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XXV: Adieu - A Poem

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XXV

ADIEU

Farewell, fair France, with all thy ancient glory, Crusaders new have trod thy sacred soil, To weave again the warp and woof of story— Of death and life—of wartime's tortured toil.

For once again beneath fair triumph's graceful arch,
Brave men in khaki have held their steady tread;
Entombed below thy poppies and thy larch,
In sleep eternal, lie our heroic dead.

Hold sacred those who with us may not go,

Who with thee strove that all might evermore be free,
Whose loved ones' hearts are bleeding now with woe—

Whose holy dust we leave to lie with thee.

With mingled grief and forward-looking joy,

Thy storm-swept shores in mist may slowly fade away,
But through the years, when memory's wings deploy,

Our hearts shall faster beat as we recall this day.

W. M. L. C.

The war cost the United States a little more than \$1,500,000 an hour.

After the associate hand of America went in, it lasted 14,000 hours more and cost all of the European Allies combined, out of their own resources, a little less than \$2,750,000 an hour.

Garet Garrett.

War is not paid for in war time, the bill comes later.—Benjamin Franklin.