

paring nurses, chemists, bacteriologists, dietitians, laboratory technicians, librarians, and secretaries. The academic colleges for women also, as a rule, apparently made little or no change in their courses until the summer of 1918, and even then rendered service more by summer courses (sometimes for graduates) than by modifications of their regular curriculum. They did, however, by that time and almost without exception, seek to render some specific war service by giving courses in farming, in psychiatric work, in preparation for nursing, in industrial hygiene, in chemistry, in bacteriology or in other subjects, and for this they deserve all praise. They did not always or perhaps usually allow academic credit for such work, having been more conservative in this respect than some of the men's colleges.

If, as now seems possible, the war goes on perhaps for another year or more, the pressure upon the women's colleges for training in subjects of more immediate service seems certain to increase. Before Simmons, at least, the path of present duty is clear; namely, to furnish at the earliest possible moment women both educated and trained for war work. A soldier may be educated but not trained, precisely as he may be trained but not educated. The graduates of Simmons should be both. They should be trained for helpful service in science, in laboratory work, in institutions,—such as hospitals,—in laboratory technology, in camp sanitation, in chemistry, or in secretarial work. They should also be educated in science, in history, in modern languages, in political and domestic economy, and in ethics, very much as young men preparing for service in the Students Army Training Corps are to be educated in these subjects through the course known as "War Issues." They should be taught to distinguish between science and sciolism, between sense and sophistry, between vengeance and justice.

War is a disease, an epidemic disease, attacking mankind and other animals. To women, especially during war time, belongs the high function of preparing materials and conserving normal, sane, healthy society. After a war-epidemic is passed and over, the younger boys and girls grow up and, together with the returning soldiers, take over once more their part of this function. Meantime, while the war goes on women, behind the battle lines, have profound and unusual influence and authority. Upon them rests the heavy responsibility of encouraging and upholding the men who fight.

Our women's colleges should also see to it that as peace approaches they do their duty by standing unflinchingly against any compromise with evil and for justice. There is always danger that women, naturally merciful, peace loving, tender and sympathetic, may be magnanimous rather than just. Forgiveness and mercy are noble qualities, and vengeance is not ours. But in this war we are dealing with wild beasts, and must show no mercy to uncaged tigers. We send murderers to the gallows and we punish robbers,—not for the sake of vengeance, but in order to make murdering and robbery unpopular. Our enemies must be taught that war does not pay, and they must be taught this not by tracts or lectures but by hard, painful, personal observation and experience. They must be punished for the sake of war-prevention, and women as well as

men must insist upon such punishment, absolutely indispensable for the moral hygiene and the simple safety of the world.

Within a few days Kipling has voiced this call for preventive punishment in words fitting to the time and the hour:

Across the world where all men grieve, and grieving strive the more,
The great days range like tides, and leave our dead on every shore.
Heavy the load we undergo, and our own hands prepare
If we parley with the foe the load our sons must bear.
Before we loose the word that bids new worlds to birth,
Needs must we loosen first the sword of Justice upon earth. . . .

A people and their king through ancient sin grown strong,
Because they feared no reckoning would set no bound to wrong;
But now their hour is past, and we who bore it find
Evil incarnate held, at last, to answer to mankind
For agony and spoil of nations beat to dust,
For poisoned air and tortured soil and cold, commanded lust;
For every secret woe the shuddering water saw
Willed and fulfilled by high and low,—let them relearn the law.

That when the dooms are read, nor high nor low shall say—
"My haughty or my humble head has saved me in this day."
That till the end of time their remnant shall recall
Their fathers' old confederate, crime, availed them not at all,
That neither schools nor priests nor kings may build again
A people with the heart of beasts made wise concerning men.
Whereby our dead shall sleep in honor, unbetrayed,
And we in faith and honor keep that peace for which they paid.

Letters from Alumnae War Workers

THE letters printed below were not written for publication but were answers to letters sent by various members of the Alumnae Association to such of our war workers abroad as could be reached, asking what the Association could do to help them in their work. They bear rather remote dates, and will be read at a time when every condition is changed, but they give glimpses of the life and work of our girls over there, and will go into the records of Simmons war work and war workers. We hope to receive more of these precious documents, and shall be glad to print them even though they may have been written some time ago. If the Alumnae have letters from the girls abroad the Editor will be grateful if she may be allowed to give them publicity, in order that all may read these personal records of the Great War. The writers of these letters are: Marjorie Hulsizer, '16; Margaret Rudd Speed, '14; and Anne Upham, '15. EDITOR.

NO. 13 GENERAL HOSPITAL (HARVARD U. S. A. BASE HOSPITAL No. 6),
BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, July 30, 1918.

MY DEAR MISS WHITING:

I appreciated very much your kindness in writing to me and am dreadfully ashamed not to have answered sooner. Somehow, over here, when letters to one's family are written, there seems to be no time for any others.

Your offer of aid from the Alumnae Association I scarcely know how to answer. There are certain things such as sugar, sweets (if I were in America I should say "candy") and products of sugar of which we lack an abundance, but on the whole we are rationed very decently and I have never suffered from lack of food. We get books and periodicals occasionally but no regular supply.

Perhaps I had better explain that I run the Nurses' Mess. We are living in a large hotel. There are eighty of us and we have ten French maids and, until a short time ago, two orderlies. They have been taken away and today I am getting a new maid to take their places. Her name is Suzanne—rather fascinating, isn't it? And my cook's name is Sylvanie. She is a perfect treasure and I have tried to bind her to me in order to bring her back to America with me. She is a wonder here with little to work with. Imagine her powers at home in a modern kitchen. That idea dazzles me!

Someone told me that G. Hussey was over here. I'd love to have her address. Could you find it out for me? It would be fun to see her and exchange experiences. Running a canteen, if one follows a division to the lines, as some of the girls do, with the A. E. F. must be thrilling work. I have been fortunate enough to see some very clever girls who are sent out by the Y. W. C. A. to organize and start canteens. They get all the interesting part in that way and escape the drudgery of the later work. I suppose in time one gets used to getting up at five, cooking or changing money all day, handing out a line of sympathetic talk to a crowd of homesick men just over, getting to bed at ten "all in," etc., but it is extremely fatiguing at first.

You have probably read in the home papers wonderful stories of the American soldiers over here. You may believe them all. Their spirit is superb and I thrill with joy and amazement at the way they are getting ahead. My roommate, one of our secretaries, who has just returned from leave, says that the wounded Americans from the front tumble out of the ambulances in a perfect pet, to see the doctor. When they do see him they demand to be fixed up immediately and sent back because "We've got 'em on the run, etc." The morale of our troops is wonderful and their enthusiasm cheers up the British and French troops tremendously. On the whole, people are much encouraged about the situation and think the war will be over next spring. I have heard some rash souls prophesy this fall, but that seems a bit too optimistic!

We now get American patients in our hospital as well as British. A good many of the —th Division have passed through our hands on the way home. Their examinations were not sufficiently rigid. This division included all races and creeds; many of them could not speak English. The —th is something of a joke with all of us. At a party the other night I heard one man ask another what nationality he was. He replied, "I've never been able to figure it out." His friend said, "Why—what's the trouble?" "Well," said he, "my father was Irish, my mother a Turk. I was born under the French flag in Chinese waters." "Humph," said the first, "that's easy, man. You belong to the —th Division."

Please remember me to all the girls. I know how they would adore the chance to be over here. I should consider myself extremely lucky even if I had to eat

horse-meat and lentils three times a day and sleep on boards. Instead of that I sleep on a beautiful camp cot, and eat food that always tastes good to me. The only unpleasant thing that occurs is an occasional bombing raid by the Huns. I must admit that one's disposition is sadly shattered by getting up at eleven o'clock and going down to repose on a shelf in a musty old wine cellar till two or three in the morning. I tried staying in bed one night and that was worse! The chug-chug-a-chug of the Hun machines, the mixture of calcium flares, searchlights and bursting shrapnel, and the zip, zip, zip, zip, zip, lightning quick, of the machine guns, plays havoc with the nerves and cures one of the desire to stay upstairs during a raid. There is a sickening fatality about the bursting bombs coming nearer and nearer—one is not so much afraid for oneself, but the thought of seeing some one else go!

This is a very long letter, but it is an answer to both of yours. My best wishes to you in your work.

Sincerely yours,

MARJORIE HULSIZER.

August 21, 1918.

DEAR MARGUERITE:

Thank you so much for your letter and for the magazines which I look forward to receiving soon. Lest you think that I'm receiving them under false pretenses, I must hasten to explain that just now I am not on active service, but am enjoying a long vacation at the seashore in England. As I had served fourteen months with only seven days' leave at the time I was married, and as the hospital has been almost empty recently because of the many air raids, my husband wished me to come over here for a time with his people.

In many ways it seems I had to come to England to learn that there really is a war. *Everything* here is changed. Of course there are no men except in uniform, home on leave, and the women are doing all their work; food also is strictly rationed and so scarce that it is nerve-racking to try to keep house. Since I made the change from "soldier on leave" to civilian resident I've had to take out food coupons and the amount of meat I can beg, borrow, or steal is half what I got as a soldier. How much butter would you guess is our ration each for a week? Just two ounces at present, and it will be difficult to get that much in the winter. Cream is allowed only on a doctor's prescription and eggs are sixpence (12 cents) each. Perhaps I had better go back and let Uncle Sam and Uncle John Bull take care of me!

Do remember me to folks whom I used to know, and don't forget that though I'm now helping in other ways, I'm still as interested as ever in Simmons news, and—a hint—I have more time now to read magazines which I pass on to convalescents.

Very sincerely yours,

MARGARET RUDD SPEED.

NO. 9 (LAKESIDE U. S. A.) GENERAL HOSPITAL,
BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,
September 26, 1918.

DEAR MISS WOOD:

I was more than surprised and delighted to get your letter for I can assure you that there is nothing which means so much to us as the letters from you home people. Mail is still very uncertain and irregular—we sometimes get no U. S. mail for two or three weeks, and when it does come we all look for “beaucoup” letters, as we say. Each one retires to her room to read in private the news from home and we often learn wonderful things. This morning I received your card of the Sargent camp and it surely did look “good to me.” Probably you didn’t know that my home is in Keene, N. H., very near to the camp. The longer I stay away, the prettier that country seems to my mind.

I am going to take a “big chance” as the boys say and write you as much as the rules of censorship will allow, about my work which has just become very interesting from the standpoint of success.

We are located in a British hospital in the northern part of France. When we took the hospital over from the British there was no place for me for the English had never heard of a dietitian. I loafed around for a while and then took charge of the nurses’ quarters—“Home Sister” the English called me. Some months later I was sent down to the patients’ kitchen to do some cooking for special diets. I did that for about eight months and now I have charge of all the patients’ diets, special diets, etc., with an office of my own. The kitchen was in dreadful shape, lacking conveniences of every kind, so I have been kept busy getting it into good condition. I am exhibited to British generals as a curiosity—“A woman who has charge of all these men and runs the cook house” is their invariable description of me.

Life over here is not all work, even though we sometimes try to make you people think so. We are about four miles out from quite a large city, with which we are connected by what the French call a tram line. Trams bear little resemblance to our trolley systems beyond the fact that they are cars which run on tracks with electricity for their motor power. If they run off the track they keep on going over the cobblestones until they go back on again, or if they need a little encouragement to take to the track again, two or three men push them back. When the discomforts of the trip are over, however, we find ourselves in quite a metropolis with movies, vaudeville, grand opera, and numerous other entertainments, and cathedrals, monasteries, museum, etc., to be visited in our more serious moments.

If one goes in the opposite direction, however, away from the city, a three minutes’ walk brings one to a beautiful French pine wood which extends for miles. The boundary lines here are marked by the prettiest wood roads, fascinating to follow, but dangerously misleading. I have lost my way several times but so far have always come out on the highroad eventually. We are on a large river on which we take boat trips, so you see we have plenty of different kinds of out-

door sports—indeed, we practically live out of doors. Our huts are very open to the weather also.

I have just returned from a week’s leave which I spent in Southern France and Paris. While in Paris I met Marion Ostrander, Simmons, ’14, and had breakfast with her. I was leaving for camp that same day so saw her for only a few minutes—how good it did seem to meet someone wearing an S. C.

I have been on this side of the water sixteen months and shall soon put on my third service stripe. It scarcely seems possible that I have been here so long!

I shall always be glad to hear from you when you can spare the time to write. Please remember me to my Simmons friends.

Sincerely yours,

ANNE T. UPHAM.

Confidence

If you want to win the vict’ry,
If you want to top the fight,
If you want to prove your motives
And your aims are square and right—
Then you’ve got to quit pretending,
For you can’t afford to cheat:
If you want to win the vict’ry,
Then don’t accept defeat.

You are hard beset by doubting;
Fear has chilled you through and through;
Dread has numbed you, blinded, bound you;
And you cringe, nor dare to do—
Take the challenge that doubt flings you,
Show you’re ready to compete:
If you want to win the vict’ry,
Then don’t accept defeat.

You are handicapped by fortune,
You are tortured by despair,
You’re the butt of sneers and scoffing
Of a world that does not care;
Yet you’ve got the faith within you—
Can’t you make that faith complete?
For if you would win the vict’ry,
Then you can’t accept defeat.

Get your God-giv’n grit to working,
Hold your reckoning with doubt,