

munications, without which nothing could be accomplished; of balloonists, who make observations when aeroplanes cannot go up; of automobilists and railway men and teamsters, who feed infantry and artillery; of engineers and surveyors and cartographers, who decide upon and make possible and show the way from the rear to the front, and from the front into the enemy's lines; of the territorials, who keep the roads in order—it was they who saved Verdun; of the medical corps; of the General Staff; of the quartermaster's department; of miners and factory-workers in the rear; of those who sail the seas and make the seas safe in order that materials for carrying on the offensive may reach France; of the nations behind the armies—it is the House-that-Jack-Built.

I may have satisfied ill the curiosity of the American reader to know just how an offensive is made, because what I have written is incomplete—things picked out here and there. But is it not enough to stimulate in my readers, whose influence I know is very great, to see to it that the United States accomplishes what she has in mind—to serve

most effectively the common cause? And has it not occurred to the reader that most of the instruments with which we fight have been either invented or perfected by American ingenuity? How much the science of war owes to America for the steamship, the gunboat, the submarine, the torpedo, the telegraph, the telephone, the microphone, barbed wire, the revolver, magazine-rifle, the machine-gun, and the aeroplane!

You will not be called upon, in the new form of offensive, to sacrifice American lives as we have sacrificed French lives. But you alone can make possible a complete victory with little further sacrifice of life. You alone can hasten the end. When the Germans realize that we have the material to make defense of their present or any other lines impossible, they will have to give in. How can we force that realization upon them? By cannon and shells without limit, and the means to transport them to our battle-front; and by aeroplanes without limit. We welcome the American flag on our front, but the success of our offensive is more dependent upon American factories and shipyards.

Bois-Étoilé

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

WHAT legend of a star that fell
 In falchion flight from heavenly flame
 Brought to some poet-peasant's mind
 The haunting sweetness of thy name?
 War marked thee in thy sylvan sleep—
 A spoil too pure for Hell to spare—
 Seamed earth, stark, splintered trunks, proclaim
 That Bois-Étoilé once was fair.
 O wrecked and ravaged Wood of Stars!
 The lights that named thee have not set!
 In lovelier groves than even thine
 France forges victory from them yet!
 O green place on a glorious earth,
 Thine, too, the martyr's meed shall be;
 With Rheims and Ypres, there shall be found
 A space on History's page for thee.
 Nor shalt thou lose thine olden trick—
 The winds of Peace thy leaves shall stir;
 (Unbudded Aprils yearn, a-dream,
 To keep dead springtides' trysts with her!).

The Colonel Volunteers

BY PHILIP CURTISS



RUFE MAITLAND, the hardware dealer, drew his glasses down over his nose and studied earnestly the printed word which his clerk's blackened finger-nail pointed out to him.

"E-l-a-n," he spelled, then shook his head. "It may be a place," he suggested.

Charlie Munger, the clerk, who, in spite of his jaunty name, was a man as old and as gray-bearded as his employer, took back the paper and smoothed it out preparatory to reading. He had skipped the difficult word when he heard a step, and, looking up, his eye brightened.

"The Colonel will tell us," he said, in sudden confidence, and both men shuffled forward to meet the new-comer.

"Colonel," said Maitland, "we've got a puzzle right in your line. Let's have it, Charlie."

The old clerk fussed like a nervous school-boy. "It's this," he said, finding his place—"Eelan. What's an Eelan?"

The Colonel looked mildly perplexed. "A what?"

"Eelan," repeated Munger. "It says here, 'At Hill 406 the German élan was utterly checked.'"

The Colonel laughed with condescending knowledge. "Uhlen," he corrected, artlessly. "That's a heavy cavalryman." As if such childish questions were trifles in his day's work he turned to Maitland. "Have those lettuce plants come?"

"They came this morning. Mis' Weatherbee took them up in the car. They're as fine a lot of plants as I ever see. They'll head up strong. The russets ain't as big as the others, but then you didn't expect them to be."

"No," said the Colonel, somewhat absently. He seemed on the point of saying more, but merely stood hesi-

tating. "Things are pretty lively in town," he ventured at last, but the words were obviously a poor substitute for what he had been tempted to say.

"I've heard," ventured Maitland, "they're going to call out the milishy."

The Colonel started, and his tone assumed almost a martial gruffness. "Where did you hear that?"

Maitland was cowed. He answered apologetically. "They probably wa'n't nothing in it. Lyme Rodgers told me."

The Colonel's erect figure poised uncertainly. "Well," he answered, at last, "I was in communication with the Governor himself at two o'clock and at that time they had not been called."

No better authority than that could have been desired and Maitland's mind was at rest.

"I expected that spray for the apple-trees the fore part of the week, but it hasn't come yet. And it's going to cost. Prices is awful."

Neither fact seemed to interest the Colonel, usually highly alert on all agricultural matters.

"Let me know when you get it," he replied, without interest. He seemed on the point of turning away, but he paused a second and in that second the clerk found the chance for which he had waited.

"Colonel," he asked, "if they's war, will you have to go?"

A deeper flush spread over the Colonel's already well-flushed cheek.

"That depends," he replied, in the measured tones into which he always unconsciously fell when talking on military matters. "I am on the retired list and retired officers are always subject to call." With this enigmatic answer he seemed about to leave the whole matter. Then, seeing the two wrinkled faces drinking in the gospel which fell from his lips, he added, in gentler tone, "I guess we're all ready to go when we're needed."