

**HOLY "WILLHEIM'S" PRAYER**

O. Got of Battle, Gott of Mar  
 Who make der earth, der moon, der star,  
 Und everything in dis world, bar  
 Meinsel und mine.  
 "Vot for ve not yet lick der tar from foreign swine?"  
 For twenty years I been prepare,  
 I plot and scheme mit trap und snare  
 Und ven all odders make der prayer  
 For World of peace,  
 I flash mein sabre through der air  
 Und never cease.

I takes you mit me in dis deal,  
 Because the Yerman peoples feel  
 That you can keep mein iron heal  
 So sharp und big,  
 To grind the foe und make them squeal  
 Like dying pig.

Und ven ve two gommece dis din  
 You gif for me der job to vin;  
 I promised you to walk right in  
 Te gay Paree;  
 But hundred hoodoo, dam der skin,  
 Sure follow me.

Dat Belgian he not understan'  
 He dink I gobble up his lan'  
 Und every vomen, and man  
 give me raw deal.  
 Der grazzy vool upset mein plan  
 Und sprag mein veel.

Und ven dis make mein soldier mad  
 He treat der Belgian very bad,  
 Und cut der hand off all der lad  
 Und make em quit;  
 Der world she call me "one big cad"  
 Ach! Hypocrite.

Und ven ve pillage all der town  
 Und blow all der fine cathedral down,  
 Americans dey make a frown  
 Und talk of art.  
 Vot! "Are ve run der circus clown or kindergart?"

Dot dondergasted Jhonnie Bull  
 He butt in for some treaty rule.  
 His soldiers, ach! der crazy mule,  
 Though queer to tell,  
 Von Kluck reports he vas no fool  
 Und fight like hell.

Vot for you not keep him avay  
 Und at his grocery beesness stay?  
 He push mein navy out der vay  
 Und say "By gum".  
 You often toasted for 'der day'  
 Und now she come!"

Und Austria, ach! She make me svear  
 She cannot stop der Rooshian bear;  
 She lose her goat and iss so scare  
 She quickly get.  
 If she but do vun lettle share,  
 Ve lick em yet.

I dink, O Gott, you must have quit;  
 Or vy dose things do you permit;  
 If you are mad cause ve commit  
 Dos Belgian crimes,  
 Vy den you shure vos quite a bit  
 Behind der times.

Vor ve must plunder, rape and slay,  
 Blood and iron, dots our vay;  
 If dis offend you ve vill say  
 to you "Goot-bye",  
 Henceforth mein peoples all s' all pray  
 To Me und I.

Und ven ve lick all foreign swine  
 Der world vill vorship at our shrine  
 Und talk der language of der Rhine  
 Mit tongue und pen,  
 Und all der glory shall be mein,  
 Amen, Amen,

A. S. Hamilton,  
 Nanaimo.

**REINFORCEMENTS**

We asked the boys to come over,  
 And now they're here with us,  
 We thought of them there in clover,  
 And sometimes made a fuss  
 About the times they were having,  
 Away in that fair land,  
 While we in the mud were slaving,  
 Here with the mailed gloved hand.

So now they are here defending  
 Old Britain's gracious cause,  
 And we hope, with faith unending  
 They'll never shirk or pause  
 Until the boys who came before,  
 Now crumbling in the dust,  
 Are well avenged with blood and gore,  
 And they have won our trust.

We each must play our little part,  
 Unto the bitter end;  
 Some may show less greater heart,  
 But each his work attend.  
 So when we all pass out from here  
 And others take our place,  
 May they still come not knowing fear;  
 The vicious foe to face.

W. J. Cook.

**HOW TO RUN THE WAR**

*By the author of Napoleon crossing the Whelps.*

My chief reason for submitting the following suggestions to the "L. P." is, that should they catch the eye of the General, my promotion will follow as a matter of course. In order that I may have a wider sphere in which to display my genius, he would probably appoint me Aide de Camp or give me a job in the wet canteen. The least he could do would be to make me Colonel. As I cannot ride a horse, I should be compelled to decline the first and last mentioned lofty positions; but my desire to reduce the importation of tea, sugar and milk, might prompt me to accept the less dignified job of slinging the 'arf and 'arf and the latest battalion scandals.

Now for the "brainstorm".

All conscientious objectors to be billeted in (*ensor*).  
 Union hours for the boys in the trenches, and a trip to Paris every pay day.

A pipe line to be run from the "Brasserie" to the front line trench.

Feather beds and white sheets in or out of the trenches.

Every soldier to have a batman.

Infantry to be placed behind Artillery.

Fighting to cease at 12 noon Saturday until 10 a.m. Monday.

No sniping during meal times.

This book should be on all the tables in the War Office, and should be closely studied by the General Staff and in fact, all Staff Officers, ordinary officers, soldiers and also civilians.

Mudenwaters Journal.