



They Got There In Time

They are in the fight with every muscle, every faculty of their minds, every drop of their American blood

to reject every criticism of the kaiser and his "war lords."
Drew Caissons When Horses Died.
 There are many tales of heroism in the fighting in France. One concerns a number of boys, belonging to an artillery group, which as a result of constant fire found itself short of ammunition. The lads had volunteered to make a three-mile trip down the road, every inch of which was shell-swept, in order to bring back a fresh supply.
 Before the return was completed the horses attached to their caisson wagon were all killed. That circumstance, however, failed to deter the Americans from laboriously dragging the wagon themselves.
 American citizens in this community

(From the New York Times, July 17, 1918)

You have read in the daily news the story of what one detachment of American artillerymen did on the Marne when their ammunition was running low.

Every shell in that caisson meant a speedier winning of the war—all the horses were killed—but the shells got there just the same. And they got there in time.

Where shall we draw the limit when we read what they are doing over there? Now is the time to put our full strength into it. Our strength, coupled with the power of our Allies, will win. Let us not delay even a few months.

Let us get there in time to hasten the victory—to save the lives of our sons.

How can any one of us, back here at home, set any limit to the help we ought to give—for victory? And we must get it there in time!

**We Must
 Lend the
 Way They
 Fight—
 We Must
 Buy Bonds
 to
 Our Very
 Utmost!**

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