

of the Neutral in Belgium, and of the Committee that "at least a few are now engaged in the rapid exhaustion of vegetable supplies, before harvest who must be charity. The get their pitiful bread through the for it." And help us to keep

on, marvellously ed, has hitherto g abreast of the ds from America, and the British nds are failing getting greater. ir desperate ap- mittee for Bel- n formed in our y it collects will to the hands of n, and through elgian people, in ar, Germany has ch what is sent he organization almost impossible one loaf of Bel- t need is for future need will

of course, fre- d they not be if er own material o save herself- Western world? to the German, it would have to the years we tra five hundred and extra hun- If ever country owes it to Bel- h in the bodies and must pay it. Britain saved, rld, for modern nothing if not on e obligation; but before all that however, has a cue of her own north. Thanks, um, Britain has rescue and re- countryside.

Britain doing? od like water, to e of Belgium! best. We should y case, for our not thereby dis- cratitute, justice, hospitality to something, but y enough! So t all the desper- itself; we have to. From Can- one-fifth of our value of £150- ming in. From thing. But in ing to us; it is stay the march

in our country ion pounds. If side at once one of his income, his people more ver people were, a one of us owes ot realized, that full proportions. civilized world ck than we dare country gave and Civilization. it, let it pe ish! ot with words. we are dealing ole thing; if peo- e. No ultimate and indemnities Belgians, starving ept alive—on the ntry, the richest has gained most he reproach will will! ggeration in the e, for no words as it should be exaggeration in ade for what we



A Fine Border of Plants at the Agricultural College, Guelph.

owe her. If those wronged and ruined people had done nothing for us, should we grudge them enough money to spare ourselves the sight of their starvation just across the sea under our very eyes? But seeing what they are, what they have done for us—how—how can we bear to let them lack the mere sufficiency of life?

No! Britain will not let Belgium starve. We have not known hitherto what was needed of us in this race with death. Now we do know. We are too proud by far not to pay our debts. For this is a debt of honor, preceding even the charity that begins at home.

The appeal of the National Committee has been issued. The Hon. Treasurer is Mr. A. Shirley Benn, M. P., Trafalgar Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London.

Every penny contributed goes to the Belgians in the form of food.

The cry of a brave people comes across the sea.

Pity, unguiled, feeds no starving bodies.

Yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[Kindly note that all money contributed through the "Dollar Chain," and marked "For Belgian Relief," is directly expended for food and clothes for this stricken people.—E.L.]

Madness of the Moon

By Josephine Daskam Bacon.

The village clock boomed out the first strokes of eleven. Solemn and mellow, the waves of sound flowed over the sleeping streets; the aftertones vibrated plaintively. Caroline stirred restlessly, tossing off the sheet and muttering in her dreams. The tears had dried on her hot cheeks; her brows were still knitted. "Four! Five! Six!" the big bell tolled.

Caroline sat up in bed and dropped her bare, pink legs over the edge. Her eyes were open now, but set in a fixed, unseeing stare.

"Seven! Eight!" She fumbled with her toes for her leather barefoot sandals and slipped her feet under the ankle straps.

"Nine! Ten!" moaned the bell.

She moved forward, vaguely, in the broad path of moonlight that poured through the wide-open window, and ran her hands like a blind girl over the warm sill, lifting her knee to its level.

"Eleven!"

Before the murmuring aftertones had lost themselves in the night, Caroline was out of the window. She stole lightly along the tin roof, warm yet with the first intense heat of June, dropped easily to the level of the kitchen-ell, and, slipping down upon the massive trunk of the old wistaria, fitted ac-

customed feet into its curled niches and clambered down among the warm, fragrant clusters. Steeped in the full moon, it sent out its cloying perfume like a visible cloud; her white nightgown glistened ghostlike through the leaves.

She paused a moment in the shadow of the vine, and a great tawny cat, his orange markings distinct in the moonlight, stole to her, brushing against her bare ankles caressingly. As he curled and uncurled his soft tail about her little feet, a sudden impulse caught her, and she started swiftly through the wide backyard, bending to a broken gap in the privet hedge, cutting diagonally across the neighboring grounds, and emerging into a pleasant country road on the outskirts of the little village, with sleeping houses sprinkled along its length, well back, mostly, from its edge, showing here and there a light.

She struck into the soft, dusty road at a quick, swinging pace, the fruit of much walking, and the big yellow cat pattered at her side.

The night was almost windless; sweet, nameless odors poured up from the heated summer soil; the shadows of the grasses were outlined like Japanese pictures on the white roadway. Except for the child and the cat, no living being moved, as far as the eye could see; only the burdocks and mulleins swayed almost imperceptibly with breezes so delicate that the leaf tips of the trees could not feel them.

A great white moth, blundering against a heavy thistle head, tumbled against Caroline's elbow and fluttered clumsily into her face. She started, blinked, drew a long breath, and woke with a frightened gasp. Before her stretched the pale, curving road; above her the spangled sky throbbed and glittered; the earth, drenched in moonlight, beautiful as all lovely creatures caught sleeping, breathed softly into her face and with every breath put courage into her heart.

She looked down and saw the yellow cat, stopping, with one lifted paw, his green, lamplike eyes fixed unwavering on hers.

"Why, it's you, Red Rufus!" she whispered, "when did we come here? I don't remember—"

A bat whirred by; the cat pricked his ears.

"I don't believe we're here at all, Red Rufus," she whispered again. "We're just dreaming—at least, I am. I s'pose you're only in my dream. If I was really here, I'd be frightened to death, prob'ly, but if it's just a dream, I think it's lovely. Let's go on. I never had a dream like this—it seems so real, doesn't it, Rufus?"

They went on aimlessly up the road. Quaint little night sounds began now to make themselves heard; now and then a drowsy twitter from the sleeping nests, now and then a distant owl hoot. A sudden gust of honeysuckle, so strong

that it was like a friendly, fragrant body flung against her, halted her for a moment, and while she paused, sniffing ecstatically, the low murmur of voices caught her ear.

The honeysuckle ran riot over an old stone wall, followed an arching gateway at the foot of a winding path that led to a lighted house on a knoll above, and flung screening tendrils over an entwined pair that paused just inside the gate. The girl's white, loose sleeves fell back from her round arms as she flung them up about her tall lover's neck; his dark head bent low over hers, their lips met, and they hung entranced in the bowery archway.

For a moment Caroline watched them with frank curiosity. Then something woke and stirred in her, faint and vague, but alive now, and she turned away her eyes, blushing hot in the cool moonlight.

The soft tones of their good night died into broken whispers; parted from his white lady, he started on for a few, irresolute steps, then flung about suddenly and walked back toward the house, after a low, happy protest. The cooing of some drowsy pigeons in the stable on the other side of the road carried on the lovers' language long after they were out of earshot, and confused itself with them in Caroline's mind.

She wandered on, intoxicated with the mild, spacious night, the dewy freedom of the fields, the delicious pressure of the warm, velvet air against her body. Red Rufus purred as he went, rejoicing with his vagabond comrade. Just how or when she began to know that she was not asleep, just why the knowledge did not alarm her, would be hard to say. But when the truth came to her, the friendly, powdered stars had been above her long enough to accustom her to their winking; the tiny, tentative noises of the night had sounded in her ears till they comforted and reassured her; the vast and empty field stretches meant only freedom and exhilaration. In a sudden delirium of joy she slipped between the bars of a rolling meadow and ran at full speed down its long, grassy slope, her nightgown streaming behind her, her slender, childish legs white as ivory against the greenish-black all around her. Beside her bounded the great cat with shining, gemlike eyes. They rolled down the last reaches of the slope, and all the Milky Way wondered at them, but never a sound broke the solemn quiet of the night: the ecstasy was noiseless.

Her face buried in sweet clover, she panted, prone on the grass.

"Let's go right on, Rufus, and run away, and do just as we please!" she whispered to the nestling cat. "If I can't do like the boys do, I don't want to stay home—the fellows laugh at me! I'd rather be whipped than sent to bed like a girl. I won't be a young lady—I won't!"

Rufus purred approvingly.

"If I only had some trousers!" she mourned softly; "a boy can do anything!"

Across the quiet night there cut a



Australians, Our Fellow Colonials, Drilling at Romsey.