

Who sacrifices honest thought
To catch the nod from some Big Shot.
Oh! pass such trifles up, my boy,
That you may know the keener joy
Of writing freely, day by day,
And let the chips fall where they may.
When thoughts are launched unselfishly
They are more likely true to be,
And writing is a worthy game
When one scorns gold, applause and fame;
But he who sets these as his goal
May win them all, but lose his soul.

THE CRIME OF JOHNNY KYLE

There's more than ten years gone now,
Since I bid good-bye to France;
I gave away my souvenirs,
Wore out my khaki pants.
I never like to talk about
The famous four-year row—
What I have seen doesn't matter.
I'm for peace forever now.
Yet my memory don't seem willing
For to leave it all behind—
This and that will keep recurring,
Turning over in my mind.
And it's mostly the unpleasant
That is haunting of me yet;
It's the saddest and the tragic
That seems hardest to forget.