

PLEAS AND QUEUES

"I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a tree."

Joyce Kilmer

It being the time of year when all the trees are at the height of their perfection, so lovely and wonderful, the idea suggested itself to write of Joyce Kilmer, the young American soldier-poet whose poem called "Trees" has been perhaps more often quoted than any other in his two books of verse. He was killed in France in the summer of 1918, and I have only just read of mother's "Memories" which include over eighty letters she received from him, mostly written to her in England where she went each summer for several years before the war, though a few of them were dated Headquarters, France, A. E. F. when he was serving with the American colors.

"Memories" contains, also, a number of poems written by the poet to his mother on various birthdays, and Valentine's days. The one written on her birthday, August, 1914, which was sent to her with a book of poems, may be appropriately quoted here:

Greatest of critics, does your memory hold
(I know it does) a record of the days
When I, a school boy, earned your
generous praise.
For halting verse and stories crudely
told?
Over those boyish scrawls the years
have rolled,
They might not bear the world's un-
friendly gaze,
But still your smile shines down fam-
iliar ways,
Touches my words and turns their
dross to gold.

Dearest today than in that happy time,
Comes your high praise to make me
proud and strong.
In my poor notes you hear love's
splendid chime,
So unto you does this my work belong.
Take, then, this little book of fragile
rhyme:
Your heart will change it to authentic
song.

Golden Memories.
"And now he is gone, and I have
only memories to live on," writes
Joyce's mother, early in her book, add-
ing: "But such memories"—splendidly
heroic when one thinks of the loneli-
ness that must have been hers, for
they had been wonderful pals, for
she was "always the same age" as her
son, she says somewhere.

Never was a mother better loved
than I, and never a mother who was
a better comrade. I speak in all hum-
ility, but I know that our congenial
tastes made us entirely happy togeth-
er. I have every letter, and one, he
ever wrote to me, and my sleeping
room is full of his pictures from six
months to thirty years.
One of her golden memories of that
son, who touched the heights of gen-
ius in his poem "Trees," was of the
wonderful walks they had together one
summer in England, where she went
to arrange for a memorial window for
an English ancestor, Thomas Kilburn,
who had been church warden at Wood
Ditton in Cambridgeshire.

Mrs. Kilmer relates little incidents
that were the inspiration of some of
his poems. For instance, the last three
verses of "Roots" were inspired by the
sight of some gypsies breaking camp
in the Berkshires, forced to move away
(the writer says) on the complaint of
"some pharisaical person" while they
were on one of their long walks to-
gether. Joyce had said to her: "It
seems too bad the gypsies should al-
ways have to move around so," and
they both agreed that "some day"
they would buy a lot somewhere and
put up a sign

GYPSIES INVITED
To pitch their tents here
By order of
The Owners.

The lot was duly bought, but some-
how the sign was never put up, says
the mother. "Perhaps we realised when
we grew up (for my age was always

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KAISER'S FRIEND A SPY

(By Dominion News Service.)
BERLIN, June 13.—One of the grim-
est mysteries of the Great War has,
The secret, perfectly kept for more
than nine years, concerns the tragic
fate of a very close friend of two em-
perors: a man who, turning spy, en-
abled the Germans to win their deci-
sive victory against his own country,
Russia.

The victim of the tragedy, which
was so cleverly hushed up, was Lieut-
Colonel Mjassojedow, who, before the
war, was chief of the Russian Fron-
tier Gendarmes at Wirballen, on the
Lusso-German border.
He was as handsome as the typical
Russian officer of musical comedy; he
was a brilliant conversationalist in
half a dozen languages, and there were
few sports in which he did not excel.
He was equally welcome in the high
society of Berlin and Vienna as in that
of St. Petersburg.

He was a particular friend of the
Tsar Nicholas and of the Kaiser Wil-
helm, and was often sent by one to
the other to smooth away troubles
caused by political matters, and gen-
erally, to keep one court in personal
touch with the other.
Whenever the Kaiser went shooting
in the East of Germany, as he usually
did several times a year, Mjassojedow
was always one of his Majesty's guests
and there were few people whose com-
pany the monarch enjoyed so much.
Two years before the war, in February
1915, news reached Berlin that Mjassojedow
had been executed for espionage
in favor of Germany, and, as he
was disinclined to believe in it,
the Kaiser, he asked the German
Secret Service to try to find out the
facts of the case.

After pretending to take a great
deal of trouble, the Secret Service in-
deed found him that it had become in-
volved that the colonel had become in-
volved in a love affair, and that the court-
martial and execution had been "ar-
ranged" by a powerful German for-
eigner who was Mjassojedow's rival for
the affections of a beautiful St. Peters-
burg woman.

There was every reason for the
German Secret Service putting out
this story. No one wished to tell the
Kaiser that one of his best friends
was a spy, or to admit that his act of
espionage had resulted in Germany be-
ing able to win a big victory.
But the facts, which have now come
out, show that Mjassojedow was the
traitor of Tannenberg, the great four-
day battle between the Russians and
the Germans in East Russia at the
end of August, 1914.

The revelations are made in No. 14
of "The Archives of the Russian Revo-
lution."
Mjassojedow was arrested shortly
after this battle, and tried by court-
martial at Warsaw. The court con-
sisted of two general staff officers and
one regimental officer.
No one appeared either for the de-
fence or the prosecution. The witness-
es were heard, judgment pronounced,
and the sentence carried out in two
hours.

He was, in the first place, charged
with having betrayed to the Germans
the strength and positions of the
Russians on the Dembowa-Buda sec-
tion of the front.
As a general staff officer, he knew
all about these, to the most minute de-
tail. The chief witness declared that
Mjassojedow came to that part of the
front one day and made full inquiries
regarding the actual position in the
front line.

This completed his knowledge of the
situation of the Russian army.
In the marshy region over which the
battle was fought some days later
there were big gaps in the front, and
Mjassojedow, it is declared, simply
rode through one of these to the Ger-
man lines, gave his information "ac-
cording to plan," and rode back again.
On this charge he was found guilty,
and sentenced to degradation and
death.

A second charge was a curious one.
It was alleged that he took two terra
cotta statuettes from a house from
which the inhabitants had fled on the
approach of the armies. The court
regarded this as "plundering under
arms," and on that charge he was
sentenced to death.

A third charge was not at all clear.
It concerned the colonel's visit to the
Dembowa-Buda front. He was arrest-
ed on his return, and his answers to
questions put to him at once are said
to have been confused.
The president of the court-martial
ordered that the prisoner was to be
hanged at once, and his answers to
the chief witness declares that half
an hour after leaving the court he
passed one of the large cafes of War-
saw.

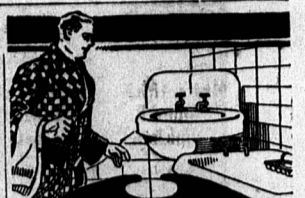
In it the three officers who had form-
ed the court-martial were sitting and
laughing—and drinking champagne.

A Higher Life
Each man has to seek out his own
special aptitude for a higher life in
the midst of the humble and inevitable
reality of daily existence. Than this
there can be no nobler aim in life. It
is only by the communication we have
with the Infinite that we are to be dis-
tinguished from each other.
Beauty and grandeur are everywhere,
for its needs are an unexpected in-
cident to reveal them to us. This is
known to nearly all men, but know it
though they may, it is only when for-
tune or death lashes them that they
grope around the wall of life in search
of the crevices through which God may
be seen.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

Many Things
A man must know many things first
before he is able truly and judicious-
ly to judge of another man's actions.
Whatever proceeds from the gods
deserves respect for their worth and
excellence; and whatsoever proceeds
from men, as they are our kinsmen,
should by us be entertained, with love,
always; sometimes, as proceeding from
their ignorance of that which is truly
good and bad, with a kind of pity and
compassion also.—Marcus Aurelius.

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