

ment telegram before the newspapers get it. Unless and until, therefore, a telegram has come to you, assume that all is well.

WAR TIME CASUALTIES

Another fact may also help you. We read in the newspapers of many accidents every day. But in actual life serious accidents are rare. So it is with war. One reads the lists of killed and wounded, but forgets that the vast majority of the army survives. The deaths andcrippings are bad. I do not wish to minimize them. But they are apt to be overestimated and make us unduly depressed. The total deaths of our first contingent (the 33,000) are about 8 per cent in three years. In civil life about 3 per cent of them would have died anyway. Their deaths by the war were therefore one in twenty in those three years. Should the war last another year, then at the same rate your first contingent might lose one is sixty. And during the winter it ought not to be one fourth of that, because winter is not a fighting season.

Yet with all these deductions, we have had sad and grave times. To send 400,000 (soon to be 500,000) men overseas has made a drain upon our manhood equal to five or six millions from the United States. Consequently, the daily list of casualties mean much to every community. Blow after blow falls every few days. Some bright and generous youth, who a short time ago was our happy neighbor, dies in some heroic effort. We shudder at the fall of the stroke upon the unhappy mother and father. We reverence them and their signs of mourning. But each time the carrying on of the war becomes in us a deeper and deeper religion, so that the lives of our heroes shall not have been laid down in vain. We have come to regard earthly things as mattering little, and to live for glorious ideas, like the resolves of men of former great days. Our feelings, we think, resemble those of the height of your Civil War. Your present generation have yet to fully understand these stern and solemn feelings. Your oldest G. A. R. men understand them. Our churches are decorated with allied flags and "Rolls of Honor." Alas, too, memorial tablets are increasing. At the end of each service the congregation standing at attention sings a stanza of "God Save the King"; and at times, the new stanza:

God save our splendid men,
Send them safe home again:
God save our men.
Send them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous;
They are so dear to us,
God save our men.

ORGANIZING FOR THE WORK

Our experiences in the way of organizing to meet the various demands of the war have been many. Let me give a sketch of what has been done