

## "The Army and the Navy Will Dig the Huns' Grave BUT WE Must Furnish the Spade." By Rev. William A. Sunday

Uncle Sam's Liberty war chest needs filling again!
We have the cash to fill it as many times as he lifts the lid
There are only two horns to this dilemma-you are either a patriot
The men on the firing line and on the battleships have turned from business, home, mother, wife, children, and they stand ready to give their lives and shield
with their bodies us who remain at home.

We are unworthy to be thus protected, if we do not do our utmost to
We must be one in our determination to win this war. We are traitors harder.

Life is not worth living unless there is something to live for. Life
That is why they cannot win. That is why we cannot lose.

What a mountain of crime God has on his books against that horde Hellish Huns. What grave is deep enough for this thousand-armed, thousand-footed, thouor of the earth and ambassador of H ell

The army and navy will dig the grave, but we must furnish the spade. Our boys will soon hang crepe on the door of the Potsdam Palace, he bands will play "Yankee-Doodle" and "Dixie" along the Rhine. Uncle Sam is the cactus in the kaiser's pillow.
Our Boys have gone over to clean up on that fool bunch of Huns and it is up to us to supply them with whatever they need to finish the job. It takes money to keep the riveters riveting-the sawyers sawing-the machine guns spitting bullets and the
grub wagon always on hand with the eats. There is nothing too good for our brave defenders. Our vocabulary contains no words adequate to express our approval of the ground; we are rich under the ground and our rivers creep like silver serpents to the seas, bearing our product

The children of England, France, Italy and Belgium are laughing every two minutes, one hog out of every four, nine million pounds of meat a day- all $\begin{aligned} & \text { going } \\ & \text { over to feed our boys. We are in this scrap to the last dollar, the last grain of wheat, the }\end{aligned}$ over to
last day

We will never stop until Germany dips her dirty blood-stained rag to the Stars and Stripes. It's a whale of a job we've tackled, but we can and must put it over. But you must help.

Don't whine. Don't knock. You can't saw wood with a hammer. Don't turn the hose on the fire; add fuel.
BUY A BOND AND KEEP IT

