



They get me seven days C.B.
And seven more, if I
Refuse to get my hair cut
When I'm told to by-and-by.

"Great Cæsar's white untarnished ghost!
What's this they serve for beer?
Hey! Canteen Steward, what 'ye' mean?
We want no water here.
For water hasn't any use
Except to swab your face,
Put under bridges, or float ships,
Or sprinkle round the place.

"There goes the call for dinner.
Gee! ain't that bugler punk!
His tongue is simply rotten,
Or else the bugle's drunk.
I wish I was a bugler,
I'd show them how to blow,——
What? Time up, Canteen Steward?
Well, suppose we'll have to go.

"Gee whiz! Call that a dinner?
You could drive a mule train thro'
Between the vegetables in
That dope you call a stew.
If I was cook, you bet your shirt
I'd fix you up a treat;
But what's the use of grouching—
Great Scot! I've speared some meat!

"Well, anyhow, I'm finished;
I guess I'll make the grade,
And dust my buttons off before
The bugle sounds parade.