

front with the British and Canadian forces, and have been gassed or wounded, and sent back to "carry on" the message of their own experience to a public that is only waiting to awake. The personal appearance on the stage of such a soldier as Lieutenant Gitz Rice—the author and composer of those popular war-songs, *We Stopped Them on the Marne* and *You've Got to Go in or Go Under*—is sufficient to electrify

the audience; for, though he may not be a memorable singer, he "puts his songs across" as if he meant them. In any work of propaganda, it is—first of all—sincerity that counts. A public composed of men who may be called upon, at any moment, to die for those ideas that constitute the ultimate realities cannot be foisted off with shams. The artificial and commercial "war-play" is now cold and dead. The War has killed it.

## A BLINDED POILU TO HIS NURSE

BY AGNES LEE

I KNOW you only by your tears . . .  
 I felt them falling on my face.  
 I had wakened on a hush of dark,  
 And lay I knew not in what place.

O lady, not a dream was mine!  
 Despair had told the truth to me,  
 And I was fearful of life's call,  
 And bitter with my destiny.

But the warm touches of your soul  
 Guided me to the darkened years.  
 Sweet reconciler of my days,  
 I know you only by your tears.

# DEMOCRACY AND AMERICAN IDEALS

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

## I

A SIMPLE phrase, uttered by President Wilson in a supreme crisis in the history of modern civilisation, has touched the popular imagination as has no other phrase of the Great Era: "The world must be made safe for democracy." Such a phrase, simple to bareness, must connote momentous issues, in order thus to stir the minds and fire the hearts of men. It seems to impart to democracy a significance deeper and more searching than it bore in the days of Jefferson or of Lincoln. There is implied the consciousness that democracy is something ineffably precious to mankind; and that any menace to its stability as a principle of government, to its vitality as a spirit of human liberty, must be sternly checked in the interest of the future of society. It is a challenge to all peoples of liberal views, of individual enfranchisement, to make a supreme stand in the interest of the welfare of the world. For not individuals only, not nations only, but the world itself as a going human concern is presumed to stand in grave danger of decadence and retrogression if the organic growth and normal progress of democracy be once forcibly arrested. Democracy is implicitly realised as the ideal of individual freedom in government:

For what avail the plough or sail,  
Or land or life, if freedom fail?

In a dark hour in the world's history, America has set her hand to this supreme task. It is democracy's

own task: the struggle of democracy, rich in individual liberty and initiative, but as yet imperfectly articulated for corporate and communal action, against autocracy, with a whole people instantly responsive to control, corporately mobilised in man-power, mechanical invention, and industrial resources. This power of autocracy, marshalling the most subtle instrumentalities of modern science to its aid, has revolutionised the very mode of the conduct of warfare. It is no longer a question only of army against army; the conflict is a conflict of armed peoples, organised to the last unit, mobilised to the ultimate resource. It is a war of bureaus and farms, of committees and housewives, of index and card catalogue, no less than of soldiers and sailors, of shell, shrapnel, bayonet and grenade.

The two theories of government, the two ideals of liberty, thus thrown into deadly conflict are, each in its own way, intent upon self-vindication. The light in which democracy is regarded, the spirit in which it is either challenged or maintained, give us an insight into its meaning and significance, for the two contending forces, and reveal the crevasse which divides them. "Democracy," says a German scholar of note, "is a thing, infirm of purpose, jealous, timid, changeable, un-thorough, without foresight, blundering along in an age of lucidity guided by confused instincts." In one of the most arresting works of literature to which the Great War has given rise, H. G.