



Webster On "Morale"

Morale (Mo-ral) *n.* (F. See *Moral a.*), the moral condition, or the condition in other respects, so far as it is affected by, or dependent upon moral considerations, such as zeal, spirit, hope and confidence: mental state, as of a body of men, an army, and like.



THAT is Dr. Webster's definition. Many of us know the word only in its war-time application.

Webster dwells firstly upon the usage of the word "morale" as applied to the common-place happenings of every-day life. His allusion to its reference to an army comes later. And Webster is correct—meticulously so.

It was the private-life morale that made such splendid soldiers of our boys when the time came for them to don the khaki. It was that, and that alone, that made them take the first step; and it was that which carried them through to Victory. If their every-day morale had been neglected, the Army could have done little with them and success would not have crowned their efforts

It is the the many little incidents of your daily routine that make up your morale—the morning shave, your clean linen, polished shoes, brushed clothes. Webster speaks of zeal, spirit, hope and confidence. It is by attention to the small details of your personal appearance that these may be attained.

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Elizabeth Surrenders

(Continued from page 37)

KITTY: Hello, people—Hello—Hello! Glad to see me? What were you two perfect persons talking about when I came in? Our marriage, wedding, nuptials, Alec, Dear? The voice that breathed o'er Eden and St. John's Parish Church—eh, old things? (She winks at Alec in great glee.)

ALEC: No, my—my love.

KITTY: My soul cries out for a cup of tea and a bun. Shall I put on the kettle for you, Elizabeth, belovedst?

ELIZABETH: No, thanks; I must leave you anyway; I must rush and dress.

KITTY (in peals of laughter): Must rush and WHAT, darling?

ELIZABETH: Hold your tongue, child.

KITTY: Don't demand the impossible, Honey! Well, Alec and I can have a nice chat while you're—ha! ha!—dressing.

ELIZABETH (acidly): Yes, you can have a nice—ha! ha!—chat!

(Kitty seats herself on the arm of Alec's chair and puts her arm affectionately about his neck. She looks mischievous; he, miserable; Elizabeth, murderous! Elizabeth leaves the room by the door on the left, slamming said door very hard.)

ALEC: Kitty, here's a pretty kettle of fish; she's told Neville, and he's here.

KITTY: My Fathers!

ALEC: That's what I said.

KITTY: Lawsy—lawsy! Might have known she'd spill the beans, and it was to have been broken to him so carefully—

ALEC: And so effectively!

KITTY: For the love of Mike, tell me how he took it? He never congratulated you; I'd swear to that!

ALEC: Now, you know how I felt when she took the news so complacently—

KITTY: Don't keep me in suspense—did he?

ALEC: Did he what?

KITTY: Did he congratulate you?

ALEC: I haven't seen him yet—he's gone out.

KITTY: I have a horrible feeling that something's going to happen—a horrible sinking feeling right here.

(I don't have to describe her gesture; you've had that sinking feeling yourself.)

ALEC: If you hadn't come in when you did, something would have happened! Elizabeth was so adorable that I was on the point of going down on my knees for the second time in ten years.

KITTY: Guardy Darling! Wish I'd caught you at it! You'd have been a picture no artist could paint—not even Elizabeth! But it would have landed us in a mess—oh, a horrible mess! She'd never have spoken to you again in this world or the next!

ALEC (thoughtfully): I'm not so sure of that, Kitty. Elizabeth is a surprising woman. Why, this afternoon she—she—she bought some new clothes.

KITTY: That isn't what you were going to say—but, even so, it's significant, I'm thinking. P'raps it IS working! P'raps she's trying to cut me out!

ALEC: No—that would be too good to be true. She told me herself that she bought them to—cheer the heart of Neville.

KITTY: To cheer Neville? How funny. I suppose she wants to give him a good laugh. I wonder if the glad rags are the usual style and fit? When will Nev be back?

ALEC: Oh, any minute.

KITTY: Well, Dear'st, you light out the minute he comes in, and take Elizabeth with you if she's finished—ha!—dressing. I'll just see if I can't gather up the dropped stitches, turn 'em into a few stitches in time, and all that sort of piffle—and—oh, dear, I thought I'd get at his real feelings at once, if I broke it to him really effectively!

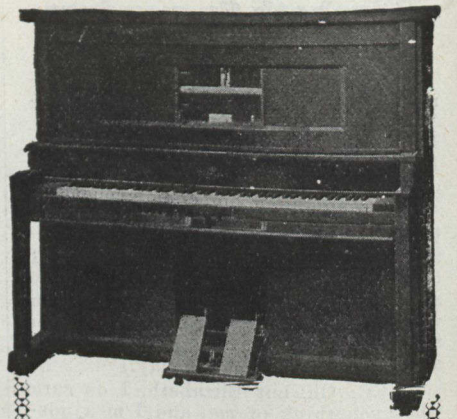
ALEC (in a rather embarrassed manner): My dear, from something that Elizabeth said to me this afternoon, I think that I may state, without fear of successful contradiction from anyone, that Neville does care—and cares a great deal.

KITTY: But I don't want to hear it at second—at third hand. Oh, I had it all planned so beautifully: I wanted Neville to fall on his young knees and beg me not to ruin his young life. And I wanted Elizabeth to throw herself into your longing, waiting arms, and confess that she has loved you truly all these long years—but she didn't—

ALEC: And he didn't.

KITTY (glooming): They both didn't. (Brightening up a bit). Do you think he's gone out to buy prussic acid or a pistol, or something? Mebbe?

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