

Letters From A Soldier's Wife

ohn, My Dear:  
To think of you with a decoration! The day the news came was the proudest of my whole life. I am so happy for our little daughter and your mother.

Not that I do not keenly appreciate the significance of the honor which makes my own sacrifice in giving you to our country appear very trivial. But have you thought what it will mean to our children, dear? They will carry it all through their lives, and their children's children will reverence it. Surely it will be an influence for good always: A splendid heritage!

And to your old mother it is all she has dreamed for you since babyhood came true. Her love and prayers, struggling upward through earthiness of human uncertainty toward the sun, and now bright fulfillment!

Your letter was brief; do write us all about it. As soon as I could collect myself after reading, I hastened over to ask Brooke Thomas what the palm with the Croix de Guerre stands for. And then I went to your mother. She cried a little, but her cheeks flushed the color of autumn roses and her eyes were like stars. We love you so, dearest!

Nothing of surprising interest is happening here, excepting possibly that people are dropping into a new attitude toward the war. The first excitement has died and they are regarding it with quiet acceptance and trying to do what they can to help. Every man, woman and child

dence of origin and, gathering potency with time, spread itself in various guises? It seems to me that we should plan a campaign of education to offset such possibilities.

Considering after-the-war America in terms of Betty and Ruth, I am praying every day that we shall not develop depression of viewpoint. The



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sight of our heroes, blinded, crippled many of them, might tend to cause sadness despite plans for an independent future and excellence of mechanical limbs and devices the Government is providing. I know disabled soldiers of the past, getting on as best they could, really are past.

Still I feel that much of the work of successful reconstruction is dependent upon us women. We shall educate ourselves to be strong and patient and tender enough to give our broken men neither tears nor the sympathy which saddens, but true understanding to inspire ambition and courage. For their scars shall be the mark of the only real American aristocracy—heroism.

This is rather a lecture, isn't it, John dear? But these things have been on my mind and I so much wanted to talk them over with you.

I am surprised that you know Mr. Ballard so slightly. As you write, it was merely an office association, but he some way has given me the impression that you were specially friendly. Doubtless he merely feels good-will toward a soldier's family.

He has a splendid new car and, passing on his way home, has dropped into the habit of taking Betty and Ruth for a little drive on the Boulevard. Frequently he passes the Auxiliary as I am leaving and insists upon my riding home. It didn't seem quite proper at first, but as I had no definite excuse and as he seemed so impersonal and really kind I have accepted frequently. You see I dutifully am telling you all my adventures. I hope it will be restful to read something about home.

Betty remains rather worn out, and I think I shall send her into the country soon. If your mother will go, I shall send Ruth also. I'd like to be with them, but there is the Auxiliary. Then, too, I feel nearer to you here among our household lares and penates.

The kiddies send love to Favver. Bettie has written a "letter" which I am enclosing, and Ruth, with her hand carefully guided, made the crosses at the bottom of the page.

With all my love, dear,  
Your

HOPE.

GERMAN "FRIENDSHIP"

By EARL BALDWIN THOMAS

We have broken faith with the laws of man, who welcomed us to his fold,  
We have carried the torch into his homes as the Vandals did of old,  
Have slain as they the crying babes and the women left behind,  
Ripped up our treaties and scarred the hands with which the script was signed.

Our hosts went forth to the south and north and ravaged east and west,  
The sea became a watery hell for those upon its breast;  
The plains ran red and Europe bowed before our awful might;  
We joined our force with the stinish Turk and reveled in his sight.

For all of this we ask you now to grip our hand again;  
We stretch it forth from the broken lands where we have heaped our slain,  
From the dying hills of our latest hills where the embers still glow red,  
From holy soil where Armenia groans among her myriad dead.

From the ocean depths where our victims sleep in long, unnumbered rows,  
From Russian steppes where the fanged wolf howls and the blazing brand yet goes;

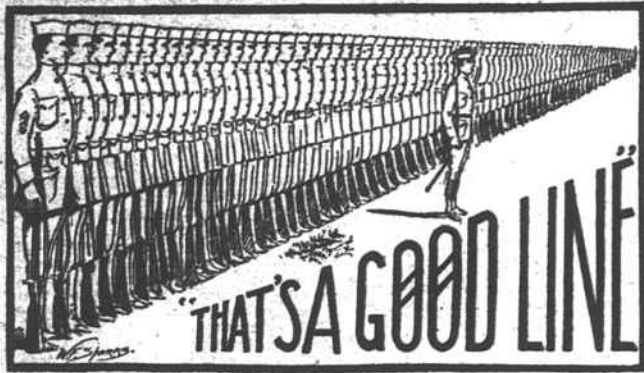
From Balkan towns where the Bulgar burned at our most high command,  
From all of this we ask you now to clasp our bloody hand!

DEADLY DOPE

We are mixing up soup for the Hun,  
To be shot from the mouth of a gun,  
Powder and steel and T. N. T., too;  
Just look here, Wilhelm, you're coming

MAIL IT TODAY

Every soldier reader of Trench and Camp should send all copies of this paper to the home folks. They want all the news they can get about your life in camp.



"I rejoice to see that America is ready for an effort as great and as prolonged as necessary."—Marshal Joffre.

"To stop short of victory is to compromise the future of mankind."—Lloyd George.

"To our comrades who have fallen we owe the sacred obligation of maintaining the reputation which they died to establish."—Major General Mencher to the Rainbow Division.

"Never in this war have we seen keener or braver soldiers or more intelligent, highminded men."—An Australian officer's tribute to American troops.

"The Hun is on the run. Now is the time to hit hard."—Henry P. Davison, head of the American Red Cross.

"A visit to the American front line trenches is a sure cure for pessimism."—Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, of the British Army.

WIPING GERMANY OFF THE MAP.

