

War Orphans Are "Waifs and Strays" in Home.

Miss Lanyon Considers Such Children Precious Legacies Left by Soldiers and Says Name Sounds Like Dogs' Home.

BY EDITH E. LANYON. THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, Dec. 3.—Every morning when I am dressing I hear the sound of little feet pattering down the road. If I rush to the window I can just catch sight between the shrubs of a flash of scarlet.

It is the orphans going to school, dressed in red capes and hoods just like the one little Red Riding Hood wore.

Junior orphans wear scarlet and senior orphans bright blue. All of them wear clogs because leather costs a lot of money now.

They are a cheery, healthy set of little girls and those scarlet cloaks of theirs brighten up the gray winter landscape. Officially they are "waifs and strays" from the home higher up the hill.

"Waifs and strays" home sounds like a dog's home to me, so I prefer to call them orphans, though indeed, some still own living parents, as a rule not of the kind to boast about.

A few are dead soldiers' children and no soldier's child should ever bear the name of waif or stray. It is a legacy he has left to his country and should be a cherished legacy.

Our "twenty-maid" was brought up at the home and is a good advertisement, as her greatest delight is to go up there on her afternoon off and play with the children. She always spends her holidays there and (this is a secret) she is making matron a most gorgeous needle book, all green satin and pink roses, for a Christmas present.

I know all about it, because I am helping.

Next week matron is going away for a few days and I have volunteered to take her place at the home to relieve the assistant matron for her off-duty time.

I wonder how it will feel to be temporary acting-mother to 19 children. On the Saturday I have promised to take the Red Riding Hood out for a walk, shall keep away from the woods for fear 19 wolves might spring out and devour them.

In my last letter I made a mistake in saying that my principal stium was "Rattle Gate." It is "Rattle Ghyll."

On further questioning I find it is so-called because it runs alongside a swift stony-bedded stream and near a noisy water mill. I always think a Ghyll or ghyll is from an Icelandic word gyl, which means a mountain ravine.

This was not a walled town, so never had any "gates."

I leaned over the bridge to listen and the water certainly rattles over the stones. After a flood the noise in that street must be deafening. Deafness has lost its sting, I always think, since that telephone affair came into constant use. You can talk into it quite naturally and the deaf person holds the receiver to his ear and can hear all the trivial nothingnesses of light conversation.

So nice that your smile arrives too. I always smile when talking to a friend, even on a long distance telephone, and that smile is wasted on the desert air.

Far better if it could be preserved for use in times of depression. Artificial or dried smiles, guaranteed to keep in any climate, and for any period, might be useful in emergencies, for passport purposes, or going through the customs, etc.

The weather lately has been sometimes wet, sometimes frosty and sometimes even fine.

One day it was misty. I went for a walk up the hills and soon got above the fog. It was curious to look down, because the mist lay in the valley like a mysterious lake gradually licking up the sides of the hills and becoming deeper and deeper.

It got colder as I went higher, and soon the leaves on the bushes by the wayside were each edged neatly with frost lace and the hedge rows festooned with frosted cobwebs. My only companion was a dear, muddily little spaniel. He has the most joyous hind legs I ever saw when he bounds ahead full of life and spirits.

The fascinating, faint smell of rabbits is a hint more than all the scenery in the world and he snuffed every inch of the walk, making a noise just like a vacuum sweeper.

Should he meet a man with a gun I know full well he would desert me without a quail.

One evening about sundown I saw Lake Windermere looking just like a pearl. It was veiled in chiffon mist and shone through with all the elusive tints of mother-of-pearl. I have seen the dawn shine across the bay onto Mount Tacoma with those self-same pearl tints, but at sunset it was more like rubies and amethysts.

They say that Grassmere, one of our local lakes, took its name in olden times from the "Grise," or wild swine which dwelt on its banks, but it is a name which requires no fancy explanation because the edges are grown over with grassy weeds. I am willing to leave the "Grise" to wallow in the obscurity of the past.

We have two pigs, called "Jack and Jill." The expansion of their figures is one of the topics of the moment and their waist measures are taken and duly noted every few days.

It is sad for piggy that he is so pleasant when he's dead. Unless some of the pigs whose bacon fed us during the war were pleasant in their lives they need it altogether, because all England can testify that they were not by any means pleasant when dead.

We can forgive Chicago, though, if she really meant that bacon for the Germans, lavishly salted with salt that never lost its savor.

I am now trying to read all the books I have not had time to read during the past four years. We have a subscription to Mudlars', that old-fashioned and best-known of all circulating libraries, so we get all the new books down from London.

I have just been reading Woods Hutchinson's "The Doctor in War," and found it very interesting. I like the way he says what he wants to say in such a direct manner that it reaches you at once, instead of groping through a dictionary for all the technical words he can find and muddling his thoughts up in them until you utterly lose sight of his idea.

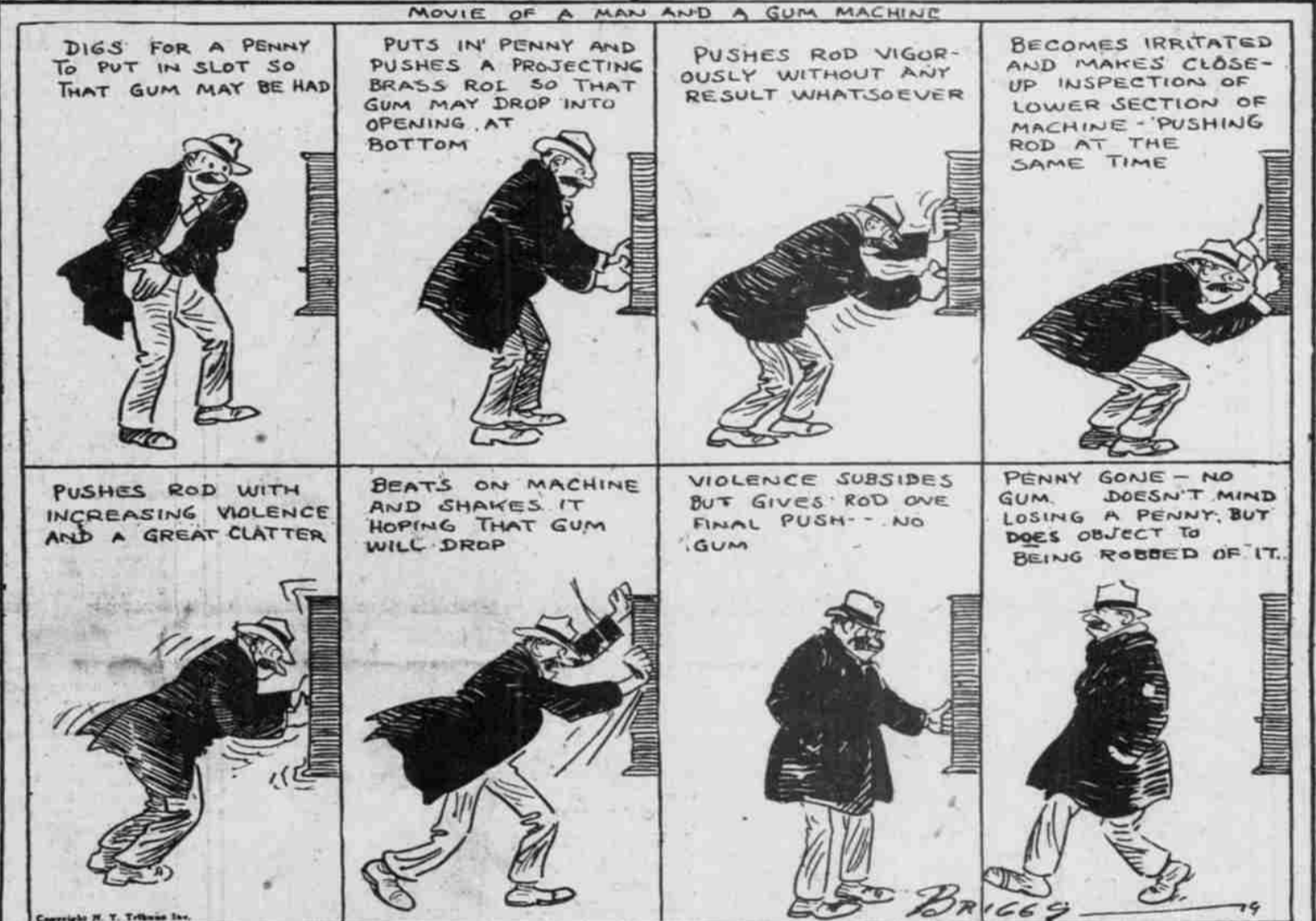
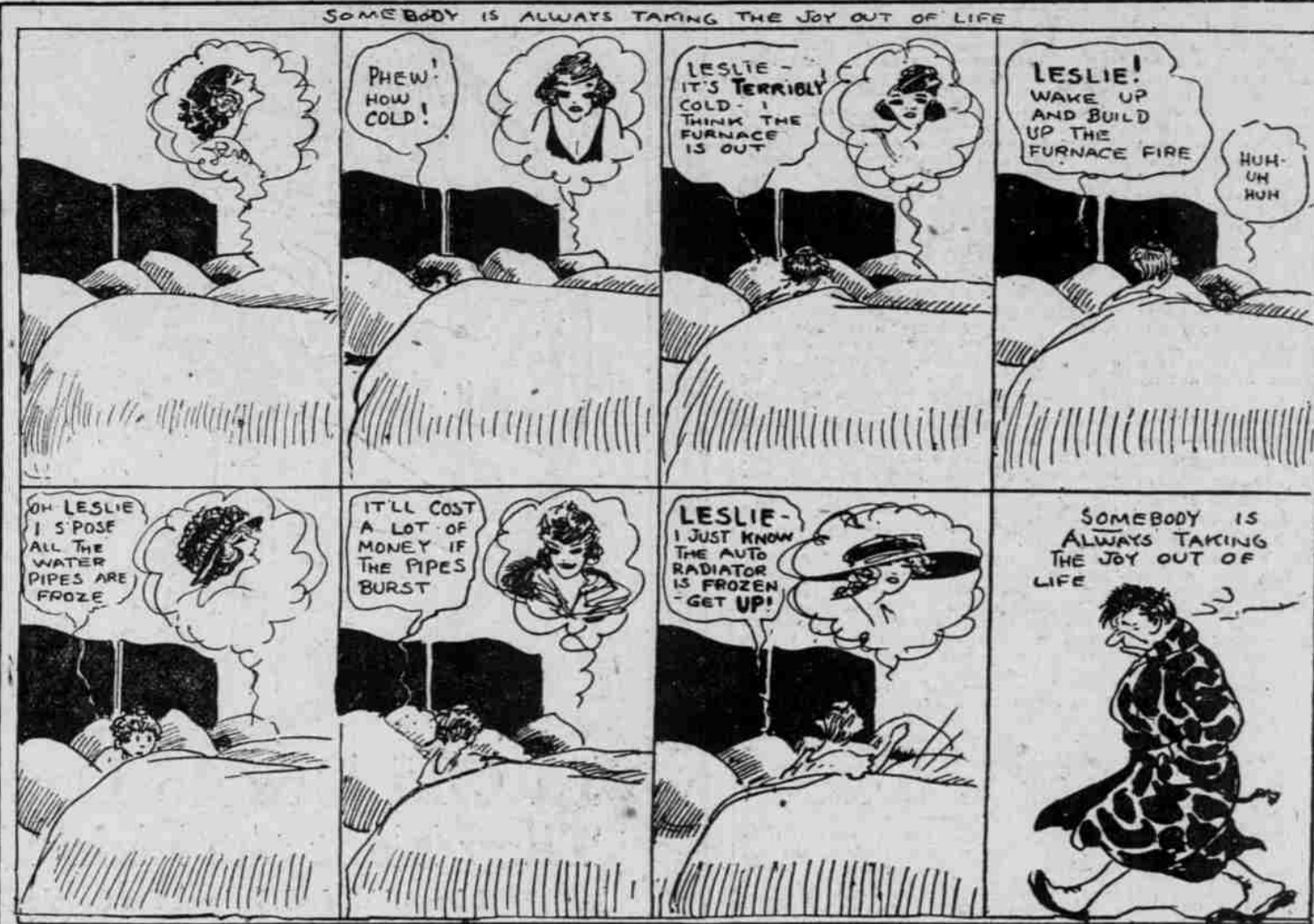
On Sunday we had that stirring hymn, "Oh Come, Oh Come, Emmanuel," sung to a weird minor chant. It has a wild, uncivilized sound. If I know anything, it is more ancient than Christianity, and was once sung as a pagan hymn to the sun. Perhaps sung by dancers encircling victims packed in wicker baskets, ready for the sacrifice; the same tune, but very different words.

We have a splendid organ, said to be one of the finest in the north of England, but it has the artistic temperament.

One Sunday it went on strike in the middle of the service and refused to do anything but growl like a den of lions begging for Daniels. A characteristic sound at our church is the crier of the orphans' wooden shoon coming up the aisle.

There was a curious advertisement.

ANYHOW, IT'S PERFECTLY PROPER TO LAUGH WITH BRIGGS



in the London papers a few days ago asking for someone to take care of a baby gorilla, wages 30 shillings a week. Imagine being nurse maid to such a baby as that! I would rather adopt a whole orphan asylum. One of the most popular peace occupations seems to be keeping rabbits. Such a contrast, I suppose, to killing Germans. I fill in my spare time by doing mild little bits of embroidery for Christmas presents. Reels of cotton are now 15 cents a reel and the thread is as rotten as possible. It is like "sewing with a baby's hat" as my old nurse used to say. (She usually described ready-made garments as "sewin' with a red-hot needle and a burning thread.") Tonight I hear the owls hooting. I think they all must be widow or widower owls mourning their dead. Such a dismal sound, it makes me feel lonely. I would rather hear the most exorcising squawk of an electric car going around a curve. This hooting makes my very soul shed tears. "General of No Retreat." Lieutenant-General Robert Lee Bullard, who has succeeded Major-General Thomas H. Barry as the commander of the department of the east, with headquarters on Governor's Island, is called "The General of No Retreat." In his citation of an American unit which captured Exy's wood, on the Meuse river, General Bullard ended it with "You are there; stay there!" This phrase became famous throughout the American expeditionary forces. When, July 15, 1918, General Bullard left a conference of French generals under whom he was operating he expressed regret that he could not obey orders to fall back. In explanation of his conduct the general said: "The American flag has been forced to retire. This is intolerable." He launched a counterattack by the Americans in this second battle of the Marne which proved to be the turning point of the war and enabled Marshal Foch to wrest the initiative from Ludendorff and Hindenburg. For his "disobedience" he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general. Son of a Confederate private soldier, of fighting blood, a friend of John J. Pershing at West Point, seasoned by gallant conduct in Mexico and made an international hero in the great war, General Bullard comes to his new post of responsibility with the love and respect of his country.

JOURNEYS THAT ARE UNPOPULAR PORTRAYED BY DARLING

