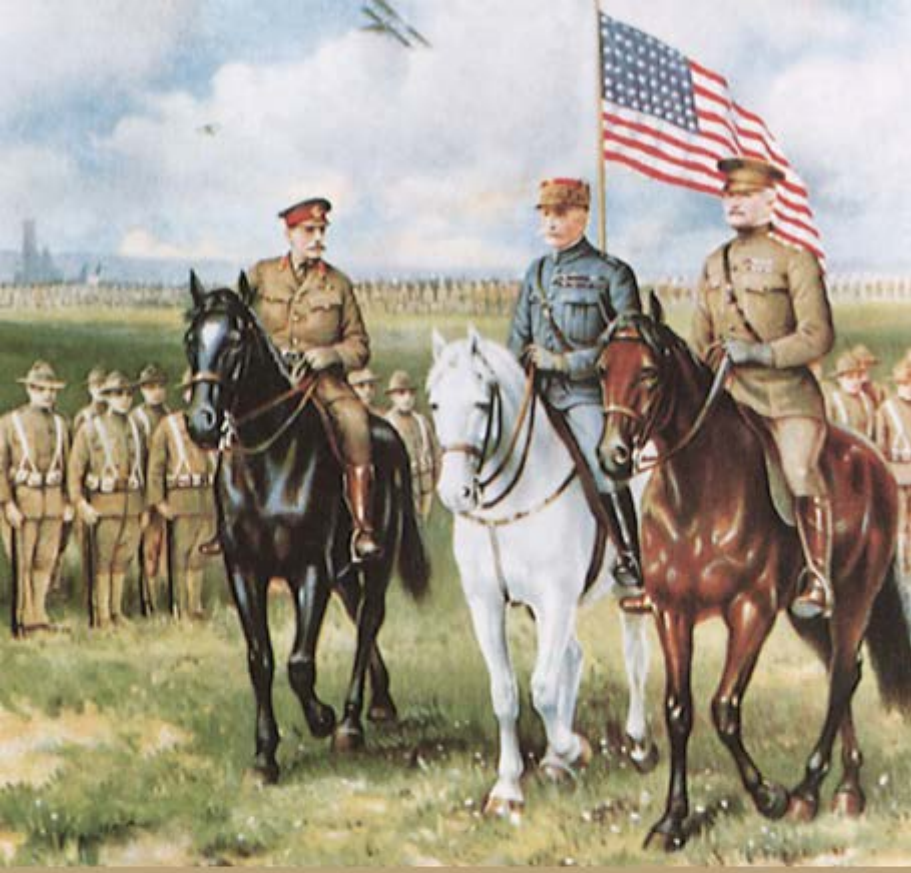


Stories of
World War I

FREEDOM SERIES

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Stories of World War I

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Stories of World War I
Freedom Series

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Libraries of Hope, Inc.
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Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email: librariesofhope@gmail.com

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Selections from

I Am an American

By Sara Cone Bryant

I Am an American

I am an American. I am a citizen of the American Republic. My country is a Union of Free States, under one central government which is chosen by the people and in which all have equal rights.

The Union of Free States under a Federal Government, with popular representation, was all thought out for us by the wise men who made the first plan of our Government, and it has made our country the happiest and safest country in the world.

A constitution is a plan of government. Our Constitution is a great treasure, a precious inheritance of Liberty. It has been studied and followed by free nations all over the world.

As a loyal American I will obey the laws of my City, my State, and my Country. I will do my best to keep these laws fair and equal. I will obey and defend the Constitution of the United States of America.

My Flag

I must always respect the flags of other countries, and remember that they are dear to their citizens, just as the Stars and Stripes are dear to me.

I love the Red, White, and Blue, the flag of America, because it is my own flag, the flag of my own country, where I live, and where I shall some day be a governing citizen.

I love and reverence this flag, because good men and brave have fought under it for my country; good and brave men are fighting under it today.

But most of all, I love and reverence the American flag because it has always stood for right and freedom. It was born in freedom and honor, it has led many battles for freedom and honor, and it flies above a country which is fighting today for the freedom and honor of the world.

So far as I can help, it shall never be raised over a war for gain or cruelty, but only to protect the freedom and honor of men. I will guard it, I will fight for it, I will love it, for it has earned my love and loyalty.

Stand by the Flag*

"And for your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look to another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother."

Edward Everett Hale

* From *Winning a Cause* by John Thompson

Love of Liberty

Oh, children, let us never forget, the love of liberty is a great and sacred love, the faith in man's brotherhood is a great and sacred faith. The noblest men of the world have been willing to die for it. It is greater than the love of power or the fear of death.

The unselfish heroes who sailed from Europe to fight with the Americans against England showed us that other men believed in freedom and democracy; other men also could say, "Give me Liberty or give me death."

Let us remember the names of these men, and be grateful to their memories. Freedom has no race; she is of all races. Where the love of Freedom burns in the heart, all men are of one family. These men came from different countries to strike a blow for us, and what they did shows the natural brotherhood of free people.

We have all heard of Lafayette. He was a French nobleman, a young French gentleman of wealth and a brilliant mind. The Marquis of Lafayette was not twenty; he was as young as

the American college boys who were ambulance drivers in France in 1916 and 1917. He bought a ship and fitted it up with his own fortune, and sailed to America. And here he offered his services as a volunteer without pay.

When we think of the service Lafayette did us, we must also think of the Americans who have gone to serve his country in her hour of need. When the freedom of France was attacked by Germany in 1914, many young American men did not wait for America to join the war. They went to France at their own expense, and said to the French Government, as Lafayette had said, "We will serve as volunteers without pay."

Many of these young men were in the Lafayette Escadrille, the famous flying corps of Americans serving for France.

Not all these American heroes have come back to have their own country, as Lafayette happily went back to his. Some died across the sea, for Freedom's sake. One of the first and bravest of them said, just before he died, "I pay my debt to Lafayette." These are noble and beautiful words.

From another country, Poland, came two more men noble of heart and title. They were named Kosciusko and Pulaski. They, too,

offered their swords to freedom on American soil. They had reason to love freedom, for Poland had been taken away from her own people by stronger countries around her, and had been divided among them. Polish people no longer ruled themselves.

When we think of Kosciusko and Pulaski, we like to remember that America began to pay her debt to Poland when she entered the Great War in 1917. America promised to defend the rights of small nations against tyranny. Poland's freedom was one of those rights which the Allies were fighting for.

From Germany also came friends of Liberty. Johann Kalb, born in Bavaria, but later belonging to the French Army, came with Lafayette to fight for us. He gave his life for American liberty on American soil. And a Prussian officer named Von Steuben helped Washington drill his army at Valley Forge.

When America entered the war against Germany, President Wilson remembered the love of liberty in these men and in our many devoted citizens of German birth, like Carl Schurz, who worked all his life for American patriotism. He said, "We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. "

He meant that we were fighting, not to kill Germany, but to kill the tyranny that the German Government stood for. Many friends of the German people believed with him that our victory would set the German people free from tyranny, and bring them at last to the very freedom and brotherhood their armies were trying to destroy.

Fighting for Liberty

The American flag, the Stars and Stripes, has not been easy to keep clean and safe. Everything that is very precious has to be worked and fought for all the time. Even liberty cannot be got once for all and then left alone.

The liberty of the American Republic has had to be fought for again since the first time. The first time was the War of the American Revolution. The next time was the American Civil War, in 1861.

Sometimes a nation is attacked by outside enemies, but sometimes enemies grow up inside the nation. If the citizens grow selfish or get false ideas, they can become the most dangerous enemies of all.

This happened in our country. Some of the States said that liberty meant that every State could decide all things for itself, and not obey the Federal Government. These States said also that their citizens had a right to keep black men as slaves to work for them. So in the midst of the country that had once fought for freedom,

men were keeping other men out of every kind of freedom.

The United States of America said: "We are not many separate countries; we are one country. Every State must obey the Federal Government." And the United States of America also said: "This is a free country, no man shall own or control another man, black or white."

So the Civil War was fought, to decide whether the United States should remain one country or not, and whether every man in the country should be free or not.

The Federal Government – that is, the United States of America – won the war. A free and united country was once more bought for us by the suffering of other people.

We must always remember that our freedom depends on unity. A lot of separate selfish States can be robbed or spoiled like a lot of weak and selfish children. A union of free States, working each for all and all for each, is a mighty Nation, unconquered, and truly free.

We must always remember, too, that no one is free if all are not free. If one citizen is abused, any citizen may be abused. As an American child I will learn carefully what "union and liberty" mean, and will keep in my heart the love of this country, which gives me both.

A Day of Prayer

Because Abraham Lincoln was wise and sincere, he knew that nations like persons make mistakes. Good nations sometimes sin against the laws of God. He knew that when a nation sins against the laws of God, it must suffer, just as each of us suffers for sin.

The American Nation had sinned against the Divine laws of Brotherhood and Freedom when it allowed slavery. It suffered deeply in the Civil War, which almost tore it apart. But the good in the heart of the American Nation overcame the evil, and put the wrong thing away.

Abraham Lincoln knew that the American Nation had sinned and was sorry. And because he was wise and sincere, he said that the Nation must do what a person has to do when he has done wrong. The Nation must ask God's forgiveness.

The United States Senate passed a resolution asking the President to set apart a day for national prayer and penitence. Lincoln did this, and April 30, 1863, was made a day of fasting and prayer.

Almost everything that Abraham Lincoln wrote is very beautiful. This proclamation is so beautiful and true that we understand America better if we read and understand it. Let us ask mother or teacher to read these sentences out loud to us, and explain the hard words. This is only part of the proclamation: —

"It is the duty of nations as well as of men to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God; to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon; and to recognize the sublime truth, announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history, that those nations only are blessed whose God is the Lord….

"We have been the recipients of the choicest bounties of Heaven. We have been preserved, these many years, in peace and prosperity. We have grown in numbers, wealth, and power as no other nation has ever grown; but we have forgotten God….

"It behooves us, then, to humble ourselves before the offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness…."

The spirit of these words is the spirit of America, the spirit of real democracy.

A democracy is ruled by all the people together, the everyday people. The everyday people are not perfect, they make mistakes. But they are not so foolish as to think they are perfect. When they have made a mistake, they are willing to say so and to start again. When they find they have made a poor law, they are willing to change it. For the everyday people love goodness. They want things to be right.

This is one of the best things about a democracy. We can change the bad things, we can keep on improving our country. In history we find that a ruling class does not often repent, or try to change its mistakes. But a people does.

There are two big lessons for us to learn from America's Day of Prayer. First, we must be honest and wise about our Government. It may make mistakes and do things to be sorry for. All good citizens must watch for these things, and no one must say we are perfect.

Second, when we are grown up, it will be our duty and privilege to help the American Republic to grow steadily better, to become more nearly the perfect ideal of a free country.

Just as she is, we believe that America is the happiest country in the world. But we are glad with all our hearts that her people have the power to make her ever better.

Americans All

The Stars and Stripes, the "flag of the free," were kept safe and clean in the Civil War, as we have seen, and a land of liberty was once more bought for us, by sacrifice.

In this second war for Liberty, the men who fought under the Star-Spangled Banner, and the women who worked and suffered for it, were not of English or Dutch blood alone. They were Americans of many races, French, German, Irish, Italian, Swedish, and other races. For after the English and Dutch, had come families from all over Europe to settle in the United States of America.

Every family that came here came because it wanted to live in a country which had given its people the right to govern themselves. These German, Italian, French, and Scandinavian people came because of the Declaration of Independence, and because of the Revolutionary War.

The descendants of these families fought for the Union in the Civil War because they were true Americans. They knew what liberty was

worth, and they knew that union was the only way to keep it.

The love of liberty is in the hearts of all men everywhere. Sometimes it is buried deep under fear, or love of ease, or love of gain, but it is always there.

We Americans are not the only people who have fought for it. The people of France and Switzerland fought for it and gained it. The people of Russia have fought again and again for it, and are fighting still to gain it. The people of Germany fought for liberty in the Revolution of 1848, and when they lost it many of them came to this country. Their descendants inherit the same love of freedom as our own Revolutionary descendants, and they have made splendid American citizens.

English people have never ceased to strive for liberty, and although they did not make a revolution like the Americans, they gradually got their liberty through small changes in government. They still have a king and they still have people who are called lords and dukes. But England has today a largely representative popular government.

Italy also fought many battles for freedom and often lost. But Italy also today has a representative government, although she, too, still

has a king.

The word "democracy" means a government by the people, and a republic is the most thorough democracy there is. But we also call a country a democracy if its people are truly represented in the Government, and really manage their own business, even if the country is not a republic. England and Italy feel that they are democracies just as France and America do. They have the spirit of democracy.

Sometime, we believe, all people will gain liberty and the whole world will be a brotherhood of free nations.

But we Americans are the most fortunate of all, because America gained it first, and has kept it.

America is the "land of the free and the home of the brave." Let us work and pray to keep her that.

We owe this great blessing of liberty to the courage and sacrifice of Americans of all races. It is for us all whether we are of English, Irish, French, German, Italian, or any other blood. And all of us, of every blood, must fight for it when it is threatened, just as it was fought for in the Revolution and in the Civil War. Washington and Lincoln belong to us all, and we must be true to them.

How Countries Live Together

We know something about government now. We know that each country has either a democratic government or an autocratic government. The people of each country obey its laws because that is the only way they can live together comfortably. But the different countries have to live with each other, too. People do not stay in their own country. They travel for business and pleasure. The ships of all countries use the same ocean. The products of one country go to another and often pass through still other countries on their way. Mail and telegrams go through many countries.

This could not be without some kind of law to live by. We could not send mail through a country if that country let her railroad men steal it, or keep it back. We could not use the ocean if some country allowed her navy to sink our ships.

Long ago there were no laws between countries. As soon as a traveler left his own country he was likely to be robbed or killed. But as soon as business and travel began to grow between countries, the countries began to make agree-

ments with each other. What governments agree upon is called a "treaty." A treaty is a promise of governments to each other.

Every promise is a solemn thing. A man who breaks his promise is despised by other men. But a treaty is far more solemn than a man's promise. It is the promise of a whole nation. If it is broken, it breaks the reputation of a whole people.

After hundreds of years of making treaties, some things had been agreed upon so often that they became a kind of law. Those things that all civilized countries agreed on were called "International Law."

But International Law was only an understanding.

There was no court and no book of laws, and there were no lawyers for it. When countries disagreed about International Law there was no one to decide. War decided.

All the countries kept up armies and navies in case of disagreement. It cost millions of dollars to keep the armies and navies, and all the millions had to come out of the citizens' pockets. This had made much suffering.

Wise men in every country saw that there ought to be a court to settle the disputes of nations, with a real book of International Law.

These men saw that the right way for countries to settle their disputes was by arbitration.

Arbitration means to call in an outsider who can listen to both sides, see the thing in a calm way, and decide justly. The world needed a Court of Arbitration with books of International Law and all the power that real courts have.

In 1898, the Czar of Russia, who is now no longer a Czar, invited all the governments to meet together and talk about a Court of Arbitration. Russia was one of the countries that suffered with a big army, and the Czar saw how much a Court of Arbitration was needed.

All the big countries sent representatives, and the meeting was held at The Hague, a beautiful city of Holland. At this meeting the countries agreed on the Code of International Law and made a plan for a Court of Arbitration.

In 1907, the countries sent their representatives again to The Hague and more was agreed upon.

Now at last the world had a Code of International Law, and a court where disputes could be settled, and an agreement about the most important things. It was now written down in books where every one could see it, just what the nations could expect of each other, what they could depend on.

What the Nations Promised

What the nations agreed on showed what the general conscience of the world believed to be right, just as the laws of a country show what the general conscience of that country believes to be right.

Most of the agreements were about war, because war has always been the most terrible danger to nations and it is in time of danger that most protection is needed.

Of all the mean and dishonest things that used to happen in wars, nothing had made so much trouble as the violation of neutrality.

Suppose on both sides of your house were families that disliked each other. Suppose the boys of the two families got great stones and threw at each other. Then suppose one family came over on your porch and threw stones at the other house from the shelter of yours. All the stones thrown back at them would hit your windows and your family; and you, who had not quarreled, would suffer the most of all.

That is what has often happened in war. It

is a violation of neutrality. To violate neutrality is for a warring country to go into a country that is not in the war, and use it to fight his enemy.

The nations at The Hague solemnly agreed that this sin against the rights of nations should not be committed. There should be no violation of neutrality.

One of the worst violations of neutrality that can happen is when the vessels of a peaceful country are captured or destroyed by the warring countries. The ocean is the natural open road for all countries. Every one has a right to travel there. War or no war, no country has a right to destroy the vessels of a country not at war with her.

So this also was one of the agreements of the nations at The Hague. There should be no violation of neutrality on the sea.

Another agreement of great importance was about the sick and wounded in war, and those who take care of them.

Savages have no respect for innocence and no mercy for the helpless. But the civilized world realizes that some things must be sacred, even in war. To hurt a wounded man, or a nurse, or a doctor who is risking his life to help and save, is too low, too ugly. The nations said at The Hague that they would agree not to

attack each other's hospitals, hospital ships, and first-aid tents, and not to attack the helpless, or those who care for them.

And because a prisoner of war is also helpless, being no longer in his army or protected by his own country, the nations at The Hague agreed on certain fair and humane treatment for prisoners of war.

Oh, how glad the world was when these agreements were made at The Hague! Especially in America we were happy, because in America we had known how sweet it is to have peace, and we hoped no war would ever come again to the world. We thought that there would be no need of war, for now the world had agreed on the laws which it must obey, and had a plan for a Court of Arbitration, where all nations could settle their disputes by these laws.

When the Great War Began

We were right in thinking there was no need for war. But we were wrong in thinking war would not come. There was no need for war if no nation wanted war, but there was a chance for war if any nation wanted it.

A court would not be of much use in your town if there were no police. Suppose the judge decided that John Brown had stolen George White's money, and should pay it back, and John Brown simply said, "I will not." Who would make him?

With every court of justice there must be a way to make people obey its decisions. The Court of Arbitration had no police, and so it could not force any nation to come to it for decision or to obey if it came. Only a great big World-Police of armies and navies could have made the Court of Arbitration able to prevent war.

And one nation — that is, one nation's Government — wanted war. So war came. In 1914 an excuse was found, just as the autocracies

have always found excuses. A member of the Austrian royal family was murdered in Serbia. Few people in the outside world knew much about the man who was killed. He had never been important to other people. But his death became the match that set all Europe on fire. It was the "excuse." Then something like this happened:

Austria said to Serbia, "You must pay for this by humbling yourself to us like a slave."

Serbia said, "We will do what is right, but you ask too much."

Austria said, "Then we will make war on you."

Russia said, "If you make war on my friend Serbia, I will make war on you."

Germany said, "Austria and Germany are one. I will make war on any one who supports Serbia against Austria."

France said, "I am Russia's ally. If you make war on Russia, I will fight."

Germany said, "Then I will fight France and I will go through Belgium to get at her."

England said, "If you violate Belgium, I will fight too."

Turkey and Bulgaria joined with Germany, and later, Italy and Roumania joined the friends of France. We call Germany, Austria, and

Turkey the Central Powers. England, France, and their friends, we call the Entente Allies.

So in a few weeks the greatest war in all history was being fought.

It was all so fast and strange that people in America did not know what to think. We felt as if we were at the theater, looking at a strange play, and soon we should go out of doors and see the peaceful stars, and know it had all been make-believe.

From the very first moment each of the warring countries began to tell the world, in the public speeches of its representatives, that the others had begun the war. Each country said, "I was attacked. I am only defending myself." Each country said, too, that the enemy had long planned and wanted war.

The people of the United States did not know what to think. We knew that most of the other wars in Europe had been the fault of both sides, and that the causes were hidden from the public. We thought, perhaps this war also was the fault of both sides, and that the hidden causes would soon be uncovered and would show the truth.

But one thing we could all see without waiting. One thing was clear. We might not know which country planned the war, but we did

know what each country did in the war. From the first hour one country did things against International Law and against its agreements. That country was Germany.

Belgium, the small, rich, busy country between northern France and Germany, was a neutral country. Germany had made a solemn treaty to respect Belgium's neutrality in case of war with France.

But Germany broke her solemn promise. Across Belgium was an easy way to Paris; it was an easy way because France had trusted the word of Germany and had built no forts on that border. Germany took the easy way. In spite of her solemn treaty, she marched her millions of men, her guns, her horses, her mighty trucks, straight into Belgium to get at France.

The whole world felt the shock of such an act of national dishonor. And the act was made worse by the speech of the Chancellor of Germany, which showed the world that Germany did not even care for honor. The Chancellor said to the British Ambassador that it was dreadful for England to declare war because Germany had violated Belgium's neutrality. He said, "Just for a word — 'neutrality' — just for a scrap of paper!"

Nothing that Germany did afterwards gave

the world a clearer idea of how she felt about honor. She called her treaty, the solemn promise of one nation to another, a scrap of paper.

Honor and Dishonor

Dishonor, like darkness, looks blacker against the light. Belgium's honor shone as pure and white as Germany's dishonor was black and ugly. The little country rose as one man, and fought. Every man and boy who could carry a gun rushed to the call of King Albert, and the small army, only partly trained, partly armed, badly fed, threw itself in the way of the endless stream of the tremendous German army.

Every child must read the story of Belgium's defense, for it is one of the great stories of all history.

The German army, great as it was, was held back by the magnificent defense of the little Belgian army. The leaders who started to march into Paris like a holiday procession, found themselves fighting in Belgium, while England and France had time to send soldiers to defend Paris.

This enraged the German leaders, and all at once here in America we began to hear stories so awful that we could not believe them.

We heard that the Germans had burned up whole towns in Belgium, that they had taken hundreds of village people, not soldiers, had driven them into village squares and cemeteries, and had shot them dead in masses. We heard that they were killing mothers and little babies, and old men, who could not harm any one. We heard that they were stealing what they did not burn, and, worst of all, that they were torturing people. To torture — that is, to hurt in dreadful ways on purpose — is something only the savages are expected to do.

We said in America, "These are stories told by frightened people, who exaggerate everything. They cannot be true."

But soon came letters from our own people who happened to be in Belgium when the Germans came, men and women of the highest character, our own Government's representatives. They said it was true. Soon came Belgian men and women to this country who had escaped, men and women of unstained reputation. They said it was true. By and by the French and Belgian Governments held courts of inquiry, and after all the witnesses had been examined, the judges said it was true.

America did not wholly believe it even then. But in the years that followed, Germany went

on doing dreadful things, violating all the principles of International Law, all the laws of international conscience, until at last the world had to believe. It was true.

First Germany violated Belgium's neutrality and called her solemn treaty a scrap of paper. Then Germany violated the laws of humanity by killing non-combatants, by destroying cities and towns, by torture and by theft. And soon other terrible violations were added to these.

The French and English armies that were hurried to France, with almost no preparation and with no time to make plans, gave the Germans the same surprise that Belgium did.

Germany had millions of soldiers trained to obey like clockwork; she had ammunition, supplies, everything. And her plan was perfectly ready. But France and England had the soul which cannot be conquered; the soul of Freedom and Honor. Every soldier felt the burning anger of a man whose home is attacked. A righteous cause makes a mighty army, as we Americans know. And the army of France met the army of Germany like a rock standing against the beating surf.

We shall read much of the Battle of the Marne, when we are older. And when we read it we shall find our hearts beating and our eyes

wet, thanking God for the spirit in the hearts of men that makes them so heroic.

There at the river Marne, which lay between the German enemy and their Paris, the Frenchmen said, "No further." The German army, sweeping on, was suddenly stopped by a living wall of invincible defenders.

Dying by tens of thousands, borne down by awful numbers, fighting in a living volcano of fire and noise and suffering, the French and British soldiers pushed the German army back, back, away from the Marne and back to the Aisne. The battle of the Marne saved Paris, and France.

The German army settled down for a long war, instead of a short and easy one. And again we began to hear horrible stories. French towns and French people were suffering as the Belgians had suffered. And again we found the stories were true.

Every month some new and unbelievable violation was done.

People in the conquered towns were driven out of their homes like herds of cattle and made to work for Germany. No slavery the world ever knew was so dreadful as this.

English prisoners of war were starved and had dogs set on them by Germany.

And at last the German army began to fire on hospitals, stretcher-bearers, wounded men, and nurses. Of all the horrible things this seemed the worst. But something worse was to come.

The Lusitania

The ships that carried grain and meat to Germany could not get past the English fighting ships in the English Channel and the North Sea. The German Navy tried to protect them and to keep the food-ships away from England in turn. But the English Navy was the stronger, and the English commanders stopped the food-ships on their way and sent them into English and French harbors.

So Germany thought of a new way to starve England and win the war.

Germany had been making a great many submarines. The submarine is a fighting ship which can go under water. It fires torpedoes at the enemy ships while it is under water. When it comes to the surface the crew fire guns. The submarine was invented by an American, and is used by nearly all countries. Germany had been making large and very powerful submarines.

In February, 1915, the German Government said to the world, "We are going to send our

submarines out into the ocean around England, and sink every ship that comes near, no matter what country it belongs to, nor what it carries. We do not care whether it is a passenger ship or where it is going. We will sink the little fishing boats and the big steamers all alike. We will not give any warning, or try to save the people. We shall torpedo every ship we can catch. We will starve England at any cost to the world."

The German Government said this in more grown-up words, but this was what the words meant.

We have heard about violations of International Law. This was a violation of International Law and of The Hague promises. It was more than that, it was a violation of the human conscience. The world could not believe that Germany meant it.

On a spring day in 1915 the great steamship Lusitania sailed out of New York Harbor to cross to England. Our fathers and mothers have always liked to go to Europe by the Cunard Line, and the Lusitania was one of the best ships of the line. There were many families on board. Many mothers and little children who had to go home to England, Scotland, or France were traveling on the Lusitania because she was so safe and swift. There were more than a thou-

sand people who had nothing at all to do with the war.

On the 7th of May, when the Lusitania was almost at the coast of England, an unseen submarine shot two torpedoes into her. There were two fearful explosions, and instantly the Lusitania began to sink. In the terrible fright and confusion, the crews hurried as fast as they could to lower the lifeboats. Brave men rushed about putting little children in the boats, and helping women. But faster and faster the Lusitania settled under them. There was no time, no help, no hope.

In less than twenty minutes the great ship sank to the bottom of the sea, and all those hundreds of mothers and fathers and little children were struggling in the icy water.

Poor little babies! Like wax dolls, they floated a moment on the waves, helpless, then they sank beneath the whirling waters and were drowned.

One thousand, one hundred and ninety-eight people were murdered at sea that day by the German Government and its submarine!

While the whole civilized world was filled with horror and pity, Germany held a special holiday for her school-children, to celebrate the sinking. The German newspapers said, "With

joy and pride we contemplate this latest deed of our navy." And Germany had medals made, celebrating the sinking of the Lusitania and making fun of the people who sailed in her!

Then the world knew that Germany meant what she said about submarines. And the world began to understand that Germany did not care for the things the other civilized countries had been learning to care for. She did not care for honor, and justice, and mercy. She only cared to get what she wanted by any means that would succeed.

Men who read and study the thoughts of other nations had been telling us for a long time that this was so. They had studied German books of politics and war, and they had told us that Germany thought differently from the rest of us. Those German books told that the German Government was planning to make itself ruler of the world. Those books said that deceit and cruelty did not matter if only Germany got what she wanted.

If all countries had read Germany's books and had believed the German people really meant them, we might all have known that this terrible war was about to come.

But almost no one had believed it. Even after so many horrors in France and Serbia and

Belgium, many people could not yet believe it. It did not seem that any country could be so wicked.

It was especially hard here in America to believe evil of Germany because we knew so many people of German blood. We had found our citizens of German blood as honest, as kind, as true to the flag of Liberty as other Americans. So we could not think the Germans in Germany were very different.

But we had not known that Germany had changed her ideals since these Germans came to America. And the change of ideals had changed the nation.

What you care most about, your ideal, makes you into its own image. If you care for money more than anything else, you grow mean and greedy. If you care most of all for show, you grow foolish and artificial. If you care most for the "Kingdom of God and His righteousness," you grow beautiful and true. And a nation is like a person.

The German nation had been taught to care about German power more than anything else. Germany was to be everything, the rest of the world nothing. Germany must grow to be a tremendous empire, ruling the world and the world's trade. It did not matter what happened

to any one else or to any other nation. A greater Germany at any cost was Germany's ideal.

The Kaiser and his ruling class had taught the people that the way to get this greater Germany was to have a mighty army, and to make the army obey him absolutely. There must be no conscience but the Kaiser's word. And "frightfulness" (the German word means "things that are terrible") was to be the spirit of the army.

The sinking of the Lusitania showed to the world that Germany would violate any law, break any promise, to win the war and gain the power she wanted.

Over one hundred of the people killed on the Lusitania were American citizens. So the sinking of the Lusitania was a violation of America's neutrality as well as a violation of all International Law. Many persons in America thought the United States ought to go to war with Germany at once. But our Government was very anxious not to add to the suffering of the world, not to make the war any longer. We still hoped Germany might be persuaded to regret her lawless acts, and change. America still hoped to bring back peace to the world.

Many messages were sent from the United States Government to the German Government, and back again. Such messages are called "notes."

After many notes Germany promised the United States that she would not again torpedo a passenger ship without warning.

But she broke that promise just as she had broken her promises to other nations. And the German submarines began to do still more

terrible things. When they had sunk a ship, and the poor men, women, and children had got into lifeboats, the submarine crews shot at these helpless people, and killed them. They took English sailors from lifeboats and put them on their submarine deck, and then they shut the submarine up tight and dived underneath the water, so that the sailors were all swept off and drowned. They even torpedoed hospital ships full of helpless wounded men and their doctors and nurses.

All this time the German representatives to the United States were pretending that Germany was very friendly to America, and in Berlin the Kaiser was pretending to our Ambassador that he was very friendly to America.

But our Government had secret service men watching and listening. By and by they found out that the German representatives in this country were making a secret war on us. They were really officers in command of a secret army.

These men had been given money by the German Government to pay a whole army of spies. The spies found out when our ships were sailing and sent word to the submarines.

And the German representatives paid men to blow up munition factories and kill hundreds

of innocent Americans. They paid men to deceive German Americans in places where there were many ignorant people, and to teach them to believe in Germany and to fight against America.

One of the worst things the German Government did was to try to get Mexico to make war on us. They had even planned to give a part of the United States to Mexico as a reward, and had planned to put German officers in charge of Mexican troops.

So at last after three years the Great World War had come across the ocean, and was threatening the American Republic. Americans were no longer safe on the open ocean, Americans were no longer safe in their own factories, they could no longer live in peace with their neighbor countries. The same iron hand which had crushed bleeding Belgium and Serbia, and was now trying to crush France and England, had reached out to drag the American Republic into ruin also.

The United States did not declare war on Germany. Germany was already making war on America, under cover. And the President of the United States only recognized that fact.

On the 2nd of April, 1917, President Wilson went before our Congress in Washington, and

very solemnly, very sadly, gave the message that we were at War with Germany.

President Wilson's message was very long. When we are grown up it will be a part of history. There are some parts of it we can easily understand now. We can read these parts over, as our mothers and fathers have often done since they were first said to Congress: —

"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….

"We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, 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….

"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."

What America Fought For

President Wilson's message tells us plainly why the United States was fighting Germany and what we were fighting for. All of us American children must clearly understand and remember what the greatest war of the world was about. When we are grown up the world will be different from what it was before this war, and we want to understand how America helped make it different. The War was about the same thing as the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, and the Spanish War.

In the War of the Revolution we fought to get liberty for America. In the Civil War we fought to keep liberty for America. In the Spanish War we fought to get liberty for a small, oppressed country.

In 1917, we fought to keep our own liberty and to give liberty to all other nations. Each time tyranny threatened freedom. This last time the greatest tyranny ever known threatened all the world.

President Wilson said, "We must make the

world safe for democracy."

One of our first American volunteers wrote home to his little son, "Never forget that your father went into this war to keep the world safe for all little children."

Another of our American volunteers, who sailed for France at Christmas time, said, "We boys feel that we are going to war to end war. We believe when we have won this war there will really be 'Peace on Earth.'"

These three sayings explain very clearly what America was fighting for.

America went out to fight the country that tore little children from their mothers' arms, that drowned little helpless babies, and killed loving mothers before their children's eyes. America fought to keep that country from ruling the world. Our fathers and our big brothers went willingly to battle and suffering and death, because they would rather die than see liberty, mercy, and justice die.

Germany had said that America would not fight. Many times in Berlin our Ambassador had been treated badly by the German Government when he tried to get fair treatment for the English and French prisoners. And always he had heard it said there was nothing to fear because "America would not fight."

Germany was mistaken. President Wilson's message was given to Congress in April, 1917. At that time the United States had a small army and a small navy. On the Fourth of July, one year later, the United States had one million fitting men in France, and a million more in America getting ready to go!

In a few weeks after the President's message a squadron of our fighting ships was already off the coast of England fighting the German submarines, and a flotilla of armed yachts was in French waters protecting the French fishing vessels and the troop ships. By the Fourth of July, 1918, there were fifty thousand men in the American Navy off the coast of Europe, and another great navy in training on our own coast. America would fight!

America did not want to fight. No right-minded person likes fighting, but America would rather fight than let Germany spoil the world for right-minded people to live in. Once more a great cause made a mighty army.

Our American fathers and brothers wanted peace, but they wanted peace for all nations. They were not willing to have peace and comfort for themselves while their brothers were forced to an unjust war.

When America entered the War she felt

that such horrors must never be let happen again. The world must be fixed so that no nation ever again could be able to say, "I will take what I please and do what I like. My might is right."

To make the world safe for all little children, to make the world safe for democracy, means to make it safe against any country that might ever try to do what Germany has done. So America entered the War not just to beat Germany, but to make the world really and truly safe for democracy.

As loyal American children we are thankful that America was able to help our suffering sister countries against their oppressor. We are thankful that America had a President who could see so clearly and say so powerfully what the nations on earth were fighting for. When we are grown up we will do our part to keep our country true to the high, unselfish purpose with which she entered the Greatest War; to protect the human rights of all peoples, and to help them live in a spirit of brotherhood in a world safe for all.

My Navy

To make the world safe for little children meant to fight, to fight under the Stars and Stripes by land and sea. "First to fight" is the watchword of the United States Marines, a part of our American Navy. And first to fight after America entered the War was our splendid Navy.

The American Navy has a proud record of one hundred and fifty years of success, of courage, and of noble character in officers and men.

This record shows that the United States Navy has always been ready; ready to obey orders, ready to go into action. It is as ready today as it always was.

As soon as America entered the War, our Government sent a squadron of fighting ships, called destroyers, across the ocean to help the English Navy fight the German submarines. It was cold weather. The voyage was especially rough and hard on ships and men. After such a trip it usually takes much time to put everything in repair and to rest the men.

When the American destroyers arrived in an English harbor, the English commander under whom they were to serve, Admiral Sir Lewis Bayly, said to the officer in command of the squadron, "How soon can you be ready to go to sea?"

The American commander answered, "The ships and the men are fit to sail at once, sir, as soon as we can take on fuel."

The English Admiral was pleased, as well he might be. Such readiness meant hard, constant work all the way over, and it meant strength and endurance in both men and ships.

The United States Navy went to work, with the English and French Navies, to keep the deadly gray German submarine from winning the War.

Out on the wide ocean that should be free and safe, those submarines were lying under the waves like sharks waiting to devour the precious lives of men, women, and little children.

They sunk the great ships with torpedoes and sent the women and children down into the icy water. They sunk the little fishing boats, and drowned the hard-working fishermen. But most they hoped to sink the big transport steamers loaded with our American boys on their way to France to fight for the world's free-

dom.

But someone else was out on the wide ocean. The United States Navy was there, ready and keen and brave. Working with the English and French Navies, our destroyers, our submarines, our small, swift submarine chasers, and our great flying machines were hunting for the German submarines. All day while we were in school, all night while we were asleep, in wind, in storm, in sun and rain, our Navy watched and fought for us.

America sent millions of men across the ocean and millions of tons of food and supplies, and the American Navy with God's help carried them safely over the terrors of the sea. Some of our brave brothers went down to death, but every man of the millions who safely arrived resolved to fight the harder for those who died.

Ship after ship, ship after ship, the American Navy took them in safety to the other side of the sea, and with them it took the ships that carried food, and clothes, and ammunition to our Allies.

One day our Navy caught a German submarine and sent a shot into her. The sailors on the submarine had to jump into the sea when their submarine sank under them, just as they

had made many a poor little child leap into the waves. But the American sailors did not stand and shoot the drowning men, as the Germans have so often done. American men are not like that. They saved as many of the German sailors as they could, and got them on board their own boat. And then two of our American sailors jumped into the sea after one of the German men who was drowning. At the risk of their own lives, they saved him.

Why did they do this? Because we were not at war for hate or cruelty. We were at war to stop cruelty and injustice. So long as the enemy is fighting, we must fight him. But when he has surrendered, he is no longer an enemy, he is only a man.

American soldiers and sailors fight for the great country that follows Washington, and Lincoln, and Wilson. They fight in a navy whose leaders are men like Captain Jack Philip, who said, "Don't cheer boys, the poor fellows are dying."

The German submarine crews were fighting for a country that believed in "frightfulness," a country whose emperor allowed helpless prisoners to be worried by savage dogs. They were fighting under leaders who proclaimed a national holiday for the school-children to celeb-

rate the murder of a thousand innocent men, women, and babies on the Lusitania.

We can all see the difference.

The spirit of our Navy is the spirit of absolute readiness, high courage, and unselfish devotion. There is no cruelty in our brothers in navy blue. They live and die true to the noblest type of American manhood. This is true of the men and of the officers alike.

It is an old naval custom to name each new destroyer for some hero of our history who has done a deed worthy to be so remembered.

A little while ago the Secretary of the Navy was asked to give a name to a new destroyer. This is what he said: —

"I took up first the names of the great admirals, and then the great captains, and all the American heroes of the sea, and all were worthy. And then I thought of Osmond C. Ingram, second-class gunner's mate on the destroyer Cassin. I thought of the night when he was on watch and saw a U-boat's torpedo headed for his ship. He was standing near the place where the high explosives were stored, and the torpedo was headed for that spot. In a flash he was engaged in hurling overboard those deadly explosives, which would have destroyed the ship if they remained on board, and he

managed to get rid of enough of them to save the lives of all the officers and sailors on board, but he lost his own life. So I named the newest and finest addition to the American Navy the Osmond C. Ingram. "

The spirit of Osmond Ingram, who gave his life for the life of his comrades, is the spirit of our American Navy.

As a loyal American child, I will give my thanks and love to our brave soldiers of the sea, who give their lives to keep the ocean safe and free. And I will pray that our Navy may ever be as it has been, brave in battle and merciful in victory.

My Army

When the Liberty Bell rang the first time the listening farm boy in New England fields dropped the reins on the neck of his plough-horse and ran for his musket and powder horn. He was the Minute Man, our first American soldier. Strong and brave, honest and kind, he was ready to leave all he loved and knew, on the minute, to defend Liberty.

When the Liberty Bell rang in the greatest of all wars, the boys in America's colleges and fields and shops, dropped their books and took and volunteered for service. New Minute Men these were, true to the old type in the new world.

Before America entered the Great War, some of these new American Minute Men were already in France, carrying the wounded to safety, as ambulance drivers. They were fighting in the Foreign Legion, they were flying in the Lafayette Escadrille.

When America entered the War, she said, "Democracy is fighting this war. Ours shall be

the army of democracy, all shall serve alike." So our army was an army of universal service.

Our big brothers were all together in the Army of the American Republic. The boy who went to Harvard College was side by side with the boy who went to the University of California. The boy who owned a costly automobile marched beside the boy who drove a truck for a living. The boy whose great-grandmother was a New England Puritan marched beside the boy whose father came from Italy, or Scandinavia, or Russia, or Germany. All together they came, our army of brothers, all true Americans, all fighting under the Star-Spangled Banner to make the world safe for little children.

Straight and slim in American khaki brown, with the long, easy American stride, these brothers of ours went marching down the home streets away from us. Millions went marching down their camp streets, all over the country. Hundreds of thousands went marching down the docks where the long ships lay waiting to take them across the sea to France.

Every American soldier knew that the German submarines were waiting out there somewhere under the blue water. He knew that the great ship with its thousands and thousands of men might at any moment be shattered and

sunk, and that he and his comrades might die a cruel death.

Every American soldier knew that when he reached France he must go into battle against the most powerful and merciless army the world had ever known.

But every American soldier knew what he was there for. He was going across the sea to do God's work in the world, and to die doing it if the need came. So our army of brothers went singing on the great ships across the ocean.

In January, 1918, a German submarine at last caught one of those troop ships, and torpedoed her. It was the troop ship Tuscania. Then our brothers showed to the world the spirit of the American Army.

In the dark and bitter cold, with the high seas raging around them, nearly two thousand men stood on the deck of the sinking ship. They felt her settling, settling, slowly but surely. Through the long minutes they waited for help, remembering the Lusitania, and knowing that if help did not come soon they must surely drown. They saw the crushed bodies of comrades who were hit by the explosion. They heard the moans of dying men. They saw the lifeboats put off in a raging sea that swept them away into death. For hours helpless on the

sinking deck they waited for life or death to come up out of the darkness.

And what did they do, as they stood there in the cold and the waiting? They sang! Those splendid brothers of ours in khaki brown stood quietly shoulder to shoulder, and sang their message of courage and faith out into the night!

That was the spirit of our American Army. To stand quietly in the presence of terror, every man taking his chance with the other, and to sing in the presence of death, was the spirit of the New Minute Man.

One of the destroyers was at last able to get side by side with the sinking Tuscania, and all the American soldiers standing there got safely on to the destroyer's deck.

They were saved, but they could not forget the comrades whose lifeless bodies were washed up on the rocky shore next day. They knew then better than before what spirit it was they had gone out to fight against, the spirit of cruelty and stealth that ruled the German Army and used the German submarine.

In this army of ours white men and black men fought for the same cause. The sons of the men who had toiled as slaves in the cotton-fields fought under the same flag as the sons of men who had owned those cotton-fields. It was

the Army of the American Union, going out to end a new slavery, and to win a new peace for all men.

Our black men made brave soldiers. The first of them who received the honor of a decoration received it for great courage and skill. Standing all alone on outpost duty, he saw four Germans creeping up to attack a part of his trench. Alone he fought them all off. He killed two and captured one, and the other ran away.

That also was the spirit of our Army. When they fight they fight hard, with keen eyes to see a foe, strong hands to handle a gun, and steady nerves to shoot straight.

One day a company of American engineers was hard at work laying the rails for a piece of track over which the English soldiers could send their supply trains up to the front. It was very near the front trenches. The engineers were working in danger from bursting shells. They had surveyors' instruments with them, and picks, shovels and tools.

Suddenly the Germans attacked. They came running up, firing their rifles, and throwing their hand grenades, and in a moment they were all around the American engineers.

But the American engineers did not surrender. Some of them found guns. The others

caught up their pick-axes and shovels, and fought with those. And they fought so well that they beat the Germans back and cleared their own way to the English trenches. There they fought side by side with the English soldiers until the attack was beaten.

To fight hard and never give up was the spirit of our first Minute Men. It is still the spirit of our Army.

One day a company of American soldiers was at rest in a small French village. Most of the men had very little money. Many of them had nothing more than their pay.

Along the dusty road came a poor desolate old woman. She was ragged and thin, and her eyes showed that she had lost her mind.

There was a little shop where some of the American boys were buying sandwiches and hot coffee. They led the old woman into the shop and gave her food. Then one of them who spoke French, talked with her. When he had heard her story he translated it to the other soldiers.

The poor ragged old woman had been the happy mother in a prosperous household in northern France. When the Germans conquered the town, the soldiers had come into her house, had killed her daughter and her hus-

band, and had left her half dead.

A few days later one of her two sons had been killed in battle. Then she had started wandering over the roads, to find the other son. Her mind was quite gone, and she would never stay in any one place, but always wandered away, hoping to find her boy.

When the young man had finished translating, the American soldiers were all crying. They gave the poor mother nearly all the money they had. One boy who had no money gave her a pair of woolen socks, and another gave her his muffler.

That, too, was the spirit of our Army.

The soldiers in our Army and Navy have not only given up their education, their work, their pleasure; they not only offer their lives in the service; but they have given from their little salary to the Red Cross, to the Y.M.C.A., and over and over again to the suffering women and children of northern France.

The spirit of brotherhood, of sacrifice and service, is the spirit of the American Army. And as American children we should know it and be proud of it. Let us say a prayer that our American brothers in khaki brown may ever be worthy of the "General Order" that our American Commander in France, General Pershing,

sent to his boys, our American Expeditionary Force: —

"Hardship will be your lot, but trust in God will give you comfort; temptation will befall you, but the teachings of our Saviour will give you strength. Let your valor as a soldier, and your conduct as a man, be an inspiration to your comrades and an honor to your country."

The American Red Cross

There are many flags in the world, of many colors. There is one flag that belongs to all nations alike. That flag is a red cross on a white background, the flag of the Red Cross Society. It stands for the love and mercy that came into the world when Jesus died on the cross. It stands for the blood of suffering that is alike in all races, and the purity of mercy that all humanity needs alike. That flag, like the Stars and Stripes, was made by a woman, but in a different way from that in which our flag was made by Betsy Ross. For the Red Cross Society was founded by a woman. Its beautiful meaning and holy work grew out of the compassion of a woman's heart.

It is our honor and privilege as American children to belong to the Nation that gave birth to Clara Barton, the founder of the Red Cross.

Clara Barton was a teacher. She was born in the little town of Oxford, Massachusetts. When our Civil War broke out she was a clerk in Washington, but she went into a hospital and

became a nurse. She took care of sick and wounded soldiers.

The suffering of soldiers and the grief of their families became to her the most important thing in life. She spent her money and gave her time to the work of finding men who were reported missing. She comforted the sorrowing families, and cared for the sick soldiers wherever she found them.

After the Civil War Miss Barton went to Europe for a rest. But she soon found work waiting for her. War came between France and Germany, a terrible and bloody war. Clara Barton helped the Grand Duchess of Baden arrange hospitals for the care of the soldiers. She followed the German army and superintended the work of nursing and relief.

In 1881, the American Red Cross Society was formed by her efforts, and she became its President.

Before her death Miss Barton superintended the work of relief in three more great disasters. She took care of the Armenians in 1896, she took care of the Spanish and American soldiers in 1898, and later of the English soldiers in Africa.

What is this association that Clara Barton founded?

It is the great association that makes a business of helping those who need help. It is the mother of lonely children, the nurse of sick soldiers, the kind sister of the poor, the big brother of the weak and helpless. The American Red Cross is the greatest single business organization in the world, and its whole business is helpfulness.

When we take our dimes and dollars to the Red Cross, we send them straight to some one who needs help, some one who is suffering.

Perhaps my dollar went to a little town near the Swiss border, sometime in the year 1918.

A train from Germany pulls into the station. A crowd of women and children stumble off. They are French women and children who have been kept prisoners in Germany, and are being sent back to France. They are in rags, they are faint with long hunger, they are pinched and yellow with sickness.

One poor little girl falls on the platform. She is too weak to walk. Quickly a man with a cross on his sleeve lifts her in his arms. He carries her gently to a big motor ambulance with a red cross on its side. The little girl opens her eyes a short time later and finds herself in a soft bed, in a cool, clean room, near other little children in other comfortable beds. A gentle nurse is

holding a cup of broth to the hungry little mouth.

Then the little girl is bathed, fed, and comforted. The nurse brings her a dolly to keep for her own. When she is well enough to get up she finds a nice dress and fresh clothes to put on.

My dollar was one of the dollars that paid for the ambulance, the hospital, the broth, and the clothes. Maybe it was the very dollar that paid for the dolly.

Perhaps my dollar went to Paris sometime in the year 1918.

Out in the mud and smoke sixty miles away, one of my American brothers in khaki brown flings up his arms and falls in a crooked heap. He has been shot in the leg. His comrades rush by him. It is their duty to go forward, to take the German trench. He lies there, in pain, in fear. Will they find him, or must he die slowly alone? He thinks, "Even if they find me, I shall never walk again. I shall be a cripple."

Dusk comes. The American boy is faint, almost unconscious. Suddenly he hears a low voice, an American voice. Strong American arms with a cross on the sleeves lift him to a stretcher. Sturdy American comrades carry him back to the First Aid Station.

A kind American hand gives him food, and

medicine to dull the pain, and a Red Cross doctor bandages his wounds.

Presently he is in a motor ambulance with a red cross on the side. By and by he is in a hospital train with a red cross on every car. At last he lies in bed in a hospital in Paris, over which the Red Cross flag flies.

He thinks, "I am alive, but I shall never walk again. My mother will cry."

A great surgeon comes in, a man famous on both sides of the ocean. He says, "It can be done." And he performs a delicate operation that makes the American boy able to walk again. It is an operation that would have cost a thousand dollars in times of peace.

My American brother in khaki brown sits happily on the balcony and looks at beautiful Paris, and he thinks, "I am well! I can walk again. How glad my mother will be!"

My dollar helped to pay for the stretcher, the food and the medicine, the ambulance, the train and the hospital. My dollar helped train the nurse, and all the people who helped. The great surgeon gave his services for love of humanity, but he could not have performed the operation without the things my dollar helped to buy.

Perhaps my dollar went to Italy.

There was a time in the Great War when the armies of Italy gave way before treachery and might together, and the Germans poured into the country, killing and burning as they came. Later the Italians drove them out again with magnificent bravery. But there were terrible weeks when all the people who had lived in the border towns were wanderers on the roads. Mothers with babies in their arms, boys and girls of eight or nine, grandmothers and grandfathers, were tramping the roads like beggars. They had nowhere to sleep, nothing to eat, and no home to go to anywhere.

In less than a week the American Red Cross was with them. It brought whole freight trains full of food and clothes, and things for those who were ill. It brought money, and best of all, friends. The sad desolate people were taken care of and helped to make new homes.

One day an American Red Cross surgeon in a hospital near the trenches looked at the wounded men who were lying on stretchers, and saw a German prisoner badly hurt amongst them.

The surgeon said, "This man is the worst wounded. I will take him first."

One of the other men said, "He is a German, doctor. Will you put him before us?"

The Red Cross surgeon said, "It is my duty to help first those who need help most. The rest of you are not so seriously wounded."

"That's right," the other men spoke up. "Take the poor chap first."

That was the spirit in which Clara Barton founded the Red Cross. It has always taken care of friend and enemy alike. To the Red Cross a wounded man is not an enemy, but only a suffering human being. The Red Cross stands for human brotherhood. Its shining red and white is a symbol of mercy as wide as the world.

This spirit was one of the hopes of the world when the nations met at The Hague. They all promised to respect the International Red Cross. Germany joined the others in this promise.

But again Germany broke her word. Again and again the German Army fired on stretcher-bearers, and on hospital ambulances, and on hospitals. The Red Cross was plain to see, but it gave no protection against the hatred of Germany.

President Wilson said, speaking about the American Red Cross in New York, in May, 1918, "One of the deepest stains that rests upon the reputation of the Germany Army is that they have not respected the Red Cross. That

goes to the root of the matter."

When Germany broke the law of the Red Cross she broke a greater law than any International Law, she violated the principle of human brotherhood.

Human brotherhood is the real meaning of democracy. When we are citizens of the American Republic we belong to an American brotherhood, a democracy which gives equal rights to all its members. As members of the Red Cross, we belong to a universal brotherhood, a greater democracy which gives equal rights to all men.

The Red Cross is the flag of a world-wide democracy, ruled by the spirit of Jesus.

As American children let us all belong to this democracy and reverence its flag with our own, the Red Cross with the Stars and Stripes.

Our Ideals

We know that America is the richest country in the world. She is richest of all in her children. Her mines of gold and iron and coal are not so valuable as the wise and brave men who have carried our country to safety from the time of the colonists to this day. Her fields of cotton, wheat and fruit are not worth so much as the wise and brave women who have done their part side by side with the men. Her glorious beauty of the land from east to west is not so fair as the shining ideals kept alive in millions of children.

What are these ideals?

They are the ideals of Washington and Lincoln, of our Army, our Navy, our Red Cross. Our ideal is to speak and act the truth, as persons and as a nation; to fear no man, but to fear to do evil; to protect our own freedom and to give it to all other men everywhere; to be wise and strong, and to use our wisdom and strength, not in selfishness, but in service.

We want all American children to have

good health, good sense, good-will. We want them to know the spirit of true democracy, the spirit that was born in our dear country, and is protected by our sacred flag.

As American children, let us understand and remember how great is our inheritance, and how sincerely we must try to be worthy of our country.

I am an American.

The faith of America is faith in God and man. She believes in brotherhood and opportunity. She believes in justice and mercy. America has received from all races. She gives to all races. One bond binds all races together in her citizenship. It is the bond of loyalty. To be an American is to love America; to believe in America; to serve America. To be an American is to live by the American ideals of freedom, honor, and service.

I thank God for the privilege of being a child of America. I pray that I may be worthy of the privilege. With gratitude and high purpose, for service with the heart, hand, and brain,

"I AM AN AMERICAN."

The Belgians

King Albert – Belgium's Leader*

Lover of His People

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! sounded the big guns of the city of Brussels. It was the evening of the eighth day of April, 1875.

Every one stopped to listen – rich folks and poor folks, big folks and little folks – to the booming of the guns. It told them something very interesting had happened – that a child had just been born to the royal family of Belgium. Moreover, as they soon learned, the tiny newcomer was a prince, the second nephew of their King, Leopold II.

Of course, the good parents of little Albert Leopold Marie Meinrad, for so he was called, were made very happy by his coming. Albert's father, the brother of the King, was the Count of Flanders and a tender, kind-hearted man who loved learning. His books were so precious to him that he spent a large part of each day in his library. In this library a whole mile of shelves

* From *Leaders to Liberty* by Mary Wade

was used to hold his treasures!

Albert's mother took delight in all beautiful things – music and fine paintings and good books, as well as the lovely sights Dame Nature could show her in the ever-moving waters of the sea, in the rich Belgian meadows in which tall grasses and dainty wild flowers nodded cheerily, in the glorious sunsets, and in the blue sky with its ever-changing cloud-children.

At first the Count had lived with his Countess in a wing of King Leopold's palace. Afterwards, they moved into a home specially fitted up for them; and here, in the Palace of the Rue de la Regence, their children were born. First came Prince Baudoin; then twin princesses, one of whom soon died; after that, the Princess Josephine; and last of all, the little son who would some day be called by his people, "Our Soldier King, Albert the Brave. "

But this is getting ahead of our story.

Albert was a happy boy, but so quiet that at first people did not notice him very much. He studied his lessons faithfully. He also spent much time in finding things out for himself, as he was interested in everything he saw. There were the railway trains with the wonderful engines that made them move so swiftly. There were the steamboats speeding along the sea-

coast. There were all sorts of machines with strange workings. Altogether, the world appeared a delightful puzzle to the seemingly quiet child with the active mind.

Many a story did the little prince hear of what had happened in the long-ago to his country. There was the famous Battle of the Golden Spurs; there was the Siege of Liege, when six hundred brave men gave their lives to save the city from the outrages of Charles the Bold of Burgundy; there was the tale of the noble citizens who fought Prince Ferdinand of Holland in the streets of the city of Brussels. Never had the Belgians been willing to be slaves.

When the young prince thought of this his fair cheeks must have flushed and his kind blue eyes sparkled.

"They never will be slaves," he must also have thought with pride.

Though the boy's father spent much time with his books, yet he and his beautiful wife gave two hours of each day to their children. They felt that the best of nurses and teachers could not fill their place. They watched Albert's studies and talked with him about his sports.

Sunday was the best day of the whole week, because then the good Count and Countess took long walks with Albert and his brother and

sister. Sometimes they wandered through the lovely parks of Brussels. Sometimes they went out into the country nearby, where they met many other children, both rich and poor, also out for a holiday walk with their parents.

Then, when dinner time drew near, the young prince went with his family to the King's palace to dine with him and the Queen Marie Henriette. Many other times also the boy went to the grand palace. Often he was allowed to join other guests who had been invited there to listen to the music the Queen played on her gilded harp and to hear the singing of the great General Brunell.

Prince Albert did not stay in Brussels all the year round, because he had several other beautiful homes. One of these was among the noble Ardennes Mountains. Another was in the country at Hasli-Horn. A third was at the Chateau of Les Amerois, where the lad spent six joyous weeks every summer.

Such a big company as there was in the household during this summer holiday! Besides Albert's own family there were uncles and aunts and cousins in plenty. Among the guests were the Queens of Portugal and of Saxony, and there were princes, too, besides Albert and his brother Baudoin. The ways of royalty were

largely set aside during this vacation time, and the older folks joined in the games of the little ones. There was much fun and frolicking.

The fresh air blew freely about the Chateau because it stood on a high hill above the old, old town of Bouillon. Albert could look down from this summer home on a river winding far below – then off to distant hills covered with tall pine trees. If he should climb to the summit of a certain hill in the distance he could see the coast of France, his country's neighbor. Belgium was only a tiny country, after all. But the spirit of her people made her seem strong and big to the little prince who loved and admired her.

The Chateau was surrounded by a wide, beautiful park where the children played to their hearts' content. A chapel had been built here, where the children worshiped with their parents. In its stained-glass windows Albert could look at the pictures of the patron saints of his family. Among these was Saint Albert whose name he bore.

The park was full of delightful surprises. There were gardens and lovely groves in whose cool shade Albert could play with comfort on the hottest summer days. There were greenhouses filled with rare plants, and streams singing merrily as they leaped down over the rocks

on the hillside. The park was free to any who might wish to enter. As the royal children frolicked about, they often looked up to see the poorest people of the neighboring country making their way along the paths to the Chateau. No doubt they were coming to ask help of the noble Count and Countess. Perhaps they needed money to pay their rent. Perhaps their little ones were sick and suffering. Never were they refused help. But some of these people were too old to climb up the hillside, or were too shy or proud to ask help. Albert's parents hunted them out and carried them gifts of what they most needed.

There was a letter box at the Chateau unlike any of which you may have heard. It stood ready to receive the letters of little children who felt free to ask help of Albert's parents and knew this help would not be refused. Thousands of such letters were written and answered during Albert's childhood and youth.

Festivals were held at Les Amerois during the summer vacation. The people in the village below were invited to these, and great was the frolicking at such times. There were games and feasting; and songs were sung by the village children dressed in their holiday clothes. And there were lotteries in which every one drew a

prize!

The servants at the Chateau had their special holidays when the Count and Countess, with their royal guests, shared their games in the big outdoors. Merry indeed were those summers when Albert was a boy at Les Amerois.

Though Albert had delightful vacations in which he could be as idle as he wished, there were months in which he studied hard. There was English to learn, besides French and other languages. There were the great writers with whom he must become well acquainted; there were lessons in philosophy and religion to be mastered.

Albert was not content, however, with the studies his parents chose for him. He wished besides to understand the workings of the great inventions of the world. So, through his own desire, he studied engineering.

In course of time he even acted as the engineer of a railway train to be sure he knew just how to drive it through the country. He also learned to drive an automobile so well that he could travel over the roads with the speed of the wind, without the slightest accident ever befalling him.

When Albert was scarcely sixteen years old a black cloud swept over his happy home. He

was taken quite ill with a dangerous kind of catarrh. His two sisters caught the disease.

Fortunately both of them got well, but a great sorrow was at hand. Prince Baudoin, catching the disease last, became very ill, and four days afterwards the wisest physicians in the land said, "We have done all we can. The young prince is dying." Greatly did the loving parents grieve over the loss of this older son. The whole country grieved with them. It was not an ordinary loss, because all had looked upon Prince Baudoin as the next king of Belgium. King Leopold's only son had died many years ago, so this oldest nephew would be the heir to his kingdom.

But now that Baudoin was dead, who would take his place? Who, indeed, but his young brother, the shy, quiet Albert? Was the young prince puffed up by the thought of his being a king by-and-by? Not at all! He must study all the harder now. He must learn all he could of the art of war, so that, if his country were ever in danger, he might be able to defend her. He must get acquainted with the ways of his people, the poor workingmen as well as the rich lords, so he would know best how to govern them.

"He had better start on his military training

at once," decided Albert's parents; and his uncle, the King, agreed with them. So, one day soon afterwards, the tall, thin, awkward youth, with the color coming and going in his cheeks, went with the King to the Belgian Military School at Brussels.

The King was a grand-looking man. Standing before the teachers and students, he introduced his nephew with lively words. Now and then he "poked fun," as we say, at his nephew, hoping in this way to make the students feel at ease with him and forget that he was to be their future ruler. Of course, the young military students laughed at these sallies, and Albert blushed.

After the King had gone away, however, the students felt shy about treating the prince like one of themselves. They were, mostly, fellows of middle-class families. Little did they know of the ways of royal people. And here was the future king of their country set down in their midst! How could they help feeling shy at first?

Before long, however, Albert made them understand that he wished them to treat him like any other of their mates. Yes, in playtime he was even willing to be a laughingstock; so many a joke was played on him, and he was given a nickname which his school friends

remember and smile over to this day. The uniform he wore was the same as theirs. He ate the same food as they did. His parents allowed him only a small amount of spending money. No doubt he often wished he had more, because he was a generous youth. Before long every one in the school had come to like the young prince.

His teachers were proud of him because he did so well in his studies and acted in all ways as a true gentleman should.

"There is much yet to learn before I am fitted to be a king," the young prince decided when he had finished his course at the military school and his later training in the army.

He felt, you see, that he must know everything possible that would help him in governing a kingdom and in dealing with other countries.

Besides, there were many people in Belgium who were very poor. Albert's heart was full of pity for them and the wish to help them. Had not his father and mother always worked for the poor? He, too, must help them, not only now in a small way, but by and by when he should have riches of his own and the power of a king.

In order to learn everything possible along different lines Prince Albert drew about him the leading men of his country: the wisest generals versed in war; men who had traveled and

seen much of the world; men who were learned in books; and those who had studied the best ways of improving the conditions of the people.

But it was not enough for the young prince to hear from others about the ways of his own and other countries. He must see things for himself. So, after his training in the army was finished, he set out on travels to different parts of the world.

One of the first places he visited was the United States of America. He felt sure he could learn much in this land of ours. Consequently, when he was twenty-four years old, he sailed across the Atlantic to find out all he could about the people he already admired very much.

There was no pomp or show in his coming. He would not allow it.

"I cannot go about freely if every one is looking at me as the future King of Belgium," he had decided. No, he wished the Americans to think of him only as the nephew of Leopold II; fully enough honor would be given him in that light, he was sure. So he went freely about the country, now stopping in one place, now in another. Wherever he went, people said, "What a kindly young man and what a gentle man! Why, he is as quiet and simple in his manners

as any plain citizen of this United States."

"How interested he is in whatever we can show him!" the thoughtful said to each other. They were pleased because the young prince was eager to learn, and this cannot be said of as many people as we might think.

Prince Albert was entertained in many beautiful homes. He went to the White House where the President and the "Leading Lady of the Land" made him most welcome. He learned how the head of the American Government lived and attended to his duties, and how Congress made laws and carried them out.

All these things were interesting. But probably the royal guest cared most to see what Americans had been doing to make their country powerful. So he traveled through the West with Mr. James J. Hill, one of the greatest railroad men in the world. He saw for himself what Mr. Hill had done in opening up vast stretches of country where people could live with comfort and keep in touch with other people many thousands of miles away.

"I must also see the workings of some of America's great factories," Prince Albert had decided. Accordingly, he visited the biggest mills in Massachusetts where cloth was woven with the greatest skill. He went to the Baldwin

Locomotive Works in Pennsylvania, where his keen blue eyes watched the building of engines that would draw millions of people on their journeys across the continent.

The young traveler was not satisfied till he had gone down into some coal mines. It was a "great lark," as boys would say, to dress himself as a miner and descend into the darkness, and he enjoyed it greatly. As he went in and out among the grimy workers, probably few of them knew that this earnest young fellow watching them at their work would in a few more years be a king. Nor did any one dream in those days that he would sometime be more than king – far more, because the title is not to be compared with that of hero – one of the greatest heroes, moreover, the world has ever known.

When Prince Albert returned to Belgium he was not ready to settle down because there were still many other countries he wished to visit.

Accordingly, the very next year he made a trip to Germany. Among other places he stopped in the beautiful city of Munich where he visited the duke, Charles Theodore. This duke was a very good man who had become famous as a physician and had given a great deal of time to the study of the eyes. He used his knowledge not to gain riches, but to help any

people, no matter how poor they were, whose eyes were in need of help.

Now this kind-hearted duke had lovely daughters who had been trained in hospitals so that they might help him in his work. One of these was the Duchess Elizabeth, a young girl with the sweetest of smiles, the simplest of manners, and a loving heart for those who were poor or suffering.

Can you not guess what happened when Prince Albert, who was himself the friend of all poor and unhappy people, met the Duchess Elizabeth? He fell in love with her, of course. And she returned his love very quickly.

Thus it came to pass that the news soon reached Belgium that the prince's heart had been won by the fair young Elizabeth of Bavaria. Great was the rejoicing in both countries.

A few months afterwards – it was on Tuesday, the second day of October, 1900 – the city of Munich was all astir. To begin with, it was the day set apart for the great national feast. But this was not alone the reason why the streets were filled with crowds of happy and excited people in holiday dress. The wedding of the loved duchess to the future king of Belgium was to take place on this holiday, and all were waiting and watching for a sight of the happy

pair.

On Monday, the day before the wedding took place, the royal guest from Belgium appeared publicly before the eyes of the Bavarians for the first time. The city gave itself up to merriment, and a grand dinner was served in the palace. That evening a great Betrothal Feast was spread for the people before the palace-home of the fair Elizabeth. The thirty singing societies of Munich gathered there, each singer holding a lighted torch. A military band played while they sang. As their voices rang out through the soft evening air, the watching crowds saw the balcony of the palace become suddenly radiant with light. There, in the center, were two figures – the Duchess Elizabeth and her lover, Prince Albert. They were most beautiful, the tall, noble youth and the delicate maiden beside him. He was dressed in the uniform of his regiment, and on his breast was the cordon of St. Hubert, lately given him by the Regent of Bavaria. She who was next day to be his bride was fair to look upon. Her cheeks were flushed with happiness; her rich brown hair was crowned with diamonds. An ermine mantle was wrapped about her shoulders. For a single moment she threw it off and showed herself in a silken gown heavily embroidered with

flowers.

Then the music stopped, and a chosen speaker uttered words of congratulation to the young couple on the balcony.

The speaker of the evening ended with these words: "May our dear princely child who is quitting the place where her infancy has been passed love her new country with unbounded affection; but may she not forget the leaves of our forests, the verdure of our mountains, our May days and the fidelity of our hearts."

On the day following this happy evening the wedding was celebrated in grand style at the Royal Palace. The guests entered through long files of archers, each one of whom was dressed in the charming costume of long-ago. When the wedding mass had been sung, and the last words of the ceremony had been spoken, the Archbishop, looking very fine in his robes of state, spoke with deep feeling. He said: "Today the hearts of the Bavarian people beat in unison with those of the Belgian people."

Three days afterwards – it was the fifth day of October – Prince Albert reached Brussels with his bride. The railroad station when they arrived was surrounded by countless flags waving from tall masts. There were the flags of Belgium, of Bavaria, of France, of Germany. In

this way the people were trying to show their good feeling for their neighboring countries, as well as their love for their own.

As Prince Albert and his bride rode homeward from the station they were surrounded by joyous crowds. From the balconies along the way flowers were flung and scattered beneath the feet of the horses. Surely a young couple never had a more royal welcome than this!

Not long afterwards the good prince and his bride started out on what is often called "The Grand Tour." They went on a journey around the world, visiting many places, seeing new sights, meeting strange people.

When they returned, they were both greeted so gladly that it was plain the people loved their new princess as they did her husband. How could they help it? From the moment she had come to them from her Bavarian home she had shown herself the friend of all.

She was particularly full of love and sympathy for the poor and needy, and she was ever ready to help them. How dear all little children were to her! Not only did she give her money gladly to the poor and starving, but she was ever ready to share herself with them.

One day – it was soon after she had entered Brussels – she visited a poor woman who was

lying ill.

"Oh, that I might hear some music!" the sick woman said to her royal guest.

What do you suppose the princess did after hearing the wish? The very next time she visited that sick woman she carried her violin with her, and sitting beside her bed, played many a soft and restful air.

In Munich, as you will remember, she had taken a course of training in the hospital and had studied under her father. She still put her knowledge to good use. As she went about among the sick, she was able to cure many of their ills. She taught many a mother how to take care of her babies.

As time went by she set up hospitals in Brussels and other places in Belgium where sick, needy people could get care and medicine without cost. When summer came and the children of the poor were suffering from the heat and bad air of the city, she sent groups of them to the seashore for a holiday.

She even spread feasts in the palace, to which she invited these little folks with their mothers. And when they went away she placed gifts of good things in their hands to carry home with them. Surely Prince Albert, with his own love for the poor and desire to help them, had

chosen his wife well.

The Princess Elizabeth won the friendship not only of those who were in need, but of the rich and learned. She was simple in her manners. She loved music and good books deeply. She could talk wisely. She could add to others' pleasure by herself playing exquisite music on her violin. Wherever she went there were smiles and joyous greetings for the wife of the future King of Belgium.

On a beautiful Sunday in November, 1901, a great thing happened in Prince Albert's happy palace-home. It was the birth of his first child.

The roar of cannon could be heard throughout Brussels. One, two, three! sounded the big guns – then on and on they boomed, till the listening citizens counted the number telling that a young prince had been born to the future King.

There was great excitement in Brussels that night. In every home, big and little, families met together to give toasts and feasts in honor of the little princeling. There would be great doings now! Many gifts would be given by the royal parents; many honors would be bestowed on worthy people; many pardons would be granted to wrong-doers.

Outside the palace a bulletin was posted,

telling of the baby's birth, and a register was set up in the big hall inside, where all visitors might write their names.

Crowds of people, both rich and poor, hurried to the palace to sign this register. Thousands of letters were placed in the big letter box, each one bringing Prince Albert congratulations on his having a son.

You may be sure that any poor people in Brussels who were fortunate enough to have sons born on that day made haste to call their babies Leopold, after the young prince. Of course, they also wrote to the royal child's father, telling what they had done.

They quickly received answers of congratulations. Not only these, but rich gifts were sent them, and always, among the gifts, were gold watches for the young prince's namesakes.

When Prince Leopold was not quite two years old, his brother Charles was born; and after him, in 1906, came a little sister with golden hair and laughing eyes, the Princess Marie-José.

Great was the care bestowed upon these royal babies. The brightest and most sunny rooms in the palace were given up to them; the best possible nurses were chosen; but always their dear mother and father watched over

them with tenderest care. It was told that Princess Elizabeth even wore special garments that would be sure to be free from germs when she went into the nursery. It was also said that when the beautiful grandmother, the Duchess of Flanders, visited the palace, she was cautioned to remove her furs before taking the precious children in her arms.

On pleasant days the babies went riding in open carriages through the streets of Brussels. As they grew older they went on outings in the parks and woods about the city to gather flowers and frolic among other children. Sometimes they could be seen standing before shop windows filled with beautiful toys. Then their eyes shone with as much wonder and delight as those of little folk of poor families.

These royal children not only studied and played and went on long pleasure rides, but they did many other things also.

"They must see what the people are doing," their parents had decided. So they visited the hospitals where the sick were cared for; they were taken into the homes of the poor as well as the mansions of the rich; they watched the workers in mills and factories; they went into shipyards to see the big ships about to sail for other lands.

Ah! but when the glorious holiday time came, how happy were the prince and princess in taking their children to the mountains and the seashore!

Ostend, the largest of the Belgian watering places, was the favorite one of all. It seemed beautiful to Prince Albert in winter storms, as well as in summer sunshine. Here he spent much time with his family, living in a pretty, quiet villa in the simplest way. He loved his fisher folk and their children; and often in the early morning he walked alone to the big sandy mounds along the shore where they lived in tiny cottages.

Sometimes the prince went with the rough, tanned men on their fishing trips. Away they would sail through the waves in the early morning wind. Then, on the turn of the tide, they would come back to shore with nets heavy with fish. No time must be lost now. The nets must be emptied, and panniers must be filled with the fresh fish and loaded on the backs of donkeys to be carried to town and sold.

Prince Albert was fond of climbing among the mountains; consequently many a holiday trip was taken among their picturesque slopes. He also enjoyed riding in his automobile and often drove it himself. He practiced shooting

with rifle and shotgun. He took long walks in the country and by the seashore. He spent many hours in study. And always he rose early in the morning – usually before seven o'clock because there were so many things he wished to do before the day should end.

After he returned from his voyage around the world with the Princess Elizabeth he made many other journeys. He traveled from one part of Great Britain to another to learn how ships were built there, and how the shipbuilders and the fishermen lived.

At such times he was so sensible that he thought: "If I go about with the pomp of a king I cannot learn as much as if I appear like any ordinary man."

So, it is said, he sometimes pretended he was merely a reporter trying to find out things to print in the newspapers.

Indeed, as the years passed by, and even after the prince became Belgium's king, he and his dear wife often made pleasure trips over to London without any outward show of royalty. They would spend a day or two, perhaps, at some small hotel, where the people might not guess who they were. In the evening they would attend the theater or opera in the same quiet way. Indeed, so little did they let themselves be

known, that an automobile dealer sold King Albert two automobiles and went to lunch with him several times without guessing he was the ruler of Belgium!

Once the king had a good deal of fun at one of London's principal stores. After he had made a purchase the dealer asked his name so that he might send the goods to him.

"Albert," was the answer.

"Albert what?" asked the salesman.

"King," was the ready reply.

And so, when the bundle went on its way, it was addressed to "Albert King, Esquire." How the good ruler and his wife must have laughed over the little joke when the package was delivered!

While Albert was still a prince he traveled all over Europe, visiting the most important kings and queens and having many honors paid him.

There was one place far from Europe which he was anxious to explore. This was the large Belgian colony in Africa. Its people were negroes, and they were governed by white men sent from Belgium. The natives of this Congo colony were wild for the most part, so they knew little of the ways of white people.

Now there was much talk in the outside

world about the manner in which these negroes were ruled. It was said that they were treated unfairly and often with great cruelty.

"If I am some day to be King of Belgium," Albert decided, "I should know everything possible about the Congo country. But I cannot know all unless I go there and see things for myself."

King Leopold was not willing at first that his nephew should make this long journey. However, after a while, he gave his consent, and the prince set sail for Africa. The people of Belgium were delighted. They said to each other: "If there is wrongdoing in the Congo, such a good, wise prince as Albert will find it out and make everything right when he becomes King."

They were not to be disappointed. Albert started out on his trip in company with a few friends to give him help and advice in case of need.

No sooner had he reached the Congo State than he began to explore the country. He traveled north and south, east and west for eighty-two days. Sometimes he went on his bicycle, sometimes in boats, sometimes on foot.

There were often wide stretches of tangled forests through which he had to fight his way. He walked at least fifteen hundred miles

through country too rough for riding of any kind and where the air was stifling from dampness and great heat. Mosquitoes and other pests must have annoyed him constantly. Yet he pressed on always brave and smiling. He was never too tired or busy to give cheering words to the few white women who lived in the settlements. Even the savage natives admired him.

"He is a great man," they said to each other, and they gave him the name, "He, the Tall Man, Breaker of Stones."

The news spread through the wildest places that a great white prince with a beautiful smile had come to visit the country; and from all directions black men and women and children came flocking to see him.

During those days many a negro chief came to Prince Albert to tell his wrongs and ask for help. Kind and wise words were sure to be the answer. Many a gift was left behind the royal visitor when he went back to Belgium. The black people never forgot him, and to this day they tell their children about the visit of the greatest and kindest chief in the world.

The Princess Elizabeth did not wait in Belgium for her husband's return but started out to meet him on his way home.

When she reached the island of Teneriffe

the big ship which was bringing Prince Albert from Africa was not far distant from the island. Entering a steam launch, she sailed out to her husband's steamer as it neared port; and as the launch came alongside, she ran up the ladder which had been flung down its side and was speedily held fast in the tall prince's arms. Always these two have been lovers since they first met on that happy day in Munich.

The sixteenth of August, 1909, was a great day for the city of Antwerp, the principal port of Belgium. Flags were waving on the public buildings and houses, and on the ships in the harbor. Crowds of people in holiday dress filled the streets, all on their way to the wharf where a big steamer was expected to arrive every minute. Why were the people so excited?

Why, indeed, except that the beloved Prince Albert would be on this steamer, coming home from his visit to the Congo? Every one felt sure that from now on the colony in Africa would bring more honor and greater riches to Belgium.

A canopy had been set up on the wharf, and here dukes and duchesses, and princes and princesses watched for the coming of the ship. Of course Prince Albert's little sons and daughter were there, and his dear mother too. His

father could not be in her company, however, because he had died a few years before.

After the prince landed, the burgomaster, who corresponds to the mayor of an American city, made a speech in which he told him of his people's love and trust. The young man thanked him and all Antwerp. He spoke of what he had seen in the vast country of the Congo, and of his hopes of what it would become under wise government.

For a few months after the glad homecoming everything went quietly in Belgium. Then, in December, King Leopold died, after being ill only a short time.

Six days afterwards Prince Albert rode forth from his Chateau in the suburbs of Brussels to be crowned in the Capital. As the royal procession made its way out through the gates of the Chateau, bands played the "Brabanconne," the national anthem of Belgium, and the blare of many trumpets could be heard. But hark! better and more beautiful than all the music to the ears of the new ruler were the shouts of devoted people.

"Long live the King! Long live Albert!" they cried again and again with deep love in their voices.

First came a gala carriage drawn by six

horses, containing the Queen and her two sons. But little Marie-José was not with them.

"Such a lively three-year-old tot is too active and would get tired too quickly to go in the procession with us," thought her wise mother. "She had better be with her grandmother in the city. From there she can watch for us when we enter Brussels."

After the carriage of the Queen came several others, in which rode the King's mother and sisters and other royal people.

Then the King himself came in sight, riding on horseback with the officers of his staff about him, and dressed in the uniform of a general. Behind him rode other royal persons, one of them being the man who would afterwards prove a black traitor to friendship, and the enemy of truth and justice. It was William Hohenzollern of Germany.

On moved the procession to the blare of trumpets, while the cheers of welcoming people, gathered on either side, filled the air. It entered the city, and passed through the gaily decorated streets. It reached the mansion where little Marie-José was watching with her grandmother and friends.

"Long live the King!" the people were shouting, as a little girl with shining eyes and

curly yellow hair joined in the cheers. She waved her hands, first one, then the other, then both, holding up as she did so a big slice of bread she had just begun to eat!

Later on that day, in the Palace of Parliament, King Albert made a solemn vow to uphold the Belgian Constitution and to defend the territory of his country. Little did he dream as he spoke those words how he must work and suffer by and by in a fearful struggle to carry on that defense.

Before the ceremonies of the coronation were over King Albert made a speech to his people. He told them what he hoped to do for their good. Many of his listeners' eyes grew dim when he said with deep feeling, "May God help me to fulfil this mission."

There was much work ahead for the new ruler. There were many troublesome questions about the government of the Congo colony, as well as of Belgium itself, which he had to settle. He began at once to devote money that was rightfully his to making the natives of the Congo healthier and wiser. He saw, for one thing, that good physicians were sent there to treat the diseases of the people.

Then, too, King Albert set to work to see that his country was better defended. His

thoughtful eyes had been looking out over Europe. They saw faint clouds of war floating where most people thought was a clear sky.

"My country must have a stronger army," he said to himself, and he did much to better it.

He was also interested in the mines of Belgium. He studied machinery; he wanted to understand everything that was being made in the factories. He showed himself the friend and helper of artists and writers and musicians. In every way possible he wished his kingdom to be not only rich and prosperous, but wise and happy.

While he worked hard, he played hard, too, so as to keep well and strong. He practiced boxing and fencing. He played golf. He sailed his yacht and drove his motor car. He climbed some of the highest mountains of the Alps.

Do you wonder that his people loved this wise king who held the poor as well as the rich in his big, kind heart? Wherever he went they watched him with pride and delight. Such a straight, tall figure! Such a young-looking, handsome face! As his subjects looked at him, ever the words rose to their lips, "Long live our noble ruler!"

The Queen was not less idle than her husband. While the King was busy with his own

duties, she gave thoughtful care to the little sons and daughter. But this was not all. She spent much time among the poor and the sick. She carried food and clothing to the needy. In winter she set up stands where those who had little or no money could get coal and blankets and hot soup.

"Our good little Queen!" her people called her. They almost worshiped her.

"Suppose she dies," thought many a sufferer. "How sad I should be then!"

Indeed, Queen Elizabeth looked so delicate that her subjects were afraid they would lose her. They did not understand what a strong will guided her slight girlish body, nor could they dream how much that will would some day carry her through.

Busy, happy months went by till the year 1914 came round. It began very merrily for Belgium, and many were the grand doings for her people. The Lord Mayor of London came to visit Brussels. As he rode to the palace, great crowds turned out to see him. Dressed in rich robes and with golden chains hanging about him, he sat back in his magnificent coach, with his attendants on either hand. The citizens of Brussels felt as if they were looking upon the pomp of "London town" of centuries ago.

Many dinner parties were given that winter and spring in the finest mansions of the city. Flowers were plentiful at the feasts, and delicate china and silver, and rich viands. All the guests talked with smiling faces. What could there be to fear, they thought, when Belgium was prospering under her good king?

Then there was the ball at the Royal Palace. Many officers were there in cherry-red trousers and coats trimmed with gold lace. The dresses of the ladies were wondrous in their beauty. No fairer sight was there, however, than that of the dainty Queen, with the tall King beside her in a black evening suit, and with his arm in a sling from a fall he had just had from a horse.

Many were the theater parties and operas given in Brussels in that winter of 1914. Afterwards, in the beautiful month of May, when flowers were blooming everywhere, the Queen had a garden party in the conservatories of the summer palace at Laeken. Never would those who were present forget the beauty around them – the tall palms, the fragrant blossoms; and best of all, the sweet face of Queen Elizabeth smiling among them.

Soon afterwards came another great event: the Danish King and Queen came on a visit to Albert and Elizabeth of Belgium. Of course

there was a grand reception at the palace, but afterwards there was a sight which the poorest people in the kingdom could enjoy. It was the procession of six royal coaches moving around the big square on which the palace faced. In these coaches rode kings and queens, princes and princesses, lords and ladies, all richly dressed.

Even when hot July arrived there was another festival for the country. This took place on the twenty-first of the month, the Belgian national holiday. Brussels was decorated with flags and crowds of happy people filled the streets. A special service was held in the old church of St. Gudule in honor of the founding of the kingdom. The greatest people of the land were present – judges in scarlet robes; solemn-looking priests and bishops; officers in grand uniforms. A crimson carpet stretched to the altar. On either side of this carpet stood rows of tall soldiers dressed in bear skins.

All at once the drums began to roll; the trumpets sounded; the organ pealed forth and the priests chanted. And down between the rows of soldiers towards the altar came the King and Queen and their three children, with their attendants. The King wore his general's uniform; the Queen was richly clad and looked

wondrously fair. The two young princes, Leopold and Charles, both with serious faces, were dressed in gray satin suits with broad white collars. Little Marie-José, with bright, mischievous eyes, was sweet and lovely as always. The sight of the happy royal family in the softly lighted church was often to be remembered afterwards by those who looked upon them that morning.

In the afternoon thousands of people went out into the country to watch a contest between French and Belgian airplanes.

Loud cheers rang forth as the planes soared high overhead, then dipped and dived and flew in spiral courses. Many were the "stunts" performed by the daring aviators.

The happy day came to an end. King Albert went away with his family to continue a vacation on which he had lately started. The city of Brussels settled down to its summer's sleep in the heat of the July sun.

Then, suddenly, on the quiet peaceful land, burst the most terrible storm men have ever known. King Albert had seen rightly during the last years when he thought he discerned faint clouds of war in the sky of Europe. Something had now happened to mass those clouds into a mighty curtain of blackness. And out from it

flames of fire were leaping that were to lay waste beautiful lands and destroy the lives of millions of innocent men, women and children. Poor little Belgium, so happy and contented! She must be the first to suffer and oh, so terribly!

One morning in late July her boys and girls were playing merrily in their gardens. But the next day how different all seemed! The same children were listening to a story the older folks were telling: the Crown Prince of Austria had been killed by a down-trodden subject. It looked as if war were to follow – a war that the people did not yet see was to draw many countries into its whirlpool.

Germany had determined that this war must be. She had long been getting ready for it and was glad to have an excuse for fighting. With her strong armies could she not easily gain great riches and new possessions from other nations who were not prepared to fight? First of all, she must enter France and gain Paris. From there she would move on to England and bring that mighty empire to her feet.

What would be the easiest way for the German armies to enter France? Through Belgium, of course. Then no mountains or fortresses would block her path.

But Germany had long since signed a paper,

together with France and England and the other great powers, stating that Belgium should be held as a neutral country by these larger and more powerful ones. Their soldiers should not be free to enter Belgium without her permission. In case of trouble between them, she should not be disturbed. Was Germany to keep her promise? We all know the answer.

King Albert, away from the capital on his vacation, watched the storm clouds gather with a sad heart.

"I must hurry back to Brussels," he decided. "This is no time to rest and play. There is much for me to do at once."

Shortly afterwards the capital of Belgium was alive with excited people. Flags waved everywhere – those of England and France and the United States and of other friendly countries, as well as the red, yellow and black flag of Belgium. Automobiles went flying through the streets. Boy Scouts hurried about, doing important errands. Crowds gathered on the sidewalks to cheer the royal family as it rode past. Before now there had been citizens who believed that kings and queens should no longer be permitted in the world. But that time had gone by. There was only one feeling – love for King Albert and his family, and the wish to stand by this wise

ruler, whatever the danger might be. However, every one still hoped that all would yet go well.

The second day of August came – Sunday. At five o'clock word was brought to the King that Germany would not harm the people of Belgium if her soldiers were allowed to pass through unchecked on their way to invade France.

"But if you refuse them free passage," she declared, "we will treat you as an enemy."

What of the solemn promise Germany had made? "A scrap of paper," her Kaiser called it scornfully.

And what of King Albert? Could he break his own vow that his country should remain neutral by giving free passage through Belgium to the German army on its way to attack France? Impossible.

There were some of his subjects – not many however – who would have stood back and let the German hordes pass on. But the King could not dream of so doing.

The next evening – it was that of Monday, the fourth of August – King Albert's answer for his country was delivered to Germany: Belgium would not break her agreement; she would resist German invaders. That same evening the King sent a telegram to King George of

England, asking for help.

A reply came promptly that the aid should be sent. Word also came from France, on whom Germany had already declared war, that she too would do all she could for Belgium in this time of terrible need.

On Tuesday morning the sun shone brightly over Brussels. The city was dressed as for a gala day. Flags hung from the windows and balconies of every house. The streets and doorways were packed with excited people, watching eagerly for a sight of their loved ruler and his family when they should ride past on their way to the House of Parliament.

These people were not gay-spirited, however, as on holidays. A heavy load was on every heart because war, black cruel war, threatened this prosperous land.

Wildly the crowds cheered, and loudly the bands played as the procession made its way onward to the Parliament House where the leading people of the country were gathered, awaiting the coming of the King and the words that he would speak there.

"Long live the Queen! Long live the Queen!" shouted thousands of devoted subjects as she passed into the Parliament House and seated herself, with her children around her, on

a golden chair near the tribune.

And now the cry rang out, "The King! The King! Long live the King! Long live the King!" as he followed the Queen into the building. Firmly, quickly he advanced, his sword clattering as he walked. He took his stand before the people and prepared to speak. A hush fell upon the great gathering as he told of his faith in the Fatherland where he felt that all hearts were beating as one. Then, turning to the deputies, he asked, "Are you determined steadfastly to hold intact the sacred patrimony of our ancestors?"

"Yes, yes!" they cried heartily. "God will be with us! Long live Belgium!" he replied solemnly.

At these words the people burst into wild shouts. Tears filled the eyes of many. Handkerchiefs were waved violently. But no one at that moment seemed more earnest than the boy Prince Leopold, whose eyes, full of love and faith, were bent upon his father.

Two days afterwards the German troops were crossing the fields of Belgium like a mighty machine of destruction, and King Albert was on the way to take command of his army. He would do all he could to stop the course of the invaders. But his army was small indeed beside

theirs. And they had been long preparing!

Cheering and giving courage to his soldiers, the King took his stand at Liege, with his headquarters nearby.

On came the Huns,* grim and hard of face, cruel in heart. They looked like moving masses of steel. Endless seemed the long lines of their carefully trained troops. They bore with them mighty engines of war.

Could the small army of Belgians hold out long against them? It would be impossible unless help from the Allies arrived very soon.

Nobly fought the Belgians. Never did men show themselves greater heroes. But inch by inch they were forced to give way, while the needed help did not arrive.

Again the brave little army took its stand at Namur.

With their loved King to give them courage, the men fought as valiantly as before. They could not stem the mighty onrush of the enemy, but they checked it, while troops from all over England and France were gathering for the

* In WWI, primarily British and American officers used the word 'Hun' to describe the German Army. Kaiser Wilhelm II first used the term when he sent his German troops to China during the Boxer Rebellion (1899-1900) He instructed them to behave like the Huns of old—"…let the Germans strike fear into the hearts, so he'll be feared like the Hun."

mighty conflict ahead. Yes, they checked the advance for a few short hours, and that check saved France from the destruction that surely would have fallen upon her. King Albert could not understand at the time what a tremendous thing he was doing for the whole world in those days at Liege and Namur, when it seemed to him that he failed.

He saw only that his army must again withdraw – this time towards Antwerp. Still gloriously fighting, his troops made their way over lands that had lately been rich and beautiful, but were now a barren waste.

Pretty villages lay in ruins. Churches had been burned. The wrecks of cosy homes covered the ground. Worse still! Stories were brought to King Albert's ears of terrible deeds done to men and women and helpless children living in the villages swept over by the enemy. Were these German invaders worse than wild animals? It seemed so. The King's heart burned with horror. There was now stronger reason than ever to resist the foe as mightily as possible.

His next stand was at Louvain. A few French troops had now arrived, but their help was not enough to stem the tide. In a short time the King decided to withdraw again.

"If we stay here," he thought, "this beautiful city will be stormed, and its churches and university will be destroyed."

For the same reason he did not try to defend Brussels, but led his army to Antwerp, where he intended to wait till the Allies should come in strong force to his aid.

He was very sad because he had lost great numbers of men, but he was not discouraged. It seemed hard, however, very hard, that the needed help from France and England was so long in coming.

During the King's stay in Antwerp he had one comfort, because his dear wife and children had been able to join him there.

He did not spend many days idly waiting for French and British troops to arrive. He was soon leading his own small army into the country round about and retaking towns that had been seized by the enemy.

But now the Germans came massing in great numbers upon Antwerp itself. The city was besieged on all sides. The air was filled with the booming of the big guns of the invaders. They seized one fort after another.

What was the King doing now? Was he remaining safe with his family inside the palace walls? Indeed, no! While Queen Elizabeth was

busy from morning till night caring for the wounded, he stood ever at the front of battle in the midst of danger. Wherever his men needed him to give them courage, there he went.

"More than once," his soldiers proudly say of him, "he took the place of a man shot down and went on with the fighting."

How they loved their devoted King, those men of Belgium. Whenever their hope nearly died out, they would cry out to each other, "We must do something for our King!" The words always gave new strength, and the fight would go on with fresh spirit. But at last King Albert saw it was useless to try to hold Antwerp longer. If his army were to be saved, it must flee.

There was still one way of escape, towards Ostend by the sea. When once there, Albert's ministers begged him to sail for England. "Here in Belgium your life is in danger," they told him. "In England you will be safe."

But the King would not think of going. "My place is with my soldiers," he said simply.

So, with thousands of hungry, ragged troops, he fled over the borders into France, and his family followed. He reached it at last, on foot, worn out and dirty and hungry as his men, and limping from having been knocked down by a horse as he left Antwerp.

There, in friendly France, for the next four years, King Albert had to have his seat of government. Belgium, beautiful, brave Belgium, had been swept over by the cruel invaders. Only a small sandy strip of land was left untouched for her rightful ruler to call his own.

Ah! but the fire of hope still burned in Albert's heart. Belgium must be freed. If not, he would perish with her.

Side by side with the armies of the Allies, he fought on at the head of his troops. He shared their rations. He carried to them the letters and gifts sent them by their "home folks." He stood beside them in the mud of the trenches. He treated them as brothers. He called them, "My friends."

After a battle was over he would go among his soldiers to shake them by the hand. You cannot wonder they were willing to die for him.

Many a story those now living tell of what he did for them during the fearful years of the war. "Once," said a soldier, "the King came and placed himself at my side in the trench. He took the rifle of a soldier so exhausted he could not stand, and fired – just as one of his own soldiers for an hour and a half."

The man went on to tell that the King did not want his men to give him honors. He cared

only to be thought of as a true soldier.

One night, so the soldiers say, he was seen sleeping on the side of the road, too tired to go farther.

He never showed fear. When an officer fell he would take his place, and he would call to his men like a loving comrade, "Now, my children, all together! fire!" Never were the wounded soldiers in the hospitals weary of praising their King.

While King Albert was fighting with his troops, Queen Elizabeth was busily working among the poor and in the hospitals. The tears were ever near the surface of her tender blue eyes for those about her who were suffering.

Stories, so dreadful that they could scarce be believed, kept coming both to the King and to herself. In their loved Belgium, once so happy, little children were starving, having their eyes put out, and their hands cut off by the Hun invaders who had taken possession of the land. Mothers were torn from their little ones. Old men and women were tortured. Fathers were dragged from their families by cruel slave drivers and sent to Germany to work in the mines and quarries, and even forced to dig trenches from which their brute masters would fire upon their fellow Belgians and their Allies.

Fear settled down over the once beautiful fields and towns. Screams of unhappy women often rang out through the streets as their husbands were torn from them. Boys and girls huddled together in cellars, hoping the enemy would not discover them.

Yet still the sun shone, and the songs of the skylark and nightingale could be heard. And still King Albert the Brave smiled at danger and gave courage to his troops to fight on. He believed, as on that day which now seemed so long ago, "God is with us," though his heart was heavy with the sorrows of his people.

Nearly three years went by in which King Albert struggled on with the Allies against the common enemy. Black indeed was Belgium's sky when at last a ray of light shone through – the United States was to give her strength in the cause of world freedom. The clouds parted still more when American troops poured into France.

"Victory is coming, coming," sang the King's heart, which had so long been aching for the sufferings of his people.

And victory did come in the glorious month of November, 1918!

Back into Germany moved the army of the Huns, leaving the wreck of Belgium behind

them. Beautiful cathedrals had been destroyed. Cities had been laid waste. Villages had been wiped out. Tens of thousands of brave men had been killed. Women and little children had been tortured. Yet those who still lived could again smile because their country was free. Those who had sought refuge in France came hurrying back to build new homes and plant fresh gardens. Little children who had been hiding in ruined buildings and cellars came out into the sunshine to laugh and play once more.

Oh, it was a glad time for Belgium and her noble King and Queen now!

Gladdest day of all was that which saw King Albert back in Brussels, with the city gone almost mad with joy. It was half-past ten on the morning of November nineteen that he entered it with Queen Elizabeth, the princes Leopold and Charles, and the little Princess Marie-José. The air rang with the thunderous cheers of the Belgian people, the pealing of bells, and the blare of trumpets.

The city was decorated from end to end. Flags of Belgium and of her Allies waved everywhere. Among them were some of the red, white, and blue which had been made by Belgian women while hiding from their enemy. They had made them out of odd scraps of cloth

when their hearts were overflowing with joy over the good news that America was sending her troops to the aid of their unhappy country.

First, the King and his family rode to the Parliament House, where the burgomaster of the city made a noble speech of greeting.

Then came a review of Allied troops that formed a line ten miles in length. Among them marched two divisions of the Belgian army, war-worn and weary, but oh, so proud and happy!

As the procession moved on, flowers and tiny flags came showering down in the King's pathway from the balconies and house-tops on either side the street, and from the eager watchers lining the sidewalks. Thousands upon thousands of devoted subjects, try as they would, were not able to get near the line of parade, so dense were the crowds. Glad cheers sounded through the air like the steady roll of thunder.

The day was like midsummer. The sun shone, and in its bright light airplanes circled about over the heads of the joyous people. At one place five hundred young girls were singing the national song of Belgium.

As the royal family came into sight in the procession, the crowds pressed on excitedly to catch a sight of Albert, their Soldier-King, the

devoted friend of his people. Some of them stood on chairs or tables – whatever they could get to lift them high enough to make them surer of getting a sight of their King's dear face.

He rode a magnificent horse, his young sons, also on horseback, beside him. Calm and noble he looked; but his face was worn with the care and sorrow of the past years.

He was happy, however, very happy, because the sufferings of his country were over, and Belgium was once more free. As his subjects looked upon him their hearts swelled with pride. "Before us," they thought, "is the greatest hero of the greatest war in history."

Saving a Soldier's Life*

An interesting story is told of a Red Cross nurse, to whom a badly wounded man was brought at a field hospital during one of the battles in which the brave little Belgian army was trying to hold back the invading Germans. All the surgeons were busy, and the man needed assistance at once. The nurse knew what was needed to save his life until he could receive surgical treatment, and she knew how to do it; but she could not do it alone. She must have help at once, and of the right kind.

She was about to give up in despair, when she saw a man walking through the field hospital, cheering the sufferers and asking if he could be of any assistance. She called to him, and when he came she said, "You can save this man's life if you will help me and do just what I tell you, just when I tell you to do it. Do you think you can take orders and obey them promptly?"

* From *Lest We Forget* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

"I think so," replied the man. "Let us save this poor soldier's life, if we can."

The nurse set to work, telling the stranger just what she wanted him to do. She wasted no words, but gave orders as if she expected them to be obeyed quickly and intelligently. The stranger proved himself equal to the occasion, and the delicate work which saved the man's life was soon done.

"Thank you," said the nurse, as she finished. "I see you are used to taking orders and know how to obey. I shall remain with this soldier, until he regains consciousness. He will want to know to whose assistance he owes his life. Kindly give me your name."

The stranger hesitated. Then he said, "The soldier really owes his life to you, but I am glad if I was able to help. If he asks, you may tell him the people call me Albert."

And all at once the commanding little Red Cross nurse understood that the tall, quiet man, who, she said, showed that he was used to taking orders, was Albert, King of the Belgians.

Cardinal Mercier*

It was in Rome itself that I received the tidings – stroke after stroke – of the destruction of the church of Louvain, of the burning of the Library and of the scientific laboratories of our great University and of the devastation of the city, and next of the wholesale shooting of citizens, and tortures inflicted upon women and children, and upon unarmed and undefended men. And while I was still under the shock of these calamities, the telegraph brought us news of the bombardment of our beautiful metropolitan church, of the church of Notre Dame, of the episcopal palace, and of a great part of our dear city of Malines.

Afar, without means of communication with you, I was compelled to lock my grief within my own afflicted heart, and to carry it, with the thought of you, which never left me, to my God.

I needed courage and light, and sought them in such thoughts as these. A disaster has come

* From *Lest We Forget* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

upon the world, and our beloved little Belgium, a nation so faithful in the great mass of her population to God, so upright in her patriotism, so noble in her King and Government, is the first sufferer. She bleeds; her sons are stricken down, within her fortresses, and upon her fields, in defense of her rights and of her territory. Soon there will not be one Belgian family not in mourning.

Why all this sorrow, my God? Lord, Lord, hast Thou forsaken us?

The truth is that no disaster on earth is as terrible as that which our sins provoke.

I summon you to face what has befallen us, and to speak to you simply and directly of what is your duty, and of what may be your hope. That duty I shall express in two words: Patriotism and Endurance.

Killing the Soul*

As the centuries pass, the greatest glory of any nation, its highest satisfaction and pride, is in the works of art which it possesses. In each country there are works of art which have been preserved through many generations. They are the great inheritance of all the past ages. Every nation prizes this inheritance and wishes to hold it in safekeeping for still another generation; for into these creations of genius, men have put their souls.

If a famous inventor of machinery dies and the particular machine which he made is destroyed, there are yet other machines left, which have been made after his pattern, usually much better than the first one which he constructed.

While steamboats, railways, telegraphs, and automobiles are very useful, they are not so mysterious and individual but that they may be exactly copied and many, many duplicates be made and used by every country under the sun.

If all the music of the great composer

* From *Lest We Forget* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

Beethoven should be destroyed so that no copy remained in the world, there perhaps would be some master musicians of today who could remember and write down the notes, and so reproduce the wonderful compositions once more.

But there have been artists who have seen visions and dreamed dreams of God and heaven and the best and happiest things they had found in life. Such a one, with the power of his great genius, has made the dream into a picture, a painting, a statue, or a wonderful building, which no other person in the world is able to copy exactly. Indeed, there are many half-finished works which no artist, however great, has been able to complete. The creator has put into the work his soul, the best of all he thought and knew. So when many artists with their many dreams brought their finest works together into one place, it was certain that forever that place would be cherished and the wonder of it would belong to all people everywhere. While the artists have died long ago, their spirits, their very souls, seem alive today in the beautiful art works which they have left. It is for this reason that we speak of great artists who lived eight or nine hundred years ago, as if they were still living today, for their souls are alive in what they so wonderfully made. Those who

look upon these works are mysteriously inspired to live better and happier lives themselves.

The loveliest art works in France are its Gothic cathedrals, and of them all, the Cathedral at Rheims was probably the most wonderful. No monument of ancient or modern times is more widely known to the world. It was built in the Middle Ages and expressed all the aspiration and faith of the people of that time. For seven hundred years it has been cherished for its great beauty for the memory of the men who made it so beautiful, and for the sacred services which have been held in it. All the kings of France, except six, were crowned in it. One of the most striking services was the coronation of Charles VII, while Joan of Arc stood beside him with the sacred banner in her hands.

The cathedral held the works of many ancient artists. It was especially famous for its rose window, in which the figures of prophets and martyrs were glorified by the afternoon sun. Beneath the window was a magnificent gallery. Statues of angels, a beautiful statue of Christ, and one of the Madonna were to be found in this wonderful building. The stained glass windows were all very beautiful. Even the bells in the tower were famous.

With the excuse that the French were using

the great towers of the old cathedral as observation posts, the Germans bombarded and destroyed the church. The roof was battered in and burned, the stained glass windows broken, the famous bells pounded into a shapeless mass, of metal, and the wonderful statues and decorations hopelessly destroyed. Only the statue of Joan of Arc, in front of the cathedral, remained uninjured, as though to say, "I am the soul of France. You cannot injure or kill me." Afterwards the Germans bombarded the church a second time, attempting to tear down even the walls that were still standing.

Even savages in war respect sacred places, but the Germans deliberately aimed their guns at them. No excuse can ever be accepted by the civilized world for this deliberate destruction, and certainly the excuse cannot be accepted by military men that the act was due to bad marksmanship.

Other ancient churches were horribly damaged. The Germans stabled their horses in them, broke down the candelabra and statues, and carried away many valuable relics.

The burning of the University buildings at Louvain completely destroyed the treasures that had been preserved for centuries. Priceless manuscripts, paintings that can never be re-

placed, and valuable books in rare bindings were lost to the world.

The Germans scornfully but ignorantly declared, "Why should we care if every monument in the world is destroyed? We can build better ones." But the German idea of beauty is great strength and huge size. Their own public buildings and statues are often horrible in color, immense and awkward in appearance. They give people the impression of a fearsome brute spreading himself out before them.

With few exceptions, there are no dainty figures and designs, nor any beautiful thoughts and feelings, as shown in the work of real artists.

The old cathedral at Rheims can never be restored. No one can ever bring back the old beauty and color; no one can revive those statues and paintings so that ever again they will seem to breathe forth the soul of the artists who fashioned them seven hundred years ago. The walls may be rebuilt, and artists of tomorrow may beautify them, but the spirit of the great men of the Middle Ages is gone — it has fled from the place forever. Thus the Germans, not content with killing the bodies of men, have in this way killed the souls of some of the greatest of the geniuses of the past. How can she pay the damage, or meet a fitting punishment?

Why Belgium Fought*

We are not annexed. We are not conquered. We are not even vanquished. Our army is fighting. Our colors float alongside those of France, England, and Russia. The country subsists. She is simply unfortunate. More than ever, then, we now owe ourselves to her, body and soul. To defend her rights is also to fight for her.

We are living hours now as tragic as any country has ever known. All is destruction and ruin around us. Everywhere we see mourning. Our army has lost half of its effective forces. Its percentage in dead and wounded will never be reached by any of the belligerents. There remains to us only a corner of ground over there by the sea. The waters of the Yser flow through an immense plain peopled by the dead. It is called the Belgian Cemetery. There sleep our children by the thousands. There they are sleeping their last sleep. The struggle goes on bitterly

* From *Lest We Forget* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

and without mercy.

Your sons, Mr. President, are at the front; mine as well. For months we have been living in anxiety regarding the morrow.

Why these sacrifices, why this sorrow? Belgium could have avoided these disasters, saved her existence, her treasures, and the lives of her children, but she preferred her honor.

Victory*

President Wilson cabled to King Albert on the day the king was expected to enter Brussels, the Belgian capital, the following message: —

"Never has a national holiday occurred at a more auspicious moment and never have felicitations been more heartfelt than those which it is my high privilege to tender to Your Majesty on this day.

"When facing imminent destruction, Belgium by her self-sacrifice won for herself a place of honor among nations, a crown of glory, imperishable though all else were lost.

"The danger is averted, the hour of victory come and with it the promise of a new life, fuller, greater, nobler than has been known before.

"The blood of Belgium's heroic sons has not been shed in vain."

The most terrible and bloody conflict in all history had ended, and the world was saved for the people. The struggle upward by the com-

* From *Winning a Cause* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

mon people for over a thousand years was not after all to be in vain. Liberty and democracy were now assured to all; the danger of slavery and autocracy was over. It was not strange that a whole world seemed to have gone wild with joy.

German Proclamation*

The following proclamation by the Germans in the province of Udine is an excellent example of how the Huns treated conquered territory and conquered peoples:

Proclamation issued by the Headquarters of the German Military Government at Udine to the inhabitants of conquered Italy.

A house-to-house search will be made for all concealed arms, weapons, and ammunition.

All victuals remaining in the houses must be delivered up.

Every citizen must obey our labor regulations.

All Workmen, Women, and Children over 15 years old are obliged to work in the fields every day, Sundays included, from 4 A.M. to 8 P.M.

Disobedience will be punished in the following manner: —

* From *Winning a Cause* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

(1) Lazy workmen will be accompanied to their work and watched by Germans. After the harvest they will be imprisoned for six months, and every third day will be given nothing but bread and water.

(2) Lazy women will be obliged to work, and after the harvest receive six months' imprisonment.

(3) Lazy children will be punished by beating.

The Commandant reserves the right to punish lazy workmen with 20 lashes daily.

The French

Joseph Joffre – France's Leader*

In 1911, Joseph Joffre became commander-in-chief of the French Armies. A gentle, kindly man was the great general, and simple in all his ways! He ate sparingly; he slept, by choice, on a hard bed; he cleaned his sword and saddled his horse himself. His voice, sweet as the grapes of his native vineyards, was delightful to listen to. And yet the strength of this man, so gentle and modest in manner, was felt by every soldier in the French army. They loved him; yet they felt that he must be obeyed. One of the highest officers under him said truly, "He commands us as we love to be commanded."

The year 1914 arrived, and with it the on-coming rush of the mighty German army which had been long preparing for its attack on France. Was Joffre excited at the tremendous duty that was now his – to defend France against the terrible enemy? He did not seem so, at any rate. His manner was as calm and gentle as

* From *Leaders to Liberty* by Sara Wade

ever. Yet the fire of a strong purpose, which had burned in his heart for forty-four years, burned now with intensest force. He was prepared. Every day since his youth he had been preparing, not only in mind but in body. That he might be strong and keen of thought, he had eaten simply, exercised regularly, slept long nights of healthful sleep. Yes, he was prepared. Long ago his plans had been laid for defense when the foe should strike.

Down in little Rivesalte there was no fear even when men, women and children in other parts of France were trembling at the news that war was upon them.

"Haven't we got our Joffre?" they said to each other with simple trust. Surely, they thought, France would be safe if he was at the head of the army.

Ah! but there were fearful days ahead for the country. They were days that would make the wisest shake their heads and ask, "Shall we be able to hold out against Germany's long-planned, carefully-thought-out attack?"

"We must stand guard on the east," Joffre quickly decided. There he would be ready to meet the oncoming German hordes as they advanced over the borderland. There were strong French forts there, so he would be able

to make a good resistance. Accordingly he poured forces into that part of France.

Little did he dream that Germany did not plan to take the course he expected because it would make the hardest kind of fighting necessary. Indeed, no! How much easier for her main army to march through Belgium and enter France from a more northerly direction. What was a mere scrap of paper, forsooth – a paper containing the promise that Belgium should remain independent, no matter what troubles might arise between her neighbors?

"Why! it is a trifle not worth considering," the German Emperor and his advisers evidently believed.

Quickly Joffre had to change his plans as he heard that seventy-five divisions of Prussians were sweeping over Belgium. Perhaps – perhaps – their advance would be checked before they reached the border forts of Namur. So the French hoped. But bravely as King Albert and his little army fought, he was able to hold back the Germans for a short time only. On they came; the stronghold of Namur gave way; the river Meuse was crossed; and the cruel Huns entered the streets of French towns, bringing sorrow and death and destruction.

The women of the invaded districts no

longer sang songs at their work. Boys and girls stopped their play in terror when they heard the hated "Watch on the Rhine" played by the advancing German bands. There were terrible happenings in those days. Innocent people were tortured and put to death by the bayonets of their enemies, perhaps for their own amusement. Little children were maimed and starving. Women were made insane by the horrors they looked upon.

Weeping and wailing could now be heard all over France as stories spread of what cruel war was bringing in its train.

And Joffre? Day after day he gave the same command – "Retreat" – as the invaders came sweeping farther and farther into the country he loved as his life. They were headed for Paris. It looked as if they would soon reach the Capital and take possession of it. Then would not France be lost? So tens of thousands of people were saying to each other.

"Have we been mistaken in our commander-in-chief?" they asked. They were losing faith.

But most of the officers under Joffre still trusted in him. They said, "He has a plan in his mind. We will still believe in him and that he will lead our country to safety."

One day, however it was late in August, 1914 – a certain captain coming from the war front met some other officers who had not heard the latest report. The captain looked very gloomy. He had a sad tale to tell of the army in full retreat, of the great need of heavy artillery and munitions, of the rapid advance of the enemy towards Paris.

"What about the General Headquarters?" asked one of the officers in a discouraged tone.

"At the end of their rope," was the answer.

"And what does the boss say?" asked another officer.

"Joffre?" the captain asked. Then, raising his arms towards the sky and opening and shutting his eyes, he cried, "Joffre? That man still believes we'll win out!"

And Joffre did believe it. He never lost hope. Moreover, he had a plan on which he had spent long hours of thought. He was like the sun that still shines behind the clouds, be they ever so heavy and black, and is sure to scatter those clouds some day. Even now he could see victory ahead.

Day after day he led the retreat back, still back, till he reached the river Marne. Every foot of the ground here he knew from practice with troops years ago. Now at last he was prepared

to turn like a wild animal at bay.

It was the evening of September 4 when his officers received from him an order to be given to their men at once.

"Advance," so the order stated, "and when you can no longer advance, hold at all costs what you have gained. When you can no longer hold, die."

Next morning the will of Joseph Joffre was the will of every man in his army, as it turned not merely to defend itself as it had been doing; but to attack.

For five terrible days the battle raged.

The air resounded with the thunder of artillery. The ground was strewn with the bodies of the dead and dying. Many were the deeds of heroism in that time, as with Joffre's words ringing in their ears, the French soldiers forgot all else in their struggle to save the fatherland.

"Hold at all costs what you have gained," he had commanded. And further, "When you can no longer hold, die." Yes, they would die and die gladly, if only France might be spared the yoke of German slavery. The courage of their commander had passed on to his troops.

Slowly but surely the enemy weakened, and at last with the daylight of September 10, the German army was in retreat. The sunshine of

strong will and steady purpose had broken through the clouds. Joseph Joffre had fulfilled the desire of his life – he had saved France.

When the good news spread through the country, there was rejoicing in every home. And in Paris, just delivered from the approach of the enemy, a day was given up to celebrate the wondrous victory of the Marne. There were prayers of thanksgiving in the churches, and songs of victory were sung. But most precious of all tributes to the General whose fame was now shouted over all the world was that offered to him in the quiet little home town far from the noisy outside world. There in dear little Rivesalte, the friends of Joffre's childhood gathered flowers with which they covered the steps of the old house where he was born. Great was the pride of those peasant folks that day.

"Our Joffre," old men and women, boys and girls said to each other, "is the savior of France."

How was it in these days with the soldiers of France, the men whose glorious courage had so nobly carried out the will of their commander? They had gladly offered their lives in the terrible conflict because they loved their chief and they knew that he loved them. "Father Joffre" they came to call him. He was their friend. Not one of them would he carelessly sacrifice.

Furthermore, he would take no more credit for what he had done than should be given to the poorest and humblest of his soldiers. When the battle of the Marne had ended, he wrote a letter to those brave faithful troops, in which he said:

"As for me, if I have done any good, I am rewarded by the greatest honor that ever came to me in my whole career, the honor of commanding men like you. It is with deep emotion that I tender you my thanks for what you have done. I owe to you the realization of that towards which all my energies have continuously strained for four and forty years; I mean the revanche* of 1870."

In another part of the letter he said, "I do not want people to talk about me any more than the others. I am a citizen of the Republic, nothing more."

As we all know now, the Great War continued to rage long after the battle of the Marne. Bitter fighting was ahead for many months, for years in fact. But Joffre had stemmed the tide of the German advance into his country. He

* Revanche is the French word for revenge. Hence, by the "revanche of 1870," Joffre referred to the revenge of his people which the Germans deserved for their unjust war upon the French in 1870.

continued to keep up a noble defense against an enemy that was far greater in number and vastly better trained than his own army.

During those years while Joffre was standing out against the invaders, the Allies were preparing for the time when they could not only defend themselves, but make strong attacks. At the beginning they had been taken by surprise. As soon as possible they must follow a more active course.

When that time came, Joffre, who had "borne the brunt of the burden" so long and was growing old, agreed in his usual noble, big-hearted way that another commander-in-chief should be chosen in his place.

But the man of iron will and loving heart was not to be forgotten by his people.

"All honor to our noble Joffre," they said heartily.

In the homes of the great and the lowly everywhere in France his picture had its chosen place, and little children were told by their parents: "That is the hero who saved our country in its greatest need. All along he has believed in our final victory. He believes in it still. And it was he who took the first great steps towards making victory possible. Never forget Father Joffre."

As the war raged on, and deeds were done by the Germans that were too horrible to tell, the United States could bear to look on no longer. She joined at last in the War upon War. The good news of her coming gave fresh courage to France, now weary and almost hopeless.

Shortly afterwards – it was in the spring of 1917 – a war mission made a journey across the ocean to meet the people of America and to talk with them about the need of the Allies and the best ways of giving aid. General Joffre, who was at the head of his country's war council, had an important place in this mission.

He and his companions reached the shores of Virginia on April 24 and the next day were received by the President and the people of Washington with great honor. During his stay in the Capital he visited the House of Congress and listened to the speeches of leading men of our country.

At that time one thought was strong in Marshal Joffre's mind: American soldiers were needed to stand in defense of liberty beside the weary soldiers of France and Great Britain. He must show this. The people of the United States must see, as clearly as he saw, that not only money and supplies were necessary to the Allies, but men full of health and strength and

courage. The United States, as this wise general knew, had once fought a brave fight for freedom under George Washington, the Father of his Country. So it was that Joffre, whom the French soldiers loved as a father, left the Capital with a full heart to visit the tomb of Washington.

Mr. Balfour, who represented Great Britain in the War Mission, went with him.

As they stood beside the tomb, Joffre laid a bronze palm bound with the tricolor of France upon the marble sarcophagus. Mr. Balfour placed a wreath of lilies beside the palm. Then, turning to the people gathered there, he spoke of the joy George Washington would feel if he knew that Great Britain, France, and the United States were now joined hand in hand for the salvation of all men from the power that was striving to enslave them.

From Washington the hero of the Marne went to other leading cities in our country. Wherever Joffre went he was met with joy and great applause. In St. Louis over fifteen thousand people crowded into the Coliseum to see him and hear him speak. Other thousands, remaining outside because there was no more room within, made the air ring with their singing of the "Marseillaise," and with shouts of "Long live France, Long live France!"

In Springfield, Illinois, where Abraham Lincoln lies buried, Marshal Joffre knelt down reverently and lovingly beside the marble slab of his tomb.

At Philadelphia Joffre listened with strong feeling to the "Marseillaise" which three thousand High School girls sang in his honor. There he placed wreaths on the grave of Benjamin Franklin and the statue of Joan of Arc. Then, at the University of Pennsylvania, he received degrees of honor and afterwards rode through Franklin Field to the cheers of thousands of people gathered there to catch a glimpse of his kind, smiling face.

But it was in New York City that Marshal Joffre was most deeply touched. It was at the singing of the school children who gave him their greeting in City Hall Park. He had received honors of many kinds. The greatest people of the United States had been doing all they could to show their love and admiration for this noble hero ever since he arrived here. But after all, nothing pleased Joffre, the man of simple loving heart, so much as the songs of greeting of American boys and girls.

Joffre's love for the little folks showed itself a day or two afterwards when it fell to him to unveil a statue of Lafayette in Prospect Park,

Brooklyn.

In the midst of the ceremony a little girl came up to him to present a bouquet of flowers. Suddenly she became fearful of the watching crowds and the greatness of the man before her, and burst out weeping. And Joffre? Why, he did just what we might expect. He reached down and took not only the flowers, but the little girl into his strong, loving arms.

Before leaving the United States Joffre visited West Point and spoke hopeful words to the military students there. He also went to Boston; and at Harvard University across the river, he reviewed the regiment of young students already training for service in the war.

When Joseph Joffre returned to France he went with a glad and hopeful heart. He had been welcomed in the United States as a war hero. But more than this: he knew that he stood to them as the defender, not only of French liberty, but of a holy cause – world freedom. Because of his coming, America would be willing to sacrifice more and serve more nobly in that cause.

At last the good news was telegraphed around the world that the terrible fighting of more than four years had come to an end. No longer was the sound of cannon heard in

France. No longer did the dreaded airplane hurl bombs down on innocent people. No longer did the vile submarines hide beneath the waters of the sea, striking death upon defenseless men, women, and children without warning.

In the rejoicing that followed Joffre was present in the hearts of his countrymen.

"He is one of the immortals," they declared. "Like France, he can never die."

No more fitting honor could be bestowed upon him now, they agreed, than to make him a member of the French Academy where the greatest names in history had a place. Here only the noblest statesmen had ever been admitted, together with the leaders in art, in literature, in the church, in warfare. Here, without question, therefore, must Marshal Joffre, the hero of the Marne, be admitted.

As he stood up before a great gathering, the sun burst through the clouds of a dark day, shedding its brightness over all. Simple in manner as on entering the humblest home of his native town, Joffre wore the undress uniform of a Marshal of France instead of the richly embroidered gown of a member of the Academy, as he might have done.

"It is as a Marshal of France that I enter the Academy," he had said, "and it is dressed as

such that I shall present myself there."

After he had made his address it fell to a noted poet to reply. When he spoke of Marshal Joffre as the victor of the Marne, Joffre arose and said, "It is not I, it is the Poilu." Now, since the French word poilu means a common soldier or private, Joffre wished to express that it was not through him, but through the devotion of his soldiers, that the battle had been won.

At his words, every person in the audience, so we are told, turned his eyes up towards the balcony, where a blind soldier was standing at attention. On the instant all burst into loud cheers, led by President Wilson who rejoiced heartily in being present when Joseph Jacques Cesaire Joffre was given a place in the French Academy, marking his name as one belonging to all time, as eternal.

An Alsatian Boy*

(France lost Alsace-Lorraine to Germany following the Franco-Prussian war in 1871.)

That morning I was very late for school, and was terribly afraid of being scolded, for M. Hamel, the schoolmaster, had said he intended to examine us on the participles, and I knew not a word about them. The thought came into my head that I would skip the class altogether, and so off I went across the fields.

The weather was so hot and clear!

One could hear the blackbirds whistling on the edge of the wood; in Ripperts' meadow, behind the sawyard, the Prussian soldiers were drilling. All this attracted me much more than the rules about participles; but I had the strength to resist and so I turned and ran quickly back towards the school.

In passing before the town hall, I saw that a number of people were stopping before the little grating where notices are posted up. For two

* From *Winning a Cause* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

years past it was there we learned all the bad news, the battles lost, and the orders of the commandant; so I thought to myself without stopping: "What can it be now?" Then, as I was running across the square, the blacksmith, Wachter, who was there with his apprentice, just going to read the notice, cried out to me: — "Don't be in such a hurry, little fellow, you will be quite early enough for your school."

I thought he was making fun of me, and I was quite out of breath when I entered M. Hamel's little courtyard.

Generally, at the beginning of the class, there was a great uproar which one could hear in the street; desks opened and shut, lessons studied aloud all together, with hands over ears to learn better, and the big ruler of the master tapping on the table: "More silence there."

I had counted on all this commotion to gain my desk unobserved; but precisely that day all was quiet as a Sunday morning. Through the open window I could see my schoolmates already in their places, and M. Hamel, who was walking up and down with the terrible ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and enter in the midst of this complete silence. You can fancy how red I turned and how frightened I was.

But no, M. Hamel looked at me without any anger, and said very gently: —

"Take your place quickly, my little Franz, we were just going to begin without you."

I climbed up on the bench and sat down at once at my desk.

Only then, a little recovered from my fright, I noticed that our master had on his new green overcoat, his fine plaited frill, and the embroidered black skull-cap which he put on for the inspection days or the prize distributions. Besides, all the class wore a curious solemn look. But what surprised me most of all was to see at the end of the room, on the seats which were usually empty, a number of the village elders seated and silent like the rest of us; old Hansor with his cocked hat, the former mayor, the old postman, and a lot of other people. Everybody looked melancholy; and Hansor had brought an old spelling book, ragged at the edges, which he held wide open on his knees, with his big spectacles laid across the pages.

While I was wondering over all this, M. Hamel had placed himself in his chair, and with the same grave, soft voice in which he had spoken to me, he addressed us: —

"My children, it is the last time that I shall hold class for you. The order is come from

Berlin that only German is to be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine from now on. The new master arrives tomorrow. Today is your last lesson in French. I ask you to be very attentive."

These words quite upset me. Ah, the wretches! this then was what they had posted up at the town hall.

My last lesson in French!

And I who hardly knew how to write. I should never learn then! I must stop where I was! How I longed now for the wasted time, for the classes when I played truant to go birds'-nesting, or to slide on the Saar! The books which I was used to find so wearisome, so heavy to carry — my grammar, my history — now seemed to me old friends whom I was very sorry to part with. The same with M. Hamel. The idea that he was going away, that I should never see him again, made me forget the punishment and the raps with the ruler.

Poor man!

It was in honor of this last class that he had put on his Sunday clothes, and now I understood why the elders of the village had come and seated themselves in the schoolroom. That meant that they were grieved not to have come oftener to the school. It was a sort of way of

thanking our master for his forty years of good service, and of showing their respect for their country that was being taken from them.

I had come as far as this in my reflections when I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to have been able to say right through that famous rule of the participles, quite loud and very clear, without a stumble; but I bungled at the first word, and stopped short, balancing myself on my bench, with bursting heart, not daring to raise my head. I heard M. Hamel speak to me:

"I shall not scold thee, my little Franz, thou must be punished enough without that. See how it is. Every day one says, 'Bah! There is time enough. I shall learn tomorrow.' And then see what happens. Ah! that has been the great mistake of our Alsace, always to defer its lesson until tomorrow. Now those folk have a right to say to us, 'What! you pretend to be French and you cannot even speak or write your language!' In all that, my poor Franz, it is not only thou that art guilty. We must all bear our full share in the blame. Your parents have not cared enough to have you taught. They liked better to send you to work on the land or at the factory to gain a few more pence. And I too, have I nothing to reproach myself with? Have I not

often made you water my garden instead of learning your lessons? And when I wanted to fish for trout, did I ever hesitate to dismiss you?"

Then from one thing to another M. Hamel began to talk to us about the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the clearest, the most forceful; that we must guard it among us and never forget it, because when a people falls into slavery, as long as it holds firmly to its own tongue, it holds the key of its prison. Then he took a grammar and gave us our lesson. I was astonished to find how well I understood. All he said seemed to me so easy, so easy. I think, too, that I never listened so hard, and that he had never taken such pains to explain. One would have said that before going away the poor man wished to give us all his knowledge, to ram it all into our heads at one blow.

That lesson finished, we passed to writing. For that day M. Hamel had prepared for us some quite fresh copies, on which was written in beautiful round hand: France, Alsace, France, Alsace. They looked like little banners floating round the class room on the rail of our desks. To see how hard every one tried! And what a silence there was! One could hear nothing but the scraping of the pens on the paper.

Once some cock-chafers flew in; but nobody took any heed, not even the little ones, who worked away at their pothooks with such enthusiasm and conscientiousness as if feeling there was something French about them. On the roof of the school the pigeons cooed softly, and I thought to myself, hearing them: —

"Are they to be forced to sing in German too?" From time to time, when I raised my eyes from the page, I saw M. Hamel motionless in his chair, looking fixedly at everything round him, as if he would like to carry away in his eyes all his little schoolhouse. Think of it! For forty years he had been in the same place, in his court outside or with his class before him. Only the benches and the desks had grown polished by the constant rubbing; the walnut trees in the courtyard had grown up, and the honeysuckle, which he had planted himself, now garlanded the windows up to the roof. What a heart-break it must be for this poor man to leave all these things, and to hear his sister coming and going in the room above, packing up their boxes, for they were to go the next day — to leave the country forever.

All the same, what courage he had to carry out the class to the end! After the writing we had our history lesson; then the little ones sang

all together their Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu. There at the end of the room, old Hansor put on his spectacles, and holding his spelling-book with both hands, he spelt the letters with them. One could see that he too did his best; his voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and cry at once. Ah! I shall always remember that class.

Suddenly the clock of the church rang for noon, then for the Angelus. At the same moment, the trumpets of the Prussians returning from drill pealed out under our windows. M. Hamel rose from his chair, turning very pale. Never had he looked to me so tall.

"My friends," he said, "my friends, I— I—" But something choked him. He could not finish the sentence.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and pressing with all his might, he wrote as large as he could: —

VIVE LA FRANCE

Marie the Courageous*

"The Padre and his little niece, an orphan of twelve, lived on the outskirts of a French village that had been taken by the Germans," began Captain Favor, resuming his story telling for the children.

"Marie, for that was her name, was a patriot if there ever was one. Every fibre of her being was for France, and one could see the fires of patriotism flaming in her eyes. That is the sort of patriotism, Joe, that no fear of death can dim."

Joe Funk nodded approvingly. His own patriotism had been stirred by these tales of the heroism of the children of France.

"While the French were in possession of the village in the early days of the war, an officer of that army made his headquarters with the Padre and his niece," continued Captain Favor. "He became very fond of the child. Captain Grivelet was his name and, recognizing in Marie a true patriot, he had explained many things to

* From *The Children of France and the Red Cross* by June Lucas

her about the war, so that, for a child so young, Marie was able to form a very clear idea of the situation of the two armies.

"There were, of course, many army secrets of which Captain Grivelet never spoke. He, too, was a patriot, you see, as he should be. Having asked permission to store some of his personal equipment in the padre's cellar, they thought nothing of his going down there frequently. Now and then Marie was certain she heard him talking to someone down there.

"One day, after the Prussians had pushed the French back close to the village – this was before the Germans took the village, you understand – Captain Grivelet had a talk with Marie.

"'Marie, knowing that you are French in your heart and soul, I shall confide certain secrets to you. Are you willing to serve your country?'

"'Yes, monsieur le Capitaine. Always, and with my life, if necessary.'

"'Bravely spoken. You may do as your judgment dictates about repeating what I shall tell you to the Padre, your uncle. But for the sake of his safety I should advise that you keep your own secrets. Such secrecy will not bring dishonor upon you, for it is in behalf of your country.'

"'I understand, monsieur. You may trust Marie. She is a loyal French girl and will continue to be so no matter what comes.'

"The captain nodded approvingly.

"'Whether or not we shall be able to hold our lines here seems doubtful. At least we fear the Prussians, in large force as they are, may temporarily drive us back. But it will not be for long. We shall recover our ground. Even now we are entrenching ourselves to the rear. When that time comes, Marie, you and the Padre will be in peril, for the French probably will have to shell the village. We hope it may not come to that. What I would ask you is, do you and your uncle wish to go to the rear while there is yet time, so you may be safe?'

"'There is reason for believing, monsieur le Capitaine, that Marie may be of use to her beloved France here?' she questioned.

"'Yes; that is what I would say.'

"'It is not necessary to ask, monsieur.'

"'You will understand that it is better that I do not speak to the padre, your uncle. You may do so, and you will the better be able to judge how to speak to him, though as I already have advised, for the sake of his safety he should not be involved. You will not be afraid, Marie?'

"'No, monsieur.'

"'It is well. You have seen me go to the cellar, many times, where I store my equipment. This equipment I shall remove today, but in the cellar you will find—'

"At this instant a shell landed in the street and exploded with a roar. It was followed by other shells that swept on to the rear and fell beyond the village. A bugle somewhere down the street blew insistently. The captain sprang to his feet.

"'Marie, I shall see you later. I am called. You will be prudent and be careful of your life?'

"'Yes, monsieur.'

"The captain hurried out and that was the last the brave little French girl heard of him for some time afterward. All day the battle raged and shells fell in the village, many times the Padre's house being showered with bursting shrapnel and shell splinters. It was a stout little stone house and withstood this storm of steel, save as now and then a splinter from a shell tore through the blinds and imbedded itself in the wall.

"In the meantime Marie had gone out, unmindful of the danger, to fetch her uncle home. The Padre was in his church, but Marie made him come home. Reaching there, she said:

"'My uncle, the Germans may come and we

shall be in their power. Is it your wish to remain here or to go to the rear where you will be safe?'

"'I shall remain here, my child. Perhaps it would be well for you to go to the rear and be under the protection of the French, for the Prussians are beasts!'

"'With your permission, my uncle, I shall stay here with you. I shall not leave you.'

"It is well. If the Prussians come I shall speak with them, and perhaps they will leave the Padre and his niece to themselves. But they shall not make us Prussians; we shall still be loyal to our beloved France.'

"'Yes, uncle, but it will be well that you have a care as to what you say and do. Please heed what Marie says, for she knows whereof she speaks.'

"All that day the battle raged and the Padre and Marie remained in their home, except now and then when the child went out to watch the progress of the battle, for their house was on high ground commanding an excellent view of the battlefield. The field, however, was so covered with smoke that few of the details of what was going on out there were observable.

"With darkness the battle still continued. Later on there was rifle fire in the street, and, acting upon the Padre's suggestion, uncle and

niece took refuge in their cellar, for the bullets were beginning to spatter on the walls within the house.

"It was near daylight when the firing died down, whereupon the Padre and Marie came upstairs and went to bed for a few hours' sleep.

"They were rudely awakened by a violent pounding on the door. It was Marie who sprang up at the sound and who opened the door. Confronting her was a German soldier, armed with a rifle. The girl did not quail.

"'Is this the Padre's home?' he demanded gruffly.

"'It is.'

"'The Prussians are now in control of this village and the inhabitants will govern themselves accordingly. We shall search your house. Then, if you behave yourselves, you will be permitted to remain here and to go out in the daytime, as usual. All food that is asked for by the soldiers shall be given to them without question, but any attempt to communicate with the enemy, the slightest disobedience of the orders of the commander, will be punished by death.'

"The soldier beckoned to several other soldiers who were in the background and ordered them to search the house. This they did with

thoroughness. Marie had forgotten about the equipment of Captain Grivelet in the cellar, but it was brought home to her with a shock when the searchers came up bearing the stuff the French officer had left. The soldier in charge eyed the Padre and his niece sternly. He demanded to know to whom this equipment belonged.

"Marie very frankly told him that an officer had requested permission to leave the equipment there, and had slept in the house. Beyond that she knew nothing, nor did she know what his luggage contained.

"'I shall report this to my commander. I know not what he will do, but giving aid to the enemy is a serious matter,' he warned. Then the soldiers went away. That day neither the Padre nor Marie left the house. Late in the afternoon an officer entered and questioned them sharply, finally leaving, apparently satisfied with their answers. The two were not disturbed again.

"Next day the Padre went to his church and Marie went out to do her marketing. She was unmolested, though soldiers frequently spoke to her jokingly, to all of which she smiled and made some bright reply.

"That night as she sat thinking in her room in the dark, her conversation with Captain

Grivelet suddenly came back to her. He had been about to tell her something of importance, something that he wished her to do for her people.

"'The cellar!' exclaimed the child.

"Snatching up a candle, she hurried below and holding the light above her head, surveyed the low-ceilinged cellar keenly.

"'I see nothing,' murmured the girl. 'But surely there is something here. It could not have been in the equipment that the Germans carried away with them, for they searched the Captain's belongings and found nothing. That I plainly saw with my own eyes.'

"Marie gave up her quest and, returning to her room, went to bed. The greater part of the night she lay awake, disturbed now and then by vollies of rifle shots, which she interpreted with a shudder. Some of her neighbors were meeting a terrible fate, a fate that yet might be hers or her uncle's, or both.

"On the following morning, after a soldier had visited their home and again searched it, Marie, still troubled by her failure to find that which the French captain had started to confide in her, locked the door after the Padre's departure for his church, and once more went to the cellar.

"This time her search was thorough, but she discovered nothing. Sitting down in the middle of the cellar, with her candle placed on the floor at one side, she gazed about her. A shadow cast by the candlelight on the cellar wall seemed to make it appear that one of the stones projected outward further than the others.

"Marie got up to examine the stone. Closer examination verified this surmise. She uttered a little exclamation when, upon taking hold of the stone, it moved. Marie pulled and the stone came out easily.

"'Oh!' cried the child.

"There, before her eyes, tucked into the opening, was a telephone. The child stared at it with wide open eyes. This, plainly, was what the French captain wished to tell her about when he was interrupted by the bugle summons and called away to a service from which he did not return. But what was it that he wished her to do with the telephone?

"'I have it!' she cried exultingly. 'It was that he wished the little Marie to tell him what the Prussians were doing. At last the way is opened for her to serve her country. But – the child, with a wisdom beyond her years, knew what the penalty would be if she were discovered. 'I care not. If I shall have served my France I can die

with a brave heart!'

"Taking the telephone in her hands – hands that did not even tremble, Marie called a soft 'hello!' There was no response. Again and again she tried, but without result. Finally the child gave it up and went back upstairs.

"The thought of the telephone drew her again to the cellar. Again she called her soft 'hello.'

"The answer came back in French with a suddenness that nearly caused her to drop the telephone.

"'Who is speaking?' she asked in as firm a voice as she could summon.

"'Whom do you wish?'

"'I would speak with Captain Grivelet.'

"'He is not here. I cannot reach him.'

"'It is important. Find him and tell him that the little Marie would speak with him. Tell him to come at ten o'clock this evening and Marie will be here at the telephone. He will understand.'

"Marie put back the telephone and carefully closed the opening. Now she had a distinct mission to perform, and, throwing a scarf over her head, she went out to the street. Marie was very bright of face and very friendly with the German soldiers. No obstacle was placed in the

way of her going where she liked. That day she used her eyes and ears to good advantage and they saw and heard many things. What especially interested her was the massing of German troops in the forest to the west of the village. She heard of this through a conversation between two officers. There also was great activity behind the lines. There the Germans were building entrenchments, which she could plainly see from the windows of her home.

"The child knew that what she had observed was important, but just how important, of course, she could not know.

"Promptly at ten o'clock that night, after the Padre had gone fast asleep, Marie hastened to the cellar and again called over the telephone. Captain Grivelet was quickly summoned.

"'It is the little Marie speaking,' she called excitedly.

"'My brave child,' answered the captain. 'I knew you would find the way. We are defeated, but not for long, for the French are being reinforced and are angry. Can you safely go out into the street tomorrow and then let me know what they are doing?'

"'I already have been out, monsieur le Capitaine, and I have seen.'

"'I beg of you to be careful. You are in great peril. If the Boches discover that you are in communication with us they will shoot you.'

"'I fear them not. But I must hasten. Listen!' Marie then told the captain all that she had learned, interrupted frequently by exclamations of approval from the officer at the other end.

"'Wait!' she called. 'Hold, for I hear movement above.'

"A few minutes later Marie returned to the telephone. 'Down in the middle of the village are many soldiers. I know not why they are gathering there, but I think perhaps they may be going to shoot some of our noble Frenchmen.'

"'Down by the square?' questioned the captain.

"'Yes.'

"'Put away your telephone and go to the floor above. Watch the square and you shall see what the French gunners can do. The people are in their houses?'

"'Yes, monsieur, they dare not go out at night. It is forbidden.'

"'Good! Do as I have directed, and go no more to the telephone until tomorrow night at this time, unless something of importance develops, then call for me. I shall leave orders

to be summoned immediately.'

"Not fully understanding what the captain was about to do, the child hastened upstairs and, opening the door slightly, peered down the street.

"It was at this moment that a giant shell from a French battery exploded fairly in the middle of the square, with a terrific shock and roar. It was followed by several other heavy explosions. Then silence settled over the night.

"This silence, however, did not last for long. The forest in which so many German troops were being massed was bombarded all through the night, as were the entrenchments to the rear of the village where the enemy was busily engaged in fortifying themselves.

"The child shuddered. She was troubled.

"'It is for France that I have done this,' she said to comfort herself. 'Already the Prussians have killed many here, and for what? For nothing save that they are French. It is terrible.'

"On the following day Marie picked up further information. She also learned that the Germans had suffered heavily from the previous night's bombardment, and that they were amazed at the exact information possessed by the French.

"Each night the child spoke with the

French captain over the telephone, and each night the French obtained information of great value to them. Though Marie did not know it, the Germans had by this time satisfied themselves that some one in the village was communicating with the French forces, and a careful watch was being kept on every inhabitant of the place. Marie, all ignorant of this, continued to keep the French informed of the movements of the enemy.

"One night, after a day of heavy fighting on both sides, during which the Germans had been slowly pushed back, Marie was giving Captain Grivelet her report of the operations on the German side for that day. She had communicated everything down to the smallest detail and was just replacing the telephone in its niche when she thought she heard a sound behind her. Marie turned quickly.

"The child's head grew dizzy; she nearly fainted with fright, for there, gazing sternly at her, stood a Prussian officer.

"'So! This is it?'

"Marie did not answer. She could not.

"'For this you shall be shot. Stand back. Give me that telephone!'

"Snatching it from her hands he got the French headquarters, though he did not know

to whom he was speaking.

"'Speaking to you is a Prussian major,' he said in French. 'He has just discovered why the French have been so fully informed. The spy who has thus informed you is the Padre's niece. She dies tonight!'

"With that the major wrenched the telephone from its wires and ripped the wires out, leaving the outside wires, that were underground, for his engineers to destroy. Marie, eyes now flashing, was led from her home and taken to the office of the general commanding the operations there. Soon after her arrival her uncle came, in charge of two soldiers. Then the examination began. Not one bit of information would the girl give. At last the commanding officer turned to the Padre.

"'It is my belief that you are responsible for this spying. It is not my wish to shoot a Padre, but you shall be taken out and shot immediately!'

"'No, no, no!' cried Marie, now thoroughly aroused. 'He knows nothing of what has been done. I swear it, monsieur! It is Marie who has informed the French of what the hated Prussians were doing. I—'

"'Ah! You admit it! It is well. Take her away. Take the Padre away also, but keep them

separated.'

"Marie left the commander with head erect and eyes flashing. Her only concern was for her uncle, whom she feared would be shot. She had no doubts about herself. Of course, they would shoot her and she gloried in the thought that she was to die for France.

"After her departure the Prussian general devoted several minutes to deep thought.

"'Of course, Herr General, she will be shot,' said the major who had made the capture.

"'No!' answered the commander, with emphasis.

"'Not shot?' questioned the officer in amazement.

"'No. She shall be sent to the camp at Metz and imprisoned for the duration of the war. The Padre also shall be sent to the rear and held during the rest of the war.'

"'Herr General, may I ask why, when both should be executed without delay?'

"'Because, major, I dislike to put a Padre to death, and further, I am satisfied that the girl told the truth when she said that he knew nothing of this affair. He is a simple-minded man. But the girl!' The general shrugged his shoulders like a Frenchman. 'She is keen as a new saber.'

"'And knowing well what she was doing she should be shot,' insisted the major.

"'I have a daughter of her age,' replied the general, slowly. 'This child is so like her that I should feel like murdering my own were I to order her shot. Major, I cannot do it. See that my orders are carried out. I shall explain my action in this matter to my superiors for their approval.'

"That ended it. It was an unusual thing for a Prussian to do and perhaps the only instance in the war where so much human sympathy was shown to a spy. Marie was taken to the prison at Metz, where she was kept from that time on. She suffered great hardships. There was little food and her treatment was harsh, so that her days were a misery and her nights a nightmare.

"A long time elapsed ere Captain Grivelet learned, through the Red Cross, what had become of the child. His sorrow had been keen, for he believed that she had been executed. The Padre was still in a prison camp the last I heard of the case. I hope the beautiful little patriot and her uncle may be reunited some day. But Marie has served her country nobly and if she ever comes back she will be splendidly rewarded by her government," said the captain, in conclusion.

The Americans

John Pershing – America's Leader*

In 1905 a war was going on between Russia and Japan. There were lessons to learn on the battle fields of those nations. So it came about that John Joseph Pershing went to Manchuria where he was stationed with Commander Kuroki, watching the methods of Japanese warfare.

A few years later trouble arose between the United States and Mexico. Mexican bandits kept coming over the border of this country, taking the settlers by surprise, raiding their homes, and killing innocent people. The worst and most dangerous of these bandits was the half-breed Villa, a cruel, savage man with many followers.

Villa must be pursued and caught if the people living on the borderland were to be made safe, so the United States Government decided. But what commander was best fitted to lead the troops to be sent after him? The

* From *Leaders to Liberty* by Mary Wade

country of northern Mexico was very wild: there were steep mountains, and deep dangerous canyons, and stretches of burning deserts. Moreover, the leader must be wise and cool-headed and must understand the ways of Indian fighting.

The question was quickly answered: no one was so well fitted for the high post as John Joseph Pershing.

He quickly proved that the choice was a good one. Through his wise command the trouble with Mexico soon came to an end, and the settlers on the borderland once more felt safe. But during General Pershing's stay there a terrible sorrow came to him. Some years before he had married the daughter of United States Senator Warren. He loved his wife deeply, as well as the little children who had come to them – three daughters and one son, and it was hard for him to have them so far away from him. He managed after a while to have a little home down near the borderland made ready for their coming so that he might be with them when not in active work.

Sad to say, just as all was prepared, news came to the General that his wife and daughters had been burned to death in San Francisco. Only the son was saved.

Great must have been the General's suffering. To an old friend in Laclede, he wrote of his loss that it took more than mortal courage to continue in the work his country had given him to do. Nevertheless, he did continue, and he performed that work faithfully though his heart was sorely aching.

In the meantime the Great War was raging across the ocean. One frightful deed after another had been committed by the Germans some of them so horrible that many American people could not believe it possible for them to be true.

Before long things happened, the truth of which could not be questioned. Bombs were being sent out from airplanes, striking and killing defenseless people far from the field of war, yes, even upon hospitals where lay the sick and the dying. And there were attacks by submarines on ships carrying passengers who had no thought of taking part in the war. The ships were sunk without warning, and the people went down to sudden and dreadful death.

Among these cruel deeds was the sinking of the beautiful steamer, the Lusitania. She was carrying hundreds of happy, innocent people across the Atlantic. In an instant their joy changed to horror. A torpedo from a submarine

had struck the ship, and she went down to the depths of the ocean without time for her passengers to escape on lifeboats.

The Germans were not satisfied even with their air raids, their submarines, and the mighty engines of war they used on the battle fields. They invented a deadly poison gas which was sent out without warning against the armies of the Allies. As it went sweeping on its way, it brought suffocation and death in its train.

The time came at last – the war had been going on for more than two years then – when the whole United States was roused by what had been happening.

"This is not like any war that has ever happened before," cried one after another. "We cannot stand back and watch any longer. We must join the Allies and make war upon war. The cause is Right against Might. We shall win because in the end Right always does win."

After thus deciding, there were many questions to answer. Would the United States do her part by sending needed supplies of food and ammunition to her Allies? What else could she send across the wide Atlantic? Would it be possible to send an army too, when all the soldiers must be carried in ships with constant danger of attack by submarines? This last did not at first

seem possible. Besides, there was only a small number of troops in the whole country. Men of this peaceful land would have to be trained a long time before they could be of any use in the terrible warfare that was going on.

But alas! the British and French troops were very weary from long, hard fighting. Tens of thousands of them had already been killed. Other tens of thousands had been wounded or been made ill from suffering. The Russians, who had fought bravely at first, had made a disgraceful peace with Germany. The Italian army was brave but small, and was kept busy resisting Germany's allies, the Austrians.

If America did her part, she must raise a big army, and it must cross the Atlantic. Furthermore, it must have a strong, wise, brave commander. That commander, it was quickly seen, must be General Pershing.

No time was lost, once the mind of the American people was made up. A few weeks afterwards General Pershing was crossing the ocean on the way to France.

As he paced the deck of the steamer, "a slim, trim, grim man," as an onlooker described him, he had much to think of since few of the soldiers he was to lead knew anything about war. The number of "regulars" was small. One, two,

three, perhaps even four or five millions of American soldiers might be needed before Germany should be conquered. They must be trained, and trained quickly, for the most terrible kinds of fighting – in the trenches, with the bayonet, against the deadly poison gas. Some of the training could be done in cantonments in the United States. Still more must follow after the men reached France.

Moreover, when they fought, it would be in a strange land far from their loved ones. They would have to resist not only the Huns, but homesickness. They must, therefore, be kept as happy and comfortable as possible. The wise leader had all these things to consider. He must prepare himself and the army that was being formed for the great undertaking before him and them.

On the eighth day of June, 1917, he landed at Liverpool, England. As he stepped on shore he was greeted by a British general with a guard of honor. At the same moment the band of an English regiment began to play the "Star Spangled Banner." It was a glorious welcome, speaking to the newcomer of England's happiness in receiving the man who represented her sister country and friend, the United States.

From Liverpool, Pershing went on to Lon-

don where King George and Queen Mary, and high officers in the British army and navy treated him with great honor.

But he could not tarry long even in the greatest city in the world. He felt that he must hurry over to France to plan for the coming of his army. When he arrived there the excitement of the people was even greater than in England.

"I salute the United States of America which has now become united with the United States of Europe," General Dumas, one of the French commanders, said to Pershing when he greeted him at Boulogne.

It was an historic moment, as Pershing declared afterwards: for the first time an American in uniform had come to Europe to help in defending it against an enemy.

Long lines of soldiers were drawn up in the French city in honor of the guest. As Pershing looked at these men he was deeply touched; not fresh and light-hearted soldiers were they; but grim and war-worn because they had seen long, hard fighting. Yes, the need was great. The American commander must show himself equal to the immense work before him.

From Boulogne he hastened to Paris. Never since the war began had a visitor there received

such a welcome as the great American. Ranks upon ranks of soldiers flanked the streets for many blocks. The doorways and windows, the balconies and housetops were filled with people to see Pershing as he rode past. Tens of thousands of men, women, and children were waving the American flag and shouting "Long live America!" Bands were playing the "Marseillaise" and the "Star Spangled Banner." Among the great Frenchmen who greeted the American were Marshal Joffre and General Foch.

Why was there such excitement at the presence of one man? Because John Joseph Pershing stood to those watching thousands for America herself – rich, beautiful America – who would send food to the hungry, arms to the soldiers and, if need be, millions of brave men to fight for right against might.

While Pershing was in Paris he visited the tomb of Napoleon, with General Joffre as his escort. There an honor fell to him that had never before been bestowed upon any man. The sword of Napoleon was taken from its case and placed in his hands that he might kiss the hilt. The cross of the Legion of Honor, which had once been Napoleon's, was also placed in his hands.

The next day after this visit a great recep-

tion was given by the people of Paris to Pershing and Joffre. As the two generals stood on a balcony looking down at the excited crowds, a young girl below suddenly cried out: "Long live Joffre who saved us from defeat! Long live Pershing who brings us victory!" At these words the wildest cheering burst forth from the multitude.

In his short stay in the city every possible minute of Pershing's time was filled up with dinner parties, a visit to the Senate, a delightful lunch with Joffre, and ceremonies of various kinds. The American commander also went to the tomb of Lafayette, the noble Frenchman who had long ago come to the aid of America in the darkest hours of the Revolution. Reverently Pershing placed a wreath of roses on the tomb, with joy in his heart that his own loved country was about to pay the debt she had long owed France.

But time was pressing as important work had to be done, the biggest job that ever faced a soldier. So, as soon as possible, Pershing set up his headquarters, with Joffre and Foch to help him make plans for his part in the war. One hundred thousand soldiers would soon be in France. These would be followed by others.

To begin with, airplanes, tanks, and artillery

in great quantities must be provided, as well as the food and clothing that must be brought across the Atlantic in abundance for the men who were arriving by tens of thousands.

All these things had to be considered and planned for. General Pershing also gave much thought to ways for keeping his soldiers happy and contented. When not busy in the camps and trenches they must be entertained. Ministers of the Gospel must also be at hand to give them comfort when lonely or ill. The Red Cross must be helped in every way to do its noble work most successfully.

Training camps were soon set up for the American soldiers, where they were to learn their A, B, C's in European warfare. So fast they learned there that they astonished their teachers. Wonderful to tell, scarcely a year passed before they showed themselves, under the skillful direction of their commander, ready to fight like veterans of war.

For many months, however, they were not fitted to meet the German foe as one united army. In the meantime their spirit to win grew ever stronger. So did their longing to get into the fight and show what American men could do in the cause of justice.

With Pershing at their head how could they

help longing to get into the fight? Had he not said: "Germany can be beaten. Germany must be beaten. Germany will be beaten?" It was for them to show themselves valiant soldiers as quickly as possible. It was for them also to trust in God as their commander bade them. It was for them, Pershing's army, to be an honor to their country which had never before fought for anything but freedom, and it was to fight through them for freedom now.

And yet, during Pershing's first year in France, there was much to make him heavy in heart. In the spring of 1918 the sky looked blacker than ever. The British army was thrown back. Then, rushing furiously on, the Germans made their way towards Paris, the heart of France. Full well their leaders knew they had no time to lose. American troops were arriving in the country by tens – by hundreds – of thousands. It must be now or never. Six months later – perhaps three even – the Huns would fail before the onslaught of immense new armies.

Now! No delay then! Day after day therefore the Hun pressed on. Nearer and nearer they came to Paris! At last only thirty-nine miles kept them from their goal. The roar of battle could be heard in the streets of the great city. Shells from long-distance guns were already

destroying its buildings. Airplanes were hurling bombs down upon its citizens each night.

A few days more! The Germans smiled grimly as they thought of what was to happen then. Surrender of the Allies! Glorious victory for themselves!

Then suddenly came a change. A division of American troops which included Marines was rushed to the front. There was a gap there in the French lines, and they were to pour in and fill it. On they hurried to the battle ground, packed together in trucks and cattle cars, when there was no better way of getting there.

When they reached the danger point the French commander bade them turn back. He thought they were too late to give help.

But they and their brave leader did not listen. They dashed forward with wild yells. Into the very teeth of the monster machine guns they rushed, armed only with their rifles and bayonets.

"Don't go in this direction. There are the boches with machine guns," shouted some French soldiers who felt they were on the way to certain death.

"That's where we want to go. That's where we've come three thousand miles to go," was the answer hurled back.

Great was the surprise of the Germans, already sure of victory, to meet men like these – fierce, careless of life beyond any they had ever known. So this was the kind of fighting they were to expect from Americans! At the thought fear entered their hearts.

When the fight ended many of that brave division had lost their lives. But the enemy had been checked in its march towards Paris! The tide had turned! A path to victory had opened!

All over France the story traveled. Everywhere there was the wildest joy. Gloom had vanished. Men and women, boys and girls, talked of the brave Americans who had saved the day. And more were crossing the ocean – hundreds of thousands more! France would be saved through their coming. The whole world was to be saved.

When Marshal Foch was made commander-in-chief of the armies of the Allies, no one was more pleased than General Pershing. He saw that the war could be carried on with quicker success if there were one head for all. Gladly he put his own army under Foch's direction.

The great Frenchman had begun to see what stuff that army was made of. When six weeks after the fighting at Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Woods, he began the Great Drive to final

victory, he ordered a large part of the attacking force to be made up of Americans. He also placed American troops in the center of the line that would keep back any possible approach of the enemy towards Paris. It was the place of honor.

From that day in July till the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of November the drive, once started, kept up without stop. With new life, with new strength, with new hope, the armies of the Allies kept pushing the Huns eastward over the land they believed they had made their own. And none fought more gloriously than the American troops fired by the spirit of John Joseph Pershing, the coolest and bravest of leaders. He had made his men like himself.

The first time they fought as a united body, Marshal Foch set a great task for them to do. They were to drive out the powerful German army from that part of the country called the St. Mihiel salient. The Huns had held it from almost the beginning of the war. It was strongly fortified. "Rock-bottomed and steel-ribbed" it has been described. Behind it lay the powerful fortress of Metz. Moreover, those young, little-tried Americans were given ten days in which to accomplish the task. Under their cool, wise, brave leader, John Joseph Pershing, who had

unbounded faith in them, they succeeded, and succeeded so thoroughly and quickly as to astonish the whole world. They had been given ten days, remember. They did their work in thirty hours!

From that time on the Huns were pressed back so fast that they were kept in constant confusion. They failed to get their supplies and ammunition as regularly as they should. Thousands upon thousands were killed and taken prisoners. They lost courage. They grew weak with fear of the terrible new army – the American army – that was upon them.

Then came the day that brought gladness to many millions of people – the day when Germany begged for an end to the bitter fighting – the day when the fighting stopped at eleven o'clock in the morning.

"I am glad I was in at the finish with Pershing," was the common thought that day of tens of thousands of American soldiers. They had suffered many things – cold and hunger and pain and loneliness. They had met dangers too terrible to describe. But under their strong, wise leader they had fought without flinching. With their help right had overcome might.

And their commander, who has since said of them, "Their deeds are immortal, and they have

earned the eternal gratitude of our country" – how did he feel when the good fight was finished? As the long line of bonfires burned along the borders of "No Man's Land" that night of November 11, telling the world in words of flame that the blackness of war was at an end, Pershing's heart must have been filled with joy that his great task was so nobly finished, and the cause of justice and freedom was triumphant.

Let Us Save the Kiddies*

At 12:20 noon, on Saturday, May 1, 1915, there steamed out of New York harbor one of the largest and fastest passenger ships in the world. It was the Lusitania, flying the British flag, and bound for Europe, via Liverpool. On board were nearly two thousand men, women, and children. They were not overcrowded, however, for the Lusitania was the finest, the most comfortable of ocean boats. It was more than an eighth of a mile in length, 88 feet in width, and 60 feet in depth, and had a speed of nearly 30 miles an hour.

Her passengers, once out from shore, settled down to seven days of life in this immense, floating hotel. Tiny babies toddled across the smooth, shining floors of the new home, or watched with gurgles of delight the older children rollicking and romping over the decks. The women chatted and sang, and played all sorts of games. The men, too, engaged in many contests, athletic stunts, and games. At night, when the little ones were quietly sleeping in

* From *Lest We Forget* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

their bunks, their elders gathered in the grand saloon and there listened to some fine singer, a famous violinist, or a great lecturer.

So the days passed, the people living as one great family. New friendships grew, and many delightful acquaintances were formed. The complete harmony and restfulness of such a life, the clear skies and sunshine, and the vast expanse of blue-green ocean, all made them forget that they were riding into a region of horror and war.

For nearly ten months Belgium, England, France, and Russia had been waging war against Germany. Around England's coasts lurked the horrors of the German submarine. The travelers on the morning of sailing had read the warning against crossing. It has since been called the "Death Notice." It read:

> Imperial German Embassy
> Washington, D.C., April 22, 1915.
>
> Travelers intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain or any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters; and that travelers sailing in the war

zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

It had been printed in the newspapers beside the advertisement of the sailing of the Lusitania, and was posted that very morning by order of Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador to the United States. But most of the travelers paid no attention to the notice after reading it, for they were sure that no implement of war would be turned against a passenger ship. With stout hearts, many of the travelers said, "We are Americans. No country will refuse respect and protection for an American citizen in any part of the world." Or they said, "We are British citizens — not soldiers. We are on a merchant vessel — not a battleship. Surely our rights will be respected. We cross under necessity."

So they dared to exercise their freedom and their rights when they boarded the steamer for this return trip.

After sailing for five days in safety they came at last within sight of land. Early on Friday morning a heavy fog had lowered, but the ship continued to plow steadily through the tranquil waters. Toward noon the fog lifted and the sunshine and blue sky came to view, contributing to the full enjoyment of the travelers.

They had just finished luncheon. Some were

quietly writing letters — others playing games. Many had strolled to the upper decks. They greeted their new acquaintances, regretting that they were so soon to part, for they were now but ten or fifteen miles out from shore off "Old Head of Kinsale," and within a few hours all would land, going on their separate ways for the rest of the journey. Though they were nearing a world at war, all seemed peaceful.

The ship's clock pointed at two, when a few men standing on deck saw what looked like a whale rising from the water about three quarters of a mile away. They saw it speeding toward them, and suddenly they knew what it was; but no one named it, until with a train of bubbles it disappeared under the ship, and they cried, "It's a torpedo!"

With a fearful explosion, the center of the ship was blown up through the decks, making a great heap of wreckage. The passengers fled from the lower to the upper decks, many of them not stopping for life preservers. Some of those who did strap on the life preservers did not put them on correctly. Many leaped into the water, trusting to be picked up by a passing boat. Although every one was terribly frightened, yet there seemed to be no panic. The men lowered the lifeboats, which were crowded to

the full. As many as seventy or eighty people, it is said, were packed into one small boat.

Leslie N. Morton, a mere lad, has been officially named as bravest of the crew. He was stationed on the starboard side, keeping lookout, when the torpedo struck. He, with the assistance of his mate, rowed a lifeboat for some miles, put the people on a fishing smack, and returned again for other survivors, rescuing in all nearly a hundred.

There were many acts of heroism among the passengers, but in all of the distress one young man stood out among the hundreds upon the ship. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, a young American millionaire, quickly realizing that the steamer was sinking, turned to his valet and cried, "Let us save the kiddies!" The two sprang to the rescue of the babies and small children, carrying two of the little ones in their arms at a time and placing them carefully in the lifeboats with their mothers. Mr. Vanderbilt and his valet continued their efforts to the very last. When they could find no more children, they turned to the assistance of the women that were left. When last seen, Mr. Vanderbilt was smilingly, almost happily, lending his aid to the passengers who still remained on deck.

The whole civilized world honors the mem-

ory of this brave youth, who gave his life in serving helpless women and children. Gratifying indeed it is to know that the little ones were cared for, though sad to learn that even then only twenty-five of the hundred and twenty-nine babies on board were saved. About one hundred children were innocent victims of that dastardly deed which the Germans, through savage desire to terrorize, became brutes enough to do.

Elbert Hubbard, a noted American writer, and his wife went down with the ship. Charles Frohman, a leading producer of plays, was another prominent American lost. He has been cited as the finest example of faith and calm strength, for, realizing that there was little hope for him, he smilingly remarked, "Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure that life gives us."

In less than twenty minutes after the torpedo struck, nothing except floating pieces of wreckage strewn on the disturbed surface of the water marked the place of the great calamity.

The wireless operator had sent the S.O.S. signal of distress several times, and also had time to send the message, "Come at once, big list, 10 miles south of 'Old Head of Kinsale.'" He had received answers before his apparatus

was put out of use, and soon trawlers and pilot boats came to the rescue and brought to shore those who had survived. The cold ocean water, however, had made many so numb that they were unable to help themselves enough to be lifted into the lifeboats, even when the life preservers had kept them afloat. Of the 159 Americans on board, 124 perished. In all, only 761 people were saved; 1198 perished.

That day the terrible news came over the cable to America — the great passenger steamer Lusitania had been torpedoed by a German submarine; probably a thousand lives had been lost, among them many Americans!

At the White House, the President realized the awful import of such a message.

In a day or so, nearly two thousand telegrams poured in from all parts of the country; and it is said that the President read them all, for he wanted to know how the individual American felt.

The Germans offered all sorts of excuses for their cruel deed. A German paper printed the following:

> Must we not, we who may be defeated by starvation and by lack of war materials, must we not defend ourselves from this great danger (with which the enemy's blockade threatens us), with all our might and with all the means

> that the German spirit can invent, and which the honor of the German people recognizes as lawful weapons? Have those, who now raise such outcries, any right to accuse us, those who allowed their friends and relatives to trust themselves on a ship whose destruction was announced with perfect clearness in advance? When our enemy's blockade method forces us to measures in self-defense, the death of non-combatants is a matter of no consequence.

A blockade of an enemy's ports is, and always has been, a perfectly fair kind of warfare. In our Civil War, the southern ports were, from the beginning, blockaded by the northern warships. Germany was in no danger of starving, as the events since have proved. Her excuses were, as they have been in every case where she has played the part of the brute, worse than no excuses and always based on falsehoods.

"The steamer carried ammunition for England," they said. But it was bought and carried in accordance with international law. Germany had the same right to buy and carry from a neutral country. "It was a British ship," they said. But it was a passenger ship and carried nearly two thousand people, many of them Americans, who, according to all international agreements, were guaranteed safe passage even in time of war.

All nations recognize the obligation of an enemy to visit and search the vessel they think should be sunk, to make sure it carries contraband of war, and if so, to give the people an opportunity to get safely into the lifeboats. Not only did the Germans not do this, but they did not even signal the ship that it was about to be sunk. The newspaper warning put out by Bernstorff was no excuse for committing an unlawful, inhuman act.

From all points of view, the Germans, in sinking the Lusitania, committed a horrible crime, not only against international law, but against humanity and civilization. In all war, armed forces meet armed forces; never do armed forces strangle and butcher the innocent and unprotected. There is such a thing as legitimate warfare, except among barbarians.

Here again was shown the German attitude in the "scrap of paper." Evidently trusting to the great distance of the United States and her well-known unpreparedness, Germany thought that a friendly relation with this country was a matter of entire indifference to her; or, if she hoped to draw America into the war, she little dreamed to what end those hopes would come!

Around the world one verdict was pronounced against Germany. This verdict was

well worded in a Russian paper, the Courier:

> The right to punish these criminals who violate the laws of humanity belongs first and foremost to the great American Republic. America knows well how to use this right. The sympathy of the civilized world is guaranteed her beforehand. The world is being suffocated by poisonous gases of in-human cruelty spread abroad by Germany, who, in the madness of her rage, is committing needless, purposeless, and senseless murder, solely from lust of blood and horrors!

The American government, upon the occurrence of the calamity, showed great forbearance, believing that "a man of proved temper and tried courage is not always bound to return a madman's blow." A strong protest was sent to the Imperial German Government, which caused Germany to abandon for a time her submarine attacks upon neutral vessels. It was the renewal of these attacks that finally led to the declaration of war by the United States of America upon Germany and her allies, and it was the Lusitania outrage more than any other one event that roused the fighting spirit of America.

America's Standard*

"I suppose that from the first America has had one particular mission in the world. Other nations have grown rich, other nations have been as powerful as we are in material resources; other nations have built up empires and exercised dominion. We are not alone in any of these things, but we are peculiar in this, that from the first we have dedicated our force to the service of justice and righteousness and peace.

"The princes among us are those who forget themselves and serve mankind. America was born into the world to do mankind's service, and no man is an American in whom the desire to do mankind's service is not greater than the desire to serve himself.

"Our life is but a little plan. 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

* From *Lest We Forget* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

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 a man who has merely succeeded. We erect statues to men who have 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."

-Woodrow Wilson

The Last Fight*

"Hurry there! All aboard — all aboard!"

The American Boy in khaki hurried down the gang plank and boarded the great troopship as he heard the warning. The scene of embarkation at the Atlantic port was so thrilling that he had stopped as long as he could to watch it. He was a small-town boy, not so long through High School, and the war spirit and the war bustle of the city on the Atlantic coast to which his troop train had brought him was more exciting than anything he had ever seen in all his life before.

Mingled with cases of ammunition and machinery, carts, and horses, and mules, all waiting their moment for embarkation, the Boy had seen a pressing throng on the wharf made up of all the Americans he had ever read of in his school history or known and made heroes of in his everyday life.

Painted Feather, an Indian boy of direct

* From *Broad Stripes and Bright Stars* by Carolyn Bailey

descent from a Choctaw chief of the old Colonial days, stood beside a cowboy there on the dock; their ranches lay side by side out in Montana. The Boy himself had touched shoulders with a stalwart colored lad wearing the same uniform as his. And there had been that glorious mob of other Americans; big league ball players and the famous men of the College gridirons, automobile and motorcycle racers, the men who dared any adventure in making the movies, fearless railroad engineers, truck drivers who loved danger, the boys who held in their hands the trust of our wealth which their fathers had earned, and the boys who could work tractors and dig and build and shape machinery. It was a pretty fine crowd to be one of, the Boy thought, all wearing khaki and all lined up under the Stars and Stripes. The best part of it all, though, he decided, as the gang plank was hauled up, was to be steaming off for Europe in this particular kind of way.

France had asked them all to come and England had sent this troopship from her big gray fleet to bring them. It was the beginning of the greatest adventure they had ever known.

No, that wasn't quite the way he wanted to put it, the American boy began to feel, as his home shore slipped out of sight and there was

nothing to be seen but sky and sea and the convoys that guarded them from the night and day hazard of foes beneath the water. France had sent for him. England had come for him with her ship. It was his adventure, the American boy knew. He could hardly wait for it as the ship throbbed on her long way, slowed, and then made her triumphant docking at a French port.

France, as the Boy had read of it, and looked at its pictures, was a kind of fairyland place of unfailing plenty and pleasant living and peace. As the troop train which was to carry him to the battle front started and he pushed to a place where he could look out of a window, he knew exactly what he was going to see. There would be little thatched, green villages nestling in the hollows of hills that were thick with sheep and fragrant with orchards. Every French village would have its square towered church, and the larger gray towns with their factories and smoking chimneys, each had its beautiful cathedral whose lace-like towers were higher than the chimneys. There would be miles of neat little farms and storied castles lying securely in their old parks and guarded by century old trees. Nearly every one would be busy ploughing and planting and tending quaint shops and keeping their cottages thriftily and making precious

things with their hands. Surely no enemy force, however strong, would hurt such a life as that.

But the American Boy, straining his eyes from the window of the troop train, saw nothing of this. He saw instead empty, shell torn fields and broken roads. The only landmarks were the ruins of what had once been homes and churches. From time to time a road would be filled with rickety wagons pulled by slow farm horses, and spilling over with their loads of furniture and household utensils. Very old men and women and little children walked beside these and they all had their arms full of the things they held most dear, the babies who couldn't walk, their tools for gardening, their pet rabbits and their birds in wicker cages. Some of these refugees were crying, and all had a look of fear and horror and despair in their faces that was new to the American Boy. Something must have hurt them almost beyond healing; something that was their right had been taken away from them, he realized. He had not thought very seriously before why America was sending an army to France. He had been so thrilled at the thought of being a part of it, himself, of perhaps meeting the German's flying circus in the air.

Now he knew. The American Expeditionary

Force had come to help take that look of terror out of the faces of the refugees and to see to it that no free born American ever experienced the same horror. It was more than an American adventure. It was a fight to preserve the freedom that had begun with the landing of the Pilgrims. It was particularly his fight, the fight of the American Boy who had inherited freedom as his birthright.

The Front, too, was very different from what he had imagined it would be like; it was so colossal, so gigantic, so like a great new business. Wiring telephone lines, rebuilding roads and bridges, cooking, nursing, and burying the dead was going on as if for a whole state. The Boy had never felt so alone in his life, and never had he been in such a crowd. Every highway was a tangle of loaded ambulances, gray motor-trucks, the officers' cars, endless lines of artillery, supply trucks, field kitchens and motor cycles that zig-zagged their course through the smallest spaces in the mass of traffic. Marching toward his command, the Boy was dazed by the turmoil he found himself in; the shouting of mule drivers, the cracking of whips, the popping of the cycles, and the horns of the motors mingled, and there was the incessant cannonade of the guns toward which they were moving

that grew louder every moment.

The Boy was glad when the march ended and the time came for him to begin his work. Even there, at the front of the Front, it was the same, an organized business of the advance. Every one had his own part in it, and was doing it valiantly, as if it was his war. Painted Feather was scouting. A famous American baseball player had shown that he could throw hand grenades under fire. Some of the movie men were painting a hospital in camouflage, also under fire, and a football hero was rushing into machine gun nests to bring back the wounded of his company.

Everything was ready for the Boy the day his part came. His aeroplane, eager for the wind, and as clumsy on the field as a sea fowl unused to the land, was oiled and already throbbing with the mighty whir of the screw.

"She's working like a bird," the machinist said as the Boy climbed in between the planes.

There was a gasp, like a cry of mingled fear and hope, as the engine and the aeroplane rose from the field and began climbing as up a spiral staircase, farther and farther away from the earth. Everything below shrunk to toy-size as the Boy glanced down. The soldiers ran to and fro like puppets, the red cross on the hospital

roof was only a patch of color, and then a gust of air met him and shook him as if his machine had been a straw. He was rising in enormous leaps and making his entry into the land of the clouds. It was colder, although it had been summer down below on the earth. The Boy's hands felt like stones and his heart thumped in time with the steady drum beat of the engine. All around him was a thick white curtain of fleece, impenetrable to the eye, but the planes guided him through it and into mazes of cloud, always higher and farther on. Still he drove ahead until he was several miles within the German lines.

He wished he could see something. Strangely enough he remembered a verse that he had heard once in church: "Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again that I may die in mine own city!"

But the Boy suddenly heard the deafening burr of another propeller almost upon him. An enemy plane nosed its way through a cloud bank and was upon him in an instant.

Just one thought flashed through the mind of the boy.

"We're both like birds. I'm the eagle, and that German plane marked with black is a buzzard like those that fly over the dead. — Here goes the American eagle!"

Then he dived, rose, touched his gun, fired, and watched the buzzard drop, its trail marked by a line of flame. There wasn't any time to lose, he knew, as he turned his machine, took the course back and skimmed along through the white banks. A rain of fire pursued him, but he circled, rose, banked, dropped and escaped it. At last the firing stopped and his land of clouds became very still. And there, in front of him, he could see the white spires of a city.

It was an American town, just like his home town. There were the same elm trees almost touching across the streets, and the same comfortable houses with service flags hanging in the windows. Children were racing home from school, the factory was running and the stores were full of food. Everybody seemed just as usual, busy and happy and free. The only thing that made this town in the clouds different from his, the American Boy saw, was the crowd of strangers on the edge of it, reaching out their hands toward its homes and smiling with a wonderful kind of joy. Where had he seen those people before, the Boy wondered? Then he remembered. He had seen them as refugees along the broken roads of France.

Just a dream picture, of course! The Boy dipped, and suddenly saw the trenches that

made the foreground of his section of the line. He dropped safely, but as he looked his aeroplane over he thought again of that city in the clouds.

It was more than an American town, it was a world city now. It was built of the same logs that the Colonists had hewed and made into a stockade of freedom. That was why it had heard the call of a people in captivity and had sent its sons to help in a war to preserve the world's freedom.

"My fight!" the American Boy said, "and I did my best in it."

How Our Boys Go to Battle*

After a long night trip of broken, jolting sleep on the straw-covered floor of a cattle truck, you detrain at a tiny depot, of which you know nothing except that it is "somewhere in France."

If you are lucky there will be coffee in the station canteen. More likely you munch a biscuit or sandwich, and get a drink of water from your own bottle.

In the misty twilight that comes before dawn, you pile yourself and your equipment into a big square camion, whose canvas cover is camouflaged with patches of green and brown.

With hundreds of companions you sleep some, waking now and then as a bigger bump than usual disturbs you.

About eight o'clock there may be a halt, for the field kitchens to hurry out a good breakfast of cocoa, stew and bread, or just coffee and bread if you have been brought up to a French

* From *Stories of Americans* by William Allen and Clare Kleiser

breakfast.

After that the journey is a nightmare of dust and heat. So thick is the dust you can hardly distinguish more than one or two of the long line of camions in front of you.

You jog along at some five miles an hour until noon, when there is another halt for dinner, and perhaps a half hour's rest in a dusty meadow by the roadside.

In the afternoon there is more dust, and worse heat. You think that you could not be more uncomfortable, but you are mistaken, for about four o'clock the camion enters a road that runs through a forest as dark and dense as an African jungle. Thence through the dusk you dimly see ambulances flit past; or camions rumbling heavily, like your own, some empty, others bearing wounded on stretchers arranged crosswise. There are high-powered staff cars, also weary plodding infantry, or cavalry trotting on sweating horses. A line of prisoners passes, shabby and dejected; and mule teams, whose steeds and drivers alone seem to have energy to show bad temper towards every one.

Now and then at a cross road, there is a tie up, quickly disentangled by a curt Frenchman or a big Irishman whose instructions are snapped out in good plain English.

Suddenly you are startled by a terrific burst of sound, seemingly right above your head. The first shock passes, you realize that it is only a big gun talking to the boche ten miles away, and not an air bomb or a German shell, as you at first imagined.

At last you reach the outskirts of the forest and you leap gladly from the camion for the evening meal.

You pass the night in a little wood, and this time sleep soundly, untroubled by the cannon that booms continually.

If the unit is to "go in" immediately, you are awakened the next morning while it is still dark for a hurried meal. After eating your breakfast you feel more cheerful. Then comes the final march for battle. You swing forward in the cool twilight, your nervousness mixed with thrill of excitement. You know you will do your utmost, so will the companions beside you do their utmost. And may the right be victorious!

-New York Times

Joyce Kilmer*

The first poet and author in the American army to give up his life for the cause of freedom was Joyce Kilmer. Like Alan Seeger, another American poet who fell fighting in the Foreign Legion of France, Joyce Kilmer greatly loved life. He loved the flowers and birds and trees. Probably his finest poem is one which he wrote about trees. He loved the people around him, impatient only with those who did not love and make the most of the life that God had given them. He loved children, and simple everyday things, as he shows in one of his latest poems, "The Snowman in the Yard."

"But I have something no architect or gardener ever made,
A thing that is shaped by the busy touch of little mittened hands;
And the Judge would give up his lovely estate, where the level snow is laid,
For the tiny house with the trampled yard, the yard where the snowman stands."

* From *Winning a Cause* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

After his graduation from Columbia University in 1908, he became a teacher of Latin in the high school at Morristown, New Jersey, his home state. He seemed but a lad himself — tall, with stern, dark eyes, a clear, musical voice, and a winning smile. Jovial, gracious, and gentlemanly in his manners, he made many friends both in his home state and in New York, where he soon took his wife and little son to live.

In college he had written some poetry. In New York he hoped to write more. He began his career there as editor of a journal for horsemen. But he did not remain at this work long. He became in turn a salesman in a large New York book store, an assistant editor, and then an editor. When the war broke out, he was a member of the staff of the New York Times. He had written several poems, and prose articles for popular magazines and periodicals. At the age of twenty-five he was widely known, enough of a celebrity, in fact, to have his name appear in "Who's Who in America."

He liked adventure, as does any American youth. He was always glad to visit a friend who had met with an accident or any other unusual circumstance. He found himself in what he considered an interesting and entertaining predicament when in New York he was struck by a

train and had to be carried to a hospital. "Such things did not happen every day," he said, and he took the experience in good humor.

Soon after landing in France, he wrote a description of a long march made by his regiment. At the end of the march, the men were too weary even to spread out their blankets, but dropped down to rest on the floor of the loft in the French peasant home where they were billeted for the night. But even that experience was new and interesting. Later, when the men were somewhat rested, they missed one of their mates, and on going down stairs found him with his frozen feet in a tub of cold water furnished him by the peasant woman. The little girl of the home was on his knees, and the two boys were standing beside him — as Joyce Kilmer described them — "envying him" his frozen feet.

He also found interesting work at the front, in connection with the trench newspaper, *The Stars and Stripes*.

At the dawn of a dark and misty Sunday morning in July, his regiment was ordered to charge across the river Ourcq and take the hill beyond, from where the enemy's machine guns were pouring down a withering rain of bullets. His own battalion, he learned, was not to be in the lead. So he promptly asked and obtained

permission to join the leading battalion.

Across the river they charged and for five days fought for the heights. But Joyce Kilmer was not there to witness the victory.

In the fiercest battles, the bravest officers often go before and lead their men into the fight, thus encouraging them more than if following them or charging at their side. The fight beyond the Ourcq was a fierce one, and the chief officer dashed on ahead of his men. Touching elbows with him was Sergeant Kilmer. When the battalion adjutant was killed, he served, although without a commission, as a sort of aid to the battalion commander.

To the very heights he rushed, and threw himself down at a little ridge where he might peer over and seek out the hidden enemy machine gun battery. It was there, lying as if still scouting, that his comrades found him, so like his living self that they did not at first think him dead.

They buried him at the edge of a little wood, called the Wood of the Burned Bridge, close to the rippling waters of the Ourcq, and at the foot of the unforgettable hill.

Deep and keen was the loss felt by his comrades and his officers. From their pockets many of the men drew forth verses written by the poet

about some incident in the trenches or some comrade who had been lost.

One of the poems to a lost soldier was read over the poet's grave. A refrain, supposed to be sounded by the bugle, is repeated through the verses, and as these lines were read the sad notes of "Taps" sounded faintly from the grove. On his little wooden cross were written the simple words: "Sergeant Joyce Kilmer," then his company and regiment, and "Killed in Action, July 30, 1918."

But Joyce Kilmer and his verses will long live in the minds and hearts, not only of his comrades in battle, but of all Americans.

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

-Joyce Kilmer

The Quality of Mercy*

There is an old saying, "Like king, like people," which means that the king is usually not very different from the people whose executive he is. If this is true of kings, it surely must be true of American presidents. With this in mind, contrast the German Kaiser, William II, with Abraham Lincoln. The first constantly talked of himself and God as ruling the world. Boastfully declaring that he was the greatest of all men and that he ruled by divine right, the former German emperor brought upon the world the greatest evil that has ever befallen it through selfish ambition for himself, his family, and for the German autocracy; the other claiming to be a common man, a servant of men, seeking no riches, no throne, no personal power, entirely unselfish, gave his life at last to save a united democracy. Shall we not say that Lincoln served by the right of the divine qualities in him, while the Kaiser turned the world

* From *Winning a Cause* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

into a hell because of the selfish aims of his nature — aims that are just the opposite of divine?

During the American Civil War, Mrs. Bixby, a Massachusetts mother, lost five sons. President Lincoln wrote her the following letter: —

"I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

During the World War, Frau Meter, a German mother, lost nine sons. Kaiser William wrote her the following letter: —

"His Majesty the Kaiser hears that you have sacrificed nine sons in defense of the Father-

land in the present war. His Majesty is immensely gratified at the fact, and in recognition is pleased to send you his photograph, with frame and autograph signature."

Is it necessary to add a word to make one who reads the two letters understand the difference between the two rulers and the two ideals they represent? God is man's highest ideal of good. Which represents this ideal, Lincoln or the Kaiser? The United States or Germany?

A poet says of the Kaiser's letter: —

> "What bit of writing plainer tells
> That neither love nor mercy dwells
> Within his heart? What picture grim
> Could better paint the soul of him?"

The Kaiser was reported to have said that no family in Germany had escaped loss. Perhaps he was "gratified" at this as he was at the fact that Frau Meter had lost nine sons. One family in Germany lost neither father nor any one of the six adult sons — the family of Kaiser William II. Certainly no other family in Germany of such a size escaped loss. Would the Kaiser have felt equally "gratified" if his six sons had given up their lives in fighting Germany's war of plunder and conquest?

In the last days of the war, American soldiers found upon a German prisoner a postal

card with a picture of Quentin Roosevelt lying dead beside his airplane. Below was printed in German the statement that America was so short of fliers, that she had to use her presidents' sons. Germans could not understand that in America the presidents' sons would be the first to offer their services and for work of the most dangerous kind. The sons of the Kaiser were carefully kept out of danger.

When the Tide Turned*

The American Attack at Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Wood in the First Week of June, 1918

By Otto H. Kahn

AN ADDRESS AT THE UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN MEETING OF THE BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, NOVEMBER 12, 1918

Why the Tide was Fated to Turn

These are soul-stirring days. To live through them is a glory and a solemn joy. The words of the poet resound in our hearts: "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

Events have shaped themselves in accordance with the eternal law. Once again the fundamental lesson of all history is borne in upon the world, that evil — though it may seem to triumph for a while — carries within it the seed of its own dissolution. Once again it is revealed to us that the God-inspired soul of man is un-

* From *Winning a Cause* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

conquerable and that the power, however formidable, which challenges it is doomed to go down in defeat.

A righteous cause will not only stand unshaken through trials and discomfiture, but it will draw strength from the very setbacks which it may suffer. A wrongful cause can only stand as long as it is buoyed up by success.

The German people were sustained by a sheer obsession akin to the old-time belief in the potent spell of "the black arts" that their military masters were invulnerable and invincible, that by some power — good or evil, they did not care which — they had been made so, and that the world was bound to fall before them.

The nation was immensely strong only as long as that obsession remained unshaken. With its destruction by a series of defeats which were incapable of being explained as "strategic retreats," their morale crumbled and finally collapsed, because it was not sustained, as that of the Allies was sustained in the darkest days of the war, by the faith that they were fighting for all that men hold most sacred.

To those who were acquainted with German mentality and psychology, it had been manifest all along that when the end foreordained did

come, it would come with catastrophic suddenness.

Where the Tide Turned

It is the general impression that the tide of victory set in with Marshal Foch's splendid movement against the German flank on July 18th. That movement, it is true, started the irresistible sweep of the wave which was destined to engulf and destroy the hideous power of Prussianism. But the tide which gathered and drove forward the waters out of which that wave arose, had turned before. It turned with and through the supreme valor of our marines and other American troops in the first battle at Chateau-Thierry and at Belleau Wood, in the first week of June.

The American force engaged was small, measured by the standard of numbers to which we have become accustomed in this war, but the story of their fighting will remain immortal and in its psychological and strategic consequences the action will take rank, I believe, among the decisive battles of the war.

I am not speaking from hearsay. I was in France during the week preceding that battle, the most anxious and gloomy period, probably of the entire war. What I am about to relate is

based either on authoritative information gathered on the spot, or on my own observations. In telling it, nothing is farther from my thoughts than to wish to take away one tittle from the immortal glory which belongs to the Allied armies, nor from the undying gratitude which we owe to the nations who for four heartbreaking years, with superb heroism, fought the battle of civilization — our battle from the very beginning, no less than theirs — and bore untold sacrifices with never faltering spirit.

Just Before the Tide Turned

On the 27th of last May the Germans broke through the French position at the Chemin des Dames, a position which had been considered by the Allies as almost impregnable. They overthrew the French as they had overthrown the British two months earlier. Day by day they came nearer to Paris, until only thirty-nine miles separated them from their goal. A few days more at the same rate of advance, and Paris was within range of the German guns of terrific destructive power. Paris, the nerve center of the French railroad system and the seat of many French war industries, not only, but the very heart of France, far more to the French people in its meaning and traditions than

merely the capital of the country; Paris in imminent danger of ruthless bombardment like Rheims, in possible danger even of conquest by the brutal invader, drunk with lust and with victory! As one Frenchman expressed it to me: "We felt in our faces the very breath of the approaching beast."

And whilst the Hunnish hordes came nearer and nearer, and the very roar of the battle could be dimly and ominously heard from time to time in Paris, there were air raids over the city practically every night, and the shells from the long-range monster guns installed some sixty or seventy miles distant fell on its houses, places, and streets almost every day.

They were not afraid, these superb men and women of France. They do not know the meaning of fear in defense of their beloved soil and their sacred ideals. There was no outward manifestation even of excitement or apprehension. Calmly and resolutely they faced what destiny might bring. But there was deep gloom in their hearts and dire forebodings.

They had fought and dared and suffered and sacrificed for well-nigh four years. They had buried a million of their sons, brothers, and fathers. They were bleeding from a million wounds and more. They said: "We will fight on

to our last drop of blood, but alas! our physical strength is ebbing. The enemy is more numerous by far than we. Where can we look for aid? The British have just suffered grave defeat. The Italians have their own soil to defend after the disaster of last autumn. Our troops are in retreat. The Americans are not ready and they are untried as yet in the fierce ordeal of modern warfare. The Germans know well that in three months or six months the Americans will be ready and strong in numbers. That is why they are throwing every ounce of their formidable power against us now. The Hun is at the gate now. Immeasurable consequences are at stake now. It is a question of days, not of weeks or months. Where can we look for aid now?"

And out of their nooks and corners and hiding places crawled forth the slimy brood of the Bolshevik-Socialists, of the Boloists, Caillauxists, and pacifists, and they hissed into the ears of the people, "Make peace! Victory has become impossible. Why go on shedding rivers of blood uselessly? The Germans will give you an honorable, even a generous peace. Save Paris! Make peace!"

The holy wrath of France crushed those serpents whenever their heads became visible. Clemenceau, the embodiment of the dauntless

spirit of France, stood forth the very soul of patriotic ardor and indomitable courage. But the serpents were there, crawling hidden in the grass, ever hissing, "Make peace!"

And then, suddenly out of the gloom flashed the lightning of a new sword, sharp and mighty, a sword which had never been drawn except for freedom, a sword which had never known defeat — the sword of America!

The Turning of the Tide

A division of marines and other American troops were rushed to the front as a desperate measure to try and stop a gap where flesh and blood, even when animated by French heroism, seemed incapable of further resistance. They came in trucks, in cattle cars, by any conceivable kind of conveyance, crowded together like sardines. They had had little food, and less sleep, for days.

When they arrived, the situation had become such that the French command advised, indeed ordered, them to retire. But they and their brave general would not hear of it. They disembarked almost upon the field of battle and rushed forward, with little care for orthodox battle order, without awaiting the arrival of their artillery, which had been unable to keep

up with their rapid passage to that front.

They stormed ahead, right through the midst of a retreating French division, yelling like wild Indians, ardent, young, irresistible in their fury of battle. Some of the Frenchmen called out a well-meant warning: "Don't go in this direction. There are the boches with machine guns." They shouted back: "That's where we want to go. That's where we have come three thousand miles to go." And they did go, into the very teeth of the deadly machine guns. In defiance of all precedent they stormed, with rifle and bayonet in frontal attack, against massed machine guns.

They threw themselves upon the victory-flushed Huns to whom this unconventional kind of fierce onset came as a complete and disconcerting surprise. They fought like demons, with utterly reckless bravery. They paid the price, alas! in heavy losses, but for what they paid they took compensation in over-full measure.

They formed of themselves a spearhead at the point nearest Paris, against which the enemy's onslaught shattered itself and broke. They stopped the Hun, they beat him back, they broke the spell of his advance. They started victory on its march.

A new and unspent and mighty force had come into the fray. And the Hun knew it to his cost and the French knew it to their unbounded joy. The French turned. Side by side the Americans and the French stood, and on that part of the front the Germans never advanced another inch from that day. They held for a while, and then set in the beginning of the great defeat.

I was in Paris when the news of the American achievement reached the population. They knew full well what it meant. The danger was still present, but the crisis was over. The boche could not break through. He could and would be stopped and ultimately thrown back, out of France, out of Belgium, across the Rhine and beyond!

The aid for which the sorely beset people of France had been praying, had arrived. The Americans had come, young, strong, daring, eager to fight, capable of standing up against and stopping and beating back German shock troops specially selected and trained, and spurred on by the belief in their own irresistibility and the exhaustion of their opponents. The full wave of the hideous instruments of warfare which the devilish ingenuity of the Germans had invented, liquid fire, monstrous shells, various kinds of gasses including the

horrible mustard gas, had struck the Americans squarely and fully, and they had stood and fought on and won.

The French, so calm in their trials, so restrained in their own victories, gave full vent to their joy and enthusiasm at the splendid fighting and success of the Americans. The talk of them was everywhere in Paris. Hundreds of thousands of American soldiers already in France, thousands coming upon every steamer, millions more to come if needed — and they had shown the great stuff they were made of! All gloom vanished, overnight. The full magnificence of the French fighting morale shone out again — both behind the lines and at the front. "Ils ne passeront pas!" "On les aura."*

And the Bolshevik-Socialists, Boloists, weak-kneed pacifists, and that whole noisome tribe slunk back into their holes and corners and hiding places, and never emerged again.

And, as the people of Paris and the poilus at the front correctly interpreted the meaning of that battle in those early days of June, so did the supreme military genius of Marshal Foch interpret it. He knew what the new great fighting force could do which had come under his

* "They shall not pass!" "We will get them."

orders, and he knew what he meant to do and could do with it. It is an eloquent fact that when six weeks later he struck his great master stroke which was to lead ultimately to the utter defeat and collapse of the enemy, American troops formed the larger portion of an attacking force which, being thrown against a particularly vital position, was meant to deal and did deal the most staggering blow to the enemy; and other American troops were allotted the place which from the paramount responsibility attaching to it, may be termed the place of honor, in the center of the line, in immediate defense of the approaches to Paris.

They made good there — officers and men alike.

They made good everywhere, from Cantigny to Sedan. They made good on land, on the seas, and in the air; worthy comrades of the war-seasoned heroes of France and Great Britain, worthy defenders of American honor, eager artisans of American glory. When for the first time the American army went into action as a separate unit under the direct command of its great chief, General Pershing, Marshal Foch allotted them ten days for the accomplishment of the task set for them, i.e., the ejection of the German army from the strongly fortified St.

Mihiel salient, which the enemy had held for four years. They did it in thirty hours, and made a complete and perfect job of it.

I have had the privilege of seeing these splendid boys of ours, in all situations and circumstances, from their camps in America to the front in France — the boys and their equally splendid leaders. The sacred inspiration of what I have thus seen will stay with me to my last day.

I confess I find it hard to speak of them without a catch in my throat and moisture in my eyes. I see them before me now in the fair land of France — brave, strong, ardent; keen and quick-witted; kindly and clean and modest and wholly free from boasting; good-humored and good-natured; willingly submissive to unaccustomed discipline; uncomplainingly enduring all manner of hardships and discomforts; utterly contemptuous of danger, daring to a fault, holding life cheap for the honor and glory of America. What true American can think of them or picture them without having his heart overflow with grateful and affectionate pride?

As I observed our army "over there," I felt that in them, in the mass of them, representing as they do all sections and callings of America, there had returned the ancient spirit of knight-

hood. I measure my words. I am not exaggerating. If I had to find one single word with which to characterize our boys, I should select the adjective "knightly."

A French officer who commanded a body of French troops, fighting fiercely and almost hopelessly in Belleau Wood near Chateau-Thierry (since then officially designated by the French Government as the Wood of the Marine Brigade), told me that when they had arrived almost at the point of total exhaustion, suddenly the Americans appeared rushing to the rescue. One of the American officers hurried up to him, saluted and said in execrably pronounced French just six words: "Vous — fatigues, vous — partir, notre job." "You — tired, you — get away, our job." And right nobly did they do their job!

Almost every soldier who goes into battle leaves a letter to be read in the event of his death. Sturgis ("Spud") Pishon, a former famous college athlete, serving in the American air forces in Italy, before his fatal flight wrote this letter, so full of the strength and simplicity of a great soldier:

"What little I have to give to my country I

give without reservation. If there ever was a righteous cause it is ours, and I am proud to have worked and died for it.

"Pray God this war will be over soon and that it will be the last war.

"I leave you with a smile on my lips and a heart full of love for you all. God bless you and keep you.

"Sturgis"

To France

What is the gift we have given thee, Sister?
  What is the trust we have laid in thy hand?
Hearts of our bravest, our best, and our dearest,
  Blood of our blood, we have sown in thy land.
What for all time will the harvest be, Sister?
  What will spring up from the seed that is sown?
Freedom and peace and goodwill among Nations,
  Love that will bind us with love all our own.

-Frederick George Scott
In the Battle Silences, Constable & Co.

The British

Sir Douglas Haig – England's Leader*

Douglas Haig became the commander of the principal military camp in England in 1912. No one saw more clearly than he that British soldiers must be trained well, for ahead of them there might be hard work, which would need the greatest skill.

As it happened, General Haig had visited Germany years before. While there he had noticed the care taken in the training of German soldiers. He had also noticed many preparations being made that would render it possible for Germany to fight if war should break out. At the same time he saw the love of power of the German people, and how that power could grow if the country gained new possessions. She had already taken Alsace-Lorraine away from France. What might she not do next?

When this clear-eyed general returned to England, he said, "A war with the Kaiser will surely come. We must prepare ourselves for it."

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* From *Leaders to Liberty* by Mary Wade

Did those who heard him heed his words? No, they believed there could be no possible danger. Why, it was foolish to consider such a thing, they declared. England wanted to be at peace with other nations, and without doubt they had the same wish for themselves.

So the years passed, and Great Britain made no preparations, while Germany went steadily on, making her armies better trained and her forts stronger. At the same time German inventors were preparing more deadly weapons than ever known before to bring destruction upon those to whom their country might not feel friendly.

At last, in the year 1914, the Great War burst upon the world. Few besides General Haig had discovered the shadow of its coming.

From his post at the Training School of Aldershot he heard that little Belgium, through being faithful to her word, was in sore danger. Hordes of Germans, on their way to France, had broken in upon her peaceful fields. They had started out well-prepared. They believed that by marching through Belgium, they could easily reach Paris. With Paris conquered, the whole of France would quickly be theirs. Then how easy it would be to cross the English Channel and bring Great Britain to kneel at Ger-

many's feet.

And then, with Great Britain's ships-of-war made powerless to help, the German troops would cross the ocean and invade the United States. How simple it seemed to the warlords of Germany to make the whole civilized world their prize.

Not a moment must be lost. All of Sir Douglas Haig's countrymen agreed with him as to this. The British soldiers must be banded together without delay to cross over to the mainland and meet the onrush of the Germans.

Unfortunately, the brave youths of Great Britain were not prepared for the terrible conflict ahead. Yet the men who made up "the contemptible little English army," as the Germans scornfully spoke of it, were prepared to do the best they could. Two Army Corps were made ready with all possible speed to go to the rescue of France and Belgium. They were in charge of Lord French to whom Douglas Haig had been the right-hand man while fighting in South Africa.

General Haig was made commander of one of the army corps, which held a large part of the cavalry. He was soon in the thick of the fighting – more terrible than any he had ever dreamed of before. Now he had a chance to show what

he had learned in past years. He also had the chance to show what kind of soldier the County of Fife could still produce – how strong and steady of nerve, how full of courage a man's heart could be.

The first months of the war were among the hardest of all for that brave First Corps. There could be no let-up, if they were not to give way before the onrushing Germans.

"Our foes must be driven back across the Marne, if they are not to win speedy victory," the British commander-in-chief, General French, saw clearly, as did General Joffre, commander of the French army. But alas! the German army was vastly larger than the number of English and French troops which could be brought against them.

"What of that! Victory lies in the will," thought Haig, who was still General French's right-hand man.

Always believing in success, he kept up the courage of his men so that each one among them strove to act as a hero should, and was ready to attack anew when he caught sight of the "man of iron" who commanded them. Haig forgot himself entirely at such times. He only saw the need of checking the course of the terrible, heartless foes.

Let us look at the soldiers of the Allies for a moment, as they were fighting the first battle of Ypres, when the invaders were determined to push on till they reached the seacoast of Belgium. Many times their number were the Germans, and with the military training of years.

The British troops had to be drawn out in places into the thinnest of lines. Against them were heavy masses of the enemy. Yet with Haig as leader they dared death hour after hour. They must bring glory to him and to their country.

Had not Lord French given the command, "You must hold"? And was not Haig, the man of dauntless will, with the First Corps that day, when more men were so sorely needed that even cooks turned from the preparations for dinner, and orderlies left their usual camp duties to join the fighters in the trenches? The fighting was terrible and bloody, but under the brave man of Fife the enemy were checked. Henceforth that First Corps would be known as the "Iron Brigade." The leader had made his men like himself men of iron.

In the midst of the battle, down the shadowy road of death, rode a horseman with shrieking shells bursting about him, and men dying from sudden wounds on every hand. Yet he moved

as calmly and peacefully as if out for pleasant exercise on a holiday.

At sight of their commander the weakest-hearted of his men returned to the fight. His straight figure, dressed as carefully as for parade, his strong chin, his fearless, blue-gray eyes all said: "Now is the time – now, now, to dare your utmost."

The presence of Douglas Haig no doubt turned the fortunes of the British that day. The German army was stopped in its course. It failed to reach the coast across which lay England. It had been checked through the will of an army many times smaller than itself. And the will of that army was made strong and steady through the will of the man from Fife.

Only a few days after that ride, every moment of which was filled with danger, General Haig had a very narrow escape from death. He had just left headquarters to examine the lines of troops. He left behind him his staff officers. Suddenly a shell sent out by the Germans burst in their midst. Almost all the officers gathered there were killed or wounded. But their chief who had been with them so short a time before had escaped.

"A lucky dog," his men called him when they heard of what had happened. But this was

not the first narrow escape the great general had had in his life. Years before, in South Africa, he had been saved a number of times almost by accident, as some might say. But not so! He had work ahead a great work that only he might do and death had to stand back before him.

From the beginning of the war the commander-in-chief's report gave great praise to General Haig. He wrote of the skillful way in which he had directed the First Corps when his troops had to retreat from Mons. It was in the blackness of night. If one wrong move had been made, they would have become powerless in the hands of an enemy far greater in number than themselves. But General Haig made the right move, and when morning came the First Corps had reached a place of safety.

Soon afterwards, at the Aisne, the bold, clear-headed leader got his troops into such a commanding position that General French was able to make a stand there for over three weeks, though the attacks of the enemy were very fierce.

Eighteen months of bitter warfare passed. Many were the daring, skillful deeds of General Haig during that time.

But the war was not going as well for the

Allies as they wished. Many people had begun to find fault with the British army. They said, "General French is a fine man and a great soldier, but he has made some sad mistakes."

They considered what he had done in the Sudan and in South Africa. There was nothing to be said against his fighting there. He had led his men wisely and gained great victories. But this present war, with its trench fighting, was far different from any other in the history of the world, and the present commander did not seem to understand trench fighting as well as he had understood the battles in the open in Africa.

"Someone else may do better in his place," it was suggested.

Who would do better than General French? Only one man could be thought of, General Haig.

And yet, before 1914, this Fifer had never commanded in action a larger body of men than a regiment! Since the Great War opened he had commanded a corps, to be sure. But now to be placed at the head of four millions of men – to have full charge of the whole British army in France and Flanders! Was it possible for him to succeed?

Every one felt, however, that some change

must be made. So the word went forth, "Let Haig have his try."

We know now what his "try" meant in saving the world from the power of the Huns. At the head of the British army General Haig kept on his careful, patient way toward final victory. Victory would come! Oh, yes, he was always sure of this. But not as quickly as some believed and all hoped. The enemy were strong in number. They had large supplies of food and ammunition. And as they did not scorn to treat the sacred agreement with Belgium as a scrap of paper, so they did not scorn to use unheard-of cruelty in their warfare.

For instance, there was the use of poison gas which was set free to suffocate the armies opposed to them. There were the submarines with which Great Britain's navy had to fight long and faithfully. Other inventions there were – guns of tremendous power, and Zeppelins to raid the air.

In the face of all these terrors the new commander-in-chief pushed steadily on, thinking, planning far ahead. There was the Somme offensive, for instance. Haig was preparing for it through long months.

You know how a mouse makes a way for itself through a strong wall. Bit by bit it nibbles

into the wood, a little today, and a little more tomorrow, and the next day; and so on, till at last it has worked out a passage through the darkness and into the light.

So it was with the determined Scotchman, and those who watched him came to speak of the "Haig nibble" which was bound in the end to bring his troops through what seemed the darkness of failure out into the light of success.

So the days and the weeks and the months went by with General Haig steadily at his post. Each morning found him at his desk at nine o'clock, ready to talk over what was happening with the heads of the different departments of the army. On his desk reports were piled up of what had taken place during the night. Every one must be studied, for something might have happened in the hours of darkness which would require an important change in commands.

Thus the time passed till lunch, after which the commander spent a quiet hour by himself. He needed to think over all he had seen and read and heard, and discover if his plans required changing.

Then came a short period of recreation, when Sir Douglas Haig went out for a ride on horseback. No matter how hard it might rain he took this ride, with one or two officers to keep

him company. He knew that without the help of outdoor exercise he might not keep strong in body and clear in mind.

When the ride was ended there were more talks with war leaders in the headquarters office, and fresh news to discuss. Then came a pleasant dinner when the commander-in-chief showed kindly thought for those who gathered around the table with him. Soon afterwards the household settled down for the night's rest.

Could the war-chief always seek rest early like the others? Surely not! Many a night while they were sleeping he must have spent hours studying his maps and aerial photographs, while he planned how best his armies should carry on the fight.

There were many gloomy and dangerous times when the hearts of great numbers of the Allies were heavy. But never would Sir Douglas Haig allow himself to think of anything but final victory. Even when the outlook was very black – it was after the Germans had begun their terrible drive in the spring of 1918 – he kept his men filled with hope and courage.

"The British army must be broken." So the German high command had decided. The great offensive began on March 21. On poured the tremendous German army, spread out in lines

extending nearly sixty miles. It drove onward in dense masses, sending forth a deluge of gas. The thunder of its big guns roared through the air for miles around, and gas clouds spread far over the earth.

Haig realized only too well how great was the danger: the army massed against his own was at least twice as large; it also had far greater power of guns. Clear in head and strong of will, however, as always, he gave his commands, even though at times they must be for his men to fall back before the awful drive of the enemy.

Day after day the battle raged – yes, week after week while fresh divisions of German troops kept arriving to take the places of those which had been shattered.

Weary and worn were the hard-pressed British soldiers now. Yet still they fought with all their might, kept up by the will and the faith of their leader. Never, in all history, were braver deeds done than by those British troops in the early spring of 1918. Never was a nobler spirit shown than that of the men under Sir Douglas Haig. Never were greater heroes than those inspired by him.

Yet still they were forced back, back, back, till the time came when they must take a stand and strive to hold it to the last man. Around

them, outside the fighting lines, was a beautiful world. The sky was of the softest blue. Birds were singing gaily. Cherry and apple orchards were in blossom, filling the air with fragrant odors. The fields were freshly green. It was Sunday, the day that should be one of peace.

But on the wide stretches of the battle ground were darkness and death and the prolonged and awful struggle. To the weary British soldiers an order from their commander had just come.

"Many among us now are tired," he said. "With our back to the wall each one of us must fight to the end."

Tired and worn indeed were those who received that command – so tired and worn that their bodies kept moving only because their wills were strong. With their "back to the wall" yes, they must hold the thought steady in their tired minds they must, each one of them, be willing to "fight to the end."

There were hard and terrible days still before them, but they did not give up; and at last long lines of French troops came marching up the roads to give help, and the deadly purpose of the Germans was never carried out. The iron will of Douglas Haig had kept strong and mighty the will of his soldiers through a time of terrible

danger, and the might of will is ever greater than the might of brute force.

Thus the offensive, which the Germans had planned so carefully and in which they had such high hopes, finally ended in failure for them. Then, in July, the Allies, with the aid of American troops, no longer stood merely on defense, but in turn began a fierce and steady attack upon the enemy. Under that attack the German troops were forced steadily backward over the ground they had taken and, on November 11, 1918, the terrible warfare came to an end. Germany, having lost all hope of success, asked for an armistice and her request was granted.

No longer could the roaring of guns be heard. No longer were men losing their lives in the greatest war of history. No longer did General Haig, patient, untiring, determined, need to study his maps and direct new attacks. Peace was at hand. Now at last, after years of faithful service, he had finished his great task, deserving full well to rest on the laurels he had won.

The Way to Win*

The following verses, written by S. W. McGill, were given to the editor of *Trench and Camp* by a lieutenant colonel of the British army, who said he caused a copy to be placed in the hands of every soldier coming under his command.

If you think you are beaten, you are.
If you think that you dare not, you don't.
If you think you'd like to win, but you think
    you can't?
It's almost a "cinch" you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you find
Success begins with a fellow's will:
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost
Ere even a step is run
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun.
Think big, and your deeds will grow.
Think small and you'll fall behind.

* From *Stories of Americans* by William Allen and Clare Kleiser

The Way to Win

Think that you can, and you will;
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are.
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

"I Knew You Would Come"*

On a dark night a raid on the German trenches was made, and in the party were two brothers, English lads. The raid was successful, but when the men returned one of the brothers was missing. The other pleaded for permission to return and bring him in. The colonel refused on the ground that the attempt would be both dangerous and fruitless. Finally, he yielded to the lad's passionate pleading, and the young soldier crawled out into No Man's Land, returning a half hour later with a machine gun bullet in his shoulder, yet gently carrying the brother, whose spirit rose to the ranks of the greater army just as they reached the trench. "You see, my boy," said the colonel, "it was useless, your brother is gone, and you are wounded." "No, colonel," replied the lad, "it was not useless. I had my reward, for just as I found him out there, he said, 'Is that you, Tom? I knew you would come.'"

* From *Winning a Cause* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

James Clark*

(1.)

In these days when the British Army is numbered in millions and countless men therein are heroes, some word of explanation is required when, from the hosts of the dead and the living, one name is singled out for eulogy or panegyric; but the only apology which I put forward for this unworthy portrait of a gallant Scottish soldier is that in his great and complex personality were combined all the elements which go to form the highest traditions of our race so that any man who knows of James Clark knows of the epitome of our national honour and truth, and of all that is purest and best in our blood.

Out in the trenches one loses sight of the caste questions of the homeland – there are no differences of blood there, for there is but one blood, the rich red blood of the strong and the free. And while a man lives, be he belted earl or simple yeoman, he is but a soldier; and when he

* From *The Unseen Host* by Charles Warr

dies he is but another warrior gathered to his rest. But when on that awful 10th of May, one looked on the face of James Clark, slain in battle, the great frame so calm and still, instinctively one's thoughts flew far away to the country of his love. "What will Scotland say," we asked one of another, "what will Scotland say when she knows?"

And two nights later, she knew. Two nights later the newsboys raced along the darkened streets of the northern capital, and "Colonel James Clark killed" echoed shrilly on the night air. Silent with dismay, men bought their papers, glanced at the fateful lines and hurried on their way. James Clark killed! The words burned in on their senses. Members of the Bar heard it – James Clark killed! the gleam of old-world chivalry and romance amid the drab dinginess of Parliament House, the familiar figure of the Law Courts. Politicians and men of affairs heard it – James Clark killed! the tower of strength to Conservatism, the unwearied leader and worker for the public good. And far away when the morning's news penetrated into lonely country villages, the parish clergy read the words of woe with a catch in the breath – James Clark killed! the pillar of the Scottish Church.

From the north to the south there was

lamentation in Scotland.

It is long since any man called forth such manifestations of sympathy and universal admiration. But great men are not as the sands of the sea. And in this generation it is doubtful if there will arise in the capital of Scotland a figure which can ever replace his, whose whole life was untiring labour for others and one long series of ungrudging self-sacrifice for his fellows. His was that unselfish love which goeth forth to toil and seeketh no reward, which is content, if need be, to sweep the crossings in the highway of life while others sit in the seats of the mighty.

(2.)

Some people still wonder why Clark ever went abroad. There was no call, he was past age, and years before had retired from military service. There was great work to his hand at home, and work which could have been his with all honour. Those who wonder why, knew not the man. He who but a short time before was preparing to take up the sword for Ulster was not likely to let it rust in its scabbard at the hour of imperial extremity. And so he went, as one who greatly chose the path to immortality. He went in that simple unassuming way in which he did everything; a little shy, a little self-conscious, overwhelmed with confusion if any-

one were short-sighted enough to praise him to his face, but with that iron will and indomitable resolution to do what he conceived to be his duty which guided all his life. He may have been right or he may have been wrong, but the fact remains that James Clark lived and died a very gallant gentleman, and who are we to judge the acts of such as he?

I do not speak of him as a well-known public man, as a great churchman, or as a prominent educationalist – that has been done by worthier lips. I simply speak of him as I knew him, my colonel and my friend. When, in answer to his offer of service, he came to take over the command of the Dunbartonshire battalion, James Clark was faced with no easy task. He was a stranger to us. He succeeded, as our colonel, a long line of prominent county men. His traditions were not ours. He had little or no connection with our West Highlands. And under these auspices the big silent man came to take over the reins of government of an entirely new battalion, amid entirely fresh surroundings. It was a heavy task, and we waited to see what manner of man he would prove himself.

His personality did not take long to make itself known, and soon we realized his spirit stirring in the battalion, the spirit of strength and

love. It was mainly by love that he ruled us. We early saw that the outer mask of irritability was but the outcome of a highly strung and sensitive nature, that the strange silence and self-absorption were not assumed to keep us in our place, but were the fruits of a heart spent in communion with all things undying. And it was not long ere the humblest private in our ranks knew that in the colonel he had a faithful friend. "I've no friends to help me," once stated a morose defaulter at an orderly room. "Yes, you have one," replied the colonel, "and his name's James Clark." And so, looking on his silver hair and kindly face, his Tommies nicknamed him from the affection of their hearts, and called him "Father Christmas."

It was because of the love that he made us feel for him that our battalion covered itself with glory under his leadership. We would have done anything for Clark. In him the old traditions of district and county were swept away, and we were proud of our colonel with that pride which causeth no shame. He had his faults – we all have. It may be that he was a more brilliant tactician than organizer; that his judgment occasionally suffered from the tenderness of his great sympathetic heart. But no man was ever more beloved by those around

him, and no man ever led a battalion in a grander nobler way, than he whose death darkened the sun for thousands upon thousands of Scottish hearts.

(3.)

They were strange qualities that made up his nature. A lion-like courage and amazing bravery were co-mingled with the simplicity and tenderness of a child. It did not take long, when we had crossed the Channel, before the men began to understand what kind of man he was, who, during the bombardment of Ypres, ordered his battalion to remain in cellars, while he himself walked about organizing stray stretcher parties while the great shells burst in clouds and the gutters filled with blood; or what was the nature of one who wandered about the woods behind the trenches alone and unarmed, picking bunches of primroses and violets, or sitting listening to a running stream. And they loved him for it all with the deep strong passion of a soldier's love. They will tell you still – those few who are left – how, far more than their leader, he was their brother and their guide. They will speak of how he used to lead them at church parade in the old sweet psalms of their country, his face suffused with an unearthly light, his whole being throbbing with an ecstasy of

devotion. They will brokenly tell of young lads sickened by the sight of blood, and of how James Clark would talk with them as an elder brother might comfort a younger, bidding them be men for Scotland's sake. By his example, their dim simple minds began to realize it possible to be a humble follower of the Nazarene and to combine therewith the highest excellence of manly strength: and many a heart today thanks God for the precious gift of him who, by his life and faith, ever taught their aspirations to rise above the din and tumult of earthly things to that calm eternal serene, where his own heart and mind had ascended and continually dwelt.

Had this war not been so vast, more would have been heard of James Clark. Lesser men in smaller campaigns have been elevated to the pinnacle of a people's hero-worship. Great men are born, not made, and he was a great man. It took a great man morning after morning to sit by the door of his dugout with his open Bible in his hand, unashamed before men. And when one saw him then one seemed to be gazing back across the centuries, and to hear the voice of old General Skippon urging his men to pray heartily and fight heartily and God would grant the victory. That was the sort of thing James

Clark would have said.

The spiritual influence which he brought to bear upon officers and men alike by his ever open avowal of his faith and by the still more striking testimony of his simple godly life, will never lose its effect upon those who were brought into contact with him. I cannot imagine Clark, like Swedenborg, drawing out in cold blood four idyllic Rules of Life; he simply did what lay as his duty, and walked before his God with a perfect heart. In him, the tenets of Epictetus were blended with the loveliest of Christian faith. He seldom talked; he acted. And when he had to talk on any serious purpose, with Pericles he thought it quite worth while to pray beforehand that not a word might escape him unsuited to the occasion. Amid this generation to find a man like that, is like finding a jewel of priceless worth amid the debris of a stable-yard.

It was he who conducted the burial service over every man in the battalion who was killed, if at all within the bounds of possibility; and no priest or parson have I ever heard commit a brother mortal to the ground with more beautiful words or with a more tender pathos than came from our colonel. I can see him still, on clear moonlight nights, bareheaded by the open

graves – the big strong sympathetic man. I remember one night of howling wind and sleet; it was one of the wildest nights I have ever experienced, and James Clark was far from well. At the dead of the night they bore past his dugout the body of a man who had been killed in the trenches, and they bore it silently lest they should wake the colonel. But he heard them, and rousing himself from his bed of straw he insisted on going with them; and, despite the fact that the company officer had come for the purpose, Clark stood in the lashing storm, and tenderly as if he were a brother said the last rites over the fallen hero. That was the kind of man he was. "Your enemies are calumniating you behind your back," said his friends to Plato. "I will live so that none shall believe them," was the quiet reply.

(4.)

For a month on end we had manned the trenches with no relief. For the latter fortnight we had been shelled night and day. Through the hours of light and darkness for fourteen days every conceivable form of shell was hurled through the air to crash into our midst with its message of death. We lived in an atmosphere of sulphured hell. On Saturday, the 8th of May, our battalion held its line, though, as Mr.

Buchan relates, 900 shells dropped into our trenches alone. At four o'clock on the Sunday morning we retired into some adjacent dugouts to be called into action again six hours later. All through that bloody Sunday the Highlanders were engaged, and were allowed to snatch a few hours' rest toward the dawn. Almost immediately the tocsin sounded again – for the might of the German Army was hurled suddenly on our line.

Swiftly the men donned their equipment. For about three days no man had tasted solid food. They were famished, bright-eyed with weariness, dirty, exhausted, yet no lip murmured. As we gathered in readiness to go into the inferno of shells that swept our course, the colonel came striding through the wood in which we were resting, to take his place at our head: and on his signal we started forward. What Plutarch said of the Spartans was eminently applicable that day to Clark.

"Where are they attacking, sir, and are they in great force?" asked an officer, for the trench line was obscured by a small wood.

"I don't know and I don't care," replied the colonel, with his wonted laugh, "but we're going out to find them."

The events of that awful day are still as the

phantoms of a hideous dream; the hail of shells, the smoke of battle, the roar of artillery, the shouts of maddened half-frenzied men. Yet from the ghastliness of the whole scene some pictures of beauty have imprinted themselves on my memory, and one of these is the figure of a tall noble gentleman, his white waterproof waving in the breeze, the sunshine kissing his silver hair, who for hours, amid incalculable danger and surrounded by death on every hand, stood, as he had often stood on the training fields of Bedford, and cheered his men with a smile on his lips and a flash in his proud fearless eyes. That was James Clark. It was what we expected of him. He had taught us to expect it. Day by day since, months before, we had first entered into action, by an example of heroism bordering almost on recklessness he had led us to place that confidence in him which no power on earth could have shaken.

It had always been one of the traits of his life most surcharged with pathos, his strange love for the championship of lost causes. One of his most intimate friends has said that he was always ready to die in the last ditch for a lost cause, and was ever willing to join with you in laughing at himself for doing so. It was the outcome of his generous chivalrous soul. No one

who knew him could imagine Clark in league with the strong against the weak. It was a semi-tragedy that such a perfect knight should have lived in this era – in an earlier one he would have found that ideals such as his received a higher face-value; and yet it was a blessing, for in the light of his manhood most of us may learn, if we will, exactly what are the things that matter.

And it was strangely appropriate that at the hour he died the cause in which he fought appeared to be well-nigh lost.

Against the shattered decimated British ranks were hurled masses of German soldiery, and it seemed that in all human probability the gate of Ypres was won. Clark was not to live to see the Brigade perform one of the miracles of this war, for when evening fell the British line was as the morning had found it. But he fell, in death, as so often in life, gallantly fighting what was apparently a lost and hopeless battle.

We were lining a muddy ditch in an open field when he was killed. Ten minutes before, a large shell had burst almost on top of us and the concussion had stunned and dazed him badly. In vain I pled with him to leave the field and crawl down to the dressing-station for a rest. It always evoked the same reply and the well-

known smile, "If you can stay by me, my boy, I can stay by you."

… A blinding crash, a fierce scorching heat, the heavens reeling and the whole earth in darkness, a voice which seemed to come from far away, "The Colonel's killed," – and I remember no more.

Thus the warrior won his rest, while his "bairns," as he used to call his men, wrestled with hell. No member of the 9th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders can ever look back upon that day with any other feeling save high pride and thankfulness; and names such as Kenneth James Campbell who, through a hurricane of shells and bullets, wheeled his machine-gun on a wheel-barrow over two-hundred yards of open ground, calmly, as if on parade, placed the gun in position, and then, dazed and blinded by a gas-shell, continued at his post until he was killed – names such as his and that of Robert Scott Findlay of Boturich, bravest of the brave, will never be forgotten while Ben Lomond stands above her waters.

I saw the colonel next and for the last time as he lay at the dressing-station. He was in no way disfigured, but seemed like a wearied soldier fast in a dreamless sleep. The proud strong face which in life had never blushed for shame,

in death was turned fearlessly towards its Maker. James Clark looked splendid in life: he looked grand in death. "He was a great gentleman," said one of his officers softly, as together we looked our last on the face we had learned to love so well. And let that be his epitaph – none worthier could be spoken. Great-hearted, tender, courteous, true, far away where the violets blossom and the spring flowers are filling the world with new hope and life, beneath a wooden cross fashioned by his men, all that is mortal of James Clark awaits the resurrection of the just.

Not long ago, in the quiet of a Sabbath eventide I walked among the gardens of the house he loved. A great quiet was over the world…far away in the village nestling in the blue hazy valley the twilight bells pealed for evening worship – the sweet notes fell like a benediction on the soul. Through the trees the towers and turrets of the stately castle showed white against the golden sunset. And as I listened, the whispering leaves told me their holy secret, that this fretful pain-racked world is not the abiding place of our souls for ever.

I felt so happy as I listened….

Among the undergrowth a burn trickled softly, and as I heard it, remembering some

lonely graves far away, my heart was filled with a perfect peace: and I pray that at the last, as they who sleep therein were able, so may I be able to say the words which that burn was singing as it wimpled to the sea:

> Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word:
> For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,
> Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people;
> A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel.

The Truce*

"The period of this truce varied in different parts of the firing line. One officer states: The Germans looked upon Christmas Day as a holiday, and never fired a shot, except a few shells in the early morning to wish us a happy Christmas, after which there was perfect peace, and we could hear the Germans singing in their trenches. Later on in the afternoon my attention was called to a large group of men standing up half-way between our trenches and the enemy's, on the right of my trench. So I went out with my sergeant-major to investigate, and actually found a large party of Germans and our people hobnobbing together, although an armistice was strictly against our regulations. The men had taken it upon themselves. I went forward and asked in German what it was all about and if they had an officer there, and I was taken up to their officer, who offered me a cigar. I talked for a short time and then both sides

* From *With Our Fighting Men* by William Sellers

returned to the trenches. It was the strangest sight I have ever seen. The officer and I saluted each other gravely, shook hands, and then went back to shoot at each other. He gave me two cigars, one of which I smoked, and the other I sent home as a souvenir."

Corporal T. B. Watson, Royal Scots (Territorials), says: "We were all standing in the open for about two hours waving to each other and shouting and not one shot was fired from either side. This took place in the forenoon. After dinner we were firing and dodging as hard as ever: one could hardly believe that such a thing had taken place."

Private J. Higham, of the Stalybridge Territorials, tells of a truce that lasted throughout Christmas Day.

"On Christmas Day the Germans never fired a shot, and we were walking about the trenches. In the afternoon about three o'clock those who were on our right, started whistling and shouting to the Germans whose trenches were only four hundred yards away. They asked them to come down.... After about ten minutes two Germans ventured out, and they went to meet them. When they met they shook hands with each other, and then other Germans came, and so we went up to them.... I was a bit

timid at first, but me and a lad called Starling went up and I shook hands with about sixteen Germans. They gave us cigars and cigarettes and toffee, and they told us they didn't want to fight but they had to…. We were with them about an hour, and everybody was bursting laughing at this incident, and the officers couldn't make head or tail of it. The Germans then went back to their trenches, and we went back to ours, and there was not a single shot fired that day."

"Elsewhere," says a subaltern writing to the Press Association, "I hear our fellows played the Germans at football on Christmas Day. Our own pet enemies remarked that they would like a game, but as the ground in our part is all root crops, and much cut up by ditches, and as, moreover, we had not got a football, we had to call it off."

On Christmas morning some of the Germans astonished the Gordons by appearing on the top of their trenches, but the Gordons did not fire on them, and instead an officer went out to suggest that, as they had a "Padre" with them, and there were also several German dead, they should have a truce for a burial service. It was arranged, and the Germans lined up on one side of the chaplain and the Gordons on

the other. The service began with the hymn "The Lord is My Shepherd," and then the "Padre" prayed. After the burial of the dead, of whom there were about a hundred, Mr. Adams gave an address, which was interpreted sentence by sentence by an interpreter sent forward by a German officer.

The service over, the German officer shook hands with Mr. Adams and offered him a cigar. Mr. Adams begged leave not to smoke it, but to keep it as a souvenir of that unique occasion. The officer consented, but said he should like some little memento in return. Hardly knowing what to give, Mr. Adams took off his cap and gave the officer the Soldier's Prayer he had carried in its lining since the war began. The German officer read it, put it in the lining of his helmet, saying, "I value this because I believe what it says, and when the war is over I shall take it out and give it as a keepsake to my youngest child."

Then the men gathered together, exchanged keep sakes, and spent their Christmas in perfect unity. Not a shot was fired that day, nor on the next. It seemed as though each side was reluctant to fire again, after the sacred service of Christmas morning.

During a brief visit home Mr. Adams

occupied the pulpit of his own church – the West U. F. Church, Aberdeen. In the course of a sermon full of interest he referred to his strange service on the battlefield. The Aberdeen Daily Journal thus reports what he said:

"There had been some weird stories told about Christmas Day. He was not going to deny these stories. He was not even going to deny the cigar incident, but was going to show the cigar. Christmas Day made him understand something of the size of God. The day ended for him with the vision of a great German regiment standing behind their commanding officer bareheaded, and not so far distant as one gallery from the other of that church, British officers with their soldiers bareheaded, and between them a man reading the Twenty-third Psalm. In the name of the One Christ, these two foes, the most awful the world had ever seen, held Christmas. It was the fear of God; the need of God that did it all."

I have told the story in the simplest language, without any attempt to give it colouring, because it seems to me it speaks for itself. It tells that deep down beneath the uniform, beneath all that makes man true Briton or true German, there is the bond of brotherhood. They were Scotchmen, these Gordons, and I wonder if

they thought of the lines of their Scottish poet:

> Man to man the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be for a' that.

Is it not a grim tragedy that men who can thus fraternize on Christmas Day should a few hours after be sending each other to their death? We look forward to the day, and pray God it may not be far distant, when war shall cease.

The Allies

Ferdinand Foch – Allied Leader*

Ferdinand Foch was still a young student when the roar of a wicked war resounded through eastern France. Prussia had seized a chance to fight for rich lands there which she wished for her own. The French army was not so large or so well trained as that of Prussia. Its commanders were timid and fearful. Its cannon were not powerful. Prussia, on the other hand, had generals full of daring who had faith in themselves and their troops. Plentiful supplies of ammunition, and guns of great power had been made ready.

So the French failed in attack after attack till at last there was nothing to do but surrender. Thus it happened in the early autumn of 1870 that a sad company rode forth from the old fortress of Sedan in northern France to make terms with the enemy.

First came the bodyguard of the Emperor Louis Napoleon. Their polished arms shone in

* From *Leaders to Liberty* by Mary Wade

the sunlight. They wore helmets of steel. Bright pennants waved from their lances. Behind them rode the Emperor in an open carriage. He was ill in body and suffering great physical pain; he could not live long. But the lines in his thin cheeks and the sadness in his eyes showed that he was sick in mind as well as in body, and that his heart was heavy with the sorrow of a shameful defeat. Last in the procession was a band of Prussian hussars clattering in steel armor.

In the company attending Louis Napoleon on his unhappy errand that day was the youth Ferdinand Foch, so we have been told. He had left his studies when the war broke out and was now a cadet in the Emperor's staff at Sedan.

On rode the little procession till it reached the Chateau Bellevue where the King of Prussia sat waiting for its arrival.

Louis Napoleon, with his guard about him, entered the reception hall. The German officers rose when he stood before them, with the courtesy due so great a man. Not so the Prussian King. He remained seated, looking up scornfully. There was no thought in his mind now, evidently, that only a short time ago he had been treated royally by the Emperor when he visited him in Paris. Ah! that had been before this hateful war, and today he was a proud

victor.

Standing there, bent with pain, Louis Napoleon drew his blade and handed the hilt to the conqueror.

"Sire," he said, "here is my sword."

"I take it," replied the King in an insolent voice. And then, "I give it back to you."

The young officer Ferdinand Foch listened with flashing eyes and drew a long breath. So did the rest of the ruler's staff, at hearing him spoken to with such contempt. Never would they forget the insulting voice, the insulting manner. Sometime the punishment would come to Prussia; it must come for her treatment of France this day!

So thought young Foch. "The Prussian King meant, 'I'll take care of you,' when he spoke as he did to our Emperor," he said many years afterwards. That insolent king, as it happened, was the grandfather of William Hohenzollern, the Emperor of Germany who, as we know, led his people into this last war, the greatest and most terrible in history.

And William Hohenzollern, as we also know, has shown the same overbearing manner as his grandfather – cruel and without mercy, and daring to set himself up as a god among his fellow men.

With the end of the short and hateful war the city of Metz was left in the hands of the Prussians. For many years Ferdinand Foch was to think of it with sorrow. He had spent happy months there in the Jesuit school. He had wandered freely through its noble streets and fine parks. He had worshiped in its grand cathedral. But now Prussian soldiers stood on guard behind its strong walls; the hated Prussian tongue was spoken in its streets; and in one of the principal places the statue of the Prussian King was set up for all to admire. Little desire could the French patriot have to continue his studies there after the war had ended.

Accordingly he took his examinations as quickly as possible for entrance into the great Polytechnic Institute at Paris.

Shortly afterwards he was busy with his studies there and living very simply, because he had little money to spend for either food or clothing. Many a time, so it has been said, he made a meal on black bread alone. Little this troubled him, however, for his mind was being fed with the riches of knowledge. Moreover, he was happy in strong faith in God's goodness. "God is guiding me," he felt, "so all will be well."

When a little boy Ferdinand had eagerly listened to stories about Napoleon. He was only

twelve years old, in fact, when he read a long history of what had taken place under Napoleon's rule. It was such "heavy" reading, as we say, that most boys would have been frightened away at the first page. But young Foch kept on to the end.

"One can learn much about carrying on war by studying the campaigns of Napoleon," the youth still thought when he entered the Polytechnic Institute. Napoleon, on the very next day after being crowned, had given the school its motto: "Science and glory all for the country."

Among Ferdinand's fellow students at the Institute was the young man, Joseph Joffre, who had entered it before the war and left his studies to fight for his country. Now he had returned to finish his course, and for the first time met his neighbor from the Southland.

In those days Paris was not a happy place. Everywhere about were ruined buildings, marks of the siege it had suffered from the Germans. And when young Foch turned his eyes to the hilltops around, he could imagine the hated German troops stationed there as they had been a few months before.

Oddly enough, Ferdinand had a constant reminder of his childhood on the walls of the

building where he had his room. It was the selfsame inscription that had been placed over the door of his first school in Tarbes: "May this house remain standing until the ant has drunk all the waves of the sea and the tortoise has crawled around the world."

After graduating from the Polytechnic Institute young Foch went to other famous schools where he received training in cavalry and artillery. From time to time he stopped in his studies to act as an officer of artillery in different garrisons.

When he was twenty-seven years old he was made a captain. Eight years afterwards he entered the Superior School of War, the highest one of the kind in France, and from this he graduated, fourth in his class, in 1887.

After this came more training in garrisons. Foch was learning, we see, all that could be gained by study and training how best to carry on war if it should ever take place.

At last, in the year 1890, he was chosen to be an instructor at the War College. He had become by this time a major.

A great work opened before him. From its beginning he was on fire to make the students under him understand the meaning of war – to see it for themselves – to live it. Thus, as he

talked to them in the great classroom, the maps spread out before them changed into actual battle fields. The dots and lines became hills and valleys and flowing streams. They themselves were adventuring among them. Behind yonder wood the army of the enemy was encamped. On the hillside above, the guns of the enemy were sending forth torrents of shot and shell. Danger surrounded them. They drew long, excited breaths. Their cheeks flushed. Their eyes were aflame. Paris, with its gay streets and noise of business, seemed far away. They were, in their minds, in the thick of combat, and their leader was the slim man with strong keen eyes who stood before them. How honest and determined was this man! How dear to him was his country and theirs – beautiful France! Every student was fired by him with the longing to become a faithful patriot in defending this revered land.

"Why had the Prussians won so easy a victory?" Ferdinand Foch asked his pupils. Then he showed them that the Prussians had faith in themselves, while the French officers lacked such faith. This was the main reason the enemy met with success, though making many foolish mistakes.

"A battle is not lost till you think it is lost."

So Foch taught his students.

Again, he showed them that giving commands is only one step in the course of an officer's training. He must see that the command is carried out. He must, moreover, understand how it shall be carried out, and he must have faith in the outcome.

Foch believed that without "morale" there would be failure. What is morale? We have heard this word used a great deal of late, but many people find it hard to state just what it means. We know what strength and health are to the body. So morale is to the mind. A person who has morale has a healthy mind. No dragons of fear have a place there. No thought of failure is allowed to enter. The mind is strong. It sees only success ahead; and in the present, work – steady, determined work – towards that success.

So Foch taught his students. They must make their brains work. Not words alone, not carrying out orders alone, were ever enough. Not the blind obedience of the dog and the horse! But the keen, quick perception of why they must do certain things. And when they watched the moves of the enemy they must ask themselves, "Why are my foes acting as they do? Just what is their purpose?" Striving thus to understand, the officers' minds keep clear and

their will is steadied.

You can readily see what kind of men left the War College after being under such training as Foch gave. Many of his pupils, we are told, have won glory and honor in the War against War which we have just passed through.

First of all he impressed upon them that they must learn to think. "You officers," he said to them, "will be asked later on to be the brains of an army. Never complain of the difficulty of a problem. If a problem were not difficult it would not be a problem. Our brains were made to be worked. Otherwise, what purpose do they serve?"

Again he said: "Victory goes to those who merit it by the greatest will power as well as by the keenest intellect."

"The will to victory!" In all his teachings Foch showed the need of this and what it would accomplish. He believed it, and because of this he made his students believe it.

Foch was a quiet man in all his ways. In course of time he married, and had children whom he loved dearly and in whose life he was deeply interested. But he did not care for the balls and other gay entertainments which many of his friends and acquaintances enjoyed. When, once in a while, he attended a dinner

party he spoke little.

In 1911 he received the order to take command of a division of troops at Chaumont. The next year a whole corps was given into his charge. Soon afterwards he held a post of great honor in the French army: he was commander of the Twentieth Corps, stationed at Nancy, not far from the borders of Germany.

Nancy was a beautiful city. But during his stay there General Foch had no time to take part in its gay life. He was busy trying to make the place strong against any possible attacks from Germany.

"When she does attack France her troops will first strike against this stronghold," he said to himself.

While Foch was in command at Nancy, a young captain under him there wrote home to his parents describing the General, whom he admired very much. Among other things the young man said: "He is a man still young, slender and supple, and rather frail; his powerful head seems like a flower too heavy for a stem so light."

When the captain wrote that Foch was still young, he was almost sixty-three years old. Yet he was so quick and active in his movements that he made those around him think of him as

a young man.

The captain also wrote of the light in the General's eyes, of the clearness of his gaze, of his great energy, of his direct speech, and of his strong faith in our Heavenly Father.

"General Foch," he said, "is a prophet whom his God transports."

Afterwards, it may be said, the young officer who wrote this letter gladly gave his life for his country while fighting under General Foch.

During the latter part of July, 1914, Foch was given a furlough to visit his home at Molaix where his two daughters with their little children were staying with his wife. His daughters' husbands, also with the army, obtained leave of absence at the same time. Such a happy family gathering it was for the next few days, with no thought of trouble!

Then suddenly General Foch was recalled to Nancy. Joffre, who had become the French Generalissimo, had scented danger over the borderland. If the German hordes were preparing to attack France, in what way would they advance, Joffre asked himself. From the east, of course, he decided.

And so Foch thought. Why, in what other way could they come? To be sure there were strong French forts there at Toul and Verdun

and Nancy was strongly defended. A big army like that of Germany could not make its way quickly into France from the east.

But in what other way could it enter France? Surely not from the north, because that would make it necessary for the German army to pass through Belgium on its way! The Emperor of Germany was, of course, too honorable to allow this.

So it was quite natural for Joffre to prepare for the defense of France on the east first of all, and order Foch to be ready with his troops at Nancy.

On the fourth of August the terrible war broke out. It happened to be General Foch's birthday. He was sixty-three years old. On came the Germans, divided into five armies, and expecting to overcome the French troops and take Paris by the first of September. Only one of those armies was directed against Nancy. The others headed north and swarmed into Belgium!

And Foch? When that one German army advanced over the eastern borderland he was ready for its coming. No doubt the German commander expected him to defend it, but nevertheless he expected also to quickly rout the French troops stationed there.

Now Foch believed that the best way to defend is to attack. Without delay, therefore, his brave Twentieth Corps fought its way through the middle of the invading army, and straight on into German Lorraine. There, for fourteen days, Foch with other brave generals kept the Germans at bay with their troops.

Unfortunately, the other four German armies at the north were forcing all before them during this time.

Day after day the same story spread among the unhappy French people: "Retreat! retreat! retreat!"

"Will Joffre give no other order?" cried those who lacked faith.

But there were officers in his army who understood him better: when the right place was reached and the right moment had come, he had planned to take his stand against the enemy. When the river Marne should be reached the Germans must not be allowed to advance further.

So Joffre had determined. And now he took thought of his officers and considered who were best fitted to be stationed at the most dangerous points. Ah! there was General Foch. He would create a new army for Foch, made up of certain strong divisions taken from the other armies. It

should be called the Ninth Army. He promptly ordered Foch to report at a place on the Marne called Chalons.

When Foch reached Chalons his new army existed only on paper.

"What do you mean?" you may say. Just this: the different divisions that were to form it were still on their way to Foch. He did not even know where some of them were, because at that very time they were retreating before the enemy. Neither did he know how well supplied they were with arms, or how tired the men had become from fighting and the hurried march.

Was Foch sick at heart when he considered these things? Not so! he had taught in the War College that we fail only when we think we fail. Also he believed now as before that the only way for an army to defend itself is by attack. The present was a good time to show this.

Not a minute was lost. He must get acquainted with his army as it gathered. He must understand how strong it was and how weary were the men who were to carry out his orders. The feet of many of them were blistered and bleeding from the long, hurried march; their bodies were aching.

He must see that their courage was kept up. Then they would forget their lameness and pain

in the will to win.

Up and down the sidewalk of the little village paced the restless General as he made his plans. He was short in stature and lean in body. But these things were scarcely noted by the people who looked in his face. How keen were those gray eyes! How strong the nose! How determined the chin! Such a will as that of Ferdinand Foch would do much in breaking the power of the enemy.

The Battle of the Marne opened early in September, 1914, only a month after the beginning of the war. For five days the French troops met one sharp attack after another, though the enemy were much greater in number. Back and forth rolled the tide of war. On all sides were the dead and dying. Terrible was the danger to the Allies. If they gave way, the German hordes could easily press on to Paris, the heart of France. And then—

But to Foch, posted with his Ninth Army at one of the most important and dangerous points, there was no then. He saw only the present and its great need.

He had sorrows of his own at this time. He was not able to get word from his son and the husband of one of his daughters. He feared for their lives. Soon, alas, he was to learn that both

had been killed in battle near the Belgian border. But now, now, he must think only of France. And France must be saved.

Considering closely, he decided there must be a gap in the German army. That gap must be filled in with French artillery. Quick now! Not a moment must be lost in pressing that artillery forward. As a powerful wedge it must enter the gap in the German army and break it apart.

For five days already the enemy had been battering against the French troops with greater and greater force. Their lines were already breaking. Yet now, though matters looked so discouraging, Foch saw light.

With faith that there was a weak point in the army of the enemy, he sent this telegram to Joffre: "My center gives way, my right recedes, the situation is excellent. I shall attack."

His order for the day, given as quietly as he would have said "Good morning," was this: "The situation is excellent. I order a vigorous resumption of the offensive."

How ridiculous this would seem to many! But not to Ferdinand Foch, with the thought of his left still strong and full of fire. Against its foes it now flung itself and was soon driving them backward in confusion. The fortunes of France had been turned by what seemed a

miracle. France was saved!

And Foch – was he pacing restlessly back and forth at this time, excitedly waiting for news of the battle? Not so! Having made his plans and given his commands, it was his duty to keep calm and leave the rest to God's will. So he set out with one companion for a stroll along the country roads that stretched back from the battle front. As he walked, he talked quietly of other things than war. Such was his power over himself.

From that day the Germans retreated slowly but surely. Foch's will had helped Joffre in his utmost need and brought victory in place of defeat. Is it strange that after the Battle of the Marne the commander-in-chief said of this strong, wise helper, "He is the first strategist in Europe, and the humblest of men"?

Before that battle Foch had been little heard of in the world. But when shortly afterwards he was made a Marshal of France and a member of the Legion of Honor because of the great work he had done, his name was coupled with that of Joseph Joffre on every tongue.

One day, a few months after the famous battle, Foch happened to be seated at a dinner table with some of his officers. They drew him into talk about the Marne.

As he went on describing it, he spread out some matches on the table. He made them represent the two armies – the German and the French. To one particularly brave division of his own troops, the Forty-second, which was nearly dead from weariness, but full of fire, he gave only half a match. He made it move under his fingers as he described its forcing back a German corps. After it, he said, "We launched some played-out troopers. It was all we had left."

Then Foch lifted the half-match of the Forty-second Division and tossed it over to the center of the table.

"It might succeed," he said; "it might fail. It succeeded. The men were on their last legs, they hadn't an ounce of strength left. They marched all the same."

One of Foch's officers has written a book about him. After telling of his courage at the Battle of the Marne, he went on: "But what I can least of all forget is his look which reveals his whole soul.

"Back of its invincible energy was a sorrowful tenderness, a great melancholy. At certain moments his eyes seemed to say, 'Young man, you do not know what a father suffers when mourning has entered his house forever. They have taken my son, and one of my daughters is

a widow. In the home which I left in the joy of a summer Sunday I shall find little orphans who will not know their papa. –

"'Our France has been torn and mangled. There are thousands and thousands of fathers like me who have lost everything they loved, all the hope of their lives. My heart is with them. I know what it means.'"

In less than a month after the Germans had been driven back at the Marne, Joffre sent a telegram to Foch, saying that he had chosen him to be his Associate Generalissimo. In other words Foch was to share with Joffre the command of the army.

"Leave at once for the north, where you are to take charge of all the troops there." Such was the order which Foch hastened to obey.

When the telegram came he well understood the great danger that now threatened France. The Germans had been turned back at the Marne from advancing to Paris. Now they were seeking to reach the sea on the north and cut off the ports there from the British and the French. If they succeeded they could prevent supplies from reaching the armies of the Allies. They could also prevent the coming of fresh troops from England.

Foch knew that not a single moment must

be lost. Springing into an automobile at ten o'clock that night, he rode as fast as possible to the headquarters of different generals who were to help him band together a strong army. That army, under him, must cut off the enemy's forces in their race to the sea.

Working with a will, he made his army so united and strong that it proved to be a mighty wall in the pathway of its foes, and they were blocked at Ypres and afterwards at Flanders. For two weeks the fighting was terrific. The Germans made one fierce attack after another, but the troops of the Allies, with Foch to lead them on, met each attack with a return attack.

"Our enemies must not, shall not, gain the coast," so the great leader had decided. Then, cool as ever, he flew from one place to another with a smile half hidden by his big gray moustache and carelessly chewing the end of a cigar.

At this trying time he gave wise advice to King Albert of Belgium and to the English commander, Marshal French. He helped both to feel that they were sure to win. He seemed to be everywhere at once, giving aid when it was most needed.

One night he heard that the English cavalry had given way and lost an important position. He sprang into his car and hastened to the

headquarters of Marshal French. It was one o'clock when he reached it. The Marshal was asleep.

Waking him up, he said, "Marshal, your line is broken."

"Yes," was the reply.

"Have you any reserves?" Foch asked quickly.

"No, I have nothing."

"Good! I offer you mine. The gap must be filled at once. If we allow our line to be pierced at a single point we are lost by reason of the masses of attack of our enemy. General Joffre has sent me eight battalions of the Thirty-second Division. Take them and on with the fray."

The Marshal, deeply moved, rose and seized Foch's hand. "Thank you!" he exclaimed. "This is famous help."

In an hour the order had been given and the gap in the lines had been filled.

At another time Foch gave help like this to the Belgian army. Then, to add more courage, he said to its leader, "You must hold out at any cost. See! Here is a line for you to hold."

With these words he spread out a map. Pointing to a place where there was an embankment, he showed where water could be let in

from locks not far away. If this were done, the oncoming Germans would slump in the marsh thus made, and their advance would be checked. Foch's quick wit had seen this. His advice was followed, and the day was saved.

Then, in 1916, came the Battle of the Somme, when Foch's careful plans were so well carried out that the Allies swept the Germans back, took a wide stretch of country, and captured great numbers of prisoners.

Foch, as we know, had helped the Belgians and the British in times of great need. He also aided the Italian army when it was sore pressed. More than a year before this happened he had looked ahead and formed the plan by which he was afterwards able to aid them.

After the Battle of the Somme all the world rang with the name of the hero, Ferdinand Foch.

"He is the greatest soldier the world has ever known," cried some. "How strange," they said, "that a man who did scarcely any active fighting till now when he is old, should understand it better than generals who have been engaged in many wars!"

Most people would have become proud at such renown. But not so Marshal Foch, the man of few words, who was almost shy when he

found himself in large gatherings. It troubled him to be pointed out and talked about as a great hero. Joffre was right in calling him the humblest of men.

Though the Battle of the Somme had brought success to the Allies, many dark days and months followed, in which they were seldom strong enough to attack the enemy, though they steadily kept up the defense.

Then the day came when noble, patient Marshal Joffre gave up command of the French army. He felt as well as others that the war might keep on for many years if the Allies used only methods of defense. Some one who could see more clearly how best to attack should be chosen in his place.

On May 15, 1917, while Joffre was in the United States, General Foch was made head of the General Staff. For some time he had had hard work keeping up courage in his tired soldiers. But lately good news had come.

"The Americans are with us at last! they are sending us aid! Not only supplies of food and ammunition are on the way but men – fresh, brave, strong men." So the words passed from one troop to another, and the weary French soldiers drew breaths of relief.

Shipload after shipload of American troops

went speeding across the Atlantic. Regiment after regiment of straight, active soldiers landed in France.

Surely the cruel Huns could be overcome now! Yet one thing more was needed – unity. There was the British army eager to do its best, with brave fighters from far Australia and New Zealand, India, and Africa in its ranks. There were the French troops fired with the thought that France must be saved. There was brave little Belgium, still eager to do her share, and in the southland was the army of Italy doing wonderful deeds of daring. The leaders of all were wise men. But there was no one head to look the field over and direct all the different lines as parts of one great body.

Germany had such a leader; but not so the Allies.

"We must have a Generalissimo, the Commander of all," declared Wilson, the President of the United States. Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister, agreed with him. So did Clemenceau, the French Premier.

Who should be chosen for the important post? None other than Ferdinand Foch, wise and farseeing, the man who set the souls of his soldiers on fire for victory.

Without question he was chosen. Quietly he

took charge of the great undertaking, with faith in God that success would come. Germany was fighting for might. The Allies were fighting for right. This war, then, was to Ferdinand Foch Christ's war. Peace must be brought about on this earth – a lasting peace, and good will among men.

Never was the busiest day too busy for the great general to be kept from kneeling in prayer an hour each night and morning in order that he might draw strength from God for the tasks before him.

One day, when the fight was raging at its worst, a young American soldier who was off duty was wandering about a little French village not far behind the battle front. He came to an old empty church and stepped inside to look around. As he stood there with bared head, another man entered. He was old and gray-haired. He wore a uniform that was worn and shabby. The eagles on the shoulders of his coat showed that he must be a general. No staff of officers attended him, however – only an orderly bore him company.

The young soldier gave little heed to the old man except to observe that he knelt in deep prayer, and that he remained so for a long time – three quarters of an hour perhaps. Then he

arose and softly left the church.

The young American followed him out and down the street. There, to his surprise, he noticed that people drew to one side as the general passed, gazing at him with wondering eyes. The American saw also that soldiers whom he met saluted him excitedly, as though honoring some one far above ordinary officers.

It was Ferdinand Foch, Generalissimo of the armies of the Allies in the greatest and most terrible war of all times. While he prayed in that church millions of men were at his command, offering their lives in the trenches; at his word generals were hurrying from place to place to carry out his orders; mighty guns were hurling defiance against the enemy. And yet, in the midst of terrific happenings, this "Gray man of Christ" as he has since been called, had sought the quiet little village church to draw strength and clearness of sight from his Heavenly Father.

Even after General Pershing with his brave American troops came to the help of the Allies, there was a long, hard struggle ahead of them.

Germany had seen that with the coming of the Americans, her army must fight harder than ever and must lose no time in doing so. And why? Because the strength of those whom she was opposing was steadily growing with the

arrival of shipload after shipload of fresh, spirited soldiers from across the Atlantic. Moreover, the Huns learned that, if necessary, the United States would send five million men to resist them. Now or never, then, Germany must win.

And so, in the early spring of 1918, she began a terrific offensive – first, mainly in the north against the British troops, and afterwards along a battle front of more than four hundred miles.

One frightful attack followed another. But Foch, the wise Generalissimo, was busy, not only with the terrible present, but also in making plans for the future and preparing to carry them out.

At last – it was the middle of July – he saw that the time was ripe for an offensive of his own.

The Germans were still making fierce assaults, but the Allies fought bravely for the positions they had taken and destroyed one advancing wave after another. British, French, Italian, and American troops were all busy, meeting the onrush of the enemy and capturing important points by attacks both on the ground and in the air. Then – it was on July 15 – the German commander took a daring stand at a

place which laid him open to great danger.

Foch had expected he would do so and was rejoiced. "I am satisfied," he said. Shortly afterwards came the beginning of the end of the Great War.

It was of no use, Foch had decided, to try to advance all along the many miles of battle front at once. To begin with, the Allies did not have enough guns.

"I must strike many blows, one after another," thought the Generalissimo, "and at places where my enemies are least likely to expect them. After one attack is started the next one must follow in a different spot as soon afterwards as possible. The Huns must have no time to rest. They must be tired out by the constant strain put on them."

Many weeks went by in which the attacks of the Allies were made more and more often, and with greater and greater speed. Thousands upon thousands of brave soldiers were killed in these attacks, because Foch saw that the time had come when he must not think most of saving the lives of his men. He must consider victory only – victory to be won as quickly as possible.

Long afterwards, when that victory had been gained, he was asked, "How did you turn

the German offensive into bitter defeat?"

He replied: "You ask me to tell you in a few words. Victories are won by science. That is true; but also by faith. When one has faith, one does not retire; one stops the enemy where one finds him.

"You tell me that I gave victory to France. It was our admirable soldiers who gave it. I have but one merit – that of never despairing."

With faith, therefore, in final success, Foch steadily planned and strove for that success, and with the coming of late autumn the Huns were in full retreat. So fast had the Allies borne down upon them that reserve troops and needed supplies could not be brought up in time. Fear seized their hearts. Faith in their leaders fled. Belief in victory departed.

Then came a glad day, November 11, 1918, for millions of people and for their savior, Ferdinand Foch.

The news had spread that Germany had given up hope and had asked for an armistice. Her delegates had been sent to plead for her. They traveled over the very road near Sedan where in 1870 the French Emperor had ridden to offer his sword to the German conquerors. But how differently the delegates of the enemy were treated from the way the ruler of France

had been received by the Germans in 1870.

These delegates received every courtesy. As they rode on their way French officers guided them over the dark roads through a stretch of forests till they reached a stopping place for the night. The next day they were still guided as they went on with their journey towards Senlis. There, waiting for them in a railway car, was Marshal Foch, the man who had attended the French Emperor on his unhappy mission years ago. Then he was young and unknown. Now he was old and gray-haired and a generalissimo.

Moreover, he was sure that the German army was at last completely in his power. Suppose he refused the armistice! In a few days more, at the latest, the enemy must surrender or be destroyed. But if the struggle were allowed to go on for even those few days it would cost the lives of more of his brave soldiers. Not one of them, he felt, must be sacrificed without need. So, for their sakes, he would agree to the armistice, but it must be one whose terms meant victory for the Allies.

He had carefully prepared the only terms on which this could be granted when the German delegates entered the car. Marshal Foch rose to receive them.

"What do you wish, gentlemen?" he asked

calmly.

"We have come, Marshal, to arrange terms of an armistice," was the answer.

Then, quietly, Foch read the terms on which the Allies would be willing to agree to an armistice. Hard terms they were; only a country which had been completely defeated would accept them. But Germany, as Foch felt sure, had been completely defeated and would accept these terms. Once accepted, a world peace would be sure to follow.

He was not scornful in his reading, however, though he well remembered the day when his own ruler had been so treated at a time like this. But joyful he must have been. He had worked for nearly fifty years that his country might never again suffer what she had then suffered. Now, at last, his reward had come.

During the general rejoicing that followed the ever-to-be remembered day many honors were bestowed upon Marshal Foch. Among them was the gift of the American Distinguished Service Medal. General Pershing, the American Commander, pinned it upon the Generalissimo's breast in the name of President Wilson and the United States. It was a token of the gratitude of the American people for what Foch had done for them and for all the world.

As the Marshal received the gift, he said, "I will wear this medal with pleasure and pride in the days of triumph, as well as in dark and critical hours."

Then he added other beautiful words, showing his appreciation of the help Pershing and the American army had given in the time of need.

On that day, as at all other times, Ferdinand Foch showed that pride had no place in his heart. As different as light is from darkness he has always been from William the Second of Germany, who believed so strongly in his own power that he actually put himself beside God. Foch, on the other hand, the great conqueror in the cause of right, has claimed but this: "I am God's instrument. It is for me only to try as best I may to do His will."

The Second Line of Defense*

In Norwich, England, stands a memorial which will forever be visited and prized by travelers from every part of the world, and especially by the people of England and of Belgium. It is the statue erected to Edith Cavell, the British nurse who was wrongfully condemned to death for helping innocent women and children to escape from the terrible cruelties of the invading Huns. That her fine courage equals the bravery of any soldier is indicated in the sculptor's work itself. It represents a soldier of the Allies looking up toward her strong, kindly face, raising in his right hand a laurel wreath to place at one side of her, opposite the one already hung at the other.

The statue is a symbol of the glorious deeds and the beautiful spirit of the women of France, England, and America, during the awful conflict. It is difficult to realize the complete revolution which took place in the lives of the

* From *Winning a Cause* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

women of the world when they awakened to the need for their services in connection with the war.

In forsaken schoolhouses and barns, as well as in quickly erected hospitals, near the firing lines, they moved quietly in and out among the patients, administering needed medicines, bringing cheer and comfort to the long line of wounded soldiers. At unexpected moments the hospital was bombarded, making it necessary for them hurriedly to transfer their patients to some other building. During a bombardment of a large theater which had been turned into a hospital, several patients were too ill to be moved. So some of the nurses, wearing steel helmets, remained to care for these men while shells burst all around them.

Certain dressing stations in which the nurses cared for the most seriously wounded were so near the firing line that the men could be carried to them. Summoned, perhaps by a Red Cross dog, a nurse at times ventured out under the enemy's fire. In the fields or woods lay a badly injured man who must have constant care until darkness would permit bringing him in unseen by the enemy, for the Huns spared neither the wounded nor the Red Cross workers.

In the operating rooms, in hospital kitchens, on hospital trains and ships, the nurses gave no thought for their own safety but worked untiringly to save the wounded.

But even thousands of miles from the firing line, women were saving lives and winning the victory. There were the girls who assisted the police in the places of the men gone to fight. Gloriously they served during many an air raid over France and England, ready in the face of danger to do their full duty — like those of Paris, who behaved so bravely that some one suggested they be mentioned in the Orders of the Day. But the commanding officer's reply only reflected the daring spirit of the girls themselves. "No" he said, "we never mention soldiers in orders for doing their duty."

There were the women and girls who went to work in fireproof overalls, stopping before entering the shop to be inspected and to give up all jewelry, steel hairpins, and anything else which might cause an explosion of the munitions among which they worked. They might be seen often with their hair hanging in braids as they hurried to and fro between the different sheds, over the narrow wooden platforms, raised from the ground to prevent them from carrying in on the soles of their shoes any

particles of grit, iron, steel, or glass, that might cause a spark among the high explosives. So well did these women work that near the end of the war in many places more shells were made in two weeks than previously could be made in a year. The many women, willingly risking their lives in these shops, made this work possible. In England alone, where seventy-five out of every hundred men stepped out to fight, seventy-five out of a hundred women and girls left their homes and stepped in to work or to serve.

More tiresome were the long hours spent at machines in large closed factories where army blankets and clothing of all sorts were turned out for the use of the fighting men.

Out on the farms the girls could be seen in overalls, plowing furrows in long, sloping fields, and planting potatoes and vegetables to help feed the world. With hard work and small pay, they too helped win the victory. One girl tells how on arriving home from work one night, she found at the house a letter from a friend.

"How jolly it must be," she wrote, "and how you must be enjoying it!" That day had been particularly cold and wet and windy, but the girls had worked right through it. When they had finished, they were damp and weary and only glad that it was time for tea. "I don't feel a

bit patriotic," said the girl, "and I don't care if I never plant another potato." She was an artist and found farm life very different from sitting in a quiet studio. But planting potatoes was more helpful to her country and so the next morning found her up early and ready to work again.

Like this artist many women, unused to common labor, gladly left lives of ease and good times to help win the war even by drudgery. In the case of English women this was particularly true, and would have been true in America if the war had continued much longer. As it was, the women of America responded to the call of service with the same spirit which sent millions of men to the colors. Besides those positions which, left open by men going into war, were filled by women, countless services were performed by them to add to the comfort and happiness of soldiers, sailors, and marines. Knitted articles were made for the needy in the service, and for the destitute in the ravaged war countries. Not a canteen in the whole United States but has seen the untiring devotion of weary workers who whole-heartedly sacrificed their time and household comforts. In Europe the Salvation Army "lassies" worked in the trenches themselves. Hospitals everywhere have been made more grateful sanctuaries by the tender

reassurance of the American nurse. As if by one voice the fighters of the nation unite in praise and appreciation of all the women who by their help made the second line of defense.

The Unseen Host*

The man who told the tale was a private soldier, dirty, mud-stained, and unshaven. Yet from his lips fell a wonderful story, just as in strange places one lights on some rare flower. He told it with many an oath and many a blasphemy, as soldiers love to do, but with a fire in his eyes which bespoke a living soul.

And those two friends who sat with me there and listened to him have passed into the clearer light where the secrets of the stars are disclosed and every tangled skein of earth is unraveled to the eye: and I am left alone, to grope in the darkness, to wonder, to hope, and again to wonder; until for me, too, all mists be rolled away. And as I tell this tale as I heard it a great sadness fills my heart, for I feel that I tell it to a world that will believe it not.

It was in the grey of the early morning that a sentry spotted something moving among the long grass beyond the barbed wire. He watched

* From *The Unseen Host* by Charles Warr

intently for a few minutes but could not be quite certain – the ground mist was heavy and was so deceptive. A few seconds later he again felt convinced that something moved near the same place. He raised his rifle and fired three rounds on the off chance of it being a prowling German. His shot seemed to be the signal for a perfect tornado of yells, and suddenly out of the mist there loomed phantom-like figures, armed with wire-cutters. In a moment they were on the wire, cutting as for their life – snip went strand after strand.

It was all sudden and unexpected, but in a minute the trench garrison lined the parapet, and a murderous fire poured in upon the attacking Germans. There is small chance of life when cutting wire ten yards from the enemy's trench, and the grey figures went down by scores, some hanging on the wire, others piled in heaps of dead and wounded. Yet on they came in dense masses, swarming through the mist like ghosts in the teeth of a sweeping storm of lead. Nothing seemed to be able to stop them, and, though falling by hundreds in doing it, the wire was being cut more and more each minute. And ever on they came, climbing over the heaps of their dead. Soon there would be a bridge of corpses over the entanglements.

The rifles of the defenders grew red-hot in their hands, but they kept up the fire. Through the rattle and din could be heard the shrill voices of the Cockney Tommies vying with one another as to who should go into the jaws of death with the best joke on his lips.

And the Germans still swarmed over. At the right flank of the trench they were almost through the wire and would soon be scrambling over the big ditch and up the parapet; a few seconds more and the centre might fall.

"Keep it up, lads, keep it up, for God's sake," yelled the platoon sergeant through the uproar; "when I gives the word, up and at 'em with the bayonet."

With their hands blistered and cut, and their faces filthy with powder and smoke, the disheveled wild-eyed garrison fired on.

A shrill whistle suddenly sounded, and the Germans turned and retreated into the mist, leaving behind them their dead and wounded, piled in heaps. A hoarse cheer went up from the British trenches. The enemy had retired when victory was almost within their grasp, had they but realized it.

"That was a near thing an' no mistake," said the platoon sergeant, drawing the back of his hand across his cracked lips. "Gawd! I'm 'ot!"

He pushed his cap back off his forehead and, sitting down on an ammunition box, began to pull through the barrel of his rifle.

"All rifles cleaned at once, boys," he shouted along the trenches. "Come on there, Atkins, lift your carcase off that fire-step you're not 'ere on a bloomin' picnic, are yer?"

The hot smoking rifles were cleaned and polished, ready for immediate use; the corroded barrels were oiled and shining.

"They'll be at us again before long," growled the sergeant, squirting tobacco juice from the corner of his mouth. "The wire's down now, and they've got a bloomin' Piccadilly over their pals' corpses. Double these sentries, Gray."

His corporal walked along the trench and saw the order executed, then returned and sat down by the sergeant.

"Where's the officer been all the while?" he asked, lighting a cigarette.

"Blow'd if I know – never seen him since the blighters attacked – well, my lad, what is it?"

The officer's orderly approached.

"Mr. Venables wants to speak to you, sergeant," he said; "I can't make out what's gone wrong with him. He slept in his dugout all through the attack. I shook and shook him an' 'e wouldn't wake. I yells inter his ear and he

wouldn't 'ear me. Then I pours the water out of 'is bottle over 'is face and down 'is neck and damn'd if he'd open 'is bloomin' eyes. I thought 'e was dead but for 'is breathin' … Never see'd anythin' like it!"

"Arnott!" shouted a voice from the officer's dugout.

"There 'e is, sergeant, hollerin' for yer … better look slippy."

Sergeant Arnott scrambled along to the dugout and crawled inside. The subaltern in charge of the trench sat on a biscuit box, his head in his hands. He sat in silence for a while, then looked up his eyes were very bright and shining.

"When did that attack begin, Arnott?"

"About ten minutes after you had been round the trench, sir – it came on sudden-like."

"And how long did it last?"

"About 'arf an hour, sir. I thought the blighters were in on us – they would 'ave bin, too, if they'd only 'ad the sense to keep on. They'll be at us again soon, sir the wire's mostly all cut."

The subaltern passed a hand wearily across his brow.

"It's so funny, Arnott, but I must have been asleep all the time they were attacking" –

"You was, sir," interposed the sergeant gravely, "sleepin' like a top…. Meredith 'e couldn't waken you, 'e says, although 'e poured the water from your water-bottle down your neck."

The subaltern smiled faintly.

"Yes? … But I had a strange dream … can't remember much of it, … but a shining figure seemed to speak to me and to tell me we were going to be in for a deuced hot time of it – you see, Arnott, this part is the key to the British position" –

The sergeant nodded.

"But he said we were to stick it out no matter what happened and he would help us and then he went away…. I remember he had a sword in his hand – it looked like fire. He was awfully like a big fellow on the reredos in the church at home – an angel – Michael, I think they call him. But it was all rather strange, Arnott, wasn't it?" he added, smiling, and lit a cigarette.

"It was that, sir."

"Well, come round the trench with me and see that these fellows are all ready if they do attack us."

The words had scarcely left his lips when there was a wild shout from the sentries, and

the rattle of rapid fire broke out. The officer and his sergeant raised their heads above the parapet. It was clear enough now to see the German lines, and the sight they saw was that which, when seen for the first time, brings a curious momentary flutter to even the stoutest heart – the German hordes attacking in close formation. They were already half over the no-man's-land between the two trenches, falling, falling, row after row, but still coming on. Over the British trench shrieked the shrapnel, and glancing backwards, the officer saw it bursting over the support trenches, and the intervening waste being smashed with high explosives. Few, if any, supports would get up through that awful inferno. The reserves of grey troops seemed endless – would they never stop pouring over the distant parapets?

Step by step they gained ground, despite the steadiness and accuracy of our fire; little by little the ranks came nearer, mown down like grain, but always immediately replaced. On either side the British trenches poured in their enfilade fire, then ceased – it was getting too risky, as they might damage their own men.

"Keep that – machine-gun goin', men," yelled Sergeant Arnott, perspiration running in streams down his fiery face, "keep it goin'! …

what the 'ell are you waitin' for?"

"Machine gun's jammed!" came back the grim reply.

"God in 'eaven'!" muttered the sergeant, "our ticket's in" … and seizing a rifle he commenced blazing away.

"'Ow's that for Bisley?" shouted a Tommy, as a bearded German fell fifteen yards from the parapet.

"First bull you ever made, sonny," jeered his neighbour; "'Oly Moses, but they're gettin' close."

The little band prepared to face the end.

"'We all go the same way 'ome,'" blithely sang a young private, jamming his magazine full.

For five minutes they fired desperately.

"Bill! wot the 'ell's that?" yelled someone.

"Wot the 'ell's wot?"

The two men filled their magazines like lightning, and shouted as they fired:

"That there trampin' – I can 'ear it above the bloomin' row – there you are, at our back! like a bloomin' army."

Bill glanced hurriedly over the waste ground between the firing line and supports.

"There's no bloomin' army there," he said, grimly; "wish to Gawd there was."

But in a moment he heard it – so did the others – the sound as of a great host advancing in their rear. Glances were cast over their shoulders, but the fire never slackened. There was no one there, and the Germans drew nearer.

Tramp, tramp, tramp….

It sounded on their ears through the roar of the shells and the rattle of the musketry, like the marching of ten thousand men, steady, rhythmical, coming nearer, nearer….

Tramp, tramp … like the surge of a great sea … and the clatter of hoofs, loud and fierce, the clatter of squadrons of horsemen….

Tramp, tramp … the unseen host drew closer, closer … over the British trench swept something like the rush of a mighty wind, whirling them from their feet on to the ground.

The Germans who had reached the parapet stood as if turned to stone. One man had time to fire his bullet at the subaltern … then the grey battalions turned and fled….

Tramp, tramp, tramp – and onward swept the unseen host….

"O, thank God! there he is," cried the subaltern, shot in the head, ere he fell back, "there he is – how like he is to the fellow on the reredos in the church at home – at home –"

As he fell back he pointed beyond their parapet, and those near him who heard him and followed his finger saw a great light, a radiant figure, something that flashed like a sword of flame – only for a moment – then nothing but the retreating Germans, rushing for the cover of their trenches.

"I 'ope I 'aven't tired you with my story, sirs," said the private when he finished, "but as you was good enough to speak to me, I thought you would like to 'ear it … goodnight, sirs."

He saluted and went out.

That man, snatched in some mysterious way from the mouth of death, believed that on his side that day had fought Gabriel the captain of the hosts of heaven, Michael the archangel, and all angels, with the powers and principalities of light had fought for him, and did smite and win the victory….

And I believe it too.

In Memoriam*

[The Fighting Years, 1914-1918]

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new.
Ring, happy bells, across the snow —
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

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 the want, the care, the sin,

* From *Winning a Cause* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

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 and foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

-Tennyson

In Flanders Field*

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 us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
  In Flanders fields.

-Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae

* From *Lest We Forget* by John Thompson and Inez Bigwood

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