

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Brain Waves caught here and there!

Who at the Sergeant's suave suggestion,
At meal times bawls that silly question,
And sows the seeds of indigestion?

— THE ORDERLY OFFICER!

Who on the morning sick parade,
His fingers on our pulses laid,
Says medicine and duty with voice so
staid?

— THE M.O.!

Who is it dresses up so swell,
To whom we all our troubles tell,
Whom we all love? Yes! We do like
h—!

— OUR SERGEANT MAJOR!

Where is it when well primed with booze,
With chastened thoughts we sadly muse
On drinks, that we could not refuse?

— THE CLINK!

Who is it when with pockets bare,
Makes us feel like a millionaire,
And from us drives away dull care?

— THE PAYMASTER!

What is it makes us curse and swear,
And in the chill and morning air,
Arouses us with blatant blare?

— THE REVEILLE CALL!

What is it after a long day's ride,
When you feel done up and hollow
inside,

Brings to you visions of steak, well fried?

— THE COOKHOUSE CALL!

What is it makes us feel merry and
bright,
Brings visions of a bed and sheets
snow-white,
And makes us buy drinks for the boys all
night?

A SIX DAYS' PASS FOR BLIGHTY.

FASHION'S FAD.

Parody on The Charge of The Light Brigade.

Half an inch, half an inch,
Half an inch shorter—
Whether the skirts are for
Mother or daughter,
Briefer the dresses grow,
Fuller the ripples now,
While whisking glimpses show,
More than they oughter.

Forward the dress parade,
Is there a man dismayed,
NO—from the sight displayed
None could be sundered,
Their's not to make remark,
Clergyman, clubman, clerk,
Gaping from noon till dark
At the four hundred.

Short skirts to right of them—
Shorter to left of them,
Shortest in front of them,
Flaunted and flirted—
In hose of stripe and plaid,

Hued most exceeding glad,
Sporting in spats run mad,
Come the short skirted.

Flashed all their ankles there,
Flashed as they turned in air—
What will not women dare?
(Though the exhibits show
Some of them blundered)
All sorts of pegs,
Broomsticks, piano legs;
Here and there fairy shapes;
Just built to walk on eggs,
Come by the hundred.

When can their glory fade
Oh—the wild show they made,
All the world wondered,
Grande dame, and demoiselle,
Shop girl and Bowery Belle—
Four hundred H'm—oh, well,
Any old hundred.

A.C.W.R.B.