

after you. Ready now. Jump in."

"Oh I hate to leave Marianne like that."

Elsbeth drew back, and tears welled up into her eyes.

"If you don't, dear little girl, you will in a few hours be past doing anything for her yourself. Come." Carl put his arm around her and with his left hand, turned her face up to his.

"The soldiers are in the street," he said. "I hear them marching on the

stone road. It is worse than death to stay here. "If we go, there is Life, and Love, and Liberty."

Elsbeth kissed him.

"Come, then," she said, and together they took their places in the aeroplane. Carl started his engine, flying low over German-held ground until he reached the sea.

Half an hour after dark, he and Elsbeth stood hand in hand in France happy prisoners in the hands of the American Army.

BOY BLUE

By ARTHUR B. WATTS

LITTLE BOY BLUE, come blow your horn
And mount your steed this summer morn!
Your hobby-horse is a charger bold
That takes a strong little arm to hold.

Rattle-de-bang adown the walk!
Whoa a minute! We want to talk—
Talk of the elves and the fairy prince,
And the lad who made the giant wince.

You take my hand and from "our street",
Familiar to your tiny feet,
We pass along through foreign parts
To where the dear, green country starts.

The river bank, the daisy field,
The wooded nook, what joy they yield!
The warbler's note 'mid leafy shade
Allures us farther up the glade.

It's time for home; you cry, "No! No!"
But when we turn our pace is slow;
And ere we reach the beaten track
You're glad to climb upon my back.

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Big Boy Blue! The years have sped,
And now you tower above my head.
Another hour, and you will slip
Away from home to join your ship.

You go alone; no more we two!
Your King has need of men like you.
His call has come to eager ears.
See how my pride has dried my tears!