

# TRANSFIGURATION.

By Emil Locha.

The story which follows deserves a high place in the literature of the war. It is a piece of poetic symbolism, semidramatic in form. The dramatic representation of a dream is a popular literary device in Germany, and the inspiration for "Transfiguration" is undoubtedly to be found in Gerard Hauptmann's "Tranele's Himmelfahrt" and similar ventures of that order. Emil Locha is the author.

A snow-covered woodland. In it stands a little chapel, open in front; in the half-darkened background a statue of the Madonna with the Child; to her right and left two saints, a man and a woman, carved very simply out of wood. Their garments are a compromise between ordinary style and biblical tradition. A lamp hangs from the ceiling. At the entrance to the chapel stand two bushes of wild roses, whose stems shine red. It is snowing. Late afternoon.

A wounded soldier is led along by a comrade. He has not strength enough to drag himself farther.

The Soldier—Shall we be home soon, Brother?

The Comrade—Here is a dry place. Come, I will take you in. You can lie down a little while. I will get help and bring a litter. Then we will carry you to the relief station.

The Soldier—Yes, I will lie down. The Comrade—See there! A comfortable bench! (He places his hand on the bench as a pillow, spreads out his blanket, helps the wounded man to lie down and covers him with his coat.)

The Soldier—Is there anything to drink?

The Comrade—Still tea enough in the canteen. (He gives him a drink.) The Soldier—Thank you, Brother. Will you stay with me?

The Comrade—I am going to the relief station. I cannot carry you by myself. And there—don't you see?—I leave my canteen near your hand. There is more tea in it. And here are bacon and bread if you want to eat.

The Soldier—You will not leave me alone?

The Comrade—In half an hour I shall be back. Have you any pain?

The Soldier—No, keep as quiet as you can. (He gives him his hand; the soldier clings to it.)

The Soldier—I don't like to be left alone. It is dark and cold. And it will soon be night.

The Comrade—But, see here, Toni, isn't it better for me to bring somebody, so that you can be properly bandaged? We will have covering for you, and you will soon be in a soft, warm bed.

The Soldier (still holding the other's hand)—Brother, feel in my pocket.

The Comrade—In this one?

The Soldier—No; on the other side. The Comrade—Here?

The Soldier—Yes, is my notebook there? Or have I lost it?

Beautiful, Soft Hair.

The Comrade—No, it is there. The Soldier—Open it, please. Do you see the hair inside it? In a little piece of silk?

The Comrade—Yes, here. The Soldier—Put it in my hand. Do you notice how sweet it smells? It is my child's.

The Comrade—Beautiful, soft hair. The Soldier—Don't it? I have never seen it.

The Comrade—When was it born?

The Soldier—Let me think. It is 2 months and 3 weeks old. I had already left home.

The Comrade—A boy or a girl?

The Soldier—A boy. His name is Gottlieb.

The statue of the woman descends as if she were coming from outside of the storm.

The Soldier—God greet you, mother! (He gives her his hand and helps her out of her mantle.)

The Mother—Is the child good? I have something pretty for him if he is good. (She gives him a wooden horse and wheels.) How much he looks like you! Your very image!

The Child—Horse! Horse! The Soldier (hanging the whistle about the child's neck)—Now I will pull the horse and if he doesn't get up, you blow!

The Mother—Your uniform is so becoming. I love to look at you. Your father always looked so fine when he had his uniform on. But see that you become a sergeant, as he was! If you don't I shall be ashamed.

The Soldier—Don't be afraid, mother! I'll be one soon.

The Comrade.

The wife comes with a big soup bowl. The statue of the man has also come down from the pedestal. It is the Comrade. He lays aside his snowy cloak and appears in a spick and span uniform.

The Comrade—Greetings, all! The Soldier—Leopold! How nice that you are here!

The Comrade—I'm off duty until tomorrow evening.

The Wife—There's a plate waiting for you. Just as if we had known you were coming.

The Comrade—Didn't you know that I was coming? (Suddenly in an altered tone, very solemnly)—Is that bacon there? (The lamp grows dim. Silence.)

The Soldier (standing up)—Yes, Bacon! I brought it with me. (Shudders.) From far, far away. You, you, comrade. (He brings the bacon from the bench, which now looks like a couch, and puts it on the table.)

The Wife—The lamp burns badly the evening. (She turns up; the room is again bright and comfortable.) What! Gottlieb! He has a horse and whistle.

The Comrade (lifting the child up)—Guess what I am going to give him.

The Child—Okoladi! Okoladi! The Comrade—You little sly one, you'll be a minister some day. (He gives the child a piece of chocolate.)

The Wife—Wait until after the soup!

The Child—Okoladi! Okoladi! The Mother—If he eats no soup he gets no chocolate.

The Child—Soup! Soup! The Mother—Yes; but not so fast. Wait. I'll blow on it. Mother, serve it out, please. Otherwise the little scamp will give us no rest. (The mother serves the soup.)

The Soldier—Much work today?

The Comrade—Very easy. If it could only once get serious. Always to play at being soldier—that never satisfies anybody.

The Mother—Thank God, you only play at being soldier! You all don't know how terrible war is. We older people can tell you too much about that.

The Comrade—Oh, well, I'd like to get into the thick of it for once. Not always sit here and wait.

The Child—Okoladi!

The Wife—Now you get your chocolate from Uncle Leopold. But thank him first!

The Comrade—Don't spoil his pleasure by making him say thanks. He shall see whether he likes it.

The Child—Bacon!

The Comrade (suddenly standing up)—Is there more bacon here? (It becomes gloomier.)

Germany's Milk Supply.

Letter in New York World.

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Germany is an agricultural country. Hungary is agricultural, Austria is agricultural, Switzerland, Denmark and Bulgaria are, with the exception of Holland, Norway and Sweden, the greatest dairy countries in the world. Germany has access to all the supplies of milk that were ever available to her in time of peace. She not only has access to these sources of supply, but to those of Denmark and Bulgaria she has exclusive access, and to the supplies of Holland, the greatest of all producers, she has the easiest access of any consumer.

Now take the proposals of the propagandists. Three million babies would require at least 6,000,000 pounds of milk per day to alleviate their terrible suffering. Thirty thousand tons of milk are needed to feed these starving infants for one day. Now to the propagandists, who no doubt wish to take up a collection, propose to send a submarine load—two tons of powdered milk at most—equivalent to 10 tons of milk with the whole navy of the United States to see that it reaches the "3,000,000 little starving babies" as if this were a day's ration on the light. Stop some of this maudlin appeal to the unthinking.

New York, January 17. J. L. F.

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There are houses full of conveniences and luxuries in which no one is at home; the men and women who live in them are homeless. To such men and women, as to the men and women to whom marriage is a mere social contract and the family a mere social arrangement, there is no going home, no refuge for the spirit, no place of understanding and vision.

There are men and women in the world of today that these homeless men and women; restless, discontented, and unhappy, and it is hard to find a life in which there is no going home.

Love Can Never End.

The Soldier—Love can never end. It is beyond grief and death.

The Wife—And beyond tears.

The Soldier—If I ever die, you must be with me.

The Wife—We shall live always, you, I and our child.

She steps with the child into the shadows. Darkness becomes complete, except for the faint light of the hanging lamp. The chapel is again the same as at the beginning. The wild roses gleam red, stars look down on the glistening wood. After a while the comrade comes through the deep snow with two black mantled brethren, who carry a stretcher.

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The Second Brother—A wall!

The Comrade—That is the chapel.

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(He enters; they put the stretcher against the wall and remain standing at the entrance, each at his post.)

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The whole idea should be to make the indoors picnic as much like a real picnic as possible.

To begin with, make the house look as much like outdoors as you can. Have palms and ferns about, if you have any, and fill in the gaps with green crepe paper. A few dead branches of trees, with bits of green paper for leaves and pink paper for blossoms will transform any room into a veritable dell in the woods. And several little nooks and crannies fitted up in this way will delight the childish hearts for whom the picnic is given.

The children may all come in costume, if desired—in scouts' suits or Indian suits, or any other outdoor suits they may possess.

Outdoor games may be played, if possible. The rooms in which the picnic is given should be emptied, as much as possible, of breakables, so that "be careful" need not be spoken too often. And puffs in the corner, blindman's buff, tag and other simple outdoor games may safely be played.

Of course, the lunch is the important part of any picnic.

It should be packed in tiny baskets or boxes for each child. Paper napkins and paper plates should be used and paper cups may be used for water or lemonade—proper picnic beverages.

In each lunch box, there should be several sandwiches, an olive or two, a carefully packed and wrapped ice cream, and a ticket for redemption in the dining room.

If prizes are given for any of the games of competition, they might appropriately be bird or flower books, garden tools, or something else to do with the outdoors.

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