

A Scrap Book for
Our Soldiers & Sailors

Made by Buena Vista Library forec:
Esther Aitken

Address Ruth Meighen
Edith Cooke

with contributions

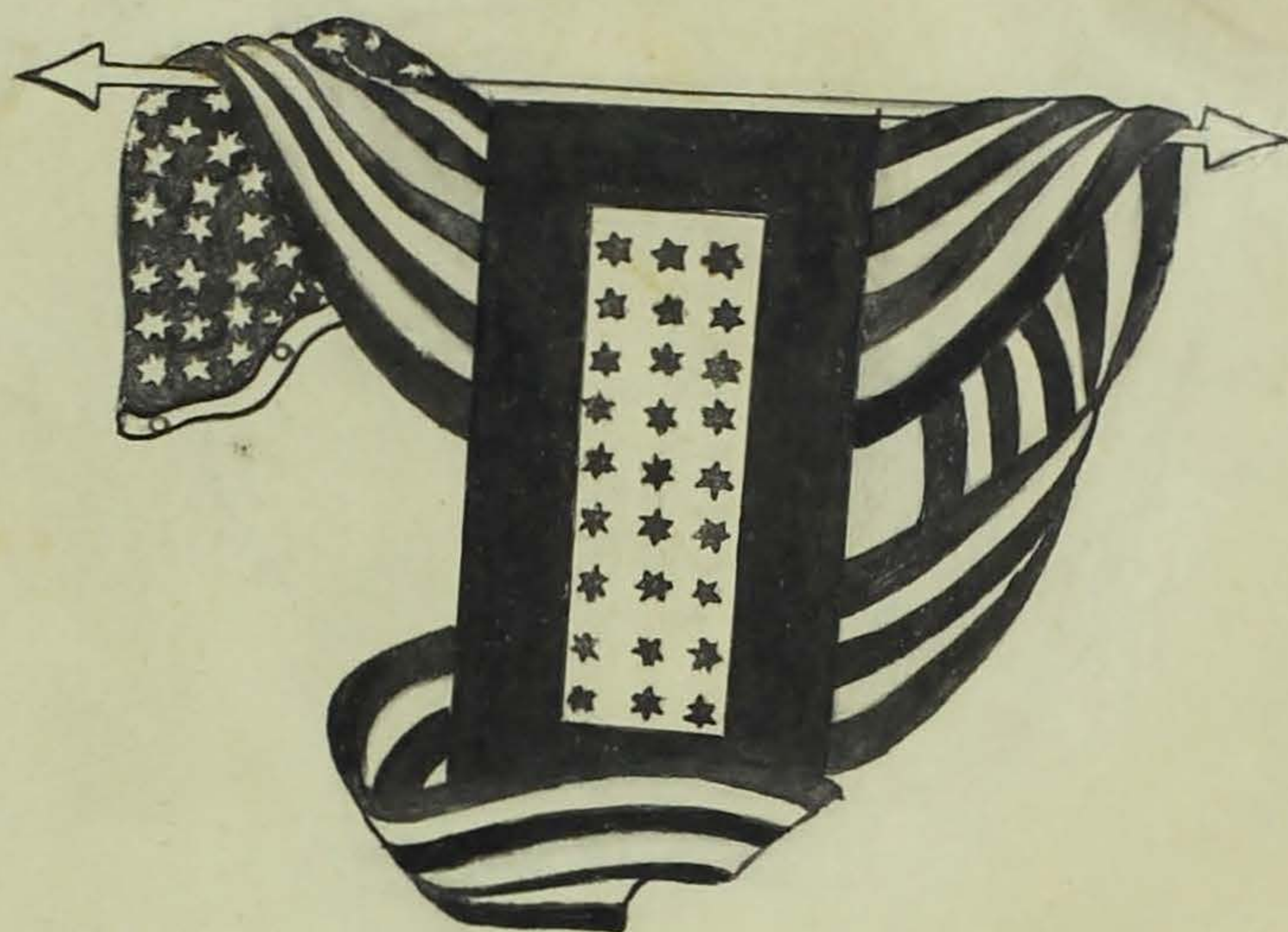
from the Juniors.

FRANKLIN SOCIETY DEDICATES FLAG

Twenty-Five Franklins are
Serving in Different Parts
of the World

A Service Flag with twenty-five stars was dedicated by the Franklin Literary Society on Monday, May 27, to Franklins past and present who are serving in the war.

The program opened with the singing of "America," and after a piano number by Miss Ruby Angier and a reading by Miss Marie Doxsee, Miss Eva May made the dedication speech. While she was unveiling the flag, the distant call of the bugle was heard. This little touch added to the effectiveness of the scene. She then read the list of the men who were on the flag.



DEDICATION
OF
SERVICE FLAG

MAY 27

OPEN TO ALL

EIGHT O'CLOCK

Poster - Dedication of Franklin
Service Flag.





PERISHABLE

From Punch

MOTHER. Good gracious! That's not your new best hat?

CHILD. Well, Mother, you know I told you when we got it that it wouldn't wear well.

MOTHER. I don't remember your saying so.

CHILD. Yes, Mother. Surely you remember I said, "The first time that hat's sat on it's done for"?

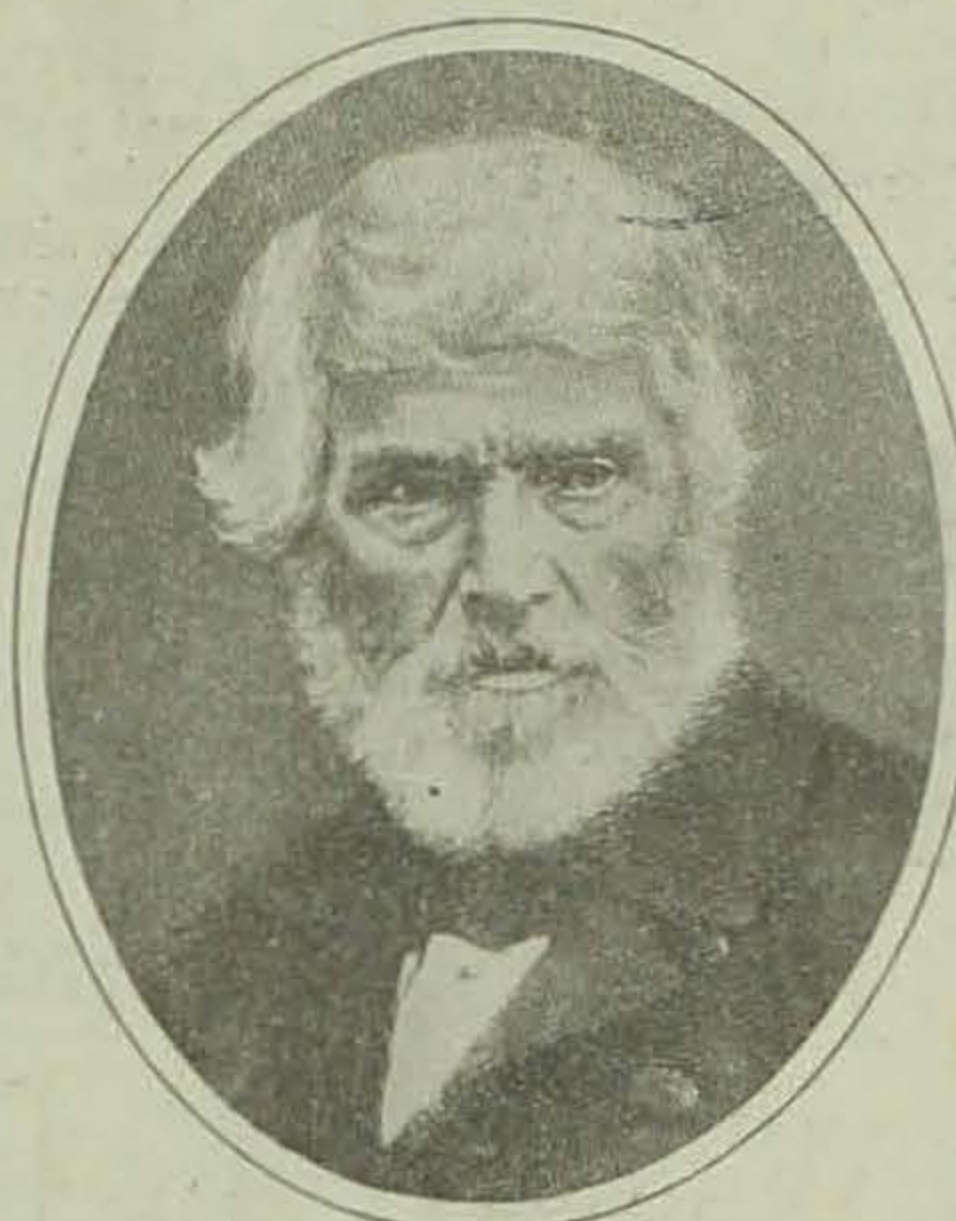
This is His Week

Thomas Carlyle was born in this week—December 4, 1795. He died in 1881. Here are some interesting facts about him that are well worth knowing. THE EDITOR.

THOMAS CARLYLE ascended painfully from the condition of a mason's son in a poor Scotch village to the undisputed primacy of his day in English letters. At fifteen he walked all the way from the Highland village, Ecclefechan, where he was born, to Edinburgh, to enter the University. He had a pack of clothes on his back and a few pounds in his pocket to pay for his first quarter's tuition. The stories that are related of his immense reading during his university days are almost fabulous.

"There is a boy of sixteen in my form who has read, so it seems to me, more than all the men of letters, thinkers, preachers, philosophers, historians, and ladies of leisure in the United Kingdom put together have read—classic, medieval, and present," wrote one of his masters to a friend in London.

It was not until Carlyle was thirty-five, however, and had spent many years of drudgery in teaching, that the furious, fiery style that has been called "Carlylese" began to develop. At thirty his writing was precise, but colorless, without character or form. Then—"overnight," as he tells us—the inability to express himself as he wished to was stricken away. "My mind followed my hand and my hand followed my mind. I never had any more trouble in writing."

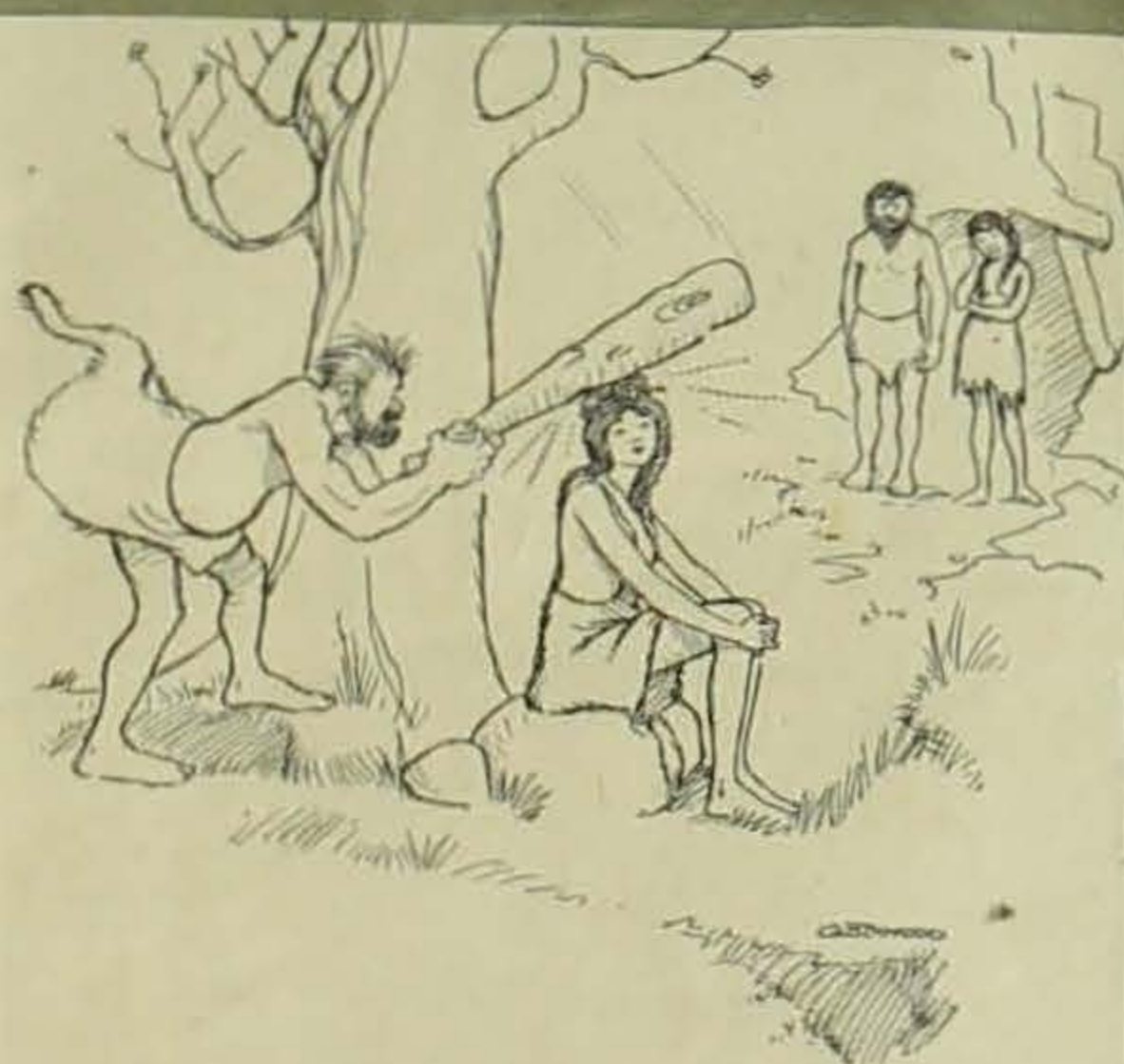


After that Carlyle wrote prolifically. He pleaded for the education of the masses, and ceaselessly arraigned the "selfish and irresponsible individualism of the few." He was a fierce opponent of "individualism," and invented the word. He declared that the "individualism" that created Napoleon (and that has now created the Kaiser) would one day destroy the human race. Through his translations of Goethe England discovered German literature.

Carlyle was the first to advocate emigration as a solution to some of the social ills of the British Isles. To some degree, at least, the great influx of Scotch Irish into this country which started in 1846 began as a result of his essay, "Emigration."



At Camp Dodge



Prehistoric Mother: I'M AFRAID MARY WILL NEVER MARRY—SHE'S TOO INDIFFERENT.
Mary Who?



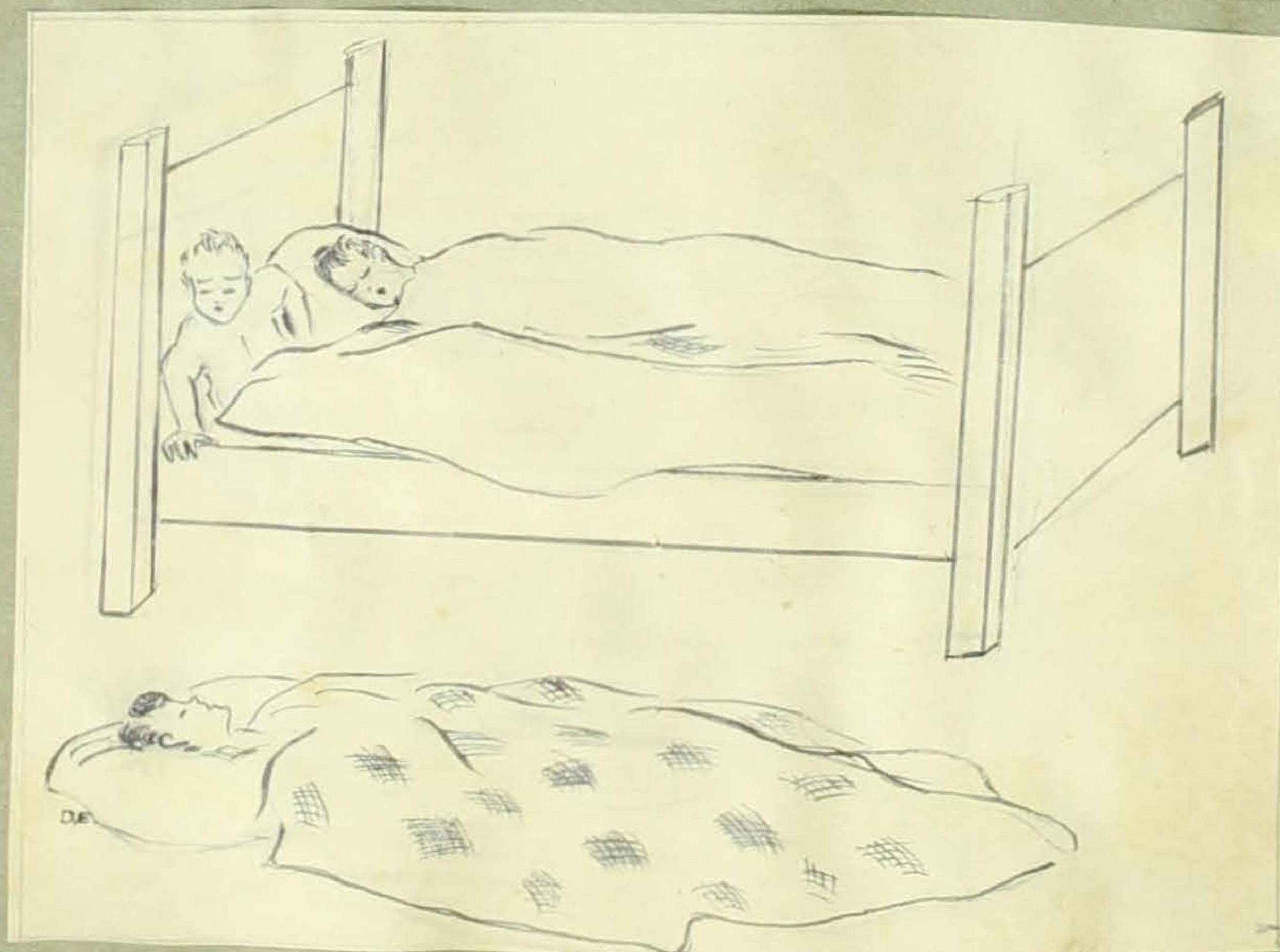
Hello!



cat
cup: SHE'S WASTING HER TIME! I GAVE THAT PLATE A THOROUGH CLEANING

In Texas

In Florida



Redenbaugh,
Brown, or Parkhill

Marten with all the covers.

In 1919 Rudder.

MYSELF—By Dr. Frank Crane

THE most interesting person I know is myself.

This is not a matter of egotism, but a matter of fact. That is to say, I am interesting to me, not because I am grand and noble, not because I am famous or rich or clever, but because I am the one person upon whom I have spent the most time and thought; the one person whose success most pleases and whose failure most discomfits me; the one person whose career has been to me the most surprising; the one whose faults and excellencies are the most absurd mixture; the one whom my wife seems to like best; the one my friends are always asking about; the one whose life expectancy concerns me most; and the one who is to me the most inexplicable mystery.

I make a living writing about myself, what I think and want, hate and admire. And this, not because I am an extraordinary being, but because I am perhaps—if I may be pardoned for boasting—the most ordinary person in the world.

The earth is so crowded with distinguished people that I gain considerable conspicuousness by being common. In the ranks of the common people I am grade A.

I like what most people like, do what most people do, sin about like the common run, and am good just about as the average man is good.

I am so, not because I care for votes for anything, and not to gain popularity, but



Photograph by Paul Thompson

"I am so darned uninteresting that I am interesting."

because I like it. I do not want to be elected to any office; I do not want to sit on the platform at any meeting; I do not want my

family to be invited to important social affairs; and I like to see my name in print only when (as in this instance) I get money for it.

I do not crave to belong to any exclusive set, to any lodge, club, church, association, esoteric cult, or anything else where everybody can not come in. I like the crowd on the sidewalk.

I like folks, and hate a class of any kind. I work for a living, but refuse to call myself a member of the working class. I read books and know a few languages, and can argue a bit, but am not of the intellectual or cultured class. I go in at times for painting, sculpture, and music, but am not of the artistic class. I have a few dollars in the bank, and own some Liberty Bonds, but am not of the capitalistic class.

I am just a plain, ordinary human being; and I make my living, and have achieved whatever distinction I may have, by writing for plain, ordinary human beings.

I am the apostle of the obvious—which, as it is the last thing most people look for in print, induces the newspapers to keep on printing my stuff.

Sometimes you see a dog that is so ugly he's pretty, or a man who is so excruciatingly moral that he is immoral, or a woman who is so proper that she is improper, or a light so bright that it is darkness.

I am so darned uninteresting that I am interesting.



BUSBEATITUDES.
Sir: Blessed are they that step lively, for their heels shall not be bruised, neither shall contumely and invective be heaped upon them.
L. A.



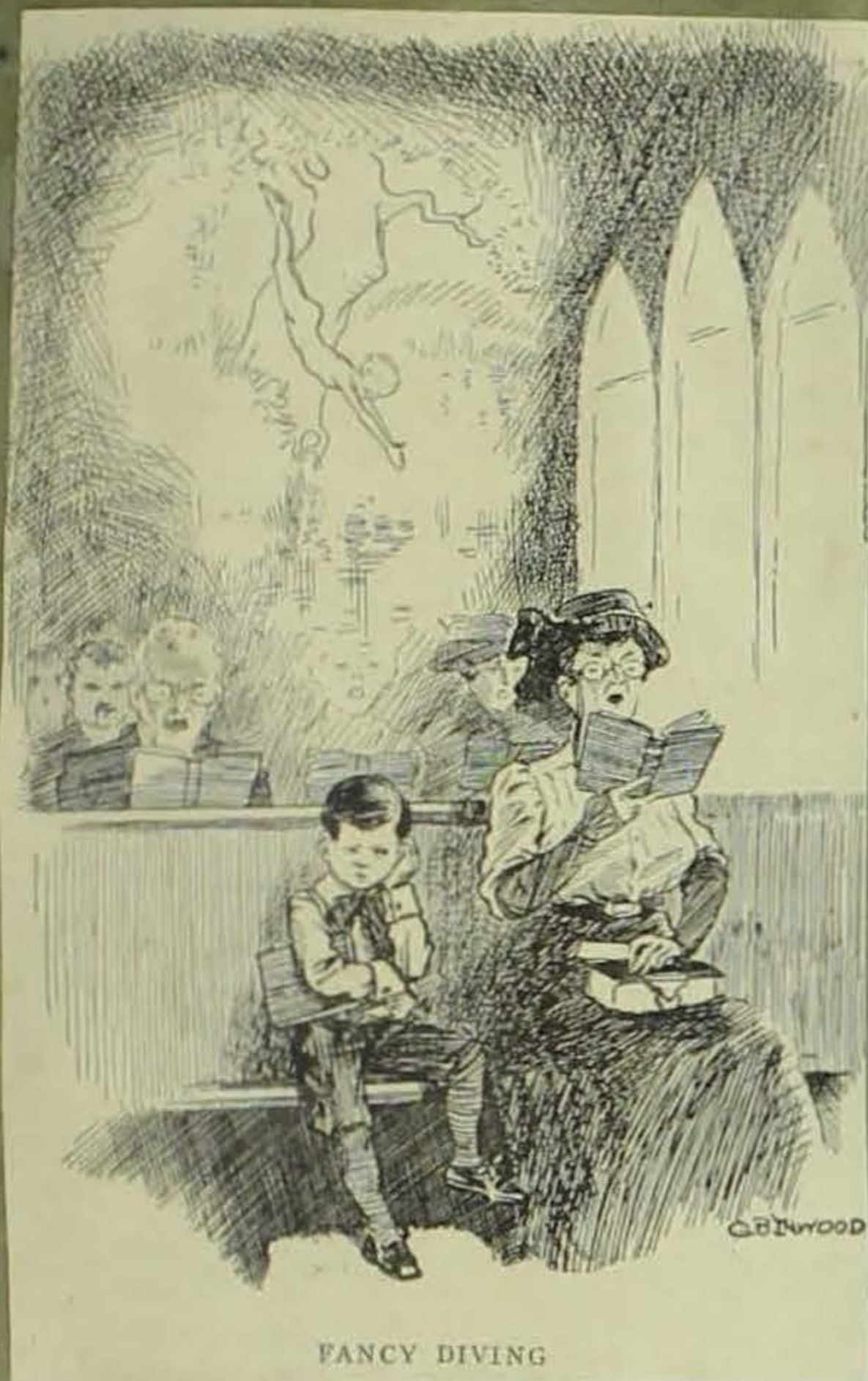
In Texas

SNOOKUMS

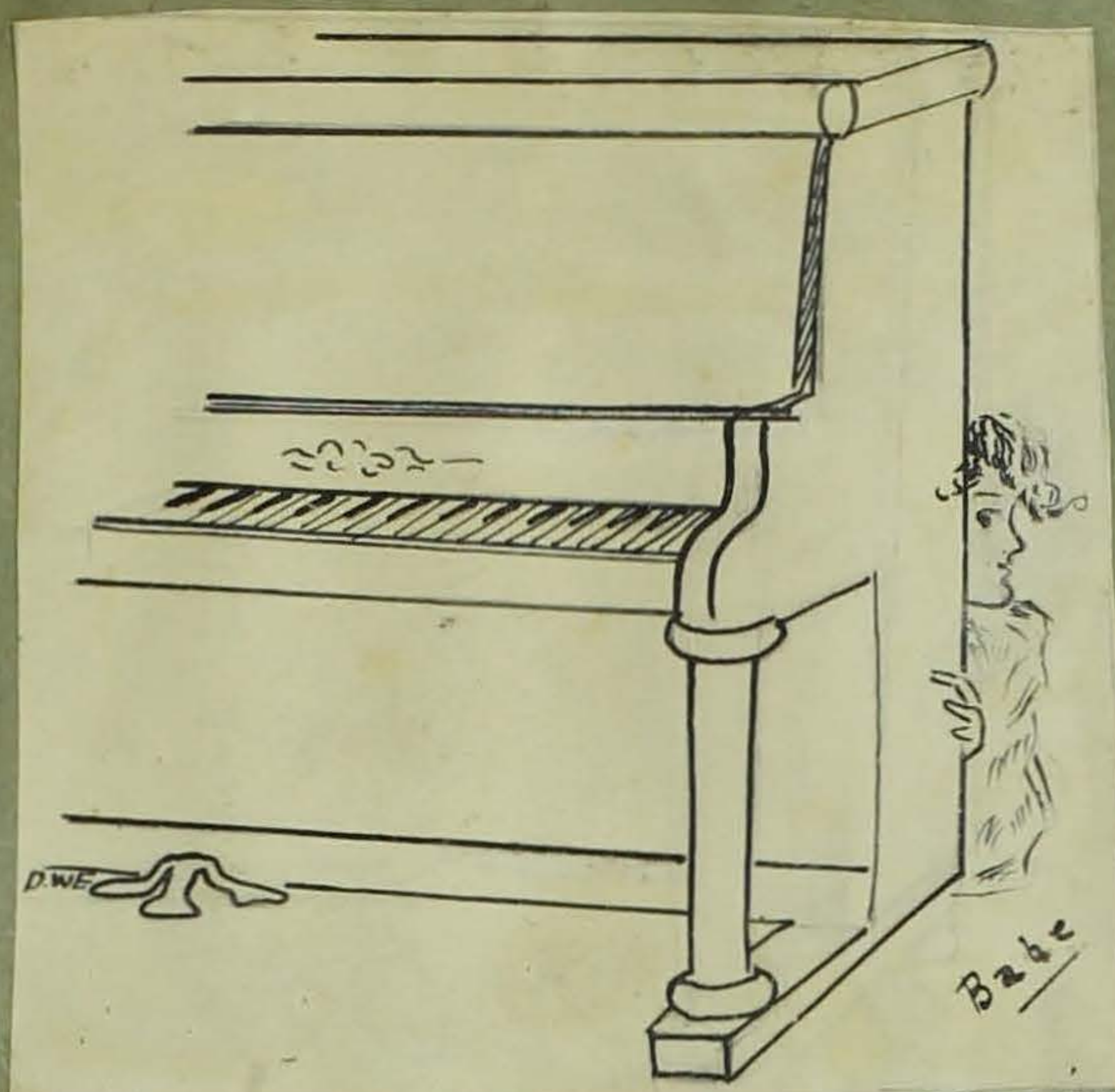


D.W. Fries

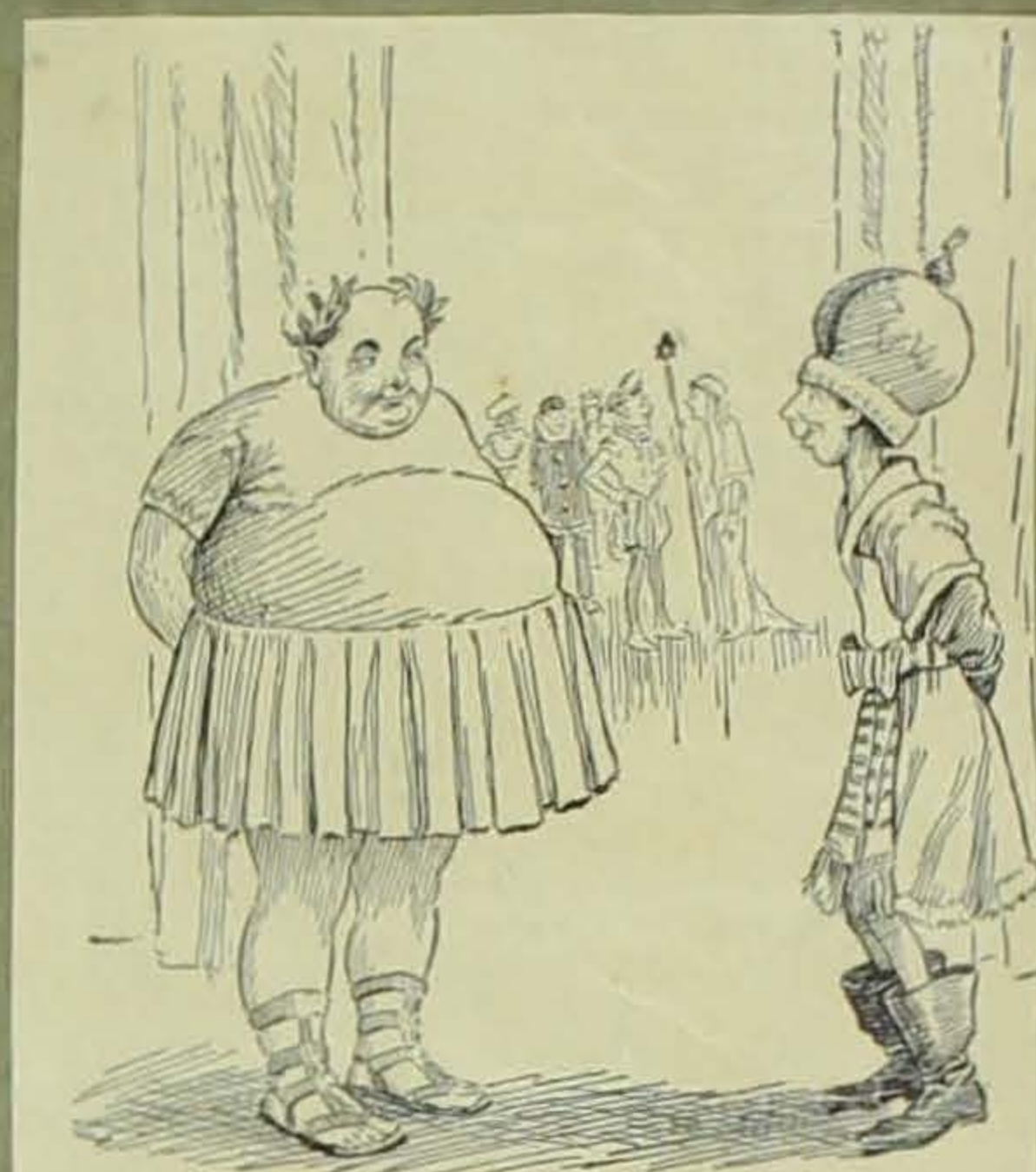
When a Feller
Needs a Friend



FANCY DIVING



In 1919 Puddow



Fat Masquerader: I KNOW I DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE JULIUS CAESAR; BUT WHO ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE? "IVAN THE TERRIBLE."

This is His Week

ALL the great musicians had not hard boyhoods and unhappy lives. "He who has not eaten his bread with tears can not know immortality," we are told by Goethe. But here was a genius of music who ate his bread with a glad heart, and, what is more, always had bread to eat—and butter too. Riches and fame came to him without a struggle. When he was dying he said: "I think I could have written better music had I known adversity; as it is, I have known neither tumult nor sorrow, and there is no pang of world suffering in my music."

This is true. All his music is graceful, refined, beautiful, full of the pleasant imagery of youth, spring, fairies, flowers, exemplified in his best known composition, the eternal wedding march from his musical setting for Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn was born with everything in his favor. His parents were wealthy; he had a handsome person, the power of making friends, a gift for the acquisition of language, skill at sports and games. He was never tried by harshness or injustice or lack of appreciation or



Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, composer, was born February 3, 1809. His father was a prosperous Jewish banker of Berlin named Mendelssohn. His mother's family took the name Bartholdy, and he always used both names. He died in 1847.

poverty or ill health. He married the woman he loved, and their life together was full of blessings.

For some reason or other, musical geniuses "start" early in life. Mendelssohn was playing the difficult music of Bach at the age of six. He began to compose at twelve, and many of these compositions are included in his works. At fifteen he had written the music for three operas. At sixteen, "in the name of Mozart, Haydn, and old Bach," he was formally admitted into the society of German musicians.

In London and Paris Mendelssohn became the idol of the hour. In

England his vogue was a sort of cult or "Mendelssohn worship." Perhaps no composer was ever so feted during life and lost so much ground after death. Mendelssohn enjoyed this popularity and produced new works rapidly.

The music to his "Antigone" was written in seven days. Inspired by the furore created by Jenny Lind in this country, he planned a trip to the United States, but died of pneumonia, the result of overwork and a weakened constitution.

CHEERING

AFTER much meditation the wealthy business man thought he would go a-flying. So he approached an aviator at a flying ground and fixed things up. Up they went, but the machine seemed very unsteady. It wobbled and zigzagged terribly, and once or twice nearly side-slipped.

"Easy there!" gasped the passenger. "Remember this is my first trip."

The aviator yelled back at him: "Well, it's only my third."



Must have been John.





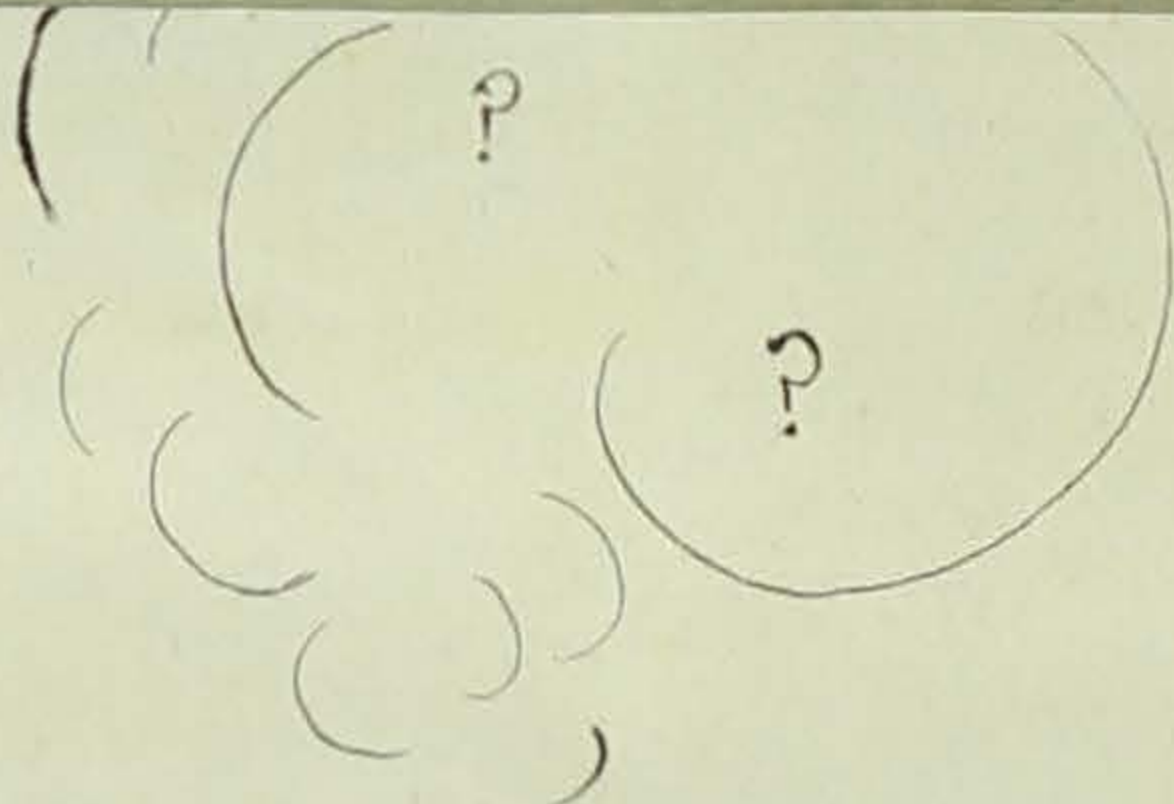
Florida

Iowa

Texas

Georgia

NEMO



1919 Rudder



At Camp Dodge

Her \$18 Elected President Wilson

THE election of the President of the United States was brought about by the modest outlay of eighteen dollars.

This statement is guaranteed by careful authorities in the face of all reports about election expenditures in the last presidential campaign.

Every one admits that California's conversion from Republicanism decided the election of Woodrow Wilson. Not every one knows that the city of Long Beach cast the fatal majority against Hughes; nor that one woman—Mrs. N. R. Root, contributor of the eighteen dollars—was the greatest factor in converting Long Beach.

The Boston News Bureau, a careful financial sheet, backs up this startling analysis. "Wilson could not have been elected except for Mrs. Root and her activities at Long Beach. Here the Democratic vote went from six hundred to sixty-six hundred. Without this Hughes would have carried California by more than a thousand votes. Wilson is President to-day because of Mrs. Root and her first eighteen-dollar investment to open Wilson Headquarters at Long Beach, California."

Before its disappearance Mrs. Root was a supporter of the Progressive Party. At the time of the 1916 campaign she found herself repeating Jane Addams's remark: "Wilson, in his marvelous administration, has put into practice nearly all the principles of the great Progressive platform." The obvious answer was to get to work and help elect this Progressive in Democrat's clothing.



© International Film Service

Her friends pleaded with her; her opponents jeered at her. "There aren't any Democrats in town!" they all said. "There will be," replied Mrs. Root.

Out of her small means she invested eighteen dollars in a campaign headquarters, furnished it with chairs and tables from her own house, and started the Woodrow Wilson Independent League. Not one prominent person would come out openly for Wilson. She met opposition and an even more discouraging apathy with an educational campaign of force and dignity, bringing pamphlets and speakers from Los Angeles. The city had a Democratic newspaper which gave her work publicity. The influential people of the town did not even contribute funds to the campaign—"Although," says Mrs. Root, "they were glad enough to give money to get up a big celebration parade after Wilson was elected, and to claim proudly that Long Beach had put him in!"

"In a sense, I did not elect Mr. Wilson," says Mrs. Root modestly. "Equal suffrage did it. If women had not had the vote I should never have bothered about the election. As a citizen I had to do what I could. I was simply an agent of the force that is coming into politics through the vote of the women—a force that will work for human needs, for what Emerson called 'the culture of men.' But it is interesting to speculate sometimes on the difference it might have made to the country if I hadn't done that work in Long Beach—very interesting."

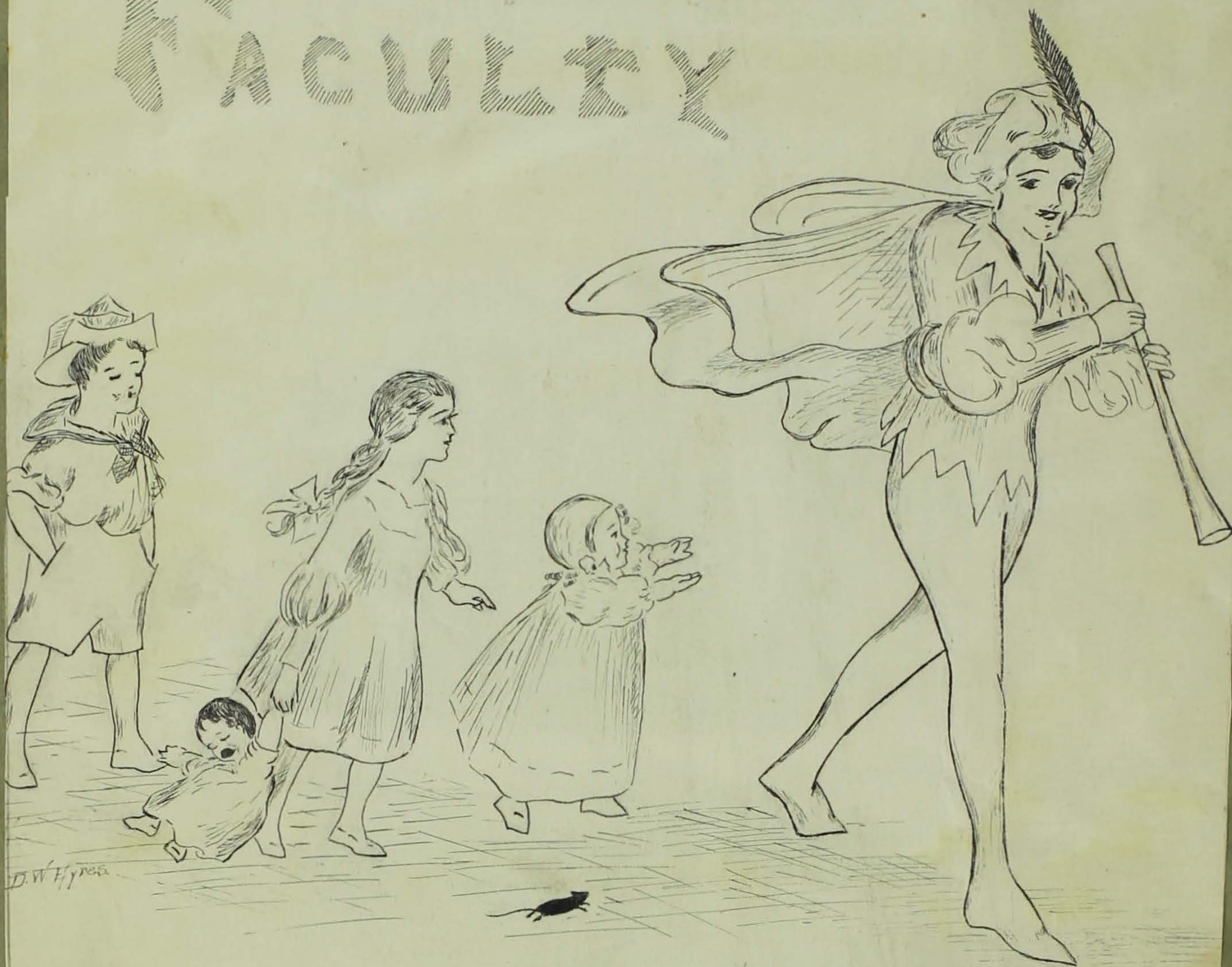
FREDA KIRCHWEY.



"DO YOU SUPPOSE, WILLIE, THAT YOUR SISTER CAN SEE ME?"
"I DUNNO. I'LL CALL HER, AN' SHE KIN TRY."



FACULTY



In 1919 Rudder.



Can One Rest Without Sleeping?

DR. J. J. WALSH observes in *International Clinics* that "no one has ever been hurt by wakefulness alone, provided he or she has been in bed for eight hours. It seems to make no difference whether people sleep or not." Here is a much debated idea which, it appears to me, Dr. Crile settled once for all in his book on *The Origin and Nature of the Emotions*. Dr. Crile gives detailed experiments showing that if exhausted animals are allowed complete rest, but are not permitted to sleep, the characteristic microscopic evidence of exhaustion in the brain, the liver, and other organs is retained; whereas in exhausted animals allowed both to rest

and to sleep undisturbed the microscopic evidence of fatigue in those organs disappears. There is certainly, then (and every insomnia victim will bear out this statement), a very real distinction between mere lying down and sleeping. The former simply does not restore the tired body.

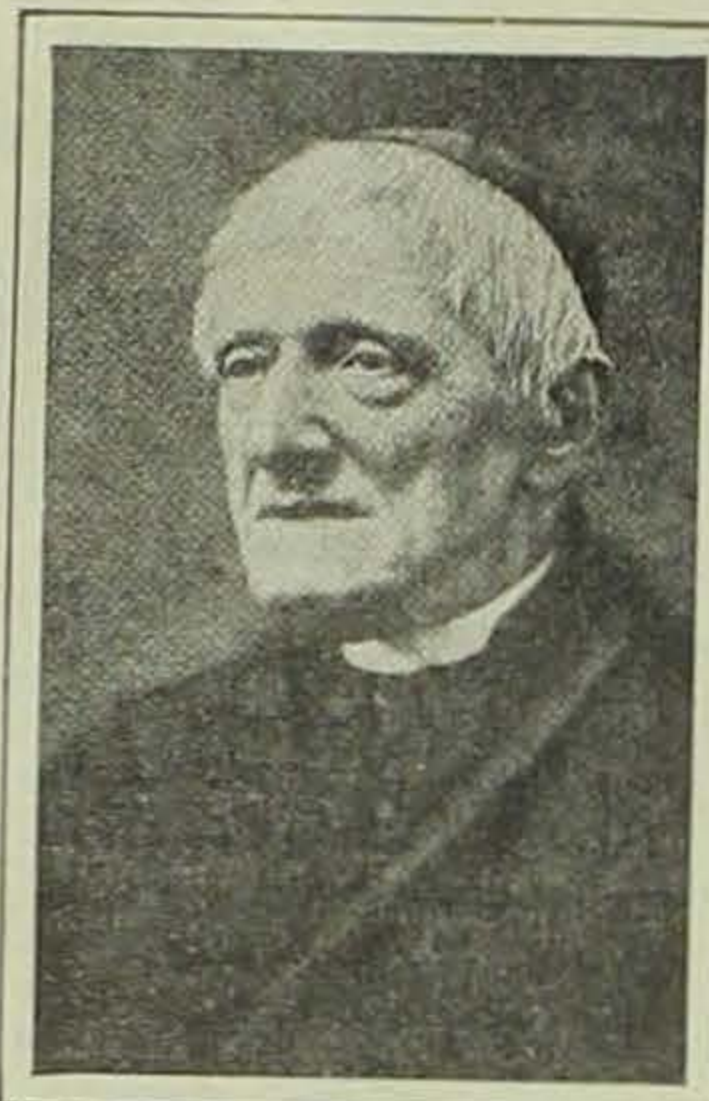
Some people fall asleep readily; but shortly awake and are then wakeful the balance of the night. Others spend several hours trying to sleep, and may then sleep fairly well. Still others are disposed—quite unintentionally, no doubt—to exaggerate the amount of their insomnia. And so many people are rested who say (in all good faith) that they get no sleep.

This is His Week

YOUNG Newman, ordained from Oxford to the English Church, began by attacking Roman Catholicism. Years later he formally retracted what he said at this time, and himself became a Catholic. In Catholicism only, he declared, could he find security from the fighting rebellious generation in which he lived—a generation that was trailing an ancient faith in the dust and believing in nothing that it could not prove.

His letter to the Duke of Norfolk, written as an answer to an attack upon him from Charles Kingsley, contains a striking account of the inner workings of the churchman's mind:

"People can not understand a man being in a state of doubt, of misgiving, of being unequal to responsibilities. He must have clear views one way or another, or no views at all. I believe that Catholics, whose beliefs are theorized and diagramed, are happiest, after all. One must be all-liberal or all-unyielding. There is no half way, as I see it."



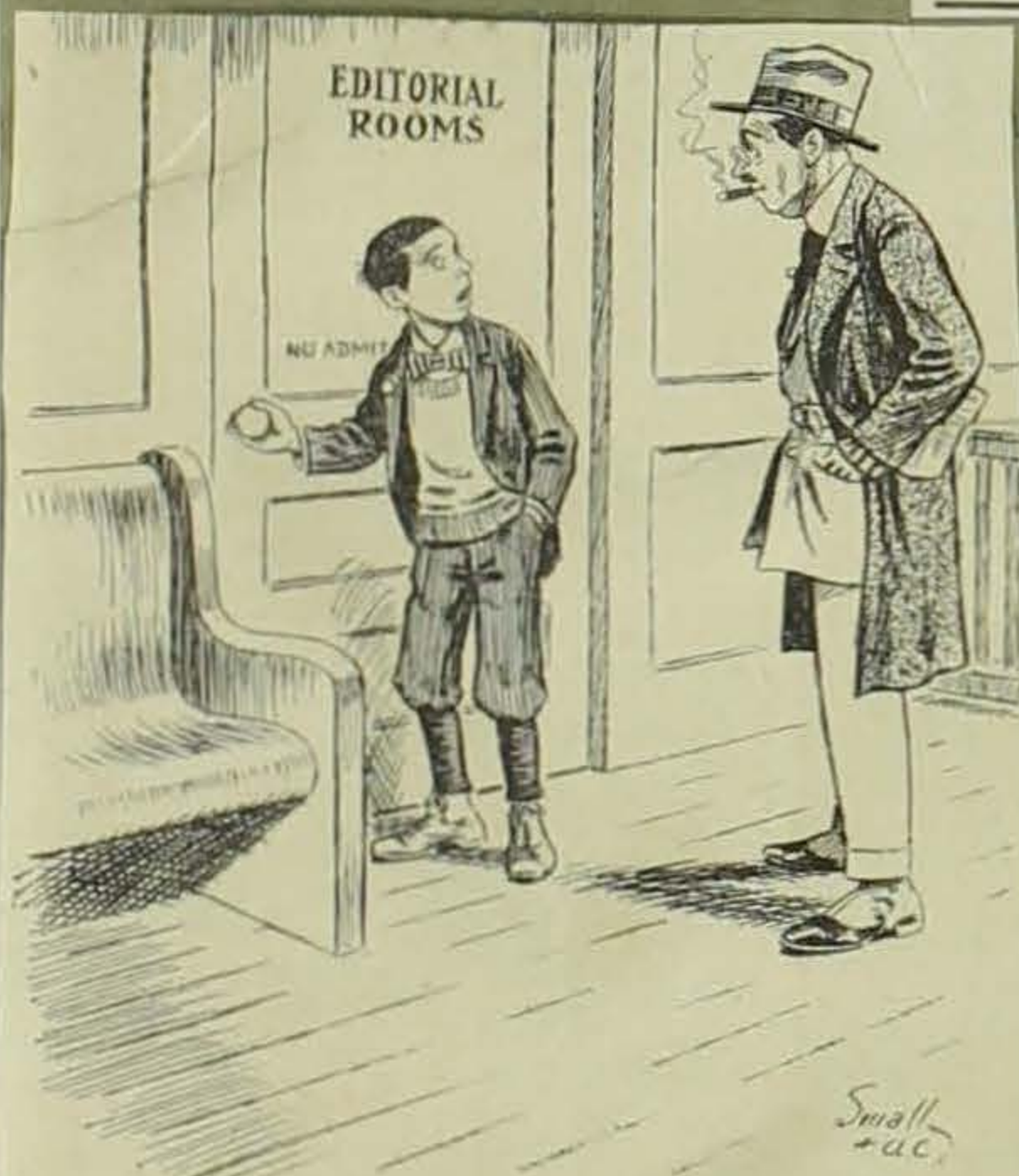
John Henry Newman was born February 21, 1801. The charm of his personality, the ascetic fervor of his life, and the fame of his preaching gave him a tremendous power over the religious thought of his day. He died in 1890.

There was never any compromise with Newman. It was all the way—or nothing. Disraeli said of him: "He could have been a great liberal; as it is, he is a great reactionary."

Nevertheless, people flocked to hear him preach. In the seventies people went to London to hear Cardinal Newman, as they went to Brooklyn to hear Henry Ward Beecher.

One of the most curious things about the great Cardinal was the fact that the chief interest to him of the present lay always in its connection with the past or the future. His journeys always led him to conjure up figures of men who had passed before, or awakened imaginings for the future. The Mediterranean to him, for instance, was only the sea where the Romans and

Carthaginians had fought, where the Phœnicians had traded, where Jonah was in the storm, where St. Paul was shipwrecked, where Athanasius journeyed. Later these waters inspired him to a vision of the future expressed by him in his hymn "Lead, Kindly Light."



Office Boy: I TELL YE THE EDITOR AIN'T IN. I'VE JUST LOOKED.
"THAT'S TOO BAD. I WANTED TO PAY HIM SOME MONEY I OWE HIM."
"WAIT A SECOND. I'LL LOOK AGAIN."



Pup: I'LL JUST EXAMINE THESE SEEDS THE BOSS PLANTED YESTERDAY. HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE ME SO INTERESTED.

WHEN Alton Michael Packward asked the porter of the Great Southern at Gulfport, Miss.: "Is that the Gulf of Mexico?" the porter replied: "Only a po'shun of it, sah."—*The Lyceum*.



Drury

Drury

Drury



"Drury takes a canoe ride early."

In 1919 Rudder

WHAT TOLSTOY WROTE IN HIS JOURNAL

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY in his youth laid down a large number of rules for his own guidance. The first one was this: "Fulfil everything which you have set yourself." And the second was: "Regard feminine society as an inevitable evil of social life, and, in so far as you can, avoid it."

The rest of his rules were quite as strict, and his failure to heed his own warnings filled the pages of his *Diary* (E. P. Dutton & Company) with a gloomy record of shortcomings:

"March 8th. Yesterday it was late before I opened my eyes, but eventually I got the better of myself. Then I wrote (*hurriedly and without reflection*) a letter to Nikolinka, and also one, in the stupid form which I have now adopted, to the office (*self-delusion*). My gymnastics I did carelessly, and with too little balancing of myself against my strength. This failing I shall term in general *presumption*. At gymnastics I showed off (*boastfulness*). Also I tried to impart to Kobylin my candid opinion of myself (*petty vanity*); at luncheon I over-ate myself (*gluttony*); I went to Volkonsky's without first finishing what I had to do (*lack of continuity*); I gorged myself upon sweets; sat up too late; and I told several falsehoods.

"March 9th. Yesterday it was long before I arose, for I lacked energy. Went for a drive in dirty gloves and minus a fur coat (*want of thought, haste*). Told Panin of my building scheme (*desire to show off*). Visited Oliver's and the Beers' (*at both showed indecision and shyness*). Called

upon Kireyevsky without any reason (*want of solidity, shyness*).

"March 10th. Again did not rise till late. Spoke amiss to Ozerov, and pressed upon him a horse (*meanness*). Lied to Begichev. Left my fur coat behind (*haste and want of solidity*). At the Council showed *diffidence*; at gymnastics, *vanity*; at the Lvov's *presumption* and *affectation*."

Entries for the three days following begin with the mournful confession, "Rose reluctantly (*sloth*)."

Thus within a week the great writer was able to convict himself of some twenty distinct sins.



Courtesy E. P. Dutton & Company

Every day was New Year's day for young Tolstoy. But he kept his resolutions just about the way the rest of us do.

THEY DON'T BURY THEIR HEADS



From the American Museum Journal

BUT otherwise one can not hand the ostrich a very high mark for all-round intelligence, says Dr. J. E. Duerdon of South Africa in the *American Museum Journal*.

Yet the stupid ostrich is probably the most pampered animal in domestic service. The ostrich farmer has no option in the matter, because if the quality of the bird's food falls off his blood pressure begins to vary and his feathers deteriorate.

"With care," the writer says, "the normal character of the plumage may be preserved year after year, maybe for fifty or more years. The first clipping occurs when the chicks are six months old." Another crop is ready in another six months. The third clipping usually represents the best crop the bird will produce. But with care little depreciation follows for some time.

The domesticated ostrich breeds at from two to three years, and the six-week period of incubation is undertaken in the nest by the cock at night and the hen by day, unless an incubator is employed.

A Natural Mistake

A Scot from Peebles emigrated to Canada, and the morning after his arrival hailed a coal-black African at a street corner.

"Hoot, mon," he said, "can ye tell me whaur I'll find the kirk?"

It so happened that the African had been born in Scotland himself, and had a burr as bad as the Peebles man's.

"Gang richt up to yon house," he said, "take the richt turnin', and, loosh, ye're there."

The white Scot looked dazed.

"Aiblins ye're frae Scotland yersel'?" he said.

"Richt ye are," said the black Scot. "Aberdeen's ma hame."

"Hoo lang ha'e ye been ower here?"

"Aboot two year."

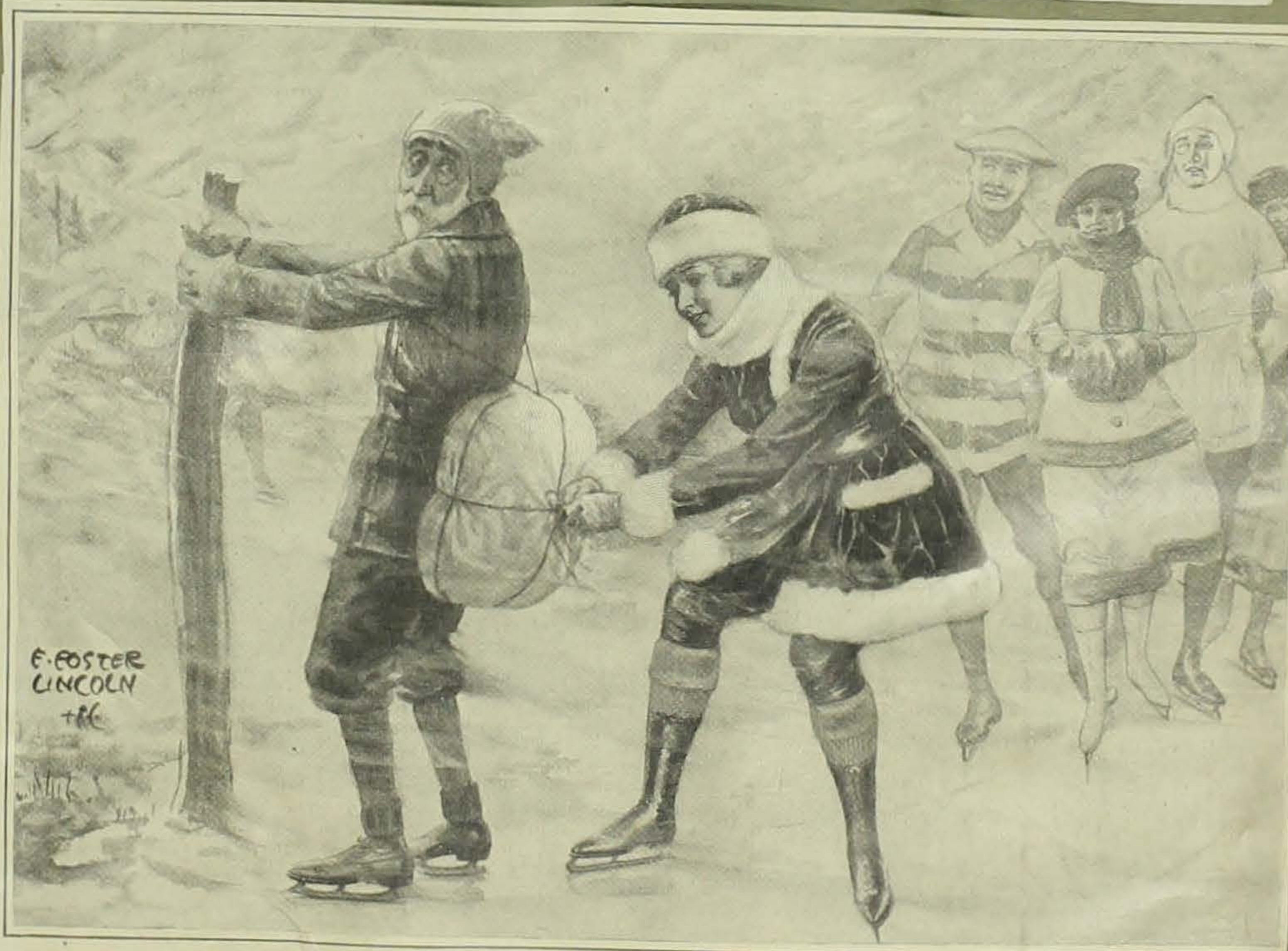
"Heaven save us and keep us!" said the white Scot. "Whaur can I get the next boat for Glesgae?"

—*London Opinion*.

"ARE you economizing at your house?"

"No. The table has become so scant that everybody is eating expensive lunches and suppers downtown."

—*Washington Star*.

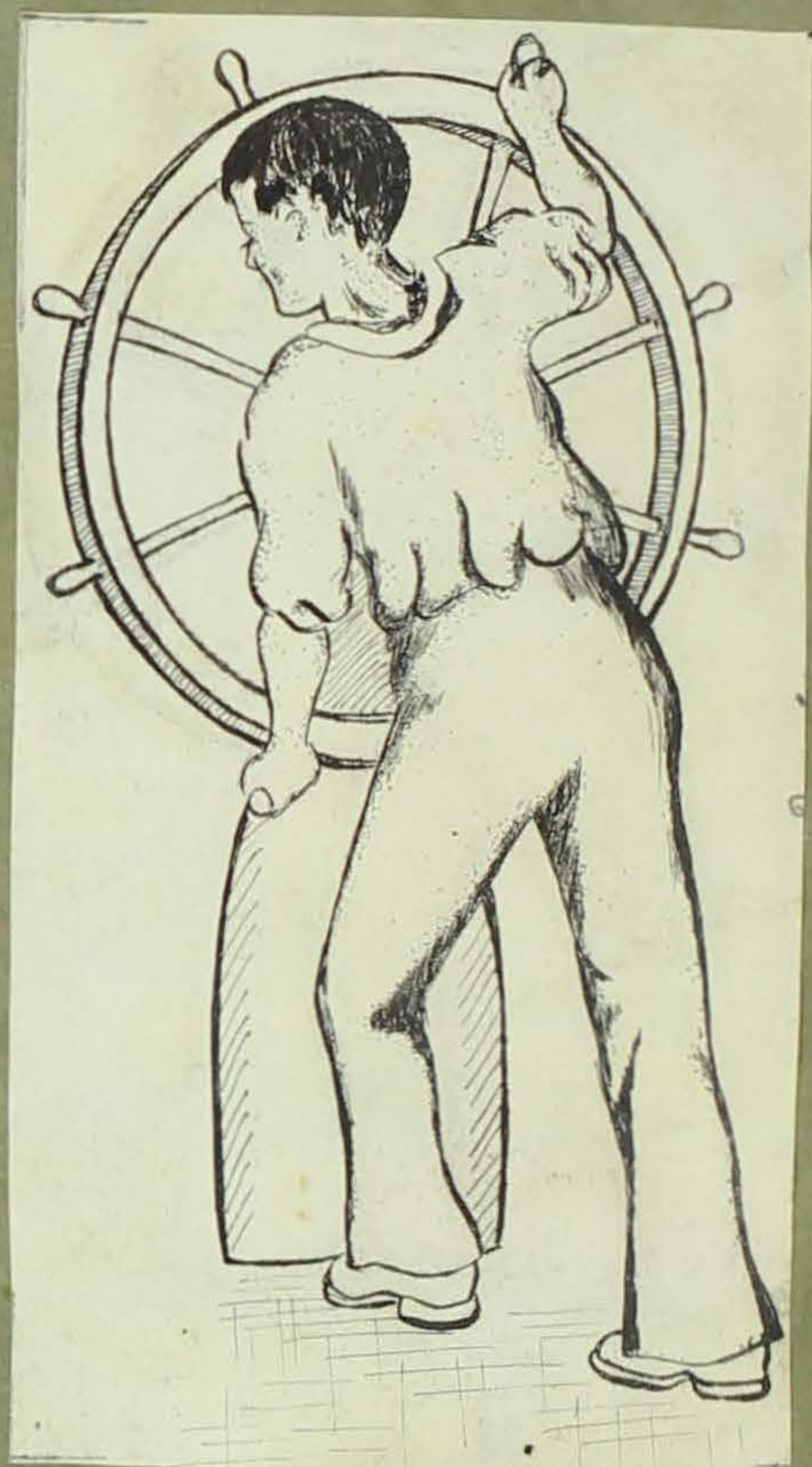


THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 40

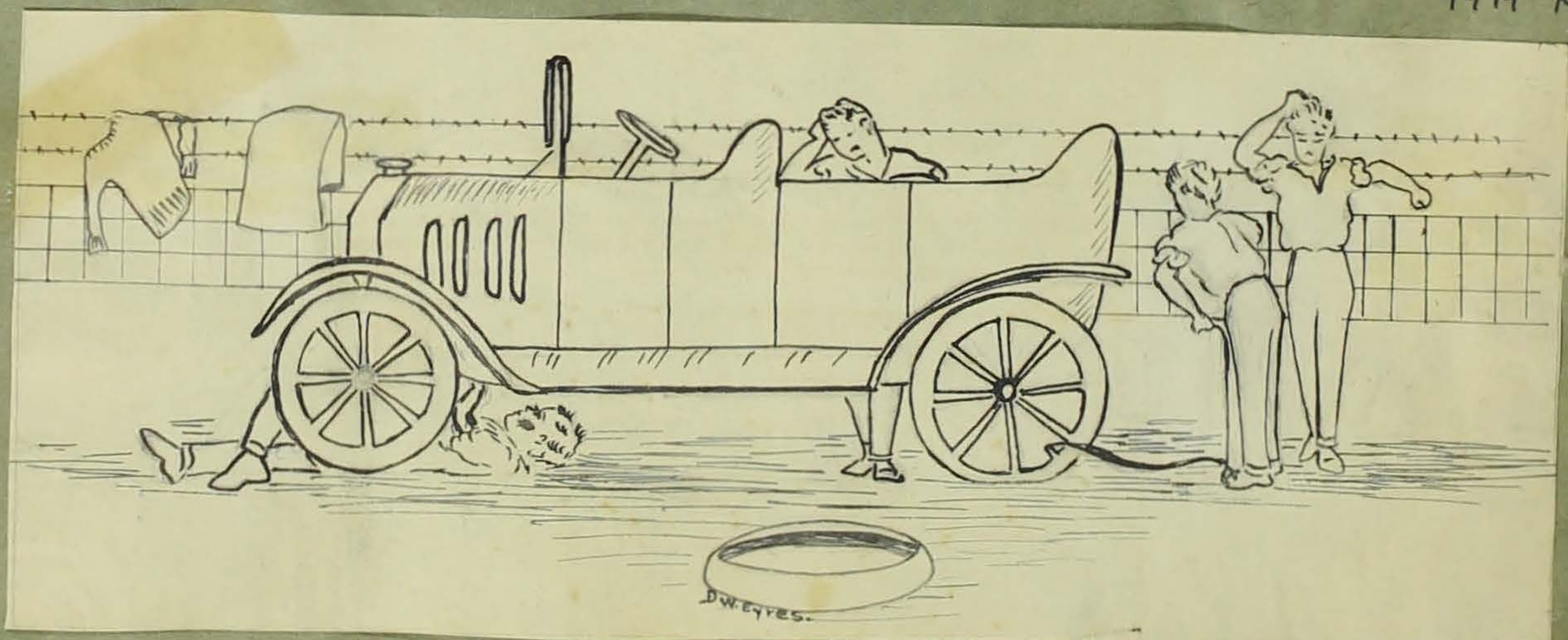
AS THE PROFESSOR HAS NOT SKATED IN YEARS, MOLLY SUGGESTS A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE



The Second Post.
 [The base censor passed this. We pass, too.]
 Dear brodher Jahan: am gara leder from ius tam
 glat lu notfigaret mi main fill puriwell nau al bin
 faif deis na front lain trenches dis talm herolm rest
 al nariar am bin tubizi two wik nogaram talm rait
 leder tulu lu rait leders stedy tumi al gon rait tuler
 lu Jahan probli garat pikcher iurs luniform sent tu
 mi al tek problu mahn al sen tuler wan my gara
 weder dis kontri nowerbett luck lalk sprink talm my
 garat tudel turklez diner in tobeko in cigarets fry gut
 lack tuler brodher.



1919 Rudder



Trouble with "Henry".

1919 Rudder

Get Your Shoes at the Carpenter's

WITH eight lively youngsters in his family, Louis Waynai, a cabinet-maker of Syracuse, New York, had to buy a new pair of shoes every other week. Neither pocket-book nor patience could stand the strain, and when one of the boys stubbed out a new pair in two weeks' time Papa Waynai decided that shoe-last was a misleading term and he'd see what he could do about it.

He set to work on a block of beechwood, and it wasn't long before he had turned out a pair of wooden shoes—neat, dapper-looking shoes that will pass anywhere as the tan boot of commerce; for, while Papa Waynai's shoes are wooden, his ideas are not.

He added rubber heels to make the shoes noiseless, and cloth or leather tops to give them style, and now his neighbors are beseeching the cabinet-maker to turn shoemaker on a big scale. Shoes such as Mr. Waynai built for his children can be profitably manufactured, he estimates, for about fifteen cents a pair.



INCREASING CROPS BY ELECTRICITY

THE British government has recently taken over Huntington Court Farm, near Hereford, according to *Chambers's Journal*. Over the whole farm a system of thin wires has been spread, and a current will be constantly discharged into the soil. The experiment is to be continued for three years and careful records kept.

In a similar experiment last year, just reported by the British Board of Agriculture, an acre of soil near Dumfries was taken and sown to oats. It was subjected to electric treatment for a total of 848 hours during the season, while a similar acre near by received exactly the same attention, with the exception of the electricity. The crop from the electrically treated acre was forty-nine per cent greater than that from the other acre—much more than enough to pay for the cost of the current.

This is His Week

FEW men ever yielded less to the mob; few have distrusted democracy (as such) more; yet he did more for the people than any philanthropist, in that he gave them cheap bread.

In 1830 the reaction from a succession of wars lasting forty years struck England. Her people faced famine. There was no money in either private or state treasury. The land was stripped of corn, and by reason of the Corn Laws bread had advanced to a prohibitive price.

Sir Robert Peel, as Premier, like Hoover to-day, found himself face to face with the problem of a hungry people and dear bread.

"We must learn, not how to eat less, but how to eat more wisely," said Peel. "But first of all we must make food cheap." It was then that he began his fight for free trade. "You will ruin England if you persist in this," his brother statesmen cried.

"I will make her!" declared Peel.

The fight for the repeal of the Corn Laws continued for a number of years. It was bitterly opposed on all sides.

Peel, however, insisted that the rapidly increasing population and the geographical situation of England made trade without import tariff an absolute neces-



Sir Robert Peel, English statesman, was born February 5, 1788. At the age of twenty-one he became a member of the House of Commons. At twenty-four he was made Secretary for Ireland. A few years later a job somewhat similar to Hoover's to-day fell upon his shoulders—that of providing food for a nation whose granaries had been depleted by war. He died in 1850.

against thugs and footpads. This state of affairs Peel remedied when he organized the London police known as "Peelers."

This is why a policeman is a "Bobby" to-day in England.

Hating the word "democracy" and clinging fiercely to all that was ultra-conservative in theory, it is curious that almost every act of this statesman should have resulted directly in a betterment of conditions for workman and producer.

sity for national existence.

"We are a bit of land surrounded by water; we can not support ourselves by our own produce," stated Peel; "wherefore we must admit without levy such commodities as are necessary for our bodily livelihood."

When free trade finally carried, he instituted the income tax to equalize the loss of money to the public treasury through the cessation of food tariffs.

The police system as we have it to-day also must be attributed to Peel.

Civil order in the towns and cities of England in those days was kept by civilian soldiers or a "watch" hired privately. It was dangerous for reputable citizens to fare abroad after nightfall without a strong armed guard as protection



Sir: Blessed is he who does not read the newspaper, for the piker shall not glean the wisdom thereof from over his shoulder.

BUSBEATITUDE.

DONNYBROOK.



Reminiscences of Camp Cookery Class.



M. D. was as green as the grass

And his teacher said, "You can not pass."

He decided to go

To J. Barracks Mo.

And from there he was sent to make gas.

-Bohunk.

Give Your Mite

It's a big job to lick the Kaiser,
It's a big jog to do.
It's a big job to lick the kaiser.
And the big job's for you.
Goodbye little Thrift Stamps,
Goodbye Baby Bond.
It's a long, long fight
For love, and freedom
But your mite makes might.

*you might sing this
to your nurse.*

Small Town Stuff.

[From the Dewitt, Ark., Enterprise.]

Miss Katie Reed and West Wadkins were seen riding around in this burg Sunday.

Ask Bantle Gilbert how he likes his girl he was sporting around Sunday afternoon.

Say, Martha, what got the matter with you and Jim, that he pushed you out of the buggy, Sunday?

Wonder why some boys can sport two girls around and some can't sport any. It may be the Saxon. Come on, Buster.

Hello! Eva, what has been the matter with you and Harry? We haven't seen you in a long time.

A certain little girl had the blues because it rained. Wonder why?

Come on, Sassafras, with some more of your good items.

Wesley White was seen trying to climb a fence with his new Ford.

Lute, you had better get busy, for a little Forks of LaGrue guy is going to beat your time.

*Does this make you think of
Journalism class?*

WUDRO DELIVERETH A WARNING.

(From "The Book of Artemas.")

Now the longest rope, it hath an end. Wherefore it came to pass in time that Wudro, the son of Wyl, did send unto Willi, that was the King of the Hu, and he said unto him,

2 Such things and such things hast thou done, all these being against thy plighted word; and thine iniquity, it hath tormented me for a long time past. Now, therefore, hearken unto me, and pay attention:

3 Because I am a man of peace, therefore have I borne with thee long enough; and I am become sick unto death with thy carryings on. And the blood of my murdered people, it crieth out for retribution.

4 Take heed, therefore, and mend the evil of thy ways, for, on the next occasion, assuredly shalt thou rue the day.

5 And when Willi had heard these things that Wudro, the son of Wyl, did say unto him, he sent in haste unto his chief captains, and he did commune with them.

6 And he questioned them closely concerning the words of Wudro. And he said unto them, Think ye that this man, he meaneth anything?

7 And they made answer unto him, saying, Be of good cheer and heed him not, for he is a man that acteth only according to his advantage. And to make war, it would advantage him nothing. For the land of Amer, it prospereth exceedingly; and the miller turneth not away that stream which worketh his wheel.

8 Also, he liveth afar off, and his servants, they are unready. Verily, the threats of such an one, they be full of emptiness; and whatsoever he sayeth, that hath he also said before. Nevertheless, we will smite him because of it when the time is ripe.

9 And when Willi had heard all the things which the captains of his host did say unto him, his heart was rejoiced within him, and he said unto them, Assuredly are ye men after mine own understanding. Let us therefore see about it. And they did see about it.

Dropping into poetry, an American army officer who was born in Dalmatia, educated and commissioned in this country, has served with the Serbian army, and is now in France, contributes the following prayer for the kaiser:

LORD, BLESS THE KAISER.

Lord, bless the kaiser

And all his kin—

But don't be forgetful

Of their great sin!

Bless German hearts—

Should they repent

For miseries they've caused

And blood they've spent!

Bless their treaties—

With lofty aims

Not to destroy them

For sake of gains!

Bless their army

So full of conceit—

Bless them, O Lord,

With quick defeat!

Again bless the kaiser,

His friends so true—

But first let the devil

Collect his due!

Last night

I went to the theatre

With a low-brow friend,

And the orchestra

Played "Little Brown Jug".

He thought it was the national anthem

And stood up,

And I did too,

Darn him.

Ex.



Goodbye and "Good Luck"

Gaylord Bros.
Makers
Syracuse, N. Y.

