

no, Tommy Atkins fights for something else that is wonderfully grander than money. Tommy Atkins does not fight for money. Tommy was equal to the occasion. He looked up at the big Prussian and he asked him what he fought for. "I fight for honor," said the Prussian. "Ah, yes," said Tommy, "we are both fighting for what we haven't got."

I told you that No-man's land was 35 yards across, in some places it is a half mile or a mile or more. On the other side, we have our front line trench. Behind that the support trench, about a quarter of a mile between them, and then the reserve trench and back and back and back to the line of our great guns and they are great mammoth guns, colossal. One Tommy was asked one day what they looked like. He said they looked like the day of judgment and they weighed something like a small factory. But have you ever thought of the distance between the German line of guns, 7 or 8 miles behind their lines, and our line of guns behind our lines and all the area between devastated. That area has been added to because the armies have been pressing each other to and fro and to and fro, and the area of destruction has widened with the pressure. To-day the area of destruction is 50 to 60 miles wide, 400 miles long, 60 miles wide, think of it.

I have been charmed beyond expression with your beautiful country. I have been here now nearly five weeks and I have travelled in the states of Iowa and Wisconsin and yesterday in your state, and I can't tell you how its loveliness and beauty and fertility have appealed to me; and yet, behind the charm of its beauty there has been sadness, because I could not forbear contrasting the beauty of your land, your happy fertile land, with the war-wasted land from which I came.

You know you might divide the people of France,—I know that many of you here to-day, are going back to your districts as missionaries of loyalty, will you tell your people something about the condition of these agriculturists of France?—you might divide the people of France into three great classes; the agriculturist behind the line, those whose homes were once behind the enemy line, those between the lines and those behind our lines. Thank God, you fathers and mothers of America, that your home is in this land. Although your boys are in the line you know it is a fine thing for the American lads to fight with the knowledge that their homes are safe, they have no anxiety or dread about their home behind. When your American lads are fighting they can face their front and say, "It is all right behind." Ah, it means everything. "Our homes are three thousand miles back and they are safe." Look at that Frenchman, fighting in the front line, a young married man. All married men of England and France are called up; you call yours "boys," do you not? We call ours "inen," "men," our men are gone. You could not find an audience like this this morning in any country in the world outside of America, in any fighting country of the world outside of America an audience of this description would be impossible. Men have gone,—aye, and men have died. Think of that young Frenchman fighting the line a married man. His home,—he has got no home,—his home in enemy hands, his wife taken away, he knows not where, to be a slave or worse, his little children pariahs and outcasts save as they are picked up by the tender, the wonderful, the merciful ministrations of your great American Red Cross. (Applause.) But that man can't think of home. I tell you, men and women, that man's home, if he could see it would be a horror. Oh, I have been there, I have been through the Somme fight, I have seen these people when we passed them back and some of those French homes were horrors.