Botrel, "The Bard of the Trenches," Sings for France and You

lso translated and adapted the poems on this page.) WAS a great pleasure to receive recently a letter from M. Theodore Botrel, "The Bard of the Trenches."

He is today one of the national figures of his dear France, a man beloved by the pollus and honored and respected by a nation in arms.

This letter was an answer to one which we wrote asking permission to give to America the picture of warworn but ever-courageous France, over whose people still hovers the spirit of Jean of Arc, which is so beautifully shown in his "Songs of the Pollus of

M. Botrel's answer is typical of the attitude of France toward America: "I will be happy and proud to be pre-sented by you to that dear, noble and great America which has ranged herself on our side in the hour when the fate of the world is at stake. I knew that she would come to us, that big generous one, when I cried to her in

Offer up yours and prayers, O New

That Gallia the Blonds, Whom an unclean barbarian bems in, Escapes from the bands of the bandit. For the same infamous breath Which shall turnish her great Soul

Will quench at the same time, the bright flame Of the Torch of Bartholdi.

M. Botrel, singer as well as poet, two years ago was ordered by the French Minister of War, "to present himself in all depots, camps and hospitals, there to sing and recite his patriotic poems." Since then his work has been an inspiration to all classes in France, but more especially does he sing to his dear pollus.

No words can better describe the work that M. Botrel has been doing than those of M. Eugene Tardieu, of which he wrote to Botrel's "Chansons

Preface to "Chansons de Route."

BY M. EUGENE TARDIEU.

"Dunkirk has received simultansensiy a visit from the 'Taubes' and also from the Ballad Writer of the Armies. The latter made one forget the former. The author of the famous sons, 'La Puimpolaise,' who is also among the most sensitive and delicate of the posts inspired by Brittany, has accomplished with a stendy flight, a convinced real, the mission intrusted to him by the Minister of War-to go into the zone of the armies to sing his patriotic repertoirs before the soldiers who are going to the front or returning from it. "To sing-now when so many others I confers that the announce ent of the programme chilled me when the popular poet arrived.

The Wounded.

"The first time was at the hospital of Dunes, a hospital improvised in an ald college, with worm-eaten stairways, with walls uniformly whitened with whitewash, with a high plinth of green paint. A long room held about half a hundred beds. There were wounded there of all branches of the servicethese who had a limb amputated, con-walescents, heardless faces lighted by s smile where a trace of childhood flickered, ravaged faces of hairy territorials, frowning and anxious, a hilarlous negro with the shoulders of a carratid, a Kabyla with a clear brown skin, a short heard and a shaven head, feverish, sulky, lying with his knees drawn up to his chin. He pulled up his covers, wishing to see and hear

The post arrives, gattered in military dress, without any insignia but a bit of tricolored silk. He mounted on a little stand such as they put under the feet of orchestra leaders. In the middle aisle, at the end of the room dominates it. The military nurses are ranged along the wall, the head doctors sit on chairs here and there, the ladies of the Red Cross smile leaning on their elbows on the pillows

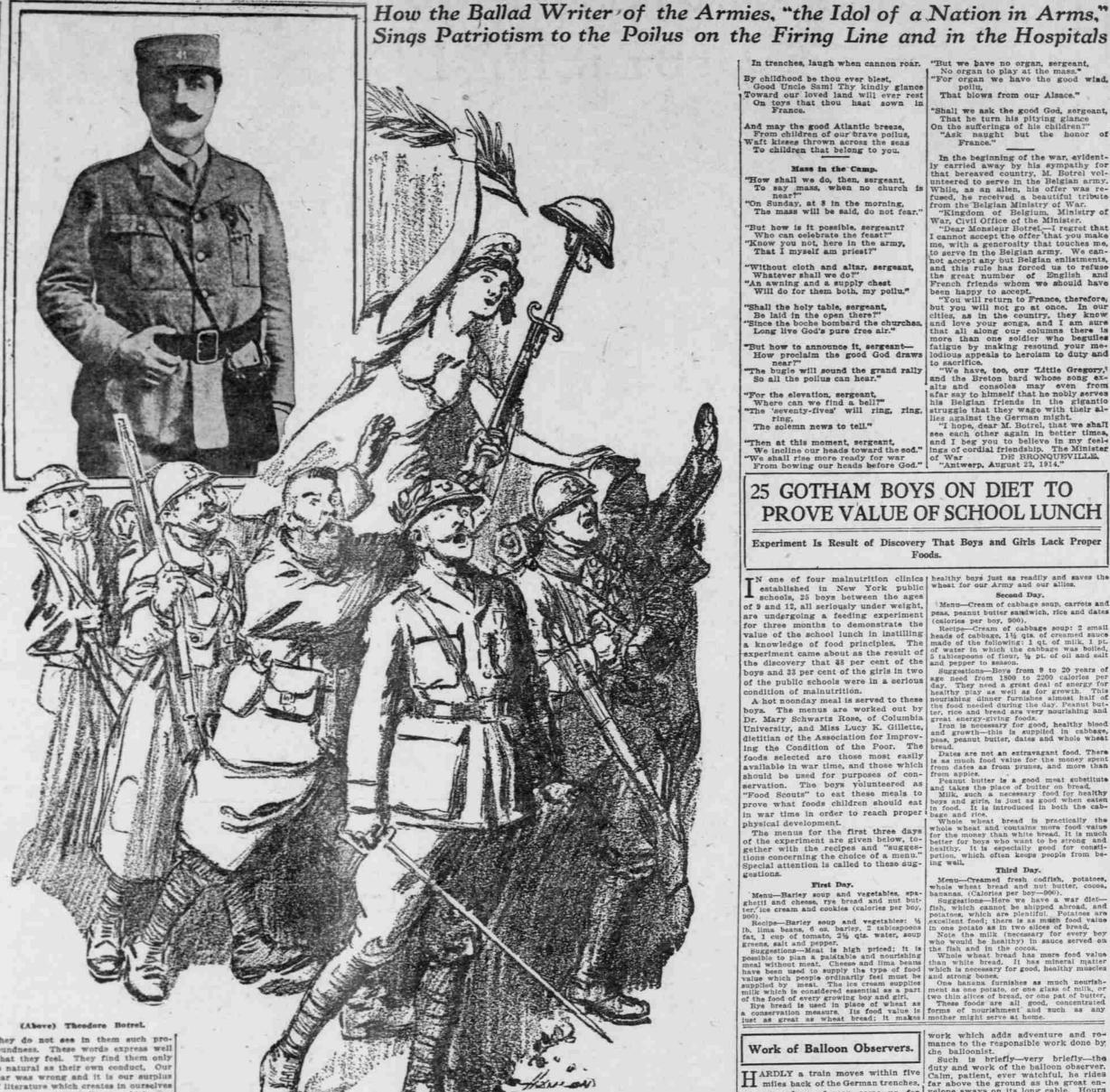
braies strangely in this room, where foundness. These words express well what he has come to do. It is a little as natural as their own conduct. Our French soldiers have always loved these misunderstandings which we Had faces turn toward him, fear, the patients who can sit up in their beds. All eyes look wide open at him, other hospital, La Martine Hospital, Is it from fever or amusement? A but that day I did not hear him. I speech, and songs, for those who have wrote in my room, while above my just looked so closely at death and head reigned a formidable tumult.

verses. He launches what is called in several desen wounded. At the first this slang of the theater 'un bon coup dis gueule.' And then he sings. His voice is warm, young, well-tened. It carenses and it entrances. He sings the song of 'Rosalie' 'Rosalie' is the bayonet which returns from the battle walls with splinters of cast iron and carry him away on the enthusiastic all red with the blood of the foe, and for that the soldier named her Bo- and explosion followed close on the

"I am seated at the foot of the bed of a marine wounded at Dixmuds. His emaciated face is framed in a light blond beard. With his strained neck, his big frame, his large blue eyes, the smiles, red comes to his cheeks, and as Rosalie' is sung to a march tune, I saw under his swaddling clothes of fusiliades.

blus wool the body of the marine, "Since then the Taubes and the Avi- M. Botrel says that they "will contain which swung as if to mark the time.

"At the end of the song he applauded ! with all his might. In all the beds they laughed and applauded. The ice they laughed and applauded. The low was broken. Now the singer attacks in the Kurssal of Malo. Three thouthe 'Kalserole' to the tune of the sand territorials from the north, re-Carmagnole; then Guillaume sen turned some time since from the vari-sen Guerre to the tune of 'Mariborough'; 'En Revenant de Noce,' 'Dans la Tranchee,' 'La Paimpolaise,' etc. All this is gay with the frivolity of youth, heroic without pomposity. In these sough they kill, they strike, they urge themselves to the assault, they baffle the senent they cry venguance with



"Hotrel speaks. In a voice that vi- They do not see in them such proone always speaks low, he explains what they feel. They find them only discourse on the war-very simple and fear was wrong and it is our aurplus very well worded, which recalls that of literature which creates in ourselves

The next day Botrel sang in anstill have an engagement with him? Four Taubes flew over Dunkirk and splendid conduct. "An uneasiness came over ma. It let fall a score of bombs on the city seamed to me that a Lisunderstanding and its environs. From everywhere shed at Grand Port, ranged on piles of is being born and growing here. Bo- they fired on them with cannon and sacks and mountains of cases, in the tral, moved but headstrong, recites his guns. There were a score of dead and most picturesque of amphitheaters. On of a panic. The bomb had fallen four meters from the hospital, riddling its a good 'coup de guerre'-it is they who breaking all its window panes. A sec- current of their child-like souls. They

panes, rolled to the feet of the Breton poet, who picked it up, put it in his frains, sang in their tongue-one a pock, who picked it up, put it in his pocket, resumed his walk and said: warlike song of their fatherland—and "We know this sort of thing. It is like all was frenzy. Talk not to them of in the theater. We rap for the rise of sacrifice! They give their lives to gravity of his whole attitude, he re-sembles a Christ coming out of a commence. The third knock came just dream. His mouth is half open, he amiliar red comes to his cheeks, and as plauded. The entertainment began and the best of her children!" lasted for an hour full of enthusiasm under the noise of the bombs and the

The Pollus.

themselves to the assault, they baffle the enemy, they cry vengeance with simplicity.

Nous avons soif de Vengeance!
Rosalle, verse a la France

Verse a heire!

De la gloire a pleins bidous!

Bevons donc!

"What an error was mine. The heart of Botrel was gloser than mine to that of our heroes. These brave prenchmen leve the songs and the big words. They are words of their gize.

chief its congratulations for their

"I shall always see them in the great

have the simple faith and valiant heart of Joan of Arc, whose colors they wear. "A spent ball, passing through the The majority of them were Bretons. Botrel, in many of the accustomed re-

the best of her children!" In writing of his latest volume of poems, which is still in preparation, "Since then the Taubes and the Aviatiks have returned in greater numbers, but the sang froid of the people
Can you imagine the grandeur of that Te Deum of Victory sung by the pollus of France, led by "the Bard of the But from the Hun and Vandal loosed, Trenches" and echoing throughout the A shell the shricking echoes woke world in one grand chorus? For the And crashing through the ancient roof

"Oh, France, thine arms shall, too, unbend. Thine arms of Flanders and Alsace,

Te Deum of France will be also that of the allied nations. How eagerly we will listen for it, and how wonderful Uncle Sam, to you I sing that its first whisperings have been The thanks of little children gay, sent up by M. Botrel himself! Whose sadness, by the gifts you bring, that its first whisperings have been sent up by M. Botrel himself!

The fate of Jesus soon shall be

Thine, too-a resurrected race.

RESURRECTIONS. By Theodore Botral.

Translated from "Chansons de Route." A ray of sun with rainbow tints, As through the leaded glass it shone, A halo made about the Christ That hung on Gothic wall, alone.

The splendor of the sunbeam grew, A smile from God upon his throne, The anguished look of sorrow fled, Almost the Christ smiled, "I atone."

TRANSLATION OF COPY OF LETTER OF FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR

French Republic, Ministry of War, Office of the Minister. Paris, August 30, 1914.

M. Theodore Botrel is authorized to present himself in all depots, camps and hospitals, there to recite and sing his patriotic poems. All the military authorities are urged to receive him kindly and to make easy for him the accomplishment of his mission. He is authorized to take all trains.

For Millerand, Minister, and by his order, Lieutenant-Colonel, his Signed: DUVAL. Chief of Office.

The Cross of the Redemption broke. And Christ, thus freed, seemed to

To Heaven on that wondrous ray: The Crucifixion had been made For Christ the Resurrection Day.

Oh, France, thine arms shall, too, unbend.
Thine arms of Flanders and Alsace,
The fate of Jesus soon shall be Thine, too-a resurrected race,

The Horde shall spend itself in vain, And the it seeks thy life to blight, It but revives the hearts of France And speeds thee to immortal flight.

To Uncle Sam (Poem dedicated to America, to thank er for Christmas presents sent to the little children of France.)

Is turned to joy this Christmas day. The children all were told, "This year

Dear Santa Claus, whom we adore, Cannot descend the chimney here Because, alas! We are at war. Across the armed zone, because A wicked "Taube" poised in flight Could easily shoot dear Santa Claus.

For even at this Christmastide, The Manger must be hid away— There is no place Christ may abide Safe from the Hun on Christmastide.

So, since the custom is today, As Herod did in time of yore, You little innocents to slay, Steal off to bed and weep no more.

Fold up your stockings out of sight, On hearth or fireplace hang them not For on this sad December night The toys for you will be forgot.

But now, behold! kind Uncle Sam As Santa Claus, brought to our shores The good ship "Jason" and did cram Her full of toys and Christmas stores.

And from each cottage in the land Resounded suddenly the cries
Of joyous children by his hand
Made happier for the glad surprise.

And mothers, whose maternal hearts Were heavy, now they laugh once And fathers, who are playing their

By childhood be thou ever blest,
Good Uncle Sam! Thy kindly glance
Toward our loved land will ever rest
On toys that thou hast sown in
France.

And may the good Atlantic brease, From children of our brave poilus, Waft kisses thrown across the seas To children that belong to you.

Mass in the Camp. "How shall we do, then, sergeant,
To say mass, when no church is
near!"
"On Sunday, at 8 in the morning,
The mass will be said, do not fear."

"But how is it possible, sergeant?
Who can celebrate the feast?"
"Know you not, here in the army,
That I myself am priest?"

"Without cloth and altar, sergeant, Whatever shall we do?" "An awning and a supply chest

Will do for them both, my pollu." "Shall the holy table, sergeant, Be laid in the open there?" "Since the boche bombard the churches, Long live God's pure free air."

"But how to announce it, sergeant— How proclaim the good God draws near?"
"The bugie will sound the grand rally So all the pollus can hear."

In trenches, laugh when cannon roar.

"But we have no organ, sergeant,
No organ to play at the mass."

"For organ we have the good wind,

That blows from our Alsace." Shall we ask the good God, sergeant,

That he turn his pitying glance On the sufferings of his children?" "Ask naught but the honor of France."

In the beginning of the war, evident-In the beginning of the war, evidently carried away by his sympathy for that bereaved country, M. Botrel volunteered to serve in the Belgian army. While, as an allen, his offer was refused, he received a beautiful tribute from the Belgian Ministry of War.

"Kingdom of Belgium, Ministry of War."

"Kingdom of Belgium, Ministry of War, Civil Office of the Minister. "Dear Monsieur Botret.—I regret that I cannot accept the offer that you make me, with a generosity that touches me, to serve in the Beigian army. We cannot accept any but Beigian enlistments, and this rule has forced us to refuse the great number of English and French friends whom we should have

French friends whom we should have been happy to accept.

"You will return to France, therefore, but you will not go at once. In our cities, as in the country, they know and love your songs, and I am sure that all along our columns there is more than one soldier who beguiles fatigue by making resound your melodious appeals to heroism to duty and to sacrifice.

"We have, too, our Tittle Gregory."

"The bugie will sound the grand rally So all the pollus can hear."

"For the elevation, sergeant, Where can we find a bell?"
"The 'seventy-fives' will ring, ring, ring, The solemn news to tell."

"Then at this moment, sergeant, We incline our heads toward the sod."
"We shall rise more roady for war From bowing our heads before God."

"We have, too, our Little Gregory,' and the Breton bard whose song exalts and consoles may even from alter and search that he nobly serves his Belgian friends in the gigantic struggle that they wage with their allies against the German might.

"I hope, dear M. Botrel, that we shall see each other again in better times, and I beg you to believe in my feelings of cordial friendship. The Minister of War DE BRONQUEVILLE."

"Antwerp, August 22, 1914." "We have, too, our Tattle Gregory,"

25 GOTHAM BOYS ON DIET TO PROVE VALUE OF SCHOOL LUNCH

Experiment Is Result of Discovery That Boys and Girls Lack Proper Foods.

TN one of four malnutrition clinics healthy boys just as readily and saves the established in New York public schools, 25 boys between the ages of 9 and 12, all seriously under weight, are undergoing a feeding experiment are undergoing a feeding experiment (calories per boy, 900).

Recips—Cream of cabbage soup: 2 small heads of cabbage, 1½ qts of creamed sauce made of the following: 1 qt. of milk, 1 pt. of water in which the cabbage was bolled, the discovery that 48 per cent of the discovery that 48 per cent of the state of the griss in two perpendicular to the sauce of the griss in two perpendicular to the sauce of the griss in two perpendicular to the sauce of the griss in two perpendicular to the sauce of the griss in two perpendicular to the sauce of the griss of the griss in two perpendicular to the sauce of the griss per boy, 900).

Superstance per boy, 900).

boys and 33 per cent of the girls in two of the public schools were in a serious condition of mainutrition.

A hot noonday meal is served to these boys. The menus are worked out by Dr. Mary Schwartz Rose, of Columbia University, and Miss Lucy K. Gillette, dietitian of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. The foods selected are those most easily

Recipe—Barley soup and vegetables: %
the lima beaus, 6 oz, barley, 2 tablespoons
fat, I cup of tomato, 2% qts. water, soup
greens, sait and pepper.

Suggestions—Meat is high priced; it is
possible to plan a paistable and nourishing
meal without meat. Cheese and lima beaus
have been used to supply the type of food
value which people ordinarily feel must be
supplied by meat. The ice croam supplies
milk which is considered essential as a part
of the food of every growing boy and gir.

Rye bread is used in place of wheat as
a conservation measure. Its food value is
just as great as wheat bread; it makes

HARDLY a train moves within five miles back of the German trenches, or a squadron of men come up for relief, or digging begun on a new pass, perhaps, but finally, as inevitably as fate, the reward comes. A single series of emplacements but a pair of keen eyes, steadily watching from great observation balloons just behind the allied front, takes notice of it. Every movement, every activity, is Every movement, every activity, is registered until a schedule of the usual enemy routine is built up and the average amount of motion known.

The departure from this schedule is Canadians Told to Increase Yield suspicious. A train running late or with more cars than usual, men in the

cars passed — at 10:40." Half a representatives with Federal authorimile farther down the line another pair of eyes reports, "Large convoy moving up to front, range so and so."

Still a little farther down another suspicious circumstance is noted, until Canada, Argentina and Australia. Lack the General Staff down below, assem-bling all these straws, foresees the be-ginning of a big offensive across the nearest point to the fighting armies, line. Counter measures are taken, which is Canada.

bardment is a time of ceaseless and vital work, spotting shot by shot, watching for new enemy batteries to open up, moving the barrage fire back and forth with the advance of the troops. Any error here may send the steel wall into the observers' own troops or cost scores of lives later by failure to make a complete demolition of the enemy's defense.

"Hostile airplane overhead" is apt to break in through the telephone wire at any moment. A German aviator, more adventurous than his fellows, is swooping down, perhaps under a pro-

Second Day. peas, peanut butter sandwich, rice and dates

Menu—Creamed fresh codfish, potatoes, whole wheat bread and nut butter, cocos, bananas, (Calories per boy—900).

Menu—Bariey soup and vegetables, spaniest and cheese, rye bread and nut butter, ice cream and cookies (calories per boy, 900).

Suggestions—Here we have a war dietrice cream and cookies (calories per boy, 900).

Rodpe—Bariey soup and vegetables: % Recipe—Barley soup and vegetables: '4 excellent food; there is as much food v b, lims beans, 6 oz, barley, 2 tablespoons at, 1 cup of tomato, 2% qts. water, soup

Note the milk (necessary for every

Work of Balloon Observers.

come from the balloonist's own side. The observer ascends with full knowledge of all the details of action, emin the belief that the enemy's artillery will be driven off. The opening bombardment is a time of ceaseless and vital work, spotting shot by shot, watching for new enemy batter.

more adventurous than his fellows, is swooping down, perhaps under a protecting cloud, in an attempt to put out the ever-watchful eyes. The observer makes ready his parachute, the machine guns on the ground below click off a rain of lead at the invader, and the windlass men start bringing the big envelope to ground with all possible speed. Perhaps the invader is driven off, perhaps the balloon is stricken into flames and the balloonist forced to parachute to the ground. In either case it is all a part of the day's

work which adds adventure and ro-

mance to the responsible work done by

250 000 000 Rushels in 1918.

with more cars than usual, men in the trenches being relieved too frequently, new roads or emplacements being built too earnestly, give the first hint that "Fritz" across the line, is up to that "Fritz" across the line, is up to feed the allied armies, according to feed the allied armies, according to something.

A keen balloonist notes any of these Changes, and at once telephones down to the ground, "An extra train of six turned from a conference of provincial to the ground, "An extra train of six turned from a conference of provincial trains of the strength of the

batteries directed, convoys and trenches smashed up and the enemy's plans thrown askew.

Possibly, however, the offensive is to mote points with the result that transportation of soldiers and munitions will decrease.

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of Thead Ugly Spots.

Do you know how easy it is to remove those ugly spots so that no one

will call you freekle-face?

Simply get an ounce of othine, double strength, from your druggist and a