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**Our American Holidays**

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**ARMISTICE DAY**

OUR AMERICAN  
HOLIDAYS

EDITED BY ROBERT HAVEN  
SCHAUFFLER

ARBOR DAY (*April*)

ARMISTICE DAY (*November  
11*)

CHRISTMAS (*December 25*)

EASTER (*March or April*)

FLAG DAY (*June 14*)

INDEPENDENCE DAY (*July 4*)

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY (*Feb-  
ruary 12*)

MEMORIAL DAY (*May 30*)

MOTHER'S DAY (*Second Sun-  
day in May*)

THANKSGIVING (*Last Thurs-  
day in November*)

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY  
(*February 22*)

# ARMISTICE DAY

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE BEST PROSE AND VERSE ON PATRIOTISM, THE GREAT WAR, THE ARMISTICE,—ITS HISTORY, OBSERVANCE, SPIRIT AND SIGNIFICANCE; VICTORY, THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER AND HIS BROTHERS, AND PEACE. WITH FICTION, DRAMA, PAGEANTRY AND PROGRAMS FOR ARMISTICE DAY OBSERVANCE.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

A. P. Sanford

AND

Robert Haven Schauffler



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# ARMISTICE DAY

## INTRODUCTION

A YOUNG orderly burst into the Mars hospital ward and a tingling hush of premonition leaped from bed to bed down the long double row of wounded officers.

“The Colonel has received the following dispatch: ‘At 11 A.M., to-day, firing will cease on all fronts. This is official!’ ”

Even after the door had slammed, the incredible hush continued. In common with all the dwellers on earth we were living through the most significant, the most poignant, the most stupendous moment of our lives.

Between these covers has been brought together the best poetry and prose which could be found, dealing with this day of exultant glory, its history, spirit and significance,—and with those allied subjects, the War and the victory which preceded the Armistice, the heroes who gave their all to win it, and the resultant peace with its cloud of attendant problems.

It is hoped that this volume may serve to clarify, emphasize and perpetuate that truer, larger spirit of the day which has been succinctly expressed in these two letters:

FROM EDWIN C. BROOME, SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS,  
PHILADELPHIA, TO HIS PRINCIPALS, OCT. 29, 1926.

As the years pass, our personal recollections of the war period,—of the sacrifices, of the enthusiasms, and of the ideals of those days,—inevitably become less vivid. It is of prime importance for the future peace of the world that the present generation shall be kept alive to the spirit which marked our participation in the World War and the hopes that burned so high on the day when the successful outcome of the struggle was assured. Annually, on November 11, the lesson of that day should be retaught in our schools.

I want to suggest that one of the most important pieces of constructive teaching which we should strive to accomplish in this connection is the reconciliation, in the minds of our pupils, of the ideals of patriotism and international good-will. Even young children can be brought to sense in simple form the conflict between competition on the one hand and coöperation on the other. These two opposite ideals of conduct should be presented not merely as symbolizing the age-old antithesis of selfishness and altruism. From the point of view of national welfare itself, it should be made clear that the united effort of the group works to the benefit of its individual members much more effectively than any competitive struggle.

TO THE AMERICAN LEGION, FROM ITS COMMANDER,  
1921.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1918, an entire world, weary, worn and bent under the disaster of the World War, knelt in thanks to God. The

guns ceased booming. A new note was in the air. A new hope was in every heart, a hope and a prayer that the fighting of nation against nation, of people against people, had ended for all time. We want to go back in spirit to that grand moment. We want to recall the purpose common to every one at that moment to do each his or her share to make impossible, ever again, such a disaster.

Armistice Day has not been officially designated as a national holiday. But in the following twenty-four States it is a legal holiday: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Minnesota, Maryland, Montana, Nebraska, New Jersey, North Carolina, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia and Hawaii.

In one other state an act of the legislature provides that the Governor shall issue annually a proclamation calling for the proper observance of Armistice Day. The American Legion is seeking the enactment of similar laws in the remaining States. The 60th Congress passed a resolution requiring the President to issue a proclamation calling upon officials to display the Flag on all government buildings on each Armistice Day, and inviting the people of the United States to observe the Day in schools, churches and other suitable places with appropriate ceremonies ex-

pressive of their gratitude for peace and their desire for the continuance of friendly relations with all other peoples.

In our celebration of this great holiday let us keep faith with the living and with the dead by reconsecrating our lives to that brotherhood of mankind and to the coming of those United States of the World which alone can give man, "the fighting animal," an enduring peace.

R. H. S.

September, 1927.

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I  
**PATRIOTISM**





## PATRIOTISM

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

A NATION is made great, not by its fruitful acres, but by the men who cultivate them; not by its great forests, but by the men who use them; not by its mines, but by the men who work in them; not by its railways, but by the men who build and run them. America was a great land when Columbus discovered it; Americans have made it a great nation.

In 1776 our fathers had a vision of a new Nation "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Without an army they fought the greatest of exciting world empires that they might realize this vision. A third of a century later, without a navy they fought the greatest navy in the world that they might win for their nation the freedom of the seas. Half a century later they fought through an unparalleled Civil War that they might establish for all time on this continent the inalienable right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. A third of a century later they fought to emancipate an oppressed neighbor, and, victory won, gave back Cuba to the Cubans, sent an army of schoolmasters to educate for liberty

the Filipinos, asked no war indemnity from their vanquished enemy, but paid him liberally for his property. Meanwhile they offered land freely to any farmer who would live upon and cultivate it, opened to foreign immigrants on equal terms the door of industrial opportunity, shared with them political equality, and provided by universal taxation for universal education.

The cynic who can see in this history only a theme for his egotistical satire is no true American, whatever his parentage, wherever his birthplace. He who looks with pride upon this history which his fathers have written by their heroic deeds, who accepts with gratitude the inheritance which they have bequeathed to them, and who highly resolves to preserve this inheritance unimpaired and to pass it on to his descendants enlarged and enriched is a true American, be his birthplace or his parentage what it may.

---

## AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!

God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!

America! America!

God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life!

America! America!

May God thy gold refine  
Till all success be nobleness  
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam  
Undimmed by human tears!

America! America!

God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

## WHAT AMERICANS BELIEVE IN

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

AMERICANS believe in individual liberty so far as it can be exercised without injury to the superior rights of the community.

In complete religious toleration.

In freedom of speech and of the press subject only to temporary restraint in times of popular excitement by public authority only.

In control of public policies and measures by representative legislative assemblies elected by universal suffrage.

In the executive head of the nation elected for a short term of universal suffrage and exercising large powers but under constitutional limitations.

In local self-government.

In a universal education which discovers or reveals the best function for each individual and helps him toward it.

In a free and mobile social state which permits each individual to render to the community the best service of which he is capable.

In resistance to evil men and governments and in the prevention of evils by every means that applied science has put into the hands of man.

In submission to the will of the majority after full discussion and a fair vote.

In leading rather than driving men, women and children in the practice of reasoning, self-guidance and self-control rather than that of implicit obedience.

In the doctrine of each for all and all for each.

In a universal sense of obligation to the community and the country, an obligation to be discharged by service, gratitude and love.

In the dignity and strength of common human nature and therefore in democracy and its ultimate triumph.

---

## THE TRAIL \*

BY PERCY MAC KAYE

UNCOUTH, unconquered, unafraid  
To serve without servility,  
Under his roaring masquerade  
Of pomp and squalor, this is he

Who leads us by his hardy trail  
Home to ourselves, and there at last  
Unbares the glorifying grail  
That lights our morrow from the past—

---

\* Part VII of MacKaye's longer poem "Ourselves."

That lights our morrow, blended now  
With mornings of a vernal sphere,  
Where down the trail-furrow with his plow  
He strides—the Yankee Pioneer:

There ever the world is new to his eyes  
That lift from valor-conquered loam  
Where rose Sierras ever rise  
Sublime beyond the fields of home;

There ever the world is a new world  
Of labor towards another day;  
Ever the Pilgrim's breath is whirled  
To the vast horizons far away;

And ever there, as he flicks the dew  
From an oldish tattered book and sings,  
His psalm goes up forever new—  
Goes up on whirring of April wings:

How beautiful upon the mountains  
Are the lambs of the Lord in their cloudy  
fleece!

How beautiful upon the mountains  
Are the feet of Him who bringeth Peace!

## SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM

BY WOODROW WILSON

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE NATIONAL ARMY:

You are undertaking a great duty. The heart of the whole country is with you. Everything that you do will be watched with the deepest interest and with the deepest solicitude, not only by those who are near and dear to you, but by the whole Nation besides. For this great war draws us all together, makes us all comrades and brothers, as all true Americans felt themselves to be when we first made good our national independence. The eyes of all the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom.

Let it be your pride, therefore, to show all men everywhere not only what good soldiers you are, but also what good men you are, keeping yourselves fit and straight in everything and pure and clean through and through. Let us set for ourselves a standard so high that it will be a glory to live up to it and then let us live up to it and add a new laurel to the crown of America.

My affectionate confidence goes with you in every battle and every test. God keep and guide you!

## RELINQUISHING

BY THEDA KENYON

SURE, 'twas like the angels' footsteps when your  
baby feet went racin'—

And see the funny toothmarks, on your little,  
battered cup. . . .

'Twill be a different metal bit my lad will soon be  
facin'—

But, dearie . . . though my heart's half broke  
. . . I'm proud to give ye up!

Good-by, lad . . . I'll not cry, lad . . .

Stoop lower, whilst I kiss ye. . . .

But—as the days slip by, lad,

Will ye guess how much I miss ye?

Then sometimes, with ye rollickin' and rompin'  
all about me,

I'd ask myself how I could ever pay for so  
much bliss;

And I'd wonder how I'd ever lived so many years  
widout ye. . . .

But, dearie . . . now, I see it all . . . I bore ye  
just for this!

Good-by, lad . . . I'll not cry, lad . . .

Stoop low, dear, whilst I kiss ye. . . .

And as the days slip by, lad,

God will know how much I miss ye. . . .



## WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

BY AGNES REPPLIER

Not dilating with pleasurable emotions when the American flag is unfurled. Not rising to our feet when the Star Spangled Banner is sung. Not joining societies of Colonial Dames, or Daughters of the Revolution. Not sending off fireworks on the Fourth of July. These things may be the expression of civic pride, or of personal pride, or of pure hilarity. They may represent steadfastness of purpose, or mere force of habit. They symbolize contentment in times of peace, and it remains to be seen how far they symbolize nationality in times of peril. For many years no serious obligation has been thrust upon us, no sacrifice demanded of us, in return for protection and security. Now the call is imperative, and by the sustained fervor of our response will the depth and purity of our patriotism be made manifest to the world.

Two things are certain: We were not lightly tossed into this war to appease resentment, or to gratify ambition; and it will take all our energy, sagacity and determination to win out against an adversary whose strength can never be overestimated. Because we are a peace-loving people, we reelected a profoundly peace-loving President.

Because we are a patient people, we endured repeated insult and repeated injury, and sought to win redress by noble but futile remonstrance. Our flag was hauled down on the high seas, our ships were sunk, our seamen drowned like rats. There were many whose hearts were sore over these things, and whose slow-growing anger burned like a hidden flame. There were many who had begun to ask in Lowell's homely words,

“Wut'll make ye act like freemen?  
Wut'll git your dander riz?”

Still the President's restraining hand held an angry people in leash. Still he hoped against hope, and strove against fate, to obtain some measure of justice. It was only when it became a question of the United States taking orders from Germany and so yielding our assent to her crimes, that Mr. Wilson asked Congress to proclaim a state of war. We had then no choice left us. It was not merely the nation's honor and the nation's welfare that were at stake. It was the salvation of the nation's soul.

Because we realized this, we read unmoved the appeals sent out by Peace Committees, and Fellowships of Reconciliation. What was the use of asking us to “generate, and set in operation the irresistible energies of love”; to “combat wrong by a sustained appeal to conscience”; to assert

“the constructive principles of good-will”? God knows, we had tried to do these things. We had tried, as decent-living men and women, to establish relations of decency with the Central Powers, and we had failed. They struck at us treacherously again and again, plotting in secret at our doors, repaying our hospitality and our trust by making bombs for our destruction on the ships which were sheltered in our ports. It was time, and more than time, that we turned the “irresistible energies of love,” the “constructive principles of good-will,” to the aid of those allied nations who were bearing on their galled shoulders the burden of a war they had not provoked, and upon whose triumph or defeat rest the hopes of an assaulted civilization.

It is imbecile to prate about the glamor of war and the infection of the military spirit. There is no glamor left in war. We know the truth about it. There is no military spirit, unless it is expressed in Mr. Wilson’s words, “The world must be made safe for democracy.” No man likes to endure hardships. Few men care to face danger and brave death. This is why we apply the word “heroic” to a nation’s defenders. A French soldier, blinded for life in his first skirmish, said quietly in response to commiseration, “Some one had to be there.” No simpler exposition of duty was ever given. Some one has to do the hard and

bitter work. Some one has to front the peril and bear the burden. The man who says, "Why not I as well as another?" is a patriot. The man who says, "Why not another rather than I?" is a shirker. War is the supreme test of character. It took a war to give us Washington. It took a grievous war to give us Lincoln. Both these men suffered greatly in fulfillment of their high purpose. Both bore their share of pain without shrinking and without resentment.

If we value our civilization, if we love our homes, if we believe that our country stands a living vindication of popular government, we must prove our patriotism in this day of trial. The pacifist talks of peace, the socialist of the tyranny of capital, the sentimentalist of universal brotherhood, the coward of caution. The patriot has a strong and simple word, duty, to guide him on his way. The issue now before us is one which, in the words of Lincoln, "can be tried only by war, and settled by victory." It was not our choice to fight, but the alternative was submission to wrong-doing, and that way lies perdition. American women, no less than American men, repudiated the shameful surrender of all we held sacred and dear, and are now prepared to abide by the consequences of their decision. "Only thus," says Mr. Roosevelt gallantly, "shall we

stand erect before the world, high of heart, the masters of our own souls.”

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## TO MY COUNTRY

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

BEAMS from your forest built my little home,  
And stones from your deep quarries flagged my  
    hearth;

Your streams have rippled swiftly in my blood,  
Your fertile acres made my flesh for me,  
And your clean-blowing winds have been my  
    breath.

Your prophets saw the visions of my youth,  
The dreams you gave have been my dearest  
    dreams,  
And you have been the mother of my soul.

Therefore, my country, take again at need  
Your excellent gifts, home, hearth, and flesh and  
    blood,

Young dreams and all the good I am or have,  
That all your later children may have peace  
In little homes built of your wood and stone  
And warmed and lighted by the love of man!

## SELF-SACRIFICE

BY WOODROW WILSON

OUR life is but a little span. One generation follows another very quickly. If a man with red blood in him had his choice, knowing that he must die, he would rather die to vindicate some right, unselfish to himself, than die in his bed. We are all touched with the love of the glory which is real glory, and the only glory comes from utter self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice. We never erect a statue to men who have not forgotten themselves and been glorified by the memory of others. This is the standard that America holds up to mankind in all sincerity and in all earnestness.—  
*At Kansas City, February 2, 1916.*

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## STANZAS ON FREEDOM

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

MEN! whose boast it is that ye  
Come of fathers brave and free,  
If there breathe on earth a slave,  
Are ye truly free and brave?  
If ye do not feel the chain,  
When it works a brother's pain,

Are ye not base slaves indeed,  
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear  
Sons to breathe New England air,  
If ye hear, without a blush,  
Deeds to make the roused blood rush  
Like red lava through your veins,  
For your sisters now in chains,—  
Answer! are ye fit to be  
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And, with leathern hearts, forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And, with heart and hand, to be  
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.





II  
WAR



# THE PRESIDENT'S WAR MESSAGE

BY WOODROW WILSON

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONGRESS:

I have called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making.

On the third of February last I officially laid before you the extraordinary announcement of the Imperial German Government that on and after the first day of February it was its purpose to put aside all restraints of law or of humanity and use its submarines to sink every vessel that sought to approach either the ports of Great Britain and Ireland or the western coasts of Europe or any of the Mediterranean.

That had seemed to be the object of the German submarine warfare earlier in the war, but since April of last year the Imperial Government had somewhat restrained the commanders of its undersea craft in conformity with its promise then given to us that passenger boats should not be sunk and that due warning would be given to all other vessels which its submarines might seek

to destroy when no resistance was offered or escape attempted, and care taken that their crews were given at least a fair chance to save their lives in their open boats.

The new policy has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents.

When I addressed the Congress on the 26th of February last I thought it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms, our right to use the seas against unlawful interference, our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence. But armed neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable. Because submarines are in effect outlaws, when used as the German submarines have been used against merchant shipping, it is impossible to defend ships against their attacks, as the law of nations has assumed that merchantmen would defend themselves against privateers or cruisers, visible craft giving chase upon the open sea. It is common prudence in such circumstances, grim necessity, indeed, to endeavor to destroy them before they have shown their own intention. They must be dealt with upon sight, if dealt with at all.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government and people of the United States, that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquests, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free people, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our

operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering the war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old unhappy days, when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interests of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow-men as pawns and tools.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful

people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance.

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own Governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free people as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured.

God helping her, she can do no other.

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## RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

(1914)

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

A WINGÈD death has smitten dumb thy bells,  
And poured them molten from thy tragic  
towers:

Now are the windows dust that were thy  
flowers  
Patterned like frost, petaled like asphodels.  
Gone are the angels and the archangels,  
The saints, the little lamb above thy door,  
The shepherd Christ! They are not any more,  
Save in the soul where exiled beauty dwells.  
But who has heard within thy vaulted gloom  
That old divine insistence of the sea,  
When music flows along the sculptured  
stone  
In tides of prayer, for him thy windows bloom  
Like faithful sunset, warm immortally!  
Thy bells live on, and Heaven is in their  
tone!

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## DRAW THE SWORD, O REPUBLIC

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

By the blue sky of a clear vision,  
And by the white light of a great illumination,  
And by the blood-red of brotherhood,  
Draw the sword, O Republic!  
Draw the sword!

For the light which is England,  
And the resurrection which is Russia,  
And the sorrow which is France,



And for peoples everywhere  
Crying in bondage,  
And in poverty!

You have been a leaven in the earth, O Republic!  
And a watch-fire on the hill-top scattering sparks;  
And an eagle clanging his wings on a cloud-  
wrapped promontory:

Now the leaven must be stirred,  
And the brands themselves carried and touched  
To the jungles and the black forests.

Now the eaglets are grown, they are calling,  
They are crying to each other from the peaks—  
They are flapping their passionate wings in the  
sunlight,

Eager for battle!

As a strong man nurses his youth  
To the day of trial;

But as a strong man nurses it no more  
On the day of trial,

But exults and cries, "For Victory, O Strength!  
And for the glory of my City, O treasured youth!"

You shall neither save your youth,  
Nor hoard your strength

Beyond this hour, O Republic!

For you have sworn

By the passion of the Gaul,

And the strength of the Teuton,

And the will of the Saxon,  
And the hunger of the Poor,  
That the white man shall lie down by the black  
man,  
And by the yellow man,  
And all men shall be one spirit, as they are one  
flesh,  
Through Wisdom, Liberty and Democracy.  
And forasmuch as the earth cannot hold  
Aught beside them,  
You have dedicated the earth, O Republic,  
To Wisdom, Liberty and Democracy!

By the power that drives the soul to Freedom,  
And by the Power that makes us love our fellows.  
And by the Power that comforts us in death,  
Dying for great races to come—  
Draw the sword, O Republic!  
Draw the sword!

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#### FROM PRESIDENT WILSON'S WAR PROCLAMATION

THE power against which we are arrayed has sought to impose its will upon the world by force. To this end it has increased armament until it has changed the face of war. In the sense in which we have been wont to think of armies there

are no armies in this struggle. There are entire nations armed. Thus, the men who remain to till the soil and man the factories are no less a part of the army that is in France than the men beneath the battle flags. It must be so with us. It is not an army that we must shape and train for war: it is a nation.

To this end our people must draw close in one compact front against a common foe. But this cannot be if each man pursues a private purpose. All must pursue one purpose. The Nation needs all men; but it needs each man, not in the field that will most pleasure him, but in the endeavor that will best serve the common good.

Thus, though a sharpshooter pleases to operate a trip-hammer for the forging of great guns, and an expert machinist desires to march with the flag, the Nation is being served only when the sharpshooter marches and the machinist remains at his labors. The whole Nation must be a team in which each man shall play the part for which he is best fitted. To this end, Congress has provided that the Nation shall be organized for war by selection and that each man shall be classified for service in the place to which it shall best serve the general good to call him.

The significance of this cannot be overstated. It is a new thing in our history and a landmark in our progress. It is a new manner of accepting

and vitalizing our duty to give ourselves with thoughtful devotion to the common purpose of us all. It is in no sense a conscription of the unwilling; it is, rather, selection from a nation which has volunteered in mass. It is no more a choosing of those who shall march with the colors than it is a selection of those who shall serve an equally necessary and devoted purpose in the industries that lie behind the battle line.

The day here named is the time upon which all shall present themselves for assignment to their tasks. It is for that reason destined to be remembered as one of the most conspicuous moments in our history. It is nothing less than the day upon which the manhood of the country shall step forward in one solid rank in defense of the ideals to which this Nation is consecrated. It is important to those ideals no less than to the pride of this generation in manifesting its devotion to them, that there be no gaps in the ranks.

It is essential that the day be approached in thoughtful apprehension of its significance and that we accord to it the honor and the meaning that it deserves.

Our industrial need prescribes that it be not made a technical holiday, but the stern sacrifice that is before us urges that it be carried in all our hearts as a great day of patriotic devotion and obligation when the duty shall lie upon every

man, whether he is himself to be registered or not, to see to it that the name of every male person of the designated ages is written on these lists of honor.

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## MARCHING SONG

BY DANA BURNET

WHEN Pershing's men go marching into Picardy,  
marching, marching into Picardy—  
With their steel a-slant in the sunlight and their  
great gray hawks a-wing  
And their wagons rumbling after them like wag-  
ons in the Spring—

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp  
Till the earth is shaken.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp  
Till the dead towns waken!

And flowers fall, and shouts arise from Chaumont  
to the sea—

When Pershing's men go marching, marching into  
Picardy.

Women of France, do you see them pass to the  
battle in the North?

And do you stand in the doorways now as when  
your own went forth?

Then smile to them, and call to them, and mark  
 how brave they fare  
 Upon the road to Picardy that only youth may  
 dare!

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 Foot and horse and caisson—  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 Such is Freedom's passion—

And oh, take heart, ye weary souls that stand  
 along the Lys,  
 For the New World is marching, marching into  
 Picardy!

April's sun is in the sky and April's in the grass—  
 And I doubt not that Pershing's men are singing  
 as they pass—  
 For they are very young men, and brave men,  
 and free  
 And they know why they are marching, marching  
 into Picardy.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 Rank and file together—  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp  
 Through the April weather.

And never Spring has thrust such blades against  
 the light of dawn  
 As yonder waving stalks of steel that move so  
 shining on!

I have seen the wooden crosses at Ypres and  
 Verdun  
 I have marked the graves of such as lie where the  
 Marne waters run,  
 And I know their dust is stirring by hill and vale  
 and lea,  
 And their souls shall be our captains who march  
 to Picardy.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 Hope shall fail us never—  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp  
 Forward, and forever!  
 And God is in His judgment seat, and Christ is  
 on His tree—  
 And Pershing's men are marching, marching into  
 Picardy.

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AMERICA GOES IN SINGING

(From *The Public Ledger*, Philadelphia)

"THE American troops will fight side by side with the British and French troops and the Star Spangled Banner will float beside the French and English flags in the plains of Picardy."

This was the official answer to General Pershing's words to General Foch:

"All that we have are yours, to dispose of them as you will."

When Pershing stood at the tomb of Lafayette and uttered the briefest and finest war address that has been delivered, "Lafayette, we are here!" he spoke for the American spirit, to the soul of the French people. Our country from sea to sea ratified the message of a soldier unafraid. It was

"The voice of one for millions  
In whom the millions rejoice  
For giving their one spirit voice."

Even so with Pershing's offer of our whole armed force at once, to beat back the tidal wave of the flagellated myrmidons of Prussia. The country that we love will send into No Man's Land, to reclaim it for God and from the Devil, its first hundred thousand, its million, and then its millions more, if they are needed, to assure the triumph of the right and the salvation of the world from the gluttoned maw of the Beast of Beasts, of Moloch in a death's-head helmet.

Our men, our sons and brothers, march on singing toward the fray. The Irish poet Arthur O'Shaughnessy has told us that

"Three with a new song's measure  
Can trample an empire down."

Terrible indeed is the striking power of a singing army—as Cromwell's psalm-singing Ironsides



proved. Mile after mile of men in khaki, tramping the measured cadence down the miry highways to the front, are lifting in lyric unison their battle anthems—"Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?" and "Over There" and "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." These swarming caravans moving toward the firing line like inspired clockwork, without confusion—these rumbling guns outlandishly bespotted to hide them from the prying eyes aloft—these motor-trucks and rocking, rumbling wagons roofed with brown, and above all and before all, these marching columns of men pressing forward to relieve the warworn thousands in the trenches with their irrepressible youth and strength and high, joking courage—all this means for us at home and for us who are over there a shining dream brought true, a great day dawning for America, a saving grace for our country where liberty, so dearly bought by the blood of our fathers, is forever cherished and forever sanctified.

America is in the fight because she "can do no other." Our men could not endure to wait an hour longer. "Watchman, what of the night?" was the interrogation that ran from armed camp to armed camp. Their brothers beneath the Union Jack and the Tricolor were in the thick of the hardest battle ever waged on earth, and were falling and dying. With a righteous indignation

burning in their hearts, and on their lips the song of the happy warrior who vindicates the right, our men march forward into battle—their faces to the enemy—their love with us at home—their glory safe with God.

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### I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

BY ALAN SEEGER

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade;  
When Spring comes back with rustling shade  
And apple blossoms fill the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.  
It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land,  
And close my eyes and quench my breath—  
It may be I shall pass him still.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed on silk and scented down,  
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,

Where hushed awakenings are dear—  
But I've a rendezvous with Death,  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this year,  
And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

---

## THE MAN OF THE MARNE

BY BLISS CARMAN

THE gray battalions were driving down  
Like snow from the North on Paris Town.  
Dread and panic were in the air,  
The fate of empires hung by a hair.  
With the world in the balance, what shall decide?  
How stem the sweep of the conquering tide?  
God of Justice, be not far  
In this our hour of holy war!  
In one man's valor, where all were men,  
The strength of a people was gathered then.  
"My right is weakened, my left is thin,  
My center is almost driven in,"  
The soul of a patriot spoke through the hush,  
"I shall advance," said General Foch.

Forth from Paris to meet the storm  
They rushed like bees in an angry swarm.

By motor and lorry and truck they came  
Swift as the wind and fierce as flame.  
Galliéni knew the trick  
Of stinging hot and hard and quick.  
Not for ambition and not for pride,  
For France they fought, for France they died,  
Striking the blow of the Marne that hurled  
The barbarians back and saved the world.  
The German against that hope forlorn  
Broke his drive like a crumpled horn.  
Their right was weakened, their left was thin,  
Their center was almost driven in;  
When the tide of battle turned with a rush—  
For France was there—and Ferdinand Foch.

Not since Garibaldi's stroke  
Freed his land from the Austrian yoke,  
And Italy after a thousand years  
Walked in beauty among her peers;  
Not since Nelson followed the star  
Of Freedom to triumph at Trafalgar  
On the tossing floor of the Western seas;  
No, not since Miltiades  
Fronted the Persian hosts and won  
Against the tyrant at Marathon,  
Has a greater defender of liberty  
Stood and struck for the cause than he,  
Whose right was weakened, whose left was thin,  
Whose center was almost driven in,

But whose iron courage no fate could crush  
Nor hinder. "I shall advance," said Foch.

We who are left to carry the fray  
For civilization on to-day,  
The war of the angels for goodly right  
Against the devil of brutish might,—  
The war for manhood, mercy, and love,  
And peace with honor all price above,—  
What shall we answer, how prepare,  
For Destiny's challenge, Who goes there?  
And pass with the willing and worthy to give  
Life; that freedom and faith may live?  
When promise and patience are wearing thin,  
When endurance is almost driven in,  
When our angels stand in a waiting hush,  
Remember the Marne and Ferdinand Foch.

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LETTER BY AN AMERICAN OFFICER

ANONYMOUS

(*N. Y. Times*, August, 1918)

I AM writing you a few lines to say that I am assigned with my company to two French companies to defend an important position (hill) against the expected German offensive. My company will be in the first position to resist the tremendous concentration against us, and I do not

believe there is a chance of any of us surviving the first rush. I am proud to be trusted with such a post of honor and have the greatest confidence in my own men to do their duty to the end. . . . My company is expected to protect the right flank of the position and to counter attack at sight of the first Boche. In war some units have to be sacrificed for the safety of the rest, and this post has fallen to us and will be executed gladly as one contribution to the final victory. . . . I want you in case I am killed to be brave and remember that one could not have wished a better way to die than for a righteous cause and one's country.

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THE HERO OF VIMY \*  
(An incident of the Great War)

BY BRENT DOW ALLINSON

WE charged at Vimy,—zero was at four;  
Sore-eyed we rose and cursed the bleeding war,  
And sick at heart, half paralyzed with fear,  
Waited in mud and mist—it seemed a year—  
Talking in whispers while we gulped the gin;  
And John, our sergeant, looked scared-white and  
thin,

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\* From *The Amaroc News*, published by soldiers of the American Army of Occupation, Coblenz, Germany, July, 1921.

(This was his first trip over) as he said:  
"I wish we'd go; one might as well be dead  
As in this slaughter-pen. What fools we are!  
What poor, damned fools!" . . .

A murmur from afar  
Like wind through winter branches rose and fell  
Along the line,—and up we went pell-mell,  
Kicking the ladders backward in the mud,—  
Crazy as loons, thirsting for German blood!

Then broke the storm like thunder on the plain!  
The heavens roared—the shrapnel fell like rain;  
Through the dun mist of dawn we groped and ran  
In a long wave up that infernal hill,  
Dodging black stumps and blacker pits until  
I tripped on what had one time been a man  
And fell headlong with a torn and bleeding  
thigh—

Angry and helpless while the storm drove by;  
Thinking of John and the children there I lay  
And watched the sullen sky grow ashen gray . . .

They found him hanging dead upon the wire,—  
Caught like a fly in a huge spider-net . . .

In a few days the Colonel came to inquire  
If I were well, and how my leg was set:

"You should have seen the troops! God! They  
were splendid!"

"Was the wire cut?" I asked.

His laughter ended.

“By some mischance our barrage fell too high;  
The boys got badly tangled as they came,”  
He answered. “But our staff was not to blame.”

“A pity that so many had to die  
Through negligence!” I said, and turned my face.

“I shall report the matter to the base,”—  
His quick retort. “It *was* a bloody shame;  
But then, we’d men to spare and there’s no blame  
So far as we’re concerned . . . Lord! how they  
died!”

He smiled and went. And as I saw him ride  
Down that charred slope—his orderly abaft—  
I cried to Heaven,—and wondered if God  
laughed!

---

## THE LOOK IN THEIR EYES

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

YOUTHFUL and buoyant and blithe they went into  
battle,  
Fresh as Olympian athletes strung for the  
prize:  
Aged and broken and done they dragged from the  
victory,  
All with that look, that terrible look in their  
eyes.



Plainly I saw in their eyes the plunge of the  
bayonet.

Plainly the crater's fresh red, and the faint,  
overwise

Smile on a comrade's cold lips and his blackening  
body

Were mirrored once more by the terrible look  
in their eyes.

Never again shall they greet with youth's poignant  
pleasure,

Forests or tremulous dawns or the round  
moon's rise,

Or beauty or grandeur or love or the glory of  
heaven

Who return with the mark of the knowledge of  
hell in their eyes.

---

## COMRADES IN A COMMON CAUSE

BY BISHOP BRENT

WE comrades in the common cause have come together like sturdy Judas Maccabeus and his fellow patriots in the ancient story, to commit our decision to the Lord and place ourselves in His hands before we pitch our camp and go forth to battle. It were an unworthy cause that we could

not commit to God with complete confidence. To-day we have this confidence.

This, I venture to say, is not merely the beginning of a new era, but of a new epoch. At this moment a great nation, well skilled in self-sacrifice, is standing by with deep sympathy and bidding Godspeed to another great nation that is making its act of self-dedication to God. That altar upon which we Americans are to-day laying our lives and our fortunes is already occupied. After three years Great Britain and her allies have been fighting not merely for their own laws, their own homes, their liberty, and all they hold sacred, but for the great commonwealth of mankind.

To-day, when the United States avow their intention of giving themselves wholeheartedly to this great cause, the battle for the right assumes new proportions. A new power and victory--aye, a victory that is God's is in sight. We Americans have never been oblivious to the fact that the people of this country have been standing for the same principles which we love and for which we live. England, thank God, is the mother of democracy, and England's children come back to-day to pour all their experience, the experience of a century and a half of independent life, with gratitude at the feet of their mother.

To-day we stand side by side with our fellows as common soldiers in the common fight. There have been great quarrels in the past that were results of misunderstanding, but our quarrel with Germany is not based on misunderstanding. It is due to understanding. Just as it was understanding that made us break with Germany, so it is understanding which makes us take our place by the side of the Allies. It would have been impossible for us to do otherwise.

This act of America has enabled her to find her soul. America, which stands for democracy, must champion the cause of the plain people at all costs. The plain people most desire peace. That is what America with the Allies is fighting for. She thinks so much of peace that she is ready to pay the cost of war. Our war to-day is that we may destroy war. One thing to do with war is to hunt it to its death and, please God, in this war we shall achieve our purpose.

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## THE NIGHTINGALES OF FLANDERS

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE nightingales of Flanders,  
They have not gone to war;  
A soldier heard them singing  
Where they had sung before.

## ARMISTICE DAY

The earth was torn and quaking,  
The sky about to fall;  
The nightingales of Flanders.  
They minded not at all.

At intervals he heard them,  
Between the guns, he said,  
Making a thrilling music  
Above the listening dead.

Of woodland and of orchard  
And roadside tree bereft,  
The nightingales of Flanders  
Were singing, "France is left!"

---

PARIS AGAIN

(From *Punch*)

Big blue overcoat and breeches red as red,  
And a queer quaint kepi at an angle on his head;  
And he sang as he was marching, and in the  
    Tuileries

You could meet him en permission with Margot  
    on his knee.

At the little café tables by the dusty palms in  
    tubs,

In the Garden of the Luxembourg, among the  
    scented shrubs,

On the old Boul. Mich. of student days, you saw  
his red and blue;

Did you come to love the fantassin, le p'tit  
piou-piou?

He has gone, gone, vanished, like a dream of  
yesternight;

He is out among the hedges where the shrapnel  
smoke is white;

And some of him are singing still and some of him  
are dead,

And blood and mud and sweat and smoke have  
stained his blue and red,

He is out among the hedges and the ditches in the  
rain,

But, when the soixante-quinzes are hushed, just  
hark!—the old refrain,

“Si tu veux faire mon bonheur, Marguerite, O  
Marguerite,”

Ringing clear above the rifles and the trampling  
of the feet.

Ah, may le bon Dieu send him back again in blue  
and red,

With his queer, quaint kepi at an angle on his  
head.

So the Seine shall laugh again beneath the sun-  
light's quick caress;

So the Meudon woods shall echo once again to  
“La Jeunesse.”

And all along the Luxembourg and in the  
Tuileries,  
We shall meet him en permission with Margot on  
his knee.

---

## AT GALLIPOLI

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

SHIP after ship, crammed with soldiers, moved slowly out of the harbor, in the lovely day, and felt again the heave of the sea. No such gathering of fine ships has ever been seen upon the earth, and the beauty and exaltation of the youth upon them made them like sacred things as they moved away. . . . These men had come from all parts of the British world. . . . They had said good-by to home that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for. In a few hours at most, as they well knew, perhaps a tenth of them, would have looked their last on the sun, and be a part of foreign earth or dumb things that the tides push. Many of them would have disappeared for ever from the knowledge of man, blotted from the book of life none would know how; by a fall or a chance shot in the darkness, in the blast of a shell, or alone, like a hurt beast, in some scrub or gully, far from comrades and the English speech and the English singing. And

perhaps a third of them would be mangled, blinded or broken, lamed, made imbecile or disfigured, with the color and the taste of life taken from them, so that they would never move with comrades nor exult in the sun. . . . But as they moved out, these things were but the end they asked, the reward they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast. All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used. They went like Kings in a pageant to the imminent death.

As they passed from moorings to the man-of-war anchorage on their way to the sea, their feeling that they had done with life and were going out to something new welled up in those battalions; they cheered and cheered till the harbor rang with cheering. As each ship crammed with soldiers drew near the battleships, the men swung their caps and cheered again, and the sailors answered, and the noise of cheering swelled, and the men in the ships not yet moving joined in, and the men ashore, till all the life in the harbor was giving thanks that it could go to death rejoicing. All was beautiful in that gladness of men about to die. . . .

They left the harbor very, very slowly; this tumult of cheering lasted a long time; no one who heard it will ever forget it, or think of it unshaken. It broke the hearts of all there with pity

and pride; it went beyond the guard of the English heart. Presently all were out . . . and the sun went down with marvelous color, lighting island after island, and the Asian peaks, and those left behind in Mudros trimmed their lamps knowing that they had been for a little brought near to the heart of things.

---

### CAPTAIN GUYNEMER

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

WHAT high adventure, in what world afar,  
Follows to-day,  
Mid ampler air,  
Heroic Guynemer?  
What star,  
Of all the myriad planets of our night,  
Is by his glowing presence made more bright  
Who chose the Dangerous way,  
Scorning, while brave men died, ignobly safe to  
stay?

Into the unknown Vast,  
Where few could follow him, he passed,—  
On to the gate—the shadowy gate—  
Of the Forbidden,  
Seeking the knowledge jealous Fate  
Had still so carefully from mortals hidden.



With vision falcon-keen,  
His eyes beheld what others had not seen,  
And his soul, with as clear a gaze,  
Pierced through each clouded maze  
Straight to the burning heart of things, and knew  
The lying from the true.

A dweller in Immensity,  
Of naught afraid,  
He saw the havoc Tyranny had made,—  
Saw the relentless tide of War's advance,  
And high of heart and free,  
Vowed his young life to Liberty—  
And France!

O Compiègne! be proud of him—thy son,—  
The greatest of the eagle brood,—  
Who with intrepid soul the foe withstood,  
And rests, his victories won!  
Mourn not uncomforted, but rather say:—  
His wings were broken, but he led the way  
Where myriad stronger wings shall follow;  
For Wrong shall not hold lasting sway,  
To break the World's heart, nor betray  
With cruel pledges hollow!

To us the battle draweth near.  
We dedicate ourselves again,  
Remembering, O Compiègne!  
Thy Charioteer—

Thy peerless one, who died to make men free,  
And in Man's grateful heart shall live immor-  
tally!

---

FROM LETTERS AND DIARY

OF ALAN SEEGER

ANOTHER participant in the attack upon Belloy-en-Santerre wrote for *La Liberte* of Paris the stirring account, of which this is a translation:

Six o'clock at night.

The Legion attacks Belloy-en-Santerre. The 3rd battalion is to carry the southern part of the village. With a rush, it starts, its two leading companies pressing straight forward, beneath the crash of bursting shells, across a chaos of detonations. . . . En avant!

The men hurry on, clutching tightly their arms; some set their teeth, others shout.

Three hundred meters yet to cross and they will reach the enemy. . . . En avant!

But suddenly, hands relax their grasp, arms open, bodies stagger and fall, as the clatter of the German mitrailleuses spreads death over the plain where, but a moment before, men were passing.

Hidden in the road from Estrees to Belloy, they have taken our men in flank, cutting to pieces the 11th company.

Cries of anguish come from the tall grass, then the calls of the unhurt for their chiefs. But all, officers and subalterns, have fallen. "My captain . . . My lieutenant . . . Sergeant . . ."

No answer.

Suddenly a voice is heard: "No more chiefs left. Come on, all the same, *nom de Dieu!* Come on! Lie flat, boys, he that lifts his head is done for. *En avant!*"

And the legionaries, crawling onward, continue the attack.

The wounded see the second wave pass, then the third. . . . They cheer on their comrades:

"Courage, fellows, death to the Boches! On with you!"

One of them sobs with rage: "To think I can't go too!"

And the high grasses shudder, their roots trodden by the men, their tops fanned by the hail of projectiles.

From the sunken road the German mitrailleuses work unceasingly. . . .

Now, in all the plain, not a movement; the living have passed out of sight. The dead, outstretched, are as if asleep, the wounded are silent; they listen, they listen to the battle with all their ears, this battle so near to them, but in which they have no part. They wait to hear the shout of their comrades in the supreme hour of the

great assault. . . . "Where are they now?" they murmur. . . .

Of a sudden, from the distance over there towards Belloy, a great clamor is heard:

"En avant! Vive la Legion. Ah . . . Ah . . . Ah . . ."

And the notes of a bugle pierce the air; it is the brave Renard who sounds the charge.

The Legion, in a final bound, reaches the village. . . . The grenades burst, the mitrailleuses rattle. . . .

A time which seems to the wounded, lying in the field, to be beyond measure, interminable, a time of anguish, during which one pictures man killing man, face to face, in hand-to-hand conflict.

The dying look up, the wounded raise themselves, as if all must see how the battle goes.

Then from across the field of combat a cry arises, swells, grows louder, louder: "They are there, it is over, Belloy is taken!"

And the wounded cry: "They have won. Belloy is taken!"

They are magnificent, those men, haggard, bleeding. It is the Legion fallen that salutes the glory of the Legion living:

"Belloy is ours! Vive la France! Vive la Legion! Vive la France!"

Among those who,

In that fine onslaught that no fire could halt  
Parted impetuous to their first assault,

one of the first to fall was Alan Seeger. Mortally wounded, it was his fate to see his comrades pass him in their splendid charge and to forego the supreme moment of victory to which he had looked forward through so many months of bitterest hardship and trial. Together with those other generous wounded of the Legion fallen, he cheered on the fresh files as they came up to the attack and listened anxiously for the cries of triumph which should tell of their success.

It was no moment for rescue. In that zone of deadly cross-fire there could be but one thought,—to get beyond it alive, if possible. So it was not until the next day that his body was found and buried, with scores of his comrades, on the battlefield of Belloy-en-Santerre.

There, on the outskirts of the little village.  
The soldier rests. Now round him undismayed  
The cannon thunders, and at night he lies  
At peace beneath the eternal fusillade. . . .

That other generations might possess—  
From shame and menace free in years to come—  
A richer heritage of happiness,  
He marched to that heroic martyrdom.

## FIVE SOULS

BY W. H. EWER

*First Soul*

I WAS a peasant of the Polish plain;  
I left my plow because the message ran:  
Russia, in danger, needed every man  
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.  
I gave my life for freedom— This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

*Second Soul*

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;  
I gladly left my mountain home to fight  
Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite;  
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.  
I gave my life for freedom— This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

*Third Soul*

I worked at Lyons at my weaver's loom,  
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled  
His felon blow at France and at the world;  
Then went I forth to Belgium and my doom,  
I gave my life for freedom— This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

*Fourth Soul*

I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main,  
 Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes  
 Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose  
 Swift to the call, and died in fair Lorraine.  
 I gave my life for freedom— This I know:  
 For those who bade me fight had told me so.

*Fifth Soul*

I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde.  
 There came a sudden word of wars declared,  
 Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared,  
 Asking our aid: I joined the ranks, and died.  
 I gave my life for freedom— This I know:  
 For those who bade me fight had told me so.

## APRIL ON THE BATTLEFIELDS

BY LEONORA SPEYER

APRIL now walks the fields again,  
 Trailing her leaves,  
 Holding her quickening buds against her heart.  
 Wrapt in her clouds and mists she walks,  
 Groping her way among the graves of men.

The green of earth is differently green;  
 A dreadful knowledge trembles in the grass  
 And little wide-eyed flowers die too soon.

There is a stillness here  
(After a terror of all raving sound),  
And birds sit close for comfort,  
On broken boughs.

April, April,  
What of your sun and glad, high wind?  
Your lifting hills and woods and eager brooks?  
Your thousand-petaled hopes?  
The sky forbids you sorrow, April!  
And yet—  
I see you walking listlessly  
Across those scars that once were pregnant sod,  
Those graves,  
Those stepping-stones from life to life.

Death is an interruption between two heart-beats,  
That I know—  
Yet know not how I know—  
But April mourns,  
Trailing her leaves, the passion of her leaves,  
Across the passion of those fearful fields.

Yes, all the fields!  
No barrier here,  
No challenge in the night,  
No stranger-land,  
No foe!



She passes with her perfect countersign,  
Her green;  
She wanders in her garden,  
Dropping her buds like tears,  
Spreading her lovely grief upon the graves of  
men.

---

## FRONT LINE

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

STANDING on the fire-step,  
Harking into the dark,  
The black was filled with figures  
His comrade could not mark.  
Because it was softly snowing,  
Because it was Christmastide,  
He saw three figures passing  
Glittering in their pride.

One rode a cream-white camel,  
One was a blackamoor,  
One a bearded Persian;  
They all rode up to the door.  
They all rode up to the stable-door,  
Dismounted, and bent the knee.  
The door flamed open like a rose,  
But more he could not see.

Standing on the fire-step  
In softly falling snow,  
It came to him—the carol—  
Out of the long ago.  
He heard the glorious organ  
Fill transept, loft and nave.  
He faintly heard the pulpit words:  
“Himself he could not save.”

And all the wires in No-man’s-land  
Seemed thrummed by ghostly thumbs;  
There woke then such a harping  
As when a hero comes,  
As when a hero homeward comes—  
And then his thought was back:  
He leaned against the parapet  
And peered into the black.

## EAGLE YOUTH

BY KARLE WILSON BAKER

(1918)

THEY have taken his horse and plume,  
They have left him to plod, and fume  
For a hero's scope and room!  
They have curbed his fighting pride,  
They have bade him burrow and hide  
With a million, side by side:  
Look—into the air he springs,  
Fighting with wings!

He has found a way to be free  
Of that dun immensity  
That would swallow up such as he:  
Who would burrow when he could fly?  
He will climb up into the sky  
And the world shall watch him die!  
Only his peers may dare  
Follow him there!

## I.

## PRAYER IN THE TRENCHES

BY BRENT DOW ALLINSON

(What the Regimental Chaplain Prayed)

LORD God of Hosts, be with us here!  
Be with our troops that have no peer!  
Sheathe them and shield them with Thy might,  
Teach them to scorn comfort, delight,—  
To die for Freedom we revere,  
And homes inestimably dear!  
Gird them with iron! . . . Be ever near,  
Through stern and soul-redeeming night,  
Lord God of Hosts!

When Christ to mortals did appear  
He brought nor meek compliance nor fear,  
He brought a sword,—bade men to fight;  
We fight beside Him now and here—  
Our holy Captain—without fear  
For Peace and Liberty and Right,—  
Lord God of Hosts!

## II.

## DE PROFUNDIS

BY BRENT DOW ALLINSON

(What the Regimental Chaplain Should Have  
Prayed)

COMETH the dawn: ye men who know  
Infinite anguish, infinite woe,—  
Blinded and scourged in a ghastly doom,  
Yearning and staggering through the gloom  
Of filthy war,—O Youth laid low,  
Dreaming of clean things long ago,  
Of Christmas eves and drifted snow,  
Cursing the savage cannon-boom,—  
Cometh the dawn!

All things end sometime here below,  
Even hate and war; it must be so . . .  
The rotting flesh, the riven gloom,  
Will vanish with the dreaded foe,  
And peace will come and May winds blow,  
And thrushes sing where lilacs bloom:  
Cometh the dawn!

## ARMISTICE DAY

V. A. D.

(From *Punch*)

THERE'S an angel in our ward as keeps a-flittin'  
to and fro

With fifty eyes upon 'er wherever she may go;  
She's as pretty as a picture and as bright as  
mercury,

And she wears the cap and apron of a V. A. D.

The Matron she is gracious and the Sister she is  
kind,

But they wasn't born just yesterday and lets you  
know their mind;

The M. O. and the Padre is as thoughtful as can  
be,

But they ain't so good to look at as our V. A. D.

She's a honorable miss because 'er father is a  
dook,

But, Lord, you'd never guess it and it ain't no  
good to look

For 'er portrait in the illustrated papers, for you  
see

She ain't an advertiser, not our V. A. D.

Not like them that wash a teacup in an orlicer's  
canteen

And then "Engaged in War Work" in the weekly  
Press is seen;

She's on the trot from morn to night and busy  
as a bee,  
And there's 'eaps of wounded Tommies bless that  
V. A. D.

She's the lightest 'and at dressin's and she pol-  
ishes the floor,  
She feeds Bill Smith who'll never never use 'is  
'ands no more;  
And we're all of us supporters of the harristocracy  
'Cos our weary days are lightened by that V.  
A. D.

And when the War is over, some knight or belted  
earl,  
What's survived from killin' Germans, will take  
'er for 'is girl;  
They'll go and see the pictures and then 'ave  
shrimps and tea;  
'E's a lucky man as gets 'er—and don't I wish  
'twas me!

---

CHRISTMAS 1917

BY BRENT DOW ALLINSON

Is it a mocking jest that Christmas bells  
Chime in this tragic hour of strife and pain,  
That in the misery of conflicting wills  
Breathless, men whisper words of love again?

Is it a jest that Europe's stainless snows  
In beauty mask her burning, bleeding scars,  
Where man's blaspheming thunder comes and  
    goes?—

Is this unholy his last of wars?

Is this the freedom that we bought so dear,—  
To live among the wolf-pack in a cage,  
Spurr'd by a Sycorax to hate and fear—  
Ingenious brutes that cower and kill and rage?

Have we no further end, no nobler plan,  
No subtler vision and no bolder will?  
Is this the creature that we called a man?  
Is this the jungle that we live in still?

Be dumb! ye bells, nor wake the frosty air  
With joyful clamor while the nations bleed;  
Let sorrow's silence speak a people's prayer  
Whose legion'd sons lie crucified by greed.

Be dumb, sweet bells: or ring more wild and clear,  
Proclaim a sunrise on youth's Calvary!  
Ring out the madness with the dying year,—  
Let nations pass so Man himself be free!



## THE RED COUNTRY

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN the red country  
The sky flowers  
All day.  
Strange mechanical birds  
With struts of wire and glazed wings  
Cross the impassive sky  
Which burgeons ever and again  
With ephemeral unfolding flowers,  
White and yellow and brown,  
That spread and dissolve.  
And smaller rapid droning birds go by,  
And bright metallic bees whose sting is death.

Behind the hills,  
Behind the whispering woods whose leaves are  
    falling  
Yellow and red to cover the red clay,  
Misshapen monsters squat with wide black maws  
Gulping smoke and belching flame.  
From the mirk reed beds of the age of coal,  
Wallowing out of their sleep in the earlier slime,  
They are resurrected and stagger forth to slay—  
The prehistoric Beasts we thought were dead.

They are blinded with long sleep,  
But men with clever weapons

Goad them to fresh pastures.  
Beside still waters  
They drink of blood and neigh a horrible laugh-  
ter,  
And their ponderous tread shakes happy cities  
down,  
And the thresh of their flail-like tails  
Makes acres smolder and smoke  
Blackened of golden harvest.

The Beasts are back,  
And men, in their spreading shadow,  
Inhale the odor of their nauseous breath.  
Inebriate with it they fashion other gods  
Than the gods of day-dream.  
Of iron and steel are little images  
Made of the Beasts.  
And men rush forth and fling themselves for  
ritual  
Before these gods, before the lumbering Beasts,—  
And some make long obeisance.

Umber and violet flowers of the sky,  
The sun, like a blazing Mars, clanks across the  
blue  
And plucks you to fashion into a nosegay  
To offer Venus, his old-time paramour.  
And now she shrinks  
And pales  
Like Cynthia, her more ascetic sister . . .

Vulcan came to her arms in the grimy garb  
Of toil, he smelt of the forge and the racketing  
    workshop,  
But not of blood.  
And, if she smells these flowers, they bubble ruby  
    blood  
That trickles between her fingers.  
Yet is a dream flowing over the red country,  
Yet is a light growing, for all the black furrows  
    of the red country . . .  
The machines are foe or friend  
As the world desires.  
The Beasts shall sleep again.  
And in that sleep, when the land is twilight-still  
And men take thought among the frozen waves  
    of the dead,  
The Sowers go forth once more,  
Sowers of vision, sowers of the seed  
Of peace or war.  
Shall it be peace indeed?  
Great shadowy figures moving from hill to hill  
Of tangled bodies, with rhythmic stride and  
    cowled averted head,  
What do you sow with hands funereal—  
New savageries imperial,  
Unthinking pomps for arrogant, witless men?  
Or seed for the people in strong democracy?  
What do you see  
With your secret eyes, and sow for us, that we  
    must reap again?

## THE WHITE COMRADE

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

UNDER our curtain of fire,  
Over the clotted clods,  
We charged, to be withered, to reel  
And despairingly wheel  
When the signal bade us retire  
From the terrible odds.

As we ebbd with the battle-tide,  
Fingers of red-hot steel  
Suddenly closed on my side.  
I fell, and began to pray.  
I crawled on my hands and lay  
Where a shallow crater yawned wide;  
Then,—I swooned. . . .

When I woke it yet was day.  
Fierce was the pain of my wound;  
But I knew it was death to stir,  
For fifty paces away  
Their trenches were.  
In torture I prayed for the dark  
And the stealthy step of my friend  
Who, staunch to the very end,

Would creep to the danger-zone  
And offer his life as a mark  
To save my own.

Night came. I heard his tread,—  
Not stealthy, but firm and serene,  
As if my comrade's head  
Were lifted far from that scene  
Of passion and pain and dread;  
As if my comrade's heart  
In carnage had no part;  
As if my comrade's feet  
Were set on some radiant street  
Such as no darkness could haunt;  
As if my comrade's eyes  
No deluge of flame could surprise,  
No death and destruction daunt,  
No red-beaked bird dismay,  
Nor sight of decay.

Then, in the bursting shells' dim light,  
I saw he was clad in white.  
For a moment I thought that I saw the smock  
Of a shepherd in search of his flock.  
Alert were the enemy, too,  
And their bullets flew  
Straight at a mark no bullet might fail;  
For the seeker was tall and his robe was bright;

But he did not flee nor quail.  
Instead, with unhurrying stride,  
He came,  
Still as the white star low in the west,  
And gathering my tall frame,  
Like a child to his breast. . . .

Again I slept;—and awoke  
From a blissful dream  
In a cave by a stream.  
My silent comrade had bound my side.  
No pain was mine, but a wish that I spoke,—  
A mastering wish to serve this man  
Who had ventured through hell my doom to  
    revoke,  
As only the truest of comrades can.  
I begged him to tell how best I might aid him,  
And urgently prayed him  
Never to leave me, whatever betide;  
When I saw he was hurt—  
Shot through the hands that were joined in  
    prayer!  
Then, as the dark drops gathered there  
And fell in the dirt,  
The wounds of my friend  
Seemed to me such as no man might bear;  
Those bullet-holes in the patient hands  
Seemed to transcend  
All horrors that ever these war-drenched lands

Had known or would know till the mad world's  
end.

Then suddenly I was aware  
That his feet had been wounded, too,  
And dimming the white of his side  
A dull stain grew.

"You are hurt, White Comrade!" I cried.

Already his words I foreknew:

*"These are old wounds,"* said he,

*"But of late they have troubled me."*





III  
THE ARMISTICE



## EVERY ONE SANG

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

EVERY one suddenly burst out singing;  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,  
Winging wildly across the white  
Orchards and dark green fields; on—on—and  
out of sight.

Every one's voice was suddenly lifted;  
And beauty came like the setting sun:  
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror  
Drifted away. . . . Oh, but Every One  
Was a bird, and the song was wordless; the sing-  
ing will never be done.

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## THE SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE

*(Editorial from The Independent)*

THE armistice putting a stop to the war with Germany was signed at five o'clock, French time, in the morning of November 11th. Hostilities ceased at eleven A.M., which is the equivalent of six A.M. New York time,

The armistice bears the signatures of Field Marshal Ferdinand Foch of the French Army and Admiral Sir R. E. Wemyss of the British Navy on the one side, and on the other Mathias Erzberger, Count Alfred von Oberndorff, General H. K. A. Winterfeldt and Naval Captain von Salow. Admiral Sims was present unofficially at the first meeting.

The German plenipotentiaries, coming from La Capelle, arrived at the French front at nine o'clock of November 7, and their automobiles with the curtains drawn were escorted to the Château-Francfort, where the delegation spent the night. Next morning they were taken to Rethondes in the forest of Compiègne, where Foch awaited them in his special train. The leader of the delegation, Dr. Erzberger, speaking in French, announced that the German Government had been advised by President Wilson that Marshal Foch was qualified to communicate the Allies' conditions. The Marshal then read the terms slowly in a loud voice. Erzberger asked to be allowed to send the terms by courier to Spa, and that until a reply was received hostilities be suspended in the interests of humanity. Foch granted the former request but refused the latter.

The courier on his return was delayed by the continuation of the bombardment and did not reach the German Headquarters at Spa until ten

A.M., November 10. The Kaiser, who had held back the armistice delegation from going to the front until he was overruled by Hindenburg, was appalled when he read the terms and bitterly reproached the supreme army command with having misled him. But Hindenburg insisted upon the necessity of immediate compliance, and the courier was sent back with this message.

The German delegation reappeared in Foch's car at one A.M., Monday, and the next four hours were occupied in discussing the terms. Slight alterations were made in eighteen of the thirty-five articles as a result of arguments of the German delegates that in their original form the stipulations were impossible or undesirable. For instance, the time for evacuation and delivery of cars was extended from twenty-five to thirty-one days; the German troops from Russia were not to be withdrawn immediately but when the Allies decided that it might safely be done; "all submarines now existing" was substituted for the original demand for "160," probably because there were not so many left; and in response to the demonstration of the food experts accompanying the delegation that ships and cars were necessary to prevent famine and anarchy, a special clause was added to Article 25 providing for provisionment. Foreign Secretary Solf sent a special plea to the President for a mitigation of

the blockade which otherwise "would cause the starvation of millions of men, women and children." Premier Clemenceau in communicating the armistice to the Chamber of Deputies said that the taking away of all locomotives and 150,000 cars would embarrass Germany's means of provisioning and that "In this first hour we must come to her aid. We do not make war against humanity but for humanity."

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## ARMISTICE DAY

BY ANGELO PATRI

'Twas like this, my children:

Down in the harbor a deep-throated whistle sounded; then another and another and then the bells and the motor horns and the factory whistles and the cheers. A great wave of joy rolled over the city. Joy that rose to the towers and hung quivering in the tree-tops. Joy that crept into every nook and corner and filled every heart. Friend and foe alike on fire with joy.

"The war is over. Peace, peace, peace at last." The wave of joy swelled to an ocean and swept from shore to shore carrying a people upon its crest.

"Peace. Lay down those shells you are making. They'll never be wanted.

"Peace. Throw down that mask you are making. 'Twill never be needed. No human being shall ever again be tortured by those fumes from hell.

"Peace. Stop hammering so madly. That ship will never carry ammunition. We kill no more. It is past.

"Peace. Blow the trumpet, beat the drum, shout aloud and dance for joy. The hand of the war fiend is lifted. We kill no more nor are killed.

"Peace. Bring flowers and strew them.

"Peace. Let the pent-up tears of the horrible years flow in gladness.

"Peace. Let the feet that were heavy with sadness dance in joy to the bells and the bugles.

"Peace. The boys will be coming. Lay down the needles and the mud-colored wool and the rolls of white bandages. Hurry. Hang out the flags and the banners.

"Peace. They'll be hungry and war-worn and weary. Beat up the cakes and pile in the raisins and citron. Polish once more, for the hundredth time, the chairs and the tables. Home must be shining its welcome. How soon will the ships turn homeward? Soon. Hear the bells and the horns and the music.

"Peace. The boys are coming. Hurry and hang out the flags and the banners. Count again

proudly the service stars. Ah! One of them golden.

"Peace. Peace has her price and we've paid it. Back of that star is a cross in Flanders.

"Peace for a war-stricken world bought with those stars and those crosses.

"Peace. More. 'Tis an armistice. We've laid down our arms and pray God they never are lifted.

"Peace. Shake out the folds of the flag and tell over the story of the Armistice. Count the stars of gold and the crosses in Flanders. Teach that the glory of war is a lie and that Peace has come out of Gethsemane, purchased with price and with crosses.

"Armistice, Armistice, Joy that is hallowed by suffering.

"Peace and the promise of resurrection."

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## ARMISTICE DAY 1918—1928

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

THAT day the guns fell silent at a word,  
And instant bells awoke, and every hill  
Rang high with song, till heaven itself was  
stirred:

Only the dead lay still,



The weary dead. But when to-day a clear,  
Soft silence falls, they gather, listening  
(Grown wise with immortality), to hear  
Our mute remembering.

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## THE ARMISTICE

(Full Text as Signed on November 11, 1918)

## I: MILITARY CLAUSES ON WESTERN FRONT.

One—Cessation of operations by land and in the air six hours after the signature of the armistice.

Two—Immediate evacuation of invaded countries: Belgium, France, Alsace-Lorraine, Luxembourg, so ordered as to be completed within fourteen days from the signature of the armistice. German troops which have not left the above-mentioned territories within the period fixed will become prisoners of war. Occupation by the allied and United States forces jointly will keep pace with evacuation in these areas. All movements of evacuation and occupation will be regulated in accordance with a note annexed to the stated terms.

Three—Repatriation beginning at once to be completed within fifteen days of all the inhabitants of the countries above enumerated (including hostages, persons under trial or convicted).

Four—Surrender in good condition by the German armies of the following war material: Five thousand guns (2,500 heavy, and 2,500 field), 25,000 machine guns, 3,000 minenwerfers, 1,700 airplanes (fighters, bombers—firstly, all of the D 7's and all the night bombing machines). The above to be delivered in situ to the allied and United States troops in accordance with the detailed conditions laid down in the note (annexure No. 1) drawn up at the moment of the signing of the armistice.

Five—Evacuation by the German armies of the countries on the left bank of the Rhine. The countries on the left bank of the Rhine shall be administered by the local troops of occupation. The occupation of these territories will be carried out by allied and United States garrisons, holding the principal crossings of the Rhine (Mayence, Coblenz, Cologne), together with the bridgeheads at these points of a thirty kilometer radius on the right bank and by garrisons similarly holding the strategic points of the region. A neutral zone shall be reserved on the right bank of the Rhine between the stream and a line drawn parallel to the bridgeheads and to the stream and at a distance of ten kilometers from the frontier of Holland up to the frontier of Switzerland. The evacuation by the enemy of the Rhinlands (left and right bank) shall be so ordered as to

be completed within a further period of sixteen days, in all, thirty-one days after the signing of the armistice. All the movements of evacuation or occupation are regulated by the note (annexure No. 1) drawn up at the moment of the signing of the armistice.

Six—In all territories evacuated by the enemy there shall be no evacuation of inhabitants; no damage or harm shall be done to the persons or property of the inhabitants. No person shall be prosecuted for offenses of participation in war measures prior to the signing of the armistice. No destruction of any kind shall be committed. Military establishments of all kinds shall be delivered intact as well as military stores of food, munitions, and equipment, not removed during the time fixed for evacuation. Stores of food of all kinds for the civil population, cattle, etc., shall be left in situ. Industrial establishments shall not be impaired in any way and their personnel shall not be removed.

Seven—Roads and means of communication of every kind, railroads, waterways, main roads, bridges, telegraphs, telephones, shall be in no manner impaired. All civil and military personnel at present employed on them shall remain. Five thousand locomotives and 150,000 wagons in good working order, with all necessary spare parts and fittings, shall be delivered to the asso-

ciated powers within the period fixed in annexure No. 2, and total of which shall not exceed thirty-one days. There shall likewise be delivered 5,000 motor lorries (camione automobiles) in good order, within the period of thirty-six days, together with pre-war personnel and material. Further, the material necessary for the working of railways in the countries on the left bank of the Rhine shall be left in situ. All stores of coal and material for the upkeep of permanent ways, signals, and repair shops shall be left in situ. These stores shall be maintained by Germany in so far as concerns the working of the railroads in the countries on the left bank of the Rhine. All barges taken from the Allies shall be restored to them. The note, annexure No. 2, regulates the details of these measures.

Eight—The German command shall be responsible for revealing within the period of forty-eight hours after the signing of the armistice all mines or delayed action fuses on territory evacuated by the German troops and shall assist in their discovery and destruction. It also shall reveal all destructive measures that may have been taken (such as poisoning or polluting of springs and wells, etc.). All under penalty of reprisals.

Nine—The right of requisition shall be exercised by the allied and United States armies in all occupied territories, subject to regulation of ac-

counts with those whom it may concern. The upkeep of the troops of occupation in the Rhineland (excluding Alsace-Lorraine) shall be charged to the German Government.

Ten—The immediate repatriation without reciprocity, according to detailed conditions which shall be fixed, of all allied and United States prisoners of war, including persons under trial or convicted. The allied powers and the United States shall be able to dispose of them as they wish. This condition annuls the previous conventions on the subject of the exchange of prisoners of war, including the one of July, 1918, in course of ratification. However, the repatriation of German prisoners of war interned in Holland and in Switzerland shall continue as before. The repatriation of German prisoners of war shall be regulated at the conclusion of the preliminaries of peace.

Eleven—Sick and wounded who cannot be removed from evacuated territory will be cared for by German personnel, who will be left on the spot with the medical material required.

## II: DISPOSITION RELATIVE TO THE EASTERN FRONTIERS OF GERMANY.

Twelve—All German troops at present in the territories which before belonged to Austria-Hungary, Rumania, Turkey, shall withdraw immedi-

ately within the frontiers of Germany as they existed on August 1, 1914. All German troops at present in the territories which before the war belonged to Russia shall likewise withdraw within the frontiers of Germany, defined as above, as soon as the Allies, taking into account the internal situations of these territories, shall decide that the time for this has come.

Thirteen—Evacuation by German troops to begin at once, and all German instructors, prisoners, and civilians as well as military agents now on the territory of Russia (as defined before 1914) to be recalled.

Fourteen—German troops to cease at once all requisitions and seizures and any other undertaking with a view to obtaining supplies intended for Germany in Rumania and Russia (as defined on August 1, 1914).

Fifteen—Renunciation of the treaties of Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk and of the supplementary treaties.

Sixteen—The Allies shall have free access to the territories evacuated by the Germans on their eastern frontier either through Danzig or by the Vistula in order to convey supplies to the populations of those territories and for the purpose of maintaining order.

## III: CLAUSE CONCERNING EAST AFRICA.

Seventeen—Evacuation by all German forces operating in East Africa within a period to be fixed by the Allies.

## IV: GENERAL CLAUSES.

Eighteen—Repatriation, without reciprocity, within a maximum period of one month, in accordance with detailed conditions hereafter to be fixed of all interned civilians, including hostages and persons under trial or convicted, belonging to the allied or associated powers other than those enumerated in Article Three.

Nineteen—The following financial conditions are required: Reparation for damage done. While such armistice lasts no public securities shall be removed by the enemy which can serve as a pledge to the Allies for the recovery or reparation for war losses. Immediate restitution of the cash deposit in the national bank of Belgium, and in general immediate return of all documents, specie, stocks, shares, paper money, together with plant for the issue thereof, touching public or private interests, in the invaded countries. Restitution of the Russian and Rumanian gold yielded to Germany or taken by that power. This gold to be delivered in trust to the Allies until the signature of peace.

## V: NAVAL CONDITIONS.

Twenty—Immediate cessation of all hostilities at sea and definite information to be given as to the location and movements of all German ships. Notification to be given to neutrals that freedom of navigation in all territorial waters is given to the naval and mercantile marines of the allied and associated powers, all questions of neutrality being waived.

Twenty-one—All naval and mercantile marine prisoners of the allied and associated powers in German hands to be returned without reciprocity.

Twenty-two—Surrender to the Allies and United States of all submarines (including submarine cruisers and all mine-laying submarines), now existing, with their complete armament and equipment, in ports which shall be specified by the Allies and United States. Those which cannot take the sea shall be disarmed of the personnel and material and shall remain under the supervision of the Allies and the United States. The submarines which are ready for the sea shall be prepared to leave the German ports as soon as orders shall be received by wireless for their voyage to the port designated for their delivery, and the remainder at the earliest possible moment. The conditions of this article shall be carried into effect within the period of fourteen days after the signing of the armistice.



Twenty-three—German surface warships which shall be designated by the Allies and the United States shall be immediately disarmed and thereafter interned in neutral ports or in default of them in allied ports to be designated by the Allies and the United States. They will there remain under the supervision of the Allies and the United States, only caretakers being left on board. The following warships are designated by the Allies: Six battle cruisers, ten battleships, eight light cruisers (including two mine layers), fifty destroyers of the most modern types. All other surface warships (including river craft) are to be concentrated in German naval bases to be designated by the Allies and the United States and are to be completely disarmed and classed under the supervision of the Allies and the United States. The military armament of all ships of the auxiliary fleet shall be put on shore. All vessels designated to be interned shall be ready to leave the German ports seven days after the signing of the armistice. Directions for the voyage will be given by wireless.

Twenty-four—The Allies and the United States of America shall have the right to sweep up all mine fields and obstructions laid by Germany outside German territorial waters, and the positions of these are to be indicated.

Twenty-five—Freedom of access to and from

the Baltic to be given to the naval and mercantile marines of the allied and associated powers. To secure this the Allies and the United States of America shall be empowered to occupy all German forts, fortifications, batteries and defense works of all kinds in all the entrances from the Categat into the Baltic, and to sweep up all mines and obstructions within and without German territorial waters, without any question of neutrality being raised, and the positions of all such mines and obstructions are to be indicated.

Twenty-six—The existing blockade conditions set up by the allied and associated powers are to remain unchanged, and all German merchant ships found at sea are to remain liable to capture. The Allies and the United States should give consideration to the provisioning of Germany during the armistice to the extent recognized as necessary.

Twenty-seven—All naval aircraft are to be concentrated and immobilized in German bases to be specified by the Allies and the United States of America.

Twenty-eight—In evacuating the Belgian coasts and ports, Germany shall abandon in situ and in fact all port and river navigation material, all merchant ships, tugs, lighters, all naval aëro-nautic apparatus, material and supplies, and all arms, apparatus and supplies of every kind.

Twenty-nine—All Black Sea ports are to be evacuated by Germany; all Russian war vessels of all descriptions seized by Germany in the Black Sea are to be handed over to the Allies and the United States of America; all neutral merchant vessels seized are to be released; all warlike and other materials of all kinds seized in those ports are to be returned and German materials as specified in Clause Twenty-eight are to be abandoned.

Thirty—All merchant vessels in German hands belonging to the allied and associated powers are to be restored in ports to be specified by the Allies and the United States of America without reciprocity.

Thirty-one—No destruction of ships or of materials to be permitted before evacuation, surrender, or restoration.

Thirty-two—The German Government will notify the neutral governments of the world, and particularly the governments of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, that all restrictions placed on the trading of their vessels with the allied and associated countries, whether by the German Government or by private German interests, and whether in return for specific concessions, such as the export of shipbuilding materials, or not, are immediately canceled.

Thirty-three—No transfers of German mer-

chant shipping of any description to any neutral flag are to take place after signature of the armistice.

#### VI: DURATION OF ARMISTICE.

Thirty-four—The duration of the armistice is to be thirty days, with option to extend. During this period if its clauses are not carried into execution the armistice may be denounced by one of the contracting parties, which must give warning forty-eight hours in advance. It is understood that the execution of Articles 3 and 18 shall not warrant the denunciation of the armistice on the ground of insufficient execution within a period fixed, except in the case of bad faith in carrying them into execution. In order to assure the execution of this convention under the best conditions, the principle of a permanent international armistice commission is admitted. This commission will act under the authority of the allied military and naval commanders-in-chief.

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### EARTH SONG

BY DAVID MC KEE WRIGHT

MOTHER and maker of us all,  
The flags are down, the trumpets cease;  
Dead war beneath its splendid pall  
Has yielded place to living peace.

By all we wrought and all we said,  
Make thy sons worthy of their dead.

We tore thy breast with steel and flame;  
And in the hate that brimmed to flood,  
Hard-smiting in thy holy name  
We drenched the fields with brother-blood.  
By that wild tempest hot and red,  
Oh, make us worthy of our dead!

The pain, the wrath, the shame, the scorn  
Are passing like the clouded night;  
The promise of the growing morn  
Is golden in the people's sight.  
What thought is here that we should dread  
If we be worthy of our dead?

There comes no challenge loud and vain,  
No vaulting of unchastened pride;  
No kingcraft fills a world with pain  
That wrong of might be deified.  
Oh, not in vain the millions bled  
If we be worthy of our dead!

The little voices faint and fail;  
A grander music fills our ears.  
Only in dreams we hear the wail  
Far-rising from the murdered years,  
While the new days lift up their head,  
Worthy of us and of our dead.

Above the graves the grasses nod,

Below the fort the poppies bow.

Mother of all, to thee and God

The war-taught nations make their vow—  
By stars that shone and hopes that led  
We shall be worthy of our dead!

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## THE DAY OF GLORY

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

*. . . if the armistice is signed, a salvo of cannon from the Invalides at eleven o'clock will announce the end of the war.*

The clock hands crept slowly past ten and lagged intolerably thereafter. The rapid beating of your heart, telling off the minutes, brought eleven finally very near. Then the clock, your heart, all the world, seemed to stand still. The great moment was there. Would the announcing cannon speak? Such a terrible silence as the world kept during that supreme moment of suspense! It was the quintessence of all the moral torture of four nightmare years.

And then . . . like a shock within your own body it came, the first solemn proclamation of the cannon, shaking the windows, the houses, the very sky, with its news. The war was over. The

accursed guns had ceased tearing to pieces our husbands and our sons and our fathers.

Of all the hundreds of thousands of women who heard those guns, I think there was not one who did not feel instantly, scalding on her cheeks, the blessed tears—tears of joy! She had forgotten that there could be tears of joy. The horrible weight on the soul that had grown to be a part of life dissolved away in that assuaging flood; the horrible constriction around the heart loosened. We wept with all our might; we poured out once for all the old bitterness, the old horror. We felt sanity coming back, and faith and even hope, that forgotten possession of the old days.

When the first tears of deliverance had passed, and your knees had stopped shaking, and your heart no longer beat suffocatingly in your throat, why, then every one felt one common imperious desire, to leave the little cramping prison of his own walls, to escape out of the selfish circle of his own joy, and to mingle his thanksgiving with that of all his fellows, to make himself physically, as he felt spiritually, at one with rejoicing humanity.

And we all rushed out into the streets.

I think there never can have been such a day before, such a day of pure thanksgiving and joy for every one. For the emotion was so intense that, during the priceless hours of that first day,

it admitted no other. Human hearts could hold no more than that great gladness. The dreadful past, the terrible problems of the future, were not. We lived and drew our breath only in the knowledge that "firing had ceased at eleven o'clock that morning," and that those who had fought as best they could for the Right had conquered. You saw everywhere supreme testimony to the nobility of the moment, women in black, with bits of bright-colored tricolor pinned on their long black veils, with at last a smile, the most wonderful of all smiles, in their dimmed eyes. They were marching with the others in the streets; every one was marching with every one else, arm in arm, singing:

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le Jour de Gloire est arrivé!"

The houses echoed to those words, repeated and repeated by every band of jubilant men and women and children who swept by, waving flags and shouting:

"Come, children of our country,  
The Day of Glory is here!"

Every group had at its head a permissionnaire or two in field uniform who had been pounced upon as the visible emblem of victory, kissed, em-



braced, covered with flowers, and set in the front rank to carry the largest flag. Sometimes there walked beside these soldiers working women with sleeping babies in their arms, sometimes old men in frock coats with ribbons in their buttonholes, sometimes light-hearted, laughing little munition workers still in their black aprons, but with tri-colored ribbons twisted in their hair, sometimes elegantly dressed ladies, sometimes women in long mourning veils, sometimes ragged old beggars, sometimes a cab filled with crippled soldiers waving their crutches—but all with the same face of steadfast, glowing jubilee. During those few blessed hours there was no bitterness, no evil arrogance, no revengeful fury. Any one who saw all that afternoon those thousands and thousands of human faces all shining with the same exaltation can never entirely despair of his fellows again, knowing them to be capable of that pure joy.

“The Day of Glory has come.”

The crowd seemed to be merely washing back and forth in surging waves of thanksgiving, up and down the streets aimlessly, carrying flowers to no purpose but to celebrate their happiness. But once you were in it, singing and marching with the others, you felt an invisible current bearing you steadily, irresistibly, in one direction; and

soon, as you marched, and grew nearer the unknown goal, you heard another shorter, more peremptory, rhythm mingling with the longer shout, repeated over and over:

“Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le Jour de Gloire est arrivé!”

Now people were beginning to shout: “To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg!” Then you knew that you were being swept along to the Place de la Concorde, to salute the statue of Strasbourg, freed from her forty years of mourning and slavery.

The crowd grew denser and denser as it approached that heart of Paris; and the denser it grew the higher flamed the great fire of rejoicing, mounting up almost visibly to the quiet gray skies:

“Come, children of our country,  
The Day of Glory is here!”

“To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg! To Strasbourg!”

No evil epithets hurled at the defeated enemy, not one, not one in all those long hours of shouting out what was in the heart; no ugly effigies, no taunting cries, no mention even of the enemy—instead a fresh outburst of rejoicing at the encounter with a long procession of Belgians,

marching arm in arm, carrying Belgian flags and pealing out like trumpets the noble Brabancome! We made way for them with respectful admiration, we stopped our song to listen to theirs, we let them pass, waving our hats, our handkerchiefs, cheering them, pressing flowers upon them, snatching at their hands for a clasp as they went by, blessing them for their constancy and courage, sharing their relief till our hearts were like to burst!

We fell in behind them and at once had to separate again to allow the passage of a huge camion, bristling with American soldiers, heaped up in a great pyramid of brown. How every one cheered them, a different shout, with none of the poignant undercurrent of sympathy for pain that had greeted the Belgian exiles. These brave, lovable, boyish crusaders come from across the sea for a great ideal, who had been ready to give all, but who had been blessedly spared the last sacrifice—it was a rollicking shout which greeted them! They represented the youth, the sunshine; they were loved and laughed at and acclaimed by the crowd as they passed, waving their caps, leaning over the side to shake the myriad hands stretched up to them, catching at the flowers flung at them, shouting out some song, perhaps a college cheer, judging by the professionally frantic

gestures of a cheer leader, grinding his teeth and waving his arms wildly to exhort them to more volume of sound. Whatever it was, it was quite inaudible in the general uproar, the only coherent accent of which was the swelling cry repeated till it was like an elemental sound of nature.

“The Day of Glory has arrived.”

Now a group of English soldiers overtook us, carrying a great, red, glorious English flag, adding some hearty, inaudible marching song to the tumult. As they passed, a poilu in our band sprang forward, seized one of the Anglo-Saxons in his arms, and kissed him resoundingly on both cheeks. Then there was laughter, and shouts and handshakings and more embracing, and they too vanished away in the waves of the great river of humanity flowing steadily, rapidly toward the statue of the lost city whose loss had meant the triumph of unscrupulous force, whose restitution meant the righting of an old wrong in the name of justice. We were almost there now; the huge open Place opened out before us.

Now we had come into it, and our songs for an instant were cut short by one great cry of astonishment. As far as the eye could reach, the vast public square was black with the crowd, and brilliant with waving flags. A band up on the terrace of the Tuileries, stationed between the

captured German airplanes, flashed in the air the yellow sheen of their innumerable brass instruments, evidently playing with all their souls, but not a sound of their music reached our ears, so deafening was the burst of shouting and singing as the crowd saw its goal, the high statue of the lost city, buried in heaped-up flowers and palms, a triumphant wreath of gold shadowing the eyes which so long had looked back to France from exile.

Ah, what an ovation we gave her! Then we shouted as we had not done before, the great primitive, inarticulate cry of rejoicing that bursts from the heart too full. We shook out our flags high over our heads, as we passed, we cast our flowers upon the pedestal, we were swept along by the current—we were the current ourselves!

At the base of the statue a group of white-haired Alsatians stood, men and women, with quivering lips and trembling hands. Theirs was the honor to arrange the flowers which, tossed too hastily by the eager bearers, fell to the ground.

As they stooped for them, and reached high to find yet one more corner not covered with blooms, a splendid, fair-haired lad, sturdy and tall, with the field outfit of the French soldier heavy on his back, pushed his way through the crowd.

He had in his hand a little bouquet—white and

red roses, and forget-me-nots. His eyes were fixed on the statue. He did not see the old men and women there to receive the flowers. He pressed past them and with his own young hands laid his humble offering at the feet of the recovered city. He looked up at the statue and his lips moved. He could not have been more unconscious if he had been entirely alone in an Alsatian forest. The expression of his beautiful young face was such that a hush of awe fell on those who saw him.

An old woman in black took his hand in hers and said: "You are from Alsace?"

"I escaped from Strasbourg to join the French army," he said, "and all my family are there." His eyes brimmed, his chin quivered.

The old woman made a noble gesture of self-forgetting humanity. She took him in her arms and kissed him on both cheeks. "You are my son," she said.

They all crowded around him, taking his hand. "And my brother!" "And mine!" "And mine!" The tears ran down their cheeks.

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## ARMISTICE DAY, 1926

BY LUCIA TRENT

LET us evoke no phantom throng  
With marble monument and song,

With mock solemnity that comes  
From marching feet and muffled drums;  
But in this drift of after years  
Let us pay honor with our tears.  
They dared to die, let us who live  
Dare to have pity and forgive.

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## THE LAST SHOT

(*The Independent*, November 23, 1918)

WITH THE AMERICAN FIRST ARMY, NOVEMBER 11.—Amid the golden glow of the sun shining through breaking mists and casting upon the un-cleared battlefield a light that seemed like a halo the soldiers of the American army found to-day the true glory of war—Peace.

At 11 o'clock this morning they fired their last shot, and the world's greatest war ended in the world's greatest victory.

For most of them, muddy and dog-tired in body and spirit, it came as something unnatural, almost incredible. They stood up in their trenches and cold, wet fox holes—stretched themselves, looked about in wonderment and beheld another wonder, as amid the mist, so close often that they could be hit with a stone, other figures stood up, too, and stretched themselves. They were gray-clad figures, who were enemies and now are—what?

To-day has brought many things to the world that one may not guess. But not yet are our men delirious with joy, or given over to jubilation. There was cheering and here and there some rocket flares were fired, while many a boy in khaki slapped another on the back and said: "Well, I guess the old guerre is fini."

It has not yet come over them with all its force that the young lives they had taken in their hands every day are safe with all that safety to young lives means, and that there is an end of the horror unspeakable and of the weariness and hardship—that once again after four years all's right with the world.

Once that idea does come their faces will turn in but one direction—toward home and those who love them and have shared them for the world's greatest cause, and whose faces they thought never to see again. For them peace will mean but one thing—home.

What a series of unforgettable pictures these boys of ours saw on this day of days when the world laid down its arms: pictures of No Man's Land, where men walked upright in the daylight, where men in khaki met men in gray, to swap souvenirs and laugh the strange, short laugh that men laugh whose lives have been given back to them; of a battery of guns that had poured forth death, now silent; of French towns bright with



suddenly blossoming flags of red, white and blue after four years of mourning, but above all the faces of true friends as they looked at each other and said, "Well, we came through it, didn't we?"

It came differently at different parts of the long line that the Americans now hold. There was a place near Sedan where the New Yorkers of the 77th Division faced the Germans across the Meuse. There was Stenay, where the Americans picked their way across the flooded river, entering and delivering the town at the very moment when the fighting ended.

There was the country east of the Meuse where until almost the last moment the Americans were fighting fiercely. There was the swampy country near St. Mihiel, where they waited in the trenches for an hour and then walked out into No Man's Land.

Everywhere it was the same, in one respect: there was the same sudden and profound silence as the hour struck and the guns ceased for the first time their terrible chorus that for four years has never ceased from the North Sea to the mountains of Switzerland.

Coming into Buzancy as dusk fell last night there was an air of expectancy everywhere in the crowded streets of the town that the German had marked for his own. Troops were pouring through—battered, weary troops with a war-worn

look, but marching with an easy step as if they knew what was coming.

It was the Rainbow Division that got to the outskirts of Sedan, the veterans of 175 solid days in the trenches, and of every big battle in which the Americans have been engaged.

Going up the road toward the Meuse and Stenay next morning we passed more troops marching. This time it was another division no less famous than the Forty-second—the First Division—first in France, first to fight, and by a great chance it happened that we passed the men of the Sixteenth Infantry.

The Sixteenth had just received the news and were cheering as men cheer who know what the war meant in agony and bloody sweat. Some of them were waving their muddy rifles high overhead.

Farther down the road was a little wood where was crouched the long, varicolored snout of a six-inch rifle, the crew of which were cleaning out the barrel. "We fired the last shot at 10:55," they said. It was Battery C of the Fifty-sixth Coast Artillery, formerly at Fort H. G. Wright, New York. Lieut. Harry C. Carpenter, of Norwich, N. Y., pulled the lanyard for their last shot.

Of course there will be a thousand claimants to the honor of having fired the last shot of the war for the American army.

As we passed more and more guns we heard the reason for the heavy artillery fire of the night before. It was that our guns were firing as many shells as possible so as to give the Boche as much discomfort as they could before the war ended.

The farther we went the stronger became the impression of what the end of the war meant.

Stenay itself was a remarkable transformation from despair to happiness. Before one tiny shop stood a little French child, scarcely four years old, waving a hand to the splendid helmeted soldiers who were passing. One broad-shouldered man stepped from the line, took the child in his arms and held her high in the air, with an ecstatic smile such as fathers only smile.

"I've got kids of my own," he said, answering a question, "and now I know I'll see them again." He is Private A. C. Larsen, of Minneapolis.

And so we finally passed on through the French towns, all rejoicing, to Bar le Duc, bright with lights for the first time in many hundreds of nights, in whose streets the French soldiers and people cried: "La guerre est finie!" and then were silent, as if they feared it were not true.

## PEACE AT MORNING

BY DANA BURNET

## I

I WAKE at the touch of morning: and the City is  
shaken with a Song!

Not rapture smoothed and rhythmed, but the  
wild peal of horns, gongs, whistles, bells and  
drum-beats,

Making a strange concordance on the air!

Bass-notes of guns and ecstasy of bells—

Bells above all,

Bells bright as water tumbling down a chasm,

Bells like the lost chime of the hammers of  
Babel!

Bells tracing arabesques of laughter on the dis-  
cord of the dawn!

I hear a voice in the shadow crying:

“They have signed the armistice; the war is  
done.”

And I lean from my window and see the crowds  
surging below me, with white hands thrust  
up as though to shake a music from the  
stars!

Women with vivid faces, marching, singing,  
Dark men of labor, carrying burnished little pails,

That make quick points in the kindling street . . .  
These will not work in the shipyards to-day, nor  
in the munition factories.  
They will go through the town in long procession,  
shouting and beating their little pails—  
Yet solemn, too, remembering the dead,  
Remembering the countless and unutterable  
dead!

## II

Light

Runs on the roofs of the City with a scarlet foot,  
and the ways of the City are passionate with  
people trampling out a song!  
The Day is like a courier spurring a bright horse,  
that leaps resplendent out of the East and  
flings the news before:  
“They have signed the armistice in the Forest of  
Compiègne . . .”  
Now triumph wakes, and each articulate spire  
Clashes its silver on the answering din—  
The sun has thrust a ruby finger into the mist,  
and tears it, and the banners show through,  
So all the housewalls are in color, and the avenues  
are tremulous with flame!  
Trade turns no wheel and profit is abhorred;  
Stout Business has forgot its clamoring belly,  
For once grows ponderously human, and being  
pricked with madness,

Decks out the slender arrowy towers of its  
    Temple  
With ribbons of ticker-tape, so all the peaks  
Are caught in cobwebs . . .  
Rolls the sound along  
Like some tempestuous Te Deum played on the  
    great pipes of the town  
By multi-fingered Chaos pulling blindly at the  
    stops.  
The ships that lie in the harbor—daubed sea-  
    cockles  
With grotesque bodies and gray guns poking  
    overside—  
Blow their white breath into the blue air  
And swell the sonorous choir. No more they need  
    go twisting  
Through wreck-strewn waters, or run with smoth-  
    ered ports,  
Hugging the darkness, cursing the moon in God's  
    hand,  
Dreading the phosphorus that burns their bows  
As a necklace burns a woman's throat—  
None gladder than the ships,  
None more joyful than the ships,  
That pen has scratched paper in the hushed rail-  
    way carriage  
In the great Forest at Compiègne yonder. . . .

## III

I stand before a window in a lifted wall and the  
bonds of the horizon are broken,  
I look into the bowl of the distance and behold a  
great matter;  
I am aware of trifles.  
I see the long quays at Bordeaux, where the wine-  
carts creak so heavily;  
And the smooth gray stream alert with ships,  
And the graceful snarl of rigging on the skyline.  
I see the old gate through which innumerable  
days have trailed their evening draperies . . .  
Nearby sits a handsome officer under an awning;  
He is reading the news, and drinking a glass of  
red wine at a blue-topped table,  
And occasionally warming himself in the volup-  
tuous glances  
Of the slim black-eyed girl who brings his  
silver . . .  
I see the groups of soldiers in their faded uni-  
forms,  
Some whole, some stamping about on wooden  
pegs,  
With bits of precious ribbon on their breasts.  
I see the flower venders selling flowers in the  
street—

One gives a blossom to a soldier who is blind.  
I go into the beautiful Cathedral, which stands  
heaped

Against an ancient heaven,  
Like a gray cloud that never comes to storm . . .  
On the threshold sits a beggar without legs;  
He is whining for alms and doing a good business,  
For have they not signed the armistice in the  
Forest of Compiègne?

Within the solemn transept, where the eye  
Finds melody in every lifted line,  
Are gentle constellations scattering star-fire  
through the gloom—  
And the veiled women kneel before the shrines  
with their hands crossed on their breasts as  
white as lilies—

O the pale hands on the black cloth!  
And they light their slender candles before the  
image of the Mother of God,  
Which is in marble,  
And go away, out of the stained dusk that falls  
through the sacred windows,  
To the light in the street, to the light that  
sears their souls, to the light that must be  
borne . . .

What does it mean to them that a paper has been  
signed in the Forest of Compiègne?



## IV

They have taken the hoods off the street-lamps  
in Paris!

They have set darkness aside.

Like a beautiful woman awakened from hideous  
dreams,

She issues forth again, in light, in loveliness,

Her shapes and contours flow upon the air

With that hard delicacy which is Gaul—

And following the long gestures of her body

Coils her green river, which she binds to her

With a frozen grace of bridges . . .

I see a great crowd filling the court of the  
Invalides—

They are putting fresh flowers on the hood of the  
eagle that Guynemer flew . . .

(Death's but a pillow for the head of fame!)

There looms the proud, prophetic Arch; nor ever  
has bestrode

Such triumph as will roll beneath it now!

(A brief month hence through this same Gate  
of Conquerors will pass

One from the West, with a plan for everlasting  
peace in the pocket of his frock-coat;

He will ride in an open carriage, between rows of  
slender French bayonets, and receive the  
hopeful acclamations of the people!)

Here Notre Dame, rare symphony in stone,  
Utters a silence more divine than song;  
And a mass is going forward in the dim heart of  
the Madeleine,  
Lo, the bowed benches; and the stout magnificent  
beadle asleep in his chair!  
In the mists of Paris, where the faces of a hun-  
dred peoples melt and merge,  
Are soldiers come from battle, and a slow color-  
able whirl of uniforms,  
And quiet funerals spinning black threads  
through the brilliant boulevards.

## V

I look to the North; past the Forest of Com-  
piègne where the pen  
Has scratched the paper . . .  
There's a jagged wall,  
Making a grim, dark pattern on the sky—  
Ypres . . . which was once a city!  
Now behold,  
These crosses marching to the horizon—  
These graves, like the stilled surges of an ocean  
dead of grief!  
And every mound a nameless Calvary!  
O grateful years,  
Let Belgium evermore be Britain's monument!

For it was here she stood, invincible,  
And paid her life's blood for a rubbish-heap in  
Flanders. . . .

## VI

At Verdun they will have a banquet in the  
Citadel—  
The white-mustached Colonel and his officers;  
They will sit at table in the little room where  
speaks the banner of the legend: On ne  
passe pas!  
And they will toast the tidings in a sparkling  
wine  
Drawn from the deep cellars of Champagne—  
And the dead houses on either side of the Meuse  
will smile from their gaping windows,  
And the Hall of the Bishops where William of  
Prussia had planned his feast of victory,  
Having invited his generals to meet him there,  
Will echo with a ghostly laughter  
Mocking down the ages. . . .

## VII

In Rheims there will be rejoicing.  
The people will come out of their caves and listen  
to the wonderful stillness, like children  
listening to a fairy-tale;

And the old caretaker will go into the immortal  
ruin of the Cathedral,

And twist his hands, and smile faintly up at the  
face of God peering down through the great  
hole in the roof . . .

The Simons will come, who in their generations  
have tended the glass of the Cathedral these  
four hundred years and forty,

And will tell how they climbed the high vault and  
removed the priceless panes under the storm  
of the First Bombardment, and saved them,  
and preserved the honor of the house of  
Simon . . .

And the ghosts of the past will assemble

In vast mystical array, thronging the gashed  
doors and filing under the withered flower of  
the Rose window—

Clovis, the convert; and the Kings of France,  
And Joan, most shining maid; and there will fall  
A dew of tears, and a dim glamour of sword-fire,  
and hushed voices chanting a litany of Peace  
before the figure of the mutilated Christ. . . .

### VIII

In the cottage of Domremy the white-haired  
woman who shows the house to travelers  
Will go forth with a soft step into Joan's room,

And kneel down by the little window that looks  
on the old stone church over the way,  
And cross herself slowly, murmuring fragments  
of prayer. . . .

## IX

At Château-Thierry the townsfolk will be stroll-  
ing out, arm in arm,  
Along the bank of the Marne,  
Looking at the broken bridge and telling each  
other in low voices,  
How the Americans stopped the Germans and  
saved Paris;  
How men from across the sea, in the country that  
Lafayette gave his sword to,  
Here mended the break in the line,  
With their young bodies . . . and went forward,  
Day upon day,  
Walking into the machine guns, and dropping,  
and making a path for the future to tread  
in. . . .

## X

All through the Argonne forest where the Ger-  
man military mind  
Had made the best hell it could think of,  
Are myriads of little wooden crosses  
Marking the graves of the American boys

Who died there.

No one could take the Argonne forest until the  
Americans came.

They have signed the armistice in the Forest of  
Compiègne!

## XI

From Verdun north and east the armies of the  
New World are marching,

Towards Coblenz and the Rhine;

And before them, as they go,

Blossom innumerable home-made flags,

Blossom and blow in the streets of the villages,

Blossom forth from a thousand places of con-  
cealment where the enemy had never guessed  
they were hidden—

Like an amazing harvest of wind-flowers

Blossom and blow. . . .

## XII

Eastward through Belgium recedes the gray tide.

Like a foul ocean slinking from the shore

It raged on, yet could never overwhelm;

And after it the flood of civilization flows  
back . . .

In Brussels the hero-king comes riding on a great  
horse,

And the people are filled with the sight of him.  
He goes a way of flowers; and the firmament of  
his brothers' face is about him;  
He mounts his throne, and for a space stands tall,  
Holding this moment to his breast, and casting  
down the long corridors of Time  
The shadow of a man. . . .

## XIII

In the German Empires is an exodus of kings,  
And a popping out of princes  
Who fly over the border,  
And are buried forever with a paragraph . . .  
Meanwhile the Teutonic revolution marches in  
good order,  
Well-disciplined, and bearing a permit from the  
police.  
Sobriety sits in the government's benches,  
And the Left is relegated to the roof!  
In the cafés of Berlin the returned army is danc-  
ing with its women and trying to forget the  
war—  
Play loudly, musicians, your Viennese waltzes to  
smother the cries of the daughters of Lille  
and Louvain. . . .

## XIV

Across the North Sea, in gray weather, swims a  
    sullen argosy of ships that once were the  
    playthings of an Emperor;  
Tall ships, swift ships, and ships that go in the  
    water like fishes,  
Strong ships, costly ships—  
    (We had poured our gold and silver out to buy  
    these iron chess-men,  
It was to have been a mighty game between us  
    and England!  
We were to have gambled for the lien of the  
    oceans, and for all the ports that lie scattered  
    like jewels on the world's breast;  
But . . . they have signed the armistice, and our  
    pawns were never played!)  
Futile and impotent they come, and are met by  
    the ministers of inexorable judgment,  
By the fleets of Britain and America,  
Not with conclusive thunder-clap, but with silence  
    more conclusive still,  
And are gathered to a Scottish harbor, there to  
    lie scowling in the mists—  
The Day has dawned; has passed; but not as we  
    had dreamed it. . . .



## XV

In a moated castle in Holland sits a man with a  
shrunken arm;

He is smoking Turkish cigarettes and covering  
pages of foolscap with explanations of his  
innocence in the matter of the Blood-  
Storm—

There is a wall about him as of bodies heaped  
one upon another; and he walks in a fog of  
faces.

The eyes of the dead are on him, so he is never  
alone.

He sits at his endless Protest, crying his case into  
the teeth of the silence, and wondering  
whether he was an instrument of divinity  
after all. . . .

## XVI

Out of Russia, where the feet of Christ are bleed-  
ing on the snows,

Stalks a new phantom, wearing a coat of rags—

A huge and haggard figure, gaunt of visage, pale  
with hunger,

Whom high oppression had conceived out of the  
womb of Want when it was still the abomi-  
nable custom of these two to lie together—

Yonder he strides, with a terrible countenance,  
and would cool his thirst at the waters of  
God's justice;

Is called a beast, but is only a ravening child . . .  
Few recognize, in such a dangerous outcast, the  
figure of eternal Freedom groping for its  
soul!

Already the forces are gathering to strike him  
down,

For he bears a banner, strange and misinter-  
preted; a banner of one color, of one mean-  
ing—

The emblem of the universal State which is but  
Love made comprehensible!

Too, has he not a creed which says: who lives  
must labor, who sows must reap, who toils  
must have the triumph of his toil?

Take heed, O World, for he shall rend you and  
change you—

You shall feel his burning rags upon your bosom  
e'er the day be spent;

You shall lie with him in the abysmal night,

And wake with him after agonies,

And find him as a new-born child upon your  
breast at morning. . . .

## XVII

I stand before my window in the dawn, and the  
East is like an altar covered with a rich  
cloth;

In the deep aisles of the City are passionate  
marchers trampling out a Song,  
And the towers are all in silver!

A great clangor is making tidal rhythms in the  
street,

Beating against the housewalls with a tossed surf  
of bells—

And I hear a voice in the tumult crying:

“They have signed the armistice! The task is  
done . . .”

A toy balloon, gay colored, rises suddenly into  
the air, goes floating off upon a brilliant  
voyage, is pricked by a sunbeam, and  
vanishes . . .

Earth, are you such a bubble? Will you pass  
thus briefly into dissolution, stabbed by some  
lightning out of the enkindled void?

Were it not better, then, to dance than to  
dream—?

To die in peace rather than to live in travail—

Nay! For we tremble on the verge of immor-  
tality; and who shall therefore haste to  
spend his light?

O Shape beyond the altar of the morning, substance of God, or shadow of mankind—  
Grant me, I pray, the valor of the Vision,  
That I may use whatever transient hours are mine  
To live, to labor and to love!  
They have signed the armistice in the Forest of  
Compiègne—  
The task is just beginning. . . .

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## ARMISTICE DAY

(Editorial from New York *Herald Tribune*,  
November 11, 1926)

It is an odd trick of fate that the great war should be commemorated by a day known popularly and widely as Armistice Day. Here was the greatest struggle men have faced since the Ice Age nearly ended the human race altogether. It held a medley of surpassing heroism, false hopes and tragic loss. And the chance which fixes the myths of history has singled out for a permanent celebration the day on which a temporary cessation of hostilities was negotiated. That peace became more lasting through negotiations and treaty. But so far as the terminology of to-day goes, the great struggle is but silenced for a breathing spell.

As it happens, the phrase fits well with current

thought. The fond hopes of the first peace-makers have long since gone glimmering. The notion that man, the fighting animal, could suddenly agree to cease to fight for the rest of time could not endure the test of reality. The League of Nations has become increasingly useful. It is as far from insuring peace as ever. The wheel of thought has turned completely over and the latest volume on the subject bears the ominous title "Man Is War." Viewing Europe at this distance, who could reach any other conclusion!

By such tacking to and fro man slowly makes headway against the winds of fate. The present cynicism is certainly far nearer the truth than the Utopian fallacies that immediately followed November 11, 1918. The recognition of the real sources of war, in man's own nature, is a wholesome corrective. In a real sense, therefore, this day is justly named. There is no basis for confidence in the permanence of the present era of peace.

But once this realistic view of war is accepted there is every reason for refusing to relapse into cynicism and despair. If it is folly to predict that the last war has been fought, it is equally folly to sit back and accept war as the constant or permanent state of man. There are many processes making for understanding among the nations. Unfortunately, they are slow and difficult, as the

setbacks are many. Nothing is more tedious than the development of justice through courts of law, yet here is clearly the most valuable foundation for increased security against war that can be devised. Slender and confused as are the beginnings of the World Court, it offers the best hope of progress, provided it can be separated from the politics of the League.

What we suggest as the fitting theme for this day of commemoration is the long, slow and endless task of strengthening justice and right in the world. The labor is hard and discouraging—like trench warfare. It differs no whit from the struggle which every individual faces in his own soul against the enemies within. But it is a man's fight. It is the cause for which Americans fell at Concord Bridge, at Gettysburg, in the Argonne. It knows armistices but no real cessation. If the gains are small they are real, not the mirages of dreams. They are, as the sober opinion of the world is coming to believe, the only possible gains.

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## HOW AMERICA FINISHED

BY GREGORY MASON

(Paris, December 7, 1918)

THE legend, "Heaven, Hell, or Hoboken by Christmas." on a tent near General Headquarters

of our Expeditionary Force in France reflected the spirit of the whole American Army in its battle with the Boche.

“Get it done,” “Get a decision”—that has been the feeling of all from doughboys to generals. Motoring up the hard, even road from General Headquarters to the front on one of the last days of the war, I saw the manifestation of that feeling everywhere. Trucks bowled along, loaded with everything that an army needs—shells, blankets, flour, tobacco, fodder, chewing-gum, matches, drainpipes, safety razors. They were driven at a pace which made the French peasants gasp, but they were driven surely. Along the way railways, hospitals, power-house, and steam-rollers, put there by the Americans, were functioning at top speed, but securely. Much haste, no waste.

The country for miles and miles behind the front was just one vast camp—the camp of the Americans, who brought it all across the ocean, with them, from can openers to locomotives. It is indescribable, the impression of the vastness of the power of America which a trip through this great deposit of men and material gives you. Never has there been a feat in history like the delivery of this great blow at such long range.

It was football weather, Indian summer. And the men and girls who had come down on the

train from Paris were a football crowd, except for their uniforms. In other Novembers you could have seen them on the New Haven express from the Grand Central.

Gently rounded hills rolled away on each side of us, brown under dying grass and red where plows had gashed them. Drowsy little French villages crumbled into the landscape, as much a part of it as groups of mossy boulders. They had those chameleon roofs which are red in the sun and gray in the mist.

We stopped at an American hospital and talked with some of our own wounded and with German prisoners, the latter still nonplussed at receiving attentions so contrary to the predictions of their officers.

The heroism of the American soldier does not end when he is put out of action. He takes with him into the hospital all his self-abnegation, all his determination to keep helping it along. He knows that the sooner he gets back to the front the sooner the cause will have been won, and he recovers from sickness and wounds with remarkable obstinacy. The inconveniences of overcrowded or underequipped hospitals he takes with a grin. It is all in the game. One dough-boy, who felt that he was not badly enough hit to deserve an ambulance, walked twenty miles to a hospital with a bullet through his stomach. Of



course he recovered. Few wounds are fatal to such a spirit.

The football weather still held—crisp, bracing air and fine footing for the infantry. As we approached the front the roads grew poorer and more congested, and numerous signs in French and English warned drivers to mind their p's and q's.

The praises of the truck-driver are little sung, but they ought to be flung on high. The truck-driver works till midnight along muddy roads, in pitch darkness, grappling refractory carburetors with fingers aching with cold. He snatches a little sleep on the seat of his truck—if he is lucky—and is off again at three in the morning. If he fails, the army fails, for he carries the army's stomach. If he loses his temper and wastes a precious minute cursing his stalled engine, miles and miles of other trucks are likewise stopped for a minute and the Boche gains a respite. In those last days, with the Germans retreating rapidly, the strain on our trucks and truck-drivers was tremendous. We were afraid we would lose our advantage and give the Hun a breathing-space through sheer inability to keep up with him, for it is easier to fall back over prepared paths than to advance over shelled roads and mined bridges. But we managed to hang on to Fritz, although once trucks were

actually called on to keep our first-line infantry in contact with the disappearing Hun.

As we skirted the Vosges foothills along a road toward the St. Mihiel salient we passed squad after squad of German prisoners, some working on the roads, others in camp behind barbed wire, others—just captured—still marching under guard toward the rear. I have failed to observe the extreme youth of German prisoners much mentioned by portions of the Allied press. Many of these were young indeed, but no younger than many of our own boys. They were mostly strong and well set up, though not up to the American standard of "huskiness." But unmistakably they were glad to be out of the war.

Through ankle-deep mud, almost the color and consistency of cream, I waded up the road at Malancourt from the Third Corps' post of command toward the front, looking for a lift. The clouds which hid the sun this morning, in early November, were about the tint of the mud. So were the spirits of the Military Police crouching at the roadside, with their hands cupping the warmth from a tiny fire in an empty petrol box.

"This is war, is it?" grumbled an M. P. with a freckled face. "Wish the folks could see us now! Say, some of the letters I get from home give me a pain. 'Sabout time people back there tumbled to the fact that instead o' being just

bugles an' battles war's mostly mud an' manure."

"Yep, Sherman was away off," mumbled a lad with two mufflers around his long neck and shell-rim spectacles slipping down a pathetic, long, blue nose. "Hell-fire's a lot more companionable than mud. Wish we had a box full of it now instead of these measly twigs that burn like Boche cigars."

I was relieved from the contemplation of this dreary trio when a colonel of artillery stopped his splashing car and offered me a lift. Ah, here was a true officer and a gentleman! Colonel Weyrauch, of the 146th Artillery, he turned out to be, on his way forward to inspect his beloved guns. We begin to find them above Nantillois, near Madeleine Farm, the scene of hot fighting a few hours earlier. French guns they were, served by Americans. The colonel patted their long, beautiful necks and the strong, straddling legs which bit into the earth ten or fifteen feet behind the breach. He was like a horse-fancier making the rounds of his stable.

Under their canopies of camouflaging the guns were talking loudly—talking earnestly to the Boche up on the Meuse. No answer yet from Fritz, for which we were thankful, for the road was jammed with traffic and we had to halt every two or three minutes.

The roadside was cluttered up with disem-

boweled horses and disemboweled tanks. Every few rods there was a clump of clean new crosses, their stiff white arms pointing always toward Germany, as if we needed urging from our dead! Only empty trucks and loaded ambulances were going in the other direction, with here and there a slightly wounded or gassed officer riding on a front seat. Every one was grimly elated, saying, "Blueey, we've got 'em on the run!" The hardships of such campaigning are just bearable when you are elated with the thrill of winning. What they must be to the retreating enemy, knowing himself beaten, we found solace in imagining.

We passed through the little town of Cunel and along the road toward Romagne between two rows of garrulous guns. Their conviction in the last few days of the war that the Boche was beaten led the Americans to do some unusual things. For instance, in a space of a mile and a half along this road we had sixty-four guns. If the enemy had been standing up to his artillery and fighting back with full power, he might have raised havoc with these massed cannon. But he would not stand, and we knew it. He dropped over a few shells on this neighborhood every few hours, and that was all.

On the outskirts of Romagne we halted for lunch in an old French farmhouse, formerly a German P. C., and now one of ours. Two men

were killed there by Hun shells shortly before I arrived, and the rain was dripping through gaping openings in roof and walls.

In the main room, with its huge rafters and side studding, its broad, uneven tiles, its wide fireplace, and its furniture made from boxes, were men who spoke a pleasant language, the tongue of the American Southwest. A captain from New Mexico, a brown giant whose clothes were caked with mud, was sitting with his feet on an andiron and humming that Villa war song, "La Cur-curacha," when our entrance interrupted—

"Porque no tiene, porque le falto  
Marihuana que fumar."

After lunch, and after I had been shown a frieze of wall paintings after the German idea of humor, put there in the Huns' confidence of permanent occupation, I left these hospitable artillerymen and joined more Texans and Oklahomans, the men of the Ninetieth Division, which was moving into the front line. The historian of the division, a well-known Texas newspaperman, offered the lift this time.

We were bound for Villers to establish the Ninetieth's P. C. just behind where some of its regiments were hunting the Huns up the wooded valleys on the west of the Meuse. The roads here were eaten by shells, but, even so, we could

have made the run in two hours easily with a clear way. As it was, we started at five o'clock and were stuck still twenty minutes later. There was an unbroken stream of trucks, motor cars, and mule wagons all the way from Romagne to Villers. When something went wrong with one vehicle and it stopped, all the others were forced to stop also. Even if all went well, we could move only at a walk. The first truck to break down caused a thirty-minute delay because at the bottom of the truck's load was the general's bedding roll, and the drivers were determined that he should have his blankets. But the truck's case was hopeless, and we finally left it standing beside the road, general's bed and all. The rain dripped steadily, and we were stone cold. There was not even the comfort of a cigarette, for all lights were forbidden. The sudden blazing of the guns and occasional Verey flares which hung in the sky like the torches of death only made the gloom seem thicker. All about me were men from San Antonio, El Paso, and the border country, where a cloudy day is an event.

"Oh, boy," said a voice, "for an hour of Texas sunshine!"

"Cheer up, you'll soon be dead."

At that they broke into—

“Viva Madero, he’s goan a take Chihuahua,  
Goan a take Chihuahua—BUT  
We’ll all be dai-aid.”

“You said it!” yelled a corporal, when a Boche shell landed somewhere ahead with its horrible “Whee-ee-ee-ee—pow!” Instinctively I ducked.

“What’sa use dodging?” queried the historian from Texas; “if it’s got your name on it, it’ll get you, anyhow.”

“Well, captain, I don’t like those shells myself,” the lieutenant in charge of the convoy remarked; “they talk too much before they hit you. Remember the Negro who said to a pal going up to the front for the first time:

“‘Sam, when you get to de front, look out for dem talkin’ shells!’

“‘Talkin’ shells?’

“‘Yes, talkin’ shells. Dey talk jes’ lak a man.’

“‘What does dey say?’ asked Sam.

“‘Dey says, “Yoooooointgoinbackerala—*bam!*” ’ ’ ”

(Just drone that through your nose, with the inflection rising quickly to the end of the Yoooooo and falling slowly the rest of the way to the pause before the *bam!* and you have a good imitation of a shell.)

The truth is that there is nothing pleasant

about war—nothing. The pen of the sternest realist could not exaggerate the loathsomeness of it. This modern civilized warfare, this warfare of mechanics, is the worst form of all. When I first went to the western front, I expected in some degree to be thrilled and to feel some “inspiration to write about it.” I came away cold, depressed, mentally exhausted with the illimitable destructiveness of the thing. You go to the front, and for days you see only destruction, disease, decay. Nothing growing, nothing blooming, nothing constructive. It is not so much the flying death that is terrible; it is the rotting dead. Trees rotting, houses rotting, crops rotting, machines rotting, horses rotting, men rotting.

That is war. Not bugles and battles, but mud and putrefaction. The flying death whistles, and you flatten down into the mud and putrefaction for an instant to escape lying in it forever. You do this again and again and again until you cease to care. Your mind is already rotting, your soul is rotting.

I saw some of our boys who had been over the top three times in twenty-four hours. The skin of their faces was pulled tight over the bone. Their eyes were the eyes of wild animals hunted to the point of utter weariness. Only the gashes which were mouths showed the will to go on. All men are sometimes afraid under fire; probably



most men are afraid every time, but their courage consists in forcing themselves to go ahead.

Mud and putrefaction! That is war. The only excuse for it is to prevent it ever happening again.

When they get home, America can give nothing adequate to reward these boys for what they have done for her. You Americans in your comfortable homes may think you can imagine what they have been through, but your imagination cannot approach the horrors of the front. You cannot possibly know the value of what you have—warmth, food, a dry place to sleep; you cannot know the worth of one minute of peace, one minute of security from death that creeps, that stalks, that flies. The everlasting gratitude of their countrymen is the most that these boys can have and the least that they deserve, and it will be an immeasurable shame if one of these two millions is ever in need of anything which the Nation can give. Do not be deceived by their modesty, Americans; never forget what they have done for you.

From Villers through a drowsy drizzle I pursued the advancing front by the noise of the guns. The country was hilly here, and the sound which reverberated through the valleys was as if many giants were slamming great iron doors with huge hammers of bronze. There was something im-

pressively regular and determined in the sound. It was not a sharp crash or bang—a cannon shot does not sound that way until you are quite close to it. It was a distinct bass ring, such as a great drum might give at a distance through a forest. It was immensely convincing of the might of these invisible giants who were slamming their way all up the valley, clanging the armor of the Hun.

Then, I got nearer, and the clang lost its musical metallic quality and became a roar like the sudden collapse of a brick house. I went on and left the guns behind and on each side. Ah, here was the little village of Montigny, just captured by us, and there beyond was the front line.

Tat tat, tat tat tat, tat, tat tat, tat, went a machine gun feeling for its voice before it could speak sharply, and then tat tat tat tat tat tat tat and on in a torrent of sharp monosyllables. Not a nice sound, but pleasant compared to another: Whish-ish-ish-ish—pow!—the cruel whistle of a shell and a burst overhead. With shrapnel they were trying for some of our infantry resting in shallow holes on a side hill at the right. At the same time, above this hellish whistle with its quick rise, slow fall, and sickening instant of hesitation before that pow, was a fainter whistle high in the air. That was from high-explosive shells aimed at our guns over the hill crest.

Whish-ish-ish-ish—pow! Yooooooooisntgoin-backterala—*bam!*

These were closer! They were landing slightly ahead of me, and at the left of the road in a little hollow where a machine-gun company in reserve was dug in I executed a flat dive into the soupy gutter and lay there, thinking rapidly. Would I go on and perhaps have a thrilling experience to relate to my grandchildren around the domestic hearth, or would I fall back and make sure of the grandchildren? There is no question about it, I do not like shells at all. It is not a fear of death, it is a fear of the noise, of the mangling mess they make. I have met only one man who is not bothered by shell-fire, and him it exhilarates. But he hates machine guns and perfectly dreads airplanes. Each to his own taste.

At the edge of a long ridge a line of trucks and motor cars were jammed while engineers filled in a trough across the road. This cavity was not the only evidence of a recent shell. On his back under a blanket which hid the awful holes in him lay a young soldier, and with cool fixed eyes and a placid smile regarded the clouds as if he could see through them something very precious and very far away—perhaps the warm blue sky of Texas. How would it feel to be hit like that? Would he be smiling if he had felt any pain? Ah, why not smile, for all the pain in the world,

if he were leaving this unrelenting dampness, cold, and destruction for rest, for the South, for home? Perhaps that shell had said:

Yoooooocominbackterala—*bam!*

A cloud of smoke and dust a hundred feet away followed the crash of the projectile which took the words out of my mouth. I found myself running pell-mell in a mob which included all the extra men who had been riding on the trucks. The drivers stayed with their machines. We swept over the brow of the hill and plumped down into shell-holes and behind a bank along a little-used cart path. Out of a rift of cloud dropped a German plane observing the aim of the guns.

But now, after the Boche had dropped over a few more shells, it was good to hear our guns get going in a gigantic anvil chorus—clang-whang-bang, whang-bang-clang. Twenty minutes of this, and the Boche answered no more. (“You fellows don’t know what war is,” said a German officer captured a few hours later; “you’ve never been under one of your own barrages.”)

As the sun was dropping a cheer ran up the line of men along the road like fire up a trail of powder. An officer in a courier car was bringing the report that the Kaiser had abdicated. This turned out to be only one of the many such rumors which anticipated the event; but it was good to see the way our men took it. Just one loud cheer, and then back to work quickly.

Kaiser or no Kaiser, while the Boche fought we would give them plenty.

The sun dropped lower and the guns talked less and less. The last rays warmed a few red and gold leaves still left on a tree here and there, blanched the slim white birches, and touched with saffron the uniform of a great doughboy who lay behind an oak as he had fallen, his hands gripping the ground under him as if he were trying to open a door which a stronger hand was closing in his face.

An afterflow of molten metal drenched the whole west. In the north and east the guns broke out again in fiery blotches of the same color.

I went back to Romagne, intending to join the Marines farther west on the American front. But a recurrence of grippe sent me back to Paris, and so I missed the end on the front. However, my friend the novelist and war correspondent, Herman Whitaker, who was with the Yanks east of the Meuse, has given me an accurate picture of how the curtain fell. Whitaker himself, though fifty-two years old and lame, went over the top in the last charge armed only with a cane. A machine-gun bullet went through the baggy part of his riding breeches and an officer was killed at each side of him. As I heard a general remark, "Whitaker is some war correspondent!"

"At about nine o'clock on the morning of November 11," says Whitaker, "word came to the

Americans east of the Meuse that the armistice has been signed and that we would stop firing at eleven. At 9:50 we went over the top, and by eleven had pushed the Boche back a kilometer and a half. Just before eleven the Boche took out their watches and fired until the second hands indicated the hour. Then they rushed forward crying 'Kamerad,' and tried to embrace us. They said they had learned to consider us their most worthy foes, and had no hard feelings for Americans. But our men had been instructed not to fraternize and the Boche met with a cold reception.

"There was no noticeable cheering or celebrating then by the Yanks. But it was remarkable how Americans abruptly appeared from nowhere, so that the whole landscape, which had previously been dead and deserted, suddenly swarmed with life and movement."

That evening, from Switzerland to the North Sea, the line which had been dark for four years glowed with bonfires, and Verey lights hung in the sky, no longer the torches of death. All the pleasant sounds of peace returned to that devastated land. Dogs barked, cows mooed, and Frenchmen will tell you that the cock of France, awakened by the unaccustomed illumination, crowed triumphantly all through that memorable night.

## THE GREAT ARMISTICE

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

IN the uproar and stench  
Of a Verdun trench—  
The tortured bed of the great war's birth—  
I slept, and dreamed this vision of Earth:

Out of the bosom of Europe the slaughter had  
spread  
Till the waves of the distant Yang-tze-kiang  
flowed red;  
Red were Columbia, Amazon, Ganges, Nile;  
Red were the uttermost peak and the outermost  
isle.  
No part of the planet, from shore to remotest  
shore,  
But agonized now in the bestial clutch of war.  
From every ocean, from every tribe and state,  
Rose up to the stars the fetid odor of hate.

Then I saw in my dream how the sun was sud-  
denly veiled  
By the wings of a monstrous, ghoulish fleet of the  
air,—  
Unhuman ships from another world, that hailed  
From none knew where;

Fantastic hulls that never had birth  
In the dreams of the boldest brain of Earth.  
Downward in terrible power they came,  
Armored with plates of smoldering flame,  
Armed with might in the smithies of night,  
Guided by beings merciless, wise,  
Veterans drilled in the outer skies.

Now a greenish ray from the nethermost vessel  
shot.

Earthward it turned, judicial, unflickering, slow,  
Till it looked on a fortress beset by hosts of the  
foe.

One glance of its eye, and—fortress and foe were  
not!

Then something gave way in my brain  
With a fierce, revealing pain;  
And I knew that, across the abysms of air,  
After æons of human imaginings,  
Creatures from some dread elsewhere  
Had launched on miraculous wings  
To abolish the near and the far.  
I knew that beings from some strange star,  
Hitherto out of the reach of our ken,  
With resolute pinions unfurled,  
And weapons undreamed till then,  
Downward had swooped to erase  
From the otherwise lovely face  
Of the flower of a neighboring world,



Those who to their minds were but poisonous  
vermin—men!

I saw all human eyes  
In terror fixed on the skies.  
And I felt how one thought, like a signal, ran  
Through the trenches of Earth from man to man,  
Then leaped from the mire and forth  
To the east and the west, to the south and the  
north,  
Where the human enemies lay;  
And it met with this self-same thought half-way;  
*“Let there be peace!  
We are faced by a common foe; let the wars of  
the earth-born cease!  
Shall brother and brother fight with the day of  
doom in sight?”*

Mute thought became vocal then  
In the cry of a world distraught:  
*“Peace among men!”*  
And, hard on the heels of thought,  
From their trenches poured the embattled folk  
of the world,  
With battle-flags furled,  
And, with cries of good-will,  
Sprang forth to embrace,  
Those whom, the moment before, in that charnel-  
like place,  
They had lusted to kill.

And I felt the great thrill  
Of the throe  
Of an earth  
In re-birth,  
That moment while hand sought hand  
Across the wires of every No-Man's Land,—  
While foe took foe to his heart,  
And, never to part,  
Turned, shoulder by shoulder to parry the blow  
Of the grim Earth-foe.

Then first, since the bulk of the dripping sphere  
Heaved shuddering out of the slime  
Of chaos and night and old time,  
Were the hearts of all earth-men strung  
In harmony one with the other.  
Then faded and vanished the last frontier  
Of hate, when the soul's universal tongue  
Uttered the great word: "Brother!"

There, in that infinite spark of time,  
Despite the ghoul-fleets veiling the sky,  
Was my heart lifted high;  
For I heard a mighty resurgent chime,  
And I knew Earth's death-in-life was done,  
And I saw from its grave-like trench, humanity  
climb  
Into the light of a common sun.

. . . . .

Out of that dream I awoke.  
On the borders of night, serenely far,  
Unmenacing glimmered the evening star.  
No ghoulish air-fleets blotted the blue.  
The dew of the dusk was sweet;  
But the voice of an enemy mortar spoke,  
And my comrade fell at my feet  
With his skull split through. . . .

Then in my soul I prayed  
To the wise All-Father, and said:  
"God, if no merciful plan  
May reconcile man to man,  
Then raise thine omnipotent arm;  
Blacken our skies with the woe  
Of some all-menacing harm;  
That, awed by a common foe  
And a common fate,  
Our hearts may shatter the gate  
From the narrower self, and advance to unity  
dedicate."

Then shall our triumph ring  
Whether we stand or fall;  
For the wreck of the flesh is a paltry thing,  
But love is all in all.

## "A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY" \*

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

WAS it indeed only last March, or in another life, that I climbed this green hill on that day of dolour, the Sunday after the last great German offensive began? A beautiful sun-warmed day it was, when the wild thyme on the southern slope smelled sweet, and the distant sea was a glitter of gold. Lying on the grass, pressing my cheek to its warmth, I tried to get solace for that new dread which seemed so cruelly unnatural after four years of war-misery.

"If only it were all over!" I said to myself; "and I could come here, and to all the lovely places I know, without this awful contraction of the heart, and this knowledge that at every tick of my watch some human body is being mangled or destroyed. Ah, if only I could! Will there never be an end?"

And now there is an end, and I am up on this green hill once more, in December sunlight, with the distant sea a glitter of gold. And there is no cramp in my heart, no miasma clinging to my senses. Peace! It is still incredible. No more to hear with the ears of the nerves the ceaseless

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\* From "Tatterdemalion"; copyright, 1920, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

roll of gunfire, or see with the eyes of the nerves drowning men, gaping wounds, and death. Peace, actually Peace! The war has gone on so long that many of us have forgotten the sense of outrage and amazement we had, those first days of August, 1914, when it all began. But I have not forgotten, nor ever shall.

In some of us—I think in many who could not voice it—the war has left chiefly this feeling: “If only I could find a country where men cared less for all that they seem to care for, where they cared more for beauty, for nature, for being kindly to each other. If only I could find that green hill far away!” Of the songs of Theocritus, of the life of St. Francis, there is no more among the nations than there is of dew on grass in an east wind. If we ever thought otherwise, we are disillusioned now. Yet there is Peace again, and the souls of men fresh-murdered are not flying into our lungs with every breath we draw.

Each day this thought of Peace becomes more real and blessed. I can lie on this green hill and praise Creation that I am alive in a world of beauty. I can go to sleep up here with the coverlet of sunlight warm on my body, and not wake to that old dull misery. I can even dream with a light heart, for my fair dreams will not be spoiled by waking, and my bad dreams will be cured the moment I open my eyes. I can look

up at that blue sky without seeing trailed across it a mirage of the long horror, a film picture of all the things that have been done by men to men. At last I can gaze up at it, limpid and blue, without a dogging melancholy; and I can gaze down at that far gleam of sea, knowing that there is no murk of murder on it any more.

And the flight of birds, the gulls and rooks and little brown wavering things which flit out and along the edge of the chalk-pits, is once more refreshment to me, utterly untempered. A merle is singing in a bramble thicket; the dew has not yet dried off the bramble leaves. A feather of a moon floats across the sky; the distance sends forth homely murmurs; the sun warms my cheeks. And all of this is pure joy. No hawk of dread and horror keeps swooping down and bearing off the little birds of happiness. No accusing conscience starts forth and beckons me away from pleasure. Everywhere is supreme and flawless beauty. Whether one looks at this tiny snail-shell, marvelously chased and marked, a very elf's horn whose open mouth is colored rose; or gazes down at the flat land between here and the sea, wandering under the smile of the afternoon sunlight, seeming almost to be alive, hedgeless, with its many watching trees, and silver gulls hovering above the mushroom-colored "plows," and fields green in manifold hues; whether one

muses on this little pink daisy born so out of time, or watches that valley of brown-rose-gray woods, under the drifting shadows of low-hanging chalky clouds—all is perfect, as only Nature can be perfect on a lovely day, when the mind of him who looks on her is at rest.

On this green hill I am nearer than I have been yet to realization of the difference between war and peace. In our civilian lives hardly anything has been changed—we do not get more butter or more petrol, the garb and machinery of war still shroud us, journals still drip hate; but in our spirits there is all the difference between gradual dying and gradual recovery from sickness.

At the beginning of the war a certain artist, so one heard, shut himself away in his house and garden, taking in no newspaper, receiving no visitors, listening to no breath of the war, seeing no sight of it. So he lived, buried in his work and his flowers—I know not for how long. Was he wise, or did he suffer even more than the rest of us who shut nothing away? Can man, indeed, shut out the very quality of his firmament, or bar himself away from the general misery of his species?

This gradual recovery of the world—this slow reopening of the great flower, Life—is beautiful to feel and see. I press my hand flat and hard down on those blades of grass, then take it away,

and watch them very slowly raise themselves and shake off the bruise. So it is, and will be, with us for a long time to come. The cramp of war was deep in us, as an iron frost in the earth. Of all the countless millions who have fought and nursed and written and spoken and dug and sewn and worked in a thousand other ways to help on the business of killing, hardly any have labored in real love of war. Ironical, indeed, that perhaps the most beautiful poem written these four years, Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle!" was in heartfelt praise of fighting! But if one could gather the deep curses breathed by man and woman upon war since the first bugle was blown, the dirge of them could not be contained in the air which wraps this earth.

And yet the "green hill," where dwell beauty and kindness, is still far away. Will it ever be nearer? Men have fought even on this green hill where I am lying. By the rampart markings on its chalk and grass, it has surely served for an encampment. The beauty of day and night, the lark's song, the sweet-scented growing things, the rapture of health, and of pure air, the majesty of the stars, and the gladness of sunlight, of song and dance and simple friendliness, have never been enough for men. We crave our turbulent fate. Can wars, then, ever cease? Look in men's faces, read their writings, and beneath masks and



hypocrisies note the restless creeping of the tiger spirit! There has never been anything to prevent the millennium except the nature of the human being. There are not enough lovers of beauty among men. It all comes back to that. Not enough who want the green hill far away—who naturally hate disharmony, and the greed, ugliness, restlessness, cruelty, which are its parents and its children.

Will there ever be more lovers of beauty in proportion to those who are indifferent to beauty? Who shall answer that question? Yet on the answer depends peace. Men may have a mint of sterling qualities—be vigorous, adventurous, brave, upright, and self-sacrificing; be preachers and teachers; keen, cool-headed, just, industrious—if they have not the love of beauty, they will still be making wars. Man is a fighting animal, with sense of the ridiculous enough to know that he is a fool to fight, but not sense of the sublime enough to stop him. Ah, well! we have peace!

It is happiness greater than I have known for four years and four months, to lie here and let that thought go on its wings, quiet and free as the wind stealing soft from the sea, and blessed as the sunlight on this green hill.



IV

SPIRIT AND SIGNIFICANCE OF  
ARMISTICE DAY



## SUGGESTED ADDRESS FOR USE BY LEGION SPEAKER ON ARMISTICE DAY

(Prepared by the Americanism Commission of  
the American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana)

As the world pauses to turn back the pages of time to a morning seven years ago to-day, we contrast the fervor of the men affected by the events of that morning with their feelings to-day. We find a zeal transplanted from warlike travail to the voluntary services and sacrifices of peacetime soldiers.

The hush of that morning hour heralded a new era, not for peace alone, but fraught with a promise of common understanding. It brings us to-day to solemn gratitude for the hour when the lessons of war foretold enjoyment of peace.

Back from the blood-ridden fields of Flanders came the vast army of men, swords unbuckled, and ready again to take up the plowshare. The teaching of the front lines had brought them an infinite learning. It taught them to carry the load of their comrade, to share crusts with him. To-day these and similar tasks claim the greater part of their untiring devotion.

The soil of France is red with the blood of

hundreds of American lads who gave their lives that this understanding of one another might be attained. It is in their tender memory that their resting places have been marked by remaining comrades. Hundreds were maimed and broken there, and are to-day unfit to wage life's battle in the face of the odds laid against them by the grim bookkeeper of war. Comrades sound in body and mind took up their fight. Love of the mother country ebbed as the rigors of war passed. The men who fought for the flag in France held patriotism still dear and strove for a deeper respect for the nation. An era of mutual helpfulness was at hand. The first to recognize the opportunity were those who learned to team together in the war before that day in November checked the greatest combat known in history.

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#### A NON-DENOMINATIONAL PRAYER FOR ARMISTICE DAY

(From the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Prayer Book,"  
of the Jewish Welfare Board)

O God, who art full of compassion, who dwellest on high, grant perfect rest beneath the shelter of Thy divine presence in the exalted places among the Holy and pure who shine as of the brightness of the firmament to all who have

bravely laid down their lives for their country. We beseech Thee, Lord of Compassion, shelter them forevermore under the cover of Thy wings, and let their souls be bound up in the bond of eternal life, with the souls of righteousness who are ever with Thee.

And the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and confidence forever. Nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. *Amen.*



## WHEN POPPIES BLOOM AGAIN

An Armistice Day Symphony in Four Movements

BY HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

### *Adagio*

I DID not know my England.

I am not good at remembering dates and I have a bad habit of forgetting history. I had almost forgotten my English history, for instance, of the last thousand years. I only knew that I was disturbed and deeply troubled by what I had been hearing of England.

The rumor had gone abroad that England was going to the dogs! You may have heard it. The

Communists were "boring" the English oak until her glorious foliage had begun to wither and fall; the Irish had lopped off her trigger finger; her empire was disintegrating! As for the English themselves—they had lost faith, they had forsaken God, they had forgotten their heroes, they no longer knew how to dream; they had become listless, spineless, nerveless, disunited—and so on.

And I had always looked upon England as the world's—at least the Anglo-Saxon world's—stalwart, and Rock of Gibraltar. In fearing for England, I feared for America.

To-day, I no longer doubt England, my fears have vanished, I recall again her half-forgotten history. And all I have done to be thus reassured has been to pass with her through the great recurrent ordeal. Part of what I have here recorded of that experience is sheer fantasy, I know. But behind that fantasy lies a living fact, and if it be fact, then underlying it is the truth.

My going away over to the Southwark (quaintly pronounced "Sutthuck") Cathedral to attend the memorial service for England's fallen in the World War was, I must confess, a more or less casual adventure. The London Symphony Orchestra, I had heard, was going to play Brahms's "Requiem" accompanied by 150 voices. That settled it.

I found the cathedral already crowded to the



doors—more than a half hour before the service was scheduled to begin. All England seemed to be represented; every class. Fortunately, a place was found for me in one of the far corners of the ambulatory. If one had to see the music to appreciate it I would have been quite “out of luck,” as we say. I sat there face-to-back of the gloomy choir stalls, in which the singers were seated and in front of which was massed the orchestra with its scores of instruments. I could catch rare glimpses, however, of intersecting arches, of soaring columns, of massive pillars, of a triforium gallery. My eyes wandered through a pointed arch and fell upon the magnificent reredos that filled the entire back of the sanctuary, containing many scores of saintly figures, who, too, seemed to be peering about from their dim niches. My mind wandered. I fancied that those of my neighbors were no doubt doing the same. What were *they* all thinking about? . . .

This little rag-bag just ahead of me wearing the feather-duster bonnet might be a slavey? Her little red eyes were fastened on the reredos with a frown. Quite likely she was worrying over the problem of dusting off all those saints, every Friday, let us say, before tea time. . . . The young chap next to her was pursing his lips. He would be a draper. He was no doubt questioning the cut and color of the costumes worn by the saints

in the early Victorian stained-glass window yonder. . . . And this pompous gentleman, occasionally elevating his brows over his thoughts, must be a banker, computing the cost probably—adding compound interest for seven hundred years—of an edifice like this. It was plain that the problem bothered him. . . . And the pale young man in the wheel chair. Well, he seemed to be just gazing up there among the shadowy groins, his thoughts climbing dizzy heights too, leaving the poor, pain-anchored body helplessly behind in the chair. . . .

When suddenly the great bells in the tower began to clamor, wildly, like Poe's "Iron Bells," scattering my idle thoughts like guilty vagrants. Between whiles the air began to echo with the plaintive, scampering notes and discords of tuning instruments with an occasional mournful drone from the kettledrums. The bells gave pause and the tuning seemed suddenly to slink away through the fissures in the thick walls, as the organ thundered out a rumbling prelude that set the whole place shuddering with its vibrations. Again silence.

We could not see it coming. It struck our wandering senses with astonishment. A silence-shattering blast of music—brass, strings, reeds and drums in unison. Brahms! It swooped down and caught us all up—charwoman, draper,

banker, cripple—soul and senses—from the commonplace to a common plane of higher things, of visions.

The columns sway, the dust sparkles, the arches rise and rise to dizzy heights of splendor on the vibrating wings of music. The voices of unseen choristers seem to be darting out of every niche and crevice and the nave becomes a vortex of rushing melody that carries us with it, on and on.

Then once again we are left desolate in the barren silence. Brahms's "Requiem" is over.

Requiem? Yes, we felt that. But for what? For whom? It was left for Laurence Binyon to tell us so poignantly in his poem which we found printed on the leaflet. We still remember some of the lines:

#### FOR THE FALLEN

"With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her  
 children,  
 England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
 Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
 Fallen in the cause of the free.  
 . . . There is music in the midst of desolation  
 And a glory that shines upon our tears.

" . . . They laughed, they sang their melodies of  
 England,  
 They fell open-eyed and unafraid.

They shall not grow old, as those that are left  
grow old:

Age shall not weary them, nor the years con-  
demn.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them. . . .

We will remember them. . . .”

Elgar had set it all to music—in a symphony that left no sigh unbreathed, no tear unshed, no glory undimmed, no hope unrealized. As it was there in the beautiful words, so was it visioned there in the music—the drums of War, the peril, the supreme sacrifice, the supernal deed, Death, beatification, balm! How that symphony orchestra played it and that choir sang it! And all England was listening, singing, weeping, remembering, carrying on and on.

The pale young man in the wheel chair—he knew, *he had been there*, a clean-limbed youth—the banker, now become an old man leaning against the coping with both hands holding his face against the vision of a son and heir now somewhere in Flanders fields—the charwoman who had been a mother *then*—the draper whose youth had been robbed of its four most promising years in a prison camp—and two thousand others in this ancient cathedral, and twenty million more in other churches throughout England chanting:

“At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them!”

We felt ourselves envying those glorious dead “that shall never grow old,” we who shall soon crumble and be forgotten.

We shall have new vistas after this hour. New chambers of our illimitable soul have been opened to Life; new monuments have been set up to keep clean and unsullied; new saints to worship, new ghosts to terrify us with awe and new phantoms to beautify our despair!

### *Largo*

What spell is this that has come over London?

The two parlor maids busily polishing the many brasses on the door of the great mansion across the way in Palace Court pause. They seem to be waiting for something, almost anxiously. A church bell over Queens Roadway begins to strike the hour of eleven. It stops. There is the wail of the police siren that used to warn of the coming air raids.

The parlor maids rise with one accord and stand with folded hands and solemnly face the south, a little westward, like pious Mahometans slightly mistaken in their direction. The chauffeur in the driveway has stopped the engine of

his car. He, too, stands at attention, hat off. The postman pauses in midstreet and lays down his leathern pouch, reverently doffing his double-peaked helmet. Even the green-grocer's boy, halfway down the street, dismounts from his bicycle delivery cart. The red bus about to pass the corner on Bayswater Road stops. Deadly quiet has fallen like a pall from the sky.

This can only happen when the poppies bloom again!

Poppies in November? In London?

Aye. London is a sea of poppies to-day! Come down Bayswater Road with me, on through Oxford Street, across Haymarket and through Trafalgar Square into Whitehall. That blur of scarlet, so reminiscent of and so much like the fresh blood from a re-opened wound, on the breast of every man, woman and child—the nursemaid and the dustman, the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady, my lord and the humblest clerk—you could not help but remark it? Didn't I tell you that the poppies had bloomed again?

Then come with me through this waving field of a million poppies to the side of yonder Cenotaph. You who think England is failing; you who say she has forgotten; you who claim she laughs at her King and pageantry; you who worry over her lack of faith in God or herself. Draw near and see what I saw, hear what I

heard, and feel what I felt—when the poppies bloomed again.

There, we are opposite the Treasury now and have made our way to within easy sight of the Cenotaph, piled higher than a man's head with flowers for England's heroic dead. There are thousands upon thousands of mothers in this multitude numbering more than a hundred thousand mourners. Each mother feels to-day that that Cenotaph was raised for her boy alone!

One mother just behind me in the press told me the whole of England's story. The tall "bobbies" of London's "finest" had come and stood shoulder to shoulder forming a wall with their rubber shoulder capes—for it had come on to rain—so that we could only see the bearskin busbies and the glistening swords and bayonets passing by. I had just told my young son that I thought these must be the Coldstream Guards, when the Mother of England spoke to me.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, but they're the Grenadiers."

I thanked her.

"I should know, sir," she continued apologetically, "my son was a Grenadier—'e died one of 'em!" It was not said boastfully or regretfully; just with a gentle mixture of grief and pride. "An' the sime d'y, me 'usband was reported missin', sir—but 'e was only wounded." She

didn't belittle his experience beside that of her son, but she did differentiate sharply. "A bit of lead through 'is neck it was, an' a shell splinter in 'is chest. It's bent 'im 'arf double, it 'as. If 'e was 'ere you would see for yourself, sir. But 'e 'asn't the 'eart for such things no more, sir."

The massed bands of the Brigade of Guards had begun playing Schubert's "Ave Maria," and we listened involuntarily until it was over, then she reassured me, "But *I* alwus come, sir, for the family like. I kin 'old back better'n they m'ybe."

Something in her voice made me turn. Tears were rolling down her weathered face, but she looked at me steadily. In the next moment she seemed to be pleading in extenuation of them: "'E was me only son—at Wipers, sir" (I reverence the way they pronounce Ypres!). "Well, I remember the day 'e kissed me good-by at Victoria, sir—'ow 'e said, 'I'll be back, mumsie—'ave a po'k pie.' 'Is larst words to 'is mother, sir—an' 'e—me bybie—" Her voice trailed off amidst the burst of brass of another Royal band which heralded the coming of the King.

The coming of the King! It struck another deep chord that saved me from joining that mother in downright tears. The King with his sons had come on foot all the way from Buckingham Palace. His majesty and their highnesses laid wreaths beside all the other flowery me-



mentos at the foot of the Cenotaph. The mother behind me sobbed afresh, for the King for whom he had died had laid a wreath upon the tomb of *her boy!*

Then the bells of all the churches in London seemed to break loose from guiding hands and began to ring out riotously, madly. There was a suggestion of hysterical emotion. I was struck by their effect on the expression of a tall fellow in the front line of the crowd. He wore a monocle and stared and stared. I fancied he was living again—as were thousands of others there—one August night in Trafalgar Square. The bells of all London were ringing wildly like this and within the heart of all England wild alarms were ringing too. War! There was the thrill—fierce, sickening, exultant, resolute, all in the same breath—that comes but once. “To arms!” had clanged, clamored, jangled the bells of all London until the very air seemed to reel drunkenly. And how they flocked to the standards—several hundred thousand strong! The victory seemed so easy, so near! . . .

The bells of all London stopped ringing one by one.

The preliminary chimes of the Abbey fall solitary upon the silence. Big Ben and the bells near and far blend solemnly in their last strokes of the hour. There is a sharp interval. Then the

cannon of the Life Guards boom. It is the signal. The Zero Hour is at hand. The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month.

A great silence begins.

A hush—a heart throb—a sigh—a suppressed sob; a blurred picture through tears to those whose eyes remained open. Some lips trembled and moved in prayer; the jaws of others were grimly set.

London silent—here was a miracle! Roaring, rumbling, reverberating London—silent. It was awe-inspiring, terrible. This awesome interval held something of the same terrible impotence and experience of the blood-drained world waiting nearly five interminable years for the end. The words of the Psalmist recurred again and again: "Watchman, what of the night? . . . O Lord, will the night soon pass!" The first minute seemed eternity.

Then just before God seemed about to turn on the world and its blessed din again one of the most dramatic things I can ever know happened. A scream pierced that silence—and our hearts—like a swift, unexpected blade. It was the anguished cry of a woman—a mother. It was like the sudden breaking and tearing of some sturdy heart become parched and dry and tenacious like a drumhead from years of weeping and draining. She could not endure—poor thing!—

that eternity of two minutes' silence outside, meeting the vacuum of that great stillness within her tender bosom. Her heart had broken under the strain.

The mother heart in the crowd gave a responsive sob. There was an audible clutch in the throat of the entire multitude. A child emitted a frightened whimper. . . . The King's trumpeters were sounding "The Last Post."

It was over—thank God!

The King is driving away. The soldiers are marching away. The mothers are going back to their sonless homes, refreshed and respirationed. Have no fear—England is going on and on, and ON!

### *Allegro*

It is noon of Armistice Day, perhaps an hour or so after the great silence. There are all sorts and conditions of men in the big Soho restaurant we enter for luncheon. There are "gentlemen" and others—meaning the same, except for the accident of birth. But to-day that great leveler, War, with some of its glamour and gruesomeness is in the air. The war that made Tommy Atkins of Whitechapel and Sir Major Somebody of Portman Square equals and brothers under their skins—lying out there in the field waiting for the stretcher bearers.

So the dustman outside cleaning the streets wears his medals to-day. So does our waiter, so does the "bobbie" of whom we inquired the way, and so does my Lord of the Big-House-Across-the-Way in Palace Court. The frozen trenches, the stern rigors of discipline, the bursting shrapnel, are only lurking memories—only the glory remained to-day. This was *The Day—Der Tag*—of the heroes, both alive and dead.

Cheerio! It was altogether a glad mood in which we found ourselves after that solemn vigil at the Cenotaph, but with something refined and mellow about it. The restaurant orchestra—along American jazz lines—was the *deus ex machina* that waked the spirit, not so much of Mars, but of Lethe. Especially when it broke into the lilt of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary,"—can you ever forget it! You could see and feel the trooping of the colors of a legion of dreams swoop down over the place. . . .

A stubby-nosed little fellow with an encroaching baldness, sitting at the opposite table with his smaller wife, peremptorily sprang into the saddle and wheeled about face as he joined the company of horse, of which he had been sergeant, "somewhere in France"—do you recall the terrible romance of that phrase in those days! . . . A much older man—he was above sixty and obviously a gentleman—sitting alone; dreadfully

alone here—over by the window, laid down his knife and fork, once again ready to take command of his regiment. With the coming of an official frown on his brow, I fancied his lips moved as though growling, “’Ten-shun!” He wore no medals. But he bore, rather than wore, a Victoria Cross in that lonely look in his eyes, that shabby genteelness in his clothes. That meagerness in the carefully selected meal. . . . Yes, they were all here. Even the doorman was one of them who, caught by those strains, was peering through the window with something of the sharpness of Tommy’s eye, musket in hand, peeping through a periscope over the top of a trench. . . . Further out in the street a ragged red-nosed beggar had paused—“Ole Bill,” himself—and stood listening with a curious expression lighting his perplexed face. . . .

Who could do such a trivial thing as eat under such pitiless drum fire as this!

It was inevitable that the orchestra should then play, “Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile,”—which is what England can do to such perfection. At any rate, there we were all singing—not lustily, but softly, resolutely. “Facing the music,” as the saying is, with a smile, a whimsical sort of smile, that told of dreams past and hinted of dreams yet to come, hyphenated with a sigh.

The song over, we turned back to our unfinished meal and the commoner tasks of the moment, become just common people—waiters, doormen, clerks, writers, vagrants and gentlemen—once again.

*Crescendo*

It is evening.

The long line still passing the Cenotaph, dropping flowers and tears, has thinned.

The gates of the abbey have been closed and the great nave is dark and faintly sweet from the tear-stained heap of flowers, covering the grave of the Unknown Soldier.

The Unknown Soldier! What emotions, what fancies, what speculations, he stirs! . . . Perhaps the spirit of the Unknown Soldier has gone to rest overweary from the weight of many glories laid upon his ever-tender wounds, this new Armistice Day, troubled by those tears that fell about him like the soft rain of his familiar London autumn-tide, by a thousand sighs that stirred the ancient abbey dust far above him like whispering zephyrs of his England's springtime, by the sorrow placed like myrrh, after the manner of the Egyptians, a bitter cup beside his tomb.

But come—the war—even its sorrows—are over!

This may be Armistice Night, but never that

first hysterical, wild reaction, ignoring still-bleeding wounds—but another trying to imitate it to hide even our scars. The people of the solemn morning and the pensive noon have gone home and changed their clothes, their faces and their hearts. All the signs that are left of the trying day are a few scattered poppies—some of them lying face down in the roadways, crushed in the mud under many feet.

We will remember only the victory to-night. We *must* laugh again. We feel that we have earned it.

So come along to the Trocadero!

We plunge into the great brilliant dining-room as though it were a fountain after a sultry November day. The center of the great chamber has been cleared of tables and is reeling with dancers. Already, many of the dancers and diners who came earlier are reacting under the champagne from the ordeal of the day. Streamers of colored paper, funny hats and crowns, balloons and toy horns, shrill whistles and exploding crackers reflect the carnival spirit, always punctuated by the popping corks. And so the evening progresses with increasing hilarity, merciful oblivion. Quite every one is laughing now; some are shouting or singing. The dancing is faster; the women more beautiful. . . .

Good heavens! A thought half crosses our

mind. Let's see, where were we? It seems as though we had been on a far, far journey since morning. What was it?

"Cheerio!" interrupts our nearest English neighbor; and we do. We lift our glass and drink as though to that ugly scar across his face that has caught our eye.

And the next thing we know it is 2 A.M., legal closing time, and we find ourselves on the streets of London at the mercy of the taxi Jehus. We had come back to life in the ordinary—as the chauffeur confirmed by charging us double the legal fare back to our flat in Bayswater. In that moment we both forgot all those finer things of life. We must wait until the poppies bloom again.

Armistice Day was over.

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## ARMISTICE DAY

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

DRUMS, drums, and marching feet!  
Drums, drums, and the busy street  
Stops in its beehive mimicry  
To stare at the tall flag floating free!  
Drums, drums, and the old O. D.!

Drums, drums, drums, drums!  
Slowly the procession comes.



## THE WAR COMES TO AN END 179

The colors go to our heads like wine.  
Brown guns in a slanting line,  
Holsters and belts and a sword or two,  
Slender cannon bright and new!  
And I keep step to the drums, and you.

Drums, drums, drums, drums!  
Near, near the tall flag comes!  
Drums, drums, and marching feet,  
And thin guns, up the clapping street;  
Boys, but veterans grim and tried!  
We never can show our love and pride,  
Our awe and gratitude, but oh,  
As we stand and clap, we hope they know!

And we thank each boy in the old O. D.  
Because we know it is only he  
Whose reckless courage, heady and gay,  
Ever gave us an Armistice Day!

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## THE WAR THUS COMES TO AN END

BY WOODROW WILSON

(Address to Congress on November 11, 1918)

THE war thus comes to an end; for, having accepted the terms of armistice, it will be impossible for the German command to renew it. It is not now possible to assess the consequences

of this great consummation. We know only that this tragical war, whose consuming flames swept from one nation to another until all the world was on fire, is at an end and that it was the privilege of our own people to enter it at its most critical juncture in such fashion and in such force as to contribute, in a way of which we are all deeply proud, to the great result. We know, too, that the object of the war is attained; the object upon which all free men had set their hearts; and attained with a sweeping completeness which even now we do not realize. Armed imperialism such as the men conceived who were but yesterday the masters of Germany is at an end, its illicit ambition engulfed in black disaster. Who will now seek to revive it?

The arbitrary power of the military caste of Germany which once could secretly and of its own single choice disturb the peace of the world is discredited and destroyed. And more than that—much more than that—has been accomplished. The great nations which associated themselves to destroy it have now definitely united in the common purpose to set up such a peace as will satisfy the longing of the whole world for disinterested justice, embodied in settlements which are based upon something much better and more lasting than the selfish competitive interests of powerful states. There is no

longer conjecture as to the objects the victors have in mind. They have a mind in the matter, not only, but a heart also. Their concerted purpose is to satisfy and protect the weak as well as to accord their just rights to the strong.

The humane temper and intention of the victorious governments have already been manifested in a very practical way. Their representatives in the Supreme War Council at Versailles have by unanimous resolution assured the peoples of the Central Empires that everything that is possible in the circumstances will be done to supply them with food and relieve the distressing want that is in so many places threatening their very lives; and steps are to be taken immediately to organize these efforts at relief in the same systematic manner that they were organized in the case of Belgium. By the use of the idle tonnage of the Central Empires it ought presently to be possible to lift the fear of utter misery from their oppressed populations and set their minds and energies free for the great and hazardous tasks of political reconstruction which now face them on every hand.

For with the fall of the ancient governments, which rested like an incubus on the peoples of the Central Empires, has come political change not merely, but revolution; and revolution which seems as yet to assume no final and ordered form,

but to run from one fluid change to another, until thoughtful men are forced to ask themselves, with what governments and of what sort are we about to deal in the making of the covenants of peace? With what authority will they meet us, and with what assurance that their authority will abide and sustain securely the international arrangements into which we are about to enter? There is here matter for no small anxiety and misgiving. When peace is made, upon whose promises and engagements besides our own is it to rest?

Let us be perfectly frank with ourselves, and admit that these questions cannot be satisfactorily answered now or at once. But the moral is not that there is little hope of an early answer that will suffice. It is only that we must be patient and helpful and mindful above all of the great hope and confidence that lie at the heart of what is taking place. Excesses accomplish nothing. Unhappy Russia has furnished abundant recent proof of that. Disorder immediately defeats itself. If excesses should occur, if disorder should for a time raise its head, a sober second thought will follow and a day of constructive action, if we help and do not hinder.

The present and all that it holds belongs to the nations and the peoples who preserve self-control and the orderly processes of their governments; the future to those who prove themselves the

true friends of mankind. To conquer with arms is to make only a temporary conquest; to conquer the world by earning its esteem is to make permanent conquest. I am confident that the nations that have learned the discipline of freedom and that have settled with self-possession to its ordered practice are now about to make conquest of the world by the power of example and friendly helpfulness.

The peoples who have but just come out from under the yoke of arbitrary government and who are now coming at last into their freedom will never find the treasures of liberty they are in search for if they look for them by the light of the torch. They will find that every pathway that is stained with the blood of their own brother, leads to the wilderness, not to the seat of their hope. They are now face to face with their initial test. We must hold the light steady until they find themselves. And in the meantime, if it be possible, we must establish a peace that will justly define their place among the nations, remove all fear of their neighbors and of their former masters, and enable them to live in security and contentment when they have set their own affairs in order. I, for one, do not doubt their purpose or their capacity. There are some happy signs that they know and will choose the way of self-control and peaceful accommoda-

tion. If they do, we shall put our aid at their disposal in every way that we can. If they do not, we must await with patience and sympathy the awakening and recovery that will assuredly come at last.

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## ARMISTICE DAY: LEST WE FORGET

BY ALMA LUNDMAN

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH may well be remembered so long as mankind finds instruction in history. It marks one of the most stupendous achievements in human experience. On November eleventh the work of the soldier was completed and the work of the diplomat begun. There are no words that can characterize adequately the endurance, the heroism and the devotion of the millions who offered their lives and all that life contained in order that victory might be won and mankind freed from the curse of militarism and war.

The breakdown of Germany, so often confidently predicted, had to await the entry into the war of the United States, and the development of American military power. If the United States had remained aloof, the war would have ended in a draw, and a draw not altogether favorable to the allies. The scales were tottering in the bal-

ance; America leaped into one of them and weighed it to the ground. That was her service and her responsibility. America performed her service well. Her sons and daughters gave their services, their lives, their all, upon the altar of Democracy. The greatest service that we, the living, can give is far too small for so great a sacrifice. Gladly, eagerly, and willingly should we do all within our power to consecrate and commemorate those who so freely gave their last measure of devotion that the world might be safe for humanity and that Democracy might live.

Years have passed since that glorious and eventful November 11, 1918, when the armistice was signed which ended the greatest conflict in history. And in commemoration of that day we, this morning, pay our tribute and our respects to those who never returned, to those who returned crippled and maimed, and also to those who, after witnessing the horrors and cruelties of war, returned sound in mind and body to their native shores.

Let us stop for a little while to think of the sacrifices made in behalf of a better world by the men who laid down their lives and by the women and children whose suffering in that period of warfare had been endured in the earnest hope that wars might cease.

Armistice Day, then, as each succeeding

November brings another anniversary, is to remind us of the supreme need of justice in the relations of men and nations, and of the duty that still belongs to us—not less than it belongs to others—to give our best thought and effort to the establishment of peace upon true foundations.

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### TWO SILENCES

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

(London, Armistice Day)

THE sirens wailed and moaned;  
A battery intoned  
Litanies loud and brief.  
Abruptly then—the hush of death!  
Life seemed to rob  
The tomb of silence. Far around  
The blossom-laden cenotaph  
A nation held its breath  
In gratitude and grief.  
And still there was no sound,  
Save for a child's unconscious laugh,  
A girl's low sob.

Then our hands, groping, met,  
Dearest; our eyes grew wet;  
And our own silence, in that vaster one,



Was like the secret shrine  
In our loved home  
Wherein we share love's holy bread and wine.

Then suddenly our silence seemed to shine  
And grow into a sun  
Burning within the universal dome.

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MESSAGE OF MARSHAL FERDINAND  
FOCH TO THE AMERICAN LEGION,  
NOVEMBER 11, 1921

It is out of sacrifice and suffering that the  
greatest things in life grow.

No man ever gave up part of himself in a  
great cause but that his sacrifice was rewarded  
a hundredfold in moral and spiritual blessings.

Our hearts pour out in sympathy to-day to the  
mothers, wives, fathers, sisters, brothers, of those  
brave soldiers who made the supreme sacrifice in  
the World War. Our prayers go up in unison for  
those men and at the same time we worship their  
memory.

Armistice Day, the 11th of November, should  
be made sacred throughout the entire civilized  
world. It is the day when we think of the noble  
sacrifice made by the hero dead, of the brilliant  
records of duty performed left on the field of

battle by those wounded, of the spirit of patriotism and bravery shown by those who, fortunately, escaped shot and shell.

On this day let us think only of the great cause for which the Allies fought—a splendid cause, one that led to victory and peace. And in thinking of the great cause for which we fought, let us think also of a bond of eternal peace, so that the people of the world may work and rebuild and find happiness in industrial pursuits, with no thoughts of future conflicts.

God helping, peace will reign throughout the world.

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### LEST WE FORGET

BY CURTIS WHEELER

(Armistice Day, 1926)

THE cold rain falls on Dun-sur-Meuse to-night,  
My brothers of the Marne, do you fare well,  
Where by the ford, or on some wind-swept height,  
You lie among the hamlets where you fell?

Do you sleep well these wet November nights,  
Where there is never any brushwood blaze,  
To cast within the dugout wavering lights,  
And warm the chill of these benumbing days?

Romagne sous Montfaucon! The little towns  
That scatter from the Somme to the Moselle,  
Some silent sentry on their high-backed downs,  
Harks still to every far white church's bell—

The humble little church of misty hills,  
Set where the white roads cross, with ruined fane,  
Where, through the window gaps with war-  
scarred sills,

A battered Christ looked out into the rain—

Silent, all silent to the passer-by,  
Those lonely mounds, or rows of crosses white,  
Beyond the need of bitter words they lie,  
But are they silent to their friends to-night?

Can we stand whole before a crackling fire—  
We, who have gone in peace year after year  
Singing and jesting, working again for hire—  
Deaf to the message they would have us hear?

Not while the red of poppies in the wheat,  
Not while a silver bugle on the breeze,  
Not while the smell of leather in the heat,  
Bring us anew in spirit overseas.

Still shall we hear the voice that fell behind,  
Where eddyng smoke fell like a mountain wraith,  
And in the din, that left us deaf and blind,  
We sensed the muttered message clear—"Keep  
Faith."

To every man a different meaning, yet—  
Faith to the thing that set him, at his best,  
Something above the blood and dirt and wet,  
Something apart, may God forget the rest!

The cold rain falls in France, ah send anew  
The spirit that once flamed so high and bright,  
When, by your graves, we bade you brave adieu,  
When Taps blew so much more than just "Good  
Night."

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### MARSHAL FOCH'S ARMISTICE DAY MES- SAGE TO AMERICA, 1926

REPORTED BY STEPHANE LAUZANNE

"It is a great wave of idealism and fraternity which, in 1917, brought the American soldiers from all the corners of the wide American continent to fight on French soil. This wave of brotherhood must not be permitted to withdraw or to dry up. Idealism and brotherhood must remain as the link which welds America to France forever. . . ."

Thus spoke Foch in his metallic and abrupt tone of voice. I had been to see him because we were once again drawing near to the date of the 11th of November, which is his own special date, and I wanted to ask him if, on the occasion of the eighth anniversary of the armistice, he had no

message for the people of France or for the people of America, who made the victory of France possible.

I had gone to seek him as far as the building, at the back of the Invalides, where his office is situated. It is a poor, dull and low building. On a little door an old poster had been pasted upon which this faded inscription can be read: "*Military Allied Committee—General Staff of Marshal Foch.*" I had mounted a dark and chilly staircase and waited in a dimly lighted hall, in the company of an orderly officer. Finally, I had been conducted into a very simple room where a man in civilian clothes was seated behind the most ordinary of desks. Thus I found myself in the presence of the conqueror of Germany; I was in the presence of Foch.

He has retained that same slim and vigorous silhouette which was his during his journey in America in 1921, but his gestures are less abrupt. He still has the same grave and slow tone of voice which Americans have heard, but maybe it has grown somewhat feebler. Anyhow, his memory has remained prodigious: not a single instant, during the hour I remained with him, did I notice any relaxation in it. He remembers everything without any hesitation, and recollects all the names, all the facts and all the dates.

As soon as I had explained the purpose of my

visit to him he leaned slightly back in his arm-chair, lit his pipe, and said:

“America! She knows all I feel for her. She knows that my affection equals my admiration. . . . I thought I had understood her well during the war, because I had seen her soldiers fight beside our own. But I understood her even better during peace when I crossed the ocean to visit her and when, during six weeks, I traveled across her vast territory. The cheers which rang along my way, I scarcely heard them then. My mind was elsewhere. I was ever recurring to this same idea:

“Four years ago men went away from here. They made the same great voyage which I have just accomplished to go and fight on the edge of a ditch of the Meuse or the Marne. It was because an idea great as the world had inspired them; it was because an immense wave of idealism and fraternity had brought them from all corners of their vast continent to fight on our soil. And then I said to myself that this wave should not be allowed to withdraw, nor to dry up. I said to myself that, at all costs, idealism and brotherhood must remain the link which joins America and France forever!”

I ventured to say:

“People should understand one another, sir, and one must know how to command—”

“Wait a bit,” said Foch, using his own familiar form of speech, “wait. I did not command as much as is generally believed. I am not even certain of having commanded at all. I brought my own ideas to prevail upon those who surrounded me, which is a very different thing.

“Look here; on July 24, 1918—a few days after the Americans had made at Château-Thierry the admirable stand which prevented the Germans from crossing the Marne—I summoned the three commanders-in-chief of the three Allied armies to my headquarters at Bonbon: Pershing, Petain and Haig. The Belgians were also represented at the meeting.

“When every one was seated around the table, I read a document which I had previously prepared and I stated the urgency of taking the offensive, according to an alternative movement, of which I indicated the rhythm: viz., the British would begin, then the French would continue, then the Americans would take their turn. When I had finished, I asked if any one had any remark to make to me. They each had one:

“‘The British army,’ said Haig, ‘no longer exists; how can you expect it to go forward?’

“‘The French army,’ said Petain, ‘is exhausted; how can you demand yet another such effort of it?’

“‘The American army,’ said Pershing, ‘is not

yet ready; how can you think of throwing it into the conflict?’

“I could easily have replied by giving a formal and categorical command, but that is not my way of acting. I know only too well that one obeys badly if one has to obey unwillingly. I preferred to take the tone of an adviser rather than that of a chief. I preferred to convince each one of them that my plan was perfectly possible and feasible.

“To Haig I said that I would place a French army under his command, the army of Debeney, which could but flatter and stimulate him.

“To Pershing I declared that I knew very well that the young American army, full of ardor and vigor, was only too anxious to cover itself with glory.

“To the Belgians I promised to let them have both British and French troops, who would be placed under the command of King Albert; and, as they raised the objection that the King did not possess a staff officer’s license, I replied: ‘All right; I will send him a French licensed chief of staff of the general staff—General Degoutte.’

“Thus each of them, finally, through pride or logic or persuasian, or perhaps merely because he was placed face to face with his responsibilities, rallied of his own free will to my ideas. And everything went far better than if I had simply imposed my authority.”



The marshal drew a whiff from his pipe, and, continuing to let his reminiscences fall, one by one, he pursued:

“I have known far more difficult hours than that. For instance, those of November, 1914, when I prevented the Allies from abandoning Ypres. At that time I did not possess any document conferring the high command on me. Then I was not a commander-in-chief of the French army; I was only a simple general. In the conferences which I had with him, French said:

“‘I am a field marshal and am alone responsible toward England for the fate of the British army. I am of the opinion that that army should retreat!’ To which I replied:

“‘I have no orders to give to you; I only take the liberty of tendering my advice to you, and I am just thinking of the fate of your army, which is very dear to me. If it retreats it is lost, for the retreat will turn into a disaster. No one can prevent you from commanding, but only just think of your responsibility.’ On his side the King of the Belgians, during the conversations I had with him, said to me:

“‘The constitution holds me responsible to my people for what remains of my army. I cannot sacrifice it.’ To which I replied:

“‘Sire, just think of your responsibility and be certain that you will sacrifice your army if you

attempt to retreat.' I left two documents drawn up in haste on the corner of the table with both of them which were conceived in almost identical terms:

*"We shall remain on the spot. . . . We shall defend the lines we hold."*

"These were not orders; they were counsels. I merely persuaded the King of the Belgians and the English marshal so well that the advice given was good that they issued orders in consequence. And I really believe that I, who had no right to command at that time, commanded then. Only I had discovered the right way of commanding. . . ."

"Yes, but you know, sir," said I, smiling, "that there are some people in the world who maintain that you have not discovered the right way of negotiating. They reproach you with that Armistice which you signed, eight years ago, in the forest of Compiègne. They even say that you reproach it to yourself. If there had been no Armistice, they say, the next Allied drive would have reached the Rhine."

"Nonsense!" cut in Foch sharply. "Did we not reach the Rhine without fighting? Listen here, and mind my words: What is an armistice? An armistice is a suspension of hostilities, the purpose of which is to discuss peace by placing the countries that have consented to the armistice

in a situation which will permit them to enforce that peace.

“Did the armistice which I signed on November 11, 1918, fulfill this purpose? Yes, since on the 28th of June, after seven months of negotiations, Germany accepted all the conditions of the Allies.

“I said to M. Clemenceau, on the 11th of November, 1918, at 9 o'clock in the morning, when I brought him the document which had just been signed in the forest of Compiègne:

“‘Here is my armistice; you can now make any peace you wish, I am able to enforce it.’ If peace has not been a very good one, is it my fault? I did my job; it was up to the heads of the government to do theirs.”

Foch arose, and emphasizing each one of his words, as if to be sure of summing up the interview thoroughly, he said:

“To command is nothing. To negotiate is nothing. What is necessary is to understand those with whom one has to deal and to make one's self thoroughly understood by them. To understand each other well is the whole secret of life!”

And Foch evidently meant also that it was the secret of the life of nations the same as that of individuals, the secret of peace and of war, the secret of commerce and of friendship.

## SAECLA FERARUM

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

## I

'Twas when at last the million flags were stacked  
And all the Chiefs had signed the Great Peace  
Pact,

I saw before a winter's dawn the stars,  
In skies as strange as if I saw from Mars:  
The Dipper toppling on its handle-end,  
Arcturus under, carrying out the bend;  
Orion's Oblong tilted, twisted, slim,  
With Sirius spurting fire atop of him;  
The V of Taurus poised upon its point,  
And moonless Dragon sprawling out of joint,  
With Jupiter so bright, a fool had said  
A comet's tail was arching from its head. . . .  
Aratus, when he sang his Caralogue,  
Saw not the Shining Ones so far agog;  
And no witch-woman with a Libyan cry  
E'er charmed the Constellations so awry. . . .

## II

And then across the frozen marshes leapt  
A train's fierce whistle while my townsmen slept;

And as it died along the trailing smoke,  
Upon the gap of starry silence broke  
In jumbled yelps, threaded by wailings through,  
The coyotes by the lake-side in the Zoo;  
As if first startled in the prairie nest  
By the first locomotive rolling west—  
That line of moving lights they've ne'er forgot,  
Behind the low stack flanging like a pot.

## III

So blew the whistles at the armistice . . .  
The coyotes answered as they answered this. . . .

## IV

Oh, never think that all of life is vain,—  
Though towns be built on dead-men's bones in  
mud,  
And fields, even when they best put forth their  
grain,  
Be curst, as fertile but with dead-men's blood—  
Yes, though still issue from the Mountain Door  
The unborn generations to be slain,  
With unknown flags and engines for new war,  
Till self-destroyed, on coast and hill and plain,  
Mankind with town and harvest is no more! . . .

Oh, never think that life thereby has ceased:  
Eating and drinking and the will to strive  
(And sleep by rock and rainbow after feast)  
And the great thrill of being here alive,  
Will yet remain in birth succeeding birth,  
With trails still open from the north and east,  
All up and down this goodly frame, the earth—  
Will yet remain in fish and fowl and beast! . . .  
And, lo, the Beasts not only wake in Man  
Hope for the Life-Force still, beyond his span;  
But offer him, before he sink and cease,  
New life his own and intervals of peace.  
Nay, more than Egypt's Cult and India's Kine,  
The Animals may vouch us the Divine;  
And Man may yet outwit his doom forecast—  
Even by becoming one with them at last!

## V

Why were we all so self-absorbed in woe  
Through those five years not very long ago?  
We are not what we seem, and we have powers  
That touch on deeper, other Life than ours:  
Though path were lost that Christ and Buddha  
trod  
Whereby the self may lose itself in God,  
There yet remained to us the blest escape,  
By sprawling trance in disencumbered hours

(With face and belly flattened to the sod),  
Where self may lose itself in Ox or Ape.  
But no man cropped the grass among the flowers!  
And no man wound a tail about his nape!  
Or felt the heat and rain, or saw the sky,  
But with a human skin, a human eye!

## VI

Yet all these years, whilst our one paltry race  
Bustled with flame and sword from place to place  
(So troubled lest man's great ideals die),  
The old telluric Animals, I guess—  
That sniff at hole, or stop with ears aprick,  
Or cower forward from the young they lick,  
Or with deep meditation prowl and pry,  
Knowing their waters in the wilderness,  
Knowing their seasons through the land and  
sky—  
Repeated those vast worlds of consciousness  
That furnish earth her answer to the moon:  
And to the sun and stars her reason—why,—  
The Life-Force of her ancient night and noon:  
From Arctic tundra to the pampas south,  
By glen and glacier, on the seaward ness,  
Through belting forests to the river's mouth,  
On shaggy mountains in the drench and drouth,  
And down the air and ocean streams no less!

The paws, the wings, the fins, wherewith they  
pass,

And scaly bellies wriggling through the grass!  
The fuzz, the fur, the feathers, and the chines,  
And in the thickets bead-eyed balls of spines!  
The spots, the stripes! The black, the white, the  
dun!

And stalking water-birds ablaze in sun!  
Behind façades of motions, shapes, and hues,  
Behind this moving veil, what news, what news?  
When the Field Gray defiled through Brussels  
town,

What did the Bear devise on flopping down?  
When Lusitania sank, was the Raccoon  
Dreaming of fish in tree-top under moon?  
When Bayonets plunged (so skillfully with-  
drawn),

What felt the Tiger with his tooth in fawn?  
When man's four limbs convolved in pain and  
hate,

What felt the Octopus through all his eight,  
Cast on the beach by tidal wave at dawn?  
What felt the Mole, the blind and blindly led,  
Burrowing with paws and ridging earth with  
head?

What felt the Hawk, who, in the clouded night,  
Swooped to the pinfold by the window-light?  
Or Shark on back, with lower jaw agape—  
That chinless jaw, on top and toothed for  
rape? . . .



What sense, where limbs stumped on without  
their toes,  
As Caterpillar's feet on stem or rose?  
Where hands were claws and hooks (not made  
but born),  
And lips were lengthened into beaks of horn? . . .  
When lightning cried the slain from land to land,  
What mused the Turtle rounding out the sand?  
When boys and girls on Volga starved and Rhine,  
What smelt Rhinoceros and Porcupine?  
When the Four Sages under Mirrors sat,  
What pow-wows were the Jackals, Buzzards,  
at? . . . .

Huge as the monster Tank that lately rose  
Like Dinosaur from mud of fen and flat,  
The Elephant erects his trunk and blows:  
Is it his joy in Man which causes that,  
Or a straw tickling half-way up his nose?  
What secrets in the purring of a Cat?  
The cooing of the Dove, the shriek of Jay?  
Or scream of Sea-Lion, tumbling flapper-  
finned?—

The air is full of sounds, besides the wind. . . .

## VII

Have ye not heard how, as in womb ye grew  
(So long before ye waxed to men and slew),  
Ye bore from week to week trace merged in trace,  
There in the silence, of your pristine race?—

The gills of fish, the two-valved heart of bird,  
 The simian's tail, the huddled body furred?  
 Well, then be comforted: for still we find  
 Body is ever correlate with mind,  
 And, whilst ye shared the frame of bird or fish  
 Ye shared no less its feeling, fancy, wish.  
 And know; the heart, the tail, the fur, the gill,  
 However altered, are our portion still;  
 And so it follows: still the mind no less  
 Secretes some portion of their consciousness.

The Muse of Darwin! . . . Next, the Muse of  
 Freud:

We know that all we fancied, feared, enjoyed,  
 From babyhood upon these shores of light  
 Works still in us, most manifest at night,  
 Whence dreams, they say, and ghosts, and sec-  
 ond-sight,  
 Why not the fancies and the fears and joys  
 We shared before our birth as girls and boys—  
 The animal sensations of our prime?  
 Are these not there? Shall they not have their  
 time?  
 To link us, by probed memories within,  
 Unto the larger life, the vaster kin. . . .  
 Plotinus, Bergson, ye can gloss my rhyme!

## VIII

The stars ere dawn are twisted out of place!  
Something is working in my brain, my face!  
Lion and ferret, muskrat, eagle, deer,  
Penguin and seal, porpoise and wolf and whale,  
And horse and cow, and dog with wagging tail,  
Are circling round me, near and yet more near:  
From jungles, canyons, oceans, trees, and skies,  
From crags, from coves, from river reeds, they  
peer,—  
Earth's Animals, with old familiar Eyes . . .  
Whilst, ever since the hush of guns, I hear  
Familiar invitations in their cries.



V  
VICTORY



## VICTORY BELLS

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

(November 11, 1918)

I HEARD the bells across the trees,  
I heard them ride the plunging breeze  
Above the roofs from tower and spire.  
And they were leaping like a fire,  
And they were shining like a stream  
With sun to make its music gleam.  
Deep tones as though the thunder tolled,  
Cool voices thin as tinkling gold,  
They shook the spangled autumn down  
From out the tree-tops of the town;  
They left great furrows in the air  
And made a clangor everywhere  
As of metallic wings. They flew  
'Aloft in spirals to the blue  
Tall tent of heaven and disappeared.  
And others, swift as though they feared  
The people might not heed their cry  
Went shouting VICTORY up the sky.  
They did not say that war is done,  
Only that glory has begun  
Like sunrise, and the coming day  
Will burn the clouds of war away.

There will be time for dreams again,  
And home-coming for weary men.

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## PSALM XLVI

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore we will not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be moved to the heart of the seas.

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early.

The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved; He uttered His voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;

He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariots in the fire.



Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

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## CLEAN HANDS

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

MAKE this thing plain to us, O Lord!  
That not the triumph of the sword—  
    Not that alone—can end the strife,  
    But reformation of the life—  
But full submission to Thy Word!  
Not all the stream of blood outpoured  
Can Peace—the Long-Desired—afford;  
    Not tears of Mother, Maid, or Wife . . .  
    Make this thing plain!

We must root out our sins ignored,  
By whatsoever name adored;  
    Our secret sins, that, ever rife,  
    Shrink from the operating knife;  
Then shall we rise, renewed, restored . . .  
    Make this thing plain!

## BREST LEFT BEHIND

BY JOHN CHIPMAN FARRAR

THE sun strikes gold the dirty street,  
The band blares, the drums insist,  
And brown legs twinkle and muscles twist—  
Pound!—Pound!—the rhythmic feet.  
The laughing street-boys shout,  
And a couple of hags come out  
To grin and bob and clap.  
Stiff rusty black their dresses,  
And crispy white their Breton cap,  
Prim on white, smooth tresses.

Wait! . . . Wait! . . . While dun clouds droop  
Over the sunlit docks,  
Over the wet gray rocks  
And mast of steamer and sloop,  
And the old squat towers,  
Damp gray and mossy brown,  
Where lovely Ann looked down  
And dreamed rich dreams through long luxurious  
hours.

Sudden and swift, it rains!  
Familiar, fogging, gray;  
It blots the sky away  
And cuts the face with biting little pains.

We grunt and poke shoes free of muddy cakes,  
Watching them messing out  
Upon the dock in thick brown lakes—  
“No more French mud!” the sergeant cries,  
And some one swears, and some one sighs,  
And the neat squads swing about.

Silent the looming hulk above—  
No camouflage this time—  
She’s white and tan and black!  
Hurry, bend, climb,  
Push forward, stagger back!  
How clean the wide deck seems,  
The bunks, how trim;  
And, oh, the musty smell of ships!  
Faces are set and grim,  
Thinking of months this hope was pain;  
And eyes are full of dreams,  
And gay little tunes come springing to the lips—  
Home, home, again, again!

She’s moving now,  
Across the prow  
The dusk-soft harbor bursts  
Into a shivering bloom of light  
From warehouse, warship, transport, tramp,  
And countless little bobbing masts  
Each flouts the night  
With eager boastful lamp—

Bright now, now dimmer, dimmer,  
Fewer and fewer glimmer.  
Only the lights that mark the passing shore,  
Lofty and lonely star the gray—  
Then are no more.

We are alone with dusk and creamy spray.

The captain coughs, remembering the rain.  
The major coughs, remembering the mud.  
Some shudder at the horror of dark blood,  
Or wine-wet kisses, lewd.  
Some sigh, remembering new loves and farewell  
    pain.  
Some smile, remembering old loves to be re-  
    newed.

Silent, we stare across the deepening night.  
France vanishing!—Swift, swift, the curling  
    waves—

Fights and despair,  
And faces, fair;  
Proud heads held high  
For Victory;  
And flags above friends' graves.

The group buzzes, rustles, hums,  
Then stiffens as the colonel comes,  
A burly figure in the mellow light,  
With haughty, kingly ways.

He does not scan the night,  
Nor hissing spray that flies,  
But his cold old glance plays  
Along the level of our eyes.

"I don't see very many tears," he says.

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## STACKING THE NEEDLES

BY THEDA KENYON

Lo, in a thousand citadels  
Through the world from east to west,  
Slim, tall bayonets upraised:  
Silver lightning shafts at rest!

You, who in your eager hands  
Held the strands of destiny,  
Tireless as Penelope  
Wove your web across the sea—

Lay your gleaming weapons down,  
Silver, steel and ivory—  
Bind them with a laurel wreath—  
Theirs . . . and yours . . . the victory!

## AMERICA'S WELCOME HOME

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

(November 11, 1918)

OH, gallantly they fared forth in khaki and in  
blue,  
America's crusading host of warriors bold and  
true;  
They battled for the rights of man beside our  
brave Allies,  
And now they're coming home to us with glory in  
their eyes.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America  
for me!  
Our hearts are turning home again and there  
we long to be,  
In our beautiful big country beyond the ocean  
bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is  
full of stars.

Our boys have seen the Old World as none have  
seen before.  
They know the grisly horror of the German gods  
of war:  
The noble faith of Britain and the hero-heart of  
France,

The soul of Belgium's fortitude and Italy's romance.

They bore our country's great word across the rolling sea,

"America swears brotherhood with all the just and free."

They wrote that word victorious on fields of mortal strife,

And many a valiant lad was proud to seal it with his life.

Oh, welcome home in Heaven's peace, dear spirits of the dead!

And welcome home ye living sons America hath bred!

The lords of war are beaten down, your glorious task is done;

You fought to make the whole world free, and the victory is won.

Now it's home again, and home again, our hearts are turning west,

Of all the lands beneath the sun America is best.

We're going home to our own folks, beyond the ocean bars,

Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

## THE FRUITS OF VICTORY

BY WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

(Ex-President of the United States, President of the League to Enforce Peace)

THE GREAT WAR is ended. It will change the map of Europe and the world. As the Christian Era divides the ancient and the modern world, so this war will be a new point of departure in human history.

The victory clinches the moral responsibility of nations and of peoples. It exalts right over might and makes right might. Peoples and leaders may frequently fall away from the ideal of national morality set by this war. But never again will either avow that there is no morality for nations.

The war ends the power of monarchs and dynasties, the divinity that has hedged a king is gone forever. Peoples are to rule.

The war has made the world democratic. Whether it has made it safe depends on the peoples who govern. Democracy is a great boon. It makes for the happiness and welfare of the people, but its best results are only available to a people practiced in self-restraint, intelligent enough to know their own real interest and valu-



ing properly liberty regulated by law. We must expect, therefore, many mistakes in some of the new republics to be set up.

This war, in giving birth to so many new governments without assured stability, increases the chances of international friction. Unless the great powers who have won the war and who are responsible for these nations organize the world to maintain peace among them, war will soon show its grisly head again.

The complexity of the adjustments for which the treaty of peace must provide makes inevitable the continuance of the present league of allied nations and its enlargement. The treaty must provide joint machinery with which to interpret and apply the terms of peace.

It must set up commissions to assess indemnities. It must create tribunals to hear contending peoples as to boundaries, rights of way and rights of access to navigable rivers and the sea.

It must continue its powers of mediation and conciliation long after a treaty has been framed and signed to settle disputes between new-fledged countries and restrain their jealousies and ambitions. They will not be perfect.

Their human frailties will still be present. The great powers must maintain a joint military force to see to it that the terms of the treaty are complied with by the Central Powers.

Bolshevism may interfere with such compliance. If so, we must stamp out Bolshevism without hesitation. We cannot become responsible for the bloody massacre of all but the lowest elements of the population of Germany and Austria as they were for the awful tragedy in Russia.

We may need a combined military force to enforce decisions of the joint tribunals and commissions under the treaty against the new governments. Here then we shall have for the Central Powers and the recently born republics a machinery to maintain peace among them and to compel the administration of justice.

This will be a league to enforce peace for half the world or more. What reason can be given for not extending the operation of this league to settle questions between the great allied powers themselves and between the other nations of the world? None.

If the war is to achieve its highest purpose, need for such a league is imperative.

Let us hope that the people of the United States will demand that their representatives unite with those of our allies in framing it. The peoples of England, France and Italy long for it as the only security worth having against recurrence of war.

Shall our people lag behind? Organized labor of the United States says "No."

So will the other groups of our nation say when they realize that the issue presses and the need for them to speak is at hand.

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## THE NEW VICTORY

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

VICTORY comes:

Not hard and laughing as she came of yore,  
Her scarlet arms heaped high with spoils of war;  
Her slaves, to beating drums,  
Low-bent and bearing gifts. . . .  
The black cloud lifts,  
And, lifting our long-weary eyes to see,  
There dawns upon our sight,  
Majestic, crowned with light,  
Stern and so quiet—she must keep her strength  
To build at weary length  
Over again, our scarred and shattered world—  
This, then, ah, this is she,  
Our graver Victory.

She follows down the furrows  
War-turned across the world,  
Where still the spent shell burrows,  
Where the black shot was hurled,  
And sows the wheat and corn.  
The world, from anguish born

Again from its old grief,  
Looks up, athirst  
And hungering,  
Daring to dream again  
Of flowers unhurt, and unstained rain  
And love and spring:

Knowing that she shall build each place accurst  
Into a thing that may some day again  
Be our once land of comfort and delight,  
Of ease and mockery . . .  
Even forgetfulness:  
Even the gift to bless.

Victory paces slowly through the lands:  
No lash is in her hands,  
She builds herself no triumph-arch for cover,  
No common marble toy—  
She is too great for joy.  
She who upbuilds  
Each little shattered home  
And brings men back to it: and lover gives to  
lover,  
And to the shattered soul its faith again,  
And to the world continuance of God—  
How should our praise for her  
In high-crowned buildings stand—oh, how be  
pent  
In built or written thing?  
The stable world itself is her great monument!

FROM A SONG OF VICTORY  
(A Carol at the End of the World War)

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

III

SING and be glad, O nations, in these hours:  
Blow clarions from all towers!  
Let bright horns revel and the joy-bells rave;  
Yet there are lips whose smile is ever vain  
And wild wet eyes behind the window-pane,  
For whom the whole world dwindles to one grave,  
A lone grave at the mercy of the rain.  
The victor's laurel wears a wintry leaf:  
Sing softly, then, as though the mouth of Grief,  
Remembering all the agony and wrong,  
Should stir with mighty song.  
Not all the glad averment of the guns,  
Not all our odes, nor all our orisons,  
Can sweeten those intolerable tears,  
These silences that fall between the cheers.

And yet our hearts must sing,  
Carol and clamor like the tides of spring;  
For the great work is ended, and again  
The world is safe for men;  
The world is safe for high heroic themes;  
The world is safe for dreams.

## IV

But now above the thunder of the drums—  
Where, brightening on, the face of Victory  
comes—

Hark to a mighty sound,  
A cry out of the ground:  
Let there be no more battles: field and flood  
Are weary of battle blood.  
Even the patient stones  
Are weary of shrieking shells and dying groans.  
Lay the sad swords asleep:  
They have their fearful memories to keep.  
And fold the flags: they, weary of battle days,  
Weary of wild flights up the windy ways.  
Quiet the restless flags,  
Grown strangely old upon the smoking crags.  
Look where they startle and leap—  
Look where they hollow and heap—  
Now greatening into glory and now thinned,  
Living and dying momentarily on the wind.  
And bugles that have cried on sea and land  
The silver blazon of their high command—  
Bugles that held long parley with the sky—  
Bugles that shattered the nights on battle walls,  
Lay them to rest in dim memorial halls;  
For they are weary of that curdling cry  
That tells men how to die.

And cannons worn out with their work of hell—  
The brief abrupt persuasion of the shell—  
Let the shrewd spider lock them, one by one,  
With filmy cables glancing in the sun;  
And let the bluebird in their iron throats  
Build his safe nest and spill his rippling notes.  
Let there be no more battles, men of earth:  
The new age rises singing into birth!





VI

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER AND  
HIS BROTHERS



## A DEAD WARRIOR

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

HERE sown to dust lies one that drave  
The furrow through his heart;  
Now, of the fields he died to save  
His own dust forms a part.

Where went the tramp of martial feet,  
The blare of trumpets loud,  
Comes silence with her winding sheet,  
And shadow with her shroud.

His mind no longer counsel takes,  
No sword his hand need draw,  
Across whose borders peace now makes  
Inviolable law.

So, with distraction round him stilled,  
Now let him be content!  
And time from age to age shall build  
His standing monument.

Not here, where strife, and greed, and lust  
Grind up the bones of men;  
But in that safe and secret dust  
Which shall not rise again.

## UNKNOWN

BRUCE BARTON

FROM the grave of the Unknown Soldier the crowds melted away. The great men of the nations, who had stood there bareheaded, stepped into their cars and were whirled back to town. The music of the bands grew faint and ceased.

All afternoon little parties of curious, reverent folk came and stopped, and went on again until finally only the guard remained. The day ended. Night came silently and threw over the grave the healing mantle of darkness.

Then a strange thing happened!

Three dim figures from nowhere gathered and stood uncovered beside the tomb. No word of greeting passed between them; they seemed to know each other well. Slowly, one after another, they stooped and read the freshly carved inscription. Then the oldest spoke.

"Things are improving a bit for us Unknown," he said. "I fought with Leonidas at Thermopylæ. We fell side by side, we and the other two hundred and ninety-nine. Our bones are mingled with the dust and rocks. No one marked our resting place. Our names have perished, but we held the pass.

“My mother wept when I failed to return,” he continued. “Night after night she waited at the window until it was foolish to hope any longer. Then she, too, wanted to die. But the neighbors came in and cheered her. ‘You have given a son to save your country,’ they cried. ‘The Persians are driven back and Greece is freed. He died, but he left us a better world.’”

The Unknown paused for a moment, his voice grew dull and hard.

“The Romans swept over the Greece that I died for,” he said. “The barbarians swept over Rome. I sometimes wonder whether it was worth while to die at twenty-eight—to sleep at Thermopylæ, unknown.”

“I fought with Charles Martel at Tours,” the second soldier said. “We turned back the Arab hosts; we saved Europe from Mohammedanism; we kept it a Christian continent.

“‘It is splendid,’ they said to my mother, ‘splendid to sacrifice a son on the altar of peace and good-will.’”

“That was twelve hundred years ago,” the second soldier said. “And where is the peace that we died for? Where is the faith? The good-will?”

The third Unknown had stood with Wellington at Waterloo. It was a high enthusiasm that had carried him there—the vision of a world free

from tyranny and wrong. He fell and was buried in a trench, under a rude cross marked "Unknown."

"We thought it was to be the world's last great battle," he said. "There would be no more wars, no more youthful lives snuffed out, no more mothers waiting and weeping at home.

"But a century went by and there came a war beside which ours seemed a little thing. Our friend over whom the bands played to-day was one of millions who gave their lives. Men have heaped honors on him such as we never had. Do the honors mean that the hearts of men have changed, I wonder? They broke faith with us; will they keep faith with him?"

The three dim figures disappeared. The moon stood guard over the silent grave. In the East the first rays of the morning crept into the sky. They reached out vaguely, hesitatingly, touching the city of Washington where men were to gather that day to speak of peace—touching an inscription which the nation had cut in the stone above the body of its unknown soldier.

A solemn inscription; a nation's promise that he who lies there dead shall not have died in vain.

The world has made that promise before; all its unknown dead have died in that faith. And the promise has died with them.

Will it die again?

We told that boy when he marched away that he was fighting a war to end all wars. He fell, believing; and we have buried him and carved an inscription over his tomb.

But the real inscription will not be written on any stone; it will stand in the dictionaries of the future. Only by writing it thus can the world keep faith with the long sad procession of its unknown heroes whom it has lied to and cheated and fooled.

This will be the inscription:

WAR  
AN ARMED CONTEST BETWEEN NATIONS—  
NOW OBSOLETE  
UNKNOWN

---

## MAY NIGHT

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

BLUE are the twilight heavens above the hill,  
A yellow half-moon 's high within the blue,  
And rosy May-night clouds are soft and still,  
And all the world beside is shut from view.  
The plum-trees, whitening buds and greening  
shoots,  
Close in the dusky cottage; and beyond  
The wood-thrush in the hazel-thicket flutes,  
And frogs are croaking in the unseen pond.

## ARMISTICE DAY

It is the old, the odorous privacy  
 That once had been both peace and gentle song,  
 But now how such an evening troubles me  
 After earth's five most awful years of wrong . . .  
 Whilst inland, from the plains, the crags, the sea,  
 With all the stars the dead men's armies throng.

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 TO THE DEAD DOUGHBOYS

(After Versailles)

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

BE nothing in this book construed  
 Against your Hope and Hardihood:  
 They mourn you most who're most dismayed  
 To see your Golden Stars betrayed.

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 ARMISTICE

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

How close the white-ranked crosses stand  
 Beneath the flag which seems to be  
 A soaring, hovering glory-cloud  
 On lily fields of Calvary!

Ours, ours they are—

Those dead, dead knights who won the golden  
 star



On far French hills, here in our churchyards  
    lying,  
Or in war's wildest wreckage—yet unfound  
In those torn, piteous fields which they, in  
    dying,  
Have for us all forever sanctified.  
We can not hallow more than holy ground;  
All glory we would give them, pales beside  
    The eternal splendor of those men, who  
    thought  
But of the sacred cause for which they  
    fought.

And now, the battles done,  
They who gave all, 'tis they alone who won.  
In their great faith there was no dark mis-  
    giving;  
They saw no base self-seekers don the mask  
Of high ideals, to batten on the living.  
Their vision was a world secure and just  
Won by their victory—their only task  
To crush one hideous foe; and in that  
    trust  
They sped with eager feet, and paid the  
    price  
Unstinting, of the last great sacrifice.

That faith they hold.  
The peace for which they battled was pure gold,

And in their splendid zeal they died unshaken.  
Knowing such sacred beauty fills their sleep,  
Shall we yet mourn, or wish they might awaken  
To find the golden peace so far debased?  
Should we not rather pray that they may  
keep  
Their shining vision spotless, undefaced,  
Until the world, repentant and re-  
deemed,  
Grow to the measure of the one they  
dreamed?

So let them rest.

They gave for us their dearest and their best;  
They keep the holiest. Yet for their giving  
Our fittest tribute is not grief and tears,  
But the same ardent vision in our living  
As that which shone, compelling, in their  
eyes  
Uncowed by death and all his dreadful fears.  
Then, when at last these glorious dreamers  
rise,  
The world we keep for them might  
almost seem  
The living substance of their lofty  
dream!

How white the crosses—white and small!  
With what proud love the Flag appears

To mother them! And then it all  
Is blurred by the insistent tears!

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## THE UNKNOWN

BY E. O. LAUGHLIN

I do not understand . . .

They bring so many, many flowers to me—  
Rainbows of roses, wreaths from every land;  
And hosts of solemn strangers come to see  
My tomb here on these quiet, wooded heights.

My tomb here seems to be  
One of the sights.

The low-voiced men, who speak

Of me quite fondly, call me The Unknown:  
But now and then at dusk, Madonna-meek,  
Bent, mournful mothers come to me alone  
And whisper down—the flowers and grasses  
through—

Such names as “Jim” and “John” . . .  
I wish I knew.

And once my sweetheart came.

She did not—nay, of course she could not—  
know,  
But thought of me, and crooned to me the name  
She called me by—how many years ago?

A very precious name. Her eyes were wet,  
Yet glowing, flaming so . . .  
She won't forget!

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## ALL THIS IS ENDED

BY RUPERT BROOKE

THESE hearts were woven of human joys and  
cares,  
Washed marvelously with sorrow, swift to  
mirth.  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was  
theirs,  
And sunset, and the colors of the earth.  
These had seen movement, and heard music;  
known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly  
friended;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this  
is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to  
laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,  
Frost with a gesture, stays the waves that  
dance

And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace. under the night.

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## OUR HONORED DEAD

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER

OH, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this Nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism? . . .

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow—till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance! . . .

## ARMISTICE DAY

## THE UNKNOWN

BY HARRY KEMP

HERE, under sacred ground,  
The Unknown lies:  
Dumb be the earth around  
And dumb the skies  
Before His laureled Fame—  
Yea, let sublime  
Silence conduct His Name  
Unspelled, till Time,  
Bowed with Eternity,  
Goes back to God  
Abandoning earth to be  
At life's last exequy  
Man's final clod. . . .

Here, under sacred ground,  
The Unknown lies:  
Dim armies gather 'round  
His sacrifice;  
Kings, Princes, Presidents  
Attest His worth:  
The Generals bow before  
His starry earth,  
In the World's heart inscribed  
His love, his fame—  
He leads the Captains with  
His Unknown Name!

## THE LAND

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

BE not afraid, O Dead, be not afraid:  
We have not lost the dreams that once were flung  
Like pennons to the world: we yet are stung  
With all the starry prophecies that made  
You, in the gray dawn watchful, half afraid  
Of vision. Never a night that all men sleep  
    unstirred:

Never a sunset but the west is blurred  
With banners marching and a sign displayed.  
Be not afraid, O Dead, lest we forget  
A single hour your living glorified;  
Come but a drum-beat, and the sleepers fret  
To walk again the places where you died:  
Broad is the land, our loves are broadly spread,  
But now, even more widely scattered lie our dead.

O Lord of splendid nations, let us dream  
Not of a place of barter, nor "the State,"  
But dream as lovers dream—for it is late—  
Of some small place beloved; perhaps a stream  
Running beside a house set round with flowers;  
Perhaps a garden wet with hurrying showers,  
Where bees are thick about a leaf-hid gate.  
For such as these, men die nor hesitate.  
The old gray cities, gossipy and wise,

The candid valleys, like a woman's brow,  
The mountains treading mightily toward the  
    skies,  
Turn dreams to visions—there's a vision now!  
Of hills panoplied, fields of waving spears,  
And a great campus shaken with flags and tears.

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## TO THE CANADIAN MOTHERS

(1914—1918)

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

WHY mourn thy dead, that are the world's  
    possession?  
These, our Immortals—shall we give them up  
To the complaint of private loss and dole?  
Nay—mourn for them, if mourn thou must,—  
Grief is thy private treasure;  
Thy soul alone can count its weight or measure.  
But we who know they saved the world  
Think of them joined to that unwithering throng,  
Who in the long dread strife  
Have thought and fought for Liberty:  
When she was but a faint pulsation in the mind,  
The faintest rootlet of a growing thought,  
They nourished her with tears  
And gave their dreams to add depth to her  
    foliage;



And when the enemy ravaged her bright  
 blossoms,  
 Drenched her with their rich blood  
 To prove she lived and was the ever-living.  
 These are the true Immortals,  
 The deathless ones that saved the world.

Nay, weep, if weep thou must  
 And think upon thy lad, onetime in trust  
 To fortune; of his gallant golden head  
 And all the wayward sanctities of childhood;  
 Of how he crowned thy life with confidences;  
 Of the odor of his body, lulled with sleep,  
 Confusing thy dim prayers for some best future  
 With the sheer love that is the deepest:  
 False fortune has destroyed her hostages!  
 Old joys are bitter, bitter as very death!  
 Let break thy heart and so be comforted.

Be comforted, for we have claimed the child  
 And taken him to be with light and glory;  
 Not as we knew him in his earthly days  
 The lovely one, the virtuous, the dauntless,—  
 Or one who was a boaster, thick with faults  
 Perchance,—but as the index of the time,  
 The stay and nurture of the world's best hope,  
 The peerless seed of valor and victory.

Here in a realm beyond the fading world,  
 We garner them and hold them in abeyance

Ere we deliver them to light and silence—  
The vestiges of battle fallen away—  
Fragments of storm parting about the moon,—  
Here in the dim rock-chambers, garlanded  
With frail sea-roses perfumed by the sea  
That murmurs of renown, and murmuring,  
Scatters the cool light won by the ripple  
From the stormless moon, cloistered with  
memory,  
Whose dim caves front the immortal vistas  
Plangent with renown, here they await  
The light, the glory and the ultimate rest.

Be comforted,—nay, sob, if sob thou must,  
Cover thy face and dim thy hair with dust,  
And we who know they live  
Gather the dead in triumph—  
Exalted from the caves of memory,  
Purified from the least assail of time,—  
And lay them with all that is most living,  
In light transcendent,  
In the ageless aisles of silence,  
With the Immortals that have saved the world.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER HONORED  
BY ENGLAND

BY SIR PHILIP GIBBS

No Military Potentate of high rank or great achievement who died in the course of the war received such a funeral as fell to the lot of a nameless poilu who was buried under the Arc de Triomphe on Armistice Day, in token of the eternal gratitude of the whole nation to the common soldiers who sacrificed their lives for France. The unknown poilu's only rival in honor was a nameless British private who, on the same day, was borne through the streets of London, with King George of England as his chief mourner, to be buried in Westminster Abbey. Sir Philip Gibbs writes the obituary of this nameless British warrior of the ranks, in whom the Empire memorialized thousands of his comrades, known and unknown. The English correspondent, knighted for the services which his pen rendered to his country during the war, thus describes the funeral in a special dispatch to the *New York Times*:

It did not seem an unknown warrior whose body came on the gun-carriage down Whitehall

where we were waiting for him. He was known to us all. It was one of "our boys," not warriors, as we called them in the days of darkness, lit by faith.

To some women, weeping a little in the crowd after an all-night vigil, he was their boy who went missing one day and was never found till now, though their souls went searching for him through dreadful places in the night.

To many men among those packed densely on each side of the empty street, wearing ribbons and badges on civil clothes, he was a familiar figure—one of their comrades, the one they liked best, perhaps, in the old crowd, who went into the fields of death and stayed there with the great companionship.

It was the steel helmet, the old "tin hat," lying there on the crimson of the flag which revealed him instantly, not as a mythical warrior aloof from common humanity, a shadowy type of the national pride and martial glory, but as one of those fellows, dressed in the drab of khaki, stained by mud and grease, who went into the dirty ditches with this steel hat on his head and in his heart the unspoken things, which made him one of us in courage and in fear, with some kind of faith not clear, full of perplexities, often dim in the watchwords of those years of war.

So it seemed to me, at least, as I looked down

Whitehall and listened to the music which told us that the unknown was coming down the road. The band was playing the old Dead March in "Saul" with heavy drumming, but as yet the roadway was clear where it led up to that altar of sacrifice as it looked, covered by two flags, hanging in long folds of scarlet and white.

About that altar cenotaph there were little groups of strange people, all waiting for the dead soldier. Why were they there?

There were great folk to greet the dust of a simple soldier. There was the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London and other clergy in gowns and hoods. What had they to do with the body of a soldier who had gone trudging through the mud and muck like one ant in a legion of ants, unknown to fame, not more heroic, perhaps, than all his pals about him, not missed much when he fell dead between the tangled wire and shell-holes?

There were great generals and admirals, Lord Haig himself, Commander-in-Chief of our armies in France, and Admiral Beatty, who held the seas; Lord French of Ypres, with Horne of the First Army and Byng of the Third, and Air-Marshal Trenchard, who commanded all the birds that flew above the lines on the mornings of enormous battles.

These were the high powers, infinitely remote,

perhaps, in the imagination of the man whose dust was now being brought toward them. It was their brains that had directed his movements down the long roads which galled his feet, over ground churned up by gun-fire, up duckboards from which he slipped under his heavy pack if he were a foot-slogger, and whatever his class as a soldier, ordained at last the end of his journey, which finished in a grave marked by a metal disk—"unknown."

In life, he had looked upon these generals as terrifying in their power "for the likes of him." Sometimes, perhaps, he had saluted them as they rode past. Now they stood in Whitehall to salute him, to keep silence in his presence, to render him homage more wonderful, with deeper reverence, than any general of them all has had.

There were princes there about the cenotaph, not only of England but of the Indian Empire. These Indian rajahs, that old white-bearded, white-turbaned man with the face of an Eastern prophet—was it possible that they, too, were out to pay homage to an unknown British soldier?

There was something of the light of Flanders in Whitehall. The tattered ruins of Cloth Hall at Ypres used to shine white in a mist, suffused a little by wan sunlight, white as the walls and turrets of the War Office in this mist of London. The tower of Big Ben was dim through the mist

like the tower of Albert Church until it fell into a heap under the fury of gun-fire.

Presently the sun shone brighter so that the picture of Whitehall was etched with deeper lines. On all the buildings flags were flying at halfmast. The people who kept moving about the cenotaph were there for mourning, not for mere pageantry. The Grenadier officers, who walked about with drawn swords, wore crape on their arms.

Presently they passed the word along, "Reverse arms," and all along the line of route soldiers turned over their rifles and bent their heads over the butts. It was when the music of the Dead March came louder up the street.

A number of black figures stood in a separate group apart from the admirals and generals, "people of importance, to whom the eyes of the crowd turned while men and women tiptoed to get a glimpse of them." Men foremost in the Government of the British Empire stood in that group:

The Prime Minister and Ministers and ex-Ministers of England were there—Asquith, Lord Curzon, and other statesmen who in those years of conflict were responsible for all the mighty effort of the nation, who stirred up its passion and emotions, who organized its labor and service, who won that victory and this peace. I

thought the people about me stared at them as though conscious of the task that is theirs, now that peace is the test of victory.

But it was one figure who stood alone as the symbol of the nation in this tribute to the spirit of our dead. As Big Ben struck three-quarters after ten the King advanced toward the cenotaph, followed by the Prince of Wales, the Prince's two brothers, and the Duke of Connaught. And while the others stood in line looking toward the top of Whitehall the King was a few paces ahead of them alone, waiting motionless for the body of the unknown warrior who had died in his service.

It was very silent in Whitehall. Before the ordered silence the dense lines of people had kept their places without movement and only spoke little in their long time of waiting, and then, as they caught their first glimpse of the gun-carriage, were utterly quiet, all heads bared and bent.

Their emotion was as though a little cold breeze was passing. One seemed to feel the spirit of the crowd. Above all this mass of plain people something touched one with a sharp, yet softening thought.

The massed bands passed with their noble music and their drums thumping at the hearts of men and women. Guards with their reversed arms passed and then the gun-carriage with its team of horses halted in front of the cenotaph



where the King stood, and every hand was raised to salute the soldier who died that we might live, chosen by fate for this honor which is in remembrance of that great army of comrades who went out with him to No Man's Land.

The King laid a wreath on this coffin and then stepped back again. Crowded behind the gun-carriage in one long vista was an immense column of men of all branches of the navy and army moving up slowly before coming to a halt, and behind again other men in civilian clothes and everywhere among them and above them flowers in the form of wreaths and crosses.

Then all was still, and the picture was complete, framing in that coffin where the steel hat and the King's sword lay upon the flag which draped it. The soul of the nation at its best, purified at this moment by this emotion, was there in silence about the dust of that unknown.

Guns were being fired somewhere in the distance. They were not loud, but like the distant thumping of guns on a misty day in Flanders when there was "nothing to report," though on such a day, perhaps, this man had died.

Presently there was a far-off wailing like the cry of a banshee. It was a siren giving the warning of silence in some place by the river.

The deep notes of Big Ben struck eleven and then the King turned quickly to a lever behind

him, touched it, and let fall the great flags which had draped the altar. The cenotaph stood revealed, utterly austere except for three standards with their gilt wreaths.

It was a time of silence. What thoughts were in the minds of all the people only God knows, as they stood there for those two minutes which were very long.

There was dead stillness in Whitehall, only broken here and there by the coughing of a man or woman, quickly hushed.

The unknown warrior! Was it young Jack, perhaps, who had never been found? Was it one of those fellows in the battalion that moved up through Ypres before the height of the battle in the bogs?

Men were smoking this side of Ypres. One could see the glow of their cigarette ends as they were halted around the old mill-house at Vlamer-tinghe. It rained after that, beating sharply on tin hats, pouring in spouts down the waterproof capes. They went out through Menin Gate. . . .

Fellows dropped into the shell-holes full of water. They had their packs on, all their fighting-kit. Some of them lay there in pits where the water was reddish.

There were a lot of unknown warriors in the bogs by Glencorse Wood and Inverness Copse. They lay by upturned tanks and sank in slime.

Queer how fellows used to drop and never give a sound, so that their pals passed on without knowing.

In all sorts of places the unknown warrior lay down and was not quickly found. In Bourlon Wood they were lying after the battle among the riven trees. On the fields of the Somme they lay in churned-up earth, in High Wood and Delville Wood, and this side of Loupart Wood. It was queer one day how the sun shone on Loupart Wood, which was red with autumn tints. Old Boche was there then, and the wood seemed to have a thousand eyes staring at our lines newly dug. An airplane came through the fleecy sky, apparently careless of the black shrapnel bursting about it. Wonderful chaps, those airmen.

For the man afoot it wasn't good to stumble in that ground. Barbed wire tore one's hands damnably. There was a boy lying in a tangle of barbed wire. He looked as though he were asleep, but he was dead all right. An airplane passed overhead with a loud humming song.

What is this long silence, all this crowd in London streets two years after the armistice peace? Yes, those were old dreams that have passed, old ghosts passing down Whitehall among the living.

The silence ended. Some word rang out, bugles were blowing, they were sounding the

“Last Post” to the unknown warrior of the Great War in which many men died without record or renown. Farther than Whitehall sounded the “Last Post” to the dead. Did the whole army of the dead hear that call to them from the living?

In the crowd below me women were weeping quietly. It was the cry from their hearts that was heard farthest, perhaps. The men’s faces were hard, like masks, hiding all they thought and felt.

The King stepped forward again and took a wreath from Lord Haig and laid it at the base of the cenotaph. It was the first of a world of flowers, brought as the tribute of loving hearts to this altar of the dead. Admirals and generals and statesmen came with wreaths and battalions of police followed, bearing great trophies of flowers on behalf of the fighting men and all their comrades.

And presently, when the gun-carriage passed on toward the Abbey, with the King following behind it on foot with his sons and soldiers, there was a moving tide of men and women, advancing ceaselessly with floral tributes. They waited until the escort of the coffin had passed, blue-jackets and marines, air force and infantry, and then took their turn to file past the cenotaph and lay their flowers upon the bed of lilies and chrysanthemums, which rose above the base.

As the columns passed they turned eyes left or eyes right to that tall symbol of death if they had eyes to see. But there were blind men there who saw only by the light of the spirit, and saluted when their guides touched them and said, "Now."

It is two years after the "cease fire" on the front, but in the crowds of Whitehall there were men in hospital blue, who are still casualties, not too well remembered by those in health. Two of them were legless men, but they rode on wheels and with a fine gesture gave salute as they passed the memorial of those who fought with them and suffered less, perhaps, than they now do.

Memories of old days of the war, when all the nations were mobilized for service, came back through Whitehall with figures which belong more to yesterday. In many countries the agony of peace is worse than that of war, and even in our own dominions there is not peace, but strife between class and class and between one people and another.

For a time at least, among some of us, spiritual faith has given place to jaded cynicism, but in Whitehall all day long around the cenotaph spirituality revived again, and the emotion of multitudes was stirred by remembrance so deeply, so poignantly, that the greatest pessimist must see new hope. Surely some such faith as that,

some such confession of failure which may yet be turned into victory, stirred in the hearts of those crowds who, when the soldiers and sailors had passed and all the pageant of this funeral to the unknown comrade, came from many little homes to pass in ceaseless tide before the coffin in the dim light of the Abbey.

This tide of people swirled about Westminster, through Whitehall, along Charing Cross Road, not in a disorderly torrent, but as a wonderful living channel. Every man and woman and child took his place in the column and moved slowly with its movement until access could be gained to that shrine where the unknown warrior now lies among the great heroes of the nation.

At the door leading to Parliament Square Bishop Ryle, . . . canons and choir, met the body. It was carried shoulder high by eight tall guardsmen and on the war-worn Union Jack that covered it lay a shrapnel helmet, a crusader's sword, and a wreath of laurel.

Through the transept lined with the statues of statesmen and past the high altar the unknown warrior was borne and then through the choir into the nave where already many famous fighting men sleep.

Just within the west door a great purple square, bordered with white, marked the site of the grave. It is in the pathway of kings, for not a monarch

can ever again go up to the altar to be crowned but he must step over the resting-place of the man who died that his kingdom might endure.

Four ladies sat apart and rose to greet this great unknown—Queen Mary and Queen Alexandra of England, Queen Maud of Denmark and Queen Victoria of Spain, and behind them were grouped Princess Mary and other women of royal blood.

Waiting, too, near his grave were men of the warrior's own kind. He passed through the ranks of soldiers, sailors, airmen, and civilians in mufti. Strangely mixed, captains stood next to seamen, colonels by enlisted men, for all wore the Victoria Cross, and that earned them the right to attend.

The mournful strains of the Croft-Purcell setting of the funeral sentences were chanted unaccompanied as the procession passed through the Abbey. And as the grave was reached, the King, as chief mourner, stepped to its head. Behind him stood the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and other members of the royal family, and ranked in the rear were Lloyd George and Asquith, the two war Premiers, and the members of their Cabinets; three or four Princes from India, and a score or more leaders of British life.

The pallbearers, chiefs of the army and navy—Haig, French, Beatty, and Jackson among

them—took their stand on either side of the coffin and the service began.

It was as simple as in any village church in the land. The twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is My Shepherd," was sung to the familiar chant, and then came the account read by the Dean from Revelation, of the "Great multitude which no man could number out of every nation and of all tribes and all peoples and tongues standing before the Throne."

As the coffin was lowered into the grave, "Lead, Kindly Light" was sung, and then came the committal prayer as the Dean spoke solemnly the words: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The King as chief mourner stepped forward and from a silver bowl sprinkled the coffin with soil brought from France. A few more prayers, "Abide with Me," and Kipling's "Recessional" concluded the service.

And as the words of blessing died away, from far up among the pillared arches came a whisper of sound. It grew and grew and it seemed that regiments and then divisions and armies of men were on the march.

The whole cathedral was filled with the murmur of their footfalls until they passed and the sound grew faint in the distance.

It was a roll of drums and seemed to symbolize that host of glorious dead which has left one



unknown warrior forever on guard at the entrance to England's old Abbey.

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## SOLDIER, REST

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Dream of battled fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more:  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sounds shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

## ARMISTICE DAY

Ruder sounds shall none be near;  
Guards nor warders challenge here;  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

---

## THE FALLEN

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

THOSE we have loved the dearest,  
The bravest and the best,  
Are summoned from the battle  
To their eternal rest;

There they endure the silence,  
Here we endure the pain—  
He that bestows the Valor  
Valor resumes again.

O, Master of all Being,  
Donor of Day and Night,  
Of Passion and of Beauty,  
Of Sorrow and Delight,

Thou gav'st them the full treasure  
Of that heroic blend—  
The Pride, the Faith, the Courage,  
That holdeth to the end.

Thou gavest us the Knowledge  
Wherein their memories stir—  
Master of Life, we thank Thee  
That they were what they were.

---

## THE OLD SOLDIER

BY KATHERINE TYNAN

Lest the young soldiers be strange in heaven,  
God bids the old soldier they all adored  
Come to Him and wait for them, clean, new-  
shaven,  
A happy doorkeeper in the House of the Lord.

Lest it abash them, the strange new splendor,  
Lest they affright them, the new robes clean;  
Here's an old face, now, long-tried and tender,  
A word and a hand-clasp as they troop in.

“My boys!” He greets them: and heaven is  
homely,  
He their great captain in days gone o'er;  
Dear is the friend's face, honest and comely,  
Waiting to welcome them by the strange door.

## THE DEAD

BY RUPERT BROOKE

## I

BLOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!

There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
But dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
These laid the world away; poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,  
That men call age; and those who would have  
been,

Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our  
dearth,

Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
Honor has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;  
And we have come into our heritage.

## FLANDERS POPPIES

BY IAN COLVIN

POPPIES, ye flaming blushes of July,

Why do ye bloom again in dark November?

Dream-laden poppies, flowers of sleep, ah, why  
Must ye now bid oblivion to remember?  
Long months and months ago  
You shed your careless petals in the corn,  
Or fell when reeking horses to and fro  
Dragged the great reaper till the fields were  
shorn;  
And now, ah, now ye blow,  
As in a dying fire a glowing ember,  
To make our chilly winter more forlorn.

'Tis not of English autumns that ye tell,  
Poppies of Flanders! No, your beauty brings  
Memories of other golden heads that fell  
In other fields to other harvestings;  
When the dark horseman reaped  
Sheaves not of corn, fields not with poppies red,  
Soil not in your oblivious juices steeped,  
When English lives like falling leaves were shed,  
And youth and valor heaped  
Like shocks of corn upon the harvest wain,  
That from his fork the sunburnt reaper flings—  
Countless as the innumerable grain.

O dread and terrible harvesting of war!  
Harrow and plow and sickle all in one,  
Untimely waste that husbandmen abhor,  
Green crops uprooted ere they feel the sun,  
Untimely scythes that tear

And rend the unripened growth of tender spring,  
Fields rent asunder by the cleaving share,  
And harrowed with a dreadful harrowing,  
Until the rock lies bare;  
A generation ended ere begun,  
Corn cut before the larks have time to sing!

Poppies of Flanders, banners of the grain,  
That ye are colored red I do not wonder,  
Since English blood hath watered all your plain,  
And layer on layer of English dust lies under—  
Soldiers of English Harry,  
Longbowmen of the proud Plantagenet—  
But seldom did their clothyard shafts mis-  
carry—  
English in armor in close battle set,  
Of clashing thrust and parry;  
Soldiers of Cromwell, when we fell asunder,  
And soldiers of five Georges there are met.

The endless generations of the brave,  
With English jests and laughter setting out,  
With fife and drum and bugle to their grave  
In Flanders, England's outermost redoubt,  
The field beyond her sea,  
The glaxis of her moat, her first defense,  
The starting place of every enemy,  
Her warning beacon, where her wars commence,  
Her soldiers' cemetery.

Saint George for Merrie England! Hear the  
shout  
Of many setting out but few returning thence!

They died for England; did they die in vain?  
Them undefeated must herself defeat?  
Tears fell!—Ah, no, a dash of wintry rain!  
How those red poppies warm the shivering  
street!

The day is fading fast;  
A bitter wind blows dead leaves here and there,  
And homing passengers go hurrying past,  
All wearing poppies—poppies everywhere.  
The skies are overcast—  
Red poppies and the ghostly shadows fleet  
Of dead leaves flying in the darkening air.

---

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

BY JOHN MC CRAE

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,

Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with those who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

---

### THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

BY THEODORE O'HARA

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen crew.  
On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
No braying horn or screaming fife  
At dawn shall call to arms.



Their shivered swords are red with rust;  
 Their plumèd heads are bowed;  
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
 Is now their martial shroud;  
 And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
 The red stains from each brow;  
 And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
 Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
 The bugle's stirring blast,  
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
 The din and shout are passed.  
 Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
 Shall thrill with fierce delight  
 Those breasts that nevermore shall feel  
 The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane  
 That sweeps his great plateau,  
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
 Came down the serried foe.  
 Who heard the thunder of the fray  
 Break o'er the field beneath,  
 Knew well the watchword of that day  
 Was "Victory or Death!"

[Three stanzas omitted here.]

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!  
Dear as the blood ye gave;  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave;  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
In deathless song shall tell  
When many a vanquished year hath flown,  
The story how ye fell.  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
Can dim one ray of holy light  
That gilds your glorious tomb.

---

FROM AES TRIPLEX

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

. . . It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; . . . a spirit goes out of a man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. . . . All who have meant good work with their whole

hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope . . . is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

## AFTER BATTLE

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

WHEN the first larks began to soar,  
They left him wounded there;  
Pity unlatched the sun-lit door,  
And smoothed his clotted hair.

But when the larks were still, before  
The mist began to rise,  
'Twas Love that latched the star-lit door,  
And closed his dreamless eyes.

---

## THE YOUNG DEAD

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

THOSE who were born so beautifully  
Of straight-limbed men and white-browed, candid  
wives,  
Now have walked out beyond where we can see;  
Are full-grown men, with spent and splendid  
lives:  
And these that only a little while ago  
Without our help would stumble in steep places,  
Need never our hands, stride proudly on, and so  
Come to a dawn of great, unknown spaces.

O lithe young limbs and radiant, grave young  
eyes,

Now have you taught us beauty cannot fade;  
This summer finds a rounding of the skies,  
And all the summer night is overlaid  
With calm, a strength, a loveliness, a lending  
Of grace that will not go, that has no ending.

. . . . .

And I had planned a future filled with bright  
Upstanding days that found and held the sun  
Even where shadows are. When these were done,  
Sleep, with a heart made curiously light. . . .  
I dreamed so much . . . as all men dream at  
night . . .

Of tasks, and the fine heat of them, the cool  
That comes by dusk like color on a pool:  
Now this is over and new things begun.  
Now this is over, and my dreams are caught  
Up in a great cloud terrible and unsought,  
And all my hours, so straightly marked before,  
Are blown and broken by the wind of war;  
I only know there is no time for reaping;  
The trumpets care so little for my sleeping.

. . . . .

After great labor comes great calm, great rest,  
The wonder of contentment, and surcease,  
And once again we feel the wind and see

A flower stirred, or hear, amidst the peace,  
The inarticulate music of the bee:  
Taste sweetness where sweat was, and, what is  
    best,  
Behind the veil that hangs across our sight,  
One moment know the changelessness of light.

And so I have no pity for the dead,  
They have gone out, gone out with flame and  
    song,  
A sudden shining glory round them spread;  
Their drooping hands raised up again and strong;  
Only I sorrow that a man must die  
To find the unending beauty of the sky.

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## HYMN FOR THE VICTORIOUS DEAD

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

God, by the sea, by the resounding sea,  
    God, in the vales, God, on the golden plain,  
God, in the dark of cities, tremblingly  
We raise our hands, we raise our hearts, to Thee.  
Our spirits, Father, see, we raise to Thee  
    In longing, Lord, in pain!

God, by the sea, more terrible than guns,  
    God, on the hills, low-bending, oh, Divine,  
We offer Thee our bright, beloved ones,

A MONUMENT FOR SOLDIERS 273

In love, in grief, in pride, we yield our sons.  
In Thy strong hands, Father, we lay our sons,  
No longer ours, but Thine!

God, through the night, the dark, tempestuous,  
See, with clear eyes we wait the day to be.  
We do not ask that they come back to us.  
We know that, soon or late, victorious,  
Even though they die, they will come back to us,  
Because they died for Thee!

---

A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

A MONUMENT for the Soldiers!  
And what will ye build it of?  
Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze,  
Outlasting the Soldiers' love?  
Can ye glorify it with legends  
As grand as their blood hath writ  
From the inmost shrine of this land of thine  
To the outermost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it  
Out of our hopes made sure,  
And out of our purest prayers and tears,  
And out of our faith secure:

We would build it out of the great white truths  
Their death hath sanctified,  
And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,  
And their faces ere they died.

And what heroic figures  
Can the sculptor carve in stone?  
Can the marble breast be made to bleed,  
And the marble lips to moan?  
Can the marble brow be fevered?  
And the marble eyes be graved  
To look their last, as the flag floats past,  
On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures  
Shall all be fair and brave,  
And, as befitting, as pure and white  
As the stars above their grave!  
The marble lips, and breast and brow  
Whereon the laurel lies,  
Bequeath us right to guard the flight  
Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the Soldiers!  
Built of a people's love,  
And blazoned and decked and panoplied  
With the hearts ye build it of!  
And see that ye build it stately,  
In pillar and niche and gate,  
And high in pose as the souls of those  
It would commemorate!



## THE SOLDIER

BY RUPERT BROOKE

IF I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to  
    roam,  
A body of England's breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
    Gives somewhere back the thoughts by Eng-  
    land given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentle-  
    ness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

---

## FOR THEE THEY DIED

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

FOR thee their pilgrim swords were tried,  
Thy flaming word was in their scrips,

They battled, they endured, they died  
To make a new Apocalypse.  
Master and Maker, God of Right,  
The soldier dead are at thy gate,  
Who kept the spears of honor bright  
And freedom's house inviolate.

---

ADDRESS OF  
MAJOR GENERAL FOX CONNER  
DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF, U.S.A.

(Delivered upon the Occasion of the Placing of a Wreath upon the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery, November 13, 1926, by the District of Columbia Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

THOSE scouts who have advanced far enough in Latin will remember that it was the poet Horace who said, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"—"To die for one's native land is a sweet and honorable end." That is a sentiment cherished in every country and in all ages.

It was reserved, however, for the four unknown warriors of France, Italy, England and the United States to receive the highest honors ever paid to a private soldier. The idea of selecting the body of an unknown soldier killed in action and burying it with all solemnity and honor

originated, not at all strangely, in France—that country of graceful imagination and gracious deeds. The unknown soldier of France lies at the head of the Champs Elysées under the Arc de Triomphe built by Napoleon after Austerlitz. The unknown soldier of England is buried in Westminster Abbey with all that glorious company, civil and military. In the land of the Cæsars they have placed the unknown soldier under the Altar of the Fatherland hard by the Forum where the Eternal City paid honor to her victorious generals upon their return from war. Our own hero rests in that grave overlooking the monuments to Washington and Lincoln and the Capitol of the country he died to save. In that narrow crypt—sanded with soil from France—he will sleep forever surrounded by those marbles of Arlington upon which are graven the names of men and battles which “touch memory to life.”

But it is not as a memorial alone that this epic of “The Unknown Soldier” will justify itself. We should look backward, not only in gratitude for the past but also to get inspiration for the present. And here the ideal of the unknown soldier and the ideal of the scout movement are one. He died for his ideal; may you live for yours. The soldier stood for honor, loyalty, obedience and patriotism. So stands the scout.

These are military virtues but they are also indispensable civic virtues. You will need them in war—may you be spared it; you will certainly need them every day in peace. And if war comes he who has been faithful to the scout oath and the scout law will be worthy of him who lies here.

---

### THE YOUNG DEAD

BY EDITH WHARTON

AH, how I pity the young dead who gave  
All that they were, and might become, that we  
With tired eyes should watch this perfect sea  
Re-weave its patterning of silver wave  
Round scented cliffs of arbutus and bay.

No more shall any rose along the way,  
The myrtled way that wanders to the shore,  
Nor jonquil-twinkling meadow any more,  
Nor the warm lavender that takes the spray,  
Smell only of sea-salt and the sun.

But, through recurring seasons, every one  
Shall speak to us with lips the darkness closes,  
Shall look at us with eyes that missed the roses,  
Clutch us with hands whose work was just begun,  
Laid idle now beneath the earth we tread—

And always we shall walk with the young dead.—  
Ah, how I pity the young dead, whose eyes  
Strain through the sod to see these perfect skies,  
Who feel the new wheat springing in their stead,  
And the lark singing for them overhead!

---

## THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

BY ANGELO PATRI

UNDER the flag-draped casket lies an Unknown Soldier.

A nation pays him honor.

He lies with the great dead, a medal of honor upon his breast.

Guns fire salutes, stern generals, grave governors, care-burdened leaders join in paying him homage.

An unknown soldier. Nameless. Just one of the soldiers who wore his country's uniform and died in her service.

For him the flag hangs at half mast.

For him the solemn strains of the funeral march.

For him the uncovered heads and the orations.

For him the reverence and the tears of a great people.

An unknown soldier. No, no, no!

You knew and loved him. He played with

you, carried you on his shoulder, dropped sweets on your lap as he passed you. You knew him by name and called to him familiarly. You never thought of him as great. He never thought of himself that way. He was your friendly playmate.

He passed you daily on his way to work down at the corners, or in the city or on granddad's farm. His clothes were the clothes of a worker and his hands were soiled and brown when he passed by at evening. But he still smiled at you. Remember him now?

When the call to war came he said nothing about it. He gathered up his few things—there weren't many, a few shirts and handkerchiefs and a couple of photographs—and bunched them into an old suitcase that was held together by one strap. He smiled good-by to you as he passed on his way to camp. Remember him now?

You missed him for a while. You heard that he was out at camp and as you wound the muddy brown wool that your mother was knitting into socks you hoped he would get a pair of them. He did. He wore them in the trenches and the fields. He had them on when they picked him up and tagged his poor broken body and buried it with a little flag and a white cross marking the place.

Don't you remember him now? Why, child,

he's the one that didn't come back the day the boys marched home, the band playing, the flags flying and all the mothers and sisters cheering and the fathers jumping up and down and shouting madly. He's the one the gold star is for on that flag that hangs in the Hall.

That's the one. The very one you know. He's every boy who went out when he was called and laid down his life in the struggle to carry through the duty that was his. Died doing his duty, the boy of America. The boy you saw every day. The boy who whistled and sang and played with you.

Remember him now?

That's the boy. For him the flag is lowered. For him the heads are uncovered. For him America proudly mourns. Her Unknown Son.

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## BEFORE MARCHING, AND AFTER

(In Memoriam: F. W. G.)

BY THOMAS HARDY

(September, 1915)

ORION swung southward aslant  
Where the starved Egdon pine-trees had  
thinned,  
The Pleiads aloft seemed to pant

With the heather that twitched in the wind;  
But he looked on indifferent to sights such as  
these,  
Unswayed by love, friendship, home joy or home  
sorrow,  
And wondered to what he would march on the  
morrow.

The crazed household clock with its whirr  
Rang midnight within as he stood,  
He heard the low sighing of her  
Who had striven from his birth for his good;  
But he still only asked the spring starlight, the  
breeze,  
What great thing or small thing his history would  
borrow  
From that Game with Death he would play on  
the morrow.

When the heath wore the robe of late summer,  
And the fuchsia-bells, hot in the sun,  
Hung red by the door, a quick comer  
Brought tidings that marching was done  
For him who had joined in that game overseas  
Where Death stood to win; though his memory  
would borrow  
A brightness therefrom not to die on the morrow.



VII  
PEACE



## PEACE

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

My first wish is to see the whole world at peace  
and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers,  
striving which should contribute most to the hap-  
piness of mankind.

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## PEACE

BY RUPERT BROOKE

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with  
His Hour,  
And caught our youth, and wakened us from  
sleeping,  
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened  
power,  
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,  
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,  
Leave the sick hearts that honor could not  
move,  
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,  
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found  
    release there,  
    Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has  
        mending,  
    Naught broken save this body, lost but  
        breath;  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace  
    there  
    But only agony, and that has ending;  
    And the worst friend and enemy is but  
        Death.

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## I WOULD THAT WARS SHOULD CEASE

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

I WOULD that wars should cease,  
I would the globe from end to end  
    Might sow and reap in peace,  
And some new Spirit o'erbear the old,  
    Or Trade refrain the Powers  
From war with kindly links of gold,  
    Or Love with wreaths of flowers.  
Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all  
    My friends and brother souls,  
With all the peoples, great and small,  
    That wheel between the poles.  
But since our mortal shadow, Ill,  
    To waste this earth began—

Perchance from some abuse of Will  
 In worlds before the man  
 Involving ours—he needs must fight  
 To make true peace his own,  
 He needs must combat might with might,  
 Or Might would rule alone.

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PEACE

BY WOODROW WILSON

I CALL you to witness, my fellow-countrymen, that I have spent every thought and energy that has been vouchsafed me in order to keep this country out of war. It cannot be disclosed now, perhaps it never can be disclosed, how anxious and how difficult the task has been, but my heart has been in it. I have not grudged a single burden that has been thrown upon me with that end in view, for I knew that not only my own heart but the heart of all America was in the cause of peace.

(At Des Moines, February 1, 1916)

PEACE AT TOO GREAT A PRICE

There is a price which is too great to pay for peace, and that price can be put in one word. One cannot pay the price of self-respect. One

cannot pay the price of duties abdicated, of glorious opportunities neglected, of character, national character, vindicated and exemplified in action.

(At Des Moines, February 1, 1916)

### LOVE HONOR ONLY BETTER THAN PEACE

There are all sorts of people in the United States, and there are people who think that we ought to use the force of the United States to get everything we can get with it. But you do not think that, and I do not think that, and not one American in a hundred thousand thinks that. We would use this force, not to carry out any policy that even smacked of aggression of any kind, because this Nation loves peace more than it loves anything else except honor.

(At Topeka, February 2, 1916)

### THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA IS PEACE

In my efforts for peace I have been conscious of representing the spirit of America and no private convictions merely of my own. It is hard to hold the balance even where so many passions are involved, but I have known that in their hearts and

by their purposes the people of America were seeking to hold the balance even.

(To New York Federation of Churches, January 27, 1916)

### ACTIVITIES IN PEACE

Peace does not mean inaction. There may be infinite activity; there may be almost violent activity in the midst of peace. Peace dwells, after all, in the character and in the heart, and that is where peace is rooted in this blessed country of ours. It is rooted in the hearts of the people. The only place where tinder lies and the spark may kindle a flame is where still deeper things lie which they love, the principles and independence of their own life. Let no man drop fire there! Because peace is inconsistent with the loss of self-respect. More than that, peace is inconsistent with the abandonment of principle.

(To New York Federation of Churches, January 27, 1916)

### THE BASIS OF PEACE

Peace can be rebuilt only upon the ancient and accepted principles of international law, only upon those things which remind nations of their

duties to each other, and deeper than that, of their duties to mankind and to humanity.

(To D. A. R., Washington, D. C., October 11, 1915)

### FRIENDSHIP BREEDS PEACE

America is at peace because she entertains a real friendship for all the nations of the world. It is not, as some have mistakenly supposed, a peace based upon self-interest. It is a peace based upon some of the most generous sentiments that characterize the heart. Our peace is not based upon the mere convenience of our national life. For great issues which it is our honorable obligation to defend we would plunge into any trouble necessary in order to defend our honor and our integrity—the honor and integrity of our nation.

(At St. Louis, February 3, 1916)

### UNIVERSAL PEACE MOVEMENT

A great deal of the (universal) peace movement appears to be due to sentiment. Patriotism expresses itself in sentiment, but fundamentally it is what a man will sacrifice for public sentiment. When peace is conducted with an element of self-sacrifice we will not need peace societies. The peace movement should not be so much a pro-



test against the clash of elements as against the causes of warfare. The only basis of peace is justice. I do not object to war because it is cruel and unjust, but because it is a clumsy and brutal instrument to get at justice. Warfare for right is honorable and will continue until some substantial instrument for the accomplishment of justice is substituted. What is needed is enlightenment in our own affairs as well as international questions. Mankind is an impartial jury not because mankind is all-wise, but because most of them are not directly interested. America started right with a Declaration addressed to “a decent respect to the opinions of mankind.” It is necessary that we get back to that fundamental belief. As soon as we are just to the people of the United States we will be in a position to be an instrument for universal peace.

(To Universal Peace Union, at Philadelphia,  
February 18, 1912)

“FIXED DESIRE OF THE HUMAN  
HEART”

I consider the agitation for international arbitration and world peace a deep-seated and permanent thing, representing the fixed and universal desire of the human heart.

(In *Christian Herald*, September, 1911)

## LEAGUE OF NATIONS

(The President Returns to America)

(July 8, 1919)

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

BACK to our shores he comes from the sad strand,  
And some who know so much of that and this,  
And what can never be, and what's amiss,  
Give him cold welcome to his native land;  
And some, the humbler hearted, understand  
At least that through the strife he bears with him,  
And shields as best he may with hopeful hand,  
A little troubled flame, late-kindled and dim.

High tide in all the waters of the world,  
The winds of all the wild years up and out,  
And one frail light amid their fury swirled!  
It shall not perish; strong through storm and  
doubt

It must burn on—to blaze at last sublime,  
A watch-fire on the topmost hill of time.

## VALE—ATQUE SALVE

(As a second presidential term was ending)

(February 25, 1921)

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

A BROKEN figure disappears alone  
Down the dark roadway of the overthrown;  
Yet is there time ere fades the twilight chill  
For one more volley! Hasten, ye who will,  
To seize on stick and shard, and hurl them after  
The bent wayfarer! All your taunting laughter  
Will fall unanswered; naught will he hurl back  
Who plods in silence down the fated track.  
But let none save the perfect cast a stone!

We, the imperfect, see the doom foreknown  
On them whose vision passes human deed,  
Who, free themselves in spirit, would have freed  
Mankind at one quick stroke from its old bonds  
Of greed and self that still to self responds.  
Yet, bred in imperfections, know we not  
That, stumbling through the mists, the light  
forgot,  
Sudden we see the clouds lift from our land,  
And on its sun-lit heights again we stand!  
Then shall our leader through the valleys shine  
A mystic form, a name to intertwine

With legends of kept faith, unbroken hope,  
And quenchless gleam on gorge and icy slope.

Thus Moses leading to the very door  
Of promise might not cross its threshold o'er—  
Yet towers secure the leader evermore!

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### THE KNOWN SOLDIER

(For the day of President Wilson's burial)

(February 7, 1924)

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

Now through the stifling air thick with the murk  
Of self and pettiness—shame's perfect work—  
A sense of greatness spreads from sea to sea;  
For greatness was, when, bound in unity  
Of generous aim, men of our blended race  
Stood looking each into his neighbor's face  
And said, "This towering thought, this cleaving  
word  
Speaks for America"—and the world heard.  
Then, with new vision of unwonted scope,  
They lifted up their eyes to the hills of hope.  
To-day remembered greatness stirs again  
The spirit that kindled once the hearts of men.  
And out from smoldering embers starts a flame  
Fanned by the whisper of a burning name.

Humblest and highest to that greatness thrill,  
For the known soldier, dauntless of heart and will,  
Mortally stricken in the long-drawn fray,  
Reviling none, a wounded leader, lay,  
And passed in silence to the eternal rest  
Wherewith the soldier of the spirit is blest,  
For all his weariness, his strength outpoured,  
Blest even as the soldier of the sword.

Proud stands his country, bared and bowed of  
head,  
While safe he sleeps among the deathless dead.

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## DISARMAMENT

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

“PUT up the sword!” The voice of Christ once  
more

Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,  
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped  
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped  
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow  
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe  
Down which a groaning diapason runs  
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons  
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,  
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!  
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.  
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told  
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,  
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit  
With grave responses listening unto it:  
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,  
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,  
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,  
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.  
"O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate  
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."  
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace  
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,  
In pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love."  
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank  
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence  
shrank  
Into the form and fashion of a dove;  
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,  
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:  
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song;  
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"

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### TO PEACE

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

THE cup, the ruby cup  
Whence anguish drips,  
At last is lifted up  
Against our lips.

Though we, till seas run dry,  
Your lovers are,  
How can we put it by,  
Red cup of war?

We champion your task;  
Your wounds we bind;  
Behind the battle mask  
Our eyes are kind.

Upon this foaming edge  
Of blood and flame,  
With shuddering lips we pledge  
Your name.

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## RE-ARMAMENT

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

NOT all the armor forged by man, not all the weapons he has made for his defense, have saved him.

Ships and guns, poisonous fumes, deadly engines of the skies and the waters, have availed, for the moment, not to make the old world better, but to make the new world worse.

The incense of valor and sacrifice and death—all honor and reverence to the noble spirits who made these immortal offerings!—has risen from the altars, and not yet is the world re-born.

Therefore it is that man, wounded, bleeding, burdened, staggering, fumbles at the buckles that bind the weight of his armor on his back, longing to cast it off, and wondering if they that take the sword must after all perish by the sword.

Shall he then throw away all his weapons of conquest and defense?

There is one armor that the world of men and women, as a world, has never yet put on. The churches have long bungled with its fastenings, but the world has gone unfended, and few have been those in whose hands the mystical sword of the spirit has shone with daily use.

This armor, waiting to be worn, is the armor of brotherhood and sacrifice, the sword of unselfishness, a conquering sword, with the power, when used, to unite the world in love. And there are none who may not put it on.

A dream of the poets? Yes. But there are dreams that come true. Even now the poet's voice is merged and drowned in the universal cry, "Disarm." The prudent and fearful hold back, and ask, "Disarm, and stand defenseless?" The answer comes, to all a single answer, "Disarm and arm again, with a new armor, not yet tried."



## THE PATH TO PEACE

BY SIDNEY S. ROBINS

It may be there is a hope of getting the nations to agree to outlaw war. That would be good. It may be they would keep the pledge under all circumstances, once it was taken. But there is no guarantee of either of these things. The problem of achieving peace is certainly more comprehensive than that. The greatest hope of peace lies neither in legal enactment, nor in the individual's announcement that he personally will have nothing to do with any future war. Behind both is the problem of the world's learning to live on a human basis. The real advance in peace up to this moment rests more than anything upon advances in the human art of living together. Hope rests upon the further development of all those advantages for intercourse we have over the past: communication and travel; education and interchange of teachers; the development of the sciences in the spheres of human interest, such as medicine and agriculture; the world-wide contact of investigators of nature; the meeting of statesmen from the world over around a common table;—and with these the development of law, of conscience, of public opinion and a common religion.

## ARMISTICE DAY

## TO ITALY

(1918)

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

FAIR land of dear desire,  
Where beauty like a gleam  
Awakes the hidden fire  
Of what our souls would dream!

Where shining ilex glistens,  
And cypress' somber shade  
Above dim fountains listens  
In some forgotten glade.

Ah! land of dear desire,  
Thy beauty floods again  
My heart with sudden fire  
And burns away its pain.

I dream with Perugino  
On some far Umbrian hill,  
Or walk with sweet Saint Francis  
Till this world's fret is still;

Until my soul reposes  
As, once unscourged he lay,  
Amid the thornless roses  
Until the break of day.

Dear saint, who was the brother  
Of every living thing,  
Could we to one another  
Thy gracious message bring.

The world renewed, awaking,  
Would shed the shattered, torn,  
Grim night of its own making,  
And pledge a peace reborn.

Fair land of dear desire  
Thy beauty like a dream  
Shall kindle and inspire  
What all our souls would dream!

## PRAYER FOR THE SPIRITUAL UNION OF MANKIND

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

*War has failed to end War; diplomacy has failed to end War; only ties of the Spirit infallibly unite: therefore we pray for the Divine Alliance of Nations.*

ETERNAL GOD, FATHER OF ALL SOULS:

Grant unto us such clear vision of the sin of war, that we may earnestly seek that coöperation between nations which alone can make war impossible. As man by his inventions has made the

whole world into one neighborhood, grant that he may, by his coöperations, make the whole world into one brotherhood. Help us to break down all race prejudice, stay the greed of those who profit by war, and the ambitions of those who seek an imperialistic conquest, drenched in blood. Guide all statesmen to seek a just basis for international action in the interests of peace. Arouse in the whole body of the people an adventurous willingness, as they sacrificed greatly for war, so, also, for international good-will, to dare bravely, think wisely, decide resolutely and to achieve triumphantly. *Amen.*

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## PEACE

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

THE cannon's voice is dumb,  
The sword is sheathed again,  
Homeward our legions come,—  
Is it peace for the sons of men?

Peace for the troubled earth  
And the host of those that lie  
In the lands that gave them birth  
Or beneath a stranger sky?

Shall children laugh for aye  
And the sound of weeping cease  
At the call of those who cry  
Peace—when there is no peace?

Peace? What is peace but a name  
For the war that shall not end  
While souls are wrought in flame  
High heaven to defend—?

Peace is a living sword  
Forged for the hand of man  
And the smithy of the Lord  
In the halls where life began.

Peace is a challenge blown  
In the trumpet of the wind.—  
Till the stars are overthrown  
Lift up your eyes, O blind!

And with your eyes mark well  
God's banners swinging clear.  
What do these banners tell?  
To arms! For peace is here!

## AFTERMATH

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

(March, 1919)

HAVE you forgotten yet?  
For the world's events have rumbled on since  
those gagged days,  
Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city  
ways:  
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with  
thoughts that flow  
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you're  
a man reprieved to go,  
Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to  
spare.  
But the past is just the same—and war's a bloody  
game . . .

Have you forgotten yet?  
Look down, and swear by the slain of the war  
that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the  
sector at Mametz—  
The nights you watched and wired and dug and  
piled sandbags on parapets?  
Do you remember the rats; and the stench  
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line  
trench—

And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a  
hopeless rain?

Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to  
happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the  
attack—

And the anger, the blind compassion that seized  
and shook you then

As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces  
of your men?

Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching  
back

With dying eyes and lolling heads—those ashen-  
grey

Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind  
and gay?

Have you forgotten yet?

Look up, and swear by the green of the spring  
that you'll never forget.

## THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

AN INTERVIEW WITH

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

BY EDWARD MARSHALL

(October 18, 1914)

THE United States of Europe.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, firmly believes that the organization of such a federation will be the outcome, soon or late, of a situation built up through years of European failure to adjust government to the growth of civilization.

He thinks it possible that the ending of the present war may see the rising of the new sun of democracy to light a day of freedom for our transatlantic neighbors.

He tells me that thinking men in all the contending nations are beginning vividly to consider such a contingency, to argue for it or against it; in other words, to regard it as an undoubted possibility.

Dr. Butler's acquaintance among those thinking men of all shades of political belief is probably wider than that of any other American, and it is significant of the startling importance of



what he says that by far the greater number of his European friends, the men upon whose views he has largely, directly or indirectly, based his conclusions, are not of the socialistic or of any other revolutionary or semi-revolutionary groups, but are among the most conservative and most important figures in European political, literary and educational fields.

This being unquestionably true, it is by no means improbable that in the interview which follows, fruit of two evenings in Dr. Butler's library, may be found the most important speculative utterance yet to appear in relation to the general European war.

Dr. Butler's estimate of the place which the United States now holds upon the stage of the theater of world progress and his forecast of the tremendously momentous rôle which she is destined to play there must make every American's heart first swell with pride and then thrill with a realization of responsibility.

The United States of Europe, modeled after and instructed by the United States of America! The thought is stimulating.

Said Dr. Butler:

"The European cataclysm puts the people of the United States in a unique and tremendously important position. As neutrals we are able to observe events and to learn the lesson that they

teach. If we learn rightly we shall gain for ourselves and be able to confer upon others benefits far more important than any of the material advantages which may come to us through a shrewd handling of the new possibilities in international trade.

“I hesitate to discuss any phase of the great conflict now raging in Europe. By to-day’s mail, for example, I received long, personal letters from Lord Haldane, from Lord Morley, from Lord Weardale, and from Lord Bryce. Another has just come from Prof. Schiemann of Berlin, perhaps the Emperor’s most intimate adviser; another from Prof. Lammasch of Austria, who was the Presiding Judge of the British-American arbitration in relation to the Newfoundland fisheries a few years ago, and who is a member of the Austrian House of Peers. Still others are from M. Ribot, Minister of Finance in France, and M. d’Estournelles de Constant. These confidential letters give a wealth of information as to the intellectual and political forces that are behind the conflict.

“You will understand, then, that without disloyalty to my many friends in Europe, I could not discuss with freedom the causes or the progress of the war, or speculate in detail about the future of the European problem. My friends in Germany, France, and England all write to me with

the utmost freedom and not for the public eye; so you see that my great difficulty, when you ask me to talk about the meaning of the struggle, arises from the obligation that I am under to preserve a proper personal reserve regarding the great figures behind the vast intellectual and political changes which are really in the background of the war.

“If such reserve is necessary in my case, it seems to me that it also is necessary for the country as a whole. The attitude of the President has been impeccable. That of the whole American press and people should be the same.

“Especially is it true that all Americans who hope to have influence, as individuals, in shaping the events which will follow the war, must avoid any expression which even might be tortured into an avowal of partisanship or final judgment.

“Even the free expression of views criticizing particular details of the war, which might, in fact, deserve criticism, may destroy one’s chance of future possible usefulness. A statement which might be unquestionably true may also be remembered to the damage of some important cause later on.

“There are reasons why my position is, perhaps, more difficult than that of some others. Talking is often a hazardous practice, and never more so than now.

“The world is at the crossroads, and everything may depend upon the United States, which has been thrust by events into a unique position of moral leadership. Whether the march of the future is to be to the right or to the left, uphill or down, after the war is over, may well depend upon the course this nation shall then take, and upon the influence which it shall exercise.

“If we keep our heads clear there are two things that we can bring insistently to the attention of Europe—each of vast import at such a time as that which will follow the ending of the war.

“The first of these is the fact that race antagonisms tend to die away and disappear under the influence of liberal and enlightened political institutions. This has been proved in the United States.

“We have huge Celtic, Latin, Teutonic and Slavic populations all living here at peace and in harmony; and, as years pass, they tend to merge, creating new and homogeneous types. The Old World antagonisms have become memories. This proves that such antagonisms are not mysterious attributes of geography or climate, but that they are the outgrowth principally of social and political conditions. Here a man can do about what he likes, so long as he does not violate the law; he

may pray as he pleases or not at all, and he may speak any language that he chooses.

“The United States is itself proof that most of the contentions of Europeans as to race antagonisms are ill-founded. We have demonstrated that racial antagonisms need not necessarily become the basis of permanent hatred and an excuse for war.

“If human beings are given the chance they will make the most of themselves, and, by living happily—which means by living at peace—they will avoid conflict. The hyphen tends to disappear from American terminology. The German-American, the Italo-American, the Irish-American all become Americans.

“So, by and large, our institutions have proved their capacity to amalgamate and to set free every type of human being which thus far has come under our flag. There is in this a lesson which may well be taken seriously to heart by the leaders of opinion in Europe when this war ends.

“The second thing which we may, with propriety, press upon the attention of the people of Europe after peace comes to them, is the fact that we are not only the great exponents, but the great example, of the success of the principle of federation in its application to unity of political life regardless of local, economic and racial differences.

“If our fathers had attempted to organize this country upon the basis of a single, closely unified State, it would have gone to smash almost at the outset, wrecked by clashing economic and personal interests. Indeed, this nearly happened in the civil war, which was more economic than political in its origin.

“But, though we had our difficulties, we did find a way to make a unified nation of a hundred million people and forty-eight commonwealths, all bound together in unity and in loyalty to a common political ideal and a common political purpose.

“Just as certainly as we sit here this must and will be the future of Europe. There will be a federation into the United States of Europe.

“When one nation sets out to assert itself by force against the will, or even the wish, of its neighbors, disaster must inevitably come. Disaster would have come here if, in 1789, New York had endeavored to assert itself against New England or Pennsylvania.

“As a matter of fact certain inhabitants of Rhode Island and Pennsylvania did try something of the sort after the Federal Government had been formed, but, fortunately, their effort was a failure.

“The leaders of our national life had established such a flexible and admirable plan of gov-

ernment that it was soon apparent that each State could retain its identity, forming its own ideals and shaping its own progress, and still remain a loyal part of the whole; that each State could make a place for itself in the new federation and not be destroyed thereby.

“There is no reason why each nation in Europe should not make a place for itself in the sun of unity which I am sure is rising there behind the war clouds. Europe’s stupendous economic loss, which already has been appalling and will soon be incalculable, will give us an opportunity to press this argument home.

“True internationalism is not the enemy of the nationalistic principle. On the contrary, it helps true nationalism to thrive. The Vermonter is more a Vermonter because he is an American, and there is no reason why Hungary, for example, should not be more than ever before Hungarian after it becomes a member of the United States of Europe.

“Europe, of course, is not without examples of the successful application of the principle of federation within itself. It so happens that the federated State next greatest to our own is the German Empire. It is only forty-three years old, but there federation has been notably successful. So the idea of federation is familiar to German publicists.

"It is familiar, also, to the English and has lately been pressed there as the probable final solution of the Irish question.

"It has insistently suggested itself as the solution of the Balkan problem.

"In a lesser way it already is represented in the structure of Austria-Hungary.

"This principle of nation building, of international building through federation, certainly has in it the seeds of the world's next great development—and we Americans are in a position both to expound the theory and to illustrate the practice. It seems to me that this is the greatest work which America will have to do at the end of this war.

"These are the things which I am writing to my European correspondents in the several belligerent countries by every mail.

"The cataclysm is so awful that it is quite within the bounds of truth to say that on July 31 the sun went down upon a world which never will be seen again.

"This conflict is the birth-throe of a new European order of things. The man who attempts to judge the future by the old standards or to force the future back to them will be found to be hopelessly out of date. The world will have no use for him. The world has left behind forever the international policies of Palmerston and of Bea-



consfield and even those of Bismarck, which were far more powerful.

“When the war ends, conditions will be such that a new kind of imagination and a new kind of statesmanship will be required. This war will prove to be the most effective education of 500,000,000 people which could possibly have been thought of, although it is the most costly and most terrible means which could have been chosen. The results of this education will be shown, I think, in the process of general reconstruction which will follow.

“All the talk of which we hear so much about the peril from the Slav or from the Teuton or from the Celt is unworthy of serious attention. It would be quite as reasonable to discuss seriously the red-headed peril or the six-footer peril.

“There is no peril to the world in the Slav, the Teuton, the Celt or any other race, provided the people of that race have an opportunity to develop as social and economic units, and are not bottled up so that an explosion must come.

“It is my firm belief that nowhere in the world, from this time on, will any form of government be tolerated which does not set men free to develop in this fashion.”

I asked Dr. Butler to make some prognostication of what the United States of Europe, which he so confidently expects, will be. He answered:

"I can say only this: The international organization of the world already has progressed much farther than is ordinarily understood. Ever since the Franco-Prussian war and the Geneva Arbitration, both landmarks in modern history, this has advanced inconspicuously, but by leaps and bounds.

"The postal service of the world has been internationalized in its control for years. The several Postal Conventions have given evidences of an international administrative organization of the highest order.

"Europe abounds in illustrations of the international administration of large things. The very laws of war, which are at present the subject of so much and such bitter discussion, are the result of international organization.

"They were not adopted by a Congress, a Parliament, or a Reichstag. They were agreed to by many and divergent peoples, who sent representatives to meet for their discussion and determination.

"In the admiralty law we have a most striking example of uniformity of practice in all parts of the world. If a ship is captured or harmed in the Far East and taken into Yokohama or Nagasaki, damages will be assessed and collected precisely as they would be in New York or Liverpool.

"The world is gradually developing a code for

international legal procedure. Special arbitral tribunals have tended to merge and grow into the international court at The Hague, and that, in turn, will develop until it becomes a real supreme judicial tribunal.

“Of course the analogy with the federated State fails at some points, but I believe the time will come when each nation will deposit in a world federation some portion of its sovereignty.

“When this occurs we shall be able to establish an international executive and an international police, both devised for the especial purpose of enforcing the decisions of the international court.

“Here, again, we offer a perfect object lesson. Our central Government is one of limited and defined powers. Our history can show Europe how such limitations and definitions can be established and interpreted, and how they can be modified and amended when necessary to meet new conditions.

“My colleague, Prof. John Bassett Moore, is now preparing and publishing a series of annotated reports of the decisions of the several international arbitration tribunals, in order that the Governments and jurists of the world may have at hand, as they have in the United States Supreme Court reports, a record of decided cases, which, when the time comes, may be referred to as precedents.

“It will be through gradual processes such as this that the great end will be accomplished. Beginning with such annotated reports as a basis for precedents, each new case tried before this tribunal will add a further precedent, and, presently, a complete international code will be in existence. It was in this way that the English common law was built, and such has been the history of the admirable work done by our own judicial system.

“The study of such problems as these is at this time infinitely more important than the consideration of how large a fine shall be inflicted by the victors upon the vanquished.

“There is the probability of some dislocation of territory and some shiftings of sovereignty after the war ends, but these will be of comparatively minor importance. The important result of this great war will be the stimulation of international organization along some such lines as I have suggested.

“Dislocation of territory and the shifting of sovereigns as the result of international disagreements are medieval practices. After this war the world will want to solve its problems in terms of the future, not in those of the outgrown past.

“Conventional diplomacy and conventional statesmanship have very evidently broken down in Europe. They have made a disastrous failure

of the work with which they were intrusted. They did not and could not prevent the war because they knew and used only the old formulas. They had no tools for a job like this.

“A new type of international statesman is certain to arise, who will have a grasp of new tendencies, a new outlook upon life. Bismarck used to say that it would pay any nation to wear the clean linen of a civilized State. The truth of this must be taught to those nations of the world which are weakest in morale, and it can only be done, I suppose, as similar work is accomplished with individuals. Courts, not killings, have accomplished it with individuals.

“One more point ought to be remembered. We sometimes hear it said that nationalism, the desire for national expression by each individual nation, makes the permanent peace and good order of the world impossible.

“To me it seems absurd to believe that this is any truer of nations than it is of individuals. It is not each nation’s desire for national expression which makes peace impossible; it is the fact that thus far in the world’s history such desire has been bound up with militarism.

“The nation whose frontier bristles with bayonets and with forts is like the individual with a magazine pistol in his pocket. Both make for murder. Both in their hearts really mean murder.

“The world will be better when the nations invite the judgment of their neighbors and are influenced by it.

“When John Hay said that the Golden Rule and the Open Door should guide our new diplomacy, he said something which should be applicable to the new diplomacy of the whole world. The Golden Rule and a free chance are all that any man ought to want or ought to have, and they are all that any nation ought to want or ought to have.

“One of the controlling principles of a democratic State is that its military and naval establishments must be completely subservient to the civil power. They should form the police, and not be the dominant factor of any national life.

“As soon as they go beyond this simple function in any nation, then that nation is afflicted with militarism.

“It is difficult to make predictions of the war’s effect on us. As I see it, our position will depend a good deal upon the outcome of the conflict, and what that will be no one at present knows.

“If a new map of Europe follows the war, its permanence will depend upon whether or not the changes are such as will permit nationalities to organize as nations.

“The world should have learned through the lessons of the past that it is impossible permanently and peacefully to submerge large bodies of aliens if they are treated as aliens. That is the opposite of the mixing process which is so successfully building a nation out of varied nationalities in the United States.

“The old Romans understood this. They permitted their outlying vassal nations to speak any language they chose and to worship whatever god they chose, so long as they recognized the sovereignty of Rome. When a conquering nation goes beyond that, and begins to suppress religions, languages, and customs, it begins, at that very moment, to sow the seeds of insurrection and revolution.

“My old teacher and colleague, Professor Burgess, once defined a nation as an ethnographic unit inhabiting a geographic unit. That is an illuminating definition. If a nation is not an ethnographic unit, it tries to become one by oppressing or amalgamating the weaker portions of its people. If it is not a geographic unit, it tries to become one by reaching out to a mountain chain or to the sea—to something which will serve as a real dividing line between it and its next neighbors.

“The accuracy of this definition can hardly be

denied, and we all know what the violations of this principle have been in Europe. It is unnecessary for me to point them out.

“Races rarely have been successfully mixed by conquest. The military winner of a war is not always the real conqueror in the long run. The Normans conquered Saxon England, but Saxon law and Saxon institutions worked up through the new power and have dominated England’s later history. The Teutonic tribes conquered Rome, but Roman civilization, by a sort of capillary attraction, went up into the mass above and presently dominated the Teutons.

“The persistency of a civilization may well be superior in tenacity to mere military conquest and control.

“The smallness of the number of instances in which conquering nations have been able successfully to deal with alien peoples is extraordinary. The Romans were usually successful, and England has been successful with all but the Irish, but perhaps no other peoples have been successful in high degree in an effort to hold alien populations as vassals and to make them really happy and comfortable as such.

“One of the war’s chief effects on us will be to change our point of view. Europe will be more vivid to us from now on. There are many public men who have never thought much about Europe,



and who have been far from a realization of its actual importance to us. It has been a place to which to go for a Summer holiday.

“But, suddenly, they find that they cannot sell their cotton there or their copper, that they cannot market their stocks and bonds there, that they cannot send money to their families who are traveling there, because there is a war. To such men the war must have made it apparent that interdependence among nations is more than a mere phrase.

“All our trade and all our economic and social policies must recognize this. The world has discovered that money without credit means little. One cannot use money if one cannot use one’s credit to draw it whenever and wherever needed. Credit is intangible and volatile, and may be destroyed over night.

“I saw this in Venice.

“On July 31 I could have drawn every cent that my letter of credit called for up to the time the banks closed. At 10 o’clock in the morning on August 1, I could not draw the value of a postage stamp.

“Yet the banker in New York who issued my letter of credit had not failed. His standing was as good as ever it had been. But the world’s system of international exchange of credit had suffered a stroke of paralysis over night.

“This realization of international interdependence, I hope, will elevate and refine our patriotism by teaching men a wider sympathy and a deeper understanding of other peoples, nations, and languages. I sincerely hope it will educate us up to what I have called ‘The International Mind.’

“When Joseph Chamberlain began his campaign after returning from South Africa, his keynote was, ‘Learn to think imperially.’ I think our keynote should be, ‘Learn to think internationally,’ to see ourselves not in competition with the other peoples of the world, but working with them toward a common end, the advance of civilization.

“There are hopeful signs, even in the midst of the gloom that hangs over us. Think what it has meant for the great nations of Europe to have come to us, as they have done, asking our favorable public opinion. We have no army and navy worthy of their fears. They could have been induced by nothing save their conviction that we are the possessors of sound political ideals and a great moral force in the world.

“In other words, they do not want us to fight for them, but they do want us to approve of them. They want us to pass judgment upon the humanity and the legality of their acts, because they feel that our judgment will be the judgment of history. There is a lesson in this.

“If we had not repealed the Panama Canal Tolls Exemption act last June they would not have come to us as they are doing now. Who would have cared for our opinion in the matter of a treaty violation if, for mere financial interest or from sheer vanity, we ourselves had violated a solemn treaty?

“When Congress repealed the Panama Canal Tolls Exemption act it marked an epoch in the history of the United States. This did more than the Spanish War, more than the building of the Panama Canal, or than anything else I can think of to make us a true world power.

“As a nation we have kept our word when sorely tempted to break it. We made Cuba independent, we have not exploited the Philippines, we have stood by our word as to Panama Canal tolls.

“In consequence we are the first moral power in the world to-day. Others may be first with armies, still others first with navies. But we have made good our right to be appealed to on questions of national and international morality. That Europe is seeking our favor is the acknowledgment of this fact by the European nations and their tribute to it.”

## TO PEACE, WITH VICTORY

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

(November 11, 1918)

I COULD not welcome you, oh! longed-for peace,  
Unless your coming had been heralded  
By victory. The legions who have bled  
Had elsewhere died in vain for our release.

But now that you come sternly, let me kneel  
And pay my tribute to the myriad dead,  
Who counted not the blood that they have shed  
Against the goal their valor shall reveal.

Ah! what had been the shame, had all the stars  
And stripes of our brave flag drooped still un-  
furled,  
When the fair freedom of the weary world  
Hung in the balance. Welcome then the scars!

Welcome the sacrifice! With lifted head  
Our nation greets dear Peace as honor's right;  
And ye the Brave, the Fallen in the fight,  
Had ye not perished, then were honor dead!

THE THOUSAND YEARS OF PEACE

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

RING out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

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“WHEN THERE IS PEACE”

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

“WHEN there is Peace, this land no more  
Will be the land we knew of yore.”

Thus do the facile seers foretell  
The truth that none can buy or sell  
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,  
Shall we still strive for gear and store?  
Will it be Heaven, will it be Hell,  
When there is Peace?

This let us pray for—this implore—  
That, all base dreams thrust out at door,  
We may in nobler aims excel,  
And, like men waking from a spell,  
Grow stronger, worthier than before,  
When there is Peace!

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FROM NOCTURNE IN A LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

(Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Poem)

WHEN all our troubled errandries are done,  
And faiths and lures alike have lost their sway,  
And but the subtle body, rotting alone,  
Is left to prove the daring of our day;  
And if we won, head-high, or if we lost  
Is now no matter anywhere; and unswerved  
The seasons roll, indifferent to the cost  
Of pageantries we ruled or faiths we served—  
Then of the passion whose attainment was  
So serious business while we lived and sought,  
Perhaps some faint and ghostly flush shall pass

Out of a vase or song or tower we wrought,  
 And rest one moment upon men as blind  
 As we were, bent on hopes we leave behind.

I trust the young—who, dreaming, shall awake  
 On sudden Springs and capture, fluttering by,  
 These gleams of memory—capture them, and  
 make

Old lights to flicker on new wings that fly.  
 Then such a dreamer shall, in one, bear fruit  
 Of all that from our million Junes could live,—  
 From pulses quenched, lips even whose dust is  
 mute,

Hopes whose so mighty part was fugitive.  
 He shall inherit us; and not yet come  
 Into the full enthrallment of his day,  
 Shall feel, within his bosom, stir the bloom  
 Of all our Springs, a thousand years away—  
 The moment's mirror of our final light  
 In infinite dust vanishing down the night.

So out of horrors that could break the heart,  
 Did the heart keep its bitterer memories,  
 There desperately survives some rarer part—  
 Old, meager consolations such as these.  
 And when the baffled spirit dares to brood  
 Alone with its own destiny face to face  
 It finds, in that grim midnight solitude,

Some ancient smoldering altar of the race.  
With hard-won fuel we feed the little fire,  
Shielding its hesitant flame against the blast—  
We, heritors of an unfulfilled desire—  
That it burn brighter than in the somber past.  
At midnight, by the ghostly flame, alone,  
We pray,—beside that altar's blood-drenched  
stone.

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LOVE, GIVE ME THE FEEL OF  
TO-MORROW

BY RALPH CHEYNEY

COME, love, help me move all the mirrors out of  
my workshop,  
All the sore spots out of my heart!  
You only can give me what I need;  
A steel girder faith to build on,  
The feel of to-morrow in my land.  
Andante of a happy city's hundred thousand feet,  
Keeping step in a grand procession,  
Telling the world they walk in peace and freedom,  
Broadcasting a forever and ever armistice day.



## PACIFISTS

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

(March, 1917)

You are a pacifist? So am I:  
A maker of peace who would not be?  
But how is it made with the maniac cry  
Of war in our ears from far and nigh,  
And bloodstains darkening earth and sea?

By patience, you say, by suffering long,  
By trust far-reaching and calm good-will?  
By closing the eyes to might-made wrong,  
By yielding the weak to the maw of the strong,  
And standing forever and ever still?

These should have done their work ere now—  
And honor to him who held at bay  
The headlong band that would not allow  
Reason, with faith-illuminated brow,  
To seek through darkness the hidden way!

Alas! it was lost—and the wolves are loose,  
Ranging the night with their fangs of blood.  
Shall we stand for aye in a tacit truce  
With evil, and watch while the hosts of good  
Flounder and fall in the death-dyed mud?

Nay, pacifist, nay, the lover of peace,  
Because he loves it, must stand its friend:  
In sorrow for agony's brief increase,  
Yet smiting, at need, till war shall cease—  
All for the peace that shall not end!

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THESE TEN YEARS SINCE WE  
WENT TO WAR

(Editorial from *The New York Evening Post*)

(April 6, 1927)

It is not altogether easy to recapture the mood with which, on April 6, 1917, the people of this country received the news that we were at war with Germany. There was nothing of elation in that mood, although there was a pervading satisfaction that at last we were making the proper reply to a challenge which was more and more insistently being flung at our feet.

For three years we had watched the titanic struggle across the sea, observing horror piled on horror until we wondered how human flesh and blood and resolution could endure the ghastly load. A people that at such a moment entered the war light-heartedly would have been demonstrating its unfitness to have a part in the combat. Not such was our mood. We took up the gage of battle with the grim determination to quit us

like men in the discharge of a terrible but necessary task.

Nineteen months later we were celebrating the return of peace. Armistice Day witnessed an unprecedented outburst of joy. We poured into the streets, giving an exhibition of gayety which children might have envied. "The war is over," we kept repeating, as if we could not say the happy words often enough.

Ten years have passed. With them has gone the riotous feeling of Armistice Day. Now we continually hear the question: "Is it over?"

True, the fighting is over. But we are still in the economic shadow which loomed blacker and blacker as the war cloud lifted. It has been said that the true close of our Civil War was not Appomattox but the panic of 1873, eight years later. Looking back upon our era, what event will the future historian select as marking the real end of the conflict which began in 1914?

The end of the war on its emotional side may be said to have been reached with Germany's admission to the League of Nations with the approval of France. To see those two nations side by side in an organization whose avowed purpose is the substitution of open and peaceful methods for the secret processes culminating in war which have been the rule hitherto is as gratifying a development as could be wished. Yet

out of the very war which brought about this result have grown new animosities. Some of the nations created by that war are at odds with one another and also with some of the nations to whose efforts they owe their creation. In the ten-year perspective the war that was to end war does not look so final as enthusiastic spirits proclaimed it to be.

The chief factor in the feeling of disheartenment which has to no small extent succeeded the gaiety of Armistice Day is the shock which has been sustained by the ideal of democracy. While kings and emperors have been swept aside, autocrats have appeared in Italy, Spain and Poland, with Russia freeing herself from the Czars only to fall into the hands of an oligarchy. The seamy side of democracy is being held up for inspection and we are bidden to compare it with the finished side of autocracy.

“Don’t you see that democracy’s shortcomings are much worse than autocracy’s virtues?” This, in effect, is the astounding question which is being put to free peoples in the second decade of the twentieth century and ten years after the outbreak of a war which saw the triumph of the world’s leading democracies over its most powerful monarchies.

The question may safely be left to answer itself. To doubt that intelligent nations will in the long

run continue to prefer the ills of liberty to the afflictions of despotism is to doubt their political sanity.

Out of the disillusionment that has overtaken those who, viewing the war as a gigantic crusade, expected impossibilities has been born a grotesque fantasy—the notion that nobody won the war but that all were alike losers. The force which this idea has it owes to the fact that it is that most dangerous of all errors, a half-truth. The Allies did lose—they lost heavily in men and in money. But to argue from this fact that they would have lost no more by a different outcome of the struggle, that the result was really a matter of indifference, is to show an amazing forgetfulness of the alternative with which they were faced. Ten years ago we knew better.

Had the war ended in a stalemate Europe would have reverted to the armed camp which it had been for decades. The Kaiser and the military and naval clique around him would have been left without victory, but they would have been left without defeat also. The moral of the war, preached in every capital, would have been the necessity for still more effective preparation for Armageddon.

But a stalemate was not the alternative with which the Allies were confronted. That alternative was the triumph of the Central Powers.

What that triumph would have meant was shown clearly enough at the time, however stupidly we have forgotten it, in the various programs issued from Berlin regarding the reconstructed map of Europe that was to follow the victory of the Kaiser—for such it would inevitably have been.

Belgium a part of the new and greater German Empire, Holland a vassal state, France reduced to impotency, Great Britain rendered powerless and, together with the United States, paying tribute to Berlin in the form of colossal indemnities—such was the alternative of Allied success. Yet it made no difference whether we won or lost the war!

The only thing to say about reasoning like this is that it is the sort of muddleheadedness that makes the best ally of scheming rulers and plotting diplomatists.

One war, at least, is not over—the war against silly half-truths and their sinister implications.

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### QUOTATIONS FOR PEACE DAY

(From the Scriptures)

FOR ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,  
and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle  
tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for  
an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares,  
And their spears into pruning-hooks;  
Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,  
Neither shall they have war any more.



## AFTER

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

AFTER the darkness, dawning  
And stir of the rested wing,  
Fresh fragrance from the meadow,  
Fresh hope in everything!

After the winter, springtime  
And dreams that flowerlike throng;  
After the tempest, silence;  
After the silence, song!

After the heat of anger,  
Love that all life enwraps;  
After the stress of battle,  
The trumpet sounding "taps";

After despair and doubting,  
A faith without alloy;  
God here and over yonder,—  
The end of all things Joy!

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## SEW THE FLAGS TOGETHER

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

GREAT wave of youth, ere you be spent,  
Sweep over every monument  
Of caste, smash every high imperial wall  
That stands against the new World State,  
And overwhelm each ravening hate,  
And heal, and make blood-brothers of us all.  
Nor let your clamor cease  
Till ballots conquer guns.  
Drum on for the world's peace  
Till the Tory power is gone.  
Envenomed lame old age  
Is not our heritage,  
But springtime's vast release, and flaming dawn.

Peasants, rise in splendor  
And your accounting render,  
Ere the lords unnerve your hand!  
Sew the flags together.  
Do not tear them down.  
Hurl the worlds together.



Dethrone the wallowing monster  
 And the clown.  
 Resolving only that shall grow  
 In Balkan furrow, Chinese row,  
 That blooms, and is perpetually young,  
 That only be held bright and clear  
 That brings heart-wisdom year by year  
 And puts this thrilling word upon the tongue:  
 "The United States of Europe, Asia, and the  
 World."

"Youth will be served," now let us cry.  
 Hurl the referendum.  
 Your fathers, five long years ago,  
 Resolved to strike, too late.  
 Now  
 Sun-crowned crowds  
 Innumerable,  
 Of boys and girls  
 Imperial,  
 With your patchwork flag of brotherhood  
 On high  
 With every silk  
 In one flower-banner whirled—  
 Rise,  
 Citizens of one tremendous state,  
 The United States of Europe, Asia, and the  
 World.

The dawn is rose-drest and impearled.  
The guards of privilege are spent,  
The blood-fed captains nod.  
So Saxon, Slav, French, German,  
Rise,  
Yankee, Chinese, Japanese,  
All the lands, all the seas,  
With the blazing rainbow flag unfurled,  
Rise,  
Rise,  
Take the sick dragons by surprise,  
Highly establish,  
In the name of God,  
The United States of Europe, Asia, and the  
World.

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## THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

AFTER volcanoes husht with snows,  
Up where the wide-winged condor goes,  
Great Aconcagua, husht and high,  
Sends down the ancient peace of the sky.

So, poised in clean Andean air,  
Where bleak with cliffs the grim peaks stare,  
Christ, reaching out his sacred hands,  
Sheds his brave peace upon the lands.

There once of old wild battles roared  
 And brother-blood was on the sword;  
 Now all the fields are rich with grain  
 And only roses redden the plain.

Torn were the peoples with feuds and hates—  
 Fear on the mountain-walls, death at the gates;  
 Then through the clamor of arms was heard  
 A whisper of the Master's word.

“Fling down your swords; be friends again:  
 Ye are not wolf-packs: ye are men.  
 Let brother-counsel be the Law;  
 Not serpent fang, not tiger claw.”

Chile and Argentina heard;  
 The great hopes in their spirits stirred;  
 The red swords from their clenched fists fell,  
 And heaven shone out where once was hell!

They hurled their cannons into flame  
 And out of the forge the strong Christ came.  
 'Twas thus they molded in happy fire  
 The tall Christ of their heart's desire. . . .

O Christ of Olivet, you husht the wars  
 Under the far Andean stars:  
 Lift now your strong nail-wounded hands  
 Over all peoples, over all lands—

Stretch out those comrade hands to be  
A shelter over land and sea!

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## THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

BY ANNA P. HANNUM

FAR, far away to the south of these United States, on the other side of the Equator, at the farthest end of South America, are the countries of Chile and Argentina. While we are picking roses and shooting firecrackers on the Fourth of July, they are shivering in winter; and they have their roses and warm weather at Christmas. In their winter, the sun is away at the north making us warm; and they talk about the South Pole when they want to name the coldest place they can. You might think that would be a very topsy-turvy place to be in; but you must not expect to hear that the people walk on their heads or build their houses upside down, for they are not really very different, after all, from North Americans. They have their work and their play, their good times and their bad times and their just-middling times, as we do. They have their election days, when they choose their Presidents and Congressmen (though they do not call them so), and then there are speeches and parades and brass bands and great excitement just as there is

here. Although they have their flower time at Christmas, they do not love the dear Christ-child any the less for that, and they welcome His birthday as gladly as any of you. In fact, if they had not loved the Christ-child very dearly, there would not have been any story to tell; but you see they did; so this was the way it happened.

It was really the fault of the Andes mountains; though they certainly did not mean to do any harm and never even knew they did. Now the Argentine Republic is on the Atlantic Ocean side of South America, and Chile on the Pacific side, and the Andes mountains rise between. These are very, very high mountains, so high that the snow never melts on their tops, but stays there both in summer and in winter, as on our Rockies; in fact, they are really the southern end of the Rockies, with a different name. Since the mountains are so very high, and so snowy, and rocky, and very steep, you can easily see that it would be hard work for surveyors to scramble up with their tripods to find out just where the boundary line between the two countries really ought to be. So they just did what they could, and the places that did not seem to matter much they took for granted. Thus it happened that in some places nobody knew where the boundary line really was; but the rulers of both countries thought they knew, and you may be sure they thought it was

just where it would give their own particular country the biggest share of the land and the best right to the lakes and rivers. If they had been two naughty boys, they would have said, "I tell you the rights to those lakes and rivers are mine," and "They're not; they're mine." Then they would have begun to pound each other, which would not have decided at all which one really owned the lakes and rivers, but only which one had the strongest fists. Although not naughty boys, they behaved much like them; for they squabbled in long Spanish words, and then began to get ready to fight it out.

Each one tried to build the biggest warships, make the most guns and drill the greatest number of soldiers; and the poor people of both countries, who did not care at all where the boundary was, had to pay for it all, although they might not have enough money left to buy shoes for their children.

This was the way things were going when the women and clergymen of the country made up their minds to try to put a stop to it. The good Bishop Benavente, of Argentina, went around the country pleading for peace and trying to make the people think what a very foolish thing war is.

After they were done fighting, he said, they would not know any better than before to whom the land and the rights to the waterways really

did belong; they would be merely causing their families to suffer and spending their money foolishly. He begged the people to remember Christ and to keep peace. Over in Chile, Bishop Java went among his people and talked to them in the same way; and before long the two bishops and their faithful priests made the people see how foolish it would be to hate and wound and kill each other, when they might easily settle the question without hurting any one, and become better friends than ever before.

So the two countries agreed to ask the King of England to be their judge. Like a wise judge, he gave each a part of the country in dispute, and settled the question of the rights to the waterways so that every one was well satisfied and thankful to have the matter so happily ended. In their friendly joy, they made treaties of peace.

Now the question arose, what should they do with all their cannon and warships and forts, which would not be needed, if there was to be no war? Finally, it was agreed that they should sell their ships to merchants, to carry useful things—wool, wheat, metals—all over the world. They sent the soldiers home to work in the fields and mines, and they spent the money their ships and guns used to cost, in making better roads and safer harbors.

In the meantime, a beautiful statue of Christ

had been made by a young sculptor of Argentina, named Señor Mateo Alonso, from bronze cannon which had been taken at the time Argentina was fighting against Spain for her independence. The cannon were melted into a great figure of Christ more than twenty-five feet high, with one hand stretched out to bless the two peaceful countries, and the other holding a cross. One hundred thousand dollars were raised, mostly by the women of both countries, to pay for this wonderful statue. The leading part in the work was taken by Angela de Oliviera Cezar de Costa. On the 28th of May, 1903, the day the treaty of peace was signed, Señora de Costa invited the President of Argentina and General Montt, the representative of the President of Chile, to come to the yard of a large college in Argentina to inspect this great statue. While they were there she asked permission to have it placed on the highest accessible pinnacle of the Andes, on one of the disputed boundary lines. This was granted, and, after the winter had passed, the work of getting it up the mountains was begun.

The statue was so large and heavy that this was a hard matter. It was carried by rail to the base of the mountains; the rest of the way was so rough and steep that not even the biggest and strongest railroad engine could climb it; so it was placed on gun carriages, drawn by mules. Where



the road was too bad for the mules to climb safely, the people took the ropes and helped, for fear the precious statue might fall and break.

There was great joy on the day when the statue was finally ready in its place. Hundreds of people toiled up the steep road the night before, to be ready for the hymns and prayers when the statue should be uncovered. The Argentines camped on the Chilean side of the boundary, and the Chileans on the Argentine side, to show their friendship and good-will. When the statue was at last all ready to be seen, there was a great burst of music and firing of guns. The sound echoed far over the mountains and through the valleys, where all the people could hear and add their voices to the chorus.

Then every one waited in breathless silence while the cover was taken off, and the lovely face of Christ looked at them, seeming to say again, as of old, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." In the hearts of those hundreds of people the angels sang again their chorus of "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

There stands that statue now, strong and immovable as the Andes themselves, where Chile and Argentina may look and remember for ages to come. They have learned the lesson of peace,

and these are the words they have written on the granite at the base of the statue:

“Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain.”

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## THE UNIVERSAL PEACE

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

FOR I dipped into the future, far as human eye  
could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder  
that would be;  
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of  
magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with  
costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there  
rained a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the  
central blue;  
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-  
wind rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro'  
the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the  
battle-flags were furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the  
world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a  
fretful realm in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in  
universal law.



VIII  
STORIES



## THE CALL \*

BY O. W. FIRKINS

I WAS second lieutenant of a hastily recruited Oregon company in the American Expeditionary Force, and the incident I relate occurred in the difficult and anxious weeks of the American conquest of the Argonne. The forest was intricate, the trails narrow, and the signs which the native read with ease were inscrutable to the foreigner. The men were forced to advance in small linear detachments, which were separated for hours from the main body, and the danger of any group that failed to rejoin its companions at the appointed time and place was very great. A French guide was assigned to each detachment. His place was at the head of the column, while the second lieutenant who directed the movement took his place in the rear except when actual fighting was in progress. The reason for this was simple but sufficing. Americans between battles are only human, and in the course of a trying march through hilly and woody country the temptation to leave ranks in quest of a rabbit or squirrel, of rest, or,—most of all, in quest of

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\* This story is not based on fact.

trust in Pierre made me slightly inattentive to the rest.

In the morning all went well. The day was fine, the trees were a shield from the sun, and for hours I had no occasion to remind a straggler of his duty. I amused myself by watching Mont St. Robert as it showed itself from time to time through the ravines that seamed the forest. On its side was a decayed fortification of the Roman era, in which windows or rather openings of various sizes could be made out by the help of a field-glass. I counted twenty-three distinct apertures with various flecks or patches which might be openings or might be stains. The fire of the enemy, though often heard, rarely grazed our column. At ten o'clock a ball nipped a soldier's knee; at half-past three a sergeant's cheek was ripped open. When Pierre and I met for a few moments, his tranquillity was reassuring.

In the later afternoon the men's spirits flagged a little; the fire, though mainly harmless, was steady as ever, and about four o'clock I was disturbed by an incident of absolutely no importance, as it seemed, except the importance which the smallest mystery possesses to men traversing an unknown and hostile country. A file like ours is a spinal column in which the vertebræ are men. That column has a spinal marrow which on occasion can quiver from end to end. About



four o'clock I felt what I can only describe as a shudder run down this cord and terminate in me. The column scarcely paused; no accident was reported; my inquiries of the half-dozen men in front of me elicited nothing but confused or humorous replies. From that moment, however, I was a little anxious. I had a sense of moving east instead of west, a sense which it was hard to prove or disprove, since the path ran first east, then west, like the lacings of a shoe, and landmarks were rarely to be seen.

I began to look a little eagerly for signs of the end of the day's journey. After four o'clock we might hope to come upon the stone bridge that crossed the little river Aure. Four o'clock came, half-past, five o'clock, but no river. It was nearly six o'clock when Mont St. Robert, which had last been seen about an hour after midday, emerged into clear view through another break in the forest. It looked strangely near and clear, and the impulse to count as a sedative to the nerves made me reckon up again the visible openings on its hoary and broken front. I counted twice: the total was certain; there were twenty-nine. Only one inference was possible: we were approaching Mont St. Robert, from which we should gradually have receded, and were moving northeast toward the points where the German force was concentrated.

I was sure that Pierre had been wounded or blinded; nothing less could have beguiled his vigilance. Hastily halting the line, I made my way forward with some effort, only to find Pierre gone and an American private in the lead. To my angry question this man replied a little shakily: "Dead, sir—didn't you know? Shell splinter—the heart. About four o'clock." Between grief, wrath, and alarm, I could hardly put the questions that hurried to my lips. Pierre had died, as the man said, about four o'clock, and the soldier nearest him had tried to send a message back to me. That message had evaporated on the way. It had passed, as it crept down the line, from certainty to probability, from probability to conjecture, from conjecture to a vague hint of unknown evil, till it reached me finally as a shapeless fear. At the point where Pierre fell, the trail was unusually distinct, and the head soldier, in the absence of orders and the vanity of leadership, had passed on. He had failed to note the point where the trail diverged to the northwest, and we were astray without a guide near set of sun in the depths of an intricate and unknown forest raked by German fire.

The head soldier protested that he could guide us back, and after a moment's irresolution I allowed him to try. Twilight falls early and blurs the trails in a great forest. In a quarter of an

hour he admitted his bewilderment. A second tried, a third, I tried myself—all to no purpose. Extrication by our own means at that hour was plainly out of the question. I ordered the men to halt and lie down at intervals of six feet. The distress of the men, though not extreme, was very evident. Brave men are not brave in all situations, even in war. They are brave in certain well-defined situations, and are likely to be over-set by something, perhaps not so dangerous in itself, which lies outside their program of contingencies. The earth and air themselves seem suddenly hostile, and the very stars, gleaming through the tree-trunks, seemed to signal their whereabouts to the enemy.

We lay in this suspense for about three-quarters of an hour. We had grown used to all the sounds of the forest, even to the firing and distant shellbursts, when the attention of the troop was suddenly arrested by a new sound—a long, vaguely musical, surprisingly low, surprisingly penetrating sound. The men stirred, half sat up, awaited some signal from me, whispered inaudibly, and, remembering orders, crouched on the ground again. I spoke to the man beside me—a phlegmatic but trustworthy fellow named Jenkins—in what I meant to be a steady voice.

“Jenkins, you heard that sound?”

“Yes, sir.”

"What was it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What do you think it was?"

"Pierre's whistle, sir."

"But Pierre—" I could not end the sentence.

"I know, sir. In the heart."

"Then it's not his whistle?"

"No, sir." (Tone perfectly respectful, but quite incredulous.)

I lay down with a brusque movement intended to bring back Jenkins to his senses. In less than three minutes the sound came again—this time with something like an appeal, an urgency, in its long concluding glide. It brought half the men to a sitting posture. I was not angry with them, but I spoke angrily for all that.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir." They lay down again obediently.

Something forced me to turn to Jenkins again.

"Was that Pierre's whistle, Jenkins?"

"I think so, sir."

"You think dead men whistle?"

"I don't know much about dead men, sir. But I know Pierre's whistle."

"Is he dead or alive, do you think?"

"I don't know." He stopped, then resumed respectfully: "Does it matter, sir?"

"Matter?"

"I mean, I would trust Pierre, alive or dead. He would still be Pierre. I would trust him to help us."

I looked hard at the blurred human shape beside me in the shadow. "Jenkins," I said, "you're the one man of sense in this detachment. Alive or dead, we'll follow his whistle."

I drew the men around me as noiselessly as I could, and told them of my purpose. The red mounted to my cheek in the dark when I thought of re-telling the story to the club at home or reporting it to my senior officer the next day. But the ripple of smothered laughter which I had expected from Americans informed of a design so puerile did not come. The men were alert, almost hopeful, as I ranged them in a somewhat shortened line and took my place at their head. Jenkins came next, and the third man was a young physician whose advice and skill had served me more than once. The whistle had stopped, and, after my preparations were made, I had a moment's fear lest the redescending silence should prove that I had been a fool. I was almost cursing myself for succumbing to the vagaries of an untaught man like Jenkins, when from the southwest, about a hundred yards away, the sound came again, low, clear, restrained, imperative. I felt the line behind me tighten like

a bowstring. "Forward," I said, and we plunged into the gloom.

The travel was very slow at first, but as our feet grew adept in the manners of the ground, we were able slowly to increase our pace. At brief intervals I ordered the men to number themselves—one, two, three, four, etc.—to make sure that no one had fallen from the ranks. After about ten minutes, the increasing firmness and flatness of the ground indicated that we had come upon a trail. We should have lost the track repeatedly, however, but for the variations in the note of the whistle, which took on a sharp, short, warning emphasis when we deviated from the path. The German fire crossed our route rather irregularly and aimlessly from time to time, and I noticed, or thought I noticed, that the voice timed itself to these explosions, bringing us to a halt by its cessation just before a tract of ground in our front was swept by hostile fire. A cheerfulness and trust, remarkable in view of the danger and difficulty that still encircled us, animated the entire column, and I felt its rebound in the rise of my own spirits. We were clearly retracing our route, and I tried to recall remembered objects, though in that darkness it was very hard to make out a correspondence between dim sights and dimmer memories.

I should have been glad to identify the spot at

which the route that our companions had taken diverged to the northwest. But any such discovery was clearly not to be hoped for; a route which we had missed in daylight would not disclose itself to the most anxious scrutiny in the dark. The whistle came more and more decidedly from the south; it was guiding us back to our camp of the previous day. One spot on that route I still hoped to ascertain, the spot where Pierre had fallen. A moment came when one of the men who had been close to Pierre when he fell pointed out a large oak under which he was nearly sure that we should find the dead body of our guide. He was wrong; there was nothing under the tree but knotted roots and trampled grass tufts. We resumed our course; he pointed out more timidly another tree, and, on reaching the spot, we came upon a dusky, horizontal object, in which, by the glimmer of the single lantern we had dared to light, we made out successively a body, a face, the face of Pierre. He had bled freely, and the ground beside him was moist to the hand. The doctor felt his heart. "Quite dead," he said. "Has he been dead long?" I asked. "Three hours at least." It was not five minutes since we had heard the whistle, a whistle that seemed bright with the confidence of rescue.

"Go back to the file," I said. "I'll join you presently." I stooped down once more and

looked into my friend's face. There was a peace on the lips that might have been taken for a smile. I am an Anglo-Saxon, with a liberal share of the self-curbing instincts of my race, but I think that if the whole troop had been there in full daylight I could not have withstood the impulse which made me stoop and press my lips to Pierre's. As I was about to lift my head I was seized with a still less rational impulse. I put my ear to those lips. In the excitement of my shaken nerves I mistook for a sound in the ear what was—what must have been—an echo in the memory. Fancy or truth, I heard these whispered words: "When need is, they come back."

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## THE CONTRACT OF CORPORAL TWING

BY SOLON K. STEWART

Two men sat on a sandstone ledge, looking out across the desert. Behind them stood a third.

To the north, just visible over the edge of the dun-hued cliff, two hawks wheeled and circled in the cloud-flecked sky. These and the figures on the ledge were the only life in the compass of hills and bluffs which ringed them round on every side.

It was that transitional period when—the last of the snows a month gone, the terrible heat of



Mesopotamian summer weeks in the future—the upland valleys of the Jebel Hamrin still bloom like a garden, their fragrance riding down the wind even past Deli Abbas far out on the desert, already parched and burning under the ardent sun.

The country was such as would have delighted the eye of the scenic painter: the long, serrated ridges of crumbling sandstone, the broad swales, the grass- and flower-grown valleys between the bold, upstanding cliffs, and an occasional flaring patch of scarlet poppies giving a touch of color to their towering drabness.

At their right, its spidery legs asprawl on the rock, the steel ferrules firmly wedged in a natural fissure, and two holes drilled for them, the tripod of a signaler's glass was standing, the telescope pointed through the break in the escarpment four miles away, where the Mosul road debouched from the hills, meandered across the desert to Deli Abbas; and, crossing the Khalis, straggled on through Baqubah to Baghdad, sixty miles away.

The smallest of the three had the air of one intently watching, his hands clasped about his bare knees, the iron heelplates of his heavy ammunition boots braced in a jagged crack of the rock. The other seated figure, his face shaded by the peak of his topee, was setting down, letter

by letter, in carefully made block capitals, the message repeated by the man whose eye was glued to the lens of the telescope.

The desert spread its immensity before them.

Far away to the southwest, a dark smudge of cloud against the dancing horizon showed where Abu Saida and Abu Jezra, the most advanced outpost of the British, across the Diyalah, lay baking under the brassy sun. A blue-green island in the tawny sea betokened Deli Abbas; the caravan routes, threading their way hither and yon across the vast emptiness, looked for all the world like streaks of foam left on the placid surface of the unrippled ocean by some vessel long since hull down over the horizon.

Here and there, attracting the eye rather by motion than color, a black bar, like a water-logged spar, bespoke a random Aram; his aba merging into the desert background as soon as motion ceased. Brown patches, as of floating seaweed, resolved themselves into camel-hair khayyams of Bedouins; their scattered flocks like schools of slow-moving fish.

The men were silent, impressed by the dreary majesty of the scene unrolled like a map before their feet. The garish sun beat down out of a brazen sky on the tortured world. Under its rays objects five miles away were well-nigh as distinctly seen as if half a mile distant in a less

clear atmosphere. So it was that the askari, crouching in the shelter of a great upstanding dun-colored boulder, was able to make the shot he would otherwise never have attempted.

For more than an hour, moving with infinite caution, he had made his way along the narrow, sand-covered bench, a quarter of a mile distant. It was the only spot in the immediate circle of hills from which a rifle bullet could reach the ledge occupied by the signalers without coming in range of the machine gun standing with legs wide aspraddle a few feet from the glass. His tarboosh was laid aside, his head wrapped in a strip of khaki, the same tint as the sandstone ledge along which he crawled. His khundaras, the heavy, hob-nailed Turkish marching boots, had been removed, and his feet wrapped in a pair of puttees. His buttons were blackened in the fire, every bit of metal about his rifle sand-papered, and covered with khaki paint. For the Turkish snipers left nothing undone to insure success when stalking their human prey.

Taking advantage of every projection in the dun-hued wall, crawling flat on his belly, lying for long periods absolutely motionless, he gained the nearest point, on the desert side of the valley. So skillful had been his approach, that the sharp eyes of the seated cockney, ceaselessly moving up and down the valley, narrowly scanning the face

of the opposite bluff from time to time, had failed to notice him.

Reaching the narrowed end of the ledge, where another foot's advance would have plunged him over the edge, to go hurtling down two hundred feet to the rocks below, he carefully thrust forward his rifle, moving with infinite slowness and patience. He knew the range; and carefully adjusted the telescope sight, which he extracted from the padded case strapped to his side under his armpit. Resting the muzzle on the edge, he took aim. Holding his lungs half full, his sinewy forefinger curling about the trigger with a steady pressure instead of a pull, he fired.

As the echoes reverberated in avalanches of sound, flying back and forth from wall to wall, filling the gorge with thunderous roars, the seated figure sprang to his feet, threw his arms aloft with the jerky motion of a marionette, and half spun about on his toes. Then he plunged, face downward on the scorching surface of the rock, his head striking with the sickening crunch of bone. His splaying fingers clawed the rock, his body gave a convulsive twitch, and then lay still in the garish sunlight.

Instinctively the two remaining men threw themselves flat beside the gun.

"From across the valley," whispered the man who had been looking through the telescope.

“Right through the chest. It couldn’t have come from any other direction.”

“Yuss,” answered his companion in a hoarse, broken voice, “bli-me! That Johnny can shoot. Poor ole Perkins—”

In far-away Deli Abbas a heliograph was twinkling, and the signaler’s voice trailed away into tense silence, as he read the pregnant dots and dashes.

A A A Message received A A A If can hold out till dark relieving party leaves Deli Abbas hr past dark A A A Repeat back for confirmation if recd A A A

The cockney uttered a crackling oath, snarling in savage anger as he turned to his companion.

“Much bloody good it’ll do us, the bleeders starting an hour arter dark. ’Owever, we’ll ’ave to bloody well acknowledge their—message. Gawd’s truth! You’d think the barstards was in barricks, pipe-claying their belts and a-polishin’ of their buttons, they’re that cashul like.

“Gawd stri-me pink! British Harmacy? Mob of perishing—!

“Watch out for that there Johnny, an’ fire at anythink wot moves; ’e ’as ’imself wrapped in khaki, more’n likely; but ’e must rise to fire, an’ you’ll see ’im move.”

Waiting till his silent companion had the gun adjusted, the muzzle trained tentatively toward

the opposite bluff, the signaler cautiously raised himself; and, with lowered head, advanced slowly to the helio. A puff of smoke sprang out from the ledge, and he fell flat on the rock beside the instrument, uttering a string of lurid obscenities as the bullet struck within six inches of his head, ricocheted, and hummed down the valley like some angry giant fly.

As an echo to the thunderous roar of the Turk's rifle, the gun's prattle sounded like the ripping and tearing of some gigantic fabric. The steel stream swept the wall a quarter of a mile away. In the clear air they saw the sniper stagger half way to his feet, claw wildly at his chest, and spin over the edge, his body twisting round and round before it struck the bottom with a sickening crunch which carried to their ears.

Once more the cockney rose. He made a lightning adjustment, and flashed back the RD signifying they were alive, and the message received. He did not dare stand upright long enough to repeat the message back, not knowing what unseen eyes might be watching from some concealed niche in the rocks. As he threw himself down, his blue eyes darting up and down the valley with quick, terrierlike glances, he reached out a scrawny, sunburned hand and drew his rifle toward him. The other raised his head slightly, and sent a long, searching look in the

direction of the Sakaltuton Pass, seven miles away. He started to speak. His eyes wandered toward the break in the escarpment; and he remained silent, as his eyes ranged the vast expanse of drab desolation. Insensibly, he yielded to the influence of the wonderful prospect unfolded maplike before him. No one can look for long at the desert and remain unresponsive to its subtle quiescence.

The rock became hotter and hotter as the morning advanced and the sun climbed toward the zenith. From time to time puffs of dead, sterile wind blew over them, making the flesh tingle where the drenched flannel shirts clung to them like plaster. The metal work of the gun was almost unbearable to the touch; and their spine-pads were heated as if by the blast from an open furnace door.

“Gawd bli-me!” the smaller man’s voice broke the pervasive quiet, the tones, for all their sharpness, sounding dead and flat in the still void. “Saint Peter fryin’ on ’is bleedin’ grid was ’aving a chill to wot we’re getting ’ere, along of roasting on this—rock, and blistering under this bloody sun, wiv no water to drink between nah and sun-dahn.

“Gawd’s curse on this country, and them as wants to tyke it! Let Johnny keep it an’ be damned to ’im! The whole damned Mespot ain’t

worth the life of one Tommy—such as 'im," and he choked suddenly, as he indicated the motionless form of their mate, face downward on the scorching rock, above which two tayaaras, the Mesopotamian vultures, were already slowly circling high in the blue emptiness.

"Well, well," the other answered, his voice, quiet, grave, deep-toned, sounding in strange contrast to his companion's querulous, hysterical speech, "swearing never did any good yet, that I could see. Keep your pecker up, and carry on. We only have to sit tight, and keep our eyes open, and they'll be here before midnight.

"Though God knows—"

The cockney interrupted with a snarling laugh.

"Oh, yuss! Of course Gawd knows all abaht it, no daht. But a bloody lot 'e cares for the likes of you and me. 'Ere's you, an' me, and 'im," with a convulsive movement of the throat, as he indicated the quiet form, "we're blinkin' Christians—or so our crime sheets an' medical 'istries says. Rahnd in these yere 'ills is the bleedin' Turks, wot worships Aller, and their bleedin' Mahomet. They're tykin' pot shots at our Christian 'eads, like narsty little boys shyin' cocoanuts on 'Ampstead 'Eath August bank 'oliday, every time we raises our nappers. Garn! You give me the pip. The ruddy chaplains say the cross'll prove triumphant over the blinkin' crescent. But—wot



price the cross, with us a-grillin' like two—kip-pers, 'ere on this sizzlin' rock?"

"If we only trust—"

"Yah! You gospel wallahs is all alike. You give me the bleedin' sick, wiv your trust and bloody faif. We 'ad faif and trust in our bleedin' officer; an' 'ere we walks plumb into this nullah, wiv the Turks pottin' us from every rock, till there's only me an' you an' poor ole Perkins 'ere, waitin' till some sniper sends us West. Arf the Turkish harmy between us an' Abu Saida, an' you tell me to trust.

"If Gawd knows we're 'ere, why don't 'e stretch out 'is hand, an' bloody well get us aht of it; or at least go *arsty* wiv the 'eat of the ruddy sun."

The other did not answer. His long, lean figure, asprawl on the rock, looked like some fantastic mannikin, thrown carelessly down, its part played out. The spidery supports of telescope and heliograph looked too tenuous to be real. The squat gun was like some great toy beetle, the stumpy tripod fixed firmly in the fissured rock giving it a maimed, one-sided appearance, as if one of its legs had been torn off in the drama just played.

The cockney continued, after a brief pause. His voice was low and far-away, the monotonous sing-song showing that he talked as much for his own satisfaction, as for the other's ears.

“Elijah Twing. Elijah! That’s me: signaler corpril, passed aht at Canterbury, expert signaler, wiv two glags up, and droring proficiency pay. Gawd bli-me! Wiv a monniker like Elijah—an’ the ’eathen Turks a-chasin’ of me through these perishin’ ’ills, leavin’ me ’ere a-grillin’ on the rocks.

“The sparrers fed Elijah in the wilderness, an’ took ’im up in a bleedin’ chariot of fire—w’ich couldn’t ’ave been pleasant, if it was arf as ’ot as this sun on my backside, and the rock a-scorchin’ of me in front. And Joshua ’e told the sun to stand still. Why? ’E was a blinkin’ genril. ’E ’ad a bloody E.P. tent to sit under the shyde of. Wot did ’e care—grantin’ it’s all true—if ’is men ’ad to march in the ’eat, carryin’ their rifles an’ baynits, an’ their bleedin’ packs. ’E was a perishin’ officer. It’s them as always ’as the best of it. ’Ere’s us—roasting. Does the officer oo got us into this mess ’ave to lie ’ere an’ bake? Nah. ’E cops it peaceful-like, an’ leaves the likes of you an’ me to be roasted, an’ baked, an’ potted, w’ile another officer, miles away across the bleedin’ desert ’eliographs to us to trust in ’im—’e’ll bloody well get us aht of it.

“Yuss; they’ll get us aht of it—w’en we’ve snuffed it, and the —— wild ’ill Arabs ’as cut an’ ’acked us, an’ took our clobber off, and left us

nakid 'ere for the — jackals to sniff and gnaw at.

“An' you a-wantin' to snuffle a yimn. Oh, yuss, I know. Me favver an' me muvver was bible punchers same as you, always a-tellin' of 'im an' 'is ways. But 'e's always for them wot has. I've seed it since I came 'ere to the East—always on the side of the officers. The Tommies? Bli-me! They can shift for themselves: Gawd's busy lookin' out for the officers, an' the bloody Turks.

“One of us must be right. You're C. of E. I'm chapel, Perkins there was R.C. One of the three must 'a been Christians. But w'en night comes, the 'eathen Turks'll come, led by this Aller they worships, an' oo'll be better off—me, as trusted my officer, oo trusted to Gawd, Perkins oo went to Mass last week, or Johnny, as trusts to Aller-an' cops the bloody lot of us?”

The low, monotonous voice droned on. Under garish light of Eastern midday, death ringing them round, death beating down from the unclouded sky, to strike them down with a touch if their heads were for a moment uncovered by the pith topees, he droned of his home in the London slums, the life of hardship and semi-starvation, the years in the board school, the voyage, the return to the slums, the enlistment to escape the prospect of a quick old age, the workhouse,

and the potter's field at the end. The war came; and he looked on death in every hideous form, never to see the shielding, guiding hand of God, though every Gospel wallah and bible puncher told of His mercy and loving kindness.

He laughed cynically.

"So," he concluded, "'ave it as you like. Gawd or no Gawd, I'm 'aving none in mine. A signaler corpril I am, Elijah Twing wot rose from the ranks by 'is own 'elp, knowing that if 'e must trust somebody, it was 'imself, Signaler Corpril Twing."

He had said it all before, in barracks, on the transport, in camp on the desert's outermost rim. It was long familiar to the man at his side, who gave no heed, his eyes incessantly sweeping the valley's length.

Watchful as he was, he did not see the figure six hundred yards away, clinging like a fly to the sheer wall, up which he had been working for an hour past.

The ledge on which they lay commanded the knife-cut in the hills known as the Abu Hajar Pass. To gain the desert and Deli Abbas, the Turks must run the gauntlet of the gun's murderous fire. Alone of the outpost of twenty men, Twing and Carson had been able to gain it; where they remained, straining anxious eyes toward Deli Abbas and the supporting column. The Thirteenth Turkish Army Corps, and the

British Thirteenth Division were speeding toward the pass; one from the plains between the Jebel Hamrin and the Persian frontier, the other across the desert from the railhead at Abu Saida. British and Turkish planes had plotted the hills, engaged in battle, returned to their commands to report. The British outpost had arrived first in the pass, been surprised, wiped out with the exception of the men on the rock. And in their hands, an unbelieving, ignorant cockney, and a deeply religious, taciturn clerk, was the fate of two armies. So are the destinies of nations decided.

The climbing askari, like his luckless precursor, gained the seemingly inaccessible peak, uncoiled the rope wrapped about him, fastened it to a pinnacle of the rock. Half-screened by the shoulder of the cliff, clinging to the rope as they climbed, a dozen Turks swarmed up, to find ample footing. The machine gun was hoisted, assembled, trained on the unconscious figures on the lower ledge.

Twing was about to resume his monody of unbelief when the valley once more resounded with the tattoo of machine-gun fire, and the steel struck the rock about the two signalers, whirling down the stony corridor like a flight of insane bumblebees. The tall man gave a sudden, sharp cry, half-starting from his recumbent posi-

tion. Then he collapsed and lay still, the stain on the rock telling its own grim story.

There was a slight depression a few feet away. To it the corporal dragged his wounded mate. His first-aid kit was torn open, and the hurt, a ragged groove across the chest, quickly and skillfully dressed.

“Right-o, matey!” and one who had heard the blasphemous utterances would not have recognized the voice, its tones soft and gentle as a woman’s. “Right as a top, my old brancher. Lie doggo, w’ile I give the bleeders wot for.”

Clinging like a limpet to the rock, he moved cautiously forward, an inch at a time, till he could reach the ankle of the dead signaler. He pulled the body forward till it lay, a parapet of flesh and bone, along the edge of the depression. With a sudden spring and rush, he reached the gun, picked it up, and slid into the depression, the bullets from the Turks’ weapon singing about him like angry wasps. With quick and capable hands he adjusted the piece, straightened the belt.

Many and long were the hours when, cursing the sergeants mentally, filled with hot, blind rage at this intangible, compelling something called discipline, his eyes burning, his face grimy with sweat and powder-smoke, his throat smarting with the pungent fumes, he had fired at the butts on Salisbury Plain. Now he thanked whatever

gods he worshiped that the sergeants had been men who knew their work, that he had learned it well, hateful though it was.

The smoking muzzle just clear of his mate's dead body, he sent a tentative shot or two droning up the gorge. The range found, the tap-tapping of the gun quickened to the steady roar of the weapon served by expert hands. The Turkish fire died away, as the crew threw themselves down to escape the steel messengers of death.

As soon as their fire ceased, he ceased in turn, watching the ledge cautiously, above the dead body.

Telescope and helio had been smashed, but the night lamp, safe in the depression, had escaped injury.

The heat grew and grew as the sun reached the meridian, and began sliding down toward the Tigris and Lake Shari. The wounded man, unprotected, burning with the raging fever induced by a gunshot wound, had not uttered a complaint since that first sharp cry. Twing raised his head, and rested it on his knee, placing his own body so that it would shade the other somewhat.

The long afternoon dragged its seemingly interminable length across the brazen sky. Now and again the Turks, perched on their dizzy pinnacle, sent a desultory shot in the direction of Twing and his wounded companion. Each time

it was received with a snarling curse, and answered by a withering stream of fire which made them throw themselves flat for safety on the rock.

Once, the party in the pass attempted a sudden rush, thinking to catch him unawares, and gain the shelter of the fallen sandstone slabs, just inside the mouth of the pass. This done, they could have held it against any force from the desert till their main body, five hours' march away, came up.

At the first echoing sound of the iron-heeled khundaras, which carried far through the somnolent air, Twing depressed the gun, traversing to the left. As the askaris dashed into the open, the gun spat fire, the bullets ricochetting from the rocky bottom; the bent and twisted steel inflicting wounds more terrible than direct hits. Followed by the cries, the groans, the calls on Allah from their stricken fellows, they crowded back into the shelter of the rock.

Carson was delirious, the burning fever of the gunshot wound increased by the terrific heat. There was nothing Twing could do to ease him. Their water was gone, spilled from bullet-struck bottles in the night. That in the casing of the gun was all but boiling, impregnated with oil. His ears tortured by the ceaseless moaning, which was occasionally broken by wild cries as his mate strove frantically to rise and dash away in search



of a cooling drink, the little corporal sat huddled behind the gun, his body interposed between the sun and the raving man. He cast his eyes toward the desert, and stiffened in every fiber, as his eyes swept the far-away horizon.

Far away, almost at the desert's rim, something was moving. Out from the smudge which represented Qualat al Mufti, midway between Abu Jezra, and Deli Abbas it came, skirting the Serajik Marshes: a long, slow-moving snake, crawling toward the hills.

"Oh, yuss!" he said hoarsely; his broken, discolored teeth showing in a snarl like a dog's. "You're a-comin' for us—arter we're done in by these bleedin' Turks. And I 'ope they don't arf mess you abaht, afore you drives 'em aht of it."

Both tripods were smashed by the Turkish bullets. But, "grouse" as he might, the instinct of discipline was strong within him. He reached out with infinite caution, and drew the brass-bound telescope to him. It drew a shot, which he automatically returned; and the torrid silence once more settled down. Luckily, the lenses were unbroken. He focussed the glass, resting it across the dead man's haunches. Yes, the long column, advancing slowly, determinedly, was heading straight into the escarpment. As he looked, the helio at Abu Jezra twinkled, and he caught the CC signifying a code message. He read. It was

to the effect that the column was to rest at Deli Abbas an hour upon arrival. The men already there were to fall in as soon as darkness fell, take the pass, relieve the party established there, hold the position till the supporting column moved up.

"Oh, yuss! But would the bleeders be so bloody anxious if they knew all that was left of their party was us, and—this! This, wot was poor ole Perkins? Tell 'em? I don't think!"

Mile by mile, as the sky became overcast with the afternoon's banked-up clouds, the column wound its way across the desert while the unprotected corporal held his sun-tortured body before his mate. Had the summer been at its height, he would never have lasted the day. As it was, the crest of the heat passed, leaving him weak, spent, half-crazed with heat, thirst, and anxiety.

The western horizon dimmed, and faded, as the sun drooped low behind Lake Shari and the Tigris. The flamboyant colors of the Mesopotamian sunset flaunted their chromatic splendors across the sky, which purpled, flamed into saffron and crimson-gold, faded into pink, to pearly grey. Then the all-pervading purple wrapped the world in mystery. A lone jackal yapped once, somewhere far off in the twisting maze of gorges and valleys.

As the darkness settled, Twing sent a tentative shot wailing down the gorge, to warn the Turks that he was watching, always watching. There

was no answer; the hills were as quiet as the desert.

The night lamp was uninjured and again discipline asserted itself. He adjusted it. Then taking off his shirt, he wrung out the sweat, and rolled it into a cushion for Carson's head. Rising, he stretched his cramped limbs, drawing in deep breaths of the keen night air. With night, coolness came with a suddenness almost startling. In ten minutes, though the rock was still almost unbearable to the touch, he was shivering, his teeth chattering.

He had thought the day long. He did not know the seconds could drag so slowly by, as he sat down again, straining tensely in the dark; now to hear a rumor of the British approach, now to discern some stealthy sound telling that the Turks were stealing down the pass. For eighteen hours he had been without water, the greater part of the time under the fiercest heat in Asia. He had heard his mates struck down in that wild mêlée in the dark, and had barely won his way by stealth back to the ledge where Perkins and Carson were left with the instruments. Their fire had stemmed the rush of the Turks, uncertain what strength was there. The last to die had done so, horribly, within reach of his outstretched hand—and he unable to do a thing.

Through the day he had had something to

watch, on which to concentrate his mind. The care of his wounded mate engaged his attention when he was not watching the Turks. Now, Carson slept. And, stark and stiff, the body of Perkins served him as a back rest, as he sat, legs sprawl straight out in front of him.

The mysterious night noises of the hills, intensified a hundredfold by the echoes, filled the air with vague, unreal whisperings, as if the dead walked through the night, whispering to themselves and him. His head throbbed from the sun which had beat down on him all day. He broke into a sweat, despite the chill; felt himself cringing with unnamed dread, greater than any fear ever experienced when he looked Death in the eyes, smiling and unconcerned. A sudden tinkling sound caused him to spring frantically to the gun, and sear the darkness with the flashes from its muzzle. Whether or not the Turks had ventured into the open, he did not know.

"My Gawd, my Gawd! will the bleeders ever come!" he cried aloud; and then shrank within himself at the sound of his voice, thin and flat in the pervasive stillness. And he had not noticed till then how very still it was, as if the whispering dead ceased for a moment, listening to his cry.

"Bloody well balmy; off my chump," he muttered, getting control of his jangled nerves.

He had thought it quiet. Now, he knew that never, in London's busiest hour, had he heard so many sounds, so many whispering voices, unseen, but close at hand.

Carson awoke with a moaning request for water.

"Yuss, yuss, matey. I know its cruel 'ard. But there just ain't a drop. I'd drain my 'eart's blood, if that'd 'elp. But wot can I do, nah; wot can I do?"

"Oh, my God, water, water—just one drop," and the wounded man's voice trailed off incoherently; though ever and again Twing caught the one word, "water!"

"W'en they come," Twing began, pausing as a sudden thought struck him. "Wot if . . ."

Bending low, he lit the night lamp, adjusted the shutter, trained it toward where he thought the break in the escarpment to be. If they could see, if they had hearts, they would hurry, hurry, bringing water to his wounded mate. Again and again he sent the cry for help, peering into the darkness desertward for the flashed RD which would tell him his message was caught. It was useless; and the hours dragged by with no sound from Turks or British.

The noises of the hills again began their chorus. Carson woke calling for water in a weak whisper, fainter than before. The sound wrenched

Twing's heart. With proper care, Carson's wound would not be fatal. But, burning with fever, two hours under the morrow's sun would end in raving madness, and ghastly, searing death. Unless . . .

He cast a quick glance upward at the spreading, thickening canopy of cloud—the same overspreading blackness that the leading files of the British column, lying among the rocks outside the pass were watching, as they awaited the supporting column.

“My word!” the speaker seemed to have uttered the exclamation without volition. “Lightning—and at this time of the year.”

The words drew a sharply whispered reprimand from the nearest sergeant. But it drew the men's eyes aloft. And as they watched with an interest which deepened into wonder, the flash on the clouds was followed by a series of shorter ones, revolving themselves into the preliminary of a message, flashed by the shutter of a signal lamp.

The signalers among them read, repeating word by word the message dashed and dotted against the cloud-screened sky; a message the column heard with a rustle of amazed whisperings, which the officers did not think to stop. Slowly and evenly the dots and dashes followed each other in measured, ordered sequence, filling them with an emotion they could not have expressed in words.

A A A God this is corporal Twing expert signaler passed out Canterbury A A A I here on bloody rock my mate private Carson wounded A A A Rest of us gone West Some of them will get to you A A A God I said I didn't believe in you I don't now A A A Get my mate out of this bleeding mess and I believe in you A A A It's a bargain A A A God it ain't for myself I say this A A A It is laid down that NCO at all times see to comfort and safety of men in their charge A A A So I got to get him to British lines A A A It's a damn hard job A A A God give me the guts to carry on what I'm a doing of and carry on

Corporal Twing signaler

and there followed the VE signifying the end of the message.

There was no order given to the leading platoons. The platoons, as disciplined bodies of men, for a space were non-existent, for a space were stricken from the rolls of the British Army. There arose a murmur, which grew and strengthened to the deep-chested, roaring cheer of the English going into action, the wild yells of the Irish, the sullen shouts of the Highlanders, the eerie screeching of the Gurkhas, their sworn blood-brothers. There came the clatter of accouterments, the scraping of iron-shod heels on the rocks. Instinctively opening out, they moved at

a run, straight toward the dark, sinister mouth of the pass. Their officers shouted at them unheeded, unheeded beat them with their fists, menaced them with a drawn revolver here and there. They went forward steadily into the menacing darkness. Far up the pass sounded a shot, a rocket streaked up, burst into a blossom of flame, illuminating for an instant the dun, drab walls of the Abu Hajar. Then came the steady prattle of a machine gun.

“Damn your eyes, then!” a boyish voice sounded above the clatter of feet, as a subaltern cursed his men with fearsome blasphemies. “Come along, and see if you’re as willing to carry on as you were to start.”

They answered according to their nature. The English and the Scots fixed bayonets as they ran; the Irish clubbed their rifles; the little Gurkhas threw theirs clattering on the rocks, drawing the curved, wicked kukris dangling against their buttocks.

The Turks, too, had seen the message flashed on the clouds. Not able to read it, they had taken it as a signal to advance; and, reënforced by the rapidly arriving companies, started down the pass to meet the British.

Jammed in the narrow gut, they met breast-on in the dark; and, pressed forward by the eager men behind, were crushed so closely together,



straining, grunting, swearing, sweating, neither side able to raise arms with which to strike, till the Gurkhas, wriggling between the legs of their brothers, the Highlanders, ham-strung the foremost Turks, or ripped their bellies with the murderous knives. Stumbling and sliding, their weapons freed from the pressure by the fallen Turks, the British advanced a pace, swung their bayonets with the "hay-maker's" cut, uttering a sobbing "hu-uh!" as the steel struck home. The Highlanders cut and stabbed cannily in dour silence. Here and there a dull thud told when an Irish rifle crushed a Turkish skull. The Gurkhas yelped incessantly, as they plied their kukris, like eager hounds pulling down their prey.

Brought up hurriedly from the rear, a machine gun was mounted on a jutting ledge, and its streaming fire went above the advancing men into the Turks massed at the turn of the pass.

The Turks fought bravely. But the pressure of the British was irresistible. Their foe retreated slowly, sullenly, fighting doggedly, as is their habit. The turn of the pass was reached; and as the gorge opened into the broader valley, the leading files opened out, and sent a scattering volley into the rearmost companies. As more and more men came up, bringing the machine gun, the fire increased, and the retreating Turks moved faster and faster, back toward the heart of the

hills, followed by the exultant, triumphant British. Through the range, till they streamed out onto the plain of the Nahrin.

The open country before him, dimly seen as a blue-gray shadow, vague, unreal under the stars, the British commander gave an order, and a bugle shrilled the recall.

When the sun came up behind the towering, snow-clad Pusht-I-Koh, the mighty Persian Hills, and the day flamed suddenly into the Abu Hajr, the Thirteenth moved up, company by company, to occupy the coveted pass. The search party was already afoot before dawn; but it was not till day made clear the configuration of the pass that Corporal Twing was found.

He was lying at the foot of the steep, tortuous path leading up to the ledge where he had made his bargain. Creeping down, the unconscious Carson on his back, he was caught in the jam, knocked off his feet, trod upon alike by Gurkha, Scot and Turk. Throwing himself on his prostrate mate, he saved him from the tramlings of the iron-shod press. When the pressure lessened he was able to struggle back a few feet, dragging Carson with him. Once clear of the *mêlée*, his exhausted body could do no more. He drifted into unconsciousness, kicked, bruised, terribly punished. He was restored to consciousness by the ministrations of a sergeant of the R.A.M.C.

As an officer, regarding him with wonder, kindness, an abashed self-consciousness at the memory of the message he had read, gave orders to carry him to the rear, Twing spoke, his voice tremulous and weak, but a certain doggedness in his tones.

"Begging your pardon, sir. But might I arsk a favor, sir?"

"Yes, corporal. What is it? Certainly. Anything that's possible."

"Well, sir; you see, sir, it's like this here. I didn't know you was comink, so I made a con-track."

"Yes?" the officer asked, as the other paused.

"Well, if it's possible, sir, I'd like the sergeant to 'elp me up to that perishing ledge. My dead mate's up there—Perkins. Privit Carson'll pull through, sir."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, I been a bit of a rotter—but I bloody well 'ave to keep a contrack, bein' a N.C.O., 'aven't I?"

"Could you, sir?" and his drawn, haggard cheeks were suffused, as a shamefaced expression flitted across his face, to leave his jaw set doggedly. "I'd like to stay there arf a mo by myself, sir, afore they tykes me to the bleedin' 'orspital."

“I want to kneel by my mate to say me prayers.”

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## THE IMAGE

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

“It is mankind that is crucified,” said my mate; “mankind! in the person of each individual, common man! Take one such from each of the warring nations. There would be twenty of them, would there not? Lay the dead, tortured, mangled bodies in a row and contemplate them, what can one feel but bitter, fierce, rebellious pity for their agony? Pity for friend and foe alike. Close your eyes, can you not see each separate wretch upon his cross? Each has given his life for an ideal, a dream, and each, perchance, has cried out in his anguish: ‘Why hast thou forsaken me?’”

We were awaiting the signal to attack. It wanted but five minutes to the hour. The giant guns had been doing their work of preparation for two nights and a day. Behind the lines we had rehearsed our particular business with minute and exhaustive care. Our objective was a wrecked village beyond the enemy’s third line. We had studied every street and every building until we knew them by heart. The village church, as we had learned from our airmen, had been trans-

formed into a fortress. We were to take and hold it at all costs. The morning was dark and misty, and as we stood in our trench, knee-deep in the slush, despite the excitement of the anticipated charge, the blood was chilled.

"Yes," said I. "I suppose the bravest sometimes weaken; but in our stronger moments we must feel that the sacrifice is not in vain. Those who come after will remember. If we win, they will have owed the victory, the redemption, to us."

"And if we fail?" said my friend.

"The manner of our going will teach them how to 'follow on!'"

My companion had but recently joined our regiment—a youngster of twenty-two, fresh from a sedentary occupation in the city of London; the toughening process of his training had not yet inured him to the horrors of war. He had been in action only once since coming to the front, and after the fury of the slaughter was past he had sobbed like a child at the thought of what he had called the "murder" he himself had wrought. During the last four days we had discussed constantly that inevitable law of the universe which demands that all evolution, all progress, shall result only from perpetual conflict. My own reading had made me familiar with the philosophers and the metaphysicians, and our dingy dugout

had reëchoed with the valiant blows my new acquaintance had delivered against the stubborn doors of experience, fact, natural law, and the deductions of the sages. "Why? Wherefore? To what end?" The madness of war! The fearful contest of the creeds! The rival gods of stone, and gold, and flesh, and spirit! Wherein were the South Sea Islanders less sane than the Christians, who now raised their blood-stained hands aloft in prayers for victory, spending alternate days in praise and massacre?

"Christianity has failed," sighed the new soldier. "The world has relapsed into barbarism. Civilization will be overwhelmed as it has been before. To what end, then, is perfection won from conflict, if the hard-earned result of all our suffering is still the repeated annihilation of our hope?"

"'What are men that He should heed us?' cried the king of sacred song,

"'Insects of an hour, that hourly work their brother insects wrong.'"

At this juncture a mutual friend, one McMahan, had entered the dugout. He was followed to the door by a number of other men who grasped his hands and hugged him roughly.

"What's the matter?" we asked.

"Victoria Cross!" said several voices, and the

coy hero was hauled off to more commodious quarters across the way.

"That's the other side of the question," said I.

"What is?" said my pessimist.

"What that bit of copper stands for."

"What does it stand for?"

"The God that lives in man."

"The God that is born of war?"

"The God that is born of conflict."

"Did you ever see the Passion Play?" said my friend.

"I saw it once at Oberammergau," said I.

"Yes, I know," said he. "But it seemed to me so much of a business there, so much of a spectacle in a theater. I saw it many years ago in a more remote Bavarian village—a place visited by very few tourists."

"Do you mean Oberfells?" said I, for I had a vivid recollection of the place, with its vineyards, its cow-bells, its calvaries, and the circle of snow-covered sentinel mountains; its rushing torrent, whose roar, in the gorge below, only emphasized the sleepy quiet of the tiny hamlet. Just now I recalled too a charnel-house in the church, the walls lined with thousands of skulls and a life-size group of the Nativity in the crypt.

"Yes," said he, "Oberfells. You have been there?"

"I passed a night there while on a walking tour when I was studying art in Munich."

"You speak German, then?"

"Yes, fairly well."

"Did you witness 'The Passion' there?"

"No."

"Well," said my friend, "I happened to be there in 1910. I shall not forget it. The Passion Play was performed amid an awful storm. At Oberfells everything is most primitive and the representation is all the more appealing because of its very simplicity. There is no theater, no stage, a background of everlasting mountains, and a foreground of somber rocks and solemn pines—an audience composed entirely of villagers and the neighboring peasants. On that occasion I was the only stranger. The thing is not advertised; the guide-books ignore it, very few persons know about it.

"As I say, there was a fearful storm which burst forth soon after the play began and which raged with fury for two days. The performance was abandoned, the people believing the tempest was an evidence of divine wrath. The peasant who should have appeared as Christus, and who was to have impersonated that character for the first time, was overwhelmed with grief, for he felt that God had pronounced him unworthy.



He was a simple creature and would not be comforted.

“As you know, these peasants are brought up to play this and the other characters of the sacred tragedy from childhood, selected and ordained. To take part in this rite is the crowning ambition of their lives. This poor lad nearly died of mortification, but was upheld by the assurance that he would live to impersonate the Saviour on the next occasion, in 1915. For at Oberfells the Passion Play is given every five years.

“However, fate has again interposed. You have heard, no doubt, that he has been drafted and sent to the front—Christ in the trenches! Think of it! What must this gentle spirit think and feel, who from childhood has shaped every thought and hope to train his soul into the likeness of the Prince of Peace? We said just now: ‘Mankind is crucified!’ Here is one who wept because fortune had kept him from the cross. I wonder if he has had his will? I wonder if, already, he has found his Calvary?”

The uproar of the guns ceased suddenly. I was about to speak when a sharp whistle cut short my reply. In a moment we were over the top of the trench, a young officer, with a little cane in one hand and a pistol in the other, leading us on. We ran low, men dropping here and there, the machine-guns bidding us welcome. Things

happen quickly in a charge. The first thing I knew quite clearly we had fought our way past the third line and were in the village. My friend was on the ground, a bayonet in his shoulder, but he had seized his foe's rifle and held onto it desperately. I struck at his opponent with all my strength. My bayonet entered his side. I withdrew it and struck again. As I did so the man released his own weapon and held both hands crossed—the palms outward—before his face. My bayonet pierced both palms, made an ugly gash on his forehead, and glanced upward. He fell like a log. Meanwhile our men had rushed on and the battle had passed into the heart of the village. I lifted my mate to his feet and tried to drag him to some shelter. His gaze was fixed on his fallen enemy.

“Come on!” I cried.

“Did you hear what he said?”

“What did he say? Come!” and I struggled to force him on.

“As he lay there, he said: ‘Father, forgive them.’ I must go back. I can't leave him there.”

At this moment a crowd of our men swept us forward. The enemy attacked on our flank. My pal forgot his wound and we both fought like madmen. The lust to kill is like a mighty hunger and we fed our fill. The church was defended obstinately, but after about twenty minutes we

were in it, a panting, blood-stained, reeking lot of conquerors.

The great guns had created havoc. The place was in ruins. As so often happened in this war, the figures of the saints, although fallen, remained intact, unbroken. In this instance, however, the life-size image of the Christ had been torn loose from the nails which had held it and stood among the scattered masonry upon the ground strangely poised with three other figures, the head bent as though looking down upon the vacant cross, a huge instrument at least ten feet high, made of walnut, which, torn down, reclined at an angle on the steps of the altar.

For half an hour we defended the church from counter-attacks. Then the fight died down and our men began to establish the guns and consolidate our position.

It was toward evening of this winter day when the injured were gathered into the various dilapidated buildings. My mate, hit in the legs as well as in the shoulder, lay near the chancel of the church among the long rows of wounded friends and enemies.

I was busy with some first aid when the stretcher-bearers brought in a German soldier and put him down against the broken column opposite. The man was conscious, but his eyes were wild with fever. A lantern which hung over his

head showed a great gash on his brow; blood streamed from his side, and both hands were pierced through. His face was livid and his great dark eyes looked like the eyes of a wounded deer. His hair was wet with blood and his thin auburn beard completed his resemblance to One whose effigy we well knew.

We looked at him spellbound.

"They know not what they do," said the wounded man, and he continued to mutter brokenly in German.

My mate seized my hand in both of his. "It is the Christus!" said he.

Stretcher bearers were now taking the disabled back to the ambulances behind our lines. I was unhurt and, after I had done what I could to make my pal comfortable, I went over to my late opponent and tried to help him. It was evident that his mind was wandering. In the ghastly light of the lamp his eyes shone with madness.

The dreadful thunder of the guns had begun again—a barrage of terror to keep the enemy from bringing up reserves.

"The storm!" whispered the wounded Christus. "It is God's anger! I am not worthy of the cross."

My mate sat propped against the pillar opposite, gazing pale and fascinated; other wounded men, British and German, leaned toward the

strange figure. The shattered, roofless church; the feeble glimmer of some half-dozen lanterns; the three figures of the fallen saints supporting, upright, the image of Christ, which, with bowed head crowned with thorns, arms outstretched, and pierced hands, looked down upon the overthrown cross as though he saw thereon some vision of as great a sacrifice; the crashes of the distant cannonade; the groans of the dying—I see and hear all this now as clearly as I saw and heard it then.

“Hush!” said one. “He is speaking”; and through the turmoil Christus spoke, while the crowd listened.

Now he was again a boy in his little village, now learning his father’s craft as a potter, now the sweet secrets of a childish courtship made men turn away as though they should not hear. Now he is selected to impersonate the Saviour of the world, and is ordained with simple rites and solemn prayer. His voice grows stronger as he speaks broken and detached sentences of the rôle which he studied from boyhood until the great day when the village gathers to see the new Christus. Then the guns burst forth again; and again he cries: “The storm! The storm! I am not worthy of the cross.” Now is he taken from his cottage and taught the soldier’s trade, and now he cries to God for pity that he too has learned

the lust of blood and killed, and killed, and killed. "Not peace!" he cries. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword!"

A signal-rocket from without sent a flash of weird light through the shattered roof. The delirious man sprang to his feet and in an instant was standing before the group of fallen images. He stood in front of the ruined altar, at the foot of the prostrate cross, his arms upraised. Many of the disabled men staggered to their feet, most of them still bleeding from fearful wounds; others lifted themselves on their elbows or struggled to their knees. Above them upon the elevated platform Christus confronted the saints.

"The graves were opened!" he cried. "The graves were opened! and the saints which slept awoke!" And again he cried: "The sun was darkened and the veil of heaven was rent!"

Even as he spoke a shell fell in front of the chancel, a fearful explosion shook the ruined building. When the smoke cleared away many poor wretches had paid the last tribute of devotion. Those who yet lived looked toward the altar. There, stretched upon the huge cross, every shred of clothing torn from his body by the bursting shell, lay the dead Christus of Oberfells, his arms extended upon the beam, a red flood flowing from his side, the pierced palms near the

cruel nails where Christ's had been. The saints stood by unharmed and He still gazed where He, Himself, had hung in agony.

The cries of dying men rent the air, the living clung together on their knees, my mate and I were kneeling side by side. He threw his arms about me, trembling.

"It is mankind!" he cried—and he pointed to the naked figure on the cross—"Mankind! Mankind is crucified!"





IX

PLAYS AND A PAGEANTRY



## THE UNSEEN HOST \*

BY PERCIVAL WILDE

*At an improvised American hospital in Paris. A large room, with the traces of former magnificence, now serving as living-room to the surgeon in charge. At the rear, tall Gothic windows of leaded glass—heavily curtained. At the right, two doors, huge, ancient—that nearer the audience leading into an interior room; that farther off opening on the upper landing of a staircase. At the left, an enormous fireplace. What little furniture there is, is massive and ornate. The most conspicuous piece is a heavy table near the center of the room. On the table is a bronze desk lamp.*

*It is evening. In the room itself no lights are burning, and there is semi-darkness.*

*The first door opens, and a uniformed orderly enters quietly. He is a middle-aged man who lacks an arm; the medal on his breast may explain why. He deposits a sheaf of papers on the table; proceeds to the windows and closes the curtains.*

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*Steps are heard ascending the stairs, the second door opens, and the surgeon, a white-clad, elderly American who holds himself very erect despite his years, stands at the threshold deferentially awaiting a compatriot some ten years his junior, the best type of the successful American man of affairs.*

THE SURGEON (*holding the door open*). This way.

THE VISITOR (*appearing at the head of the flight of stairs*). Is he in here?

THE SURGEON. Who?

THE VISITOR. The boy who saw the angels?

THE SURGEON (*smiling*). Oh, you haven't forgotten him, have you? He's in the next room. (THE VISITOR *enters, obviously winded by his climb*.) I'll show him to you afterwards. Get your breath first. You look a little exhausted.

THE VISITOR (*grinning*). A little? Quite a little.

THE SURGEON. Sit down here. (THE ORDERLY *proffers a chair*. THE VISITOR *sits*. THE SURGEON *turns on the desk lamp*.) This house was built before the Grand Monarque taught them to have an eye for comfort. Magnificent—splendid—all that sort of thing, but mighty unpleasant if you have to live in it. Think of the stretcher bearers carrying men up those stairs!

THE VISITOR. There ought to be an elevator.

THE SURGEON. Yes.

THE VISITOR. Put one in. Send me the bill.

THE SURGEON (*nodding*). Thank you. We need it badly. (THE ORDERLY *leaves the room by the first door.*) These old houses, very picturesque, very ornamental—

THE VISITOR. But no conveniences?

THE SURGEON. The men who built them didn't know the meaning of the word. We felt that when we turned this into a hospital. Think of it: it used to be a show place! Not much left of it now. There was a bed here—right where you are sitting; one of those great, big, canopied affairs—

THE VISITOR. Unsanitary.

THE SURGEON. Very. That's why I had it taken out. But Henry of Navarre had spent a night in it.

THE VISITOR. Even Henry of Navarre had to give way to modern efficiency!

THE SURGEON (*nodding*). Yes. (*He points to the door through which THE ORDERLY has gone.*) That was his anteroom the next morning. Can you picture it? The courtiers: the crowds of lords and ladies: the nobility of France waiting to greet His Majesty!

THE VISITOR (*strolling over*). Nothing like that to-day, is there?

THE SURGEON (*opening the door*). I don't know. Look! the rows of beds, and the quiet men who are lying in them. The nobility of France? Those painted and befrilled lords and ladies were no whit more noble than are these! (*He pauses.*) The King's anteroom! It is more that now than it ever was!

THE VISITOR (*understanding*). Waiting to meet His Majesty.

THE SURGEON (*closing the door quietly*). I didn't know you were a poet. But it doesn't need much of this atmosphere to change a man's view of life. It's intoxicating. (*He turns.*) From these windows you could have watched the Catholics murdering the Huguenots three hundred and fifty years ago. Twenty years later you would have seen a Huguenot king going to sleep in this room. Why, I could talk about the place for hours! What wonderful men and women have sat where we are sitting! What a glorious company has passed through these moldering doors! What ghosts hover about us while we speak! (*THE VISITOR starts violently.*)

THE SURGEON. What is it?

THE VISITOR. I thought I heard something.

THE SURGEON (*smiling*). They are friendly ghosts. (*Shrewdly.*) But you said before that you didn't believe in them.

THE VISITOR. Neither I do.

THE SURGEON. Or angels?

THE VISITOR. Call them what you like.

THE SURGEON. Well, then?

THE VISITOR. I thought I saw something.  
(*Apologetically.*) The light is so dim.

THE SURGEON. The men in the next room don't like bright lights.

THE VISITOR. But you can keep the door closed.

THE SURGEON (*shaking his head*). It won't stay closed. It's rickety—like everything else in the building. (*He crosses to the windows.*) I'll open the curtains if you like.

THE VISITOR (*watching him*). Aren't you afraid of the Zeppelins?

THE SURGEON. Too much of a fatalist for that. They were here a week ago.

THE VISITOR. And didn't hurt you?

THE SURGEON. Blew up yards and yards of pavement with the result that we had to lay wooden boards in the street. The hospital wasn't damaged.

THE VISITOR (*evidently referring to a previous conversation*). Another miracle!

THE SURGEON. What?

THE VISITOR (*mildly bantering*). You seem to live in the midst of the supernatural!

THE SURGEON (*nodding gravely*). Yes.

THE VISITOR. And you were born in Bangor,

Maine, and studied medicine at Johns Hopkins!

THE SURGEON (*after a pause*). You are a Christian, I take it?

THE VISITOR. Why—naturally.

THE SURGEON. You believe that miracle happened in Palestine. You deny that another might happen in Flanders.

THE VISITOR (*uneasily*). Well, if you put it that way—

THE SURGEON. Now I'm going to read you the boy's statement. (*He sits at the table, and goes through the contents of one of the drawers. The first door opens slowly. THE VISITOR watches it, fascinated. He draws his breath sharply. THE SURGEON looks up; takes in the situation.*)

THE VISITOR. The door's opening!

THE SURGEON. I warned you; it has a habit of doing that. (*THE ORDERLY enters through the opened door, crosses to the other door, goes. THE VISITOR draws a breath of relief.*)

THE SURGEON (*smiling*). For a disbeliever you are easily startled. (*THE VISITOR does not reply.*) Now listen. (*He reads.*) "I saw them. I know I saw them. Whether they were angels, whether they were devils, whether they were living or dead, I do not know. But they were shining shapes, and nothing could withstand them. We were pressed—hard pressed. Another ten



minutes, and it would have been all over with us. We would have been crushed by the advancing hordes, trodden under into the mire. And then I heard a tramping, a tramping gradually growing louder, a tramping first challenging the roar of the battle, and then overwhelming it, drowning it, so that all sound had become one huge rhythmic tramp, tramp, tramp! I thought my eardrums would burst. And then I looked up and beheld the light reflected on their armor, and the sky filled with a huge glitter, and the rays of the sun shining through showers of arrows! And the enemy melted away before us; melted by the hundreds; by the thousands; by the tens of thousands; and those celestial hosts tramped upwards, tramped up that invisible pathway into the heavens, tramped out of sight!" (*He stops.*)

THE VISITOR (*after a pause*). And then?

THE SURGEON. Then a bullet struck him, and he was unconscious until they brought him here.

THE VISITOR (*after another pause; emphasizing the inconsistency*). Tramping ghosts!

THE SURGEON. Why not?

THE VISITOR (*positively*). Ghosts are noiseless.

THE SURGEON (*shrewdly*). If you speak from experience—

THE VISITOR (*nettled*). I didn't say I believed in them.

THE SURGEON (*innocently*). No; you said quite the opposite.

THE VISITOR (*dogmatically*). Anyhow, ghosts don't tramp!

THE SURGEON (*gently bantering*). Not even a ghostly tramp? They clank chains, I am told. Why shouldn't their steps have a sound? A sort of a hollow, ghostly sound?

THE VISITOR. Bah! Are you sure the bullet struck him after he saw the—the angels?

THE SURGEON. So he says.

THE VISITOR. Hm! And you take his word for it! (*He walks over to the door.*) Dying, you say?

THE SURGEON. Three quarters dead already.

THE VISITOR. And young?

THE SURGEON. Nineteen—one of thousands. Oh, it's not romantic in the least. He's barely conscious; and he's waiting to go back to the front. He thinks he's going to get well.

THE VISITOR. They all think that, don't they? He won't?

THE SURGEON. Never in this world. Queer, isn't it? Shot clean through the body; suffering like the devil, and all he's thinking of is when he's to go back—when he's to rejoin his regiment!

THE VISITOR. Like an animal trying to return to the slaughter pen.

THE SURGEON (*pointedly*). Yes: if animals saw angels.

THE VISITOR. Hm! (*He pauses.*) Do you really believe he saw them?

THE SURGEON. I read you his statement.

THE VISITOR. Which he wrote himself?

THE SURGEON. Hardly; he knows no English.

THE VISITOR. Why didn't you take it down in the original?

THE SURGEON. I did. (*He produces a second sheet of paper.*) Here it is. (*He pauses; smiles.*) I translated it, paraphrased it, for my own pleasure, if you like. The original is a mass of ejaculations; short phrases, repeated over and over again. I tried to make it coherent.

THE VISITOR. And repeated it back to him? (*THE SURGEON shakes his head.*) Why not?

THE SURGEON. He takes no notice of anything.

THE VISITOR. Oh! Not quite in his senses?

THE SURGEON. No.

THE VISITOR. Raving? And you believe his ravings?

THE SURGEON. I neither believe nor disbelieve.

THE VISITOR. But an insane man?

THE SURGEON (*with emphasis*). Who has not had the education to invent what he told me!

Imaginative? Not in the least. He was a farm hand before the war.

THE VISITOR (*persistently*). Still, in his delirium—

THE SURGEON (*interrupting*). He wouldn't rave like a poet. You forget; I have listened to so many others. (*He pauses.*) You think I am credulous. Perhaps. I neither affirm nor deny. They tell me of these things they call miracles—

THE VISITOR (*interrupting*). And you ask no explanation?

THE SURGEON. Why must there be one?

THE VISITOR. There always is.

THE SURGEON. Yes; generally more miraculous than the miracle itself. (*He pauses; then, with solemnity.*) When, in the twentieth century, I myself have seen millions of men leaving their peaceful homes, their work, their occupations, to kill one another, I say that is such a dreadful, such an unbelievable miracle that next to it everything else becomes insignificant. If this paperweight were to turn into a roaring lion before my eyes I would say that too was a miracle—but that all of humanity had been witness to a greater! (*The first door opens slowly.*)

THE VISITOR (*calling attention to it without alarm*). The door is opening again. (THE SURGEON *goes to it without a word; closes it.*)

THE VISITOR (*as he does so*). You would say

that the soul of the dying soldier has come through that door on its way to rejoin its regiment!

THE SURGEON (*nodding gravely*). If I were a poet. (*As he speaks the second door opens deliberately. He watches it with a smile; THE VISITOR with curious fascination.*)

THE VISITOR. Gad! (*The door closes of its own accord.*)

THE VISITOR (*repeating as if hypnotized*). To rejoin its regiment!

THE SURGEON (*after a pause*). You didn't notice—

THE VISITOR (*sharply*). What?

THE SURGEON (*mildly*). To me—the room seemed somewhat lighter for an instant.

THE VISITOR. Bah!

THE SURGEON. A poetic conception of yours: the soul joins the regiment of souls! All around us—above us—within us—the unseen host gathers its forces! (*There is the very, very faint sound of a bugle in the distance.*)

THE VISITOR (*under his breath*). Did you hear?

THE SURGEON. I heard.

THE VISITOR. A bugle!

THE SURGEON. Yes. (*They listen, and gradually there commences a curious, hollow, rhythmic tramp. Very subdued at first, it increases*

*slowly in volume, without in the least accelerating its precise, martial rhythm. It grows louder, and louder, and louder; and nearer. The building seems to vibrate with the rhythmically recurrent footfall. THE VISITOR rushes to the windows. He peers out. Then, in a tone of awe:)*

THE VISITOR. Fog! Nothing but fog! (*Utterly bewildered, he turns. The tramping swells into a climax. Then, more quickly than it has grown, ebbs into silence.*)

THE VISITOR (*breathlessly*). What was it?

THE SURGEON. A regiment marching by.

THE VISITOR. But the tramp? The hollow tramp?

THE SURGEON (*very matter of fact*). I told you—there is a board pavement.

THE VISITOR (*breaking into a high-pitched, hysterical laugh*). So there is! So there is! (*The second door opens, and THE ORDERLY, very much excited, stands on the threshold.*)

THE ORDERLY. Doctor!

THE SURGEON. Yes?

THE ORDERLY. The boy—the boy who saw the angels—where is he?

THE SURGEON. In there.

THE ORDERLY. You are sure? (*The men look at each other silently.*)

THE SURGEON. Why do you ask?

THE ORDERLY. I saw him!

THE VISITOR. What?

THE ORDERLY. In the front ranks! With my own eyes! I saw him! (THE SURGEON *hurries out of the room.*)

THE VISITOR (*after a tense pause*). He was dying. Did you know that?

THE ORDERLY (*gravely*). I knew. (THE SURGEON *reënters.*)

THE VISITOR. Well?

THE SURGEON (*nodding quietly*). Dead.

THE ORDERLY. I saw him! With my own eyes I saw him!

THE SURGEON. Dead not five minutes.

THE VISITOR (*staggered*). But—but such things don't happen! There were thousands of boys like him!

THE SURGEON (*slowly*). Yes.

THE VISITOR (*turning fiercely on THE ORDERLY*). You must have been mistaken!

THE ORDERLY (*changing the word pointedly*). I might have been mistaken.

THE SURGEON. Then again, you might not have been— (THE ORDERLY *nods quietly, understandingly*. THE VISITOR *gasps . . .*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS SLOWLY

## THEY JUST WON'T TALK!

## A Play in One Act

BY MARY KATHARINE REELY

*The characters are: JOE ELLIS, a business man of about 35; MABLE, his wife, both of them plump, good-natured, homey people; MRS. CORY, a neighbor, a woman somewhat past middle age; MISS SPANGLER, a school teacher; BOBBIE, the little son of JOE and MABLE; and GEORGE, MABLE'S brother, just home from the war.*

*The time is late fall, a few weeks after the Armistice.*

*At the opening of the play, the stage is empty. The telephone rings and MABLE hurries in from a door at the left. She wears an apron, and appears to have been called away from some kitchen task. She takes down the receiver.*

MABLE. Yes? . . . Oh, yes, Miss Spangler. . . . No, he hasn't come yet, but we're expecting him in time for dinner. . . . What's that? . . . You'd like to see him? Of course you would. He always thought so much of you. You were his favorite teacher. . . . No, we haven't seen him yet ourselves. He only landed a week ago, you



know, and he's been at mother's resting quietly. But we couldn't wait any longer, so he is coming over to-day to have dinner with us. . . . No, driving, with one of his pals. . . . Yes, we can scarcely wait. He'll have so much to tell us. . . . Yes, I know that, so many of the boys seem to be that way. They don't seem to want to talk about it. But George won't be like that. You know what a talker he always was. I guess you know that all right, in your classes in history especially. Why, when he was just a little chap, he knew all the story of the battle of Gettysburg, all the flank movements and everything, it was just wonderful. . . . Yes, we are proud of him, and I guess you as his teacher had a hand in it too. George always said you were a wonderful history teacher. . . . Yes, do run in . . . I know he'll want to see you, too. . . . Good-by. (*As she is hanging up the receiver BOBBIE rushes in. He is wearing a soldier hat and carrying a wooden gun.*)

BOBBIE. Oh, mamma, mamma. See what Uncle Bill made for me (*holds out gun*).

MABLE. Why, Bobbie, isn't that lovely.

BOBBIE (*putting gun to shoulder*). Bang! Bang! Bang! That's the way it goes, mamma. That's the way to shoot the Heinies down.

MABLE (*indulgently*). Heinies! Where did you pick that up?

BOBBIE. In school. We played a game . . .

(*A tap at the door, left, and MRS. CORY looks in.*)

MRS. CORY. May I come in? Has the hero arrived?

MABLE. No, not yet. But we're expecting him, any minute.

MRS. CORY. I just couldn't wait. I'm so anxious to see him and to hear all about it. (*Catches sight of BOBBIE, who stands at attention, his gun in place.*) Well, who have we here? Another little soldier! (*Draws herself up in a military manner and salutes. BOBBIE gravely returns the salute. Both women laugh.*) Isn't that too cute!

BOBBIE (*confidentially*). It's just a play gun. But Daddy says when I'm bigger I'll have a real one.

MRS. CORY (*patting his shoulder*). Of course, you will. You're going to grow up to be a big, brave boy, just like your Uncle George. (*To MABLE.*) I declare, it doesn't seem any time, does it, since George was his size?

MABLE. No time at all. They do grow up so fast. (*To BOBBIE.*) Put the gun away now, dear, and run down to the store on an errand for mamma. Tell Mr. Smith to give you the order that mamma telephoned.

BOBBIE. Mayn't I carry my gun?

MABLE. No, dear. I'd save that to show Uncle George when he comes.

BOBBIE. All right. (*Runs out, right.*)

MRS. CORY. The darling! Well, I'll be running along. I'll look in again. (*They move toward the door, left, and meet JOE ELLIS coming in.*)

JOE. Well, well. Has our hero showed up yet? How'd do, Mrs. Cory. (*Looking around.*) Not here yet, eh?

MRS. CORY. How'd do, Mr. Ellis.

MABLE. No, not yet. But he'll be here in time for dinner.

JOE (*as he goes through the business of removing hat and coat—stepping out of door to hang them in hallway—talking continuously*). Yeh, you can trust a boy to come in time for dinner. And I guess our doughboys won't be any different from the others in that respect. Pies like mother used to make are going to taste pretty good to them. . . . Still (*wistfully*), it must be a great life—that camp life—toting your own cooking kit and all that . . . great experience they've all had!

MRS. CORY. It's going to be so exciting to hear about it from some one who was actually there. You know the only returned soldier we've had in town is Mrs. Tolliver's Herbie. And he is a little bit queer, you know. He was gassed or shell-shocked or something, and he won't say a

word. He runs away, they say, when callers come. He just won't talk!

MABLE (*thoughtfully*). Miss Spangler was saying this morning that so many of the boys are like that. They just won't talk.

MRS. CORY. Oh, but George won't be that way. (*With concern.*) He's all right, isn't he?

JOE. Sound as a nut. Came through without a scratch.

MRS. CORY. You ought to be so thankful. Well, I'll run in again.

MABLE. Yes, do. (*As MRS. CORY goes.*) Joe, you don't think George will be queer—like Herbie Tolliver—do you?

JOE (*with something like a snort*). George! Well, I should say not. Oh, of course he won't brag. No really brave man does. I imagine it may take quite a little prodding to get the real stuff out of him—like the story of the night he went over the top and won the medal for unusual bravery in action. But it will come. Jinks! Makes a fellow like me feel old and out of it, to think of all those young chaps have seen and done! I guess, Mable, we're the fellows this war hit hardest—just too old to be in it!

MABLE. Yes, I appreciate how you feel about it, Joe. But just the same . . . I know I oughtn't to say this . . . but just the same, I'm glad! Now come on, if you'll just give the freezer a few

turns . . . (*Starts for the door, right. At this moment BOBBIE bursts in.*)

BOBBIE. Mamma, mamma, he's here. He's in town. I heard it at the store. They drove in a little bit ago and stopped at Tolliver's to see Herbie. He'll be here right away! (*JOE and MABLE hasten to the other door.*)

MABLE. And here he is. (*Runs out, calling.*)  
George, George.

JOE. Hail the conquering hero! (*GEORGE enters, MABLE clinging to him, her arms around his neck. JOE grabs his hand and pumps it up and down—both cry out in unison.*)

MABLE. George, you old dear, it's so good to see you.

JOE. Well, well, well, how's the boy.

GEORGE. Say, it's great to see you folks!

JOE. But where's the little old uniform?

GEORGE. Say, how long do you think it took me to get out of that? (*Taking off overcoat.*)

JOE. Civies looked pretty good to you, did they? (*Taking G.'s coat.*)

GEORGE (*shortly*). I'll say. (*Catches sight of BOBBIE.*) Well, don't tell me this is Bobbie. Bobbie, you old skeezix, what you mean growing up like that? Trying to bump your head against the ceiling? (*Grabs him and boosts him up.*)

BOBBIE (*as he comes down*). Where's your medal?

GEORGE (*embarrassed*). I only wear that on Sundays.

BOBBIE. Aw! Why didn't you wear it today? (*Eagerly*.) Did they give it to you for killing a German, Uncle George?

GEORGE. Let's see, Bobbie, how far are you along in school now? Must be in second grade.

BOBBIE. Second grade, nothing! I'm way past that. Say, Uncle George, was he a great big German?

JOE (*slapping GEORGE on the back*). Bobbie's got the right idea, old man. We want to hear all about it.

MABLE (*slipping her arm through GEORGE'S*). Of course we do, but let's give him time to catch his breath first. Come, sit down, George. (*Pulls him over to a couch or chair, sits near him. JOE pulls up a chair half facing him, BOBBIE stands near.*)

GEORGE (*rather hurriedly*). Gee, there are more questions I want to ask you folks. How's . . .

MABLE. Everybody in town is just crazy to see you, George. Miss Spangler called up.

GEORGE. That so? She was always a good old scout? How is she?

MABLE. Just fine, and can hardly wait to hear

your stories. She thinks you could give her such good material for her history classes.

GEORGE (*rather cynically*). Huh! Maybe I could! (*More vivaciously.*) And how's old Doc Spangler—spry as ever?

JOE. Gee, George, when I think of some of the experiences you young fellows have had . . .

GEORGE. Old Doc must be all of ninety seems to me. How is the old boy?

JOE. Doesn't look a day over 60. Just how does it feel, George, when the order comes to go over the top at daybreak? Say, that must be . . .

GEORGE (*turning to MABLE*). I suppose Cousin Sue Bromley is getting to be quite a girl by now.

MABLE. Yes, Sue's almost a young lady. George, did you ever feel afraid, or did the excitement just sort of carry you along?

GEORGE. Well, if all the youngsters have grown as fast as Skee-zix here. . . . Skee-zix, have you got a dog? Seems to me a boy your size ought to have.

JOE. I expect those Heinies were pretty ugly customers. Did you ever come face to face with one? (*GEORGE looks from one to the other, harassed. Perhaps MABLE has an inkling of his feeling.*)

MABLE (*springing up*). See here, you boys, I've got a dinner to tend to. I hardly expected

you before one-thirty, George. And, Joe, if you start George on his stories while I'm away I'm going to be good and mad. So let's postpone the talk till after dinner. Anyway, Joe, it's time for you to look after that freezer.

BOBBIE. We're going to have ice cream. It's maple, the kind you like.

GEORGE. Say, that's worth coming home for!

MABLE. Bobbie! That was a secret. Maybe, you'd better come along with mother now, dear. I may want you to run another errand. (BOBBIE *puts his arm around his mother's neck and whispers. She nods and he runs out. MABLE follows.*)

JOE (*lingering*). I hear you stopped in to see Herbie Tolliver. He's in quite a bad way, I guess.

GEORGE (*shortly*). Yes.

JOE. Many of 'em in that state?

GEORGE. Yes, quite a few.

JOE. Just what is the cause, do you think? I know they call it shell shock, but you wouldn't think that just a noise—still, I suppose the steady firing of those big guns kind of gets on your nerves.

GEORGE (*shortly*). Yes.

MABLE (*entering*). That freezer, dear, it needs attention. If you'll see to it while I run over to Mrs. Cory's a minute, we'll be all ready. (*To*



GEORGE.) You won't mind being left alone, George dear. Dinner's going to be ready in a few minutes. You must be starved.

GEORGE. Sure, that's all right. Can I help you with the freezer or anything?

JOE. I should say not. We don't have a hero come home every day. (*Exit JOE right, MABLE left.*)

JOE (*as he goes*). But don't think you are going to get out of telling all about it. We're just postponing the session. We're going to know how you won that medal! (*GEORGE sits alone. Runs his hand through his hair and sits moodily, his head on his hand. The door opens, and BOBBIE appears. He is carrying his soldier gun. BOBBIE hesitates a minute, then dashes into the room, aiming here and there and crying: "Bang."*)

BOBBIE. Bang. Bang. Bang. (*GEORGE starts, sits upright. BOBBIE comes to a stop in front of him, stands at attention and salutes.*)

BOBBIE. That's the way to shoot Germans, isn't it, Uncle George?

GEORGE (*rising sternly—not returning salute*). Where did you get that?

BOBBIE. Uncle Bill gave it to me. He cut it out of wood. See. (*Hands him the gun.*) It isn't real, of course, just pretend. (*GEORGE takes it and holds it thoughtfully. After a pause, he looks at BOBBIE.*)

GEORGE. Kid, what is there you'd most like to have? Got a baseball outfit—bat—ball—mask—mit?

BOBBIE. Dad's going to give me one next birthday. That's in May.

GEORGE. That's so. It's a little late in the season for baseball, isn't it? And football too, I suppose. How about a sled. Have you got a good coaster?

BOBBIE. Yes, I got one last Christmas. She's a dandy too. Wish it would snow pretty soon.

GEORGE. It will, and freeze, too. Suppose you have skates?

BOBBIE. Yes, but they buckle on with straps!

GEORGE. With straps! Why, a kid your size ought to have a pair of real skates.

BOBBIE. That's what I say. Shoe skates. But Dad says not till my feet stop growing.

GEORGE (*puts hand in pocket and brings out a bill*). Do you know what that is?

BOBBIE. Sure I know what that is.

GEORGE. Could we get a pair of skates for that?

BOBBIE. I should say we could.

GEORGE. All right, Bobbie, I'll make a bargain with you. If you are willing to sell this gun—and you might throw in that hat, too—I'll give you this bill.

BOBBIE. Sell my gun?

GEORGE. That's what I said.

BOBBIE. Sure I will, but it's a lot of money to give for it.

GEORGE. That's all right. It's my bargain. Do you agree?

BOBBIE. Yes, I agree.

GEORGE. All right, and I'll take the hat. (BOBBIE *hands it over, puzzled, and takes the bill GEORGE offers him.*)

GEORGE (*stuffing hat in his pocket*). And now this gun is mine. You understand, you've sold it to me?

BOBBIE. Yes.

GEORGE. All right then! (*With an intent gaze fixed on BOBBIE, he snaps it across his knee—tosses the two pieces aside.*)

BOBBIE. Uncle George, my gun!

GEORGE. No, my gun. I bought it.

BOBBIE (*puzzled*). Yes . . .

GEORGE (*hands on BOBBIE's shoulders*). Listen here, kid. You wouldn't understand much of what I could say to you. But I want you to remember this day. The day your Uncle George came home from war. I want you to remember it when you are a big boy—a man—like me. When they begin to talk to you maybe about another war and glory and honor and all that, I want you to remember that there was a war back here when you were just a kid, and that your

Uncle George was in it. And that they had told him it was going to be a war to end all wars. And that he was what they call a good soldier. They gave him a medal for being what they called a good soldier—and I'd hate to have to tell a youngster your age what that means— But, never mind that; what I want you to remember is this: On the day your Uncle George came home he did that (*pointing to the broken gun*). And he said—now listen—these are the only words I'm going to ask you to remember—he said: "That's what should be done to all of them." Can you remember that?

BOBBIE. I can remember.

GEORGE. Sure? Cross your heart now and say "I'll remember."

BOBBIE (*solemnly*). I'll remember. (*Voices outside.*)

MABLE. I'll just let you have a glimpse of him. But, remember, I won't have him kept from his dinner.

GEORGE. Here, let's beat it, kid, after those skates. (*They hurry out by the back door.*  
MABLE, MRS. CORY and MISS SPANGLER enter.)

MISS SPANGLER. All we ask now is just a glimpse to be sure he is all right.

MRS. CORY. Yes, just to see . . .

MABLE. He's here with Bobbie. Why!

MRS. CORY AND MISS SPANGLER. Why!

MABLE. Where have they gone? They were here . . .

MISS SPANGLER. Oh, how disappointing.

MRS. CORY. You don't suppose he saw us coming and ran? You know Herbie . . .

MISS SPANGLER (*in distress*). But not George.

MABLE (*sees the broken gun and picks it up*). What's this?

MRS. CORY. Bobbie's gun.

MABLE. What happened to it? It's broken.

MRS. CORY. How strange.

MABLE. He must have dropped it. Stepped on it.

MRS. CORY. You don't suppose George— You know some of them are queer.

MISS SPANGLER. But not George!

MABLE. George is perfectly normal.

MRS. CORY. Herbie Tolliver *looks* perfectly normal. And you know he runs when visitors come. And when I tried to speak to him on the street, to tell him how proud I was of him, he spoke dreadfully to me, he used *language!*

MISS SPANGLER. I hope you aren't comparing Herbie Tolliver to George!

MABLE. George is perfectly all right, in every way, and if you will run in again after dinner, you will find him here and glad to see you.

MISS SPANGLER. We'll come again, but I'm beginning to think he won't tell us much. You

know it's the most curious thing, you would think they would love to tell their adventures.

MRS. CORY. No, they just won't talk.

MISS SPANGLER. It's the strangest thing.

MABLE (*seeing them out the door*). Isn't it the strangest thing? (*She turns, walks back a step or two, faces the audience. Looks at the broken gun that she is still holding in her hands. Repeats:*) The strangest thing! (*Looks up with a puzzled frown.*)

## CURTAIN

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# THE CROWNING OF PEACE

## A Pageant

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

### *Characters and Costumes*

GODDESS OF LIBERTY—Traditional costume: white flowing robe (cheesecloth or two large sheets), draped over shoulder with American flag; helmet, shield, and spear. (Helmets and shields may be made of tin or cardboard covered with silver paper.) Hair hanging loose over shoulders; sandaled feet.

She sits in richly carved or gilded chair at rear center of stage with HERALDS on either side.

WAR—Lad dressed as Roman warrior, whose costume may be found in any Roman history.

PEACE—Girl in classic, white drapery. (This may be made of cheesecloth and simply sewed on the wearer when the proper disposition of the folds has been made.) White stockings and sandals. Long waving or curling hair. She carries a dove on wrist or shoulder. (If a tame dove, whose behavior is certain, can be found and tethered by a light chain to the wrist of PEACE, it will be most effective. Otherwise, a stuffed bird must suffice.)

HERALDS—Two lads in short, white, belted robes, coming to knee. Silver helmets, shields, and spears, and legs encased in silver greaves. (All these may be fashioned of tin or cardboard, and it is a valuable exercise in ingenuity to design, make, and ornament them, and fit them to the wearers.)

They stand at either side of the throne of LIBERTY. Each lad is provided with a tablet (baked clay or painted wood) and a stylus (sharp-pointed wooden stick) concealed beneath dress.

SCENE: *Curtain rises to "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and the GODDESS OF LIBERTY is discovered at rear center of stage, the HERALDS standing on either side of her throne.*

LIBERTY (*raising spear and leaning forward slightly*). Hail, ye people! From my home in the blue vaults above I have heard ye questioning as to which bestows the better gifts on men, whether valorous War or gentle Peace, and I am come to summon both before ye that we may hear from their own lips their best defense and argument. (*Turning to HERALD at right of throne.*) Summon me War, Sir Herald! (*HERALD salutes LIBERTY and leaves stage, right, returning shortly, followed by WAR. They enter to any martial air; not, however, one associated with any modern nation. WAR steps proudly, with head high, salutes LIBERTY with spear and stands right of throne, but nearer audience. HERALD resumes his former place.*)

LIBERTY. Greeting, bold warrior! Knowest thou why thou hast been summoned to this place?

WAR. I do, fair goddess.

LIBERTY. And art thou well prepared with arguments in thy defense?

WAR (*raising spear*). War makes no argument and brooks none. The lightning strikes, but seeks not to defend its blow.

LIBERTY. That truth I know; I would not ask thee why thou dost battle, but to recount the benefits that come from thine exploits.

WAR. None should know better than thou,



sweet Liberty, for oft have I been thy bulwark and thy shield.

LIBERTY. Granted, Sir Warrior. Didst thou never fight save in my defense, no one would condemn thee. But, alas! thou makest blood to flow for many another cause. Canst thou deny it, or forebear to blush that so it is?

WAR (*hanging head*). I do not deny it, but (*raising head proudly*) even an ignoble cause may be bravely fought.

LIBERTY (*sternly*). Thou knowest that we may not do evil that good may come. Cease thy vain reasoning and tell these people here assembled of the benefits that thou mayest confer upon them. Each item shall be set down by this herald at thy side. Boy (*turning to first lad*), prepare thy tablet and thy stylus. (HERALD *bows in obedience, lays spear and shield aside, and takes required articles from dress.*)

WAR. I bring courage to mankind.

LIBERTY (*assenting with motion of head*). Set down courage, Herald. (HERALD *writes.*)

WAR. I bring forgetfulness of self.

LIBERTY (*assenting*). Write it down, Herald.

WAR. I bring endurance and hardihood.

LIBERTY. A useful pair, in truth! Set them down, Herald!

WAR. I bring resource and inventive skill.

LIBERTY. 'Tis true. Note them well, boy.

WAR. I bring long-enduring patience.

LIBERTY. Set it down, Herald.

WAR. I bring obedience and faithfulness to duty.

LIBERTY. Note that well, ye people (*raising spear and leaning toward audience*), and let it not escape thee, boy! (*Turning to HERALD.*)

WAR (*advancing a step nearer audience*). I bring that power to work together, to sink individual desires in a common good, needed most of all (*turning toward LIBERTY*) by a free people, fair goddess.

LIBERTY (*with grave nod and assenting wave of spear*). Thou speakest well, Sir Warrior; note his words, Herald. Hast more to add, Son of Battle?

WAR (*drawing himself up more proudly, shield on arm, spear in place, and advancing to commanding position*). Last of all, yet first of all and best of all, I bring that love of country which would give whatever it hath on earth—e'en life itself—to strengthen and protect, to guard and keep the Motherland!

(LIBERTY and HERALDS at this moment strike their shields with their spears with a clanging noise. If shields are of cardboard, strike

*spears on floor. Crashing chords accompany from the piano, or a roll of drums, if possible.)*

LIBERTY. Aught that man can say thou hast said, bold warrior, and the people heard. All has been set down and cannot be erased. Stand thou back now (*waving spear in command*) and listen to what our daughter Peace shall say. Summon me Peace, Herald! (*Turns to second HERALD.*)

(*Second HERALD salutes LIBERTY and leaves stage left, returning, followed by PEACE. Music of Keller's "American Hymn" accompanies her. PEACE bows her head to LIBERTY, who returns her greeting, and is about to take her position on left of GODDESS when she catches sight of WAR, who has started forward as if to greet her. PEACE turns from him, shading her face with her hand, and takes her proper stand.*)

LIBERTY (*with gentle voice*). Knowest thou why thou hast been summoned to this place, sweet daughter?

PEACE. I do, fair goddess.

LIBERTY. And art thou well prepared with arguments in thy defense?

PEACE. Peace cannot deal with argument, which ever stirs up strife. A sunset needs no words to prove its beauty.

LIBERTY. Granted, but I would have thee tell this haughty warrior here somewhat of thy mind, and let the people listen. What dost thou for mankind, my daughter? (*Turning to second HERALD.*) Prepare to write, boy.

(*WAR moves forward eagerly and leans on spear to listen. HERALD leans forward also.*)

PEACE (*turning slightly toward HERALD with a smile*). Make ready many tablets, faithful lad, for be sure my words will fill them all. (*Turning to audience.*) As well might I attempt to prove that day would dawn without the sun as that mankind would flourish without Peace. War is the storm that snaps the oak, peace the sweet influence that garlands it with vines and flowers. Peace brings united families, a father's love and care and his strong arm to defend his household. (*Here WAR starts, shrinks back somewhat, and partly turns away his face.*) Peace brings prosperity; flocks and herds feed upon her smiling lands, shelters are built for man and beast, and shrines rise up where God is worshiped. (*HERALD writes rapidly upon his tablet and takes others from his dress as PEACE proceeds, striving to keep up with the stream of her words.*) Peace gives room for science to work her magic, for the useful arts to flourish, that man may be fed and

warmed and clothed, and surround himself with comfort and beauty. Peace brings education, which extends to all men the wisdom of the past, the knowledge of the present, and the hopes of the future. Music, poetry, and the drama flourish under the beneficent rule of Peace. (*Steps forward slightly.*) Nor may War claim that he alone can teach obedience, faithfulness to duty, endurance, hardihood, patience, strength, and skill. (*Here WAR begins gradually to move backward toward place of entrance on right, and first HERALD, looking anxiously toward LIBERTY, to follow him slowly. Second HERALD ceases to write and looks admiringly on PEACE. PEACE continues.*) And where may the value of coöperation which War so boasts that he can teach, be shown as in the arts of Peace? Not a chain is welded, not a wheel turns, not a building rises, save all men work together for the common end! War vaunts that he brings us love of country! (*Here PEACE steps forward, raises voice, and speaks with greater enthusiasm.*) Do we love that which we destroy? Of what value is a land whose men are falling on distant battlefields, in suffering unspeakable, alone and unattended (*WAR falls to his knees and hides face in hands, his spear clanging down by his side, and so remains until LIBERTY speaks. First HERALD stands beside him protectingly, his hand on WAR'S*

*shoulder. PEACE continues*); whose women in sorrow and despair are weeping among the ruins of their homes; whose children, ragged and wretched, are starving and begging on the roadsides? Is this a country? No, it is a desert, more dreadful far than any wild and sandy waste of the Sahara! Shame on thee, War (*turning to the kneeling figure*), that thou canst speak one word in thy defense, when thou destroyest sacred human life! (First HERALD *drops head.*)

LIBERTY (*motioning to PEACE*). Enough, my daughter! Thou hast abased thine adversary, but we may not forget that he is oftentimes needed to preserve thee in thy sweet content. Look up, Sir Warrior (WAR *lifts head, but does not rise from knees*), and know that thou servest not, save that thy cause be just. (*Turning to audience.*) Ye have harkened unto Peace, ye people, and plainly we see by your flushed cheeks and shining eyes that ye approve her words. It needs not that we hear again what has been set down upon the tablets, for well I believe that the substance of it is engraved upon your hearts. (*Turning to second lad.*) Bring me the wreath of olives!

(HERALD *leaves, left, and returns with wreath of olive leaves. Any small, gray-green, dusky, pointed leaf will do (see encyclopedia for*

*shape), or leaves can be made of sage-green paper, mounted on wire and twined together.)*

LIBERTY (*rising from throne and waving spear majestically*). Come to me, blest daughter, Peace. (PEACE *kneels at her feet*.) I crown thee, with the accord of all these people present, Mistress of Science, Art and Education, Guardian of the Child, Preserver of the Fireside, and Handmaid of Prosperity and Sweet Content!

(*As LIBERTY lays wreath on the head of PEACE, both HERALDS raise spears in salutation, and WAR lifts his clasped hands toward her in entreaty. "American Hymn" is heard again.*)





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X

PROGRAMS FOR ARMISTICE DAY

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## ARMISTICE DAY

Arranged by National Americanism Commission, American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

A.M.

10:45—Assembly.

10:55—Firing of guns and bombs.

11:00—Cease firing.

11:01—Invocation (Chaplain of The American Legion).

11:05—Music.

11:11—Reading (“In Flanders Fields,” or other appropriate selection).

11:15—Advance of Allied Flags to Positions of Honor. (This advance will be accompanied by a medley of the national airs of the Allied Countries. As each flag is put in its place, the national air of its country will be played.)

11:25—Music.

11:30—Address, “Armistice Day—Its Significance.”

11:55—The National Anthem.

Afternoon—Sport events.

Evening—Fireworks and dancing.

## PROGRAMS FOR ARMISTICE DAY

ARRANGED BY SOMEPELE AND OTHERS

FROM "LEST WE FORGET" \*

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM NO. I, FOR COMMUNITY  
EXERCISES*Patriotic March*, by the Band or Orchestra.*Song*—Kipling's "Lest We Forget." This may be sung to the tune "Magdalen" and will be found in many church hymnals.*Invocation*—

God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle line,  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine:  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Lest we forget the courage, patience and patriotic self-sacrifice of those who fought at Château-Thierry, in the Argonne and the supreme sacrifice of those who lie in Flanders fields. We thank Thee for the splendid lessons of heroism that we have learned from those who died that this world might be free. They gave

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\* Published by March Bros., Lebanon, Ohio.

the last full measure of devotion. We cherish their memories in our hearts and opposite the name of each we place the gold star of service.

We thank Thee for the vigorous vital Americanism of those who have come back to us. They endured much that we might live free from the rule of a despot. Now they are just as courageously and patiently fighting the everyday battles of our complex American life. Bless them, we pray Thee. May they lead us on to nobler deeds, higher thoughts and greater achievements. May we take a lesson from their self-sacrificing heroism and may we help to make this great land of ours a free and happy home for those who are yet to come. May we all so live that those who have gone will not have died in vain and those who are with us will not have lived in vain and that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. Amen.

*Song*—"America."

*Address of Tribute*—By a prominent citizen.

*Response*—By a member of the American Legion.

*Vocal or Instrumental Solo.*

*Principal Address of the Occasion*—By an eminent speaker.

*Song*—"Star-Spangled Banner."

*Benediction.*

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM NO. 2, FOR COMMUNITY  
EXERCISES

*Song*—"Star-Spangled Banner."

*Invocation.*

*Recitation*—"In Flanders Fields."

*Recitation*—"Other Poppies."

*Drill*—"Song of the Colors."

*Reading*—"Censored."

*Dialogue*—"Young Patriots."

*Solo*—"Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Dear Old Pal of Mine," or something else appropriate.

*Play*—"Uncle Sam's Best," or an address of tribute may be given instead.

*Reading*—"Lest We Forget," closes the program.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM NO. 3, FOR COMMUNITY  
EXERCISES

*Patriotic March*, by Band or Orchestra.

*Song*—"America."

*Recitation*—"My Country."

*Recitation*—"The Soldier's Toast."

*Instrumental Selection*—Violin or piano solo.

*Musical Reading*—"When the Band Plays 'Over There.'"

*Recitation*—"The Service Flag."

*Recitation*—"The Boys Who Are Not There."

*Solo*—"Lest We Forget." This may be sung to the tune "Magdalen," which will be found in most church hymnals.

*Play*—"When the Armistice Was Signed"; or, if preferred, the retelling of the story, "Yellow Butterflies," would be quite appropriate.

*Closing Song*—"America the Beautiful."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM NO. 4, FOR THE HIGH  
SCHOOL

*Song*—"Star-Spangled Banner," by the school.

*Opening Address*—By principal or teacher.

*Recitation*—"In Flanders Fields."

*Recitation*—"Other Poppies."

*Solo*—Either instrumental or vocal, to be selected.

"Dear Old Pal of Mine" would be quite fitting.

*Play*—"For Liberty's Sake," or, "Uncle Sam's Best."

*Closing Song*—To be selected. "Keep the Home Fires Burning" or a similar song would be appropriate.

## SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM NO. 5, FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL

- Patriotic Song or March*—To be selected.  
*Reading*—"Lest We Forget"—By a teacher.  
*Song*—"America," by the school.  
*Recitation*—"My Country."  
*Recitation*—"The Boys Who Are Not There."  
*Solo*—Instrumental or vocal, to be selected.  
*Retelling of the Story*—"Yellow Butterflies," or an address by a townsman.  
*Song*—"America the Beautiful."

## SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM NO. 6, FOR MIXED GRADES

- Song*—Any patriotic selection.  
*Recitation*—"Wreaths in Verse."  
*Recitation*—"My Country."  
*Solo*—Instrumental or vocal selection.  
*Drill*—"Our Colors."  
*Dialogue*—"The Bugler."  
*Song*—"War Saving Stamps."  
*Dialogue*—"Young Patriots."  
*Reading*—"Lest We Forget."  
*Song*—"America," or some other patriotic anthem.



PROGRAMS FOR ARMISTICE DAY

SUGGESTED BY MARY E. HAZELTINE

(Library School of the University of Wisconsin,  
Madison, Wisconsin)

I

*Music*—Marching Song, by Blank

American Legion Band

*Invocation*.....Rev. J. C. Blank

*Song*—America..By the School, led by the Band

“The Armistice,” the text as signed on Nov.

11th, 1918..James Law, Chaplain of the Legion

*Poem*—“America’s Welcome Home,” by Van

Dyke.....Jessie Arns

*Address*—“The First Armistice Day”

Prof. J. H. Easton, Supt. of Schools

*Song*—“When There is Peace”.Legion Glee Club

*Poem*—“The Unknown Soldier,” by Angela

Morgan.....James Rogers

*Address*—“Tribute to the Unknown Soldier”

*Song*—“Star-Spangled Banner”

Audience, led by Band

*Benediction*.....Rev. J. C. Blank

## II

1. *Song*—"America."
2. Salute to the Flag.
3. Reciting "Pledge of Allegiance" in unison.
4. *Reading*—Wilson's War Message: "Why We Went to War."
5. *Recitation*—"In Flanders Fields"—Lieut. Col. McCrea.
6. *Songs*—"Over There" and "Smiles."
7. *Recitation*—"The American's Creed"—Walter Tyler Page (with an account of how it came to be written).
8. *Story*—"Pershing at Lafayette's Tomb" (Colonel C. E. Stanton's sentiment—"We are here, Lafayette.")
9. *Song*—"America, the Beautiful."
10. *Talk*—"Our Community's Record"—by some citizen.
11. *Recitation*—"Old Glory"—James Whitcomb Riley.
12. *Songs*—"The Marseillaise" and "There's a Long, Long Trail."

PROGRAM FOR THE CELEBRATION OF  
ARMISTICE DAY

(Suggested by The American Legion National  
Americanism Commission)

A.M.

- 7:00—Sunrise gun (can be fired with anvils in case no cannon is available).
- 8:15—First call (bugle for parade formation).
- 8:30—Assembly (bugle for parade formation).
- 8:45—Starting gun or bomb for parade.
- 9:45—Arrival of parade elements at the assembly point.
- 9:50—Salute of one gun; band—"Star-Spangled Banner."
- 10:00—Invocation.
- 10:05—Music by band, soloist or chorus.
- 10:10—Responsive reading.
- 10:15—Address by post commander or designated person.
- 10:25—Music by soloist or chorus.
- 10:30—Roll call of World War dead of community, by post adjutant of The American Legion.
- 10:40—Address by Legion speaker of day (caution must be used not to permit this speaker to utilize more than twenty minutes if this schedule is used).

## A.M.

11:00—Salute of three guns; bugle call, "Taps," with echo if possible (in larger cities several calls may be used in various sections). Thirty seconds of silent prayer for World War dead. All business ceases.

11:10—Introduction of speaker of the day.

11:15—Address by speaker of the day.

11:55—"America" by audience.

## NOON

12:00—Pledge to flag.

Adjournment.

During the noon hour a community dinner, picnic, barbecue, army mess, or other style of "feed" may be served, or posts may serve dinner in large hall.

## P.M.

1:30—Afternoon program opened by firing of aërial bomb.

1:40—Competitive drill by Boy Scout troops, R.O.T.C. units, fraternal drill teams or others.

2:25—Start of cross country race less than three miles.

2:45—Football game between high school, Legion or local independent teams.

P.M.

3:25—Finish of cross-country race.

4:15—Band concert.

7:45—Block dancing.

Fireworks.

Amateur play.

Motion pictures.

Dinner for World War veterans.

*List of Subjects for Essay Contests*

How the War Stirred Inventive Genius.

The Proposed Universal Draft.

The International Alliance of War Veterans.

The Flag Code and What It Teaches.

*List of Subjects for Addresses*

Gold Star Heroes.

Service to the Nation.

Soldiers of War and Peace.

What the War Meant.

THE END





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