

An American Boy Who Died For Us.

"Yes, My Dearest Folks, We Are Indeed Doing The World's Work Over Here, And I Am In It To The Finish."

"I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn promise that must be years to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

—President Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston, who lost five sons killed in battle, November 21, 1864.

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

—Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, 1863.

"The Almighty has His own purposes."

—Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865.

Those great sayings of the great Abraham Lincoln fittingly precede this moving story of an American boy of 24 who laid down his life for us a few days ago.

His marvelous tale is finely told by the Observer. But the spirit which moved this young hero to take up the sword for England and for Freedom was enshrined for ever by himself in a letter which is one of the finest statements of the Allies' case yet penned.

To My Dearest Folks,

It was written last January, and has added light now that its writer laid down his life, as he was willing to do, to help "the world's work."

Here is the letter, which says all there is to say of it. It was written to "my dearest folks."

An Immortal Letter.

"I am now no longer untried. Two weeks' action in a great battle is to my credit, and if my faith in the wisdom of my course or my enthusiasm for the cause had been due to fall it would have done so during that time. But it has only become stronger; I find myself a soldier among millions of others in the great Allied armies fighting for all I believe right and civilized and humane against a power which is evil and which right we prize and the freedom we enjoy."

"It may seem to you that for me this is all quite untried, for that it can only mean either the supreme sacrifice for nothing, or at best some of the best years of my life wasted; but I tell you that not only am I willing to give my life to this enterprise (for that is comparatively easy except when I think of you), but that I firmly believe—if I live through it to spend a useful lifetime with you—that never will I have an opportunity to gain so much honourable advancement for my own soul or to do so much for the cause of the world's progress, as I have here daily defending the liberty that mankind has so far gained against the attack of an enemy."

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who would deprive us of it and set the world back some centuries if he could have his way.

"I think less of myself than I did less of the heights of personal success I aspired to climb, and more of the service that each of us must render in payment for the right to live and by virtue of which only we can progress."

"Yes, my dearest folks, we are indeed doing the world's work over here, and I am in it to the finish."

The Writer.

"That is a magnificent letter in the height of character, the earnestness of thought, the steady strength of mind and heart it reveals," says the Observer. "None of us can read it without being moved and fortified. That phrase about 'honourable advancement for my own soul' is one that deserves never to die. Rarely has the cause of the Allies been vindicated with more moral force; never was that cause sealed by a purer sacrifice."

Now for the story of the 24 years which went to the making of Second-Lieutenant Harry Butters, American citizen of California, and officer in the British Army.

"We hope that the readers of the Observer will bow their heads in honour and in reverence to this splendid young American citizen," says the Editor. "He has laid down his life for England, the country he loved next to his own and for the Allies' cause he held to be the best and greatest that had ever been at stake in the world. At the age of 24 he was killed on Thursday night, August 31, by the same shell that killed his battery commander. He was no ordinary man."

"As his example and purpose are better understood, his memory will win more than a passing thought from many on both sides of the Atlantic who never knew him. Those who did know him on this side mourn with deep sadness his early death and will always hold him in mind with affectionate pride. He is to be honoured not only like our own, but with especial gratitude. Our own boys go forth in a temper that makes dress of all careful egotism in respect of their safety or any other personal interest. But they go forth in duty."

This American Boy.

"This American boy—and what a straight, upstanding pattern of youth and strength he was—owed us no duty and he gave us all. He gave it not impulsively nor in adventurous recklessness, but with a settled enthusiasm belonging to the depth and not the tumult of the soul. How much he gave is worth considering. His personal endowments and opportunities were such that when he made up his mind to quit everything in his bright California and to come into the war, his choice was heroic in the fullest sense of that word."

"Born in South Africa, where his family had business connections, he was the only son of the late H. Butters, of Alta Vista, San Francisco, who had large interests in mines and railways. He was the nephew and heir of the well-known mining engineer, Mr. Charles Butters, who is still resident on the Pacific slope. The boy who was to die in action as a British officer was educated at first in California, but then came to this country and went to Beaumont College, Old Windsor. There he learned to know the meaning of England, her scenes, her history, and he was enchanted. He was devoted to his school. That devotion, one thinks, played its part in bringing him back when he thought that the old land was in the fight for all her centuries, that she, too, might have kept out of it, but that her cause was pure and glorious, that her entry into the struggle was a saving decision in the everlasting choice between right and wrong."

The Choice.

"When he went back to America he was a young man of mark, framed to excel both in sport and affairs. He was very tall, supple, active, frank

and comely of face, as gay as he was good-looking. You saw by a glance at his hands, that he had a born instinct for management and technique. He had been a good deal at sea. He knew all about horses and motor-cars. He was a crack shot and a fine polo-player. His business ability was shown as soon as he took over the management of his father's estates."

An American Citizen.

"Like so many of our own young soldiers in their attitude towards politics, he was not content with either of the old parties in the United States. He thought that his own generation, if it was earnest enough, might make a better hand both of social problems and world relations. He had hoped to play his part. Though he always thought of himself in a fine spirit as 'an American citizen,' he wanted the United States to take a full share in the wider life of the world, and especially to work as far as possible for common ideals with the whole English-speaking race."

"So when the news of the war came to San Francisco he put aside as fair a prospect of wealth, success, happiness and a long life as could well open before a young man, and determined to throw in his lot with the old country and the Allies in the fight for civilisation against all the armed might of lawless iniquity which had flung itself on Belgium."

"He was then 22. He arrived in England in the early part of 1915 to join the British Army, and no military eye could doubt that the British Army had got a rare recruit. Harry Butters got his first commission in the 11th Royal Warwickshire Regiment. Afterwards his technical faculty found more congenial scope when he transferred to the R. F. A. While training he stayed a good deal at the Rectory, Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos. The Rector writes: 'He was a warm-hearted, fearless young officer—as fine an American gentleman as ever crossed the Atlantic. It is much to say, but it is true.'"

"When he went to the front last

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year he saw heavy fighting in the British offensive of September, 1915. He described that action with graphic directness in a long letter which was printed in the San Francisco Argonaut last January (quoted above).

"In It to the Finish."

"His Captain writes after his death: 'He was with his guns and no one could have died in a nobler way. . . . He was one of the brightest, cheeriest boys I have ever known, and always the life and soul of the mess. . . . We all realised his nobility in coming to the help of another country—entirely of his own free will, and understood what a big heart he had. He was loved by all.'"

"He is 'in it to the finish' indeed with comrades of his adoption who have passed with him," adds the Observer. "He takes his last sleep out there with so many of the brave and true, where none was braver and truer than he, and amongst the recollections of the great war his name will not be forgotten. Beaumont will take care of that. In his old college we doubt not he will have his permanent memorial. In our thoughts the flags of Britain and America cover his heart with double honour. We shall never see them entwined again without thinking of him."

"No American can read these lines without being proud of him. No Briton can read them without feelings deeper, more moved, than can be said in any words. We are grateful, as he would have liked, to his America that bred him. We are grateful to his 'dearest folks,' though they were not all with him in his course, for no man could be what he was without being the scion of a strong stock."

"Saying 'Come'."

"Since he came from California what epitaph can compare with these verses of Bret Harte, which might have been written for Harry Butters and never suited better the life and death of any Californian of them all, though it is a gallant State:—

"Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying, 'Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted,' said the
quick alarming drum."

"Let me of my heart take counsel;
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?
But the drum
Echoed, 'Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest,'
said the solemn-sounding drum."

We hope every American paper will honour itself and the dead by printing that fine tribute to one of America's finest sons.

Restoration of Speech.

(From the Westminster Gazette.)
Almost daily we hear of some new instance of the restoration of speech lost by shell-shock. In discussing the subject a week ago the Observer gave the following list of strange cures which it had noticed:

- (1) Grew excited over a game of cards.
 - (2) Fell downstairs.
 - (3) Had a tooth pulled out at the dentist—without anaesthetic.
 - (4) Choked through inhaling cigarette smoke.
 - (5) Underwent a flash-light photograph.
 - (6) Put the wrong end of a lighted cigarette into his mouth.
- And, strangely enough, in the same issue of the paper was set out another cure occasioned by seeing the Somme film. This morning we read of a speechless soldier who was tendered twopenny change from a whiffing after buying a twopenny article, and at once blurted out: "Here, I want twopenny change, not twopenny." All the cures save the last one are elements of surprise—a shock is the antidote to the consequences of shock—but to the latter the worst cure of all would probably be that of receiving insufficient change. We are gathering a long list of harmless remedies which it will be possible to try in succession.

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The cold weather is for these, they are for the school boys, low running about, shades of Navy, Brown, assorted sizes up to \$1.50. Fri., Sat.

Boy's Soft Hats.

Assorted shades in closely stitched ribbed crowns, quick knockabout wear. Friday, Saturday and

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In natural chambray. Sunday wear, thumb, closed wrist. Reg. 65c. Friday, Monday

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Two distinct styles buttoned up snug, and Cardigan, an cold weather wear, door workman. Reg. Fri., Sat. and Mon.

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