A PLEA FOR REFLECTION

(Anonymous.)

It has often seemed to me a paradoxical thing that, just about the time a regiment is ordered to leave for the front, its members seem to give themselves up to having a "good time," in other words, to lose their identities in "riotous living." is on this account that I write this little plea for reflection.

The returns of the killed and wounded show that the chances that we shall "get ours" are about 50-50, therefore do you not think it is time to put your house in order?

A soldier going to the front is on the threshold of a great and magnificent adventure; for about one out of every two of us the curtain will be rolled back from the greatest of all mysteries-what lies in the great beyond. Is it not meet that we should so order our lives at this time that we may not fear to meet our Creator face to face? A soldier with a clear conscience must surely fight better and more bravely than he whose conscience troubles him.

Every man who volunteers has offered himself upon the sacred shrine of duty and honor; he puts his life in jeopardy for the cause of God, of friends, of country, and in vindication of his manhood: therefore, after such an ennobling sacrifice, does it not seem passing strange that so many of us give ourselves up to sensuousness and depravity, when we should in reality be preparing for eternity?

Think well of this, comrades, and feel assured that he who has a good conscience will surely acquit himself well on the field of battle, and, if it should be his fortune to be gathered up into the hereafter, he will be welcomed with an "Enter here, my good and faithful servant," for our cause is God's.

THREE BARKS FOR THE ORDERLY HOUND

Here's to the Orderly Hound (Poor devil, he needs a good word!) His orders are "Just stick around "And take any 'hollers' preferred." While others subs. jauntily slip To the beckoning flesh-pots of town, He ambles on trip after trip,
And varies "Stand up!" with "Sit down."

O, weep for the Orderly Hound (The butt, for a day, of the camp!) what should his sorrows be drown'd? For the most part he drowns them in damp. Some day he'll receive his reward, When his sleep never more shall be vex'd, His name shall appear on the card, But, for duty, he'll always be "next"!

THE FIGHT FOR LOST LAKE

(By Onlooker.)

I call it the fight for Lost Lake because had the attacking force been able to drive back the right flank of the defenders which rested on Lost Lake they would have been able to advance their field guns to such a position that they could

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