

WHERE WERE YOU?

Where were you in the day of the tempest
 When the thunders shook the world
 And the cry went up through the heavens
 And the solid hills were hurled?
 Were you camped in the tents of comfort?
 Were you breast to breast with the woe?
 I write in the Book of the Ages
 That the World may see and know.

When the drums pealed out at mid-night
 And the bugles shrilled at dawn,
 And the stalwart brothers rose and sped
 Where the darkening host rolled on,
 When sharp from the tortured nations
 Came the cry for brain and hand,
 Did you march with the hurrying heroes
 Did you answer the call of the Land?

When the days were big and stirring
 And the thrill was in the air,
 When the League of Man was rising
 Though the clouds were everywhere,
 Did you catch the beauteous Vision
 Dawning through the sky of pain?
 Did you watch the sea-lights beckoning
 To your place along the Aisne?
 Never more in all the ages
 Will such royal summons come
 As that call that woke the nations
 At the rattle of the drum.
 When the shrill alarm was sounded
 That the foe was breaking through,
 And the night was closing over,
 Brother, sister, where were you?

When the World of light and beauty
 Paused and staggered from her goal,
 Did you round the freeman's bullet
 For that battle for the Soul?
 Did you wind the needed linen?
 Reach down deep and give and give
 Did you shout the passing thousands
 That the dying lands might live?

I canvass the golden cities
 Where the scatheless towers stand;
 I silence the sounding places;
 I search through the fruitful land.
 Where the rising decks strained seaward,

Did you labor, stript and brown?
 In the double furrow round the fall?
 Did you watch the sun go down?

Granite shafts are over yonder
 Soaring up the peaceful blue;
 Arch on arch with bronzed statues
 Tell what clasped hands can do.
 Did you watch the ships returning,
 Proud to know he took his chance?
 Does your moistened eye go seaward
 When you say "the soil of France?"

I am He that calls the nations
 Up the heights since time began;
 I am She that holds the balance
 For the pouring days of man;
 And I write in the Book of the Ages
 That the World may see and know.
 Where were you when the Hun came gleaming
 In the pride of his terrible blow?

CARRYING A STIFF



ATTENTION

Boyle



CANDIES

Martha Washington,
 80c the lb.

Wilbys, \$1.10 the lb.

Johnstons Chocolates.
 All Sizes and Prices.

BLAIR BROS & CO.

405 East Ave, Charlotte, N. C.