

Lest We Forget

“He who can forget the little ones that lie mangled 50 fathoms deep under the shattered hulk of the Lusitania; who has no reverence for the dead and their devotion, no prayer for the dying and their anguish, no pity for the bereaved and the broken; whose blood is not quickened by our perils, whose heart is not softened by our pains; who reads unmoved of blasted homes and wasted countrysides, of desolated cities, and desecrated shrines, of heroic Belgium, overrun but not conquered; of epic France and the noble dead that lie buried there--the great dead that fought and the innocent dead that merely wept and waited.

“He who can forget those things, or be indifferent to the sacrifices and the sorrows, the bereavements, and the burdens of Freedom's Gethsemanes--that man is a Hun at heart, for the crimes that none but a Hun can commit, none but a Hun can forget.”

After a reading of this do you not feel more desirous than ever of saving to the utmost of your capacity and of buying War Savings Stamps?

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