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THE WAR IN VERSE AND PROSE

Between the hedges of the centuries  
A thousand phantom armies go and come,  
While Reason whispers as each marches past,  
"This is the last of wars—this is the last!"

—Lieut. Gilbert Waterhouse.

# THE WAR IN VERSE AND PROSE

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND  
ORIGINAL MATTER, BY

W. D. EATON



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## THE REASON FOR THIS BOOK



**E**MERGING from a long drawn nightmare of war, the world will take account of its recent past even while it looks to preparation for the future. The retrospect will disclose an amazing alchemy. We were living through great days—how great we could not know until they had passed away.

No epic has been written, nor is it likely any will be, for the war was its own epic; and there is no Homer to tell its story in one great song. The motive was too profound, the theme too vast. Homer's world was little.

But out of the fury that raged round our world came many voices, voices of lamentation, of home, of love and hope and loftiest aspiration, of romance, of comedy as well as tragedy. They had their inspiration from the tremendous vision of a world grappling with death; from the thoughts and emotions not of one people, but of all that were fighting the battle of humanism. Poets great and poets minor have expressed the purpose and spirit of the war in a passionate, personal way impossible to the historian. Their utterances, being sincere, have enduring appeal.

It would not be well were all these voices lost. Some of them are worth fixation in the records of

print, where they may be heard again at will; and that is the reason for this book.

It is a collection of writings that shows how poets as well as soldiers and statesmen had an earnest part in the great acts now done. It is in all tones save that of hatred; and each part in it was chosen because of its quality, its clear representation of one or other mode of mind. Now and in the coming years it should have deep value, especially to Americans, because it celebrates not only the valor of civilized man, but the spectacle of a mighty nation gone to war for an ideal, solidly, without one sordid thought, but with a high purpose to help set free and keep free all the nations of men that dwell upon the face of the earth.

In making the selections, both poetry and prose, availability for purposes of recitation has been considered. There is no better way to spread right thinking or words of beauty than by speech, especially in schools. It is hoped they will be effective in that use.

Readers will find many sidelights upon topics and personalities where they seemed to be necessary for better comprehension. These touches may commend themselves for their own sake.

W. D. EATON.

The Press Club,  
Chicago, November, 1918.

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# THE WAR IN VERSE AND PROSE

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## THE MARCH OF AMERICA

STANLEY WATERLOO

This poem was written in 1903, long before the war, long before the world had any thought of war. Stanley Waterloo had true prophetic vision. He made demonstration of it many times in print and private utterance. It is well that from the past, across his grave, his speech now, after those months of war, should remind all Americans that "Here the old strivings end, here all conditions blend, here is the blood of humanity one."

**M**ARCH, march, men of America!  
Resolute army to ease the world's fettering.

March, march, men of America!

Millions united to win the world's bettering.

Ours is a high estate, ours is a duty great,

Making the future, the hosts in one band;

Ours is a high estate, ours a great faith to keep;

This the arena vast—this is the land.

March, march, farmer and artisan.

Brothers with brothers, in peace or in war;

March, march, thinker and partisan;

Destiny calls and we follow our star.

Tramp, tramp, this is the later world;

Noble the heritage time has so brought to us;

Tramp, tramp, this is the greater world;

Who would be laggard now is but as naught to us.

Ours are the mountains and ours the fair meadow land,

Ours the blue spread of the sweet-water seas,

Ours the swift rivers' pride, ours are the harbors wide,

Ours the vast forests and far-stretching leas.

Tramp, tramp, mountain and valley come,  
Ocean to ocean reëchoes the call;  
Tramp, tramp, prompt to the rally come.  
We are the warders and guarders of all.

March, march, seeking the newer thing,  
All of the continent's manhood that's vigorous;  
March, march, seeking the truer thing,  
Stern to attain the aim, earnest and rigorous.  
Here the old strivings end, here all conditions blend,  
Here is the blood of humanity one;  
Here all the races melt, Saxon and Norse and Celt,  
Here is the best for humanity done.  
March, march, birth is a little thing.  
Weak are the legends which burden the past;  
March, march, creed is a brittle thing;  
Here is the lot of humanity cast.

Tramp, tramp, buoyant and glorious,  
Leading the swing of the world to sodality.  
Tramp, tramp, ever victorious,  
Changing the hope of the world to reality.  
Mark where Old Glory flies! Blue are the bending skies,  
Fair is the promise and certain the goal;  
God will award the fight; He will promote the right.  
Hark to the summons! It is the Long Roll!  
Tramp, tramp, easily, gallantly,  
This is America—here is the van!  
Tramp, tramp, jauntily, valiantly—  
March of the ages and march of the Man!

## THE LITTLE HOME PAPER

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

IN THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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THE little home paper comes to me,  
As badly printed as it can be;  
It's ungrammatical, cheap, absurd—  
Yet, how I love each intimate word!  
For here am I in the teeming town,  
Where the sad, mad people rush up and down,  
And it's good to get back to the old lost place,  
And gossip and smile for a little space.

The weather is hot; the corn crop's good;  
They've had a picnic in Sheldon's Wood.  
And Aunt Maria was sick last week;  
Ike Morrison's got a swollen cheek,  
And the Squire was hurt in a runaway—  
More shocked than bruised, I'm glad they say.  
Bert Wills—I used to play with him—  
Is working a farm with his Uncle Jim.

The Red Cross ladies gave a tea,  
And raised quite a bit. Old Sol MacPhee  
Has sold his house on Lincoln Road—  
He couldn't carry so big a load.  
The methodist minister's had a call  
From a wealthy parish near St. Paul.  
And old Herb Sweet is married at last—  
He was forty-two. How the years rush past!

But here's an item that makes me see  
What a puzzling riddle life can be.  
"Ed Stokes," it reads, "was killed in France  
When the Allies made their last advance."

Ed Stokes! That boy with the laughing eyes  
 As blue as the early-summer skies!  
 He wouldn't have killed a fly—and yet,  
 Without a murmur, without a regret,

He left the peace of our little place,  
 And went away with a light in his face;  
 For out in the world was a job to do,  
 And he wouldn't come home until it was through!  
 Four thousand miles from our tiny town  
 And its hardware store, this boy went down.  
 Such a quiet lad, such a simple chap—  
 But he's put East Dunkirk on the map!

## NO MAN'S LAND

CAPT. JAMES H. KNIGHT-ADKIN  
 IN THE SPECTATOR

NO Man's Land is an eerie sight  
 At early dawn in the pale gray light.  
 Never a house and never a hedge  
 In No Man's Land from edge to edge,  
 And never a living soul walks there  
 To taste the fresh of the morning air.  
 Only some lumps of rotting clay,  
 That were friends or foemen yesterday.

What are the bounds of No Man's Land?  
 You can see them clearly on either hand,  
 A mound of rag-bags gray in the sun,  
 Or a furrow of brown where the earthworks run  
 From the Eastern hills to the Western sea,  
 Through field or forest, o'er river and lea;  
 No man may pass them, but aim you well  
 And Death rides across on the bullet or shell.

But No Man's Land is a goblin sight  
When patrols crawl over at dead o' night;  
Boche or British, Belgian or French,  
You dice with death when you cross the trench.  
When the "rapid," like fire-flies in the dark,  
Flits down the parapet spark by spark,  
And you drop for cover to keep your head  
With your face on the breast of the four months' dead.

The man who ranges in No Man's Land  
Is dogged by the shadows on either hand  
When the star-shell's flare, as it bursts o'erhead,  
Scares the great gray rats that feed on the dead,  
And the bursting bomb or the bayonet-snatch  
May answer the click of your safety-catch.  
For the lone patrol, with his life in his hand,  
Is hunting for blood in No Man's Land.

## THE GOLD STAR

EDGAR A. GUEST

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**T**HE star upon their service flag has changed to gleaming gold;

It speaks no more of hope and life, as once it did of old,  
But splendidly it glistens now for every eye to see  
And softly whispers: "Here lived one who died for liberty.

"Here once he walked and played and laughed, here oft his smile was known;

Within these walls today are kept the toys he used to own.  
Now I am he who marched away and I am he who fell;  
Of service once I spoke, but now of sacrifice I tell.

“No richer home in all this land is there than this I grace,  
For here was cradled manhood fine; within this humble  
place

A soldier for the truth was born, and here, beside the  
door,

A mother sits and grieves for him who shall return no  
more.

“Salute me, stranger, as you pass! I mark a soldier who  
Gave up the joys of living here, to dare and die for you!  
This is the home that once he knew, who fought for you  
and fell;

This is a shrine of sacrifice, where faith and courage  
dwell.”

## WATCHIN' OUT FOR SUBS

U. A. L.

From Bert Leston Taylor's column, "A Line o' Type or Two,"  
IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

**B**OSUN'S whistle piping, "Starboard watch is on"  
Sleepy army officer, waked at crack o' dawn;  
In the forward crow's nest, watchin' out for subs;  
If they show a peeper, shoot the bloomin' tubs.

Ocean black and shiny, silly little moon;  
Transports fore and aft of us—daylight comin' soon;  
Sleeping troopers sprawling on the deck below;  
Something in the water makes the spindrift glow.

In the forward crow's nest—ah! the day is here!  
Transports and destroyers looming far and near.  
Ours the great adventure—gone is old romance!  
Wake, ye new Crusaders! Look!—the shores of  
France!

## FRENCH IN THE TRENCHES

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

IN THE SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT

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I HAVE a conversation book; I brought it out from home.

It tells you the French for knife and fork and likewise brush and comb;

It learns you how to ask the time, the names of all the stars,

And how to order oysters and how to buy cigars.

But there ain't no stores to buy in; there ain't no big hotels,

When you spend your time in dugouts doing a wholesale trade in shells;

It's nice to know the proper talk for theatres and such, But when it comes to talking, why, it doesn't help you much.

There's all them friendly kind o' things you'd naturally say

When you meet a feller casual like and pass the time o' day.

Them little things that breaks the ice and kind of clears the air.

But when you use your French book, why, them things isn't there.

I met a chap the other day a-rootin' in a trench.

He didn't know a word of ours, nor me a word of French;

And how we ever managed, well, I cannot understand,

But I never used my French book though I had it in my hand.

I winked at him to start with; he grinned from ear to ear;

An' he says, "Bong jour, Sammy," an' I says "Souvenir";

He took my only cigarette, I took his thin cigar,

Which set the ball a-rollin', and so—well, there you are!  
 I showed him next my wife and kids; he up and showed  
     me his,  
 Them funny little French kids with hair all in a frizz;  
 "Annetté," he says, "Louise," he says, and his tears begin  
     to fall;  
 We was comrades when we parted, though we'd hardly  
     spoke at all.

He'd have kissed me if I'd let him. We had never met  
     before,  
 And I've never seen the beggar since, for that's the way  
     of war;  
 And though we scarcely spoke a word, I wonder just the  
     same  
 If he'll ever see them kids of his—I never asked his name.

## LITANY

ALLENE GREGORY

IN HARRIET MONROE'S POETRY MAGAZINE

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**S**AINTE GENEVIEVE, whose sleepless watch  
     Saved threatened France of old,  
 Above the ship that carries him  
     Your sacred vigil hold.

Where all the fair green fields you loved  
     Are scarred with bursting shell,  
 Joan, the Maid who fought for France—  
     Oh, guard your young knight well.

But if by sea or if by land  
     God set death in his way—  
 Then, Mother of the Sacrificed,  
     Teach me what prayer to pray!



## RAGNAROK

## THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

IN THE BELLMAN, MINNEAPOLIS

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HO! Heimdal sounds the Gjallar-horn:  
The hosts of Hel rush forth  
And Fenris rages redly  
From his shackles in the North;  
Unleashed is Garm, and Lok is loosed,  
And freed is Giant Rime;  
The Rainbow-bridge is broken  
By the hordes of Muspelheim.  
The wild Valkyries ride the wind  
With spear and clanging shield  
Where all the Hates embattled  
Are met on Vigrid-field;  
For there shall fall the Mighty Ones  
By valiant men adored—  
Great Odin, Tyr the fearless,  
And Frey that sold his sword.  
And Thor shall slay the dragon  
Whose breath shall be his bane.  
The gods themselves shall perish;  
The sons of the gods shall reign!

Old Time shall sound the boding horn  
Again and yet again,  
To rouse the warring passions  
That swell the hearts of men.  
Revolt shall wake, and Anarchy,  
With all their horrid throng—  
Revenge, Destruction, Rapine,

The spawn of ancient Wrong,  
With all the hosts of slaughter  
That our own sins must breed—  
Cold Hate, Oppression's daughter,  
And Rage, the child of Greed.  
Then, though we stand to battle  
As men have ever stood,  
Down, down shall crash our temples,  
The Evil and the Good;  
Yea, all that now we cherish  
Must pass—but not in vain.  
The gods we love shall perish;  
The sons of the gods shall reign!

So, strong in faith, or weak in doubt,  
Or berserk-mad, we range  
Our spears in that long battle  
Which means not Death, but Change.  
Our highest with our lowest  
Must own the grim behest,  
And Good shall yield for Better—  
Else how should come the Best?  
Yet if we win our portion  
How dare we crave the whole?  
And if we still press forward,  
Why need we know the goal?  
But those whose hearts are constant  
And those whose souls are wise  
Have said that from our ashes  
A nobler race shall rise  
From shreds of shattered altars  
To rear the Perfect Fane.  
Our little gods must perish  
That God Himself shall reign!

## THE KID HAS GONE TO THE COLORS

WILLIAM HERSCHELL  
IN THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS

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THE Kid has gone to the Colors  
And we don't know what to say;  
The Kid we have loved and cuddled  
Stepped out for the Flag today.  
We thought him a child, a baby,  
With never a care at all,  
But his country called him man-size  
And the Kid has heard the call.

He paused to watch the recruiting  
Where, fired by the fife and drum,  
He bowed his head to Old Glory  
And thought that it whispered: "Come!"  
The Kid, not being a slacker,  
Stood forth with patriot-joy  
To add his name to the roster—  
And God, we're proud of the boy!

The Kid has gone to the Colors;  
It seems but a little while  
Since he drilled a schoolboy army  
In a truly martial style.  
But now he's a man, a soldier,  
And we lend him listening ear,  
For his heart is a heart all loyal,  
Unscourged by the curse of fear.

His dad, when he told him, shuddered,  
His mother—God bless her!—cried;  
Yet, blest with a mother-nature,

She wept with a mother-pride.  
 But he whose old shoulders straightened  
 Was Granddad—for memory ran  
 To years when he, too, a youngster,  
 Was changed by the Flag to a man!

## A SCRAP OF PAPER

HERBERT KAUFMAN

From Mr. Kaufman's book of poems, "The Hell-Gate of Soissons."  
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"Just for a word, 'neutrality' . . . just for a scrap of paper, Great Britain was going to make war."—The German Chancellor to the British Ambassador in Berlin.

JUST for a "scrap of paper,"  
 Just for a Nation's word,  
 Just for a clean tradition,  
 Just for a treaty slurred;  
 Just for a pledge defaulted,  
 Just for a dastard blow,  
 Just for an ally's summons,  
 Just for a friend struck low;  
 Just for the weal of progress,  
 Just for a trust held dear,  
 Just for the rights of mankind,  
 Just for a duty clear;  
 Just for a Prussian insult,  
 Just for a splendid cause,  
 Just for the hope of progress,  
 Just for the might of laws;  
 Just for the kingdom's peril,  
 Just for a deed of shame,  
 Just for defense of honor,  
 Just for the British name!

## WAR PROPHECY

## BIBLICAL, POETIC AND PROSE

MEN in all ages have accepted signs and omens, sometimes with caution, often with faith. If Prophecy be conceded genuine power as demonstrated in the Hebrew scriptures, it cannot be denied to ages other than theirs. It is explicable upon the understanding that time, being a figment of man to fit his own limits of comprehension, disappears when conscious intelligence pierces higher levels of perception and all becomes an everlasting Now. This being so, the future is disclosed as fixed, like the past; and prophecy shows itself as a property of natural law.

There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this. It is certain that vast calamities have troubled the souls of men long before they came to pass. Without stopping to argue the matter at large, it may be permissible to cite instances foreboding the present time, beginning with John in his Revelation of Jesus Christ. In that Revelation he prophesied the Battle of Armageddon.

The battle was given ostensibly as the symbol of the overthrow of Pagan Rome by force of arms. It comes into the Roman theme of Revelation thus:

“For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty.

“And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon.” (Revelation xvi, 14, 16.)

The battle is not described—probably it was too big for that—but its results are given:

“And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he

deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone." (Revelation xix, 20.)

Exegetes allow that the beast here is Cæsar, and the false prophet Paganism. The connection between the first paragraph and the second can be shown from the Greek text.

If the Roman application is right (and there is no reason for a contrary view), the battle of Armageddon appears to have been an affair of centuries, and to have included all the wars and all the battles that led to the dissolution of the empire.

St. John seems to have taken the name of Armageddon for a symbol because it had a battle history well known to the Jews. There, by the torrent of Kison, Barac defeated Sisera (Judges iv, 6-16). The kings came and fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach, by the waters of Megiddo (Judges v, 19). Jehu, King of Israel, fought with Ahaziah, King of Judah, who fled to Megiddo, and died there (II Kings, ix, 27). King Josiah was slain at Megiddo by Pharaoh-nechoh, King of Egypt (II Kings xxiii, 29).

The city of Megiddo stood in the plain of Esdraelon, somewhere near the river Kison ("the waters of Megiddo"). It was a very old place, said to have been besieged by Thothmes III eighteen centuries B. C.

In the face of its relation to Rome the prophecy has for about five hundred years been accepted by Christendom as unfulfilled, awaiting a last conflict between the powers of earth. Every approach to a great war has been accompanied by tremors of expectation among the righteous, who saw in it the shadow of Armageddon cast before.

The idea of a millennium has been bound up with it, for later in the Revelation (xx, 2-3) we are told that

“He laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, “And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season.”

A comforting assurance to this vexed world, but very bad for Germany's recent kaiser, who is welcome to such comfort as he may find in the indeterminate parol indicated by the rather grudging clause at the close.

For if the prophecy did not exactly fit Cæsar and the false prophet Paganism, it does in every particular fit the case of the kaiser and the false prophet Kultur, that “wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast and them that worshipped his image.”

Prophecy and poetry are akin, both being of pure inspiration, differing only in degree. All prophets may not be poets; but all poets are prophets in one or another way, sometimes in ways quite open and direct.

Prophecy relating to a final tempest of war was not peculiar to St. John, nor local to Patmos. Men of imagination, writers for the most part, have often glimpsed such a tempest as sure to come. Some have seen it vaguely, some clearly—as lightning on a summer night may split the dark and for a flaming instant show a vivid picture. Thus Tennyson in a rapt moment

“ . . . dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that  
would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic  
 sails;  
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly  
 bales;  
 Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a  
 ghastly dew  
 From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central  
 blue;  
 Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind  
 rushing warm,  
 With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the  
 thunder-storm;  
 Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags  
 were furl'd  
 In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

And to others came voices, as to Whitman, listening  
 in his solitude to a ghostly Trumpeter:

“**A** SHUDDERING hum like distant thunder rolls.  
 Lo, where the armed men hasten—lo, 'mid the  
 clouds of dust the glint of bayonets.  
 I see the grime-faced cannoneers, I mark the rosy flush  
 amid the smoke, I hear the crackling of the guns;  
 Nor war alone—thy fearful music-song, wild player,  
 brings every sight of fear,  
 The deeds of ruthless brigands, rapine, murder—I hear  
 the cries for help!  
 I see ships foundering at sea, I behold on deck and below  
 deck the terrible tableaux.

“O trumpeter, methinks I am myself the instrument thou  
 playest.



Thou melt'st my heart, my brain—thou movest, drawest,  
    changest them at will;  
And now thy sullen notes send darkness through me.  
Thou takest away all cheering light, all hope.

I see the enslaved, the overthrown, the hurt, the opprest  
    of the whole earth.

I feel the measureless shame and humiliation of my race,  
    it becomes all mine.

Mine too, the revenges of humanity, the wrongs of ages,  
    baffled feuds and hatred.

Utter defeat upon me weighs—all lost—the foe victorious.  
(Yet 'mid the ruin Pride colossal stands unshaken to the  
    last,

Endurance, resolution to the last.)

“O glad, exulting, culminating song!

A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes.

Marches of victory—man disenthralled—the conqueror at  
    last!

Hymns to the universal God from universal man—all joy!

A reborn race appears—a perfect world, all joy!

Riotous bacchanals filled with joy!

War, sorrow, suffering, gone—the rank earth purged—  
    nothing but joy left!

The ocean filled with joy—the atmosphere all joy!

Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy in the ecstasy of  
    life!

Enough to merely be! Enough to breathe!”

Jules Verne, prophet and prose poet, projected into the world's mind the first submarine, and gave it a fancied voyage of twenty thousand leagues under the sea, long before Holland, our American inventor, made the working model from which came all those various forms of

submarine vessels that figured so largely in the war. Verne also, in his "Experiment of Doctor Ox," brought deadly gases into warfare. That book was published in the eighteen-seventies.

Mother Shipton was not the first to see ships sailing the sky. The germ of that idea is found in Greek mythology. It did not take palpable form until Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institution made and flew the first heavier-than-air machine. The accident that destroyed the machine and the ridicule that most unjustly followed were too much for Langley. He died of a broken heart. The Wright brothers approached the problem from a different direction, so that practical aviation may be dated from their production of a gas motor of low weight and high power. Their first flight in a power machine was the beginning of Tennyson's "airy navies, grappling in the central blue."

Yet an old fellow, Owen Cambridge, in 1751 (a hundred and sixty-seven years ago), described an air contest between a Briton and a German, in most essentials like many such things that were going on every day, just a little while ago.

LET brisker youths their active nerves prepare  
 Fit their light silken wings and skim the buxom air.  
 Mov'd by my words, two youths of equal fire  
 Spring from the crowd and to the prize aspire.  
 The one a German of distinguish'd fame;  
 His rival from projecting Britain came.  
 They spread their wings and with a rising bound  
 Swift at the word together quit the ground.  
 The Briton's rapid flight outstrips the wind;  
 The lab'ring German urges close behind.  
 As some light bark, pursu'd by ships of force,

Stretches each sail to swell her swifter course,  
The nimble Briton from his rival flies  
And soars on bolder pinions to the skies.  
Sudden the string which bound his plumage broke:  
His naked arms in yielding air he shook:  
His naked arms no more support his weight,  
But fail him sinking from his airy height.  
Yet as he falls, so chance or fate decreed,  
His rival near him urg'd his wingéd speed.  
Not unobserv'd (despair suggests a thought),  
Fast by the foot the heedless youth he caught  
And drew th' insulting victor to the ground;  
While rocks and woods with loud applause resound.

Technically, Cambridge was a little off, but not so far, either, when you remember that his data were drawn from his fancy. When he had a Briton and a German go to it in the air with the decision in favor of the Briton, he rang the bell—prophetically speaking.

In the same poem Cambridge had a submersible:

**A** BARK emergent rose: with oars well tim'd;  
Cut the smooth wave, and o'er the surface skim'd,  
Then sunk again, but still her course pursu'd.  
Clear was the stream and all beneath we view'd.

Not much like Holland's self-contained vessel, but a pretty good shot, considering the time of writing. The poem was called "Scriblerius." Its hero was Martinus Scriblerius, Pope's satirical creation, who read everything but learned nothing.

Back of Cambridge, away back as far as the middle of the fifteenth century, Giambatesta Dunte, a mathematician, invented a set of artificial wings and with them made a flight over Lake Thrasemene. Afterward he went to

Russia and gave an exhibition which terminated his aviatory career, for an iron joint in one of the wings gave way while he was up, and he fell on the roof of a church, breaking a leg. He returned to Italy and obscurity and mathematics, at Venice. His case is well attested, for he had become widely known as "The Second Daedalus." A prophet in act, though not in words.

Walter Besant in a book published over forty years ago—*St. Katherine's by the Tower*—wrote a review of Napoleon's wars that could be taken as from a "young man" looking back over our war. In effect it was a prophecy, for the broadest survey of those wars would show no such desolation as the desolation wrought by this one.

"Our young men," he said, "have witnessed a gigantic war—a war which covered the whole of Europe—all the continent; which destroyed millions of men, overturned the proudest monarchies and the most solid institutions. It has been a war the like of which has never before been seen in the history of the world, and its consequences I verily believe will never end in the remaining history of the world." Transpose dates and you have an advance description squarely entitled to prophetic classification.

About thirty years back, a prominent New York publishing house issued a book called *Beitigheim*, a story of an imagined war in Europe in which England, France, Italy and the United States are allied against Germany, Austria and Russia, a tremendous conflict, in which America, in a four days' battle at *Beitigheim*, in Germany, decisively defeats Germany and puts an end to German imperialism—for all time. The Russian alignment may not turn out so asymmetric as it seems now; but otherwise, and in many minor features, the forecast is remarkably accurate.

About fifteen years ago H. G. Wells wrote a story that appeared in *The Strand* magazine (London) in which the now familiar battle tank was described about as well as any good writer could describe one now, after an inspection. In a war between Great Britain and Germany (the Germans are not called so directly, but they are not to be mistaken) a British army, perfect in every way, is made helpless and thoroughly beaten by monster machines, armor protected, that come lumbering along, blazing away with heavy guns, rolling over the regiments with no more trouble than though they had been so much standing wheat, and paying not the slightest attention to any form of assault. When it is all over the machines stop, doors open at their sides, and from these doors emerge not soldiers, but professional looking men wearing spectacles and oilstained overalls, who leisurely eat sandwiches while they make notes and compare computations. Mr. Wells is a bit of a prophet anyway, as everyone knows. In this case he has been absolutely borne out with the sole yet transcendently happy difference that the Germans, not the British, take the licking.

Is it impossible that thought may diffuse itself in some etheric plane and somewhere find lodgment in a human brain and set in action there a train of newer thoughts from which fresh marvels may ensue? People have a way of saying "the thing's in the air." Maybe the saying is truer than they wot.

For experience has shown that when a new great thing is due to come into the world many minds, each unaware of the others, minds separated by wide distances, are found trying to give it form. Out of these separated

gropings comes eventually a form that will work. This is especially true of mechanical inventions. May not prophecy by subtle modes of its own cause its own fulfillment? Is it to consider too curiously to consider so, at least in things mechanical? The other and higher forms of prophecy would not be touched at all by such consideration.

And the one higher prophet of later days was Count Tolstoi.

Count Tolstoi died some time before the war. About a year before his death, the Czar requested his views upon the European situation as it then was, and the probable course of world events. By way of answer Tolstoi went into what spiritists would call a trance—a state of self-induced hypnosis; and in that state delivered a prophecy. A young woman, a member of the family, took down what he said, as he said it. Not long after, but while he still lived, it was made public and attracted wide though cynically amused attention. Then it dropped out of sight and did not reappear until after the invasion of Belgium. Here is a translation in full:

“This is a Revelation of events of a Universal character which must shortly come to pass:

“Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude Woman. She is, with her beauty, poise, her smile, her jewels, a super-Venus. Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially. But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts

with all. In her Crown of diamonds and rubies is engraved her name, 'Commercialism.' As alluring and bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character like gold, and her look of greed are so much poison to the Nations who fall victims to her charms.

"And behold, she has three gigantic arms with three torches of universal corruption in her hands. The first torch represents the flame of War, that the beautiful courtesan carries from city to city and country to country. Patriotism answers with flashes of honest flame, but the end is a roar of guns and murderous explosives which destroy the countries and slaughter the patriots.

"The second torch bears the flame of Bigotry and Hypocrisy. It lights the lamps only in Temples and on the altars of sacred institutions. It carries the seed of Falsity and Fanaticism. It kindles the Minds that are still in cradles and follows them to their graves.

"The third torch is that of the Law, that dangerous foundation of all unauthentic traditions, which first does its fatal work in the Family, then sweeps through the larger world of Literature, Art and Statesmanship.

"The great Conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of South-eastern Europe. It will develop into a destruction and calamity in 1914. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations from huge battlefields. But after 1915 a great Napoleonic Leader enters upon the stage of the bloody Drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain until 1925.

“The end of the great calamity will mark a new political era for the Old World. There will be left no empires or kingdoms, but the world will form a Federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only four great giants—the Anglo-Saxon, the Latins, the Slavs and the Mongolians.

“After the year 1925 I see a change in religious sentiment. The second torch of the Courtesan has brought about the fall of the Church. The Ethical idea has almost vanished. Humanity is without moral feeling. Then shall come a great Reformer. He will clear the World of the relics of Monotheism and lay the cornerstone of the Temple of Pantheism. God, Soul, Spirit and Immortality will be molten in a new regenerating furnace, the peaceful beginning of an ethical era! The Man destined for this mission is a Mongolian Slav. He is already walking the Earth—a man of active affairs. He himself does not now realize the mission assigned to him by Superior Powers.

“And, behold, I see the Law, the third torch, which has already begun to destroy the Family relations, our standards of Art and Morals. The relation between Woman and Man is accepted as a prosaic Partnership of the Sexes. Art has become Realistic Degeneracy. Political and religious disturbances have shaken the Spiritual foundations of all Nations.

“Only small spots here and there have remained untouched by those Three destructive flames. The anti-National Wars in Europe, the Class War of America and the Race Wars in Asia have strangled Progress for half a century. In the year 1950, I see a heroine of Literature and Art rising from the ranks of the Latins and Persians—the languorous World—Tedious and plebeian.



"It is the light of Symbolism that shall outshine the light of the torches of the Siren, 'Commercialism.' In place of Polygamy and Monogamy of today, there will come a 'Poet-ogamy,' relations of the Sexes based fundamentally on the poetic conceptions of life. And I see the Nations growing larger and realizing that the alluring Woman of their destiny is after all but an illusion.

"There will come a time when the World will have no use for armies, hypocritical Religions, and degenerate Art.

"Life is Evolution, and Evolution is development from the simple to the sublimer forms of Mind and Body. I see the passing show of the World-Drama, in its present form, as it fades like the glow of evening upon the mountains. One motion of the hand of Commercialism and a new history begins."

That is big writing, broad in the sense of literary art, and in every way impressive. It has been justified by events thus far: The Balkan War of 1912 led up to the shattering explosion of 1914. "All Europe" was "in flames," a thing undreamable at the time of foretelling, unrealized until it had come; and even then inadequately. The new man who is to be master of Europe has not yet been identified, if he exists at all—but he was not to come until "after 1915."

It is unnecessary to accept or reject the Messianic passage, but it derives significance from the fact that all the great message bearers within our scope of history rose in the orient. Moses, Zarathrusta, Confucius, Gautama, Jesus, Mohammed, were orientals.

In things of the spirit, the western world has given us no Messiah, but many prophets, all false, all meretricious. Christianity has reached such a pass as that in which John Baptist cried that unless God spake again, religion

must die. Through the night that has covered us we approach a new dawn, a herald of gentler days. If that dawn break and that herald rise in the East, who shall wonder? Let us wait, our faces turned that way—and hope.

## THE OLD TOP SERGEANT

BERTON BRALEY

From Mr. Braley's book, "In Camp and Trench," published and copyright, 1918, by George H. Doran Company, New York. Special permission to reproduce in this book.

"Shavetail" is a name applied by enlisted men in the regular army to lieutenants fresh from West Point.

TWENTY years of the army, of drawing a sergeant's  
 pay  
 And helping the West Point shavetails, fresh from the  
 training school,  
 To handle a bunch of soldiers and drill 'em the proper  
 way  
 (Which isn't always exactly according to book and  
 rule).  
 I've seen 'em rise to Captains and Majors and Colonels,  
 too,  
 And me still only a sergeant, the same as I used to be,  
 And I knew that some of them didn't know as much as  
 a sergeant knew,  
 But I stuck to my daily duty—there wasn't a growl  
 from me.

Twenty years of the army,  
 Serving in peace and war,  
 Standing the drill of the army mill,  
 For that's what they paid me for.

Twenty years with the army, which wasn't so much for  
size,  
But man for man I'd back it to lick any troops on  
earth.  
'Twas a proud little classy army, as good as the flag it  
flies,  
And it takes an old top sergeant to know what the  
flag is worth.  
Then—a shot at Sarejevo, and hell burst over there  
And the kaiser dragged us in it, and the bill for the  
draft was passed  
And—they handed me my commission, and some shoulder  
straps to wear,  
And the crazy dream of my rooky days had changed  
to a fact at last.

Twenty years with the army,  
And it's great to know they call  
On the guys like me for what will be  
The mightiest job of all.

Twenty years of the army, of doing what shavetails bid,  
And I know I haven't the polish that fellows like that  
will show,  
And I hold a high opinion of the brains of a West Point  
kid,  
But I think I can make him hustle when it comes to  
the work I know.  
But who cares where we come from, Plattsburg, ranks,  
or the Guard,  
This isn't a pink tea-party, but a War to be fought  
and won;  
There's a serious job before us, a job that is huge and  
hard,

And the social register don't count until we've got it done!

Twenty years in the army,  
 And now I've got my chance.  
 Have I earned my straps? Well, you watch the chaps  
 That I've trained for the game in France!

## FLAG EVERLASTING

A. G. RIDDOCH

FLAG of our Faith: lead on—  
 Across the sand-blown plain,  
 The deep and trackless main,  
 When duty's trumpets blow,  
 Where frowns the freeman's foe,  
 And right crushed to the sod  
 Lifts soul to righteous God.  
 Flag of our Faith: lead on—

Flag of our Hope: lead on—  
 When stormy clouds hang low  
 And chilling north-winds blow  
 And days are long and drear.  
 When nights breed grief and fear;  
 A rainbow lights the sky  
 Whene'er its colors fly.  
 Flag of our Hope: lead on—

Flag of our Love: lead on—  
 In loyal hearts supreme,  
 Fairer than love's first dream,  
 Our first choice and our last,  
 Brightened by every blast.  
 Oh, emblem pure and sweet,

Thou can'st not know defeat.  
Flag of our Love: lead on—

Flag of our Home: lead on—  
Beneath thy folds we rest,  
We live and love our best,  
The fairest roses blow,  
The richest harvests grow,  
And care-free children play  
And gladden every day.  
Flag of our Home: lead on—

L'ENVOI—

Flag of our Faith, our Hope, our Love,  
Flag of our Home, wave on above.  
We'll live, we'll fight, we'll die for you—  
Flag Everlasting, Red, White and Blue.

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY IN FRANCE

GEORGE M. MAYO

HERE'S to the Blue of the wind-swept North,  
When we meet on the fields of France;  
May the spirit of Grant be with you all  
As the sons of the North advance.

And here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South,  
When we meet on the fields of France;  
May the spirit of Lee be with you all  
As the sons of the South advance.

And here's to the Blue and the Gray as one,  
When we meet on the fields of France;  
May the spirit of God be with us all  
As the sons of the Flag advance.

## A LITTLE TOWN IN SENEGAL

WILL THOMPSON

IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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I HEAR the throbbing music down the lanes of Afric  
rain:

The Afric spring is breaking, down in Senegal again.

O little town in Senegal, amid the clustered gums,

Where are your sturdy village lads, who one time danced  
to drums?

At Soissons, by a fountain wall, they sang their melodies;  
And some now lie in Flemish fields, beside the northern  
seas;

And some tonight are camped and still, along the Marne  
and Aisne;

And some are dreaming of the palms that bend in Afric  
rain.

The music of the barracks half awakes them from their  
dream;

They smile and sink back sleepily along the Flemish  
stream.

They dream the baobab's white buds have opened over-  
night;

They dream they see the solemn cranes that bask in morn-  
ing light.

I hear the great drums beating in the square across the  
plain.

Where are the tillers of the soil, the gallant, loyal train?

O little town in Senegal, amid the white-bud trees,

At Soissons, in Picardy, went north the last of these!

## A LITTLE GRIMY-FINGERED GIRL

LEE WILSON DODD  
IN THE OUTLOOK

Permission to reproduce in this book

In sending his permission to use this sharp flash of the spirit of France, Mr. Dodd wrote: "It may interest you to know that the little grimy-fingered girl is real, and that I bought 'L'Intrans' from her every evening for many months during the dark days of last spring in Paris." The spring referred to being that of 1918, when the Germans were only a few miles from the city.

A LITTLE grimy-fingered girl  
In stringy black and broken shoes  
Stands where sharp human eddies whirl  
And offers—*news*:  
News from the front. "‘*L’Intransigeant*,  
*M’sieu, comme d’ordinaire?*” Her smile  
Is friendly though her face is gaunt;  
There is no guile,  
No mere mechanic flash of teeth,  
No calculating leer of glance . . .  
You wear your courage like a wreath,  
Daughter of France.  
Back of old sorrow in tired eyes  
Back of endurance, through the night  
That wearies you and makes you wise,  
I see a light  
Unshaken, proud, that does not pale,  
—And you are nobody, my dear;  
“*Une vraie gamine,*” who does not quail,  
Who knows not fear.  
Rattle your sabers, Lords of Hate,  
Ye shall not force them to their knees!  
A street-girl scorns your God, your State—  
The least of these. . . .

Place du Théâtre Français,  
Paris, February, 1918.

## SOLDIERS OF THE SOIL

EVERARD JACK APPLETON

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IT'S a high-falutin' title they have handed us;  
 It's very complimentary and grand;  
 But a year or so ago they called us "hicks," you know—  
 An' joshed the farmer and his hired hand!

Now it's, "Save the country, Farmer!  
 Be a soldier of the soil!  
 Show your patriotism, pardner,  
 By your never ending toil."  
 So we're croppin' more than ever,  
 An' we're speedin' up the farm.  
 Oh, it's great to be a soldier—  
 A sweatin' sun-burnt soldier,—  
 A soldier in the furrows—  
 Away from "war's alarm!"

While fightin' blight and blister,  
 We hardly get a chance  
 To read about our "comrades"  
 A-doin' things in France.  
 To raise the grub to feed 'em  
 Is some job, believe me—plus!  
 And I ain't so sure a soldier—  
 A shootin', scrappin' soldier,  
 That's livin' close to dyin'—  
 Ain't got the best of us!

But we'll harrer and we'll harvest,  
 An' we'll meet this new demand  
 Like the farmers always meet it—



The farmers—and the land.  
An' we hope, when it is over  
An' this war has gone to seed,  
You will know us soldiers better—  
Th' sweatin', reapin' soldiers,  
Th' soldiers that have hustled  
To raise th' grub you need!

It's a mighty fine title you have given us,  
A name that sounds too fine to really stick;  
But maybe you'll forget (when you figure out your debt)  
To call th' man who works a farm a "hick."

## THE CROSS AND THE FLAG

CARDINAL WILLIAM HENRY O'CONNELL  
IN THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL JOURNAL

**H**AIL, banner of our holy faith,  
Redemption's sacred sign,  
Sweet emblem thou of heavenly hope  
And of all help divine,  
We bare our heads in reverence  
As o'er us is unfurled  
The standard of the Cross of Christ  
Whose blood redeemed the world.

Hail, banner of our native land,  
Great ensign of the free,  
We love thy glorious Stars and Stripes,  
Emblem of liberty;  
Lift high the cross, unfurl the flag;  
May they forever stand  
United in our hearts and hopes,  
God and our native land.

## THE ROAD TO FRANCE

DANIEL M. HENDERSON

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The 1917 prize of the National Arts Club of New York was awarded to Mr. Henderson's poem. It was chosen out of more than four thousand that were submitted.

THANK God, our liberating lance  
 Goes flaming on the way to France!  
 To France—the trail the Gurkhas found;  
 To France—old England's rallying-ground!  
 To France—the path the Russians strode!  
 To France—the Anzacs' glory road!  
 To France—where our Lost Legion ran  
 To fight and die for God and man!  
 To France—with every race and breed  
 That hates Oppression's brutal creed!

Ah, France, how could our hearts forget  
 The path by which came Lafayette?  
 How could the haze of doubt hang low  
 Upon the road of Rochambeau?  
 How was it that we missed the way  
 Brave Joffre leads us along today?  
 At last, thank God! At last, we see  
 There is no tribal Liberty!  
 No beacon lighting just our shores,  
 No Freedom guarding but our doors.  
 The flame she kindled for our sires  
 Burns now in Europe's battle-fires.  
 The soul that led our fathers west  
 Turns back to free the world's opprest.

Allies, you have not called in vain;  
 We share your conflict and your pain.  
 "Old Glory," through new stains and rents,  
 Partakes of Freedom's sacraments.

Into that hell his will creates  
We drive the foe—his lusts, his hates.  
Last come, we will be last to stay,  
Till Right has had her crowning day.  
Replenish, comrades, from our veins  
The blood the sword of despot drains,  
And make our eager sacrifice  
Part of the freely rendered price  
You pay to lift humanity—  
You pay to make our brothers free.  
See, with what proud hearts we advance  
To France!

## NAZARETH

“L”

IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

On the capture of the city by the British under General Allenby,  
September 21, 1918.

**A**CROSS the sands by Mary's well  
Along the shores of Galilee,  
The paths are pitted deep with shell  
And drab with marching infantry.

Perhaps upon the self-same spot  
Where He first lifted His head,  
In cellar straw and manger cot,  
Now Freedom's hosts are billeted.

Then 'twas a life—now myriad death.  
The Allied troops win Nazareth.

## THE CRIMSON CROSS

ELIZABETH BROWN DU BRIDGE  
IN THE DAILY NEWS, SAULT STE. MARIE

OUTSIDE the ancient city's gate  
Upon Golgotha's crest  
Three crosses stretched their empty arms,  
Etched dark against the west.  
And blood from nail-pierced hands and feet  
And tortured thorn-crowned head  
And thrust of hatred's savage spear  
Had stained one dark cross red.  
Emblem of shame and pain and death  
It stood beside the way,  
But sign of love and hope and life  
We lift it high today.

Where horror grips the stoutest heart,  
Where bursting shells shriek high,  
Where human bodies shrapnel scourged  
By thousands suffering lie;  
Threading the shambles of despair,  
Mid agony and strife,  
Come fleetest messengers who wear  
The crimson cross of life.  
To friend and foe alike they give  
Their strength and healing skill,  
For those who wear the crimson cross  
Must "do the Master's will."

Can we, so safely sheltered here,  
Refuse to do our part?  
When some who wear the crimson cross  
Are giving life and heart  
To succor those who bear our flag,

Who die that we may live—  
Shall we accept their sacrifice  
And then refuse to give?  
Ah, no! Our debt to God and man  
We can, we will fulfill,  
For we, who wear the crimson cross,  
Must "do the Master's will."

## PIERROT GOES

CHARLOTTE BECKER

IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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UP among the chimneys tall  
Lay the garret of Pierrot.  
Here came trooping to his call  
Fancies no one else might know;  
Here he bade the spiders spin  
Webs to hide his treasure in.

Here he heard the night wind croon  
Slumber-songs for sleepyheads;  
Here he spied the spendthrift moon  
Strew her silver on the leads;  
Here he wove a coronet  
Of quaint lyrics for Pierrette.

But the bugles blew him down  
To the fields with war beset;  
Marched him past the quiet town,  
Past the window of Pierrette;  
Comrade now of sword and lance,  
Pierrot gave his dreams to France.

## A SERBIAN EPITAPH

V. STANIMIROVIC

After the retreat of the Serbian Army across the mountains of Albania in 1915, the survivors who reached the coast were shipped to Corfu. Here, and in the neighboring island of Vido, many of them died—to begin with, at the rate of hundreds a day. Some of them were buried at sea. Others lie in common graves. In the midst of the mounds which mark their resting-place, and which vary in size, there stands a cross. On it is a Serbian inscription, written by the poet, V. Stanimirovic, and translated for the London Westminster Gazette by Mr. L. F. Waring:

NEVER a Serbian flower shall bloom  
 In exile on our far-off tomb.  
 Our little ones shall watch in vain:  
 Tell them we shall not come again.

Yet greet for us our fatherland,  
 And kiss for us her sacred strand.  
 These mounds shall tell the years to be  
 Of men who died to make her free.

## THE NIGHTINGALES OF FLANDERS

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING  
 IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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"Le rossignol n'est pas mobilise."—A French Soldier

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

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

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

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

## TO THE HUN

GEORGE STERLING

From Mr. Sterling's book of poems "The Binding of the Beast."  
Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. Special permission to  
reproduce in this book.

**N**OT for the love of conquest do we blame  
Thy monstrous armies, nor the blinded rage  
That holds thee traitor to this gentler age,  
Nor yet for cities given to the flame;  
For changing Europe finds thy heart the same  
And as of old thy bestial heritage.  
The Light is not for thee. The war we wage  
Is less on thee than on thy deathless shame.  
Lo! this is thy betrayal—that we know,  
Gazing on thee, how far Man's footsteps stray  
From the pure heights of love and brotherhood—  
How deep in undelivered night we go—  
How long on bitter paths we shall delay,  
Held by thy bruteship from the Gates of Good.

## PERSHING AT THE TOMB OF LAFAYETTE

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

From Amelia Josephine Burr's book of poems, "The Silver Trumpet." Published and copyright, 1918, by George H. Doran Company, New York. Special permission to reproduce in this book.

THEY knew they were fighting our war. As the months  
grew to years  
Their men and their women had watched through their  
blood and their tears  
For a sign that we knew, we who could not have come  
to be free  
Without France, long ago. And at last from the threat-  
ening sea  
The stars of our strength on the eyes of their weariness  
rose  
And he stood among them, the sorrow-strong hero we  
chose  
To carry our flag to the tomb of that Frenchman whose  
name  
A man of our country could once more pronounce without  
shame.  
What crown of rich words would he set for all time on  
this day?  
The past and the future were listening what he would  
say—  
Only this, from the white-flaming heart of a passion  
austere,  
Only this—ah, but France understood! "Lafayette, we  
are here."



## TRAINS

LIEUT. JOHN PIERRE ROCHE

From Lieutenant Roche's book of poems, "Rimes in Olive Drab." Robert M. McBride & Company, Publishers, New York. Copyright, 1918. Special permission to insert in this book.

Lieutenant Roche has deftly caught and preserved in words the strange vision of unannounced trains that flash now and then past towns and villages bearing American troops from unknown camps to unknown ports of embarkation—the flash of faces of men about whom it is known only that they came from the shops and fields of home and are going across the seas to fight somewhere, for those who stand and gaze as they whirl by. The mystery, the roar of wheels, the eddying dust and the silence that follows infuse these lines with picture and sound that will stay in the minds of any who have seen such trains go hurrying away.

OVER thousands of miles  
Of shining steel rails,  
Past green and red semaphores  
And unheeding flagmen,  
Trains are running,  
Trains, trains, trains.

Rattling through tunnels  
And clicking by way stations,  
Curving through hills, past timber,  
Out into the open places,  
Flashing past silos and barns  
And whole villages,  
Until finally they echo  
Against the squat factories  
That line the approach to the cities.

Trains, trains, trains  
With the fire boxes wide open,  
Giant Moguls and old-time Baldwins  
And oil-burners on the Southern Pacific,  
Fire boxes wide open  
Flaring against the night,  
Like a tremendous watch fire

Where the sentries cluster at their post.  
Trains, trains, trains  
Serpentine strings of cars  
Loaded with boys and men—  
The legion of the ten-year span  
To whom has been given the task  
Of seeking the Great Adventure.

Swaying through the North and South,  
And East and West,  
Freighted with the Willing  
And the Unwilling;  
Packed with the Thinking  
And the Unthinking,  
Pushing on to the Unknown  
Away from the shelter and security  
Of the accustomed into the Great Adventure.

Trains, trains, trains  
With their coach sides scrawled  
With chalked bravado and, sometimes,  
With their windows black  
With yelling boys,  
In open-mouthed exultation  
That they do not feel,  
Rushing farther and farther  
From the known into the unseeable.

Trains, trains, trains  
With sky-larking boys in khaki,  
Munching sandwiches and drinking pop;  
Or, tired and without their depot swagger,  
Curled up on the red-plush seats;  
Or asleep, with a stranger, in the Pullmans.

They rush past our camp,  
Which lies against the railroad,  
With the crossing alarm jangling caution,  
And fade into the dust or night.  
Leaving us to conjecture where,  
As they have left others to wonder—  
As they must wonder themselves  
When they are done  
With the shouting and hand-shaking  
And kissing and hat-waving and singing.

Trains, trains, trains  
Clicking on into unforecast days—  
Away from the shelter and security  
Of the accustomed into the Great Adventure.

## CHRIST IN FLANDERS

L. W.

IN THE SPECTATOR

WE had forgotten You, or very nearly—  
You did not seem to touch us very nearly—  
Of course we thought about You now and then;  
Especially in any time of trouble—  
We knew that You were good in time of trouble—  
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—  
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—  
His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;  
And so we only thought of You on Sunday—  
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—  
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in the street or lane or byway—  
In country lane, in city street, or byway—

You walked among us, and we did not see.  
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—  
How *did* we miss Your Footprints on our pavements?—  
Can there be other folk as blind as we?

*Now* we remember; over here in Flanders—  
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—  
This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.  
We never thought about You much in England—  
But now that we are far away from England—  
We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—  
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—  
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.  
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—  
We're glad to think You understand our weakness—  
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—  
Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden—  
We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.  
If anything could make us glad to bear it—  
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it—  
Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You—You will not forget us—  
We feel so sure that You will not forget us—  
But stay with us until this dream is past.  
And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon—  
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—  
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

## AN AMERICAN CREED

EVERARD JACK APPLETON

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STRAIGHT thinking,  
 Straight talking,  
 Straight doing,  
 And a firm belief in the might of right.

Patience linked with patriotism,  
 Justice added to kindliness,  
 Uncompromising devotion to this country,  
 And active, not passive, Americanism.

To talk less, to mean more,  
 To complain less, to accomplish more,  
 And to so live that every one of us is ready to look  
 Eternity in the face at any moment, and be unafraid!

## RUNNER McGEE

(WHO HAD "RETURN IF POSSIBLE" ORDERS.)

EDGAR A. GUEST

From Edgar A. Guest's book of war time rhymes, entitled "Over Here." Published and copyright, 1918, by The Reilly & Britton Company, Chicago. Special permission to insert in this book.

YOU'VE heard a good deal of the telephone wires,"  
 He said as we sat at our ease,  
 And talked of the struggle that's taking men's lives  
 In these terrible days o'er the seas,  
 "But I've been through the thick of the thing  
 And I know when a battle's begun  
 It isn't the 'phone you depend on for help.  
 It's the legs of a boy who can run.

"It isn't because of the 'phone that I'm here.

Today you are talking to me  
Because of the grit and the pluck of a boy.

His title was Runner McGee.  
We were up to our dead line an' fighting alone;  
Some plan had miscarried, I guess,  
And the help we were promised had failed to arrive.  
We were showing all signs of distress.

"Our curtain of fire was ahead of us still,  
An' theirs was behind us an' thick,  
An' there wasn't a thing we could do for ourselves—  
The few of us left had to stick.  
You haven't much chance to get central an' talk  
On the 'phone to the music of guns;  
Gettin' word to the chief is a matter right then  
That is up to the fellow who runs.

"I'd sent four of 'em back with the R. I. P. sign,  
Which means to return if you can,  
But none of 'em got through the curtain of fire;  
My hurry call died with the man.  
Then Runner McGee said he'd try to get through.  
I hated to order the kid  
On his mission of death; thought he'd never get by,  
But somehow or other he did.

"Yes, he's dead. Died an hour after bringing us word  
That the chief was aware of our plight,  
An' for us to hang onto the ditch that we held;  
The reserves would relieve us at night.  
Then we stuck to our trench an' we stuck to our guns;  
You know how you'll fight when you know  
That new strength is coming to fill up the gaps.  
There's heart in the force of your blow.

"It wasn't till later I got all the facts.  
They wanted McGee to remain.  
They begged him to stay. He had cheated death once,  
An' was foolish to try it again.  
'R. I. P. are my orders,' he answered them all,  
'An' back to the boys I must go;  
Four of us died comin' out with the news.  
It will help them to know that you know.'"

## THE SOLDIER'S FOLKS AT HOME

FROM THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

WE often sit upon the porch on sultry August nights,  
When fireflies out upon the lawn are soft enchanted  
lights  
From Fairyland; when, far away, a vagrant nightingale  
Is sobbing from a bursting heart his tragic untold tale.  
We often sit upon the porch, quite silently, for we  
Are seeing golden wonder-worlds that no one else may see.

My mother sighs; I feel her hand upon my ruffled hair,  
The while I know she thinks of one, of one who is not  
there. . . .

And grandma, with her down-bent head, is dreaming of  
the day  
When to the strains of "Dixie Land" her sweetheart  
marched away.

And brother stares into the dusk, with vivid eyes aflame,  
And hears the stirring call to arms, to battle and to fame!

My little sister, half asleep, holds tight against her breast  
A battered doll with china eyes that she herself has  
dressed;

And baby brother holds my hand, and thinks of cakes and  
toys

That grow on trees in some fair land for perfect little  
boys.

And auntie holds her head erect, and seems to dare the  
fates

With eyes that hold the glowing look of one who hopes  
and waits.

We often sit upon the porch on sultry August nights  
When fireflies out upon the lawn are vague enchanted  
lights,

And no one speaks, for each one dreams and plans, per-  
haps, and strays,

A wanderer through years to come, a ghost through  
bygone days,

And as the stars far in the sky come shining softly  
through,

My heart and soul are all one prayer—one silver prayer  
for you.

### THREE HILLS

EVERARD OWEN

From Mr. Owen's book, "Three Hills and Other Poems." Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., Publishers, London, England. Special permission to insert in this book.

THERE is a hill in England,  
Green fields and a school I know,  
Where the balls fly fast in summer,  
And the whispering elm-trees grow,  
A little hill, a dear hill,  
And the playing fields below.



There is a hill in Flanders,  
    Heaped with a thousand slain,  
Where the shells fly night and noontide  
    And the ghosts that died in vain—  
    A little hill, a hard hill,  
    To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,  
    Three crosses pierce the sky,  
On the midmost He is dying  
    To save all those who die—  
    A little hill, a kind hill  
    To souls in jeopardy.

## MIKE DILLON, DOUGHBOY

LIEUT. JOHN PIERRE ROCHE

From Lieutenant Roche's book of poems, "Rimes in Olive Drab," Robert M. McBride & Company, Publishers, New York. Copyright, 1918. Special permission to insert in this book.

"Doughboy" is an old nickname for a United States infantryman. When our army went into what is now New Mexico, Arizona and California to quiet the Mexicans hostilities that preceded the war of 1846, the infantry fell into a way of camping in houses built by the natives with sun-dried bricks of adobé mud. The cavalry, having to lie in the open with the horses, were joked thereat and came back by calling the infantry dobie boys. The name stuck and by an easy slide arrived at the present form.

MIKE DILLON was a doughboy  
    And wore the issue stuff;  
He wasn't much to look at—  
    In fact, was rather rough;  
He served his time as rookie—  
    At drilling in the sun,  
And cleared a lot of timber  
    And polished up his gun.

Mike Dillon was a private  
    With all the word entails;

He cussed and chewed tobacco  
And overlooked his nails.  
You never saw Mike Dillon  
At dances ultra nice;  
In fact, inspection found him  
Enjoying body lice.

If Mike had married money  
Or had a little drag,  
He might have got a brevet  
And missed a little "fag";  
But as a social figure  
He simply wasn't there—  
So Mike continued drilling  
And knifing up his fare.

In course of time they shipped 'em  
And shipped 'em over where  
A man like Mike can sidestep  
The frigid social stare,  
And do the job of soldier  
Without the fancy frills,  
And keep a steady footing  
In the pace that really kills.

Now Mike did nothing special;  
He only did his best:  
He stuck and "went on over"—  
And got it in the chest;  
He played it fair and squarely  
Without a social air,  
And Mike is now in heaven  
And at least a corporal there!

## Epyllia Polemia

"GALVIN O'CLAIRE"

IN B. L. T.'S COLUMN, THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

GEORGE was a man of nigh fifty years,  
With hair of a grizzly gray,  
And he either wore specs when reading a book,  
Or held it a yard away.  
His porcelain teeth all shiny and white  
Took root in the snags of his prime,  
And a little blond down still clung to his crown,  
Suggesting an earlier time.

A farmer was George, and a "pote" on the side,  
He shocked both the public and wheat;  
Blank verse for a mule he could tell by the rule  
Of just counting the number of feet.  
Now the War was to George a terrible blow,  
And he often got low in his mind  
As he thought of the panic the Junkers Germanic  
Had caused unsuspecting mankind.

"Alas, I can't write any more," he would moan.  
"Inspiration has utterly fled;  
I plant and I hoe, I tread the long row  
With a heart that is heavy as lead.  
The grass and the grain, the flowers and birds—  
Ah, the birds!—are now but a name;  
My stream has run dry, my time has gone by,  
I'll never again be the same.

"Time was when at night I could pick up my quill  
And skim the high heaven's expanse;  
But it's all I can do now to follow the coups

Of the armies that struggle in France."  
One day George's boy blew in like a breeze,  
A Lieutenant on leave from Camp Custer.  
Now George is no babe, but he fell to his knees  
In the grip of this Brobdingnag Buster.

"Oh, Pop, ain't it great! Next week we are off!  
It's the Greatest Adventure of hist'ry;  
How the world can be blue when it's being made new  
Is to me a mysterious myst'ry!  
Keep 'er going while we're gone with your plow and  
your pen,  
Give us wheat, give us meat by the ton;  
Then tell the whole earth what a wonderful birth  
Awaits it when we shall have done!"

. . . . .  
George felt so much better when son went away  
That he sped him with never a tear,  
Came home with a grin running right off his chin,  
And wrote what you see written here.

## THE SOUL OF AMERICA

FROM the earliest hour of our history, when the thought of nationhood was forming, the greatest Americans have held one concept of what we were to be, and are, and shall be. Devotion to the vital principle of liberty, a jealous care for the rights of man, a passionate readiness for war in defense of that principle and those rights, runs through all their utterances, from those of Washington and Patrick Henry to those of Woodrow Wilson.

When he was urging union among the colonies and resistance to the German monarch then occupying the throne of England, Patrick Henry declared that "All distinctions are thrown down; all America is thrown into one mass. The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

Washington warned us that "A free people ought not only to be armed but disciplined; to which end a uniform and well-digested plan is requisite; and their safety and interest require that they should promote such manufactures as tend to render them independent of others for essential, particularly military, supplies."

And in his speech of July 13, 1798, accepting from President Adams the office of Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies, Washington said this:

"Satisfied, therefore, that you have sincerely wished and endeavored to avert the war, and exhausted to the last drop the cup of reconciliation, we can with pure hearts appeal to heaven for the justice of our cause, and may confidently trust the final result to that kind Providence who has heretofore and so often signally favored the people of the United States."

President Adams in 1798 stated a position that might have been profitably reoccupied by the nation before we had to declare war on Germany:

“In demonstrating by our conduct that we do not fear war in the necessary protection of our rights and honor, we shall give no room to infer that we abandon the desire for peace. An efficient preparation for war can alone insure peace.”

President Madison, in the grave crisis of 1813, set up the same obligation that carried us into war in 1917. “It is fortunate for the United States,” said he, “that they have it in their power to meet the enemy in this deplorable contest, as it is honorable to them that they do not join in it but under the most imperious obligations, and with the humane purpose of effectuating a return to the established usages of war.”

And again in that same year, President Madison said that “Although among our blessings we cannot number an exemption from the evils of war, yet these will never be regarded as the greatest evils by the friends of liberty and the rights of nations.”

President Andrew Jackson in 1832 asked the people to “Contemplate the condition of that country of which you form an important part. Consider its Government, uniting in one bond of common interest and general protection so many different States, giving to all their inhabitants the proud title of AMERICAN CITIZEN. Behold it as an asylum where the wretched and oppressed find a refuge and support. Look on this picture of happiness and honor and say, ‘We, too, are citizens of America.’”

President Jackson might have been speaking in our own day when on March 4, 1833, he said, “The eyes of all nations are fixed on our Republic. Great is the stake placed in our hands; great is the responsibility which

must rest upon the people of the United States. Let us realize the importance of the attitude in which we stand before the world."

Robert C. Winthrop, one of the most active influences in shaping American policies before the war with Mexico, in a Fourth of July speech in 1845 keyed the people up to meet the trouble that threatened our borders:

"Our country—whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less:—still Our Country, to be cherished in all our hearts, and to be defended by all our hands."

And that sentiment is good for all time.

Abraham Lincoln, in one of the most simple yet noble of all orations, said these memorable things at Gettysburg, in 1863:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It

is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

General Grant in his inaugural speech, March 4, 1869, with the memory of a vast war still fresh, said what if he were with us he would say to the young men who have gone forth to war for their country on European battlefields:

“The young men of the country—those who from their age must be its rulers twenty-five years hence—have a peculiar interest in maintaining the national honor. A moment’s reflection as to what will be our commanding influence among the nations of the earth in their day if they are only true to themselves, should inspire them with national pride.”

Franklin K. Lane, of President Wilson’s cabinet, carries forward the thought of the Fathers:

“We came into this war for ourselves. It is a war to save America, to preserve self-respect, to justify our right to live as we have lived, not as some one else wishes us to live. It is more precious that this America shall live than that we Americans should live. . . . We cannot forget Liege, Louvain and Cardinal Mercier. Translated into terms of American history these names stand for Lexington, Bunker Hill and Patrick Henry. We still



hear piteous cries of children coming up out of the sea where the *Lusitania* went down. And Germany has never asked forgiveness of the world."

President Wilson himself, in his declaration of war, took up the theme in very solemn tones:

"We have no selfish ends to serve," he said. "We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves and no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. . . . We fight for the things we have always carried nearest to our hearts, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself free.

"To such a task we 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!"

## TO SOMEBODY

HAROLD SETON  
IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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THEY'VE put us through our paces;  
They say we're doing fine;  
We'll soon go to our places  
Upon the fring-line.  
Some chaps will fight for mothers,  
And some for wives so true;

For sweethearts many others,  
And I will fight for you!

Through all these months of training  
We've cherished hopeful thoughts  
And drilled without complaining,  
Like soldiers and good sports.  
We're warring for a reason,  
We've sworn to see this through;  
To falter would be treason,  
And I will fight for you!

Your presence will be near me,  
Your voice will call my name;  
You'll comfort me and cheer me,  
Your love, behold, I claim!  
'Twould take more than an ocean  
To separate us two;  
I'll hold unto this notion,  
And I will fight for you!

## WAR

COL. WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER  
IN THE SCOOP, THE CHICAGO PRESS CLUB'S MAGAZINE

**B**Y blazing homes, through forests torn  
And blackened harvest fields,  
The grim and drunken god of war  
In frenzied fury reels.

His breath—the sulph'rous stench of guns—  
That death and famine deals  
And Pity, pleading, wounded falls  
Beneath his steel-shod heels.

## A MARCHING SOLILOQUY

BY A MEMBER OF THE S. A. T. C., NORTHWESTERN  
COLLEGE, NAPERVILLE, ILL.

“Left!  
Left!”  
Had a good girl when I  
“Left!  
Left!”  
Mighty good pal when I  
“Left!”  
“One! Two! Three! Four!”  
How  
    many  
    miles  
    more?  
    “Left!”  
  
    “Left!  
    Left!”  
Booked for a wife when I  
    “Left!  
    Left!”  
That was my life when I  
    “Left!”  
“One! Two! Three! Four!”  
Hear  
    old  
    Lieutenant  
    roar  
    “Left!”

## WHILE SUMMERS PASS

ALINE MICHAELIS

IN THE ENTERPRISE, BEAUMONT, TEXAS

SUMMER comes and summer goes,  
Buds the primrose, fades the rose;  
But his footfall on the grass,  
Coming swiftly to my door,  
I shall hear again no more,  
Though a thousand summers pass.

Once he loved the clovers well,  
Loved the larkspur and bluebell.  
And the scent the plum-blooms yield;  
But strange flowers his soul beguiled,  
Pallid lilies, laurels wild,  
Blooming in a crimson field.

So he plucked the laurels there,  
And he found them sweet and fair  
In that field of blood-red hue;  
And, when on a summer night  
Moonlight drenched my clovers white,  
Lo! He plucked Death's lilies, too.

It may be that e'en to-night,  
In the Gardens of Delight,  
Where his shining soul must dwell,  
He has found some flowers more sweet  
Than the clovers at my feet,  
Some celestial asphodel.

But while summer comes and goes,  
With the primrose and the rose  
Comes his footfall on the grass—  
Gladly, lightly to my door—  
I shall hear it echo o'er,  
Though a thousand summers pass.

## THE MARINES

ADOLPHE E. SMYLIE  
OF THE VIGILANTES

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“PARDON! he has no Engleesh, heem,  
Il ne parle que Française,  
I spik it leetle some Monsieur,  
Vaire bad, j'en suis fâché—  
Marines? Mais oui! I fight wiz zem  
At Château Thierry  
An' on ze Ourcq an' Marne in grand  
Bon camaraderie.  
I see zem fight at bois Belleau,  
Like sauvage make ze yell,—  
Sacré nom de Dieu! zoze sailor man  
Eez fightin' like ze hell!  
All time zey smile when make ze push,  
Magnifique zaire élan,  
Zey show ze heart of lion  
For delight our brav Franchman.  
An' in ze tranch at rest, zoze troop  
From ze Etats Unis  
Queeck make ze good frien' of poilu  
Wiz beeg slap on ze knee!  
Zey make ze song an' joke, si drôle  
An' pass ze cigarette;  
Zey call us goddam good ol' scout  
Like Marquis La Fayette.  
Next day, mebbe, again ze taps—  
Ze volley in ze air.—  
Adieu! some fightin' sailor man  
Eez gone West. C'est la guerre!  
No more ze smile, ze hug, ze hand  
Queeck wiz ze cigarette;

C'est vrai, at funerall of *heem*  
Ze poilu's eye eez wet.  
But, every day like tidal wave,—  
Like human avalanche,—  
Ze transport bring more Yankee troop,  
To get ze beeg revanche!  
Zen from ze heart Américaine  
Come milliards of monnaie;  
Eet eez ze end! Your countree bring  
Triomphant liberté.  
So, au revoir! I mus' go on  
But first I tell to you  
What some high Officier remark  
Zat day at bois Belleau.  
He say, our great Napoleon  
Wiz envy would turn green  
Eef he could see zoze sailor man,—  
Zoze Oncle Sam Marines!"

## NOT TOO OLD TO FIGHT

T. C. HARBAUGH

IN THE CHICAGO LEDGER

MY name is Danny Bloomer and my age is eighty-three,

Years ago I went with Sherman to the ever sunny sea.  
I stood my ground at Gettysburg, that bloody summer day,

When gallant Pickett rushed the hill and lost his boys in gray;

And now our starry banner is insulted and defied,  
The kaiser tears it into shreds and glories in his pride;  
Just pass the word across the sea to his stronghold of might,

And say that Danny Bloomer's here and not too old to fight.

I gave my youth to Uncle Sam in years I'll ne'er forget,  
In mem'ry of those stirring times my old blood tingles yet.

With four score years upon me I can lift the same old gun,

And to face our Flag's insulter will be everlasting fun.  
Please say that Danny Bloomer is ready for the fray,  
Cry "Forward, march!" and see him in the good old ranks today.

I love the flag of Washington because it stands for Right,  
And that is why I tell you I am not too old to fight.

'Tis true I'm somewhat crippled, but I do not care for that,

I feel as young as when I saw the tilt of Sherman's hat;  
I want to do my duty again before I die,  
And see Old Glory proudly in the streets of Berlin fly.

I do not know the kaiser, but I hope within a year  
Amid the roar of cannon he will say, "Old Bloomer's  
here!"

Yes, hand me down a rifle and I will use it right,  
Your Uncle Danny Bloomer isn't yet too old to fight.  
We've borne their insults long enough—they make me  
long to go.

I want to squint along my gun and aim it at the foe;  
I'll eat the same old rations that I ate in '64,  
And feel the blood of youth again amid the battle's roar.  
I haven't long to tarry here until my work is done,  
But I want to show the kaiser we're not in it for fun;  
So give me marching orders and I'll disappear from  
sight,  
For I am Danny Bloomer, and I'm not too old to fight.

## A WAYSIDE IN FRANCE

ADOLPHE E. SMYLIE  
IN THE NEW YORK HERALD

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"COME shake hands, my little peach blossom.  
That's right, dear, climb up on my knee.  
This big Yankee soldier is lonesome—  
Ah, now we'll be friends, ma chérie.  
We won't understand one another,  
Your round eyes are telling me so,  
But the cling of your chubby fingers  
Is a language that all daddies know.  
When I caught a sight of your pigtails  
And those eyes of violet blue,  
It made me heart-hungry, ma petite,



For I've a wee girl just like you.  
She lives 'way across the wide ocean,  
Out where the bald eagles nest,  
And she knows all the chipmunks and gophers  
At my shack out in the West."

"Tu dis l'ouest! Est-ce ton pays?  
Veux-tu, quand tu iras chez-toi—  
Maman est toujours à pleurer—  
Me retrouver mon soldat Papa?  
Il etait avec sa batterie  
Près des Anglais la, en campagne,  
Mais Papa est allé dans l'ouest,  
Des Anglais disaient à Maman.  
Alors, Maman sera heureuse  
Et, tu vois elle ne pleurera plus;  
Je veux te donner un baiser,—  
Merci! Tu es si bon pour nous!"

There she goes! She told me her secret,  
Kissed me and then flew away,—  
Say, Poilu! You savez some English,  
Now what did that little tot say?  
"She say Engleeshman tol' her Mama  
Zat her soldat Papa eez gone West!  
You said West, bien! Zen you live zaire,  
So she make you her leetle request,  
Zat you find heem in your countree  
So her Mama no more she weel cry;  
Zen she thank you an' kees you, si joyeuse,—  
Pauvre mignonne, she think you weel try!"

## MISSING

"IRIS"

FROM B. L. T.'S COLUMN IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE soldier boys are marching, are marching past my  
door;  
They're off to fight for Freedom, to wage and win the  
war;  
And yet I cannot cheer them, my eyes are full of tears—  
My son, who should be with them, is dead these many  
years.

I've missed his boyish laughter, I've missed his sunny  
ways,  
I've lived alone with sorrow through endless empty days.  
But now my bitter longing dims all the grief before—  
His boyhood friends are marching, without him, past my  
door.

I've envied happy mothers the children at their knee;  
Their very joys seemed given to mock my grief and me.  
Time healed those wounds, but this one will pain me  
while I live—  
When Freedom called her warriors, I had no son to give.

And still the boys are marching, are marching toward the  
sea,  
To suffer and to conquer, that all men may be free.  
Be glad for them, O mothers! and leave to me the tears—  
My son, who should be with them, is dead these many  
years.

## THE RIVERS OF FRANCE

H. J. M.

IN THE ENGLISH REVIEW

THE rivers of France are ten score and twain,  
But five are the names that we know—  
The Marne, the Vesle, the Ourcq, and the Aisne,  
And the Somme of the swampy flow.

The rivers of France, from source to the sea,  
Are nourished by many a rill,  
But these five, if ever a drought there be,  
The fountains of sorrow would fill.

The rivers of France shine silvery white,  
But the waters of five are red  
With the richest blood, in the fiercest fight  
For Freedom, that ever was shed.

The rivers of France sing soft as they run,  
But five have a song of their own,  
That hymns the fall of the arrogant one  
And the proud cast down from his throne.

The rivers of France all quietly take  
To sleep in the house of their birth,  
But the carnadined wave of five shall break  
On the uttermost strands of Earth.

Five rivers of France, see their names are writ  
On a banner of crimson and gold,  
And the glory of those who fashioned it  
Shall nevermore cease to be told.

## JUST THINKING

HUDSON HAWLEY

IN THE STARS AND STRIPES, A. E. F., FRANCE

STANDIN' up here on the fire-step,  
 Lookin' ahead in the mist,  
 With a tin hat over your ivory  
 And a rifle clutched in your fist;  
 Waitin' and watchin' and wond'rin'  
 If the Hun's comin' over tonight—  
 Say, aren't the things you think of  
 Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of  
 For a couple o' months or more;  
 Things that 'ull set you laughin',  
 Things that 'ull make you sore;  
 Things that you saw in the movies,  
 Things that you saw on the street,  
 Things that you're really proud of  
 Things that are—not so sweet;

Debts that are past collectin',  
 Stories you hear and forget,  
 Ball games and birthday parties,  
 Hours of drill in the wet;  
 Headlines, recruitin' posters,  
 Sunset 'way out at sea,  
 Evenings of pay-days—golly—  
 It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in Homeburg,  
 Voices of womenfolk,  
 Verses you learnt in schooldays  
 Pop up in the mist and smoke

As you stand there grippin' that rifle,  
A-starin', and chilled to the bone,  
Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin',  
Just thinkin' there—all alone:

When will the war be over?  
When will the gang break through?  
What will the U. S. look like?  
What will there be to do?  
Where will the Boches be then?  
Who will have married Nell?  
When's the relief a-comin' up?—  
Gosh! But this thinkin's hell!

## THE EVENING STAR

HAROLD SETON  
IN THE CHICAGO EVENING POST

THE evening star a child espied,  
The one star in the sky.  
"Is that God's service flag?" he cried,  
And waited for reply.

The mother paused a moment ere  
She told the little one—  
"Yes, that is why the star is there!  
God gave His only Son!"

## COLUMBIA'S PRAYER

THOMAS P. BASHAW  
IN THE HERALD AND EXAMINER, CHICAGO

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BOY in khaki, boy in blue,  
I am watching over you,  
Going forth amid the rattle  
Of the drums that call to battle.

Oft have men waged fight for me,  
Fought to make their brothers free;  
God protect and succor you,  
Boy in khaki, boy in blue.

God go with you on your mission,  
And in His all-wise decision  
Turn this tide of war to you,  
Boy in khaki, boy in blue.

With the Stars and Stripes high o'er you,  
Snatch the vic'try just before you,  
Heaven keep, encompass you,  
Boy in khaki, boy in blue.

When the foe is rent asunder,  
And the world looks on in wonder,  
Paying tribute rare to you,  
Boy in khaki, boy in blue,

God return you safe to me;  
To Columbia—Liberty;  
'Tis my prayer, my hope for you,  
Boy in khaki, boy in blue.

## TWO VIEWPOINTS

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR  
OF THE VIGILANTES

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A German soldier in his journal wrote:

HE was a French Boy Scout—a little lad  
No bigger than my Hansel. He refused  
To tell if any of his countrymen  
Were hidden thereabout. Fifty yards on  
We ran into an ambush. Well, of course  
We shot him—little fool! Poor little fool!  
Thinking himself a hero as he stood  
Facing our guns, so little and so young  
Against the sunny vineyard-green, I thought  
What wasted courage! for the child was brave,  
Fool as he was. The pity . . .

Here there came  
A sudden shrapnel, and the writing stopped. . . .

*Did I write that? O God—did I write that?  
Mine—they were mine, the folly and the waste.  
Now the keen edge of death has cut away  
The eyelids of my soul and I must bear  
The perfect understanding of the dead.  
Now that I know myself as I am known,  
How shall my soul endure Eternity?  
God, God, if there be pity left for me,  
Send to my son the child that I despised  
A messenger to burn into his soul  
While still he lives, the truth I died to learn!*

## DESTROYERS

"KLAXON"

IN BLACKWOODS MAGAZINE

THROUGH the dark night  
And the fury of battle  
Pass the destroyers in showers of spray.  
As the Wolf-pack to the flank of the cattle,  
We shall close in on them—shadows of gray.  
In from ahead,  
Through shell-flashes red,  
We shall come down to them, after the Day,  
Whistle and crash  
Of salvo and volley  
Round us and into us as we attack  
Light on our target they'll flash in their folly,  
Splitting our ears with shrapnel-crack.  
Fire as they will,  
We'll come to them still,  
Roar as they may at us—Back—Go Back!  
White though the sea  
To the shell-splashes foaming,  
We shall be there at the death of the Hun.  
Only we pray for a star in the gloaming  
(Light for torpedoes and none for a gun).  
Lord—of Thy Grace  
Make it a race,  
Over the sea with the night to run.



## NINETEEN-SEVENTEEN

SUSAN HOOKER WHITMAN

IN THE KANSAS CITY STAR

“IT is long since knighthood was in flower,  
There are no men today who tower  
Above their kind—the knights are dust,  
Their names forgot, their good swords rust,”  
We idly say. And yet, in truth—  
The brave soul has eternal youth,  
Like the great lighthouse rising free,  
Whose far-flung beams guide ships at sea,  
God lifts above his fellow man  
A steadfast soul to dare and plan,  
A king of men, by right divine,  
Who in his forehead bears the sign—  
He walks along the city street;  
Unknowing, in the fields we meet  
A modern knight in whose hand lies  
A mighty Nation’s destinies.

Then say no more, the knights are gone;  
Honor and Truth and Right live on,  
And men today would keep the bridge  
Horatius kept—from rocky ridge  
Heroic Youth would still fling down  
His horse, himself, to save the town.

Columbia calls!

Off with your hats and lift them high,  
Our own, our sons are passing by.

## THE SILENT ARMY.

IAN ADANAC  
IN THE MONTREAL DAILY STAR

NO bugle is blown, no roll of drums,  
 No sound of an army marching.  
 No banners wave high, no battle-cry  
 Comes from the war-worn fields where they lie,  
 The blue sky overarching.  
 The call sounds clearer than the bugle call  
 From this silent, dreamless army.  
 "No cowards were we, when we heard the call,  
 For freedom we grudged not to give our all,"  
 Is the call from the silent army.

Hushed and quiet and still they lie,  
 This silent, dreamless army,  
 While living comrades spring to their side,  
 And the bugle-call and the battle-cry  
 Are heard as dreamer and dreamless lie  
 Under the stars of the arching sky,  
 The men who have heard from the men who have died  
 The call of the silent army.

## THE SOURCE OF NEWS

FROM THE NEEDLE

ABSOLUTE knowledge I have none,  
 But my aunt's washerwoman's son  
 Heard a policeman on his beat  
 Say to a laborer in the street  
 That he had a letter just last week,  
 Written in the finest Greek,  
 From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,  
 Who said the niggers in Cuba knew

Of a colored man in a Texas town  
Who got it straight from a circus clown,  
That a man in Klondike heard the news  
From a gang of South American Jews,  
About somebody in Bamboo  
Who heard a man who claimed he knew  
Of a swell society female rake  
Whose mother-in-law will undertake  
To prove that her husband's sister's niece  
Has stated in a printed piece  
That she has a son who has a friend  
Who knows when the war is going to end.

## TO MY SON

A poem, anonymous, sent to the Chicago Evening Post by one whose son's regiment was leaving for France.

MY son, at last the fateful day has come  
For us to part. The hours have nearly run.  
May God return you safe to land and home;  
Yet, what God wills, so may His will be done.

Draw tight the belt about your slender frame;  
Flash blue your eyes! Hold high your proud young  
head!

Today you march in Liberty's fair name,  
To save the line enriched by France's dead!

I would not it were otherwise. And yet  
'Tis hard to speed your marching forth, my son!  
'Tis doubly hard to live without regret  
For love unsaid, and kindnesses undone.

But would the chance were mine with you to stand  
    Upon those shores and see our flag unfurled!  
To fight on France's brave, unconquered land  
    With Liberty's great sword for all the world!

Beyond the waves, my son, the siren calls,  
    The sky is black and Fastnet lies abreast;  
A signal rocket flings its stars and falls  
    Across the night to welcome England's guest.

When mid the scud you see the Cornish lights,  
    And through the mist you hear faint Devon chimes,  
Thank God for memories of those other nights  
    And days on other ships in happier times.

Perhaps you'll stand within the pillared nave  
    And aisles where colored sundust falls, and see  
Old Canterbury Church where Becket gave  
    His life's best blood for England's liberty!

Some night you'll walk, perhaps, on Salisbury plain;  
    Above Stonehenge the Druid's stars still sleep,  
And on the turf within the circled fane  
    Beneath the autumn moon still lie the sheep.

And if you march beside some Kentish hedge,  
    And blackberries hang thick clustered o'er the ways,  
Pluck down a branch! Rest by the road's brown edge;  
    Eat! Nor forget our last vacation days!

And then the trench in battle-scarred Lorraine;  
    The town half burned but held in spite of hell;  
The bridge twice taken, lost, and won again;  
    The cratered glacis ripped with mine and shell.

The leafless trees, bare-branched in spite of June;  
 The sodden road, the desolated plain;  
 The mateless birds, the season out of tune;  
 Fair France, at bay, is calling through her pain.

Oh, son! My son! God keep you safe and free—  
 Our flag and you! But if the hour must come  
 To choose at last 'twixt self and liberty—  
 We'll close our eyes! So let God's will be done!

## THE STAY-BEHINDS

J. H. F.

IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

YE soldiers in the trenches lined,  
 And sailors on the parlous sea,  
 A hail from us who stay behind  
 In shop and forge reluctantly!  
 We pound the iron hot and red,  
 Longing to pound a Boche's head.

O sentry at the listening post,  
 The night is dark, the night is drear,  
 Take heart: at home a shining host  
 Of factory lights are winking clear.  
 The night shift's on, a willing crew:  
 We work for you, we pull for you.

In those who only fight to live,  
 Who helpless lie on beds of pain,  
 Burns deep the wish that they might give  
 Some aid and comfort not in vain.  
 Good luck to you, the tried and true;  
 We pull for you, we pray for you.

Long is the way and hard the fight,  
 But who shall stay our gallant men!  
 We stay-behinds, with main and might,  
 Will see you through and home again.  
 O lads in khaki, lads in blue,  
 We'll pull for you, we'll work for you.

### A DIRGE

VICTOR PEROWNE  
 IN THE LONDON TIMES

THOU art no longer here,  
 No longer shall we see thy face.  
 But, in that other place,  
 Where may be heard  
 The roar of the world rushing down the wantways of the  
 stars;  
 And the silver bars  
 Of heaven's gate  
 Shine soft and clear:  
 Thou mayest wait.

No longer shall we see  
 Thee walking in the crowded streets,  
 But where the ocean of the Future beats  
 Against the flood-gates of the Present, swirling to this  
 earth,

Another birth  
 Thou mayest have;  
 Another Arcady  
 May thee receive.  
 Not here thou dost remain,  
 Thou art gone far away,

Where, at the portals of the day,  
The hours ever dance in ring, a silvern-footed throng,

While time looks on,  
And seraphs stand  
Choiring an endless strain  
On either hand.

Thou canst return no more;  
Not as the happy time of spring  
Comes after winter burgeoning  
On wood and wold in folds of living green, for thou art  
dead.

Our tears we shed  
In vain, for thou  
Dost pace another shore,  
Untroubled now.

## THE WOMAN'S GAME

AUTHORSHIP NOT KNOWN

WAS there ever a game we did not share,  
Brother of mine?

Or a day when I did not play you fair,  
Brother of mine?

"As good as a boy," you used to say,  
And I was as eager for the fray,  
And as loath to cheat or to run away,  
Brother of mine!

You are playing the game that is straight and true,  
Brother of mine,  
And I'd give my soul to stand next to you,  
Brother of mine.

The spirit, indeed, is still the same ;  
 I would not shrink from the battle's flame,  
 Yet here I stay—at the woman's game,  
     Brother of mine!

If the last price must needs be paid,  
     Brother of mine,  
 You will go forward, unafraid,  
     Brother of mine.

Death can so small a part destroy,  
 You will have known the fuller joy—  
 Ah! would that I had been born a boy,  
     Brother of mine!

## A FLEMISH VILLAGE

H. A.  
 IN LONDON SPECTATOR

**G**ONE is the spire that slept for centuries,  
 Whose image in the water, calm and low,  
 Was mingled with the lilies green and snow,  
 And lost itself in river mysteries.  
 The church lies broken near the fallen spire ;  
 For here, among these old and human things  
 Death swept along the street with feet of fire,  
 And went upon his way with moaning wings.  
 Above the cluster of these homes forlorn,  
 Where giant fleeces of the shells are rolled,  
 O'er pavements by the kneeling herdsman worn,  
 The wounded saints look out to see their fold.

And silence follows fast, no evening peace,  
 But leaden stillness, when the thunder wanes,  
 Haunting the slender branches of the trees,  
 And settling low upon the listless plains.



## FRANCE

CAPT. JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON  
IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

From the French of Armentier Ohanian

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I WAS an exile from my own country and wandered over the breast of the world seeking another country.

And I came into a land where there was only a long spring and a long autumn, where they did not know the deadly heats of our summers or the mortal colds of our mountains. Among the vines and sunny fields I saw the people of this land at work, ever young of soul, smiling, loving, and kindly.

I asked, "What is the name of this happy place?"

And the answer was, "France the voluptuous."

I came to towns of splendid monuments, of harmonious buildings, of proud triumphal arches of the past, and above always I saw the spires of great cathedrals stretching toward the sky, as if to seize upon the feet of God.

I asked, "What is the name of this marvelous land?"

And the answer was, "France the glorious."

I advanced again, when I was struck by the red color of a large river. . . . It was a river of warm blood that rolled down from afar in thick and heavy waves. I advanced again. Before me dark clouds of smoke hid the endless sky above huge fields of warriors in battle; when these died smiling at death others took their places, singing.

I asked, "What is the name of this chivalrous land?"

And the answer was, "France the courageous."

At last I came to an immense city, of which I saw neither the beginning nor the end, a city full of sumptuous palaces, of parks, and fountains. The sun glistened on the marble of the streets and kissed the serene, resigned

faces of women clothed in black. The chimes of churches filled the air with solemn sounds, and words, until then unknown to me, "Te Deum," came from the throats of thousands of thousands.

With respect I asked, "What is the name of this land that mourns?"

And the answer was, "France the victorious."

I kissed the earth of this land and said, "I have found my country, who was an exile."

## THE CLERK

B. H. M. HETHERINGTON  
IN THE LONDON BOOKMAN

PERCHED upon an office stool, neatly adding figures,  
With cuffs gone shiny and a pen behind his ear;  
Deep in Liabilities, Goods and Double Entry,  
So he worked from year to year.

Diligent and careful, hedged about with figures,  
Given soul and body to discount and per cent;  
Bounded by the columns of Purchase Book and Journal,  
Soberly his moments went.

Now his pen has ceased from adding rows of figures,  
Ceased from ruling ledgers and entering amounts:  
Clad in sodden khaki, with a gun in Flanders  
He is balancing accounts.

## POILU

STEUART M. EMERY, A. E. F.  
IN THE STARS AND STRIPES

The traditional friendship between the United States and France has been recemented under the fire of German guns. In France they celebrated our Fourth of July; in this country, we celebrated the Fourteenth of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile. Yank and Poilu are brothers in war, don't mind the languages. The inextinguishable humor of France never showed more quaintly than in that word, "Poilu." It means "unshaven." More freely, "a man who needs a shave." A whimsical comment upon the French soldier's way of letting his beard grow while he is in the field. Those boys are like the English and our own. They smile at misery. They are good old sports, bless 'em!

YOU'RE a funny fellow, poilu, in your dinky little cap  
And your war worn, faded uniform of blue,  
With your multitude of haversacks abulge from heel to  
flap

And your rifle that is most as big as you.  
You were made for love and laughter, for good wine  
and merry song,

Now your sunlit world has sadly gone astray,  
And the road today you travel stretches rough and red  
and long,

Yet you make it, petit soldat, brave and gay.

Though you live within the shadow, fagged and hungry  
half the while,

And your days and nights are racking in the line,  
There is nothing under heaven that can take away your  
smile,

Oh, so wistful, and so patient and so fine.  
You are tender as a woman with the tiny ones who crowd  
To upraise their lips and for your kisses pout,  
Still, we'd hate to have to face you when the bugle's  
sounding loud

And your slim, steel sweetheart Rosalie is out.

You're devoted to mustaches which you twirl with such  
an air

O'er a cigarette with nigh an inch to run,  
And quite often you are noticed in a beard that's full of  
hair,

But that heart of yours is always twenty-one.

No, you do not "parlee English," and you find it very hard,  
For you want to chum with us and words you lack;  
So you pat us on the shoulder and say, "Nous sommes  
camarades."

We are that, my poilu pal, to hell and back!

## AUSTRALIA'S MEN

DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

Miss Mackellar is the daughter of Sir Charles Mackellar, Chairman of the Bank of New South Wales. Acknowledgment is due Dr. George Cooke-Adams, formerly an officer in the Australian naval forces, through whose courtesy her verses are presented here.

**T**HERE are some that go for love of a fight  
And some for love of a land,  
And some for a dream of the world set free  
Which they barely understand.

A dream of the world set free from Hate—  
But splendidly, one and all,  
Danger they drink as 'twere wine of Life  
And jest as they reel and fall.

Clean aims, rare faculties, strength and youth,  
They have poured them freely forth  
For the sake of the sun-steeped land they left  
And the far green isle in the north.

What can we do to be worthy of them,  
Now hearts are breaking for pride?  
Give comfort at least to the wounded men  
And the kin of the man that died.

## TANKS

O. C. A. CHILD

YES, back at home I used to drive a tram;  
And Sammy, there, he was a driver, too—  
He used to ride his racer—did Sir Sam;  
While pokey London streets was all I knew.

But now, His Nibs and I, of equal rank,  
Are chummy as the paper and the wall,  
Each tooling of a caterpillar tank,  
Each waiting on the blest old bugle call.

Say! Tanks are sport—when you get used to them,  
They're like a blooming railroad, self-contained;  
They lay their tracks, as you might say—pro tem,  
And pick 'em up, and there's good distance gained.

They roar across rough country like a gale,  
They lean against a house and push it down,  
They're like a baby fortress under sail,  
And antic as a three-ring circus clown.

Sam says they're slow. They may seem so to him—  
They can't show fancy mile-a-minute stuff,  
But when they charge, in armored fighting trim,  
You bet the Germans find 'em fast enough!

Now Sam and I are waiting, side by side,  
To steam across yon farm-land in the night;  
We'll take their blamed barbed wire in our stride,  
And stamp a German trench line out of sight.

## A HYMN OF FREEDOM

MARY PERRY KING

IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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UNFURL the flag of Freedom,  
Fling far the bugle blast!  
There comes a sound of marching  
From out the mighty past.  
Let every peak and valley  
Take up the valiant cry:  
Where, beautiful as morning,  
Our banner cuts the sky.

Free born to peace and justice,  
We stand to guard and save  
The liberty of manhood,  
The faith our fathers gave.  
Then soar aloft, Old Glory,  
And tell the waiting breeze  
No law but Right and Mercy  
Shall rule the Seven Seas.

No hate is in our anger,  
No vengeance in our wrath,  
We hold the line of freedom  
Across the tyrant's path.  
Where'er oppression vaunteth  
We loose the sword once more  
To stay the feet of conquest,  
And pray an end of war.

## SWAN SONGS

MORE than all the others put together, the war poems of Alan Seeger, Lieutenant Colonel McCrae, and Lieut. Rupert Brooke, have touched and thrilled the heart of America. They are quiet, earnest, yet more powerful than trumpet blasts, for they rise triumphant from great depths, and as they sing, exalt.

Most familiar is our own Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death." He was studying in Paris when the war broke out. In the third week he enlisted in the Foreign Legion. Two arduous years later he was called on higher service. July 4, 1916, his squad was caught in an assault on the village of Belloy-en-Santerre, where the Germans received them with the fire of six machine guns. Seeger was severely wounded, but went forward with the others, and helped take the place. Next morning he died. He had kept the tryst.

Alan Seeger was a New York boy. He was born in that city June 22, 1888. In his short life he had written some twenty poems. This was his last. It was written in camp, shortly before his call came:

## I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH\*

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade  
When Spring comes back with rustling shade  
And apple blossoms fill the air.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair

---

\*From "Poems," by Alan Seeger. Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York. Permission to reproduce in this book.

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land  
And close my eyes and quench my breath;  
It may be I shall pass him, still,  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,  
Where hushed awakenings are dear.  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this year,  
And I to my pledged word am true.  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Lieut. Col. John McCrae was a Canadian physician who served in the South African war as an artilleryman. He was on his way to Canada when the war began in 1914, and immediately upon landing he entered the Val Cartier training camp and was commissioned a Captain. Later he joined the McGill Hospital corps and went with it to France, where he rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and died in service, January 28, 1918.

His poem, "In Flanders' Fields," was written on the Flanders front in the Spring of 1915. Its inspiration is thus explained by Sergeant Charles E. Bisset, of the 19th Battalion, 1st Brigade, Canadian Infantry:



“On the Flanders front in the early Spring of 1915, when the war had settled down to trench fighting, two of the most noticeable features of the field were, first, the luxuriant growth of red poppies appearing among the graves of the fallen soldiers, and second, that only one species of bird—the larks—remained on the field during the fighting. As soon as the cannonading ceased, they would rise in the air, singing.”

## IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

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.

Rupert Brooke, a brilliant, impassioned young Englishman, was one of the first to take arms when Great Britain went to war. He died in the Dardanelles expe-

dition, April 23, 1915. A few days before, he had sent from the Ægean Sea to the English-speaking peoples the poem by which he is best known:

THE SOLDIER\*

IF I should die, think only this of me:  
 That there's some corner of a foreign field  
 That is for ever England. There shall be  
     In that rich earth a richer dust concealed,  
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
     Gave once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
 A body of England's breathing English air,  
     Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.  
 And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
     A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
     Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
     And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
     In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Lieutenant Brooke was a rare poet, having a serene faith, a knowledge of life as continuous. His bent of thought, the manner of his feeling, shine most clearly in this sonnet:

NOT WITH VAIN TEARS

NOT with vain tears, when we're beyond the sun,  
 We'll beat on the substantial doors, nor tread  
 Those dusty highroads of the aimless dead,  
 Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn and run  
 Down some close-covered byway of the air,

---

\*"The Soldier," and "Not With Vain Tears" are from "The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke," published and copyright, 1915, by John Lane Company, New York. Special permission to reproduce in this book.

Some low, sweet alley between wind and wind,  
 Stoop under faint gleams, thread the shadows, find  
 Some whispering, ghost-forgotten nook, and there  
 Spend in pure converse our eternal day;  
 Think each in each, immediately wise;  
 Learn all we lacked before; hear, know and say  
 What this tumultuous body now denies;  
 And feel, who have laid our groping hands away;  
 And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.

All of Rupert Brooke's work has been collected and issued, a rich though slender sheaf. The book is fervently commended to people whose own souls are in the key that responds to notes so spiritually fine and clear as those he sounds in all his lines.

"But a Short Time to Live" was written by Serg't Leslie Coulson, whose "little hour" came to an end at Arras, in France, October 7, 1916:

BUT A SHORT TIME TO LIVE

OUR little hour—how swift it flies—  
 When poppies flare and lilies smile;  
 How soon the fleeting minute dies,  
 Leaving us but a little while  
 To dream our dreams, to sing our song,  
 To pick the fruit, to pluck the flower.  
 The gods—they do not give us long—  
 One little hour.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our little hour—how soon it dies;  
 How short a time to tell our beads,

To chant our feeble litanies,  
To think sweet thoughts, to do good deeds.  
The altar lights grow pale and dim,  
The bells hang silent in the tower—  
So passes with the dying hymn  
Our little hour.

These songs, with others that have lilted so bravely, so gravely, through the world's most bitter years of travail, will live long in literature, with many more as strong or as sweet. Had all the writers lived, we would have had a wealth of splendid gifts from them, especially, maybe, from that "poor bird-hearted singer of a day," Francis Ledwidge, who fell in battle in Flanders, July 31, 1917. Ledwidge was discovered by Lord Dunsany, himself a soldier-poet and a patron of poets. He was lance corporal in Lord Dunsany's company in the 5th Battalion of the Royal Inniskillen Fusileers. He wrote quite touchingly to a friend shortly before the end, "I mean to do something great if I am spared, but out here one may at any moment be hurled out of life." There is no doubt he would have done "something great," for here is a swan song not unworthy to bear his name to later times:

#### THE LOST ONES

SOMEWHERE is music from the linnets' bills,  
And through the sunny flowers the bee wings drone,  
And white bells of convolvulus on hills  
Of quiet May make silent ringing blown  
Hither and thither by the wind of showers,  
And somewhere all the wandering birds have flown;

And the brown breath of Autumn chills the flowers.  
But where are all the loves of long ago?

O little twilight ship blown up the tide,  
Where are the faces laughing in the glow  
Of morning years, the lost ones scattered wide?  
Give me your hand, O brother; let us go  
Crying about the dark for those who died.

### THE FLAG SPEAKS

—WALTER E. PECK  
IN THE HAMILTON LITERARY MAGAZINE

RIBBONS of white in the flag of our land,  
Say, shall we live in fear?  
Speak! For I wait for the word from your lips  
Wet with the brine of the sea-going ships;  
Speak! Shall we cringe 'neath an Attila's whips?  
Speak! For I wait to hear!

"This is our word," said the ribbons of white;  
"This is the course to steer—  
Peace is our haven for foul or for fair—  
Won as a maiden and kept as an heir,  
Peace with the sunlight of God on her hair,  
Peace, with an honor clear!"

Ribbons of red in the flag of our land,  
Bought for a price full dear,  
Speak! For 'tis Man that is asking Man,  
Churl in the centuries' caravan,  
Speak! For he waits for your bold "I can!"  
Speak! For he waits to hear!

"This is our word," said the ribbons of red,  
 Slowly, with gaze austere,  
 "War if we must in humanity's name,  
 Shielding a sister from sorrow and shame;  
 War upon beasts with the sword and with flame!  
 War—till the Judge appear!"

Stars in a field of the sky's own blue,  
 Light of a midnight year,  
 Speak! For the spirit of Man awakes,  
 Shoulders the cross, and his couch forsakes,  
 Whispers a prayer, and the long way takes,  
 Speak! For he waits to hear!

"This is our word," said a star of white,  
 Set in the silken mere,  
 "Right against Might on the land, on the sea!  
 Little and Great are the same to me!  
 Only for Truth and for Liberty  
 Strike! For the hour is here!"

## THE CALL

(FRANCE, AUGUST 1ST, 1914)

ROBERT W. SERVICE

From "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," a book of fine poems by Mr. Service. Published and copyright, 1916, by Barse & Hopkins, New York. Special permission to insert in this book.

**F**AR and near, high and clear,  
 Hark to the call of War!  
 Over the gorse and the golden dells,  
 Ringing and swinging of clamorous bells,  
 Praying and saying of wild farewells:  
 War! War! War!

High and low, all must go:  
Hark to the shout of War!  
Leave to the women the harvest yield;  
Gird ye, men, for the sinister field;  
A sabre instead of a scythe to wield.  
War! Red war!

Rich and poor, lord and boor,  
Hark to the blast of War!  
Tinker and tailor and millionaire,  
Actor in triumph and priest in prayer,  
Comrades now in the hell out there,  
Sweep to the fire of War!

Prince and page, sot and sage,  
Hark to the roar of War!  
Poet, professor and circus clown,  
Chimney-sweeper and fop o' the town,  
Into the pot and be melted down  
Into the pot of War!

Women all, hear the call,  
The pitiless call of War!  
Look your last on your dearest ones,  
Brothers and husbands, fathers, sons:  
Swift they go to the ravenous guns,  
The gluttonous guns of War!

Everywhere thrill the air  
The maniac bells of War!  
There will be little of sleeping tonight;  
There will be wailing and weeping tonight;  
Death's red sickle is reaping tonight:  
War! War! War!

## OUR BOYS IN KHAKI

CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON  
IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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DO we love our boys in khaki?  
That we do!  
Do we love the beat, beat, beat  
Of their footsteps down the street?  
Do we love the visored cap?  
Do we love the four-pinched hat,  
Belt and button, braid and strap,  
Band and buckle, and all that?  
Yes, we do!

But the boy behind the khaki,  
Young and brave and straight and slender,  
Our protector, our defender,  
Strong and true;  
Do you know, oh, boy in khaki,  
How our hearts are there with you?  
Do I love that boy in khaki?  
Yes, I do!



## THE ANXIOUS DEAD

LIEUT. COL. JOHN McCRAE

IN THE LONDON SPECTATOR

O GUNS, fall silent till the dead men hear  
Above their heads the legions pressing on!  
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear  
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see  
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar!  
Then let your mighty chorus witness be  
To them, and Cæsar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call;  
That we have sworn and will not turn aside;  
That we will onward till we win or fall;  
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,  
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep—  
Shall greet in wonderment the quiet dawn,  
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

## HOME

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

From Mr. Kauffman's book of poems, "Little Old Belgium."  
Henry Altemus Company, Publishers, Philadelphia. Copyright, 1914.  
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At a pillaged hamlet near Termonde, I asked a dying peasant woman into which of the houses still standing I should assist her—which was her home? She pressed a withered hand to her bayonet-pierced side and answered: "The Germans have taken one home from me; but, without knowing it, they have given me another. I am going there now."

MY house that I so soon shall own  
Is builded in a silent place,  
Not unaccompanied or alone,  
But shared by almost all my race;  
No landscape from its windows rolls  
A picture of the earth's increase;  
But, oh, for all our stricken souls,  
Within its sturdy walls is—Peace.

The other house I used to love  
Before they burnt it overhead;  
My slaughtered man; the memory of  
Our daughter screaming in the red  
Embrace of Uhlans at my door,  
Her shrieks all silenced by their shout  
Of drunken fury—that was war,  
And my new home will shut it out.

I shall not see the German hands  
That tear the baby from the breast;  
I shall not hear the plundering bands  
Laughing at murder: I shall rest.  
There Joy shall never riot in  
Nor robber sorrow find his way;

Those shutters bar the call of Sin,  
And Duty has no debt to pay.

So much I shall be heedless of,  
Serene, secure, dispassionate;  
*There* is not anything to love;  
*There* is not anything to hate.  
So in my house I shall forget  
All of the orgies and the strife,  
And find, past memory and regret,  
The Resurrection and the Life.

## TO HAPPIER DAYS

MABEL McELLIOTT  
IN THE CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE

AGAINST the shabby house I pass each day  
(The town is strange, and all so new to see)  
Pink hollyhocks made friendly sport of me,  
With nod and smile and endless courtesy  
Enlive the lonely sameness of my way.  
Slim little maids in rosy morning frocks,  
They make a splash of color on the gray—  
The sun so bright—a pity not to play,  
But this old world is sadly work-a-day,  
And I must hasten on, my hollyhocks!

I like to think that somewhere, overseas,  
Perhaps in some neglected garden place,  
Shy flowers from home lean out with wayward grace—  
Blue iris and the valley lilies' lace—  
Reminding them of happier times than these, . . .  
Of happy times that are so soon to be,  
When they come marching home to us—our men—  
The world's work done, the land made clean again!

## YOUR LAD, AND MY LAD

RANDALL PARRISH  
IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

DOWN toward the deep-blue water, marching to throb  
of drum,  
From city street and country lane the lines of khaki come;  
The rumbling guns, the sturdy tread, are full of grim  
appeal,  
While rays of western sunshine flash back from burnished  
steel.  
With eager eyes and cheeks aflame the serried ranks  
advance;  
And your dear lad, and my dear lad, are on their way to  
France.

A sob clings choking in the throat, as file on file sweep by,  
Between those cheering multitudes, to where the great  
ships lie;  
The batteries halt, the columns wheel, to clear-toned  
bugle-call.  
With shoulders squared and faces front they stand a  
khaki wall.  
Tears shine on every watcher's cheek, love speaks in every  
glance;  
For your dear lad, and my dear lad, are on their way to  
France.

Before them, through a mist of years, in soldier buff or  
blue,  
Brave comrades from a thousand fields watch now in  
proud review;  
The same old Flag, the same old Faith,—the Freedom  
of the World—

Spells Duty in those flapping folds above long ranks unfurled.

Strong are the hearts which bear along Democracy's advance,

As your dear lad, and my dear lad, go on their way to France.

The word rings out; a million feet tramp forward on the road,

Along that path of sacrifice o'er which their fathers strode.

With eager eyes and cheeks aflame, with cheers on smiling lips,

These fighting men of '17 move onward to their ships.

Nor even love may hold them back, nor halt that stern advance,

As your dear lad, and my dear lad, go on their way to France.

### "AS SHE IS SPOKE"

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

I'VE heard a half a dozen times  
Folks call it Reims.

That isn't right, though, so it seems,  
Perhaps it's Reims.

Poor city ruined now by flames—  
Can it be Reims?—

That once was one of France's gems—  
More likely Reims.

I'll get it right sometime, perchance;  
I'm told it's Reims.

## THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(SEEN FROM THE TRAIN)

WINIFRED M. LETTS

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I SAW the spires of Oxford  
As I was passing by,  
The gray spires of Oxford  
Against a pearl-gray sky.  
My heart was with the Oxford men  
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,  
The golden years and gay,  
The hoary colleges look down  
On careless boys at play.  
But when the bugles sounded—War!  
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,  
The cricket field, the quad,  
The shaven lawns of Oxford  
To seek a bloody sod—  
They gave their merry youth away  
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,  
Who laid your good lives down,  
Who took the khaki and the gun  
Instead of cap and gown.  
God bring you to a fairer place  
Than even Oxford town.

## THE GENTLEMEN OF OXFORD

NORAH M. HOLLAND  
IN EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

THE sunny streets of Oxford  
Are lying still and bare.  
No sound of voice or laughter  
Rings through the golden air;  
And, chiming from her belfry,  
No longer Christchurch calls  
The eager, boyish faces  
To gather in her halls.

The colleges are empty.  
Only the sun and wind  
Make merry in the places  
The lads have left behind.  
But, when the trooping shadows  
Have put the day to flight,  
The Gentlemen of Oxford  
Come homing through the night.

From France they come, and Flanders,  
From Mons, and Marne and Aisne,  
From Greece and from Gallipoli  
They come to her again;  
From the North Sea's grey waters,  
From many a grave unknown,  
The Gentlemen of Oxford  
Come back to claim their own.

The dark is full of laughter,  
Boy laughter, glad and young.  
They tell the old-time stories,  
The old-time songs are sung;

They linger in her cloisters,  
 They throng her dewy meads,  
 Till Isis hears their calling  
 And laughs among her reeds.

But, when the east is whitening  
 To greet the rising sun,  
 And slowly, over Carfax,  
 The stars fade, one by one,  
 Then, when the dawn-wind whispers  
 Along the Isis shore,  
 The Gentlemen of Oxford  
 Must seek their graves once more.

### WITH THE SAME PRIDE

THEODOSIA GARRISON  
 IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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ONE star for all she had,  
 And in her heart  
 One wound—yet is she glad  
 For all its smart  
 As they are glad who bear  
 The pangs of birth  
 That a new soul and fair  
 May come to earth,  
 Seeing she, too, was one  
 Who from Death's strife  
 Granted her first-born son  
 Proudly to Life.  
 Now with that very faith  
 Life justified,  
 She grants a son to Death  
 With the same pride.



## ACELDAMA

DR. GEORGE F. BUTLER

IN THE SCOOP, THE CHICAGO PRESS CLUB'S MAGAZINE

STILL breaks the Holy morn, to soothe the care  
And labor of the world; hushed is the grove,  
And overhead the vireo's note of love  
Floats like a joyful utterance of prayer.  
Soft insect murmurs fill the enchanted air.  
Into a fairer day earth seems to move,  
And statelier thoughts lift mortal sense above  
Life's sin and pain; the sorrow and despair.  
But hark! where now the noonday beams are shed  
In sorrowing Europe, trembles a sound  
Of thunder, and the land with dews of blood  
Is drenched; while o'er the dying and the dead  
Fate turns to weep o'er every pleading wound—  
Can earth o'ercome the evil with the good?

But yesterday two monarchs, held in check  
Like bloodhounds in the leash, broke forth before  
The eyes of Christendom, and in the roar  
Of lurid conflict heard not the wild shriek  
Of outraged millions—now again the wreck  
Of crushed humanity must strew death's shore  
With ghastly ruin crying evermore,  
"Shame! Wretch of mortal form and vulture's beak—  
To ask God's aid and Christ's! O, hour of woe!  
Cover, O night of ages, the dread birth  
Of man's Imperial hate! Let kings go down  
That peoples may aspire and live and own  
A holier stature, and this crimsoned earth  
Drink the pure light of Freedom's afterglow!"

Sunday in August, 1914

## THE LONELY GARDEN

EDGAR A. GUEST

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I WONDER what the trees will say,  
The trees that used to share his play,  
An' knew him as the little lad  
Who used to wander with his dad.  
They've watched him grow from year to year  
Since first the good Lord sent him here;  
This shag-bark hick'ry, many a time,  
The little fellow tried t' climb;  
An' never a spring has come but he  
Has called upon his favorite tree.  
I wonder what they all will say  
When they are told he's marched away.

I wonder what the birds will say,  
The swallow an' the chatterin' jay,  
The robin an' the kildeer, too.  
For every one o' them he knew,  
An' every one o' them knew him,  
Waited each spring t' tell him all  
They'd done and seen since 'way last fall.  
He was the first to greet 'em here  
An' hoppin' there from limb t' limb,  
As they returned from year t' year;  
An' now I wonder what they'll say  
When they are told he's marched away.

I wonder how the roses there  
Will get along without his care,  
An' how the lilac bush will face

The loneliness about th' place,  
For ev'ry spring an' summer he  
Has been the chum o' plant an' tree,  
An' every livin' thing has known  
A comradeship that's finer grown  
By havin' him from year t' year.  
Now very soon they'll all be here,  
An' I'm wonderin' what they'll say  
When they find out he's marched away.

## THE BRITISH ARMY OF 1914

ALFRED W. POLLARD  
IN WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

**L**ET us praise God for the Dead: the Dead who died  
in our cause.  
They went forth a little army: all its men were as true as  
steel.  
The hordes of the enemy were hurled against them: they  
fell back, but their hearts failed not.  
They went forward again and held their ground: though  
their foes were as five to one.  
They gave time for our host to muster: the most of the  
men who never thought to fight.  
A great host and a mighty: worthy of the men who died  
to gain them time.  
Let us praise God for these men: let us remember them  
before Him all our days.  
Let us care for the widows and orphans: and for the men  
who came home maimed.  
Truly God has been with us: these things were not done  
without His help.  
O Lord our God, be Thou still our helper: make us  
worthy of those who died.

## MORITURI TE SALUTANT

P. H. B. L.  
IN THE LONDON SPECTATOR

**I**N this last hour, before the bugles blare  
The summons of the dawn, we turn again  
To you, dear country, you whom unaware,  
Through summer years of idle selfishness,  
We still have loved—who loved us none the less,  
Knowing the destined hour would find us men.

O thrill and laughter of the busy town!  
O flower valleys, trees against the skies,  
Wild moor and woodland, glade and sweeping down,  
O land of our desire! like men asleep  
We have let pass the years, nor felt you creep  
So close into our hearts' dear sanctities.

So, we are dreamers; but our dreams are cast  
Henceforward in a more heroic mold;  
We have kept faith with our immortal past.  
Knights—we have found the lady of our love;  
Minstrels—have heard great harmonies above  
The lyrics that enraptured us of old.

The dawn's aglow with luster of the sun  
O love, O burning passion, that has made  
Our day illustrious till its hours are done—  
Fire our dull hearts, that, in our sun's eclipse,  
When Death stoops low to kiss us on the lips,  
He still may find us singing, unafraid.

One thing we know, that love so greatly spent  
Dies not when lovers die: From hand to hand  
We pass the torch and perish—well content,  
If in dark years to come our countrymen  
Feel the divine flame leap in them again,  
And so remember us and understand.

## "BLIGHTY" AND "GONE WEST"

BRITISH soldiers in France have developed a terminology that is plain to them, but confusing to civilians. They speak of "Blighty," for example, and of "Gone West." These two terms express hopes—Blighty meaning home; in common acceptance, home for rest and recuperation. "Gone West" means gone from the east with its conflict to the refuge of death, where peace waits in the glory of sunset.

"Blighty" is of Hindu origin. British officers in South Africa who had served in India used the word, which is an Anglicized form of the Indian word "vilayti," meaning European. Englishmen being about the only Europeans the natives knew, its application narrowed down to England only; and the army fell into a way of using it as a synonym of home. When the troops from India came into action early in the war, their wounded were sent to the nearest English great hospital, at Brighton, just across the channel. The consonance of Brighton and vilayti or Blighty was so close that these men used their own word as a matter of course, and in this way it floated into general use.

It has acquired a new sense of late. Casualties intermediate to those too severe for removal and those that can be treated in field hospitals, are sent to England—to Blighty—and are themselves called Blighty, meaning wounds that get a man home. Lieut. Siegfried Sassoon has woven the idea into a plaintively whimsical bit of verse which he calls

## BLIGHTY

HE woke: the clank and racket of the train  
Kept time with angry throbbings in his brain,  
At last he lifted his bewildered eyes  
And blinked, and rolled them sidelong; hills and skies.

Heavily wooded, hot with August haze,  
And, slipping backward, golden for his gaze,  
Acres of harvest.

Feebly now he drags  
Exhausted ego back from glooms and quags  
And blasting tumult, terror, hurtling glare,  
To calm and brightness, havens of sweet air.

He sighed, confused; then drew a cautious breath;  
This level journeying was no ride through death.  
"If I were dead," he mused, "there'd be no thinking—  
Only some plunging underworld of sinking,  
And hueless, shifting welter where I'd drown."  
Then he remembered that his name was Brown.

But was he back in Blighty? Slow he turned,  
Till in his heart thanksgiving leaped and burned.  
There shone the blue serene, the prosperous land,  
Trees, cows and hedges; skipping these he scanned,  
Large, friendly names that change not with the year,  
Lung Tonic, Mustard, Liver Pills and Beer.

Hugh Pendexter, in *Adventure Magazine*, says "going west," as used by the men overseas to mean death, is of peculiarly American origin. The Karok Indians of California believed the spirit of the good Karok went to the "happy western land." The Cherokee myths picture the west as the "ghost country," the twilight land where go the dead. The Shawnee tell of the boy who "traveled west" to find his sister in the spirit land. The Chippewa believes the spirit "followed a wide, beaten path toward the west." The spirit world of the Fox Indians

is at the setting of the sun. And so on, in the theology of many Indian nations we find the West as the storied abode of the great majority—who have passed over.

Its later significance is tenderly sung by Eleanor Jewett in *The Chicago Tribune*:

## GOING WEST

WEST to the hills, the long, long trail that strikes  
Straight and away into the sunset's glow,  
Ribbed by the narrow barriers of Death—  
Dark are the waters that beside it flow.  
The red flowers fade upon the fields of France,  
The soaring larks are fallen to their nest.  
The glare of battle soothes a little space. . . .  
As they go west. . . .

## ON HIS OWN

ADOLPHE E. SMYLLIE  
OF THE VIGILANTES

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“YOU see that young kid lying there  
Playing a game of solitaire?  
All shot to pieces in the air;  
By Heck, Sarge, he’s a wonder.  
The gamest kid I ever met;  
They’re probing him for bullets yet,  
But s—sh; here comes his nurse Yvette—  
Kept *him* from going under.

You think she’s passing by him? Nit!  
D’you get that smile? He waves his mitt;  
I think he’s stuck on her a bit,  
Can’t blame him for that matter,  
She watches him just like a hawk.  
Now listen to their daily talk.  
She’s all Paree, he’s all New York;  
Sit quiet, hear their chatter.”

“Pardonnez-moi, désirez-vous——”

“Oh, fine and dandy! How are you?”

“Quelque chose? Comprenez-vous?——”

“Ah, now I know you’re kiddin’.”

“Vous avez bonne mine aujourd’hui——”

“It’s high time you were nice to me.”

“Time? Je comprends, il est midi——”

“Bright eyes, I think I’m skiddin’.”

“Je crois que je vous donnerai——”

I’ll back up anything you say——”

“Un petit morceau de poulet——”

“You fascinating creature!”



“Avec le crême, dans la coquille,—”

“Rats! There she goes! I always feel  
Some blessy’s S. O. S. appeal  
Will call off my French teacher.”

The Sarge here nudged my splintered ribs;  
“Well, I’ll be damned! Here comes His Nibs!”  
And down the aisle stalked General Gibbs  
With all the famous aces.

They formed around the sick boy’s bed,  
He gasped, saluted, then turned red:  
“Looks like I’m pinched!” was all he said,  
Scanning their smiling faces.

“So,” spoke the General, “you alone  
Brought down three Taubes on your own!  
Another Yankee Ace is known  
To everyone in Blighty.  
I’m proud to know you,—put it there,—  
And now we’re going to let you wear  
This gallantly won Croix de Guerre  
I’m pinning on your nighty.”

## THEY SHALL NOT PASS

ALISON BROWN

OF THE VIGILANTES

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THEY shall not pass,  
While Britain’s sons draw breath,  
While strength is theirs to strike with shining sword.  
They shall not pass,  
Except they pass to Death—  
For British fighting men have pledged their word.  
They shall not pass—  
For France knows no defeat,  
Nor hesitates to nobly pay the price.

They shall not pass  
 Till brave hearts cease to beat,  
 And none shall stand to fall in sacrifice.

They shall not pass—  
 America will stand  
 As long as lips can answer her, "I come."  
 They shall not pass,  
 To strike the loved land,  
 That freedom's children rise to call their home.

## SHIPS THAT SAIL IN THE NIGHT

DYSART McMULLEN

IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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"Not a light visible. Not a man above the deck."—From a correspondent's description.

**H**AIL and farewell,  
 Ships that pass to the sea!  
 Hail and a long farewell,  
 Soldiers of destiny!

Not with rolling of drums,  
 Not with music and songs,  
 Not with laughter and weeping,  
 Or cheering of passionate throngs;

But silently, as is fitting,  
 Gray ghosts passing from sight;  
 Great ships like sea-gulls flitting  
 Against the curtain of night.

## LET US HAVE PEACE

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS .

OF THE POST-INTELLIGENCER, SEATTLE

The author of this poem is a newspaper man, known widely for his unusual mixture of abilities as a descriptive writer, a critic of drama, and a poet. He is a dominant figure in journalism on the Pacific coast.

LET us have peace. No craven's peace,  
Nor sluggard's to gape and dream;  
But the strenuous peace of the land's increase,  
And the powerful beat of steam.  
Let the cannon of commerce roar over the fields,  
And the bugles of brotherhood play;—  
For the arm of the man, and the brain of the man,  
And the grit of the man, make way.

Let us have peace. No timid peace,  
That doubtful clings to its place,  
But the free brave peace of the old-time Greece,  
And the faith of a patriot race.  
Let the vision of Virtue enrapture the gaze,  
And the bolts of Integrity stay;—  
For the arm of the man, and the brain of the man,  
And the nerve of the man, make way.

Let us have peace. No anchored peace,  
That holds its sails in the slips,  
But the peace that sweeps all the strange blue deeps  
With the keels of its own great ships.  
With Honor commanding, and Truth at the helm,  
And Beauty to welcome the spray;—  
For the nerve and muscle and brawn and brain,  
For the soul of the Man, make way.

## KNITTING SOCKS

The Boston Transcript reprints the following poem, just as it appeared in that paper November 27, 1861.

CLICK, click! how the needles go  
Through the busy fingers, to and fro—  
With no bright colors of berlin wool,  
Delicate hands today are full:  
Only a yarn of deep, dull blue,  
Socks for the feet of the brave and true.  
Yet click, click, how the needles go,  
'Tis a power within that nerves them so.  
In the sunny hours of the bright spring day,  
And still in the night time far away.  
Maiden, mother, grandame sit  
Earnest and thoughtful while they knit.  
Many the silent prayers they pray,  
Many the tear drops brushed away.  
While busy on the needles go,  
Widen and narrow, heel and toe.  
The grandame thinks with a thrill of pride  
How her mother knit and spun beside  
For that patriot band in olden days  
Who died the Stars and Stripes to raise—  
Now she in turn knits for the brave  
Who'd die that glorious flag to save.  
She is glad, she says, "the boys" have gone,  
'Tis just as their grandfathers would have done.  
But she heaves a sigh and the tears will start,  
For "the boys" were the pride of grandame's heart.  
The mother's look is calm and high,  
God only hears her soul's deep cry—  
In Freedom's name, at Freedom's call,  
She gave her sons—in them her all.  
The maiden's cheek wears a paler shade,

But the light in her eyes is undismayed.  
Faith and hope give strength to her sight,  
She sees a red dawn after the night.  
Oh, soldiers brave, will it brighten the day,  
And shorten the march on the weary way,  
To know that at home the loving and true  
Are knitting and hoping and praying for you?  
Soft are the voices when speaking your name,  
Proud are their glories when hearing your fame.  
And the gladdest hour in their lives will be  
When they greet you after the victory.

## THE GOLDENROD

"ANCHUSA"

FROM B. L. T.'S COLUMN IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

SOME day the fields of Flanders shall bloom in peace  
again,  
Field lilies and the clover spread where once was crimson  
stain,  
And a new, cheerful golden spray shine through the sun  
and rain.

The clover's for the English who sleep beneath that sod,  
The lily's for the noble French whose spirits rest with  
God,  
But where our sacred dead shall sleep must bloom the  
goldenrod.

For every flower of summer those meadows will have  
room,  
And yet I think no Flemish hand will touch the kaiser-  
bloom,  
Whose growing blue must evermore whisper of grief and  
doom.

But clover for the English shall blossom from the sod,  
 And glorious lilies for the French whose spirits rest with  
 God.

And where our own lads lie asleep the prairie goldenrod.

Once more the Flemish children shall laugh through  
 Flemish lanes,

And gather happy garlands through fields of bygone  
 pains,

And, as they run and cull their flowers, sing in their  
 simple strains:

“These clovers are for English who fought to save this  
 sod,

These lilies for the valiant French—may their souls rest  
 in God!

And for the brave Americans we pluck this goldenrod.”

## MAGPIES IN PICARDY

“TIPCUCA”

IN THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

THE magpies in Picardy  
 Are more than I can tell.  
 They flicker down the dusty roads  
 And cast a magic spell  
 On the men who march through Picardy,  
 Through Picardy to hell.

(The blackbird flies with panic,  
 The swallow goes like light,  
 The finches move like ladies,  
 The owl floats by at night;  
 But the great and flashing magpie  
 He flies as artists might.)

A magpie in Picardy  
Told me secret things—  
Of the music in white feathers,  
And the sunlight that sings  
And dances in deep shadows—  
He told me with his wings.

(The hawk is cruel and rigid,  
He watches from a height;  
The rook is slow and somber,  
The robin loves to fight;  
But the great and flashing magpie  
He flies as lovers might.)

He told me that in Picardy,  
An age ago or more,  
While all his fathers still were eggs,  
These dusty highways bore  
Brown, singing soldiers marching out  
Through Picardy to war.

He said that still through chaos  
Works on the ancient plan,  
And that two things have altered not  
Since first the world began—  
The beauty of the wild green earth  
And the bravery of man.

(For the sparrow flies unthinking  
And quarrels in his flight.  
The heron trails his legs behind,  
The lark goes out of sight;  
But the great and flashing magpie  
He flies as poets might.)

## SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, 1918

ALMON HENSLEY  
IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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LEAVE me alone here, proudly, with my dead,  
Ye mothers of brave sons adventurous;  
He who once prayed: "If it be possible  
Let this cup pass," will arbitrate for us.  
Your boy with iron nerves and careless smile  
Marched gaily by and dreamed of glory's goal;  
Mine had blanched cheek, straight mouth and close-  
gripped hands  
And prayed that somehow he might save his soul.  
I do not grudge your ribbon or your cross,  
The price of these my soldier, too, has paid;  
I hug a prouder knowledge to my heart,  
The mother of the boy who was afraid!

He was a tender child with nerves so keen  
They doubled pain and magnified the sad;  
He hated cruelty and things obscene  
And in all high and holy things was glad.  
And so he gave what others could not give,  
The one supremest sacrifice he made,  
A thing your brave boy could not understand;  
He gave his all because he was afraid!



## AFTERWARD

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE  
IN THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

THE sick man said: "I pray I shall not die  
Before this tumult which now rocks the earth  
Shall cease. I dread far journeyings to God  
Ere I have heard the final shots of war,  
And learned the outcome of this holocaust."

Yet one night, while the guns still roared and flashed,  
His spirit left his body; left the earth  
Which he had loved in sad, disastrous days,  
And sped to heav'n amid the glittering stars  
And the white splendor of the quiet moon.

One instant—and a hundred years rushed by!  
And he, a new immortal, found his way  
Among the great celestial hills of God.  
Then suddenly one memory of earth  
Flashed like a meteor's flame across his mind.

One instant—and another hundred years!  
And even the dream of that poor little place  
Which he had known was lost in greater spheres  
Through which he whirled; and old remembrances  
Were but as flecks of dust blown down the night;  
And nothing mattered, save that suns and moons  
Swung in the ether for unnumbered worlds  
High, high above the pebble of the earth.

## THE SONG OF THE GUNS

HERBERT KAUFMAN

From Mr. Kaufman's book of poems, "The Hell Gate of Soissons."  
T. Fisher Unwin, Publishers (all rights reserved), London, England.  
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**H**EAR the guns, hear the guns!  
High above the splutter-splutter  
Of the Maxim, and the stutter  
Of the rifles, hear them shrieking.  
See the searching shells come sneaking,  
Softly speaking,  
Slyly seeking,  
Thirsting, bursting, shrapnel-leaking  
Where the ranks are thickest—tearing  
Mighty gaps among the daring.  
Charging horse and rider stumble,  
And brigades fall in a jumble;  
Earthworks crumble,  
Standards tumble,  
And the driving bayonets fumble,  
But unsated,  
Still the hated  
Cannon thunder, unabated.  
Hear them rumble,  
Hear them grumble,  
Hear the old song of the guns!  
"Send your sons,  
Send your sons,  
All your near ones,  
All your dear ones;  
Give us food!  
Give us food!  
Give the strongest of your brood.  
Let us feed!  
Let us feed!

On the bravest that you breed.  
Give us meat,  
Give us meat,  
Oh, the blood of Valor's sweet!"

And the women make reply:  
Ah, the glory of the lie—  
"Look, no tear is in our eye.  
Rather would we see you die  
For your country, than stand by.  
Rather would we boast to tell  
To your children that you fell,  
Than to have you lurk and sell  
Honor for a coward's breath;  
Better far the soldier's death.  
Go and battle for the land.  
Make a stand!  
Make a stand!  
Go and join the dauntless band.  
Take a hand!  
Take a hand!  
Count not us—God will provide!"

Thus the women in their pride  
Mask their hearts—their anguish hide.  
Thus the mother and the bride  
Bid their men to march and ride  
To the guns,  
Hungry guns,  
Rumbling, grumbling for their sons.  
Thus the women ever give,  
Give their nearest, dearest ones  
At the summons of the guns.  
What is war to men—they *die*.  
But the widowed women, aye,  
To the end alone, must *live*.

## TELLING THE BEES

(AN OLD GLOUCESTERSHIRE SUPERSTITION)

G. E. R.

IN THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

THEY dug no grave for our soldier lad, who fought  
and who died out there:  
Bugle and drum for him were dumb, and the padre said  
no prayer;  
The passing bell gave never a peal to warn that a soul  
was fled,  
And we laid him not in the quiet spot where cluster his  
kin that are dead.

But I hear a foot on the pathway, above the low hum of  
the hive,  
That at edge of dark, with the song of the lark, tells  
that the world is alive:  
The master starts on his errand, his tread is heavy and  
slow,  
Yet he cannot choose but tell the news—the bees have  
a right to know.

Bound by the ties of a happier day, they are one with us  
now in our worst;  
On the very morn that my boy was born they were told  
the tidings the first:  
With what pride they will hear of the end he made, and  
the ordeal that he trod—  
Of the scream of shell, and the venom of hell, and the  
flame of the sword of God.

Wise little heralds, tell of my boy; in your golden tabard  
coats

Tell the bank where he slept, and the stream he leapt,  
    where the spangled lily floats:  
The tree he climbed shall lift her head, and the torrent  
    he swam shall thrill,  
And the tempest that bore his shouts before shall cry his  
    message still.

## THE RETINUE

KATHARINE LEE BATES

IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND, Austrian  
    heir-apparent,  
Rideth through the Shadow Land, not a lone knight  
    errant,  
But captain of a mighty train, millions upon millions,  
Armies of the battle slain, hordes of dim civilians;

German ghosts who see their works with tortured eyes,  
    the sorry  
Spectres of sacred tyrants, Turks hunted by their quarry,  
Liars, plotters red of hand—like waves of poisonous  
    gases,  
Sweeping through the Shadow Land the host of horror  
    passes;

Spirits bright as broken blades drawn for truth and honor,  
Sons of Belgium, pallid maids, martyrs who have won her  
Love eternal, bleeding breasts of the French defiance,  
Russians on enraptured quests, Freedom's proud alliance.

Through that hollow hush of doom, vast, unvisioned  
regions,  
Led by Kitchener of Khartum, march the English  
legions:  
Kilt and shamrock, maple leaf, dreaming Hindu faces,  
Brows of glory, eyes of grief, arms of lost embraces.

Like a moaning tide of woe, midst those pale battalions  
From the Danube and the Po, Arabs and Australians,  
Pours a ghastly multitude that breaks the heart of pity,  
Wreckage of some shell-bestrewed waste that was a city;  
Flocking from the murderous seas, from the famished  
lowland,  
From the blazing villages of Serbia and Poland,  
Woman phantoms, baby wraiths, trampled by war's blind-  
ness,  
Horses, dogs, that put their faiths in human loving kind-  
ness.

Tamburlane, Napoleon, envious Alexander  
Peer in wonder at the wan, tragical commander,  
Archduke Francis Ferdinand—when shall his train be  
ended?—  
Of all the lords of Shadow Land most royally attended!

## VIVE LA FRANCE!

CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD

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FRANCELINE rose in the dawning gray,  
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,  
For her man Michel had holiday,  
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,  
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:  
"If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified  
Christ—save France!

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,  
Carry me safe to the meeting place,  
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,  
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he'll be,  
Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!  
For 'Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,  
'A son to France.'

"Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle*,  
For we're going by-by to thy papa Michel,  
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,  
Little pigeon of France!

"Six days' leave and a year between!  
But what would you have? In six days clean,  
Heaven was made," said Franceline,  
"Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,  
To the marching troops in the street she came,  
And she held high her boy like a taper flame  
    Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,  
Silent they march like a pantomime;  
"But what need of music? My heart beats time—  
    Vive la France!"

His regiment comes. Oh, then where is he?  
"There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see,—  
Is that my Michel to the right of thee,  
    Soldier of France?"

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell—  
"Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—  
And he whispered thy name, did poor Michel,  
    Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed  
Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,  
As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed  
    "Vive la France!"



## THE WOES OF A ROOKIE

WILLIAM L. COLESTOCK

I ENLISTED in the infantry last summer;  
I was greeted at the training camp with joy;  
I had hardly gotten settled, when a sergeant  
Told me I was now the Company's errand boy.  
Now, I knew I'd have to start in at the bottom,  
And acquire my army training bit by bit;  
But to be assigned to duties quite so humble,  
Was humiliating, surely you'll admit.

My first errand was a trip to Field Headquarters.  
It was raining and the mud was deep and thick.  
I was ordered to seek out the Major General,  
And procure a requisition for a brick.  
'Twas explained to me, before I left my Company,  
That our Captain suffered much with chilly feet,  
And that bricks, when rightly heated, would correct this.  
What that Major General said, I'll not repeat.

To our surly Regimental Quartermaster,  
I was sent to get the Company's Sunday hats,  
And my Sergeant said, "to save myself some walking,"  
I could "also get the First Lieutenant's spats";  
When I told that sour Quartermaster's seageant  
What it was I'd like to have for Company A,  
Gosh, he "bawled me out," said "Your ears should be  
longer,  
And your rations should be changed from beans to  
hay."

For a thousand feet of skirmish line I hunted  
For a half a day, before I saw the joke;

Next they sent me for a left-hand canvas stretcher,  
To repair the Mess-hall windows, which were broke.  
As the Company Street was slightly rough and bumpy,  
They dispatched me for a double-jointed plow;  
And one breakfast-time they sent me to the Colonel,  
With a pail, to milk the Regimental cow.

Then one day the Sergeant said, "You've been promoted.  
You're now morning call-boy for the Regiment,  
And each morning, bright and early, you will sprinkle  
Drops of water on each face, in every tent."  
In the morning I began my sprinkling duties,  
And had sprinkled in about one dozen tents,  
When a bunch of fellows rushed me to the hydrant,  
Where they "soused" me good; since then I've had  
some sense.

As I look back at the time I "ran the paddles,"  
After having set me down in water wet;  
Rushing down between two rows of husky messmates,  
With my arms above my head, I feel it yet.  
Now, I've graduated from the rookie section,  
And the "awkward squad" will miss me in its ranks,  
And I'm happy, for a bunch of bloomin' rookies  
Have arrived. To those that sent them, Many Thanks.

## IN THE FRONT-LINE DESKS

LIEUT. ELMER FRANKLIN POWELL  
IN ADVENTURE MAGAZINE

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I TRIED to be a doughboy, but they said my feet  
were flat

And I'd surely never stand the awful strain.

No chance to even argue that I'd like to bet my hat

I could out walk any tar-heel in the train.

"Awful sorry, but it's useless," was the doctor's mournful  
wail.

"Your eyesight quite unfits you for the guns."

Uselessly I tried to tell him that at dropping leaden hail

I could surely decimate a pack of Huns.

Then I hoped for aviation, for my nerve is still in place,

But there wasn't even half a chance for that.

A stocky young lieutenant said, "You'll never hold the  
pace,

For you've got a jumpy eyebrow." Think o' that!

So they went and made me captain in the Quartermaster  
Corps,

Where I juggle lists of beans the livelong day.

Trying hard to grin and bear it as the boys march off  
to war

While I sit and figure up their blasted pay.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

(IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS)

VACHEL LINDSAY

From Vachel Lindsay's book entitled "The Congo and Other Poems," published and copyright, 1914, by The Macmillan Company, New York. Special permission to insert in this book.

IT is portentous, and a thing of state,  
That here at midnight, in our little town  
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,  
Near the old court house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards  
He lingers where his children used to play,  
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones  
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,  
A famous high-top hat and plain worn shawl  
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,  
The prairie lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.  
He is among us;—as in times before!  
And we who toss and lie awake for long  
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.  
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?  
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,  
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.  
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.  
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now  
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn  
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free;  
The League of sober folk, the Workers' Earth  
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,  
That all his hours of travail here for men  
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace  
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

## THE KINGS

HUGH J. HUGHES

IN FARM, STOCK AND HOME

THE Kings are dying! In blood and flame  
Their sun is setting to rise no more!  
They have played too long at the ancient game  
Of their bluer blood and the bolted door.

Now the blood of their betters is on their hands—  
The blood of the peasant, the child, the maid;  
And there are no waters in all the lands  
Can bathe them clean of the dark stain laid.

They have sinned in malice and craven fear—  
For the sake of their tinsel have led us on  
To the hate-built trench and the death-drop sheer,  
But the day will come when the Kings are gone.

The Kings are dying! Beat, O drums,  
The world-wide roll of the democrat!  
O bugles, cry out for the day that comes  
When the Kings that were shall be marveled at!

## JEAN DESPREZ

ROBERT W. SERVICE

From "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," by Robert W. Service, published and copyright, 1916, by Barse & Hopkins, New York. Special permission to reproduce in this book.

OH ye whose hearts are resonant, and ring to War's  
romance,  
Hear ye the story of a boy, a peasant boy of France;  
A lad uncouth and warped with toil, yet who, when trial  
came,  
Could feel within his soul upleap and soar, the sacred  
flame;  
Could stand upright, and scorn and smite, as only heroes  
may:  
Oh, harken! Let me try to tell the tale of Jean Desprez.

With fire and sword the Teuton horde was ravaging the  
land,  
And there was darkness and despair, grim death on every  
hand;  
Red fields of slaughter sloping down to ruin's black  
abyss;  
The wolves of war ran evil-fanged, and little did they  
miss.  
And on they came with fear and flame, to burn and loot  
and slay,  
Until they reached the red-roofed croft, the home of Jean  
Desprez.

"Rout out of the village, one and all!" the Uhlan Cap-  
tain said.

"Behold! Some hand has fired a shot. My trumpeter is  
dead.

Now shall they Prussian vengeance know; now shall they  
rue the day,  
For by this sacred German slain, ten of these dogs shall  
pay."

They drove the cowering peasants forth, women and  
babes and men,  
And from the last, with many a jeer, the Captain chose  
he ten;  
Ten simple peasants, bowed with toil; they stood, they  
knew not why  
Against the grey wall of the church, hearing their chil-  
dren cry;  
Hearing their wives and mothers wail, with faces dazed  
they stood.  
A moment only. . . . *Ready! Fire!* They weltered in  
their blood.

But there was one who gazed unseen, who heard the  
frenzied cries,  
Who saw these men in sabots fall before their children's  
eyes;  
A Zouave wounded in a ditch, and knowing death was  
nigh,  
He laughed with joy: "Ah! here is where I settle ere  
I die."  
He clutched his rifle once again, and long he aimed and  
well. . . .  
A shot! Beside his victims ten the Uhlan Captain fell.  
They dragged the wounded Zouave out; their rage was  
like a flame.  
With bayonets they pinned him down, until their Major  
came.  
A blend, full-blooded man he was, and arrogant of eye.

He stared to see with shattered skull his favorite Captain  
lie.

“Nay, do not finish him so quick, this foreign swine,” he  
cried;

“Go nail him to the big church door: he shall be cruci-  
fied.”

With bayonets through hands and feet they nailed the  
Zouave there,

And there was anguish in his eyes, and horror in his stare;  
“Water! A single drop!” he moaned; but how they  
jeered at him,

And mocked him with an empty cup, and saw his sight  
grow dim;

And as in agony of death with blood his lips were wet,  
The Prussian Major gaily laughed, and lit a cigarette.

But 'mid the white-faced villagers who cowered in hor-  
ror by,

Was one who saw the woeful sight, who heard the woe-  
ful cry:

“Water! One little drop, I beg! For love of Christ who  
died. . . .”

It was the little Jean Desprez who turned and stole  
aside;

It was the little barefoot boy who came with cup abrim  
And walked up to the dying man, and gave the drink  
to him.

A roar of rage! They seize the boy; they tear him fast  
away.

The Prussian Major swings around; no longer is he gay.  
His teeth are wolfishly agleam; his face all dark with  
spite:

“Go, shoot the brat,” he snarls, “that dare defy our Prus-  
sian might.



Yet stay! I have another thought. I'll kindly be, and spare.

Quick! give the lad a rifle charged, and set him squarely there,

And bid him shoot, and shoot to kill. Haste! Make him understand

The dying dog he fain would save shall perish by his hand.

And all his kindred they shall see, and all shall curse his name,

Who bought his life at such a cost, the price of death and shame."

They brought the boy, wild-eyed with fear; they made him understand;

They stood him by the dying man, a rifle in his hand.

"Make haste!" said they; "the time is short, and you must kill or die."

The Major puffed his cigarette, amusement in his eye.

And then the dying Zouave heard, and raised his weary head:

"Shoot, son, 'twill be the best for both; shoot swift and straight," he said.

"Fire first and last, and do not flinch; for lost to hope am I;

And I will murmur: Vive la France! and bless you ere I die."

Half-blind with blows the boy stood there; he seemed to swoon and sway;

Then in that moment woke the soul of little Jean Desprez.

He saw the woods go sheening down; the larks were singing clear;

And oh! the scents and sounds of spring, how sweet they  
were! how dear!

He felt the scent of new-mown hay, a soft breeze fanned  
his brow;

O God! the paths of peace and toil! How precious were  
they now!

The summer days and summer ways, how bright with  
hope and bliss!

The autumn such a dream of gold; and all must end in this:  
This shining rifle in his hand, that shambles all around;  
The Zouave there with dying glare; the blood upon the  
ground;

The brutal faces round him ringed, the evil eyes aflame;  
That Prussian bully standing by as if he watched a game.  
"Make haste and shoot," the Major sneered; a minute  
more I give;

A minute more to kill your friend, if you yourself would  
live."

They only saw a barefoot boy, with blanched and twitch-  
ing face;

They did not see within his eyes the glory of his race;  
The glory of a million men who for fair France have  
died,

The splendor of self-sacrifice that will not be denied.  
Yet he was but a peasant lad, and oh! but life was sweet.  
"Your minute's nearly gone, my lad," he heard a voice  
repeat.

"Shoot! Shoot!" the dying Zouave moaned; "Shoot!  
Shoot!" the soldier said.

Then Jean Desprez reached out and shot . . . *the Prus-  
sian Major dead!*

## SUDDENLY ONE DAY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

FROM THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

Found in the pocket of Capt. T. P. C. Wilson, a British officer, killed in action.

SUDDENLY one day  
The last ill shall fall away.  
The last little beastliness that is in our blood  
Shall drop from us as the sheath drops from the bud,  
And the great spirit of man shall struggle through  
And spread huge branches underneath the blue.  
In any mirror, be it bright or dim,  
Man will see God, staring back at him.

## WE'RE MARCHIN' WITH THE COUNTRY

FRANK L. STANTON

IN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION

THE old flag is a-doin' her very level best,  
She's a rainbow roun' the country from the rosy east  
to the west;  
An' the eagle's in the elements with sunshine on his  
breast,  
An' we're marchin' with the country in the mornin'!

We're marchin' to the music that is ringin' far and nigh;  
You can hear the hallelujahs as the regiments go by;  
We'll live for this old country, or for freedom's cause  
we'll die—  
We're marchin' with the country in the mornin'!

## DO YOUR ALL

EDGAR A. GUEST.

From Mr. Guest's book of war time rhymes, "Over Here." Published and copyright, 1918, by The Reilly & Britton Company, Publishers, Chicago. Special permission to reproduce in this book.

"DO your bit!" How cheap and trite  
 Seems that phrase in such a fight!  
 "Do your bit!" That cry recall,  
 Change it now to "Do your all!"  
 Do your all, and then do more;  
 Do what you're best fitted for;  
 Do your utmost, do and give.  
 You have but one life to live.

Do your finest, do your best,  
 Don't let up and stop to rest,  
 Don't sit back and idly say,  
 "I did something yesterday."  
 Come on! Here's another hour.  
 Give it all you have of power.  
 Here's another day that needs  
 Everybody's share of deeds.

"Do your bit!" of course, but then  
 Do it time and time again;  
 Giving, doing, all should be  
 Up to full capacity.  
 Now's no time to pick and choose.  
 We've a war we must not lose.  
 Be your duty great or small,  
 Do it well and do it all.

Do by careful, patient living,  
 Do by cheerful, open giving;  
 Do by serving day by day  
 At whatever post you may;

Do by sacrificing pleasure,  
Do by scorning hours of leisure.  
Now to God and country give  
Every minute that you live.

## FLAG OF THE FREE

FRANCIS T. SMITH,  
IN POPULAR EDUCATOR

**F**LOAT thou majestically,  
Proudly, triumphantly,  
Ever protectingly,  
Flag of the free.  
No foe our faith shall blight  
In thy unconquered might,  
Emblem of truth and right,  
We bow to thee.

As in grim days of yore—  
Now on a hostile shore,  
Fulfill thy pledge once more,  
Red, white and blue.  
Long as thy stately bars  
And heaven's reflected stars  
Dishonor never mars,  
We will be true.

Prove to the waiting world,  
When free men are assailed,  
Our standard is unfurled  
For justice still.  
Strengthen us lest we fall,  
Inspiring one and all,  
Urging thy righteous call,  
Under God's will.

## THE SERVICE FLAG

WILLIAM HERSCHELL  
IN THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS

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DEAR little flag in the window there,  
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;  
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—  
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,  
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;  
Born of the blood that our forbears shed  
To raise your mother, the Flag, o'erhead.

And now you've come, in this frenzied day,  
To speak from a window—to speak and say  
“I am the voice of a soldier-son  
Gone to be gone till the victory's won.

“I am the flag of the Service, sir;  
The flag of his mother—I speak for her  
Who stands by my window and waits and fears,  
But hides from the others her unwept tears.

“I am the flag of the wives who wait  
For the safe return of a martial mate,  
A mate gone forth where the war god thrives  
To save from sacrifice other men's wives.

“I am the flag of the sweethearts true;  
The often unthought of—the sisters, too;  
I am the flag of a mother's son  
And won't come down till the victory's won!”

Dear little flag in the window there,  
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;  
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—  
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

## A SMALL TOWN SPORT

DAMON RUNYON

IN THE HERALD AND EXAMINER, CHICAGO

In this piece of work Mr. Runyon presents a good specimen of a large class, a young fellow who was going the trifling way to the Everlasting Bonfire when the war caught him up and made a man of him. Thousands of such cases, before the war little better than waste human material, have gone out to fight, have found themselves, have made good, and will come home sobered, serious men, worthy to stand among those to whom the nation's destinies must be confided.

SON o' ol' Miz McAuliffe, the widder o' Box-Car  
Jack,  
An' ol' time shack on the Santa Fe, who run to Dodge  
and back.  
He was killed in a wreck at La Junta, and he left the  
wife and boy—  
A kid knee-high to a hop-toad, and tagged by the name o'  
Roy.

This Roy was sort o' onery, and he never would go to  
school.  
He spent the most o' childhood days in learnin' the game  
o' pool.  
His shoulders grew somewhat rounded, and his chest it  
grew rather thin—  
But, gosh, he grew to a marvel at knockin' them pool  
balls in!

Pool-shootin' Roy, we called him, and many a night I've  
set  
Watchin' him clean the table, and puffin' his cigaret.  
Sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and playin' so ca'm and  
cool—  
If ever a lad was born for a thing, he was born for playin'  
this pool!

Fifteen balls was a cinch for him—fifteen balls from the  
break;  
One ball loose from the bunch a bit, and the whole  
darned rack he'd take.  
He was great on a combination, and great on a cut-shot,  
too—  
He'd make those pool balls talk to him when he started  
handlin' a cue!

And some of us thought he'd be champeen, but every one  
didn't agree,  
For Doctor Wilcox wanted to bet he'd die of the old  
T. B.  
But the war it settled the question, for the first of our  
kids to go  
Was Pool-Shootin' Roy McAuliffe—our poolrooms suf-  
fered a blow.

*What is that thing the Frenchmen give to a good game  
fightin' boy?  
Say it again—the Croix de Guerre? Well, that's what  
they give to Roy.  
It seems fifteen Germans were on him, and handlin' him  
rather mean,  
When he got a machine gun to workin' and pocketed the  
whole fifteen!*



## SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

LE ROY C. HENDERSON

IN CARTOONS MAGAZINE

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SHE stands alone beside the gate,  
Where oft with him she stood before,  
And seems to hear his voice relate  
Life's sweetest story o'er and o'er;  
A hand she feels upon her own,  
Unconsciously a tender glance  
She gives, then starts and stands alone,  
The lover sleeps—Somewhere in France.

She could have kept him if she would—  
His heart and soul were all her own—  
But true love knew and understood  
That Honor is its own true throne;  
She heard the bugles' blaring sound  
And whispered—"Go and take your chance."  
There 'mid the scenes of war he found  
Eternal peace—Somewhere in France.

She knows not where that spot may be—  
On barren plain, in hidden dell,  
On wooded hill, beside the sea—  
The lips that would will never tell;  
She knows not what his last words were,  
The thoughts that come with Death's advance,  
And yet, she feels they were of her,  
Those last fond thoughts—Somewhere in France.

## THE SERVICE FLAG

J. E. EVANS  
IN THE SOVEREIGN VISITOR

SAY, pa! What is a service flag?  
I see them everywhere.  
There's little stars sewed on them;  
What are they doing there?  
Sometimes there's lots of little stars,  
And sometimes just a few.  
Poor Widow Jones has only one—  
I saw her crying, too.

My darling boy, those little stars  
Upon a field of white,  
Are emblems of our glorious boys  
Enrolling for the right.  
The border, as you see, is red,  
Which represents their blood;  
The stars are blue, the heavenly hue;  
The white is always good.

Each star you see means some brave boy  
Has left his hearth and home  
And gone to fight for Freedom's cause  
Wherever he may roam.  
So when you see a lot of stars  
Lift up your heart with joy,  
And when you see a single one  
Pray for some mother's boy.

They go away, those gallant lads,  
Across the wreck-strewn sea;  
They go to pledge their country's faith  
For God and liberty.

The Stars and Stripes they bear aloft  
To join the British flag,  
And, with the colors of brave France,  
They mean to end "Der Tag."  
And soon, my boy, that service flag,  
Born in the nation's heart,  
Will show the world that, when unfurled,  
We proudly take our part.

### "HEARTS ARE TOUCHING"

POEMS need not be rhymed, nor wrought in verses. This brave and touching one occurred in a letter written by a French schoolgirl:

"It was only a little river; almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.

"The ocean is so vast that the sea gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view; but from one side to the other, hearts are touching."

## MEN OF THE BLOOD AND MIRE

DANIEL M. HENDERSON  
IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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WE whom the draft rejected;  
We who stay by the stuff;  
We who measure our manhood  
And find that it isn't enough;  
We who are gray and burdened;  
We whom the trades require—  
Will you permit us to hail you,  
Men of the Blood and Mire?

We of the thundering forum;  
We of the pen and press;  
We who are pouring our utmost  
Into our land's success;  
We of the Cross and Triangle,  
Lofty in deed and desire—  
God, how we shrivel before you,  
Men of the Blood and Mire!

Aye, we are square with conscience—  
We are reservists all;  
Aye, when your ranks are gaping,  
We will fight where you fall;  
Yet, while we wait, your altar  
Flames in the gas and fire—  
We are the shade of your glory,  
Men of the Blood and Mire!

## THE SONG OF THE DEAD

J. H. M. ABBOTT

IN THE LONDON OUTLOOK

Large numbers of Australian and New Zealand volunteers are already on the water bound for Vancouver, en route for Europe.—Paragraph of War News, 1915.

O H, Land of Ours, hear the song we make for you—  
Land of yellow wattle bloom, land of smiling  
Spring—

Hearken to the after words, land of pleasant memories,  
Shea-oaks of the shady creeks, hear the song we sing.

For we lie quietly, underneath the lonely hills,  
Where the land is silent, where the guns have ceased to  
boom,

Here we are waiting, and shall wait for Eternity—  
Here on the battle-fields, where we found our doom.

Spare not thy pity—Life is strong and fair for you—  
City by the waterside, homestead on the plain.

Keep ye remembrance, keep ye a place for us—  
So all the bitterness of dying be not vain.

Oh, be ye mindful, mindful of our honor's name;

Oh, be ye careful of the word ye speak in jest—

For we have bled for you; for we have died for you—

Yea, we have given, we have given our best.

Life that we might have lived, love that we might have  
loved,

Sorrow of all sorrows, we have drunk thy bitter lees.

Speak thou a word to us, here in our narrow beds—

Word of thy mourning lands beyond the Seas.

Lo, we have paid the price, paid the cost of Victory.

Do not forget, when the rest shall homeward come—

Mother of our childhood, sister of our manhood days,  
Loved of our heavy hearts, whom we have left alone.

Hark to the guns—pause and turn, and think of us—  
Red was our life's blood, and heavy was the cost.  
But ye have Nationhood, but ye are a people strong—  
Oh, have ye love for the brothers ye have lost?  
Oh, by the blue skies, clear beyond the mountain tops,  
Oh, by the dear, dun plains where we were bred,—  
What be your tokens, tokens that ye grieve for us,  
Tokens of your Sorrowing for we that be Dead?

## THE REFUGEES

W. G. S.

IN THE LONDON SPECTATOR

PAST the marching men, where the great road runs,  
Out of burning Ypres the pale women came:  
One was a widow (listen to the guns!)—  
She wheeled a heaped-up barrow. One walked lame  
And dragged two little children at her side  
Tired and coughing with the dust.

The third  
Nestled a dead child on her breast and tried  
To suckle him. They never spoke a word.

So they came down along the Ypres road.  
A soldier stayed his mirth to watch them pass,  
Turned and in silence helped them with their load,  
And led them to a field and gave them bread.  
I saw them hide their faces in the grass  
And cry, as women might when Christ was dead.

## SONG OF THE WINDS

MARY LANIER MAGRUDER  
IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
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SONG of the west wind whispering—listen  
The murmuring waves of the golden grain;  
The lisp of rivers that ripple and glisten,  
Filled to brim with the night's wild rain,  
Seaward going to come again,  
Pouring the torrents of spring on the acres  
Fallow and fertile. The wide world's bread  
Harvested now by the busy rakers,  
Gleaners afield when the dawn is red;  
Wind of the west, where the leaning sheaves  
Darken the shadows as daylight leaves  
Or heap the granary under the eaves,  
Sing the song to us over and over,  
Happy harvests and multifold,  
Sweeter than breath of thyme or clover,  
Western wind over sheaves of gold!

Wind of the south from the wide prairie,  
Mesquite barren and cactus lean,  
Where the fleet herds browse and the coyote wary  
Pierces the night with a note too keen;  
And the brown plain's grass grows all between.  
Fields where the wild sage blows and billows,  
Purple waves on a sea of jade;  
And the bending cottonwoods touch the willows,  
And the water holes glimmer in light and shade.  
Then swinging up from a land of drouth,  
And on by the bayous flowing south,

There by the wandering river's mouth,  
White is the sod with the cotton blossom,  
Whiter the lint that has broken its pod  
And lies like snow on the sad earth's bosom,  
Fresh and fair from the hand of God.

Wind of the north from the long lakes sweeping  
Down to the meadows and hills of corn,  
Over the creeks where the perch are leaping,  
And the mill wheels hum at the break of morn;  
Hills where the clover is newly shorn;  
And sharply pungent as old-world gorse is  
The hay that the wagons have hurried home;  
And under the steady feet of the horses  
The furrows grow in the loose black loam.  
And ever the amber tassels seize  
The wings of every riotous breeze  
To fling gonfalons of golden sleaze,  
Silken and soft, to the earth's far borders:  
"August heat but hastens the days  
When the hungry herds and the empty larders  
Shall all be filled with the Indian's maize."

Wind of the east—ah, east wind blowing  
Long, long leagues from a land o'erseas;  
Empty hands that can know no sowing,  
Passionate pleading hands are these—  
Palms outstretched to us over the seas;  
Ah, the heart of France is a thing to cherish!  
But her werewolf, Hunger, cannot be slain  
Till out of our largess, lest she perish,  
We hasten the caravels of blessed grain.



Till the sea-shark's teeth forever are drawn,  
And the dread great guns are stilled at the dawn,  
We must hold high courage and carry on.  
So winds of the north, south, west, your treasure—  
Corn and cattle and golden grain—  
Shall crowd the ships to their fullest measure,  
And the bread thus cast will return again!

### “WHAT THINK YE?”

W. A. BRISCOE

IN THE UNITED EMPIRE MAGAZINE

(Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute, London)

WHAT are we fighting for, men of my race,  
And the best of us dying for?  
For wealth—or profit—or power—or fame?  
Or a statesman's lust? or a monarch's name?  
Or for aught that our sons of sons could blame  
Did we throw the dice of war?

Why are ye weeping, sisters of mine,  
With a mien so proud and brave?  
Do ye weep because of the utter woe?  
Are ye proud because ye would have it so,  
Though Fate should have dealt you the final blow  
And there's nothing to mark the grave?

What are we fighting for, women and men,  
And the best of us dying for?  
It was just because we had signed our name,  
And the Briton's creed is to honor the same:  
It was only for that, and our own fair fame  
We took up the gage of war.

## THE MAN BEHIND

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

IN THE AMERICAN LUMBERMAN

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THE band is on the quarter-deck, the starry flag unfurled;

The air is mad with music and with cheers.

The ship is bringing home to us the homage of the world  
And writing new our name upon the years.

Her officer is on the bridge; we greet him with hurrahs;

But some one says, "Not he the glory won;

Not he alone who wears the braid, deserves the loud  
applause,

Oh, don't forget the man behind the gun!"

'Tis said that to embattled seas our ship sailed forth at  
dawn,

Unheeding shot, unheeding hidden mine;

And through the thunders of the fight went steaming  
bravely on,

The nation's floating fortress on the brine.

And never throbbing engine stopped, nor parted plate or  
seam

In all that bloody day from sun to sun;

The good ship sang her battle cry in hissing clouds of  
steam

To cheer anew the man behind the gun.

I look upon her shining bore, her engine's pulsing heart,

I look upon her bulwarks shaped of steel;

I know there is another art, as great as gunner's art,

That makes the world at arms in homage kneel.

This ship, defying shot and shell, defying winds and seas,

Is fruit of honest labor, rightly done;

The man who built the ship, my lads, remember him, for  
he's

The man behind the man behind the gun!

## HERE AT VERDUN

CHESTER M. WRIGHT

I STAND on a peak at Verdun—a scarred, torn peak of hope and death.

Far under my feet run the mystic passages of Fort Souville.

I strain my eyes to look over a great field where men have swayed in the death lock with eternity.

Ahead and to the right and left stretch fifteen kilometres gaping with wounds, each shell hole a pit of death, a hideous mark left by the scourge of despotism.

Ahead is that foul stretch from which came and still come the hordes of tyranny, with breath of poison and sting of contamination.

Behind is ruin. Never was such ruin. A blight, a torture, a world pain, piercing and cruel.

And yet behind is hope. Behind are the legions of liberty, the soldiers of our children's freedom.

Behind are the endless legions, coming, coming, coming. Behind are the veteran legions of France and Britain. Behind are the countless legions of America, coming, coming, coming—a brown ribbon of promise stretching across the sea to the shrine of Liberty!

Here where these jagged slashes in the yellow earth have formed a glorious tomb for three hundred thousand gallant French—here is the testing ground of our destiny. Here they have held for us our heritage! Here they have perished in the eternal splendor of self-sacrifice for us! Here is their borderland—and ours!

Here they have written with their ebbing blood the slogan that has thrilled the world—"They shall not pass!"

The gaunt and sinister craters, one merging into the ragged rim of another, the bits of shell, the battered hel-

mets, broken guns, ill-assorted refuse of combat—each shattered particle a marker for some valiant soul “gone west” in service of humanity.

Here, over this land glorified by a nobility of deed than which there has been no more exalted, must our war be waged. Out of this hallowed ground comes the call of those who have given of their best—the call to our great land for Old Glory’s best!

There will come to us wounds that will rack our bodies and drain the coursing blood of our vibrant veins. There will come to us the aching pain of suffering and loss—here on these red fields of France. But we will save our souls and our nation’s soul! And we will save our heritage and give to the billions of the world the right to theirs.

So the brown ribbon of youth winds across the sea—to Verdun and to the long, thin lines on either side. Here will we prove our right to life and liberty!

Brown ribbon of promise!

Hoping, longing, wounded France!

Brown ribbon of youth and high resolve!

Brown ribbon of Liberty!

Here at Verdun!

## THE ANXIOUS ANTHEMIST

GUY FORRESTER LEE  
IN THE CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE

Written when the Allied armies were chasing the Germans across the fields of France and Flanders, in the summer of 1918.

I SIT down to write a poem of our fighting men's  
renown,  
And I scarce get fairly started when they take another  
town.  
A British commentator's praise I versify, and then  
A Frenchman up and multiplies the happy words by ten.  
The cable service headlines say the Yankees swat the Hun,  
But ere I get a jingle framed they've got more on the run.  
I'd like to be their Boswell in a khaki-lauding gem,  
But darn those doughboys' peppy hides—I can't keep up  
with them!  
It tickles me quite some to hear of how they're spreading  
Teuts  
Around the landscape, and I'll say their ways and means  
are beauts;  
The Fritzian din of "Kamerad" is drowning out the shells  
As U. S. shockers shock the shockers with their own pet  
hells.  
I want the good work to go on, but I have one request  
To make of them before they lay the kaiser out to rest,  
And that is this: Don't stop your war; continue till  
you've won,  
But kindly take a lay-off till I get this anthem done!

## A RIDE IN FRANCE

"O. C. PLATOON"

IN THE MANCHESTER (ENGLAND) GUARDIAN

TROTting the roan horse  
 Over the meadows,  
 Purple of thistles,  
 Purple of clover;  
 Over the clay-brown path,  
 All through the grass-lands,  
 Glory of meadow flowers,  
 Over! Come over!

. . . . .

On to the highway winding o'er the hill,  
 White willow-bordered, grassy-banked;  
 On through a village ruined and broken.  
 Grass grows in the rubble-heaps,  
 Poppies fill the courtyards,  
 Swallows build in broken walls,  
 And everything is still.

. . . . .

While at the corner—walk, O horse of mine,  
 A Christ hangs from a crucifix beside a broken shrine.

. . . . .

On to the path at the side of the white road,  
 Cantering, galloping, breasting the rise;  
 Any road, every road, each is the right road,  
 Facing the east, the sun in my eyes.

. . . . .

Trotting the roan horse  
 Over the meadows,

Purple of thistles,  
Purple of clover;  
Over the clay-brown path,  
Back through the grass-lands,  
All through the meadow flowers;  
Over! Come over!

## THERE WILL BE DREAMS AGAIN

MABEL HILLYER EASTMAN

IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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THERE will be dreams again! The grass will spread  
Her velvet verdure over earth's torn breast;  
By ragged shard, half-hid, where rust runs red,  
The soaring lark in spring will build her nest.

There will be dreams again! The primrose pale  
Will shelter where the belching guns plowed deep;  
The trees will whisper, and the nightingale  
Chant golden monodies where heroes sleep.

There will be dreams again! The stars look down  
On youthful lovers—oh, first love, how sweet!  
And men will wed, and childish laughter crown  
Life's awe-compelling miracle complete.

There will be dreams again! Oh, thou forlorn  
That crumbling trench or the slow heaving sea  
Hath snatched thy dead—oh, pray thee, do not mourn!  
There will be dreams—thy loved shall come to thee!

## THE BOY NEXT DOOR

S. E. KISER

IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THERE used to be a boy next door  
Whom I often have longed to throttle;  
I've wished a thousand times and more  
That he had died while "on the bottle"!  
Oft in the past it has been hard  
For me to check my inclination,  
When he had cluttered up our yard,  
To hand him heavy castigation.

With freckles on his tilted nose  
And ears that far in space protruded,  
He was not one, as heaven knows,  
To whom I in my prayers alluded.  
Derisively he showed his tongue  
And scorned the warnings which I gave him,  
But now I list myself among  
The ones who pray the Lord to save him.

How vividly I can recall  
Him at the window, making faces;  
I used to think that in him all  
The impish traits had lurking places.  
He stole the green fruit from my trees,  
Not caring how it might affect him;  
Today he's fighting overseas,  
And may the God of hosts protect him!

From childhood into youth he passed,  
And then my little garden flourished;  
And still his friendship was not classed  
Among the treasures which I nourished.  
He tortured first a slide trombone,



And next he tried a squeaky fiddle;  
 His voice took on a raucous tone  
 That used to rasp me down the middle.

How soldierly our lad appeared  
 When with his comrades he departed!  
 I wonder if he knew I cheered,  
 Or guessed that I was heavy-hearted.  
 If I have damned him heretofore  
 I now retract each foul aspersion;  
 God bless the boy who lived next door,  
 And used to be my pet aversion!

### THE FLAG

EDWARD A. HORTON  
 IN POPULAR EDUCATOR

WHY do I love our flag? Ask why  
 Flowers love the sunshine. Or, ask why  
 The needle turns with eager eye  
 Toward the great stars in northern sky.

I love Old Glory, for it waved  
 Where loyal hearts the Union saved.  
 I love it, since it shelters me  
 And all most dear, from sea to sea.  
 I love it, for it bravely flies  
 In freedom's cause, 'neath foreign skies.

I love it for its blessed cheer,  
 Its starry hopes and scorn of fear;  
 For good achieved and good to be  
 To us and to humanity.

It is the people's banner bright,  
 Forever guiding toward the light;  
 Foe of the tyrant, friend of right,  
 God give it leadership and might!

## THE WAR HORSE

LIEUT. L. FLEMING, B. E. F., FRANCE

Shortly after the verses here following were received from France by the American Red Star Animal Relief, Lieutenant Fleming fell in action. His voice, coming to us as from a plane of life where dumb creatures do not suffer, is a call to civilization to do its duty by the animals whose kind were silent heroes of the war.

WHEN the shells are bursting round,  
 Making craters in the ground,  
 And the rifle fire's something awful cruel,  
 When you 'ear them in the night  
 (My Gawd! it makes you fight!)  
 An' yer thinks of them poor souls agoing 'ome,  
 When you 'ear the Sergeant shout  
 "Get y'r respirators out,"  
 Then you looks and sees a cloud of something white.

The gas is coming on  
 An' yer knows before it's gone  
 That the 'orse wots with you now won't be by then;  
 Yer loves him like yer wife  
 An' yer wants to save 'is life,  
 But there ain't no respirators, not for them.  
 I was standing by 'is side  
 On the night my old 'orse died,  
 An' I shan't forget 'is looks towards the last.  
 'E was choking mighty bad,  
 An' 'is eyes was looking mad,  
 An' I seed that—'e—was dying—dying fast.

An' I want to tell yer 'ow  
 It's the 'orses gets us through,  
 For they strains their blooming 'earts out when  
 they're pressed.  
 We was galloping like 'ell

When a bullet 'its old Bill,  
I c'd see the blood a-streaming down 'is face.  
It 'ad got 'im in the 'ead,  
But 'e stuck to it and led  
Till we comes to "Action right,"  
An' then 'e fell.

I 'adn't time to choose  
I 'ad to cut 'im loose,  
For 'e'd done all 'e c'd afore a gun.  
When I looks at 'im again  
'E was out of all 'is pain,  
An' I 'opes 'is soul will rest for wot 'e done.  
If it 'adn't been for Bill  
We should all 'ave been in 'ell,  
For we only got in action just in time.  
Ain't it once occurred to you  
Wot the 'orses there go through?  
They 'elps to win our fight an' does it fine.

When 'is blood is flowing 'ot  
From a wound what 'e's just got  
An' 'is breath is coming 'ard an' short an' thin,  
'E can see the men about,  
Getting water dealed out,  
But not a drop is brought to comfort 'im;  
Tho 'is tongue is parched and dry,  
'E can see the water by,  
But 'is wounds are left to bleed,  
An' 'e can't tell us 'is need,  
So 'e's just got to bear 'is pain—an' think.

There are 'eroes big and small,  
But the biggest of them all  
Is the 'orse wot lays a-dying on the ground.

'E doesn't cause no wars,  
 An' 'e's only fighting yours,  
     An' 'e gives 'is life for you without a sound.  
 'E doesn't get no pay,  
 Just some oats, and p'r'aps some hay;  
     If 'e's killed, no one thinks a bit of 'im.  
 'E's just as brave an' good  
 As any men wot ever stood,  
     But there's mighty little thought or 'elp for 'im.

## PARENTHETICALLY SPEAKING.

FROM THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

This delightful whimsy will serve to keep in mind the positively affectionate exchange of greetings between Carranza and his friend Wilhelm, when Wilhelm was celebrating what he did not know was the last peaceful birthday in his life.

OH, Carranza sent a cable- (on the kaiser's birthday)  
     gram  
 To the kaiser there at Pots- (that's a German palace)  
     dam,  
 And it said, "Look out for Uncle (that's my northern  
     neighbor) Sam,  
     For he's coming after you!"

Then the kaiser waved his iron (as the papers have it)  
     hand,  
 And he danced a little sara- (that's a Turkish tango)  
     band,  
 And he said: "I'm safe in Heli- (in the German sea)  
     goland,  
     But I thank my friend Carranza."

## WORLD SERIES OPENED—BATTER UP!

IN THE STARS AND STRIPES, A. E. F., FRANCE

THE outfield is a-creepin' in to catch the kaiser's pop,  
And here's a southpaw twirler with a lot of vim  
and hop!

He's tossed the horsehide far away to plug the hand-  
grenade;

What matter if on muddy grounds this game of war is  
played?

He'll last through extra innings and he'll hit as well as  
pitch;

His smoking Texas leaguers'll make the Fritzie's seek the  
ditch!

He's just about to groove it toward a ducking Fritzie's  
bean;

His crossfire is the puzzlingest that ever yet was seen;

His spittle is a deadly thing; his little inshoot curve

Will graze some Heinie's heaving ribs and make him lose  
his nerve.

Up in the air he never goes; he always cuts the plate,

No matter if the bleachers rise and start "The Hymn  
of Hate;"

And pacifistic coaching never once has got his goat.

Just watch him heave across the top the latest Yankee  
note!

The Boches claim the Umpire is a-sidin' with their nine,  
But we are not the boobs to fall for such a phony line;

We know the game is fair and square, decisions on the  
level;

The only boost the kaiser gets is from his pal, The Devil!

The series now is opened, and the band begins to play;  
The batteries are warming up; the crowd shouts, "Hip-  
Hurray!"

The catcher is a-wingin' 'em to second, third and first,  
And if a Heinie tries to steal, he's sure to get the worst.

So watch the southpaw twirler in his uniform O. D.  
Retire to the players' bench the Boches—one, two, three!  
He'll never walk a bloomin' one, nor let 'em hit it out.  
Just watch him make 'em fan the air and put the Hun  
to rout!

## EDITH CAVELL

McLANDBURGH WILSON

From Miss Wilson's book entitled "The Little Flag On Main Street,"  
published and copyright, 1917, by The Macmillan Company, New York.  
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ON law and love and mercy  
Was laid the German curse  
When to her execution  
Was led the British nurse.

In brutal might they thought her  
Of help and friendship shorn;  
John Brown, Jeanne d'Arc, all martyrs,  
Companioned her that morn.

A harmless, tender woman,  
They took her to her doom;  
A dread, resistless spirit  
She rises from the tomb.

Still Germany shall fear her,  
For since that bloody dawn  
Through all the earth that trembles  
Her soul goes marching on!

## TO SERVE IS TO GAIN

CHARLES H. MACKINTOSH

IN LOGGING, DULUTH

“HE profits most who serves us best!”  
Let each who labors, lives and dies  
Beneath these star-bespangled skies  
Go write that motto on his breast!

“He profits most”—Here is no call  
To selfish ease or sordid gain;  
Who serves himself will serve in vain;  
Who profits most must serve us all.

And he has most who gives the most,  
Since what is kept can but decay  
—And Death still treads his sleepless way  
Among our myriad human host.

## THEY SHALL RETURN

J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

IN THE TORONTO GLOBE

THEY shall return when the wars are over,  
When battles are memories dim and far;  
Where guns now stand shall be corn and clover,  
Flowers shall bloom where the blood-drops are.

They shall return with laughing faces,  
Limbs that are lithe and hearts new-born;  
Yea, we shall see them in old home-places,  
Lovelier yet in the light of morn.

## "TO THE IRISH DEAD"

BY ESSEX EVANS

The author of these heart-touching lines is a Queenslander of Welsh derivation. Sir Herbert Warren, K. C. V. O., of the University of Oxford, has this to say of him and of the Toast: "They say that no one but an Irishman understands Ireland, that she will listen to no one but an Irishman. Wales is near to her in geography and in race. I have thought she perhaps might listen to a Welsh voice. She has one today, now whispering, now ringing, across St. George's Channel. Will she heed it? Who knows?"

TIS a green isle set in a silver water,  
 A fairy isle where the shamrock grows,  
 Land of Legend, the Dream-Queen's daughter—  
 Out of the Fairies' hands she rose.  
 They touched her harp with a tender sighing,  
 A spirit-song from a world afar,  
 They touched her heart with a fire undying  
 To fight and follow her battle-star.

Too long, too long thro' the grey years growing  
 Feud and faction have swept between  
 The thistledown and the red rose blowing,  
 And the three-fold leaf of the shamrock green;  
 But the seal of blood, ye shall break it never:  
 With rifles grounded and bare of head  
 We drink to the dead who live forever—  
 A silent toast—To the Irish dead!



## THE GOOSESTEP IN ERIN

P. M.

FROM B. L. T.'S COLUMN, IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

The Kaiser's government promised to arm and aid a revolution in Ireland in 1917, and kept its promise in the conventional German way.

THERE is joy in Enniscorthy, there is glee in old  
Tralee,  
For 'tis the kaiser's edict that Erin must be free.  
Call out the hosts of Hogans, the Murphys, the Devines,  
The O'Connors, the O'Connells, the O'Donnells, the  
O'Briens,  
The McConnells, the McFaddens, the McShanes, and  
the McGurks,  
The Coughlans and the Kennas, the Scullys and the  
Burkes.

The kaiser lifted up his voice and sez, "Me heroes bold,  
Tell me," sez he, "which wan of ye this scepter now shall  
hold."

From the Shannon to the Liffey, from the Boyne unto  
the Lee,  
Every mother's son of all of them stood up and shouted,  
"Me!"

The kaiser drew his shinin' sword and swung it o'er his  
head.

"'Tis me," sez he, "yer king will be, with the green above  
the red!

Now drill, ye tarriers, every wan, beneath your colors  
green,

Or I'll fill yez full of Kultur from my great big bomba-  
zine!"

There is gloom in Enniscorthy, there is grief in old  
 Tralee,  
 For the Turks must step the goosetep in a land that  
 would be free.  
 When the mailed fist of the kaiser drives the English to  
 the sea,  
 Then they'll start to raising snakes in dear old Ireland.

## RAIN ON YOUR OLD TIN HAT

LIEUT. J. H. WICKERSHÁM

Written at the battle front in France and sent to his mother,  
 Mrs. W. E. Damon. Lieutenant Wickersham was killed in action  
 September 14, 1918.

THE mist hangs low and quiet on a ragged line of  
 hills,  
 There's a whispering of wind across the flat;  
 You'd be feeling kind of lonesome if it wasn't for one  
 thing—

The patter of the raindrops on your old tin hat.

An' you just can't help a-figuring—sitting there alone—  
 About this war and hero stuff and that,  
 And you wonder if they haven't sort of got things  
 twisted up,

While the rain keeps up its patter on your old tin hat.

When you step off with the outfit to do your little bit,  
 You're simply doing what you're s'posed to do—  
 And you don't take time to figure what you gain or what  
 you lose,

It's the spirit of the game that brings you through.

But back at home she's waiting, writing cheerful little  
notes,

And every night she offers up a prayer  
And just keeps on a-hoping that her soldier boy is safe—  
The mother of the boy who's over there.

And, fellows, she's the hero of this great big ugly war,  
And her prayer is on that wind across the flat;  
And don't you reckon maybe it's her tears, and not the  
rain,  
That's keeping up the patter on your old tin hat?

## THERE ARE CROCUSES AT NOTTINGHAM

WRITTEN IN THE TRENCHES

Flanders, spring of 1917. Authorship unknown.

OUT here the dogs of war run loose,  
 Their whipper-in is Death;  
 Across the spoilt and battered fields  
 We hear their sobbing breath.  
 The fields where grew the living corn  
 Are heavy with our dead;  
 Yet still the fields at home are green  
 And I have heard it said:

That—

There are crocuses at Nottingham!  
 Wild crocuses at Nottingham!  
 Blue crocuses at Nottingham!  
 Though here the grass is red.

There are little girls at Nottingham  
 Who do not dread the boche,  
 Young girls at school at Nottingham  
 (Lord! how I need a wash!)  
 There are little boys at Nottingham  
 Who never hear a gun;  
 There are silly fools at Nottingham  
 Who think we're here for fun.

When—

There are crocuses at Nottingham!  
 Young crocus buds at Nottingham!  
 Thousands of buds at Nottingham  
 Ungathered by the Hun.

But here we trample down the grass  
 Into a purple slime;  
 There lives no tree to give the birds  
 House room in pairing time.

We live in holes, like cellar rats,  
 But through the noise and smell  
 I often see those crocuses  
 Of which the people tell.

Why—

There are crocuses at Nottingham!  
 Bright crocuses at Nottingham!  
 Real crocuses at Nottingham!  
 Because we're here in Hell.

## THE WAR ROSARY

NELLIE HURST

IN THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

I KNIT, I knit, I pray, I pray.  
 My knitting is my rosary.  
 And as I weave the stitches gray,  
 I murmur pray'rs continually.  
 Gray loop, a sigh, gray knot, a wish,  
 Gray row a chain of wistful pray'r,  
 For thus to sit and knit and pray—  
 This is of war the woman's share.

And so I knit, and thus I pray,  
 And keep repeating night and day,  
 May God lead safely those dear feet  
 That soon shall wear the web of gray.  
 Now and again a selfish strain?  
 But surely woman heart must yearn,  
 And pray sometimes that she may hear  
 The footsteps that return.

But if, O God, Not that.  
 But if it must be sacrifice complete,  
 Then I will trust that afterward  
 Thou wilt guide home those precious feet.

## VICTORY!

S. J. DUNCAN-CLARK

IN THE CHICAGO EVENING POST, NOVEMBER 11, 1918

Permission to reproduce in this book

O UT of the night it leaped the seas—  
The four long years of night!  
“The foe is beaten to his knees,  
And triumph crowns the fight!”  
It sweeps the world from shore to shore,  
By wave and wind 'tis flung,  
It grows into a mighty roar  
Of siren, bell and tongue.  
Where little peoples knelt in fear,  
They stand in joy today;  
The hour of their redemption here,  
Their feet on Freedom's way.  
The kings and kaisers flee their doom,  
Fall bloody crown and throne!  
Room for the people! Room! Make room!  
They march to claim their own!  
Now God be praised we lived to see  
His Sun of Justice rise,  
His Sun of Righteous Liberty,  
To gladden all our skies!  
And God be praised for those who died,  
Whate'er their clime or breed,  
Who, fighting bravely side by side,  
A world from thralldom freed!  
And God be praised for those who, spite  
Of woundings sore and deep,  
Survive to see the Cause of Right  
O'er all its barriers sweep!  
God and the people—This our cry!  
O, God, thy peace we sing!  
The peace that comes through victory,  
And dwells where Thou art King.

FOREIGN NAMES AND THEIR  
ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION





## RULES FOR DISPLAYING THE FLAG

1. Display the flag from its own pole, by day only, with union at top of pole.

2. If no staff or pole is available, hang the flag undraped against a wall, right side out, which will bring the union in the upper left-hand corner if the stripes are horizontal, or in the upper right-hand corner, if perpendicular.

3. Put it higher than your head.

4. See that the flag you display and the flag you wear is not of a type obsolete since 1912. Let it have forty-eight stars in even rows, with its length one and nine-tenths times its width and two and one-half times the length of the union, the latter crossing seven stripes and resting upon the eighth, which is white.

5. For draped decorations and profuse expression of the patriotic spirit use red, white and blue without stars. Give the flag itself an elevated, conspicuous place. Place nothing in front of it that would obscure any part.

FOREIGN NAMES AND THEIR ENGLISH  
PRONUNCIATION

IN any attempt to represent the native pronunciation to readers of English it will be necessary first to agree on certain symbols. Thus the combination eu may be used for the sound expressed by those letters in French, a sound like that of i in bird. Ang as in sang is the nearest English equivalent to the French nasal vowel represented by in, ain, ein, or other similar combinations in French. Zh may stand for the sound of s in pleasure or z in azure.

Long and short vowels are to be pronounced as usually in English, short *ă* as in *cat*, long *ā* as in *hate*, and so on.

In French, *th* is given the consonant value of *t*. The letter *l*, single or double, has the liquid sound of blended *l* and *y*. An *r* following a consonant is aspirated with only a slight sound. A terminal *n* is softly nasalized.

Following is a list of the names of places most frequently mentioned, with their pronunciation indicated phonetically:

|  |  |
|--|--|
| Aerschot—ahr-skot                          | Beaumont—bo-mong'.                                     |
| Aisne (River)—ain.                         | Beauvais—bowe-vay'.                                    |
| Aix—ayks.                                  | Belfort—bel-fore'.                                     |
| Aix-la-Chapelle—ayks'-lah-shah-pell'.      | Belgrade—bel-grahd'.                                   |
| Alost—ah'-lawst.                           | Bergues—baimg.   |
| Alsace-Lorraine—al-sase' (Fr., ahl-sahs'). | Berlaimont—bair-leh-mong'.                             |
| Amiens—a'mi-ens (Fr., ah-mi-ahn.)          | Besançon—beh-zahng-song'.                              |
| Antwerp—ant'-werp (Fr., ahn-ver').         | Binche—bahn'-jhe.                                      |
| Ardennes—ar-den'                           | Blankenberghe—blan-ken-behr-yeh.                       |
| Ardres—ahrd-r.                             | Blois—blwah.   |
| Argenteau—ar'-zhan'-tō.                    | Bosphorus—bos'-po-rus.                                 |
| Arlon—ahr'-long.                           | Bosnia and Herzegovina—boz'ni-a, her'-tse-go-vee'-nah. |
| Armentières—ar'-mān-tya.                   | Boulogne—bu-lone'.                                     |
| Arras—ahr-rah's.                           | Bourbourg—boor-boork'.                                 |
| Aubervilliers—owe-ber-vee-lyay'.           | Bouvigny—boo-veen-ye.                                  |
| Audruicq—oh-drweek.                        | Braine l'Alleud—brain-luh-leuh'.                       |
| Avesnes—ah-ven'.                           | Braine le Conte—brain-luh-cont'.                       |
| Avignon—ah-vee-nyon'.                      | Braisne—brehn.   |
| Avricourt—ah'-vr-coor'.                    | Brescia—bray'-sha.                                     |
| Bailleul—bah-yeul'.                        | Breslau—brez'low.                                      |
| Bapaume—bo-pome'.                          | Bruges—broo'jez (Fr., brūzh—Fr. u).                    |
| Basil—baz'il or bay'zil (Fr., bah-zeel').  | Brussels—bruxelle (brushel').                          |

- Bukarest—book'-a-rest.  
 Budapest—boo'-da-pest'.  
 Bullecourt—bool-coor'  
 Calais—kah-lay'.  
 Cambrai—kong-breh.  
 Cattaro—catt'-aro.  
 Châlons—sha-lon'.  
 Château Thierry—sha'to-  
   tye'ry.  
 Chaulnes—shohn.  
 Chauny—sho-nee.  
 Chauveau—shō-vō'.  
 Charleroi—shar-le-rwah.  
 Chaumont—sho-mon'.  
 Chemin des Dames—shaman-  
   da-dahm.  
 Chimay—she-may'.  
 Cherbourg—sher-boor'.  
 Cirey—see-ray'.  
 Cortemark—kortay-mark.  
 Coucy—coosee.  
 Craonne—cray'on.  
 Croisilles—crwa-sell.  
 Courtrai—coor-treh.  
 Csaba—chob'o.  
 Czernowitz—cher'-no-vits'.  
 Danzig—dan'-tsik.  
 Dave—dav.  
 Delcasse—del'cas-se'.  
 Desprez—dep-ray.  
 Dieppe—dee-ep'.  
 Diest—deest.  
 Dijon—di'zhon.  
 Dinant—dee-nahn.  
 Dixmude—dee-meed.  
 Douai—doo-ay'.  
 Dunkerque—daihn-keerk.  
 Dyle—deel.  
 Enghien—ong-ghe-ang.  
 Entente—ahn-tahnt.  
 Erquelinnes—air-ké-leen.  
 Etain—ay'-tang.  
 Etappes—ay'-tapp.  
 Faulx—foo.  
 Fiume—fee-yu-meh'.  
 Focsani—fo-sha'-ny.  
 Fontainebleau—fon-tane-blow'  
   (o in fon like o in or.)  
 Foch—Fawsh.  
 Frankfurt—frangk'furt.  
 Fresnes—frain.  
 Furnes—feern.  
 Gembloux—ghon-bloo'.  
 Genappe—zheh-nap'.  
 Gheel—gail.  
 Ghent—gent (Fr. gahng).  
 Givet—zhee'vay.  
 Gorze—geertz.  
 Graz—grahts.  
 Hague, The—haig.  
 Hainault—ha-no'.  
 Hal—hahl.  
 Halle—hah-le.  
 Hamme—hahm.  
 Hasselt—hahs'elt.  
 Heidelberg—hai'dl-berg  
   (Ger., hai'del-berh).  
 Havre—ah'vr.  
 Heyst—hiest.  
 Huy—wee.  
 Ivry—ee-vree'.  
 Jaroslau—ya'-ro-slow.  
 Jeanne d'Arc—zhe-an' (nasal-  
   ized)-dar.  
 Jodoigne—zho-dwan'-ye.  
 Joffre—zhoff-r.  
 Jongres—zhong'-r.  
 Koniggratz—kay'ne-grätz.  
 Kiel—keel.  
 Kiao-Chow—kyow-chow.  
 Knocke—k'-noc-keh.  
 La Belle Alliance—lah-bell'  
   ah-lee-anz'.  
 Laeken—lah'-ken.

- LaFère—la-fair'.  
 Langres—lahn'gr.  
 Laon—lahng.  
 Lassigny—lass-een'-yeh.  
 Le Catelet—le-catlay'.  
 Le Creusot—le-crë'sō.  
 Leipsig—lipe'-tsig.  
 Liège—lee-aizh'.  
 Ligny—lee-n-yeē.  
 Lille—leel.  
 Limburgh—lam-boor'.  
 Limoges—lee-mozh'.  
 Libramont—leeb'-rah-mong.  
 Longwy—long-we'.  
 Lokeren—lo'-ker-en.  
 Lombartzeyde—lom-bart-zide.  
 Louvain—loo-vang.  
 Luneville—loo-nay-veel.  
 Luxemburg—(Belgium) luks'-em-burg.  
 Luxembourg (Palace, Paris)  
 —luks-ahn-boor'.  
 Malines—mah'-leen.  
 Marne (river)—marn.  
 Maizeret—mez-ray.  
 Maubeuge—mo-beuzh.  
 Meaux—mō.  
 Meurthe—mürt.  
 Meuse (river)—miuze or mez.  
 Metz—mets.  
 Mezieres—may-zee-yare'.  
 Mirecourt—me-rë-coor.  
 Mulhausen—meel-how-zen;  
 Fr., meel-ooze.  
 Monceaux—mong-so.  
 Mons—mongs.  
 Montdidier—mon-didyay.  
 Moulins—moo-lan'.  
 Namur—na-mür (nameer).  
 Nancy—nahng-see'.  
 Nanteuil—nong-toy.  
 Neerwinden—nair'-vin-den.  
 Neidenburg—ny-den-burg.  
 Nesle—nail.  
 Neufchâteau—neu-shah-tō.  
 Neuilly—noi-yeē.  
 Noyelles—nwah-yel'.  
 Noyon—nwa-yon.  
 Oise (river)—wahz.  
 Orléans—or'le-anz (Fr., or-  
 lay-ahn'.)  
 Ostend—os-tend'.  
 Ottignies—ot-teen'-ye.  
 Oudenard—oo'-de-nard.  
 Ourq—oork.  
 Oye—wah.  
 Péronne—puh-rone'.  
 Pervuse—pair-veez'.  
 Piave—pe-ah'veh.  
 Pinche—pangsh.  
 Poincaré—pwan'-kar-é. ✓  
 Pont Arcy—pong-tar-si'.  
 Prague—praig  
 (Bohem., praha)  
 Przemysl—pshā'-mē-zl.  
 Ramillies—rah-mee-yay'.  
 Reims, Rheims—reems (Fr., *Ran*  
 range).  
 Renaix—reh-nay.  
 Roisel—rwah-zell.  
 Roubaix—roo-bai.  
 Rouen—roo-ahn'.  
 Roulers—roo-lay'.  
 Roye—rwah.  
 Sacile—sah-chee'-lay.  
 Salonica—sa'-lo-ni'-ka.  
 Sarajevo—sa'-ra-yay'-vo.  
 Sedan—se-dahn'.  
 Seine—sain.  
 Semlin—zem'-lin.  
 Semois—sü-mwah.  
 Senlis—san'le.  
 Seraing—se-rang.  
 Sèvres—sayvr.  
 Sofia—so'-fe-yah.

- Soignes—swah-n-yeé.  
 Soissons—swah'-son.  
 Spalato—spa'láto.  
 Somme—som.  
 Stavelot—stav-lo.  
 Strasbourg—stross'-boor.  
 St. Denis—san de-nee'  
 St. Dié—san-dee-ay'.  
 St. Gobain—sang-go-bang'.  
 St. Léger—san-leh-zhay.  
 ✓ St. Mihiel—san-me-el.  
 St. Quentin—san-kon'tan.  
 St. Simon—san-see'-mon.  
 St. Strond—san-strong.  
 Tarnow—tar'nov.  
 Termonde—tehr-mongd'.  
 Terveuren—tehr-fwe-ay-ren.  
 Thielt—teelt.  
 Thionville—tee-on'-veel.  
 Thorn—torn.  
 Thourout—too-roo.  
 Thuin—twe-ahng'.  
 Tilloy—till-wah.  
 Tirlémont—tirl'mon.
- Tongres—tong-r.  
 Toul—tool.  
 ✓ Tourcoing—toor-kwang.  
 ✓ Tours—toor.  
 Trafalgar—tra-fal'gar; or  
 tra-fahl-gahr'.  
 Tréves—trave.  
 Trouville—trou-veel'.  
 Troyes—trwah.  
 Vailly—vah-yeé.  
 Valenciennes—vah-lahn-sien'.  
 Vaux—voh.  
 Verdun—var-dun.  
 Verviers—vare-vee-ay.  
 Vervins—vare-vang.  
 ✓ Vesle—vail.  
 Vichy—vee-shee'.  
 Vincennes—vin-senz' (Fr.,  
 van-sen.)  
 Vilvorde—veel-vort'.  
 Vosges—vōzh.  
 Ypres—e'pr; e as in eel.  
 Yser—e'zr.  
 Zeebrugge—zay-brweg-geh.

*pure*



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