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AS THE NEW YORK WOULD APPEAR IN ACTUAL BATTLE

The above reproduction of a painting by Burrell Poulse depicts the United States' impressive fighting unit in the world, as she would appear leading a fleet into action at full speed under a forced draft and bring a burdensome task of her tonnage and ships. The picture is unusual because it shows as far as it is possible, the actual conditions existing during the opening of a naval engagement, when the ship is absolutely clear for action, as if she had been put ashore and every weapon and every little detail has been accounted for.

THE GREAT TRANSFORMATION IN MEN, WOMEN AND NATIONS OF EUROPE CAUSED BY WAR

By Julian Hawthorne

We know that the German Chancellor had just been the last word in statesmanship. It was a grand thing to have been able to talk to the other side and have them understand what you said. But the difference is that you have to be able to understand what they say as well. It is a difficult task, but one that has to be done.

NEUTRALS

Once, in a lofty hour,
Our fathers pledged their lives,
Fortune and sacred honor to be free;
God gave their weakness power.

Now, in God's time, behold
Another mightier need
To finish the great task we began!
The serpent curled of old
(Abert of other need).

Still calls to strike at Man,
And honor claims the sacred right
Our kindred blood to shed in freedom's fight.

II.

Ours is the blood of those
Who stood at Bunker's Hill,
Large as the peril let our succe be!

Shall we permit how goes
The battle—well or ill?

Who shall we be bound or feet—
So runs the challenge, stern and deep.

The world's alliance must we still fold our
Hands in sleep.

IV.

Hark! what reply—"H! spine,
Plough, forge and toil; our choice
Is due to God and country now.
Join, Kinke, Comer may we
On loan; we use reprieve

V.

May History blot the page!
Our violet Pedigrees,
Our honest Christian's speak not our thought:
This is the butcher's age:
But, of the low hang fog,
Still rose remote, unknown.

The stainless peaks of virgin snow
That guarded the ancient faith our strides
Pledged long ago.

Brothers, at grips with death,
Have patience with our chaste!

Forget these base excuses—not our own!
Forgive our steadfast faith!
Liberty's revered name,
Benedicted by knews and clown.

Oh, the ands shall run, still
Shut our longed strength to stand with you for her.

VI.

Man's soul is at the flood!
Shall we, who led the van
Of Liberty's white fleet, our privilege yield?

Yes, we can still hope;
From age to age that ran
On Armageddon's field.

Who pales of peace when, far
Beyond three stridings, God and Hell make war?