THE CADUCEUS.

## WHERE WERE YOU?

Where were you in the day of the hen the thunders shook the world tempest When

And the cry went up through the

Were you breast to breast with the

And the solid hills were hurled?

When the drums pealed out at midnight

And the bugles shrilled at dawn, And the stalwart brothers rose and

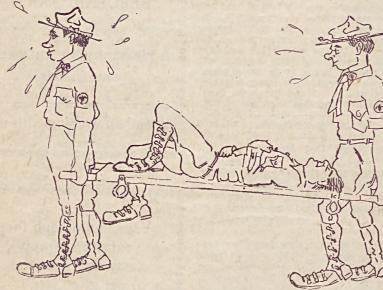
sped Where the darkening host rolled on, Were you camped in the tents of com-When sharp from the tortured nations

Came the cry for brain and hand, Did you march with the hurrying he

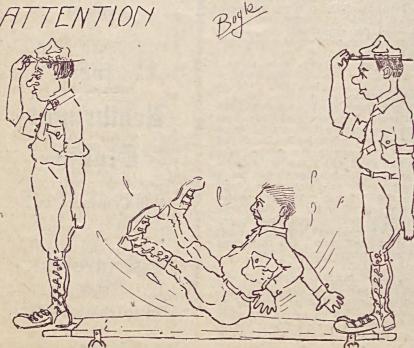
roes Did you answer the call of the

write in the Book of the Ages That the World may see and know. Land?

CARRYING A STIFF



ATTENTION



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 sea ward,

Did you labor, stript and brown? In the double furrow round the field 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 Franc

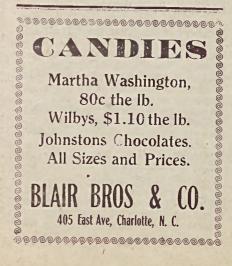
I am He that calls the nations Up the heights since time began;

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?



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