

—Et moi, c'est pour ma mère.—Et moi, pour mes enfants...

Ainsi parlaient un soir quelques soldats de France.

Auprès d'eux, un jeune homme, avec indifférence,

Un livre en main les écoutait distraitemment.

—Et toi, lui cria-t-on, quel est ton sentiment?

Pour qui donc te bats-tu, pilier de librairie?

Quel nom vas-tu donner ce soir à la Patrie,

Et pour quel idéal peux-tu mourir demain?

Mais le soldat montra le livre dans sa main

Et dit, en reprenant la page familière:

—Moi? Je me bats pour La Fontaine et pour Molière.

CAPITAINE AB DER HALDEN.

From the "*Bulletin des Armées de la République.*"

WAR-CRIES

One, "For the flag"; the next, "In Freedom's name";

"To guard my flock," a shepherd said, "I came."

"To keep my beggar's scrip," a poor man sighed.

"Italia Irredenta," others cried.

"For vengeance: they have left me nothing else."

"To banish Night," Sir Chanticleer foretells;
"Our Triumph-song shall call the Dawn awake."

"For my commission." "For a medal's sake."

"I fight to save my household hearth from stain."

"I for my mother." "For my children's gain" . . .

So talked one night some soldiers of the land.

Beside the rest one younger, book in hand,
Sat unconcerned and heard with careless ear.

"And you," they rallied him, "why fight you here?"

You habitant of bookshelves, tell us true!
What name to-night our country bears for you,

And for what dream to-morrow could you die?"—

Showing his book, the soldier made reply,
The while his glance upon the page came home:

"For Dante's Florence and for Virgil's Rome."

ON READING THE NEW REPUBLIC

By Seymour Barnard in the *New York Tribune*

Ah, pause, Appreciation, here
Sophistication doubly nice is;

See polished paragraphs appear
Anent some cataclysmic crisis.

Note raw-boned, rude, impulsive thought

Arrested here and subtly twitted;

Note youth comporting as he ought,
And naked truth correctly fitted.

Not passion's stress, but aftermath;

Opinion's peaceful realignment;

Here ordered logic takes its path
Along the line of most refinement.

To tune the nation's raucous voice

Be these the accents sorely needed;

A calm, discriminating choice,
By pleasant dalliance preceded.

And here beyond the stir of strife,

Where distant drones the blatant babble,

Ah, tread the promenade of life,
A pace behind the vulgar rabble.

. . .

The "black Maria," known also as
the "Jack Johnson," of the early days of

the war has now become
They Are a "crump." Nicknames,

Now "Crumps" clever though they were,
surrendered to the in-

stinct for onomatopœia—though British
Tommy might not believe you if you

told it to him that way. All the different
types of shells have friendly names in

the trenches, where they are intimately
known, but the high explosives seem to

have had the most varied history in this
respect. "Crumps" is the latest on ac-

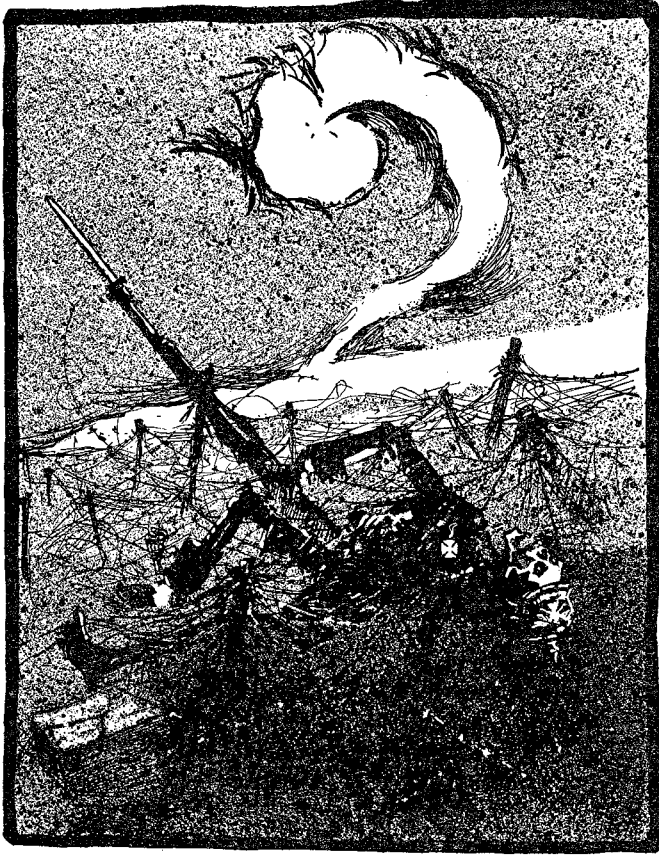
count of the sound they make, a sort of
cru-ump noise as they explode. At least

so Captain Louis Keene informs us in
his "war experience" book, *Crumps*, and

we must confess that we were not suffi-
ciently up to date in trench slang—al-

though this seems to be part of an edi-
tor's work to-day—to recognise the sig-

nificance of the title. Captain Keene's
book is not particularly significant, for



WHAT'S THE USE? FROM "CRUMPS," BY LOUIS KEENE. THE DRAWINGS ARE ALSO BY CAPTAIN KEENE

we have had a number of vivid personal stories of the war, but it makes a valuable addition to our knowledge and feeling about the trenches, and the pictures, drawn by Captain Keene, are particu-

larly striking. His story is that of a Canadian artist who felt the call of the war in the early days, went through it all "over there" and returned, wounded, to tell of his experiences.

AMEN

BY BEATRICE WITTE RAVENEL

SOME day the dawn will fail to break,
 Inert and cold the sun will lie,
 And God will smile along the sky
 That one world's heart has ceased to ache,
 And say, "That cosmic butterfly
 I always fancied my mistake."

WOMEN AND NATIONAL DEFENCE

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

WHEN the future historian of the Great War, that important and inevitable individual perhaps not yet born, begins his unenviable task of sifting and choosing material, he will of course have a perspective altogether different from our own. Many of the incidents which are to-day emblazoned on the front pages of our newspapers will seem to him of relatively small importance, while others which, in the turmoil of present events, attract comparatively little attention, will weigh heavily in his scale of relative values. And although predictions are no doubt the outcome of that temerity the angels are said to lack, it may, nevertheless, not be over-daring to suggest that among these latter will be found the events of that April day when the Council of National Defence appointed the Woman's Committee, summoning to its aid and that of the nation a small body of representative women; the first time such a thing had been done in all the history of the world.

For from the moment when Congress declared the existence of a state of war between the United States of America and the Imperial German Government, the authorities at Washington were fairly besieged by women, organised and unorganised alike, women of the North, South, East and West, all asking as with a single voice one solitary question: "What can we do to help?" The women of England and France and other of the belligerent nations had proved their valour and their value; the women of America, equal to those others in intelligence and industry and courage, were not one whit their inferiors in patriotism. Here then was a vast store of energy which only asked to be directed, only asked to be given proper channels through which to flow. And the Council of National Defence, having before

its eyes the example of the women of those other countries, almost immediately began to consider the question of how best to utilise this important part of the national resources. No time, indeed, was lost; the Council of National Defence possessed the power to form subordinate bodies, and on April 21, 1917, it appointed a Woman's Committee, bidding ten women—the number on the Committee has since been increased by the appointment of a Resident Director—come to Washington, to advise with the Council and to serve the government.

Promptly the call was answered. There was, of course, no compulsion, but no man summoned by the draft responded more speedily than did those busy women, who put aside their own interests, personal and philanthropical and professional, to give swift fulfilment to their country's request. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that they served and still serve without pecuniary compensation of any kind. Headquarters, an Executive Secretary, clerical help and the franking privilege are provided by the Council; nothing more. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was elected chairman, and the Committee at once went to work "to co-ordinate the activities and the resources of the organised and unorganised women of the country" so that no fraction of an ounce of good will or energy should be wasted for lack of knowledge or direction, and every woman in the land at least be given the opportunity to do her bit, and do it in the best way. No small undertaking this; but fortunately a certain amount of available machinery was already in running order. A number of women's organisations of national scope existed; the Woman's Committee began work on May 2d, and one of the first things done