frown to my timid smile
So I went my way, and from my sad heart
I smiled on a world,—the while.

WHAT KIND OF A PLACE DO YOU LIVE IN?

Just now this war is near the hill-top and Germany is fast going down on the other side. We have gained the important points here and have taken many German prisoners. In the pockets of many of those prisoners there have been found notes and letters cursing the war from the start of it to the finish. One German colonel, who was taken a prisoner the other day, stiffened his neck and said in slow determined tones:

"You can't beat us—no—not you—nor can all of the nations of the world combined beat us. We started out to win and we'll end by winning if we keep this thing up until the last man in Germany is no more."

But win they won't, and bluff is what they are giving just now. Whoever saw bluff make the real thing?

It is wonderful the change that has been brought recently into our living conditions. The things we get to eat now are luxuries compared with what they were at first, but every soldier, to a man, will be glad when the gong sounds and the jig is up. Not far away on

the German side, ammunition is stored in every conceivable corner, and from morning until night the roar of the cannons and bursting of shells knock against the drums of a man's ears asking him to go stone deaf. We fellows often talk about the wonderful day that will mark the closing of this war and that will send us back again into civilization.

What kind of a place do you live in? Do you live as I do, and as another fellow here with me lives? We live on the main road that divides a pretty village, and we often talk of the great day when the folks in our homes will be waiting for us. Gee! but we are anxious to get there. Fourteen fellows went from our village to this war and I know of five of them who will never go back. We sure do get blue sometimes when we think of them, for at home we were all good friends and we made many a jolly night of it when a day's work was over and we took turns at each other's home.

One thing I want to tell you. Edward—who wrote you the blue letter, is dead. He was killed at Verdun, and when your letter came to me asking me to give him the lines—

"The People I Always Wanted"—and when I found him dead as I held those lines in my hands I can tell you it made me shiver like a leaf. Edward was a fine, manly chap, but I always felt he had a love affair that didn't turn out right.

Before I came here from Verdun I placed the lines—just for a minute—in his dead hand, and I wished mighty hard that at last poor Ed had found the people he always wanted.

The cannons are roaring outside and there are things to do. I will write again if I live, but if you do not hear from me again remember after the war is over that our friends were to us like lighted candles in a dark house.

The Somme, France.

I Went to See a Girl I Shall Call Marie

Would you like to hear about my visit to Paris? I went to see a girl I shall call Marie. She was a bright, vivacious French girl, with large round eyes that darted fun at you at every turn. Her aunt, with whom she lived,

hated me because I was a soldier. She detested fighting men and called each and every one of them a murderer. My sweetheart loved me, no matter what my name, but she loved me most just because I was a soldier. So I cared nothing for aunts or opinions so long as Marie was in the world. I went to see Marie when the day was at an end. She was at her window, waiting. I had been injured at Verdun and was only convalescing and my holiday season was drawing to a close. But who would not try to forget for a few days the awful war and moans of wounded men when somebody seemed to be calling? So I hurried on.

I will not tell you what we said, Marie and I, but as we sat in the peaceful atmosphere of her home I seemed suddenly to hear a peculiar sound. Marie's aunt was ill in her warm blankets upstairs, so I knew that the noise could not be caused by a fit of temper from the ancient maiden, caused by the thought that a soldier was calling downstairs. From the noise on the street I knew something was wrong. Men on horseback rode furiously by

the house, as horn-blowers blew loudly calling a warning. Then there was a deadly silence. For a few seconds I breathed hard, as Marie's fingers plucked nervously at a button on my coat.

I ran to the window. Outside all was black, a sea of darkness. City lights had been suddenly turned off and somewhere I could hear from the city streets a hoarse voice calling. As if by instinct I knew Marie had left my side and had gone from me to the open door leading into the street.

"Descendez, Madame, vite. C'est les Zeppolins!"

I roared for Marie to come back and made after her when a terrific noise stunned me and I could not move. My ears rang; my head reeled, and my vision seemed to go swimming. I picked myself up from the floor and tried to reach Marie. At last I found her lying face downward on the floor. I gathered her into my arms and we clung to the tottering wall of the room and to each other. All the time the debris was falling around us from shattered walls and splintered wood. Again there was

another terrible explosion, and now that I think of it, that noise must have sounded like the noise in the days of old Pompeii. I held Marie in my arms and we both waited for death. Nearly an hour we waited, fearing to move, while around Marie's home people lay helpless in the city streets. That hour of waiting seemed to us like an eternity. Verdun with all its excitement, with its terrors, its victories, seemed remote during that terrible hour when I clung to the girl I loved and held with her to the side of a tottering wall. At last, by a great effort, I managed to get my sweetheart out to the street. Then the brave girl lost her courage and fainted dead away. The maiden aunt became my friend at last. I found her in an almost dying condition, under a mass of wood and plaster, and I laid her on a Zeppelin-damaged couch.

During the next three successive nights the air-devil came to visit Paris. Terror was in every heart and remained there for many nights after. Twenty-four hours after the visitation, death claimed Marie's aunt. She died of shock, and Marie and I were married

the next day. You asked about a Zeppelin raid. Well, I haven't told you much about it, for no human being has words to describe it, nor was there ever a pen made that could form the proper words. That form of warfare may be the highest in the air, but it is the lowest trick devised by a devil's brain. It came on to devour wherever it could, usually choosing women and children as its prey. A sleeping child lying in her crib and holding her beloved doll, was injured not far from Marie's house, and later I heard the child had died.

No matter where I travel in future years—whether on steam train or by boat, the hoarse voice of a calling conductor will always sound to me like danger, and I will always hear the words—

"Descendez, Madame, vite. C'est les Zeppolins!" *In France.*

SINCE WE DON'T GO CALLING

If you have good cats to spare why not send us a million of them? Cats like rats, and the men here hate rats. We get better things to eat now, better things than we ever expected

to get to eat during war time, and you bet we are not coaxed to eat them, either. We just gulp the things down and wonder how on earth they ever came our way.

We are not exactly vain about our looks, since we don't go calling. We're cleaner now than we were at first.

Would you believe it if I told you we make our own music sometimes? Yes, and sometimes we have games, but say, if it wasn't for always expecting a call to go forward, and not knowing when that call may come, I believe we'd rust and dissolve without our girls.

We were glad to hear from you, but don't you think war is a picnic, for it isn't. It's a Cave Man a soldier must be, if he values his upper story. I used to keep my shoes polished like a looking-glass when I was home. It's a lot I care for mud on them now; since coming here mud is part of our clothing.

I haven't had a scratch yet, but expect a few—and maybe more. Most of my chums are either lame or laid out for good, so why should I expect a complete escape?

When I was home I used to be mighty jeal-

ous of a fellow who could dance like a breeze. The girls were all mad about him, and many a time I stood in the shadow and watched him surrounded by the prettiest girls for squares around. Now he has a leg off and one of his eyes is gone. But he isn't going to show the white feather. He's going to learn to play the violin so he can watch other people dance, because he feels that unless he can do something to make other people happy, no one will want him around after this war is over.

We're all what you might call homesick, and that sickness seems to get worse every day, but we came here to win and you just keep looking for news. I am English and am proud of it, and I know our English soldiers have been doing wonderful work. At the same time, I know that all the soldiers fighting in this cause have been doing great work. The French soldiers are a fine, brave lot, I can tell you. Wouldn't it be great fun, after the war is over, if we could all meet and celebrate? Where do you say it shall be? Shall it be in London or shall it be in Paris?

Flanders.

One Sunday evening, while thinking over the morning service, and of the prayers that had been offered for peace in the European conflict, I wrote a letter telling of it to a soldier. To this letter I added the verses, "Steeples."

(The Author.)

Like Holding a Pretty Girl's Opera Glass

You ask me what is doing on the German side. The German side is doing its—BEST.

The German armies will not be quickly conquered because they have been organizing for many industrious years. They will, however, end at the halting post of—DEFEAT.

You watch the clock and then you will know the time, for the face of the clock has a good pointer on it, and if it is in good condition, it will be truthful.

Have you secured a window to see the soldiers marching home with victory?

In France some of my friends have chosen their windows, and in England a lot of people have made their choice, too.

The worst battles, I think, so far, have been fought at Verdun and on the Somme. I was in the battle of the Marne and, while it was bad enough, it was tame to the battle fought on the Somme.

If the enemy, or a shadow of him, appears anywhere, then, mighty quick, we find out just where our great generals keep themselves.

The fog was heavy one day not long ago and our soldiers, fearing nothing, went right through the heavy fog and on the firing line. The Germans evidently felt uncertain of their mark and they retreated. There is a big old building just across the line where German ammunition is stored.

The Germans are putting up a stiff fight, for they know they have reached a point where they are battling almost for their existence. The big men who are directing this whole war are, at heart, the kindest men imaginable.

Some of the fellows here think that the Peace Contract—when it is finally signed, will be signed in Berlin. Others think the French and British troops will be marched right into the heart of Berlin, even before the signing of the Peace Contract. But most of the men —while they want Peace—want it only with victory, but if we win they do not care how soon the hour may come for the signing of that contract, nor do they care where the signing may take place.

The under-dog here is treated just as well as the city swell, and the comradeship of the men helps to make conditions bearable. But all the same, we all long to see the city we call home, or the open country, or the quiet village place, or the farm, or any corner of the globe that holds everything really dear to the heart of a man.

In your letter you painted a glowing picture of the Sunday morning services in the city churches. It was a great comfort to know we are all remembered by so many people in the hour of prayer. The steeples on those churches, of which you speak,—why,—to the

soldiers here,—the steeples of churches at home would now be like the holding of a pretty girl's opera-glass that showed us a beautiful picture not far away. The churches are below the steeples, and the people are beneath the church roof. But we dogs of war seem apart from the church, and from the steeple, and knowing this, we hope the prayers of good people will find us patient.

When the wind blows hard I try to make out if the prayers are whispering to us. One night I remember well; it was a moonlight night and one could almost see to read. I was thinking of your letter and of your poem, and I thought of your little verse called "Steeples." The wind was blowing softly and somehow I was thinking that maybe just then —for it was a Sunday evening—the people might be below one of those church steeples praying for us. In the moonlight I raised my finger, closing all the rest of my hand, and I tried to picture the steeple on my church at home. Then, without taking the written verse from my pocket, suddenly I remembered some of the lines,

"Steeples are fingers, pointing to the sky
From guiding hands, that hold all love;
Pointing the way, a soul must wend,
The trackless spheres above.

"Steeples are fingers, pointing to the sky
Far from the mart of grinding care,
Piercing the air by night, by day,
So silent, they seem at prayer."

As those words passed through my mind, if there could be such a thing as reading one's thoughts, the fellows near me must have read mine. In low tones they began singing words that I remember having heard many a time in the churches at home. But whether I quote the words correctly or not, I cannot say. I only know the boys sang the following lines; and I joined in with them:

"Sun of my soul, my Savior dear,
It is not night, when you are near.
Oh, may no earth-bound cloud arise,
To hide me from my Savior's eyes."

After they sang those lines several times there was a silence. Nobody seemed to want

to talk. Hours later, I looked up at the sky. The moon had gone behind a black cloud. It was pitch dark.

Some Fools Passed Under My Window

Can you guess what happens to the "fillings" in some envelopes that travel from your hands? Well they are just passed on from one to the other, as you didn't say whether or not your confidences should stay "put."

Please give me the loan of your ear and let a poor fellow who has had a good pointer from a bayonet knock a few words against the drum of your ear.

How would you like to meet me some day, in a London fog, or a London sunshine, and have dinner with me at the Savoy? Now don't think I am growing extravagant; I'm not, I'm only thinking of victory, and who wouldn't celebrate with the champagne of victory falling like dew over one's country.

Have you met anyone who wanted to make a bet that the Germans could break the spirit of Verdun?

Have you seen anybody who saw the Germans limp into Paris?

Not only did I get the point of a bayonet to remind me I was not liked, but I got a bullet as well, and as it liked its lodging place, it has decided to remain where it entered.

Last night some fools passed under my window singing "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

That song kept me awake all night, for it brought to my mind how some creepy thief had stolen a small portrait of a lady friend I had been carrying.

Just by way of comfort a fellow told me later that the Germans had taken it from the corpse of a fellow I had known, and as they did not like the lady's face at all, they had spit at it and trampled it under their feet.

When I was injured for the first time I didn't exactly know it. What man could feel a body wound when the infernal regions seemed to be creeping around him, shrieking and burning through machinery until it got him? The earth actually shook beneath my feet, and try as I could to steady myself, at times I felt the task was impossible. At last

I felt dizzy and went to the ground. I lay there for how long a time I do not know, but after awhile I opened my eyes. I couldn't move but I could see men moving through the smoke, their jaws set hard like bands of steel, their eyes bulging, while perspiration streamed from their faces. Many were bleeding but they went on with their work, taking no care of their wounds. Few men will ever go back from this conflict entirely sane. The roar of the whole conflict; the horrors of the sights a man has to face; the moans of the injured—and then, the loneliness, the longing for home, will leave its mark on the men who will be left to tell the awful story.

I saw a man leaning over his companion.

"You're not all in, Frank?" I said. "You're only scratched, don't you be frightened; say, don't you give up."

"Thanks," said the dying man, "I must give up something, Dan. I must give up—my soul. There's no use, I can't hold on."

"Can I do anything for you, Frank?" I asked him.

"Yes," he whispered. "You go away. The

bullets are all around you and you'll get caught yourself."

"Have you any message for your friends, Frank?" I asked hurriedly, for I was in awful danger.

"Oh, yes," he said with a sigh, "tell people to make something to guard their country's honor, something stronger, something that can endure better than flesh and blood."

"I will," I said. And then, suddenly, I got caught myself and I went to the ground.

Soon the American Ambulance fellows came along and were on the job. I tell you the American Ambulance boys are a fine crowd of men, and many a fellow has had good reason to remember them and their kindly acts. They take but little recreation and are as cool as cucumbers in the very teeth of danger.

A friend of mine saw them at a baseball game the other day, and he was filled with admiration when talking of them to me. Baseball is about the one recreation they take, and only take that occasionally to keep themselves in condition. I tell you those fellows drive their ambulances straight through the danger

line while they sit erect and not in the least bit afraid, even when they drive through a Dante's Inferno.

I can tell you, and I think you will agree with me, that if there is such a place as Hell, peace cannot be found there. Therefore, peace cannot come to this war until the pot that has been so long a time stewing trouble is thoroughly cooled down.

The women have been wonderful. Some time ago, and not a long time ago at that, I used to oppose, with all my voice, the Suffrage question. What a fool I was then. I can tell you if women had the vote men wouldn't be broiled over this greasy hot pot of the present time. Most of the men who have come here whole will go back in parts, and I honestly believe not even part of the men would go back at all if the women did not have a hand in the game. I think some of the lines in your verses very good and very true. Especially the lines which read:

Out of a curse, a blessing may arise,
Hell is on earth, there is God in the skies,

While man, the Dictator, demands to dictate,
The strength of his love, or the power of his
hate.

Oh man, all subduing, you kill to subdue.
You humble the mighty, exalting the few,
While the weak, become weaker, the jest of the
strong,
And Peace is the discord in war's battle-
song.
Queen Mary's Convalescent Hospital at Cimez,
France.

I Wasn't What You Might Call a Good Man

I do not know if you are an Atheist. I do not know if you are a Christian, or if you are of the Jewish faith. I only know, for I have noticed it over and over again, that the men in this conflict who have a reverence for God have been the men who have had the greatest courage.

Before I came here, I wasn't what you might call a good man. But I can tell you that my brain has been called on to hustle since I came here, and I have thought things

out with that mysterious gift of ours called Vision.

The soldiers who have had a great faith are and have been the strongest men. Usually the Atheist is a weakling when he is called on to face a real trial.

Before I came here I was indifferent to all things that did not spell material comfort. I just went on, and when the years came to meet me, I usually greeted them, each one at a time, with a case of whiskey and a lot of jolly companions.

We didn't get home until morning, in those days, and when we did get home, it was always an ugly grouch we took home with us.

Then came the call to arms. It came as suddenly as did the realization that we would have to leave the good things of life behind us. Some of my friends of the Rye Bottle answered the call and very soon I followed. A day came when we knew we could no longer have the sprees of old, and for a long time we missed it. Many of us, down in our hearts, would rather see cases of whiskey wheeled up to the trenches than watch the smoke tell us

of things done on the enemy's side. Just believe me when I tell you that some day when we fellows first came here, if we had known the cannon's mouth was filled with rum that might be sucked out even at the risk of an explosion, we'd have gone to the mouth of that cannon for a try.

I am writing this letter with my left hand, and from a hospital near Paris, and as I look at the vacant space where there used to be a hand at the end of an arm, and when I think that that hand used to furnish me rum, I just can't understand, somehow, how it all came to me—the resignation, I mean, for the loss of the rum and the loss of the hand.

It wasn't the lost hand's fault that I drank sometimes like a slimy fish. It was the fault of habit and foolish companions.

I tell you it is habit that makes cowards of people who might have amounted to something if they had just strengthened their habits down a proper path. If a fellow who decides he wants to become a drunkard would just swallow some powder and then put a lighted match down his throat and end the whole

comedy of errors, it would be best for him and a lot better for other people. Say, don't you imagine the trenches don't teach a lot of things.

The first thing the trenches teach a fellow is self-control. Then there are no corner saloons handy, and no beet-nosed drinker can go into a trench without having his nose become pale, and soon he takes on the look of a better man.

The skin of my nose and face used to have an inflamed appearance, and I was usually a fool for people to laugh at, all but my mother or my sister. There were usually tears in my mother's and sister's eyes. They suffered—I know now since I have become sane—and it would be only right if they were glad for the day that sent me here.

But a knock on the flesh often wakes up a man's soul.

Here, I see men going into battle with a prayer on their lips, and I've seen men die, calling to be forgiven for the wrongs they have done. I have heard the war noises and once above the confusion I heard a voice calling—"Lord God, will you receive my soul?"

In that very same hour I heard a man who had never believed, curse the name of his Maker, loudly proclaiming that such as He never did exist, but if such a one had existed, he never would have allowed him to die in that way. One day I saw a fair youth, a boy who did not look to be more than eighteen years old. He was calling his mother's name and then suddenly he lowered his voice and I could see he was softly praying. In trouble—it seems odd, doesn't it—that a man's mother and his prayers seem close together.

Faith is a queer thing. Somehow, it is like a shining steel band that carries us across many troubles when the smoke is thick around us, closing out the beauties of nature. It is then one must look to the inner self for beauty, and if it is not there, a man is lost indeed.

If a young man just beginning manhood can put down craving for strong drink, the battle for big things is two-thirds won. The young man who begins to crave whiskey is already half insane. You tell the boys of the whole world *this* for me. You tell them that I asked you to tell them, because in a little while I am

going to my long home and from there I cannot send them advice. Tell them that not only was I injured, but my lungs are almost done, for I got a German treat from their liquid fire. Tell them I wrote this with the hand that is left, and tell them I have been three days writing it. Tell them it is my last will and testament, and tell them, and I know they will be glad to hear it, that although I have led a foolish life, it is my trench experience that has sobered my brain and that at last it has given me a chance to be prepared to meet my God. Tell them that no one has ever seen anything good come out of a whiskey bottle.

Tell them when the glass bottle is broken and when it has been thrown away that the evil that came out of it, still lives.

It is growing dark. I am not strong. As I look through my window the evening star is in the sky. You will excuse me if I am tired. Tell my brothers of the world I hope they will receive in kindness my last will and testament.

France.

THE DREAM MAN.

Out from an ocean of human blood
Comes the man of a life-long dream.
Night falls low on the barren shore
And the man, who is gray and lean.
Long has the exile slaved in his dream
On the cannon, the shot, and the shell,
But now he awakes to himself as he is—
A toy of his home-made Hell.

His mantle is red from the hearts of men,
His brow is furrowed with care.
All ye who behold him, see if ye will,
But blame him? Do, if ye dare.
For he willed it not, since the loss is his,
To conquer was only a game,
But now, as he looks o'er the crimson sea,
The wild dream-tale grows tame.

Out of his dream as the years go on,
On and into the great Beyond,
Will be shattered chains of his wish to bind
And the blood-lust of which he was fond.
He has builded guns for his own defeat,
He dreamed of all men as small,
So he climbed on his foolish Will and smiled
On men he has found to be tall.

HEART MESSAGES

Out from the plan of scheming years,
Out from an ocean of Strife,
Out, far out, on the moving sands,
Goes a man with his dreams for life.
The sands 'neath his feet may be washed away,
For the incoming tide must be fed,
But the man, alone with his empty dream,
Must be mocked by a tide that is red.

The sun will go down to a western sky
As a moving world goes round,
But the blood of men, from a man-made dream,
Will forever remain on the ground.
Red roses may climb from those stains of Strife
While the dew comes to silver the red,
But the war-mad man of shattered hopes
Must remain on his war-made bed.

Go you to your island and dream your dream,
Go you to your island alone;
War music for you as you watch the tide
Will be only your Nation's moan;
Blame whom you will, the blame is yours,
The world hath eyes and ears.
You are the man of the bloody thirst,
Do you ever have ghostly fears?

Well,—if you have, you may use them all
On your isle by your crimson sea.
They may dance for you on the foam of the
tide,
As winds sing in minor key.
You are the man of the tragic mind,
You are the man with a Will.
You are the man who planned to do,
Through dreams, you aimed to kill.

We Have Seen Things

Was there ever a war without a tail-end? Certainly the tail-end of this war is a long one, for all the colors in the rainbow seem to have been mixed up with it, and the end is a long way off. It is too bad to put all of those colors into muddy, dirty trenches where men so often come out only to be caught in the jaws of death and then as the saying is, "he is all in."

Just let any loose-tongued loafer come airing his views on this war to any of us fellows if ever we get back. Just let him bob up from his loafing place to instruct us how the war should have been run and the neighborhood

of that man won't be a safe place for anyone foolish enough to loiter just for the sake of looking on. You bet we fellows know a little about a war. We have been frozen stiff only to be melted again, and then to be toasted and half skinned. We have ducked and we have hiked, and we have faced the enemy and we have spent sleepless nights when our skins were nearly cracked from exposure. We have seen things; we have suffered everything, and we have kept right on, but we won't keep on long enough for a quitter to tell us what we should have done, or to hear how he would have improved things if he had had a chance to lead this war.

I got word through my cousin in France that the ambulance he was driving, when it was filled up with wounded British soldiers had been fired on by the enemy. Some of the wounded men died soon afterwards, and my cousin, who was driving the ambulance at the time, was badly wounded and has been laid up ever since.

Do you know, I wish I had my cows here so that the delicate ones here could get good

fresh milk. I wish I knew just how it feels to be in a country far away from war. I wonder if you appreciate it, or if you would like to have some experience and know what troubled countries are really like?

Flanders.

TO YOU, DEAR SOLDIER OF YOUR TROUBLED COUNTRY.

The following letter is a copy of the one-thousandth letter written and sent by the Author to the soldiers fighting for the Allied Cause.

Today, at sunrise, while strolling on the beach by the side of the Atlantic I met a badly crippled man. As he approached me, I realized the man was whistling a tune. As he limped by me and away, I recognized the tune. It was "The Star-Spangled Banner," that beautiful sacred song of my country. As the flute-like tones died away in the distance I looked out across the sea to where the sky line seemed to come down to the brow of the ocean. Far across that sea I knew there

was much suffering, and the tune of the whistling man brought to my mind the full realization that the flag of my native land can only be sighing,—that it cannot dance again in the free air until brothers across the sea shall be released from the cruel conflict that seems to have crushed peace from out the souls of men.

A little while, and the crippled man was lost in the distance and the gray mist that seemed to have come in from the sea. I watched the irregular foot-prints the crippled man had made in the sand, and as I did so an inner voice seemed to be whispering—and I listened.

If one must be crippled, how much better to be maimed for the cause of one's country. If one must die, what glorious privilege to die for one's country—to be buried in honor and to be coffined by one's native flag.

You, my brother, you who have heard the lament of your native land,—you who have listened, you who have answered—you have proven that you gave no thought to suffering that might be in store for you.

You went nobly to serve your country, choosing for yourself the part of heorism, and martyrdom if necessary, for your country's ideals. You have not lived your life in vain. Such as you can never die in forgetfulness.

War, always deplorable, is sure to mark newer paths. Let us hope those paths will lead you on and upward until, at the summit of your ambitions, you will find the better way for which you are striving. Beyond the sky-line no man may see. But as we look, we hope, and as we hope, we believe. We believe that out of the dark mire and the misery of this awful conflict will some day bloom, and for all time, the white Resurrection Lily of fairer things to be.

Some day, when the war is over, suffering will speak to you in a newer language. From the trials through which you are now passing, you will enter through the gateway of future years. There, painted images of suffering will look at you from canvases, and art, will mean to you things you never before understood. At other times, when to your soul there comes the voice of music, Memory will waken and

you will answer the throbbing notes by a silent and fervent prayer for a peace on earth that shall be everlasting.

If you suffer—and you do suffer—try to remember a mother-world would soothe you if she could, calming your agony into slumbers that would lull into forgetfulness, if only for a little while. You are not forgotten. Your brothers and your sisters of the world, whom you have perhaps never seen, are working for your comfort, thinking of you, praying for you. Often, when city clocks bridge the midnight hour of that which was and that which is to be, memory remains motionless, and although motionless she refuses to rest.

If it should be so written, if you must be gathered into the love of your Eternal Father —my brother, do not, I pray you—do not go with the bitter kernel of hatred steeped in the cup of your noble soul. You would not give that bitter drink—your heart filled with hatred—for your Redeemer's drinking.

As you stand by your country, so will you stand by your God, in justice—in right to defend right—but always in sorrow that suf-

fering must be inflicted, so that right might reign to give righteousness unto all mankind.

The poem—"The Voice of Peace"—was found in the hand of a dead Belgian soldier, as he lay on the field of battle and was later returned to

THE AUTHOR.

THE VOICE OF PEACE.

I heard a call. Upon the forward battle-line
I stood;
What cared I there, for slaughtered brotherhood?
Discordant moans awoke opposing song
That told of Triumph on the field of Wrong.

I looked above. My lips were kissed by drops
of falling rain.
I looked again, and lo! the lightning came,
A sword of fire, preceding thunder's roar
That man has mocked, to make the tones of
war.

Give me thy hand. The voice was hushed by
Greed,
Pointing the crimson path, where for him men
might bleed.
I turned away. My friend was now my foe,
His heart my goal, to send a deadly blow.

I raised my eyes. My flag was waving high
'Tween Heaven and Hell it seemed, saluting
earth and sky,
While Sorrow's tears e'en as the evening
stars
Jewels of little worth to cover Hatred's scars.

Waken from dreams. A dawn is softly call-
ing to a day
Where blue-birds, waking, unaffrighted stay.
Where memory-crosses, looking from the
ground,
Point to the rifted cloud. A rainbow makes
no sound.

"Thou shalt not kill." The laden winds are
calling unto me;
Look up! behold your flag, and seeing, bend
your knee.
Lay down your arms! Give Peace the sword
and gun,
A victory gained by them is only war begun.

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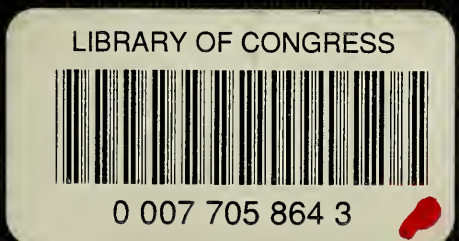
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