

## A LESSON IN OPTIMISM

A PESSIMIST mused in his garden (a thrush carolled high overhead) :—

"We can't drive these Huns from their trenches; I don't see much progress," he said;

"If we stick in a groove we shan't get them to move, I want to advance with a rush."

"Wait a bit! Wait a bit! Wait a bit! T-r-r-r-r! Wait a bit!" sang the thrush.

"There's that Kaiser," the pessimist brooded, his forehead all knotted and rough

"A powerful tyrant to tackle, relentless and terribly tough,

As I mark his career, I'm beginning to fear

He's a . . . . " pause, and then out of the hush,

"Silly fool! Silly fool! Silly fool! T-r-r-r-r! Silly fool!" sang the thrush.

"Twenty-four weary months we've been at it," the pessimist said with a groan,

"And think of the millions and millions it's cost us in Flanders alone;

When the end comes—ah me— where, where shall we be?"

From above came a voluble gush :—

"In Berlin! In Berlin! In Berlin! T-r-r-r-r! In Berlin On the Spree!" sang the thrush.

—"Punch."