

A THOUGHT.

If I should die to-day—
 Well, what does it matter?
 Better battle's clatter
 To end all anyway,
 Than slowly shuffle off
 With old age and a cough. . . .

You awaken at night
 In a heluva fright,
 Then your courage is put to the test—
 'Tis not shells or guns
 Nor the thought of the Huns,
 But a rat "marking time" on your chest!

N. S., in "N.Y. Evening Sun."

Sergeant-Major (on parade): "Jenkins! Put out that cigarette!"

Jenkins: "That isn't a cigarette, sir—it's an issue!"



A Little Plaster of Paris.