

which was built by someone in their family before the Revolution—a log house, into whose walls a cannon ball was shot during the Revolution, picked out, laid on the parlour floor, and has rolled about there ever since. The room across the hall, with old guns and a sword still resting on the beams, has always been called the “keeping room.” The house is heated only by great fireplaces and lighted by candles. And its attic is a place of spinning wheels and chests and drying herbs—which New London uses for post-cards. Miss Branch’s contribution to *The Masque of Poets*, which appeared in the December BOOKMAN with the title *The Name*, was called by the Boston *Transcript* “the best poem of the year.”

...

The author of *The First Hundred Thousand* and *All In It* says of the

“German
Offensive not
Alarming”:
Major Ian Hay
Beith

present German drive: “I think the situation is pretty good on the whole. The main point is that, although it

is naturally a time of great anxiety for us, it is ten times worse for the enemy. If this drive fails, it means disaster for him. It is not a question of disaster for us. The enemy does not actually outnumber us. The fact that he seems to, that he does in the actual fighting, means that we are holding out reserves for future action. The French are doing the same. As for Ypres, I think the British will voluntarily flatten out the Ypres line. It will not be a loss. It will be good strategy. For three years we have held the Ypres salient as a sentimental corner of Belgium and for no other reason. Its straightening has been suggested

as a means of economising troops, and if we need those troops elsewhere the flattening of the whole line would be a distinct advantage. . . . The really important thing, though, is that American soldiers should get into the fighting now. One American soldier now is worth three eighteen months hence.” Major Beith’s new book, *The New America at War*, will shortly be published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

...

Donald Thompson, the author of *Donald Thompson in Russia*, has

been on every fighting front in Europe since the war started; he has been

in the midst of thirty or forty battles, great or small, has been wounded three times, and has been arrested so often that he has lost count. He has worked his camera with bodies falling around him and upsetting his machine. He has made during the war and sent back to the United States one hundred and fifteen thousand feet of moving-picture film and has snapped more than seven thousand kodak pictures. Thompson, who is a Kansan by birth, is still under thirty. He is at present in America, where, in addition to preparing his book of Russian experiences, he has sold his moving-picture films to one of the great companies for an almost fabulous sum. He plans to get back to the Western Front as soon as possible.

...

With all the interest in that greatest of war books, *Under Fire*, the

A Barbusse
Poem

following translation of an early poem by the author, Henri Bar-

busse, is particularly interesting.

This poem, *The Letter*, appeared originally in *Les Annales* some eight or nine years ago and shows the author in quite a different light from his *Under Fire*. The translation into English verse was made by Mr. Willard M. Smith as follows:

THE LETTER

By Henri Barbusse

Translated by Willard M. Smith.

I am writing a letter;
The lamp bends an ear,
And the clock beats the time
With a stroke soft, but clear.
My eyes are fast closing,
I shall dream of you, dear.

A fever runs through me,
The light lower slips;
I hear but your voice,
Your name smiles on my lips;
My fingers are full
Of your touch in their tips.

I feel a soft languor;
Your heart's in me, too.
Half dreaming I waiver
'Twixt the false and the true.
Is it I, who am dreaming,
Or, is it not—YOU?

...
The "tanks" of the British army made their sensational appearance on a September morning in 1916 on the Somme, when they crawled up a hill, impervious to the German machine gun fire, and calmly sat down on the machine guns which had worked such havoc. The world was amazed. Captain Richard Haig, the Commander of the British tank *Britannia*, which is now touring the country, has written a story called *Life in a Tank*, which has been recently

published by Houghton Mifflin Company. Many war books have mentioned the performances of the tanks, but this is the first book which tells in detail about life with one of "His Majesty's Landships," as they are officially called, and the first book to be written by a tank commander. The author entered Sandhurst in 1914, having already chosen the army as his profession, but the war cut short his training and early in 1915 he went to the front with an infantry regiment, the Royal Berkshires. He fought with them until he was wounded at Loos. After his recovery he joined his regiment and was again wounded at the Somme, where he was recommended for, and later received, the Military Cross. Shortly after his second convalescence he joined the Heavy Branch Machine Gun Corps, which later came to be known as the "Tank Corps." He was a tank commander and went into action with his tank at Arras and at Ypres. Last winter he was recalled, and sent to this country with the tank, and he is now touring the country in the interests of the British Recruiting Mission.

...

"There is a growing sentiment in this country," writes Prof. Albert

G. Keller in the introduction to his new book, *Through War to Peace*,

"that what Germany has come to stand for is utterly irreconcilable with all those acquisitions of human society—freedom, democracy, Christianity—which we most prize; that it represents a grave menace to them all. This sentiment, with its attendant foreboding, I believe to be substantially correct, so that it will bear examination in the light of reason