By Mme. Delarue-Madrus

Translated from the French by William L. McPherson

This is a companion piece to the story by Mme. Delarue-Madrue pub-

Are Women People? By Alice Duer Miller

To Byron R. Newton

"Every true woman knows. . . . Those things which God Almighty and Nature designed them to do. . . ."-Anti-Suffrage interview of Mr. Newton.

0, Mr. Newton, are you really sure You know what each true woman knows and thinks?

No wonder that you go your way secure. A wise young (Edipus to that old sphinx,

The woman question: it cannot perplex Your intuition; many men are loath

To boast of understanding either sex,

But you, I gather, understand them both.

You, if I read you rightly, understand Not only all that women know and hope,

But everything which God and Nature planned In evolution. So, we cry with Pope:

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night; God said. 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

The first use the new Collector of the Port is making of his Night Alarm Puts special knowledge of woman's sphere is to advise us to be slack- Pilots on Edge ers. He says: "When women attempt to leave their own realm and de man's work in a man's way they lose their power in the ish. American and Canadian, familiar the roof, and they were hacking away literated. world, just as men would become ridiculous if they should attempt to invade the realm which nature and civilization have set It is fine to see the spirit of them mangled, head injured, legs like rags, apart for women.

Before again attempting to help in a military census, in selling a Liberty Loan, in working in munition factories or in replacing men in any work, we hope women will ask expert the locality of the Zeps., until the com- to the stretcher. advice from Mr. Newton as to whether or not they were dethen they spring to the air like hawks,

advice from Mr. Newton as to whether or not they were dethen they spring to the air like hawks,

God only knows why a brave man

out, discussing the them they declered a like a movie reel running dued voice, every once in a while listwith the self-revelations of an unknown out. We got home together after a ening intently for the ominous whirr

of their powerful engines, when the soul, an unknown soul which is also signed by God, Nature and civilization for such work.

We notice that the Ordnance Department of the United States is advertising for female stenographers, typists and filing clerks. Will this be doing man's work in a man's way? Ask combing the heavens, and woe betide With Pup in Lap Mr. Newton, ladies.

The same types of mind express themselves in almost identical terms even at the distance of a century. In 1821 the Rev. H. H. Power said:

"We would not confound all distinctions between the intellectual pursuits of the sexes. I urge not on women the pursuit of those mascrine attainments for which our minds are better fitted. A woman derracks herself no less by the usurpation of masculine mien than the r ar was leaves the sphere of action to dabble in the kitchen."

Only Mr. Powers was arguing against equality for girls in popular pilots, the other day, when he have to argue with yourself a wee bit secondary education.

The former Collector of the Port, Dudley Field Malone, resigned his post because the Administration was not taking a sufficiently active stand on woman suffrage. The new Collector is a violent anti-suffragist. If the Administration becomes more aggressive in its suffrage policy, will Mr. Newton show the same In Our Throats sincerity and courage that Mr. Malone showed-and resign?

Complications of a Half Democracy developing from a side slip into the

We read in The Official Bulletin of October 6 that the U.S. Commissioner of Education, at the request of President Wilson, is going to issue leaflets "as guides to public school teachers to teach children democracy's meaning" and "the privileges and daties of life under our modern social organization."

Those will have to be very well written pamphlets which will teach Western girls that it is their duty and privilege to go to the polls and Eastern girls that it is their duty and privilege

In an editorial on the necessity of registering "The New York Times" says: "There must be no trifling, no disposition on the part of any citizen to leave the work to others."

As one citizen, we assure "The Times" that it is not our disposition to leave our political work to others—just a little matter of a Constitutional Amendment.

"Mr. Mitchel." "The Times" continues, in one of its forgetful moments, "must have the vote of every intelligent and independent supporter of good government."

The law forbids, Mr. Editor.

More Anti-Suffrage Chivalry

Mr. Everett P. Wheeler comments adversely on a letter of thur and Cour de Lion have lived that any danger, face: Bank, to Punta Arenas, Patagonia, on tion into the bank, and shipped for any catastrophe for a purpose—and his a business errand, and was there when Cane Town. McKaig finished his errors to hold the anti-suffrage through ages because of the man-President accountable for statements which "impugn my loyalty hood they illustrate—the Spirit that the cost. as an American and thereby put in jeopardy my good name and never dies. To-day that Spirit is reputation." Mr. Wheeler says that this letter reminds him of a similar one which Mrs. Catt sent during the last campaign to the executive committee of the Men's Anti-Suffrage Association. "The threatened suit," he adds, "was never brought."

Mr. Wheeler does not say that one reason why the threat- of the stories of the Spirit, gathered ened suit was not brought was that the Men's Association withdrew the objectionable pamphlet with an apology.

It was not a gracious apology, but probably it was as gracious as the executive committee knew how to be. "The New York Times" of October 26, 1915, commenting on the whole incident, said:

"When and gies are in order it is the part | not only lacks the signatures it needed for iom, as well as of courtesy the effectual expression of that emotion, but o make them so full, frank and it doesn't even say that any one is sorry for at the doubts can be left as to the making a personal attack on one of the suffrage leaders. . . . It contents itself with without of the Men's Anti-Suffrage of conducting political warfare, and rather Service, and after two weeks of trainwen they received protests the strongly intimates that the withdrawing of they could not deny against; the leaflet from further circulation is a favor ade in one of their campaign or concession, not an admission of a fall into Ypres. tently it wasn't, for the docu- grave error. And that really is not the way

But even this meagre apology seems to have gone further ammunition depot behind the lines to than was sincere with the anti-suffrage gentlemen. They don't an artillery post. He reached his obreally dislike that method of political warfare; they only dis- shell of the incendiary brand dropped lke it when they are caught at it.

A Simple Philosophy

"Far better the Red Cross which I have just witnessed on the nurse's breasts than the yellow suffrage banner."-Everett P. Wheeler.

"I am not an illiberal man, I think you will agree, On woman's work I place no ban

con titutes their act of contrition | to apologize."

If she but work for me. I think it not impolitic That she should nurse me when I'm sick,

The only thing at which I stick Is letting her be free."

Somewhere Off the Coast



on this little island, have experienced in our country. The around our hut and the rain lashing in a fury on the frame walls and sheet roof.

making a flendish din. It hurts to think of California bathed in the sun or moonshine, which I may not see for experiences during the seven months I've been here. We have an immense station on this little island, guarding lessly upset, and it starts to descend approached a violent thunderstorm, so hear how the engines talk, and down one of the principal air approaches to in narrowing circles, faster and faster, both machines turned nose up and went again for other adjustments. Being London, but the raiders seem to have until it is tearing down like a meteor. above the clouds into the sunshine and held responsible for the behavior of changed their route latterly rather. We rushed to where Tollymarsh was then continued the race, 6,000 feet up, the engines on so many machines, I do. than try conclusions with our boys.

with all types of machines and eager the fuselage to get him out before fire Villages Scud By Like for the chase as school kids at play. started. The poor boy was terribly a Reel Running Out when a night alarm comes in and the and internal troubles, but still con- Presently we ran out of the storm war flight is ordered to stand by. They scious. The expression of agony on area again, and at intervals the clouds tion of watching another of the big snugly fitted with high explosive bombs should be made to suffer these tortures pleasant trip and ready for a hot supand machine guns, and you hear them when he's out to rid the world roaring down the wind at 100 miles these baby-killing fiends. an hour, searching the paths of the big 36,000 candle power lights that are Looped the Loop the Zep, that lingers too long if they get a line on him.

ing mishaps, when these same brave looped the loop two or three times. fellows come huftling out of the sky, The pup persisted in chewing my ear something vital gives way, sometimes while I was trying to hold him and something vital gives way, sometimes myself in, and as there was no shoulder German bullets have severed the sinews straps on the machine it was a little or pierced the heart of their winged disconcerting. Looping is quite sensteeds, and sometimes their time has sational, the earth, sky and machine just some, and they've tempted fate have a great time chasing one another once too often. Such a case was that of around, and when you eventually earth Lieutenant Tollymarsh, one of our most straighten out in the air again you came down among the sheds. We had that you are right end up and all; started him out in a Sopwith Scout, one of our fast reconnoitring mawhen one of the boys exclaimed, "Good God! what's happened Tolly?"

The Breath Gagged

We looked up and found poor old Tolly fast losing control, his machine sheds. The breath gagged in our throats for a second, then we cursed the fates that were hurling him to death, old Tolly., who had inspected us at divisions an hour before, who never had anything but a kind word of advice for our little mistakes, and we could not move a finger to save him. Oh, I can't get used to it, it sickens me every time to see these clip. brave fellows come whirling down, fighting every foot of the way with quick jerks of aerlons, rudder and planes to arrest the mad career of the stricken machine, then giving up as it becomes a whirling mass of wires, struts and planes.

This spin is not common, but invariably fatal, and develops through banking too steep; adverse air conditions prevent them from righting the



The story of the British aerial coast patrol—the great organization that defeated the Huns' Zeppelin campaign, and is now fighting desperately years, nor a pleasant visit in Brooklyn. against the more dangerous raids of swarms of Gothas—has never been Ours is surely a miserable climate. I told. The letter which follows is the first glimpse given the outside world think if they would allow the Huns to of its great work—an intimate and thrilling glance into the lives of the occupy the country for a couple of group of airmen who have so far been seen only for an instant in the weeks they would never survive the flare of a burning Zeppelin. It was not written for publication, but is a ordeal. Well, I've had some interesting personal letter from a member of the corps to a close friend in this country.

The following day I went up with Jack Alcock, my pet pilot, with the staff I have also witnessed some distress- surgeon's terrier pup in my lap, and

> giving them 3,000 feet elevation and a trespassing in their domains. mile or two cross-country start. Alcock Country Below Looked made a wide detour, climbing fast as we went along the coast, then straight. Like a Patchwork Quilt

Just as we were overtaking him we' from pale yellow to dark green, and

falling, but heard the sickening, grind- about 100 yards apart at ninety miles have to go up as a kind of accident ining crash among the buildings while an hour, with a bank of cloud below surance with the pilots until they acstill some distance away, and when like a huge blanket of cotton wool. cept the machines. Some day somewe got up there others had beaten us We had them well in hand by this time, thing may slip. I only hope when it to it. He had failen between the engine; but had to refer to the compass for does I'll be up at least 3,000 feet. I These pilots are a fearless lot, Brit- shop and the power house, just grazing direction, as all landmarks were ob- don't want to be picked up like Tolly-

fume and chafe at the unavoidable de- his face brought a lump into our would open up and reveal the fields, Hun machines going to destruction. It lay, through the wireless, in getting throats as we lifted him tenderly on villages and rivers scud by, then French machine preparing it for night

> I went up with Alcock yesterday to try her out and had a fine flight. We gun. got up to 12,000 feet in 15 minutes, Pilot Leaped Into which brought us out over the sea. I never expect to feast my eyes on a the Dark Night sight more beautiful if I live to the Just a couple of minutes to warm

coast of France, a bold dark back- suburbs. ground, the sight of which awoke strange feelings as I realized that be-I have also had some nice cross-coun- youd the curtain of distance the desti- that it was a Zep on fire, and suddenly chines, and had forgotten he was up, try trips on break downs, and you get nies of empires are being juggled and a wonderful view of the country. tossed about like thistle-down on a ignited to fall many another and the gas your part leads me to believe that you Alcock took me to one on a certain; morning breeze. We drove out over afternoon, and after an hour's work the sea a long way, then swept round I started the repaired machine off with again and started to descend gradually the understanding that if he was all; as we approached the coast. When we right after one spiral, to start for got down to 5,000 feet Alcock shut off home and we would catch him up. I the engine entirely, and we started a then started our engine up and waited 15 mile volplane for home with a stato see if the other was all right. Pres- tionary propeller, the wind humming ently he headed for home and we took through our struts and wires droning to the air. We had a big, powerful new a most weird chant, as if the storm Raiders Brought Down machine and I knew it was to be a race, gods were voicing their resentment for

ening out on the home trail we tore The country below presented a wonafter our partner at a ninety mile: derful bird's-eye view, the fields in the different stages of cultivation, showing



| brown patches where they had been tilled, looked like a big patchwork quilt. Little villages and towns, silver lakes and winding streams, woods and ribbon-like roads, all combined to description. The clouds shead of us lished in The Sunday Tribune on September 28 last. The author has were large fleecy balls at regular in- constructed a situation in which a soldier at the front, without near relatervals like shells bursting in the sky, tives and seeking a sympathetic "godmother" with whom he may exwhile on the right and left were long change letters, engages unwittingly in a correspondence with his divorced white banks floating lazily along on wife. She, who forced the divorce and now regrets it, knows who he is, the brightest morning sunshine. We the glorious view.

I Don't Want To Be

variety of machines and going up to

We had a visit from a squadron of Zeps last night and had to stand by at the hangars all night. Our C. P. O. Letter Weighted With was on leave so I had charge of our flight machines. We had the satisfacper. I have just been putting in three were drifting in on London with enor four days work on a beautiful new gines cut off to cover their approach.

flying-dynamo and lights, luminous for our fastest machines to take to the instruments, two machine guns, bombs, air. The pilots and gunlayers sprang to their machines, we swung the pro-

end of the war. Way down ahead the up, then the first pilot shouted "Stand water lay shimmering in the sun. a clear" and leapt into the dark night, he others following in quick succession. gances and eccentricities. beautiful golden purple sheen, quiver- The sound of the exhausts grew fainter ing like the transparent wing of some and fainter until it died away in the giant moth poised on the edge of the distance, but we continued to watch You Ask What over London, for we could now hear the dull boom of the Zep bombs tear-Beyond we could distinctly trace the ing civilian homes to pieces in the

> it lit up the whole sky for miles around started to go to pieces, flaming portions drifting away from the main framework all wrapped in fierce flames. rible death that was coming to these men, and a strange coincidence that the commander of the airship, alone, had to tolerate that agony for an hour ciety of young people, and so on. As enter into the tenderness of a man and a half after she hit the ground.

No Sympathy for

I'm afraid there is not much sympathy for them over in this country; it is only necessary to read of the womfan the ever-smoldering embers of hatred into blazing wrath at the unscru-

I'm sorry I could not send you more of our Latin race. of the photos I took on my way home; the censor will not allow photos to go Comes From Deep through. I trust he will let this letter pass. He will surely appreciate that Feeling of Tenderness it is nearly all old news, of merely trivial personal experiences or impressions, and I do not have too many opportunities of writing. I'm afraid you will be tiring of this screed, but it is get more war news than we do. Please remember me to your sisters and let me know when you come over to Eng- a mother's breast.

Yours very sincerely,

McKaig has been decorated, and for

perhaps one of the most valorous deeds

manifested in this historic conflict.

McKaig took up with another chap as

consists in going over the top at night,

wiggling and squirming through a lane

of barb-wire over the shell-pocked, stench-laden ground to within hearing

distance of the enemy's front line trench. The night McKaig's pal was

called to do patrol duty was a moon-

light one, and a shimmer of light on

his helmet attracted the attention of a

machine gun crew, and an instant later

he was a writhing soul "bound west."

When the time for his return passed

and he did not come back, McKaig un-

seeking authority from the C. O., went

over the parapet and searched No Man's Land until he found his friend's

distance of the German trench, and

then started on his ninety metres' tor-

body of his friend over his back, cross-

his own lines, and when asked later

why, without consulting his superior

officer, he had undertaken the enter-

prise, he replied: "Not only was he my

friend, but he bore a copy of the orders

of the day on his person, and I did

not want these to fall into the enemy's

wants to know where her boy is bu-

blood-curdling inventions of man than

it is possible to convey by rhetoric.

their road to nowhere, all bathed in but he addresses his confidences in good faith to an unknown. Mme. Delarue-Madrus has wit and imagination. Her sprightly exand finished up a few feet from where ploitation of the godmotherly relation is a bit of sunshine against the we started, cold a wee bit, but full of sombre background of war. HAVE already told you how Géo.; "A woman! I, a man, a simple man, a divorced, became by the merest ac- man like all the rest, demand and Picked Up Conscious cident the godmother of her poor a woman—that is to say, my opposite. husband, that lawful adorer of whom, I want her to be a continual surprise Such is my work here, fixing up the

godmother to whom he writes with since it was on that condition that she marsh and still be conscious. agreed to accept him as a godson.

Géo, alone as usual in her studio, is an awe-inspiring sight, I can assure where she has not painted since the you. We had been standing by for an war began, settles down to open the shall follow without realizing too much they would close up again shutting out hour, discussing the chances in a sub- thick military letter, a letter weighted the influence on my life which my wife,

> From habit rather than from desire Then the commandingofficer from the she begins by lighting a cigarette. Then searchlight tower sent down the order she installs herself on the divan and guide-that is my wife. I give her, passes her right hand carelessly you see, the rôle of a domestic provithrough her short, henna-stained curls. ingly over this masculine dream, in pellers and the big 160-horsepower en- At twenty-eight there is no necessity which the management of the housegines started with a roar like a gatling for coloring them. But the henna is a detail in the Latin Quarter make-up which Géo, in spite of her dissatisfac-i tion with it, has not yet reached the tell you, rather, if you have a daughpoint of giving up. Women who have no children often become their own dolls; and that leads them into extrava-

Think of Women

last letter to tell you what I think of 12, we saw a large ball of flame in the women, since I speak of them all the sky. We gave a cheer as we realized time and neglect to write you anything Use Her Hands about the war. Such a curiosity on bitterness. And that thought delights me, because one can never be truly un-It was not hard to imagine the hor- derstood except by his contemporaries. children. Young people love the so-

youth; and so are you, it seems to me. "So, now that I have told you all my lack of them on my part that I have life, I am going to try to express my emphasized all those things of which soul to you. What I say will not be very original. I am a man, like other en and little children left torn and men, or, rather, a Frenchman, like other before I lived three years in the bleeding in the wake of the Zeps to Frenchmen-preoccupied, that is, before everything else, with women. To be so is the indestructible inheritance

"You understand well that this preabout all I have to write of; our leave feeling of tenderness, in which there is somewhat limited, and you probably remains, as it were, a souvenir of that tivated to the point of aridity, restless,

> to tell them to her. Moreover, there telligence. But let them not cut their are things which one can write, but hair short!" which one could never say in the actual i presence of another, hindered by all the Hair in a Knot

"I can't tell you better what I think of women than by setting forth what | aid of some hairpins to twist her short

before the war, she had disembar- to me, with that charm which is alrassed herself so quickly, with all the ways an element of surprise. I want unconscious cruelty of youth, in order with amused astonishment, on discov-"to live her own life," as so many others ering her to be in every way different linine. I wish that soul to be, as in Now the correspondence between electricity, the negative pole, just as them is well established. Adjutant mine is the positive pole. Then there Charles Bouvier doesn't know that the will be a play of sparks between us. "While I, the positive element, earn

so much ardor is his former wife. He mestic establishment, I want her, the doesn't know her name or her age, negative element, to be the mysterious spirit of the home, that spirit through direction in the household. All my being, absorbed in work without, counts on her for repose in that interior, made miraculous by her presence. In hours of difficulty I expect from her, also, good advice, rather murmured than spoken, which, once again outside, I that priestess-like authority, exercises.

"My beloved, my collaborator, my dence. But, perhaps, you smile pityhold-incomprehensible marvel in the eves of a man-holds almost as large a

"Godmother, do not smile! Let me ter, how to bring her up so that she may make a man happy, and at the same time be happy herself. Teach her, certainly, to be as attractive as possible: gracious under all circumstances, and even coquettish in her style and tastes. Let her learn some agreeable art-music, especially, which quickens the intimate emotion of the hearth. Let her study a foreign language-English, if you wish a valu-"My godmother, you asked me in your able resource added to other resources.

"But, godmother, above everything else—and you must pardon me for goignited. It fell more rapidly now, then are still young, in spite of all your ing back to things so material—teach her to use her hands, to keep house, to manage the kitchen, because it is a great superiority for a lady to be able in an emergency to care for her hus-Children love the company of other band and her children as a daughter of the people does.

"See, godmother, what gratitude can for me, I am now entering my second | well cared for by his wife. There can be no doubt about it. I, a poor soldier in this great war-it is because of the I speak. Abandoned while I was very young by the wife whom I loved so much, I lived two years as an orphan trenches. And nobody can be more of an orphan, believe me, than a man without a wife.

You Must Be Eminently Women

"All men have not been to as hard a school as I have been to. But, speaking for all men. I can say to you: 'Women, women.-while we, the fighters at the occupation is not due solely to sensual | front, are eminently men, you must be unrest, but comes primarily from a deep eminently women in order to reestabish the equilibrium. Don't be trivial and frivolous, as my wife was; culinfancy which was so gently cradled at self-assertive, a sort of men in miniature, creatures in transition whom their own logic would lead to grow "What do I think of women? You mustaches. I know well that there is alone, godmother, shall know. My such a thing as feminism; and I have wife, my cruel little wife, never knew no quarrel with it. It is a necessity; that's all there is about it. And, cerat all. She was too young to under-tainly, I would permit women to be as stand my secrets and I was too young long as they care to be on wit and in-

Géo Dresses Her

Géo didn't finish her letter. A little cry, a little jump. Throwing the sheets on the floor, she ran to the mirror, "To you, who are unknown, who are What consternation! She had her hair 'room. There, before the big triple mirror, in a fever, she tried with the

a pal, and this pal was killed on patrol duty in No Man's Land. Patrol duty Club's Home for Sailors; consists in going over the top at night, Meeting Place of Allies' Jackies

"Want to shoot a game?"

ing to be heard but the click of the in a corner, and always a pool and billiard balls and an occasional word billiard table, the clubs are free to of appreciation for a good shot, first the men of the navy not only Uncle strapped his trench kit and, without by one and then by the other. "Where do you hail from?" present-! They have been equipped and are ly asked the first speaker.

body. McKaig lay still within listening | you from?" said the other. pool," answered the first. tuous trip trenchward. He threw the away in the morning," he added.

Followed another silence for a few into this port. wise, and thus crept and crawled to minutes, and then the first of the two to speak said, "Great place this, isn't the clubs. The women interested in

> promptly. "Best thing I've seen in entertainment to the men, but opportuthe whole town," he added with con- nities to get their mail and answer

They were both boys-neither could have been much past his 'teens. They hands-and then, again, his mother had dropped into the Navy Club at 509 Fifth Avenue. One, as he said, had just finished a trip from far-off And thus do they carry onward, Caloutta and the other had been in bodies of their dearest friends, facing | run the perils of the submarine

ever and anon the ghastly relies of haunted ocean. earlier activities—a bony hand reach- Thousands of miles from home; ing up from the murk and mud, the without friends; in a strange city that bought his drawing and ordered more. staring eyes of a cadaver, going deep, isn't too friendly even to those who into the gully of a shell hole and up live in it; no wonder the Navy Club the other side to destruction, mayhap seemed the best thing one of them which they can afford, to obtain what God-fearing, but less afraid of the had found in the whole city.

Organized by Women

than one who has "gone west" for God | club. Equipped with small but carefully Club, 509 Fifth Avenue.

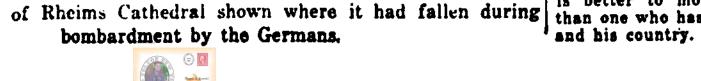
selected libraries, with a piano that is intended for use and not as an orna-For a few moments there was noth- | ment, with the inevitable phonograph Sam's, but the navies of all our Allies. being maintained by popular subscrip-I just came in from Calcutta, Where tion. Without fear of exaggeration, it may truthfully be said they are the Got in two weeks ago from Liver- most popular feature of shore leave for "Going the great majority of the thousands of sailors who are constantly coming

At present there are only a few of them hope, however, to add steadily to "Bet your life," answered the other their number. They offer not only their letters.

Aided to Earn Money They serve also as an exchange

through which many of the men held here for a considerable length of time are enabled by various methods to earn considerable sums. A youngster from wriggling flat and fearless over the only a few days on a ship which had Leicester, England, for example, who was seen sketching in the writing room at the Fifth Avenue club was sent direct to a magazine editor, who promptly The club aids those who are seeking good, clean accommodations, at a price

they are looking for. The steadily increasing popularity of the club has made the cost of its up-And the mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers of our own American boys who now seek glory in the abystant conflict need mourn no loss, for it wery purpose to which these two wants better to mourn a living slacker development of the clubs. That's the whole idea of the clubs. They have been organized largely those who are backing it have been made the cost of the true that the clubs. They have been organized largely those who are backing it have been though the efforts of women for the those who are backing it have been the clubs. They have been organized largely those who are backing it have been the clubs. They have been organized largely those who are backing it have been the clubs. They have been organized largely those who are backing it have been the clubs. They have been organized largely those who are backing it have been the clubs. They have been organized largely those who are backing it have been the club have been correspondingly high, so that they have been organized largely those who are backing it have been the club have been correspondingly high, so that they have been organized largely those who are backing it have been the club have been organized largely those who are backing it have been the club have been organized largely those who are backing it have been the club have been organized largely those who are backing it have been organized largely those who are backing it have been organized largely those who are backing it have been organized largely those who are backing it have been organized largely those who are backing it have been organized largely those who are backing it have been organized largely those who are backing it have been organized largely those who are backing it have been organized largely those who are backing it have been organized largely those who are backing it have been organized largely those who are backing it have been organized largely those who are backing it have been organized largely the backing it have been organized largely the backing it have been o Maxwell Carrerre, in care of the Navy



machine, its centre of gravity is hope-The Spirit That Never Dies-By Harry L. Reichenbach

fields, flaming into a tragedy, smouldering through months of dreariness, but always the same. This is an attempt to save from utter loss some at random and by accident from out

hidden a myriad like them. His name was Croke, and he hailed from Denver. He crossed the Atlantic with the intention of joining the Morgan-Harjes Ambulance Service. Upon arrival at Bordeaux he learned that there was a great deal more excitement in driving a camion, so he joined the American Ambulance Transport ing was put in active service near

On September 20 Croke was decorated

with the Croix le Guerre. Croke was making his way from an in the midst of an adjoining battery and set fire to a number of empty cases which littered the ground around.

The fire sprang up almost instantly and assumed alarming proportions, and slowly ate its way toward the stacks of shells and grenades nearby. Croke, without an instant's hesitation, leaped from the seat of his transport bus, raced twenty metres across open ground, grabbed an iron bar and succeeded in carrying the space between the fire and the ammunition stacks and diverting the flames, which soon burned themselves out. One instant more and an entire battery would have been anfrustrated.

the above incident occurred. He is an

unassuming, modest, virile, rugged

Marathon and Thermopylie, Ho- Westerner who will in all probability Not unlike young Croke is Worsdale from Punta Arenas for a fortnight, but meet his fate "Somewhere in France." McKaig. McKaig was stationed at Per- one was leaving within two days for restraints of self-consciousness and ratius and the Gracchi, Roland, Arfor he is the type of man who, without nambuco, Brazil. He had been sent by Cape Town. McKaig finished his ermodesty. any catastrophe for a purpose-and his a business errand, and was there when Cape Town he enlisted invisible, I can give these confidences cut short. With a jerk she pulled open

HUN KULTUR



