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People who have trouble about early rising should try sleeping out in these crisp November nights, using the starlit canopy for a blanket. It is really surprising how wide awake a man gets 4 o'clock of an armistice day morning. Just as the taxpayers are going out rabbit shooting — for hunting season is on. It seems the armistice doesn't apply to rabbits.

Youngsters are out parading in blue capes, fife and drum corps are rendering patriotic airs, piece by piece — especially the snare drummers who are giving a very good imitation of musketry — defending the bridge and Wall Streets millions — but down in the "bottoms" a squad of young men are blind and deaf to the exigencies of the hour, and are practicing football; wholly unconscious even of the fact that Armistice Day has no call upon their time in view of the prize we paid for it and what we got in return — the cost would have bought sixty Fourth of Julys, and that is why, I suppose, word has passed "ground" spend no more than one minute in petrified salutation. Older inhabitants were missing from the parade and I have a dark suspicion they were oiling their guns. It's just too bad for rabbits that I look down the barrel of that gun from the wrong end. There is no peace.

"I love you truly" means no war today.