

to mow them down like grass as they advance. I know just what you are thinking when you ask that question. I used to think that I would have to reconstitute my ideals, allow them to descend to a lower plane, in order to derive any satisfaction from even killing the enemy in battle. Now I admire the man who asks the doctor to patch him up a bit so that he can go out and get a few more "boches" before they finish him. Why shouldn't we derive some satisfaction at being able to help do away with a breed that cannot deal honestly, but practices deception at every turn; a breed that delights in flying above a procession of innocent women and children refugees, and shooting them down like dogs with the aviator's machine-gun; that will swoop down upon a Red Cross hospital tent, and deliberately inflict wounds on those already terribly wounded, and deliberately shoot down those beautiful souls, the Red Cross nurses, as they minister to those who are suffering; that practices the bombing of hospitals, and uses its own Red Cross hospital tents as a camouflage for ammunition dumps; that after the battle is over, deliberately shoots down our Red Cross personnel as they make an attempt to bring help to the wounded; a breed that sees nothing sacred in womanhood, that has no religion but its own desires, and knows no law but its own passions. Really I do not think even the most exacting of persons could have any compunctions of conscience about shooting down the class of people we have as our enemy. I have a firm conviction that our nation has been divinely called or favored to show to Germany and her allies that they cannot continue in their criminal policy indefinitely without answering for all the suffering and devastation that has been caused. After seeing what I have I am firmly convinced that our dead will not have died in vain, that those Americans who have lost loved ones in this war should not mourn but should take satisfaction. The greater the sacrifice, the greater will be their reward.