

Front, "and we'll give you victory." The German armies are probably saying the same to their workshops, and the matter boils down to a battle of the workshops—ours and theirs. The British Army doesn't want anything more than a fair show, and only the British workers can give it them. The Army is quite and cheerfully ready and willing to hunger and thirst, to perish from cold and bitter soaking wet, to wallow in the mud and misery of the trenches, to endure bodily discomfort and aching fatigue, long marches and longer outpost watchings, and lack of sleep and rest, to suffer frost-bite and disease, loss of limbs and sight, dreadful wounds and death, so that we may win the War. They can and will win, if the war-workers will back them up, will throw in the last ounce of energy and determination they possess, will fling aside the last atom of slackness or self-indulgence or bickering or selfishness.