

THE SOLDIER-SWEETHEART LETTERS.

Grace Shively-Anthony Day.

BY BOB JENNINGS.

Camp Greene, March 15.

Dear Grace—Ill, convalescent, entirely well. A sort of pseudo evolution. Is it not? Yesterday I arose, stood reveille th: first thing at dawn, and went through the drill routine of the day. My commanding officer gave me permission to retire at noon, but I stuck it out and I'm none the worse for it.

I am very, very happy, Grace, at this time of writing. Happy to know that your dear, brave spirit is still high, that you are as ever firmly entrenched in the terrain of your convictions laid down coincident with the outbreak of the war. You seem to grasp the situation with a certain alertness and aptitude which only a brave-hearted and chivalrous woman is able to do. Unquestionably, as you say, America must win—cannot lose this war. And you alluded to the spirit of God over the American army. Forsooth—forsooth! I reply—over the army in France, over every cantonment in the Home of the Ever-victorious single person in the land who has done, is doing, or has yet to do, some service for the country.

I sometimes believe that if the German war-lords could see one of our training camps, could get a glimpse of the huge, young body of stalwart, clean-minded, clean-bodied, valiant, and hard-working and generous Americans, trained and training to the evenness of a mechanism—it is a safe conclusion to say that the Teuton armies would be drawn back from off the soil of France, Rubeia and Belgium, and an urgent appeal for immediate peace forwarded to the entente allies. Not that I am an American, but I truly believe there is no other Army in the world which approaches us in comparison. Our soil, our temperament, our mode of living, climatic conditions, to say nothing of the preservation of our sacred ideals of popular liberty handed down to us as an indispensable heritage from our colonial ancestors—has fitted us admirably to declare ourselves in this world war.

And the principle of the 'lost for conquest, for world domination, is opposed to the natural and common laws of human existence. We may peer into the pages of history, modern, medieval, or on back through the dim mist of antiquity, and we shall find that all of them like Napoleon, had their Waterloo. There were Hannibal, Alexander the Great, Caesar, Anthony, Cleopatra, Khan, Alaric, Attila—and many others, who each sustained as a consequence of his and her selfish, though sometimes ignominious, labors, an ignominious and a tragically death. And so, according to the mandates of operation and result, Kaiser Wilhelm must meet his Waterloo.

Last night every man in the company went to the Y. M. C. A. building to view a three-reel moving picture. I wish you might have seen it; it was entitled "The Woman's Flag," and it was a worthy illustration of the great task the women of the country are shouldering. It tells the intense strain placed upon the backs of the men in these perilous times. Simultaneous with the scenes of the first episode I thought of you. Yes, truly, Grace, the heroine of the play, thought me of you. She was tall, lithe and very nimble, her hair was light and her eyes were blue. I fancied, as you say, it was her vivacity that particularly struck me, as she displayed her art (I shall not digress to outline the theme), and I wish you might never a falter. When she spoke, and I recalled your own delicate tongue, it filled me with a wild longing for you. My interest and my ardor in the play became uncontrollable.

I wanted you by my side, for just one moment, to whisper to you the dreams of happiness that were mine as I saw beyond the trenches and the field hospitals to the days of victory and peace, when I should lay my rifle aside and return for the fulfillment of the promise granted by you just three months ago. Then civilian life, domestic life, once again, Grace. Then the life I have so long cherished—and you, too, as you so often revealed—yes, marital felicity. I believe it was London who said that marriage was an institution necessary for the perpetuation of the species. Such a summary is an undoubted fact, but to me it occurs as a too mechanical conclusion. It lacks romance, glamour and its hand, invested in the hand of civil tribunal, and is totally devoid of the processes consequent upon the do-and-dare spirit of impulsive selection. The very words "marriage" and "institution" bring home to my mind's door the poignant realization that the instrument of man designated as law has intervened. The very words, or the translation of them, have wrought of the co-relation of the species a false entity, have dissipated the naturally simple mating of the sexes. Perhaps in my philosophy you may note a sentiment of idealism, or a breath of the higher anarchism, if you please.

And now, after writing much and saying little, I have neglected in my thoughtlessness to hazard an opinion apropos of the conduct of Rod Smith. One conversant with our former association at school might suppose that I considered the ignominy of his case too infinite to justify the necessity of

any considerable analysis. But that is not by any means my position. Not until matters are more mature and Rod's duplicity verified, will I array myself whole-heartedly against him. I am sanguine that the time shall arrive, and soon, when he will come by the true revelation and thus be led to the light.

I will cease writing, Grace, inasmuch as the hour for "lights out" and obliged retirement is at hand. I will repose beneath the blankets this night, with the bold relief of your honest face filling my vision and filtering back into my dreams.

All hail to the Red Cross and the Triangle!

Your devoted ANTHONY. (To be continued.)

OUR OWN JESSE GRAY.



This likeness-above, kind and gentle reader of Trench and Camp, is the result of a sitting which was arranged between the photographer and everybody's friend, Mr. Jesse Gray, otherwise known as "Elder" Cobb, "Low-ground," and various other aliases. Mr. Gray admits that this reproduction of his countenance is not all that it might be, but if it gets by the censor he is willing to let it pass. Mr. Gray, gentlemen, is too well known to need an introduction to Camp Greene, but for those who haven't enjoyed his singing and haven't laughed at his jokes we submit the following remarks. He is assistant camp secretary for the "Y" Camp Greene. His business is to make the boys have a good time when they drop in the "Y" huts, and when he doesn't manage good on the job it is snowy day in July, or something like that. That he is one of the most popular men in the camp goes without saying. His songs and monologues—respectably his black face comedian stunts—are of the sort that make his audiences yell for more of the stuff. He operates in the "Y" building, mess shacks, and wherever else they're strong for sunshine.

Mr. Gray is from Nashville, Tenn. He has a wife back home and a son in France, in the marines. He left his business to join the forces of the Y. M. C. A. and do his bit by making the soldier's life a pleasant job.

RELIGIOUS DRIVE AT CAMP PROVED SUCCESS.

Average of 6,000 Soldiers Attend Each Night Series of Meetings at Y Huts.

The great religious drive which was carried out in Camp Greene during the past week according to pre-arranged plans by the Y. M. C. A. in Camp Greene was a distinct success. Dr. R. H. McKee, camp religious work director, who had the campaign in charge, says of the week's services: "We have really been astonished at the results. There has been an average attendance of 6,000 soldiers at these nightly meetings in the 'Y' huts. Several hundreds of men have signed the war-roll, and many others have signified their intention of leading the Christian life."

As was stated in the last issue of Trench and Camp, all activities were suspended at the Y. M. C. A. buildings, all emphasis being placed on the religious services, which were conducted by selected preachers. Holy week was thought to be an excellent time for the presentation of religious topics to the men, and so it proved. The Y. M. C. A. was greatly assisted in their efforts by the camp pastors, who have efficiently labored at Camp Greene since its establishment. The Knights of Columbus building also had a number of Lenten services which were very largely attended. Several of the huts were used by priests of the Catholic church for the holding of mass and the conducting of other services. Altogether there was a fine spirit of co-operation on the part of all the Christian forces in camp.

The interest which was manifested in all of the services on the part of the men for whom they were held is regarded as most encouraging. The reports which come from the religious work directors in all of the "Y" buildings, and from the K. of C. building,

"PUTTING THE GRIN INTO THE FIGHT"



Over the phone: "Did we hit the barn?" From the observer: "I don't know, it's not there any more. Wait till I find it."

Record that is being made at Camp Greene by the men who are laboring to better the moral and spiritual condition of the soldiers who come under their care. A genuine revival of religious interest among the soldiers at Camp Greene is confidently expected by those who watched the success of these services. A large number of those who manifested an interest in the messages that were delivered have signified their intention of joining the Charlotte churches. The pastors of these churches, appreciating the success of the work that has been done, have entered enthusiastically into the plans for "follow up work." Among those who spoke at the dif-

ferent services were: Dr. R. H. McKee, camp religious work director; Dr. J. O. Grogan, camp secretary of the Y. M. C. A.; Dr. T. H. Sprague, Baptist camp pastor of Troy, N. Y.; Dr. C. J. Jackson, religious secretary of No. 122, formerly pastor of the Stough Place Baptist church in Rowlett, Pa.; Dr. J. H. Hord, camp pastor of the Reformed Church of America; Dr. J. T. Manning, camp social secretary, formerly a prominent Methodist pastor of Alabama; Dr. A. H. Brown, religious secretary, formerly pastor of a congregational church in New Haven, Conn.; Dr. J. T. McClung, Presbyterian camp pastor, formerly of Omaha, Neb.

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