

HEB'S PARCEL CLERK

Having heard of the probably forthcoming war bonus our friend the Parcel Expert takes on very optimistic views and thereby views everything and everybody with a smile; an even more gracious one than he gets credit for. Heb hates to think what will happen when he actually handles his war bonus,—if he ever does!

Now, all ye maidens, young and old;
Come harken unto me—
The clerks who tend our wicket are
Not game for such as ye.

We must attend to business,
And if ye would be gay,
Call, when we're off duty, and
Have leisure time to play

Or if ye can't contain yourselves,
And must with someone speak;
Call at the parcel wicket, there
Ye'll find the thing ye seek.

Ye'll find within that space a man,
With smile serene and wide;
A smile, a mighty smile that fills
That space from side to side;

The widest wicket of them all
Yet to contain that smile,
Would not be nearly wide enough
If it were half a mile.

HEB.

Apologies to Burns.

HERE IT IS AGAIN!!

Some few days ago one of our members was thoughtful enough to send us a recent copy of the magazine known as "Motor and Sport." Since up to the present we have not been in a position to own an automobile, we were at a loss to understand why it was mailed to us. However, following out the instructions contained on the cover, we a certain page, and this is what we found:

"The ability to co-operate, to work with others, is commensurable with the practical, intelligent wisdom of individuals. But allow an agitator to infest the ranks, your earliest objects are frustrated, less wisdom in the aggregate predominates. . . . Before the dawn of civilization, men lived alone and carried no responsibilities for anyone except themselves. Co-operations were first founded on a natural primitive, common need—protection. The foundation of all co-operation. . . . Where the work has been wise, such co-operation has produced great and beneficial results. We must steer clear of the ruts of an-

"tagonisms, inconsistency, distrust, hypocrisy, individual indifferences to the rights and interests of others, which seems to have prevented natural and legitimate progress, so that all business of allied interests will disregard undue personal ambition, and work and pull together, co-operate, join hands for the protection and promotion of the welfare of all alike. . . . Co-operation with each other is to furnish advice and data as to market possibilities. Getting together is the sensible slogan of the times."

THE NAME OF FRANCE.

Give us name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind—

The glory of learning, the joy of art—
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight

Of the human race to win its way
From the ancient darkness into the day
Of freedom brotherhood, equal right—
A name like a star, a name of light:
I give you, France!

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood
At a touch of courage that conquers fear—
A name like the call of a trumpet, clear
And silver sweet and iron strong,
That brings three million men to their feet,
Ready to march and steady to meet
The foe who threatens that name with wrong—

A name that rings like a battle song:
I give you, France!

Give us a name to move the heart
With a strength that noble griefs impart—
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword—

A name that calls the world to share
The burden of scarificial strife
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life

And the rule of the people everywhere—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer:
I give you, France!

—Henry Van Dyke, in the Art World.

THE END

When we have finished life's journey
We will look back and say
On life's long mile,
There was nothing worth while
But the good we did on the way.