

The Girl I Left Behind Me.

Darling, when I am far away,
From you, somewhere in France,
I ask you to always think of me,
And pray that I have a chance.
To leave you dear, was hard,
The hardest thing of all.
But I am no slacker,
When I hear my country call.
To be at home with you little girl,
Is happiness that is true,
But I cannot see the enemy,
Down the red, white and blue.
I used to be with you often,
Those beautiful happy days,
But it makes me blue to think
That we are so far away.
Some day in the near future,
This great conflict will end,
And the soldier boy who loves you,
Will come back to you again.
It is the duty of every girl,
Who is left behind,
To always remember the boy she
loves,
Who is on the firing line.
He did not want to leave you.
For he is gone to risk his life,
He is a true American,
And upholds the stars and stripes,
The girls here are beautiful.
Most everywhere you roam,
But are nothing to compare,
With the ones at home.
When the boys go marching by,
In step with some National hymn,
It thrills my heart to know,
That I am one of them.
I told you when I kissed
Those lips of yours so sweet,
That I was going to leave you,
And again we may never meet.
Don't give up my darling,
If you love me you will wait,
If we don't meet on earth again,
We will meet at the Golden Gate.
Some girls are not so patient,
Who will not wait so long,
But will go and love a slacker,
When their soldier boy has gone.
When he comes to fight the battle,
For his country and for you,
His thoughts are always resting,
On the one he thinks is true.
When he returns in years to come,
And finds you false,
His whole life will be ruined,
And his happiness lost.
Don't bear this strain little girl,
Make your love be true,
Greet the boy in khaki,
When he comes marching back to
you.
Throw your arms about him,
Let him kiss your sweet little lips,
Then he will fully tell you,
All about his wonderful trip.
Don't respect a slacker,
They deserve not a chance.
The boys you should honor,
Are the boys who go to France.
I will close this letter hoping,
You will be mine some day,
As I bid you goodbye for this hour,
And goodbye for this day.
If it is goodbye for a month,
She loves you as true as ever,
Goodbye for a year,
And perhaps goodbye forever.
C. M. S.
Co. M, 118th Inf.
Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C.

His Desire.

"Occasionally I find myself wishing I were a boy once more," admitted old Gaunt N. Grimm. "At such times I think I want to live again the days when I was a freckled, speckled urchin with the nail of one of my superior toes turned back like the clasp of an old-fashioned portemonnaie. I long to repeat the experience of sleeping upstairs where the howling wryndes sifted snow o'er my bed; such treatment was supposed to be fine for boys—it toughened them so that ever afterward they could endure anything. I want to be patted on the head and called 'Bud' by the village great man; that is one of the reasons why I am more or less flat-headed now.

"I hanker to go back to my glad, glad school days, when the big boys hammered me for fun and the teacher mauled me for exercise. How I wish I could play again the merry games wherein I was generally 'It,' and usually got pretty thoroughly decided. Oh, to return to the bright morning of my life, when nearly everything I wore was somebody's else's, cut down to fit me. And so forth and so on.

"Eh-yah! I'd like to slip backward adown the corridors of time far enough to satisfy myself, when I hear other old codgers, bragging about the joys of boyhood, whether I am a monster of unappreciation or they are measley liars."—Boston Transcript.

A Nature Study.

"What is that noise?" asked little James,
Out walking in the park;
"That noise you hear," his father said,
"Is but the dogwood's bark."
"And tell me, why the dogwood bark."
He urged, "with such to-do!"
"I think," his father said, "they hear
The pussy-willows mew."
—Cleveland Leader.

A COUNTRY EDITOR.

Tells All About His Work in a Single Sentence.

Ever sit at a typewriter and try to see what matter of public interest you could write about, how you could say something nice about this one, and something nice about that one, give some idea on a public topic, make some suggestions which might be carried out by some one in the community who had the time and money to do so, smooth over some one's mistakes which had reached the public ear, try and explain why such and such things are not so, make a hero or heroine out of some one who had done something a little unusual, give the proper space to the life of a departed citizen, laud the beauty and grace of a bride, see that every organization that has met has its name mentioned, give the name of all the new officials of any order, announce the events which are planned, write up the programmes of entertainments, omit everything that should be omitted from publicity, write everything which everybody wants you to write about, and withal make no enemies? Then you're partly fitted to be an editor of a small town newspaper.—Milford (Pa.) Citizen.

The Watch Had Stopped.

A pompous army surgeon who was sent to a recruiting depot in Scotland to examine some newly enlisted men had such an abrupt and overbearing manner that he frightened some of the recruits. One nervous young man was unable to answer the first question as to his name and place of birth.

"Why don't you answer?" roared the doctor. "What's your name, I say?"

Still the panic stricken lad could only stare open-mouthed at his questioner, who exclaimed:

"Why, I believe the fellow's stone-deaf!" Taking his watch from his pocket he held it to the left ear of the recruit, saying, "Can you hear that ticking?"

The youth shook his head. The watch was applied to the other ear with the same effect, and then the doctor opened the vials of his indignation on the head of the would-be soldier.

"What do you mean by enlisting when you are stone deaf? Why, you can't even hear the ticking of a watch when it's held an inch of the drum of your ear."

And then the worm turned. "She's na gaun," said the recruit, finding his tongue at last.

When the doctor, holding the watch to his own ear, found that it had indeed stopped, his feelings were too powerful to be expressed in words, extensive though his vocabulary ordinarily was.—Exchange.

The Mishap of a Wag.

"One of them there nacher'l born funny men came along yur further day in a flivver," related Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Arkansas. "I was sorter leaning on the fence, and he stopped and wasted right plenty of time in getting off witty sayings about the peculiarities of us Arkansawyers. I didn't mind it much b'cuz I seem what was going on in the meantime, but he was madder than a bald hornet when he found out that while he had been hoorawing me my baby, Rowdy, was gnawing one of his hind tires. He had a dickens of a time fixing it, and I was tollable cheerful about that too. He figgered that he was smart, but it 'peared that he could make a joke a heap easier than he could take one."—Kansas City Star.

Peace Talk

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