

song of the messengers of death that some time may touch me and take me back to the Gods who sent me here. I will go out in the dim dawn when the coming day is casting the sky in pearl to face the rifles and the cannonade, and maybe die, that you and yours may not have to be spattered with the blood of war or fight grimly for your lives. I (and there are three million of me) will leave behind all dreams of life and love; the sweet caresses of women and the smile of pleasure; the chance to profit and to be clothed in soft raiment and sit at feasts; to lie beneath the peaceful stars, as I did last night, and to listen to the promise of the west wind that sweeps across my homeland. I will go to France to fight. Some night, when I am out there looking up at the crimsoned sky, which tomorrow night I may not see, I shall be thinking of you (and there are thirty millions of you), my partners in this great sacrifice. I shall dream there, on that ensanguined soil, of the ideals for which I fight and the Justice and Liberty for which you and I are laying aside each our possessions, our loves and our friends and for which I am going nine steps further and offering my life. I shall think of the homeland for which I am bearing all, of its green hills and valleys, and of those blue eyes which may not soon again, or forever, mirror the love in mine. And, glorious above the sparkle of jewelled minarets in the evening sun, I shall see the radiance of that great god, Justice, that we uphold and for which I am ready to die. I am willing (and, remember, I am three million) to make the supreme sacrifice. I do not ask you to follow me, but I do ask you to give up all you possess, except the simpler luxuries and comforts and pleasures of life, and to abandon all hoards of surplus wealth that were made for you by other hands. And for God's sake, do not fail me!

"You must see what it would mean to me if you did fail. When I come back from over there I will come with the glow in my soul of duty done, the wonderful purification of one who, facing the ultimate of the body has felt his ideals lift him toward the heavens until he almost could see God. I will come walking with outstretched hands toward the sunrise of Liberty, Justice and Peace; not

as I have known them before, but liberty for the mind, justice for the poor, peace for those that labor. I shall come from where I have seen the naked hearts of brave men, believing in the nobility of humanity. And my heart will be beating swiftly with the thought that I have done the set task and that for mankind I have perpetuated liberty and kept murder from their throats, thrilling with the altruistic beauty of a people who can give their ease, their property, their all that the World may be safe for Democracy.

"But, suppose you fail me. Suppose I come back to find you (and there are thirty millions of you) have eaten dinners and drunk wine while I was gone; that you have slept in soft couches of love and your days have passed pleasantly, and that with these days your fortune has grown and the future luxury of you and yours has become, more sure by the added gold in your bank; that you have builded great places where men and women must labor on your terms for your profit, and that while my family, my arm, my leg, or eye, or health or maybe life, has been freely given by me to protect you, you have in frenzy reached for more of the coins that mean ease for you, and for me returned penniless from the war, industrial slavery to you.

"Can't you see what that would mean? Can't you see that my soul that had grown to beauty and become filled with love, might revolt and turn to me and say:

"And that he might fill his flesh-pots, you have spilled young blood and faced the last most solemn sacrifice. The mothers who weep in Germany, weep that he may have more ease, and mothers in America have borne sons to rot on French soil that he may leave his children wealth to place them in a better class than a poor and humble soldier's child may ever reach."

"I am afraid to think of this. I fear that if I returned to find that you have not kept your pledge to 'give all that I possess' as I have kept mine, I should turn on you and with the bayonet that has been pointed to brave men who fought, strike at you. I am afraid even of the vision of this, yet I know if you fail me, it may be true. If I come back elated with my ideals and find you have not given