

# ONE AND ALL.

(The Young Men ask a Question)

*What sends our hearts to zero, tho' England's calling, Come?  
The Balaclava Hero, in workhouse, doss, and slum.*

Hold hard before you call us names,  
We're not afraid to die,  
We'll down our tools, we'll quit our games,  
We'll learn to shoot or fly,  
We'll march until our feet are sore,  
We'll stand until we're stunned;  
But will YOU find two millions more  
To swell the women's fund?

We are rolling up in thousands, and we're not afraid to die;  
We are ready with our bodies, and we've kissed our girls good-bye;  
Don't forget what we are giving, we who have to earn our living,  
Don't forget what risks we're taking, we who've naught but our own making;  
You have told us, pretty nasty, to stand up and face the smash;  
Well, we're standing up in thousands—are you putting down the cash?

We're giving up our so-and-so,  
Our fun and all the rest;  
Your little street-bred people go  
To fight their little best;  
Our youth, our strength, will put it thro',  
We'll do what England bids;  
But you're a part of England, too—  
Now, what about the Kids?

Before you call us hang-backs, face  
This simple piece of Krupp—  
You've got to fill the earner's place,  
WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN UP?  
Old sport, you mustn't scorn the ruck  
And sneer 'em out of bounds,  
Not till the FUND that shows YOUR pluck  
Is Fifty Million Pounds.

The young man gives his trashy all  
And gives it with his heart,  
The rich man of his lucky haul  
Gives but a tiny part.  
Most precious, precious things we've quit  
Altho' our homes are poor;  
Gents, while we're standing up to hit  
The wolf is at the door.

We are rolling up in thousands and we've chucked our jobs behind,  
We have kissed our girls and mothers, and we've told them not to mind;  
Don't forget what we are losing, we who've done our bit of choosing,  
Don't forget the risks we're running, we who've got our dose of cunning;  
You have told us, mighty bitter, to come out and save the crash;  
Well, we're coming out in thousands—are you holding back the cash?

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The Balaclava Hero, in workhouse, doss, and slum.*

—HAROLD BEGBIE.

All classes of Frenchwomen are helping in Red Cross work. Photo shows two leaders of French Society assisting in the removal of the wounded from train to hospital in Paris. (Photo, Newspaper Illustrations)