



It's silence and night and the smell of the dead

And horror's not from terrible things—men torn to rags
by a shell,

And the whole trench swimming in blood and slush, like
a butcher's shop in Hell:

It's silence and night and the smell of the dead that shake
a man to the soul,

From Misery Farm to Dead Man's Ditch on a "no report"
patrol.

Five men back to the trench again, with a one-star loot in
charge,

Stumbling over the rusty tins and cursing blind and large.

Enter the trench log up to date by a guttering candle's
flare !

"No report" (save that Hell is dark, and we have just been
there).

CAPT. J. H. KNIGHT-ADKIN.

Can we be shaken to the soul ?

Are there elements in this war behind the lines to stir us to the sacrifice that we must make to keep our end up with those friends of ours who go out—some by night and some by day—but always some of them every day and every night—out into the hell of gun-fire and mud and death ?

The men in France realize that our stimulus to sacrifice is less vivid than theirs.

But they expect of us that we shall do our share—that we shall cut deep, get into the fight in a great way, put ourselves mentally, physically, spiritually, into the great passion to win which they all feel.

We must alter the whole manner of our living and do all we do from full hearts—save every dollar we can save—realizing a dollar today is touched with a sacred trust in favor of our fighting men.

We must save till the great fight is won—save with a high consecration—with a pitiless self-examination.

In this way we do that which in the end will count for victory—something which can be mentioned in the same breath with what they are giving—because it is all we can do.

And it must be done persistently, honorably, from the heart, in a way that will let us take those men by the hand and look them in the eyes without flinching.

We Can't Do Our Part With Merely a Thin Superficial Sympathy For Our Men---We Must Buy Bonds to Our Utmost!