

Letters From A Soldier's Wife

My Dear:

To-night your thoughts, like mine, are traveling backward along the years. It is our seventh anniversary; the first we have been separated, and the only one which has brought me pain. I don't believe I like anniversaries; they are too much like milestones where one stops to look back over a pleasant road, eternally gone by.

When I opened my eyes this morning most of my bravery and all my cleverness were gone. I kept thinking, thinking about our first days together on the little stretch of wild shore near Fairview. And I was most forlorn.

Mrs. Thomas came and found me. She is so dear! She packed me off "adventuring" and took the kiddies home with her. I went straight down to Fairview! At Painesville I rented a dilapidated old Ford which I managed to coax along the Fairview road to the woody ridge around the beach we called our own. It hasn't changed much in seven years. The little sand-hollow where we picnicked looked as if we'd just left. I even found the boulder, moss-grown and ivy-covered now, where we cut the date.

It was an exquisite afternoon. The beauty of it still is with me. The only imperfect thing was your absence.

To-night the wind tears at the windows with dim, grey fingers and whippers over the wires. It seems as if his spirit is spent in the city streets; as if he longs for open spaces; purple running water and beach sand drifting thin and white.

That stretch of lake shore, with its pines and tangled shrubs, always will represent romance to me. Though there may come a time when I last shall have seen it long ago, it always shall be a vivid memory.

I came home exhilarated and more than ever sure that all will be well with you.

We have been so interested in your impressions of Paris. Through your

as you indicate, wouldn't you like me to dispose of some of the clothes you left? You see, if you are in uniform even two years the clothes you left won't be very wearable when you return, and they would mean so much to someone in the meantime. Please write what you wish me to do. I would like to send some things to the Belgian relief, but some I would give to the needy at home. I fear they are being overlooked now that the demand from across the water is so insistent.

I suppose some of your numerous and highly odorous pipes might be disposed of. But I can't bring myself to move one of them. Indeed I am filled with regret for not trying to like them. I wonder if all women



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whose men are waging the good fight Over There feel as I do about such things. Dear, in the words of David Copperfield's mother, "remember me at my best!"

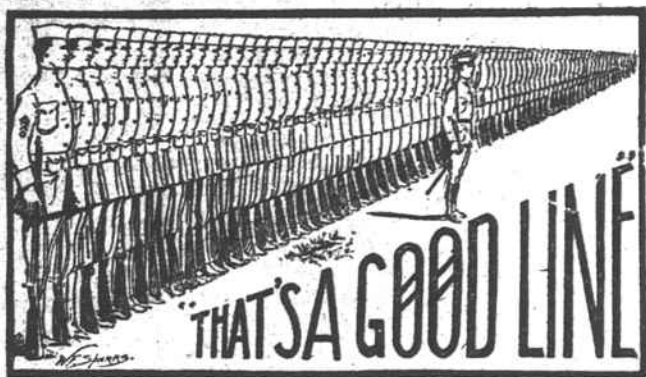
I have renewed the insurance on the household goods. The agent wanted to raise the amount eight hundred dollars, but I had taken inventory and we required only five hundred additional. Our little daughters helped me go through everything and I wrote down values and added the column FIVE times and it came out the SAME each time! Now be proud of your wife! Doesn't it prove I am progressing?

Don't laugh at me, dear, for I must tell you this, even though you say it is unworthy such an advanced woman as myself. I met Lucia Carr the other day and she actually had the effrontery to cry—think of it!—because you are gone! She did it effectively, too, with an Irish lace handkerchief and said, "Dear old John" any number of times. I know you'll say you liked only to tease me about her, but I can't forget you were engaged to her before you were to me, and that she's acted as though she owns you ever since. Little huzzy!

The wind is rising steadily, coming in from the lake. Direct from Fairview, it seems, rushing under the stars. I wonder if the same wind which tears at my window is knocking at yours—thrusting dim, grey fingers against the panes?

I hope so. And so I am giving him a message to you. I am asking him to carry a vision of the purple lake and the giant pines as I saw them this afternoon, to you for a dream!

HOPE.



"Let the Teuton surrender, then we will talk peace."—Senator Pomerene, of Ohio.

"It is a system we are fighting and nothing short of the destruction of that system will satisfy us."—Former President William Howard Taft.

"By its valor, ardor and its spirit it has very particularly distinguished itself."—Gen. Naulin, of the French Army, in referring to the Rainbow Division of the American Army.

"It is a splendid thing to die in the strength of our young manhood that our brothers may live and march on to nobler and higher ideals."—General John J. Pershing.

"We have beaten the German war machine from the beginning."—Secretary of War Baker.

"Send some American troops to the Macedonian front, where, with their dash and bravery, they will inspire the Greek and Allied soldiers."—Nicholas Kyriankides, head of the Greek Mission to the United States.



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description we almost see the cosmopolitan crowds, and the soldiers with uniforms of many colors. Surely civilization is just a bit barbaric at heart for the gilded trappings with which it loves to adorn its soldiers. I think before the war is over the comparatively somber uniforms of our own soldiers will be changed.

If the war is to go on indefinitely

HARD BREAD AND COFFEE MADE IN FRANCE FOR U. S. ARMY

Uncle Sam abroad is running many industries to keep him supplied with necessities, and, incidentally, to save much tonnage. His Quartermaster Corps is now operating three cracker factories devoted exclusively to producing hard bread for the emergency ration. The corps also operates three coffee-roasting establishments which eventually will produce enough product to insure hot coffee for 3,000,000 men three times daily.

Bread and coffee is interesting, but even more so is this seeming incidental of tonnage. Stars and Stripes, soldierdom's journalistic organ overseas, has this to say on the subject:

The coffee will be brought to France green, unlike the people who drink it. When coffee is roasted in the States it loses on the way over a lot of the fine aroma which is fifty per cent of any coffee, a statement which will make a whole lot of abused army cooks feel good.

But what in the world has all this got to do with tonnage? Just this:

Tonnage is not so much a question of weight as it is of room. Flour and the other ingredients of the emergency ration take up far less room than does the puffy product, especially since that product has to be boxed. When coffee is roasted it swells. Also it has to be shipped with some special future use.

Green coffee, far less bulky in itself, can be dumped into a vessel as unceremoniously as coal.

The quartermaster is also having the raw material for army hardware sent over rather than the finished product. Sheet metal takes up considerably less room as sheet metal than it does as galvanized iron pails or field ranges.

Clothing is being made and bought in England and France as far as is practicable. When it has to be shipped, it is baled by hydraulic pressure, so that summer undershirts now come over in 600-pound packages as big as an office desk. Nothing is boxed that can be bundled; boxes are thick, and thickness means lost space. Speaking of desks, the field desk now comes over already filled with all the necessary equipment. The inside isn't allowed to come empty.

Shoes are coming unboxed, making a saving of 20 per cent in room. Syrup cans are no longer round; they are square. Round cans leave a lot of space between when they are piled together.

Vegetables are not imported; they are grown in France. The Versailles garden, for instance, has turned out this year 4,000,000 seedlings and 8,000 kilograms of seeds. And a year ago most of the gardeners didn't know the difference between a kilogram and a cauliflower.

A MODERN DON QUIXOTE



"There is nothing so subject to the inconsistency of fortune as war." Cervantes.