

and am intending to sleep there again to-night. Lieutenant Soyet, commanding our post, came over to-night enveloped in one of my hospital sheets. By another provision of Providence I had thirty dozen sent me, and we've been saving French lives with them by giving them to the soldiers to enshroud themselves, thereby melting into the background of snow as they cross the fields, completely camouflaged. We learned from the lieutenant that we are the 'first line,' the farthest outpost; a somewhat important position, which comparatively few civilians reached in France.

*(To be continued)*

## EVENING ON THE MOUNTAIN

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

THOU, unhorizoned as eternity,  
 Yet of time's rounded hour thy mirror making;  
 Thy heart the sun, thy hand the gathering sea,  
 Yet in a flower thine ample lodging taking;  
 Thou who dost vein the marble and the leaf,  
 Mak'st thought and dream shine through the jungle's scarring,  
 Till from a scented reed, as summer brief,  
 Man breathes the forest some dim star is wearing; —  
 These are thy shadows; here I strip me free  
 Of myths and days, of grieving and of fearing;  
 Tatters of fame, and love that bannered me; —  
 Here bare me as the moonlight, only hearing,  
 As in thy music, universes flow,  
 And even as music to thy silence go.

# CAN OUR CIVILIZATION MAINTAIN ITSELF?

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

FOR six years we have had practically no immigration. During this period the flood of unskilled laborers almost completely died down. Before 1914 hundreds of thousands of men and women, raised at the expense of other countries, had been brought annually to our shores. They came with low standards of living, humble and willing, prepared to accept a bare subsistence wage, and content to do the rough and heavy work of the land. Their one hope was that we of our mercy would grant them, not easy, but unceasing employment. Our manufacturers had the assurance of a large supply of surplus labor; our charitable associations could expend their energies on the poor whom we had always with us; and fatalities in the mines, on the railroads, and in the dangerous trades were unfortunate, but not a real menace to our preëminence as a producing people. We were free to go ahead recklessly educating our lower classes, making nurses of domestic servants, stenographers of factory girls, teachers of the daughters of tradesmen, clerks of hod-carriers, mechanics of miners, and college professors of farm-hands. We could indulge our theories of equal opportunity for all, and a better chance for the child than for the father, without menace to our comfort and well-being. The silent thousands from across the seas were always coming to fill the places of those who had moved up. They asked no questions, made no complaint, accepted with humility what God and the great American people

visited upon them. Perhaps they felt dimly that their children were in the line of promotion; but for themselves they did what was plainly marked out for them to do, and grew old and died doing it. Those were the good old days to which we look back, astonished that we did not more fully appreciate our blessings.

What of the situation to-day? Are the present conditions anything short of disastrous? For six years we have been compelled to manufacture our own population. Home-industry alone has had to be depended upon to supply us with hand-workers, as it had previously been depended upon to supply us with brain-workers. The latter task we have always felt competent to perform; the former has been more in the nature of an experiment. And what has been the final result of our efforts? A shortage of workers everywhere. The original shortage of manual workers induced the payment of such high wages that recruits were soon drawn from the less highly paid groups of brain-workers. This shift did not suffice to meet the demand for the unskilled worker, but it has served to spread the shortage over all branches of employment.

The shortage of farm labor bids fair to be nothing short of a national calamity. The appalling shortage of teachers may prove to be a monkey-wrench in the machinery of democracy. The inadequacy of the supply of trained nurses is so serious that having diseases or babies at home is an achievement of the past. If we must be sick, we seek