

AMERICA TO FRANCE.

Take them, O beautiful France, Close to your generous breast; Keep them, my dear dead sons, Honored, beloved, at rest.

Under your glorious flag, Under your red, white and blue, Near to your gallant boys, Bury my laddies, too.

France, there are tears in our hearts; Bravely we bite back our pain, Proudly we try to smile Over our children slain;

Over the soldiers we bore, Over our bravest and best, Over our loved and lost— Lo, we will stand the test!

Sister and comrade and friend, Lift up your heart and your head; Mothers of men are we, Mothers of noble dead!

Liberty, Justice, and Right; These are our price of their blood, Shed on your sacred soil— Glorious, gallant food!

Steadfast I come to your aid, Steadfast, I stand by your side, There where our heroes died, There where our great sons died.

Take them, then, beautiful France, Close to your generous breast; Keep them, my dear dead boys, Honored, beloved, at rest.

— W. E. P. FRENCH, Major, U. S. A.

STRAIGHT FROM HEADQUARTERS.

It was at Seventy-second Street that Frances was convinced, beyond the necessity of any further speculation, that sooner or later the young man was going to speak to her.

His oblique glances were rapidly becoming more portentous and his restlessness was becoming more acute; indeed, as he assembled the elusive fragments of his courage, he positively squirmed in his seat.

As to his outward appearance, he was passably good-looking, and he was dressed neatly enough without being exactly what you would call well-groomed.

His clothes lacked the final snap of exclusive tailoring, and the wearer himself lacked the final coat of social varnish.

It was at Seventy-third street that he leaped out into the aisle, and smiled in a manner which she held to be both ingratiating and impudent.

grave and suggestive of grave responsibilities. "France," said the young man, almost in apology. "I was over there with the Canadians."

This time her interest was involuntary. She herself was a member of the committees and a laborer for the good of the universe.

"Really? Whereabouts?" "Most everywhere. I had about two years of it."

Frances regarded him incredulously. It was her first encounter with an enlisted man from the front, and she was illogically thrilled.

"Is that so?" "The young man nodded. "And these Vrylings in New York have sent so much stuff over to the boys."

"Of course, bales of other people have sent things, but I happened to get three different kits from the Vrylings in two years, so—"

"Then you're going to call there? Surely you are! And what an adventure!" "Why, I haven't made up my mind about that yet," said the young man, ruminating.

"You see it's like this; I know dozens of men on permission that went to see their marraines in Paris—sort of fairy godmother stuff, you know—and every one of 'em was sore afterward."

"But why should they have been disappointed? That's what you meant, isn't it?" "The young man assented gravely.

"Well, when a woman sends things to soldiers, she's generally thinking about battles and heroes and all that—I don't see how she can help it very well—and then if a chap halfway between a tramp and a pirate comes to see her all of a sudden she's surprised, and he's rattled, and they're both uneasy; it just don't work out!

Their ideas are both spoiled, and they stay spoiled. And if it don't work out in Paris, where the war is, there isn't hardly a ghost of a chance in New York. Now is there?"

"I'm not sure there isn't," doubted Frances. She was as excited as she ever allowed herself to be; the drama of the great conflict had flown to her very feet.

"You're a Canadian, did you say?" "I'm from Michigan, really; but I enlisted in Canada."

"How is it you're back in this country then?" "Oh, I was discharged. I'm going back to Montreal to re-up, that is, to re-enlist, tonight."

"I didn't know that they discharged men until—Why, were you hurt?" He gestured in deprecation.

"Just a bit. They didn't seem to think I'd be much good any more. But I fooled 'em, all right. I've had four months' rest, and I'm fit! Just thought I'd spend one day in New York first. Its funny—"

He halted abruptly. "What is?" "I can't make it out myself," he confessed. "I haven't got a friend nearer here than Buffalo. I don't know why I wanted to travel all the way down here for just one day in New York. It cost a lot, and—well, if you'd ever lived months at a time in a trench full of mud and muck, and had to fight the Fritzes and trench rats and typhoid and pneumonia, and then got one of those kits they send over sometimes, maybe you'd get a hatful of fool notions, too. I guess I just wanted to see that hour."

"Haden't you a marraine in Paris?" she asked gently. "No; there aren't enough to go 'round. That's how I got one of the American packages. And I haven't any relatives, either."

While he had been talking, Frances had conceived one of her spontaneously intrepid plans, and it was dazzling her. She gazed at the young man earnestly, and saw that his eyes were frank and true, and that his features were indicative of boyish strength.

He was unquestionably poor, and he was certainly imaginative. Tonight he was again to go forth to the hypochondria of his vigorous young manhood, and he would depart uncheered, uncomplainingly, for another bout with the Fritzes and the trench rats and the fevers. Frances shuddered at the picture.

And then a panorama of the day she had planned, an idle, careless day, came before her, and solidified the fantasy of her resolution. What harm could come from a little adventurous altruism? Furthermore, she was genuinely sorry for this young man; and she was a member of committees organized solely for the comfort of such as he.

"What," she asked, "were you going to do until train time?" "Nothing much, just hang around."

"Suppose," she hesitated, "you happened to have a godmother, a marraine, here in New York?" "No such luck. The best I can do is the movies. This is the longest time I've talked to one woman, hospital nurses included, since 1914."

"You may be wrong," she said. "I've always intended to be a godmother to some one in the trenches, but I've put it off, and put it off. . . . and if you think I can make up for it now—"

The young man recoiled violently and his pupils grew wide. "Not you!" he faltered. "You're not saying—you . . ."

"Here we are at Grant's Tomb," she said imperturbably. "Unless you've something better to do, let's ride down town on the same 'bus and talk it over."

But even then his bewilderment was so great that he didn't offer to take the seat beside her until she smilingly reminded him of the official respect due to her from a youthful godson. It would have been impossible to determine which one of them was more stimulated by the phenomenon of their acquaintanceship.

For the first time in her life, Frances lunched that day at a Child's restaurant. At the original mention of it she had quailed, and debated whether tact would permit her to insist upon acting as hostess and specifying the Ritz. She almost wished that she had remained adamant in that brief discussion as to which one of the pair was to be the guest, and which one was to receive hospitality. She had yielded to him because she was analytical, and also kind; she had surmised what pleasure it would give this strange young man to do the honors, especially since he ought not to afford it.

Relentlessly she thrust the Ritz out of her mind. "I'm stumped!" she confessed happily. "Aren't you?" His answer was somewhat irrelevant.

"It's the most amazing thing!" he said. "I have to keep pinching myself. Am I dreaming?" She laughed gaily and shook her head.

"I think we're both very much awake. Do you know you haven't told me your name yet? We've been so busy talking generalities."

"Donald Mackenzie. If you don't mind, I'd like it if you just called me 'Don'."

"I shall—Don," she said, enjoying his delight. "And yours?" Her answer was hesitant; she hadn't heretofore computed the number of contingencies which depended on it.

"I'm Frances Putnam. Now please go ahead, Don; tell me all about everything. Begin at the very beginning."

The young man frowned in retrospection. "There's not such a lot to tell. I was born in Detroit. The earliest thing I want to remember is being a messenger boy in a law firm. I must have been about ten or eleven. I didn't have any family, I just lived. And then I went to night school, and got a regular job, and after that I drifted into the lumber business and took a correspondence course, and when the war broke out I was just going to be promoted to assistant office manager of the Canadian branch of our furniture company. I was in Montreal then."

"But why," she queried, "did you ever enlist? You're an American. It isn't your war!" "Yes, it is, too," he declared. "It's all our war, only most people over here don't seem to get it. The United States has been a turkey buzzard instead of an eagle so far. I never thought twice about it. You see, I'd had a little history there at school, so I knew that this meant—fight or get swallowed. Then they began to take up war collections, and I knew I ought to give as much as I could. I didn't have any money to give, but I had me, and—there you are!"

"How old are you, Don?" she inquired. "I'm twenty-one. I guess it wouldn't be polite for me to—"

"Your godmother is exactly twenty-four," said Frances. "Tell me some more!" "Well, I enlisted, and by and by they sent us over. We went right to the front; that was around Neuve Chapelle. Then we fought at Ypres and Festubert and some other places, and settled down at Givenchy. There was where I got my kit from the Vrylings. And then nothing much happened until one night when I wasn't expecting it. There was a sort of flash of black and white and red—the blackest black and the whitest white and the reddest red in the world—and then I was back in a base hospital eating through a straw. And they figured out I probably wouldn't be much good any more, so they sent me along home; only I fooled 'em. I'm just sort of tender. I guess that's all."

Superbly unconscious that he had devoted only half a minute to occur- rences for which the historians will need volume on volume, he tendered the salt to Frances, and picked up his fork.

"And is that all you have to say about it?" she managed. "Oh, every now and then little snapshots come into my head," he admitted.

"But what were you doing when you were hurt?" "Oh!" said the young man laughing. "That was funny. You see, we weren't getting much of anywhere. We were just stalling, and waiting for breaks. And opposite us there was a crowd of Bavarians. They weren't bad chaps, either, they played pretty straight. And we fixed up a sort of exchange: at night some of their men would crawl out between the trenches and leave a lot of bottles of beer covered up with an old newspaper, so we could see the white spot in the dark; and then they'd scrawl back and some of our boys would crawl out and get the beer, and leave jam. Those Bavarians were plain baty about English jam. And then after they'd crawled out again and got the jam and get back to cover, we'd all shoot like the mischief for a few minutes. Just for instance, and go on from there."

"Well, one night when I'd gone out, two of the boches stuck their heads up and yelled, 'Look owit! Look owit! Prussians tomorrow! Prussians tomorrow!' And that was all they said. We didn't pay much attention to it."

"But you didn't see any Prussians the next day, and when the regular time came we saw the newspaper flapping in the wind, and another chap and I loaded up with jam pots, and went out on our hands and knees—"

He broke off and calmly buttered a slice of bread. "Yes!" she implored. "Go on!" "Well," said the young man simply, "those Bavarian fellows were square, all right. So Prussian regiments relieved 'em about dark. And the Prussians knew all about the way we'd swapped supplies. So when I pulled the newspaper—that was when the blast went off."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT

The saddest thing that can befall a soul is when it loses faith in God and woman.

So many mothers are obliged to put up lunches for the children and are at their wits' end wondering what they will put in the box or basket. Be sure you have variety and that there is plenty; above all have it dainty.

Sandwiches are the mainstays, because they are never brought back. Try date sandwiches. Wash, dry and stone the dates and chop with an equal amount of walnut meats.

Whole wheat bread with peanut butter. Brown bread with cream cheese. Whole wheat bread with a filling of hard boiled egg chopped fine is relished by most children. It may be moistened with cream salad dressing.

Orange marmalade makes a nice filling for white bread. Tender roast beef chopped and seasoned is a good filling. White meat from a fowl is good. White bread with strawberry jam.

White bread with butter and chopped ham, or with chopped nuts and raisins. Sardine sandwiches are good. Remove tail and bones, mash and moisten with soft butter, season with cayenne and Worcestershire sauce, spread paste between slices of white bread and butter.

Always mince the meat; it is really nicer and much easier to eat. Sometimes cut the sandwiches in odd forms. The bread should be a day old, and of firm, close texture. So much for the sandwiches.

An orange, an apple or bunch of grapes generally meet with approval. Pick perfect fruit and wrap in paraffin paper. Some children prefer a banana. A few olives are nice for a change.

Have a few small jars with a screw top and use them for baked apples, or custard, potato salad; even beans are liked with the lunch; a tiny glass of jelly or fruit sauce in the jar.

Little cakes, cookies in odd shapes, coffee cakes, gingerbread, ginger wafers, sometimes a piece of maple sugar, cheese, celery, sweet chocolate, a few figs and dates, a handful of nuts.

Simplicity to Control Modes for 1918—The very latest achievement by a branch of the Council of National Defense startles in the boldness of its purview and the unsuspected masculine wisdom shown in the chosen point of attack. A saving of 25 per cent. in the material which enters into milady's gowns and fabrics for 1918 has been effected by the commercial board of the council, and in men's attire the total economizing will net 40 per cent.

W. S. Gifford, the hero who planned this intrepid coup, called the French Ambassador to his aid, and thus the Parisian modiste was induced to stop designing needless frills and to teach the recoco in ornamentation to be patriotic. The compelling motive of this stirring arraignment of the citadel of women's gowns was the threatened shortage of wool. Director Gifford appealed to M. Jusser and he, in turn, officially notified his Government of the crisis. Then the modistes were consulted and, with true French zeal, they pledged to dictate plain designs, with only necessary use of material.

And there are some mothers who are willing to have other mother's sons protect them and their sons, but do all in their power to give a selfish "viewpoint" to their own sons. And the poor man's child is reviled and shunned, when it is not really his own fault.

Every mother, if she will conscientiously have a "little confab with her soul" knows that this war is a war for humanity; a war to save men's souls and bring out their character in a manner that a life of selfish indulgence would never do. Why, there are self-centered, money grabbing men who have been transformed into self-sacrificing christian gentlemen, by the atmosphere of the boys "over there."

"Our boys in khaki" who are giving their lives for us mothers. It just brings a lump into our throats, and yet, when I think that my own boy may soon be one of them, it is a lump of joy to know that he wishes to go. When a woman asked me if I "would let my boy go" I answered, "let him go? I'd send him."

A grandson of General U. S. Grant is a "water boy" for the Foreign Legion. That does not sound very heroic, but it really is, for twice in twenty-four hours he loads four small donkeys with water bags and leads them through the muddy communication trenches and woods that are constantly shelled by the enemy's guns, right up to the front firing line, where his thirsty comrades are fighting. For that is just one example of the sort of men from all walks in life who make up.

The Legion that never was listed, That carries no colors or crest, But split in a thousand detachments, Is breaking the road for the rest."

So, boys, "break the road for the rest" that your mothers may be proud of what you do, for every good deed accomplished, every wrong impulse resisted, is a bit in the character building that each boy is doing towards the perfection of a courageous, manly lad, to join, if not the United States Army, the Army of Life, for the peace of the world to come.

DOROTHY GOODWIN-HILLE. Great Gunnery. An unstable patron of New York's gay places was taking his way northward when he came upon the telescope man at Columbus Circle, who lets you look at the stars for a nickel.

The bibulous one looked at the telescope in amazement. "Sh-a-gun!" he said, thickly. He put his fingers to his ears and watched. Presently a shooting star fell from the sky.

The happy one smiled broadly, took his fingers from his ear and patted the telescope man. "Sha-a-good shot, old boy!" he said, and wobbled out into the park.

There are still some pockets, but they are growing scarce. Reversible black and white satin ribbon is used for girdle. Two-piece sport suits are made of knitted flannel wool. High ruffled lingerie collars are one of the new fashions.