

THE BATH-HOUSE.

In a village near here there's a bath-house
Of which I've a sad tale to tell,
The ysend soldiers there who want washing,
And some who want scrubbing as well.
They give you a bath of cold water,
With which you wash off the dirt,
And when you've dried yourself on an old towel
They give you a sterilized shirt.
They have shirts, shirts, all kinds of shirts,
Shirts that are little and tall,
Shirts of all patterns, both thin uns and fat uns,
And shirts that are no shirts at all.
Shirts made from blouses, and seats of old trousers,
And shirts that are old women's skirts,
Socks that have roughed it since Wellington snuffed it
Are issued to soldiers as shirts.

They serve you out pants in this bath-house,
Which shrivel when water comes nigh,
(I once saw a pair of old trousers That shrank to an evening dress tie.)
I've seen a man's pants start a-shrinking,
Until he's been gasping for breath—
Shrink from his knees to his wind-pipe,
And shrink till they choked him to death.
They have pants, pants, all kinds of pants,
Don't judge a man by his pants,
Some have no knees in 'em, all have got fleas in 'em,
June bugs, and beetles, and ants,
Pants trimmed with fretwork, moth-holes and network,
Pants that would fit elephants,
Pants used by waiters for straining potatoes,
Are issued to soldiers as pants.

For vests, they give you shirts without uppers,
The kind you buy by the peck,
Vests you put on with a shoe horn,
Or else stick your legs through the neck.
That some vests should have old age pensions,
You cannot deny is the truth,
The one I have on is a nightcap,
My grandfather wore in his youth.
They have vests, vests, all kinds of vests,
Vests cheap at four pence an ounce,
Vests trimmed with fretwork, moth-holes and network,
And vests with a tortoise shell flounce.

Vests from the trenches, and vests full of stench,
Some have passed bullet proof tests,
Steel helmets and gas are all lumped in a class
And are issued to soldiers as vests.

THE DIFFERENCE PETTI-COATS MAKE.

The Colonel entered his office at the Base. Upon his desk he found a cold cigaret butt, three burnt matches, a scatter of ashes and the tag of a plug of chewing.

Who had been guilty of this outrage?

Investigation established that one Lance-Corporal Binks had feloniously, and in direct defiance of 94 rules and 37 by-laws, committed this sacrilege.

Private Binks soon bore a stripeless sleeve, not to speak of a pack, a rifle, and sundry other love tokens from a provident Government.

And he went up the line.

A week later the Colonel again entered his office, and looked around for his W.A.A.C. office-girl. She was not to be seen, but on the surface of his desk were visible: a trace of powder, three hair pins, one safety ditto, a handkerchief, (perfumed), a key, puffs, powder, one; a small mirror, one car ticket (out of date); a recipe for hair wash, a crumpled glove, two artificial flowers, a snap-shot of Sir David Beatty, and a field post-card full of contrary statements, alleging that a person by the name of "William" was quite well, had been admitted to hospital, was sick and going on well, wounded and hoped to be discharged soon (no doubt of that), was being sent down to the base, had received a letter, telegrams and parcels, that a letter followed, that he had received no letter either lately or for a long time.

There was no investigation. The Colonel merely rang the electric bell, and when it was answered by Privatress Mabel Smith, asked her as a favor to refrain from using his desk as a boudoir.

That was all!

Moral: Be a W.A.A.C.

—The Listening Post.

(The "Listening Post" is published by the Boys on the front-line trenches—"when the Huns permit.")

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