

New York Tribune
First to Last—the Truth—News—Editorials—Advertisements.
SUNDAY, MAY 7, 1916.
Foreign Rates, Canadian Rates, Daily and Sunday rates.

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The Anniversary.

On the anniversary of the sinking of the Lusitania it is natural and fitting that Americans should review all that has happened since a wanton murder first brought to this side of the Atlantic a nascent realization of the issue that was being decided on a world battlefield.

There will be no anger and no passion in American minds. We have never asked, never desired, that the slaughter should be avenged. No portion of the American people or of the American press has clamored for vengeance, no man or political party has demanded that there should be German lives taken because American lives had ended.

It is not too difficult to reconstitute our own minds as we stood in the presence of that supreme atrocity. The horror that seized a whole nation in that moment has no counterpart in our history. We have known war, we have fought Great Britain twice, we have fought Spain and Mexico; within our own boundaries we have conducted the most desperate civil war in human history.

But it was not the emotion provoked by war or the acts of war which moved Americans. It was not even the emotion stirred by the sinking of the Maine nearly two decades ago. It was certainly something utterly remote from the feelings of our fathers and grandfathers on the morrow of the firing on Fort Sumter.

The Lusitania Massacre was not an act of war. The victims were not soldiers, only a portion of them were men. Essentially the thing was a new phenomenon to the American people. It was at first incomprehensible, unbelievable. Despite the solid and inescapable evidences of death, men's intelligence doubted what their senses told them.

So for days and weeks the American people stood doubtful and puzzled. They waited for that evidence they expected, they believed would come; that there had been an accident, a mistake, the blunder of a subordinate which would be repudiated by a government, the crime of a navy which would be disavowed by a people. But instead far beyond the seas they heard the songs of triumph of thousands of German men and women, who hailed the crime as a victory, the eternal disgrace as an everlasting honor.

Day by day, week by week, we Americans have since then been learning what Europe has known for nearly two years. We have been learning that we are not in the presence of a war between nations, a conflict between rival powers; that we are not the agonized witnesses of one more conflagration provoked by conflicting ambitions of hereditary enemies. We have been learning that what is going forward remorselessly, steadily, is a war between civilization and barbarism, between humanity and savagery; between the light of modern times and the darkness of the years that followed the collapse of Rome.

Time and again Americans have been murdered, time and again our government, our people, have had recourse to the ordinary machinery and the ordinary conceptions of civilized life. But each time we have beheld the utter collapse of every appeal based upon reason, justice, common humanity. The Germans who slew our women and our children flung us back the challenge that they and not we possessed the true civilization, and that their civilization, their Kultur, was expressed in their works, which were altogether good and right.

Slowly, steadily, we have been learning. We still have much to learn, but the primary truth is coming home to many day by day. This German phenomenon which fills the world is a new thing and an old thing; it is new in our generation, it is new in recent centuries; but it is as old as that other barbarism which, descending upon the Roman civilization, beat upon it and spread destruction until it was conquered and tamed amidst the ruins and the desert it had created.

The French, who see things as they are, have beheld and appraised the German phenomenon justly. The British, like ourselves, have partially and temporarily

failed to understand the nature of the German assault; we have insisted upon applying to the German mind our own standards and upon believing that the German thought as we thought, believed as we believed, but were temporarily and terribly betrayed by a military spirit and by dynastic madness.

Nothing is less true, nothing more fatal to a just appreciation of the essential fact in the world in which we live. These things which we name crimes are neither accidents nor excesses; they are not regretted or condemned by a majority or even a minority of the German people. They are accepted by Kaiser and peasant; they are practised by Crown Prince and private soldier; they are a portion of what Germany holds to be her right and her mission.

The Lusitania Massacre should have been a final illumination for us. Blazing up as it did it should have revealed to us the ashes of Belgium and the ruins of Northern France. We should have seen in our slain women and children the sisters and fellows in misfortune of those who died more shamefully in Louvain and a score more of Belgian cities. We should have seen the German idea working here as there and revealing in each incident the same handiwork, the same detail. All these things were similar as the different impressions left by a single stamp.

We did not see. We have not yet as a nation, or as a people, perceived that the German phenomenon is an attack upon civilization by barbarism, a barbarism which combines the science of the laboratory with the savagery of the jungle, but a barbarism because it denies all those doctrines and principles which have been accepted after long years as the proof of human progress and the glory of mankind's advance.

In France the people will show you the atrocities of Germany committed not upon human beings, but upon inanimate things, the destruction of the village church and the Rheims Cathedral, of the little thing of beauty quite as well as the larger and more famous thing, with far more emphasis than they will recount the horrors suffered by women and children. In the assault upon things beautiful because they are beautiful, an assault provoked neither by lust nor by passion, they recognize the revelation of that which is essential barbarism.

For us the Lusitania Massacre was a beginning. It was only a beginning, but it was not possible then, it is hardly possible now, for men and women, living in peace, under the protection of laws framed to protect human liberty and human rights, living in the full sunlight of this Twentieth Century, to believe that suddenly there has broken out from the depths the frightful and the all-destroying spirit of eras long forgotten.

We have been learning—we must continue to learn. The road of suffering and humiliation is still long. But the Lusitania was a landmark and it will endure in American history. Our children and our children's children recalling this anniversary will think of it as did the Romans over long generations, after the first inroads of the barbarians had reached their walls.

To-day is not a day for anger or passion. It is not in anger or in passion that civilized men go forth to deal with wild animals, to abolish the peril which comes from the jungle or out of the darkness. We do not hate Germans and we shall not hate Germans because on this day a year ago American men, women and children were slain wilfully, wantonly, to serve a German end, slain without regard to sex or condition, slain in the broad daylight by German naval officers and men whose countrymen hailed the killing as the supreme evidence of German courage, manhood, Kultur.

But as we view the thing without passion we must see it without illusion. If the German idea prevails all that we believe in government, in humanity, in the thing we call civilization, is doomed. If Germany succeeds in this war then it is not again time, as Pitt said after Austerlitz, "to roll up the map of Europe," but it is time to burn our ancient parchments and dismiss our hard won faith. All that there is in the German idea was expressed in the Lusitania Massacre, it was expressed in the killing of women and children, innocent of all offence, entitled to all protection as helpless, unoffending, as the children of a race not at war, at least entitled to immunity which hitherto was reckoned the right of women and children, neutral or belligerent.

The war that is being fought in Europe is a war for civilization. The battle of Great Britain, of France, of Russia, is our battle. If it is lost we are lost. If it is lost we shall return to the standards and the faiths of other centuries. The truth of this is written for us in the Lusitania, it is written in the wreck of Belgium and the desert of Northern France for those who may see. Where the German has gone he has carried physical death, but

he has done more, he has carried spiritual death to all that is essential in our own democratic faith, which derives from that of Britain and France.

This war in Europe is going on until the German idea is crushed or conquers. The world cannot now exist half civilized and half German. Only one of two conceptions of life, of humanity, can subsist. One of the conceptions was written in the Lusitania Massacre, written clear beyond all mistaking. It is this writing that we should study on this anniversary; it is this fact that we should grasp to-day, not in anger, not in any spirit that clamors for vengeance, but as the citizens of a nation which has inherited noble ideals and gallant traditions, which has inherited liberty and light from those who died to serve them and now stands face to face with that which seeks to extinguish both throughout the world.

Three Zeppelins Accounted For.

Last week was singularly unlucky for the German air fleet. Three Zeppelins were lost in as many days: one off the Norwegian coast, one off the coast of Schleswig and a third near Salonica. The first was apparently wrecked in a gale while attempting to make a German port after raiding the English and Scottish coasts; the other two were destroyed by gun fire. Mishaps of this sort are certain to occur occasionally, and though it may well be doubted whether the injury done by Zeppelins in the last week is nearly sufficient to compensate so grave a loss, yet upon the whole the airships have proved less vulnerable than was expected.

That the Germans could not for long afford to lose vessels at this rate is manifest. According to the most trustworthy reports, the whole fleet of Zeppelins cannot number much more than forty, and most of these are required for patrol service in conjunction with the navy. But it must be remembered that a considerable number of raids on the coast of Britain have been conducted with perfect impunity.

Though the series of disasters last week may encourage the defenders, it can hardly be hoped on the strength of evidence so slender that the problem of defence has been solved. So notable an authority as Mr. Lancaster believes that so far we have "not witnessed an attack by aircraft on an important city on a grand scale, such as, without doubt, the future has in store." He was referring probably to large fleets of airplanes rather than airships, for he holds that in a military sense the Zeppelin is a failure. The important point, however, is that no way has so far been found to prevent an enemy from inflicting enormous damage in attacks from the air, provided he has instruments enough at his disposal.

Few particulars have been published about the attacks on the airships brought down in the last few days. The Zeppelin destroyed at Révigny about two months ago was hit while flying at a height of 1,800 or 2,000 metres. Most of those that have reached London appeared at a greater height, but, as M. Georges Prade has pointed out, they probably arrive over England at a low altitude and at reduced speed. This was the procedure in the latest raid on Paris, when it was calculated that the Zeppelin rose to a height of more than 3,000 metres on reaching the city.

Honest Advertising.

If a farm will grow apples, the would-be seller of that farm may boast that fact freely and without fracturing the law. If, however, he advertises that the farm will also grow oranges when it will not and so sells the land he commits a fraud. That is the new and righteous opinion of the United States Supreme Court. It is a good time to draw a sharp line between clean and unclean advertisements, that is between advertisements which give legitimate publicity to a reliable commodity and advertisements which brazenly endow articles with merits they never possess. To pretend through printers' ink that a soap or an automobile or a breakfast food or an overcoat or a spring hat or a bond or a particular stock has all the virtues and that like articles of rival firms lack them is no better than selling green goods to a country yokel. There is no more or better excuse for a merchant to misrepresent the goods upon his counters than for a newspaper deliberately to inject words in a Presidential message which were not written there. That is why the hand of every honest merchant and every honest advertising agent, as well as every decent newspaper, should be ready to smite the faker who fills his own pockets by swindling customers. This decision of the Supreme Court will make it far easier in future to strike down maker as well as pedler of fraudulent advertising.

What Throg's Neck Wants.

Sir: Knowing that you believe in accuracy, I wish that you would be kind enough to make a correction of an article in to-day's issue headed "Throg's Neck Is Bustling—Railway Yard Balks Van Nest Trolley Line." The heading is absolutely correct, but we are fighting for a 100-foot viaduct to carry Morris Park Avenue over the New Haven freight yards, not Mount Morris Avenue, as your article says. If you will kindly print this you will oblige the taxpayers who are striving to get an adequate thoroughfare and trolley line to Pelham Bay Park.

W. J. HYLAND, Vice-President, Throg's Neck Taxpayers' Association. New York, May 1, 1916.

What Has Been Done to Prepare?

Sir: The army and navy authorities are quoted as having said that it will take at least five years to place this country in an adequate condition to defend itself from the attack of an invader. Two years will have elapsed this coming August since the beginning of a world-wide war. How much has been done to safeguard the nation by those in authority? How many years will it take, at the present rate of progress, to prepare for preparedness?

W. B. PRICE, Lynhurst, N. J., May 2, 1916.

A Dim Recollection.

Sir: In this morning's edition of your paper I noticed a letter from a gentleman who stated that Britain occasionally loses a battle, perhaps now and then a campaign, but never loses a war. I dimly remember that when I went to school in Alabama they told me something about a man named "Washington," or something like that, and tried to make me believe that this section of the country was once controlled by England. And, if I recollect rightly, it seems that there was a war between the colonies and the mother country, in which the man "Washington" was implicated.

ARTHUR S. BOYD, JR., Brooklyn, May 3, 1916.

RIVER AND HARBOR WASTE

Representative Frear Strongly Condemns the Pending Pork Bill Measure.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: After two weeks' debate the wasteful \$39,600,000 river and harbor bill for 1916 passed the House. Against the bill were 143 votes, while 169 voted for a \$20,000,000 substitute, counting ten pairs, recorded the strongest opposition ever presented in the House against such measures. The bill has now gone to the Senate.

The 1914 and 1915 so-called "pork barrel" bills, aggregating \$92,000,000, were defeated in the Senate and \$42,000,000 was saved to the Treasury, while reduced allotments thereafter, made by engineers in large part, were spent on wasteful projects.

The 1916 bill, with its 270 projects scattered all over the country, is as bad in character and \$5,000,000 more extravagant than the 1915 House measure, which was defeated. Over one-third of the 1916 bill, or \$13,829,000, is given to two rivers whose combined actual commerce reaches about 20 per cent of that handled at Ashtabula or many other single lake or ocean harbors.

The bill also carries \$1,348,000 for the trafficless Trinity, Brazos, Arkansas and Ouachita rivers alone. From the wasteful Beaufort Canal \$1,000,000 from found in the 1916 bill to the equally wasteful \$1,750,000 Missouri River item many millions are carried for questionable or indefensible projects.

Publicity helped defeat the 1914 and 1915 bills. This year the notorious measure displaces vitally important national legislation. Why? Waste was never more inexcusable than it is to-day, and the 1916 bill pending before Congress ought to be defeated and \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 saved through a moderate substitute passed to meet needs of legitimate waterways.

JAMES A. FREAR, Washington, D. C., April 28, 1916.

Water Power Owners Should Awake.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: The Adamson amendment to the Shields water power conservation bill, now before Congress, is a poor excuse for a water power conservation law.

There have been several attempts in the past seven years to enact a water power conservation law. Every one has been in the interest of speculators and opposed to any reasonable conservation. But there has never been such an outrageous attempt as this. Apparently these speculators are relying upon the terrible war in Europe, our troubles in Mexico and the public interest as to who shall be the next President of the United States to obscure and hide the inequity of this proposed law.

They expect that the Representatives and Senators in their haste to pass the legislation demanded by President Wilson (which includes the Adamson amendment) and to return home in time to fix their political fences will adopt this measure without investigation or careful consideration. Among its objectionable features is one giving speculators the lawful right to obtain any existing dam, water power or flowage lands through condemnation proceedings, if the proposed dam or water power is to be located on any stream in the United States, any part of which stream is or can be made navigable. (See line 13 and following on page 24 of Section 13 of the Adamson amendment, and the bottom of page 6 and following, of the report of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce—Report No. 404 on S. 3331, House of Representatives.)

If this measure becomes a law nearly every water power owner in the United States can be made a victim of merciless and avaricious speculators. Every owner should protest to his Representative and Senators against this measure becoming law.

EUSTIS, Fla., April 29, 1916.

Helping Men to Go to Plattsburg.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: As there are many patriotic and worthy young men of fine character and disposition in the City of New York who lack the means to defray their expenses at a training camp and pay for the required equipment, if the facilities were furnished them to take a preparatory course at a military camp they would be proud to serve their country. A fund for such a purpose could undoubtedly be raised if every person forming a part of the civic parade for preparedness on the 13th of May next would contribute the small sum of 25 cents, to be forwarded to the National Security League, with offices at 31 Pine Street, New York City.

Probably an amount of from \$25,000 to \$40,000 would be collected, which would insure the expenses of training and equipping 600 to 700 young men, and the selection of those most fitted could be made by a competent committee appointed by the league.

J. GERALD DE POLO, New York, April 30, 1916.

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To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Knowing that you believe in accuracy, I wish that you would be kind enough to make a correction of an article in to-day's issue headed "Throg's Neck Is Bustling—Railway Yard Balks Van Nest Trolley Line." The heading is absolutely correct, but we are fighting for a 100-foot viaduct to carry Morris Park Avenue over the New Haven freight yards, not Mount Morris Avenue, as your article says. If you will kindly print this you will oblige the taxpayers who are striving to get an adequate thoroughfare and trolley line to Pelham Bay Park.

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FEAR

Mental Reactions Under Shell Fire and the Many Curious Devices Which the Mind Resorts To in Order to Subdue Nervousness—Experiences of a Hospital Worker on the Firing Line in Belgium—Every-day Incidents in a Life of Constant Peril.

By HELEN GLEASON.

"Weren't you ever afraid?"

"Why, of course I was afraid, most of the time."

I started in at Paris when war was declared. I had been so steeped in stories of the French Revolution that on the first night when I heard a mob making ugly sounds, I was startled. I leaned out of the window, and there was every one running up the boulevard yelling, and beyond the crowd was a line of black-hooded, long-robed men filing along silently. Paris would be burned rather than allow the enemy in. And at the stride they were coming it might be any night when they entered. We had the dread of being caught between the old French resentment and the German invasion. But that was not personal fear. It was the deposit of early reading.

Another anxiety, more poignant and disturbing by far, came to me a little later in London, when my husband was at the front—that vague, dangerous region from which no letters or messages reached through. Those nights of sleeplessness and reactions of crying pulled me down more than living under intermittent shell fire.

A month later, in Belgium, three of us, women, went blithely up the Melle road. Belgians crouched at peepholes behind their barricades; others in the ditch, with the muzzles of their guns pointing just over the edge to sweep the road. If anything had broken loose suddenly, there we were, caught in front of our own fire. I hadn't an atom of any feeling, but very real curiosity and pride at being out among our soldiers. That was because I was ignorant.

No Trepidation at First.

I had never known any one caught in that kind of dramatic situation, and the consequences had never been pictured to me by reading. So I didn't relate consequences to situation. It was really bidding for death; but, not knowing it, I did not fear it. One afternoon in Furnes Convent, four stories high, I sat with M. watching the shells fall on the station, four blocks away. We did this in ignorance—one more expression of curiosity. Sometimes I prowled through the ruins of a church without sense of impending danger, and in roofless attics, the higher the better, because I could see further.

This is how fear came: One evening in Pervyse a single, lonely shell fell close. It had been a quiet day, no shell within a hundred yards, only beyond the trenches. We had been writing letters at the poste and reading. There had been no wounded, so we were planning to return to our sleeping quarters early. We had dropped our sense of tension, leisurely preparing to go down the road. Without warning this single shell, with a loud explosion, plumped right next to the poste on our trenches.

"There's work for us," said our nurse. "A man rushed in: 'Blessés! Blessés!' Within three minutes the soldiers brought us five riddled men—no dressing on them. They lay there just as the shell had hit them, with the torn wounds bleeding. Two comrades held one man under the arms. He shook with pain. There were bits out of his flesh as if a hook had gouged him, some of the pieces hanging by a shred. He had to be held upright while being dressed and then to be dragged aside and spread upon his face.

From Ignorance to Consciousness.

The whole cost of war was figured out in front of my eyes. That was when I crossed over from ignorance to full consciousness of fear. I had now seen the results of shell fire on human bodies. After that the noise of a shell was connected with the hurt it gave. I had heard and had seen shells exploding; I had seen wounds as bad as that. I had seen the body of a sentry as he lay out in two. But I had never heard the particular shell that gave a particular wound until this time. Always after shell fire related itself to suffering. And fear was released in me.

Fear is in human nature, in each one of us. It is older than our individual life. The particular peril does not create fear, but merely unlooses it. It may be the ripening of the terrors of our childhood, of shadows and dark rooms. And those dreads are inherited from the early days of the race, when we feared for a reason, naming the danger a goblin. The race has gone through much thick-headed-up experience which fear awakens from its subconscious sleep.

Fear is not caused by bad nerves, sleeplessness, hunger. But those elements of strain and fatigue uncover the hidden sources—the ancient race dreads of noise and blood and sudden death—and let them prevail over self-respect. Fear is an irrational thing. That is, it is beyond the reason. It is an echo from ancestral and infantile memories. It is imbedded in the subconscious. It is beyond the reach of the will. All the will can do is to drive the trembling flesh forward, disobeying the instincts. Fear is as various as people are various, each person reacting in his own way. We resist its effects because they spread disaster to our social group. Public opinion helps to hold us to our post—the desire to perform well in the eyes of the person next us, shame at appearing a mean creature in the presence of others.

Types of Fear.

After I learned what fear was, then each time it was released I felt the same pounding of heart. But it depended largely on the people around me what further manifestation came. It made each of us do different antics, governed by the circumstances. Certain persons communicated fear, so that I felt I must stand still and be killed, like a horse in a burning barn, too frightened to move, with a sense of weakness in the knees and a trembling all through the body. The fear that another type projected, like our peasant driver, called out a blindness to the situation and made me sure of my own way, to act without haste. One of our men was sick with fear. I longed to strike him. He aroused my temper because I could see that he was spreading panic. It would be right to gag such a man, or to put him out of the way in time of crisis.

One day six men came pelting down the road, scared white, their uniforms white with plaster dust, without rifles or packs. One boy had lost his reason. With nerves snapped from continuous shelling, their officer's head shot away and half their number killed, these men had fled at the sight. The five were sent back to retake the Grand Guard. The boy was ordered to the hospital for rest. That was the only group of panic stricken people that I saw in the whole

year. I knew then how a disaster in civil life would trap people. I had lost two friends in the Iroquois fire, and had not understood what had broken loose. But I knew now how people look when horror is driving them. A force back of them impels them like some relentless pressure, even making their eyes boggle out. That force is master when the will has been snapped. As a child, in turning off a light and going downstairs, I went quicker and quicker until I ran to the room where the family sat. I felt an unseen something that was going to catch me. So it had been with those six men. Their will was broken by the catastrophe.

But the little white doctor who went behind the barn and bit on his pipe, up against the wall, taking a chair along so as to be comfortable in his fear, never communicated panic. He called out sympathy. The yellow streak was absent. When there was work he stuck it out, standing up to the jokes of his companions. He was shy and talented, with a singing voice, gay among his little group, embarrassed in a larger crowd. He had to express his fear because he was shy.

The Longing for Company.

I would rather be with people, even with little to do, than to be alone in the kitchen heating water and doing something busy. When I went to make coffee for a wounded boy I was glad to return to the crowded room and find people. To hear shells dropping around and to be alone is profoundly depressing. I feel the reactions of others so keenly that panicky people in a mob would terrify me. And yet I would rather be with a soldier, quaking with fear, than be alone. In the great adventure of going into another life you want some one to go up to the very gates with you; you want a companion to the very end.

One morning they began to drop in little shells on the church corner. The first one went so low that I caught its breath—that rush of air which its passage makes. It went off behind the fragment of a brick wall which caught the pieces. The dust and flames went over me, but no splinter struck. I knew three others would come at once. I made haste to the nearest alley, where I stood close to a wall.

"Why aren't M. and J. here? If I've got to be pinked, I'd like to be pinked with somebody."

Then I looked up and saw the sentry at the church corner, a hotter place than where I stood. When he gave a friendly beckoning I scuttled along, regardless of shell-fire, to his roofless house. To look at him and shrug shoulders at each explosion, with bits of tile and brick falling at our feet, was pleasanter than being alone. Together with him it was easier to die. There was a lull of a few seconds, and three soldiers strolled down the road. To see them gave me courage. So I started. That unloosed the battery. The men slunk into the houses.

Chased by Shells.

I took to my heels. The range kept changing. The shells followed me down the road. Peasants from their doorways, and soldiers flattened against the walls laughed as they saw me—my yellow coat streaking down the road, bits of brick scattering in the path. "They're after you this morning," said Sayer's.

I went into our shelter and sat on the bed. My heart was pounding. I was frightened. It was the excitement of the chase from the point of view of the hunted thing.

M. was always steady. She had generations of sturdy clan fights in the blood and too much Scotch pride to show she was afraid. She would go on doing foolhardy things, like chopping wood in the garden. She would not be balked by a shell. F. would go without hesitation wherever she was called; good sense and keen intuition gave her confidence. K. was vigorous. She loved the speed of aeroplaning, motoring and riding. Her eyes would grow big when shelling was on. When there was much to do she was never yellow on her job. But without the need, she would retire to the cellar. D's attitude at a bombardment was that of a child seeing a hail-storm—open-eyed wonder. She was the purest exhibit of care-free fearlessness. She carried a buoyancy in danger.

Some persons do not take on the shock of an explosion. I never got control of it. If I was writing I made a slip with my pencil. I have sat by a battery of four French guns for several hours, have watched them pull the string, expected the bang, and yet the pencil twitched. Involuntarily I would step back if standing at that splitting of the air as the shell sped away. In each of these instances I was in no danger; it was our own fire, and I knew it. But the nervous system objected beyond the control of the reason. I always wished that a shell could be an incident to me.

A Developer of Self-Confidence.

War gives untried persons a chance to find themselves, to cure inner weakness and win a self-respect which ordinary living had not given. We knew a woman whose life had been dominated by parents and husbands. For the first time she made a choice of her own, and the choice was to go into danger. It was a night when the concentrated peppering of little shells caught our change of troops. She jumped into the end of the ambulance and went into the shelling. She went to prove that she was not afraid. That choice vindicated her to herself.

The uncertainty as to whether the next shell is going to hit you is preferable to the uncertainty you feel for your own people at a distance, if they are in danger. It was less of a strain when our workers returned late by ambulance from Dixmude and we waited, wondering what news the evening would bring—for then I was near. It was the wide distance of separation that made London the severest test when I was the one in London. I found it easier to live in Pervyse under daily shelling, where I slept every night contentedly, with my family safe in London. Mme. — was miserable when her husband was with the mitrailleuse, and relieved when he became a surgeon of Cabour Hospital, behind the lines. If the layers between fear and normal life are removed; if you are at the mercy of strain, loneliness, lack of sleep, then you are making yourself liable to a breakdown in time of crisis. But even good food and friends and safety are powerless to overcome the anxiety when the peril belongs to one's dearest. There is a series of mounting anxieties—because of no letter, reports of severe fighting in the district—and so to a culmination of anxiety. Each time is a full mount of pain, like a series of sharp stabs.

Fear and Vanity.

One type of woman would hate to lose an arm. She could not drive her car, steer an aeroplane, guide her horse—and these things are life to her. An artist would rather be made deaf than blind. The loss would be measured by the means of expression. I dreaded being made a life invalid who would sit in a chair and wear on the household. I had seen such. The gift I was making over there was not big enough to offset what such a disaster would bring upon my family. The fear of having my brain tapped, leaving the body healthy, as I had seen in soldiers, was a very present and hideous fear.

Fear in a woman is often an expression of vanity. It is the shrinking from physical mutilation. D. was as pretty as a spring flower, and she had none of that. So I do not wish to state an unfair thing. But with some of us, honest confession makes us say that the dread of being mangled grows out of a sub-conscious vanity. No woman has ever said this to me. Am I being, then, unfair to my sex? Am I revealing a personal weakness not shared by others? Even the vainest woman, if it were put up to her, "You can save a man if you are willing to have your nose shot away," would choose to have her nose shot away. The choice does not come in that form. You are never sure in going out that you are going to save a man; and there may be six chances out of twelve that you are going to lose your nose.

Wonder and Awe.

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The whole life under fire gradually became rationalized. We came not to notice the shrapnel on the trenches at breakfast. It fell regularly; it did little damage. But after three noisy bombardments during an evening, a morning and an afternoon I dodged shells all night in my sleep. I heard them come singing for my forehead, jumped out of the way and awoke. That was the only time I carried the strain of war over into sleep. I was not afraid in the same way if there was a lot of manual work to be done at the time of stress. But if one has to sit there and wait, like the men in the trenches, when the enemy's artillery is preparing the ground for a bayonet charge—that is unpleasant. One afternoon heavy shells began to hit our village, breaking the glass in our windows. We had nothing to do except to wonder about our friends, who were at the church corner where the shells were falling, and wait for our own time.

Tango Tea for Distraction.

So we did an absurd thing to take off our nervousness. The heavier shells, low moaning, lumbered in with their ponderous shaking. They seem to take more time to do a more thorough job. At two blocks away the first one splintered our windows. We were having guests, so we pretended not to be nervous.

"Let's have a tango tea," said one.

We wanted something wild and frivolous and far away from the thing that was troubling us.

"A pleasant way to go," said our companion to us as we danced.

"Which corner of the ceiling will it enter?" We looked up and wondered.

After that twenty-five minutes our friends came patterring back. We had indulged in the most definitely aimed piece of nonsense to work off our nervousness.