

*Found in the toe of a pair of « issue » socks.*

TUNE « THE ROSARY ».

The time I've spent on these 'ere socks,  
Is like a thousand years to me.  
Dear lad ; How do they look to thee ?  
Thy hosiery ; thy hosiery.

Oh ; maddening stitches, plain and purl,  
How oft they've made my poor head whirl,  
For men must fight, — I'm but a girl,  
And so I'm knitting socks for thee.

My mother taught me how to knit.  
I hope with all my heart, they fit.  
If not as socks, — well, as a mitt,  
Or pass them — thy hosiery.

Angus Mc Intyre HOOD.

K. L.

*Pointers from Potsdam.*

Old Kaiser Wilhelm was cursing  
Cursing by night and by day,  
To his Headquarters staff all around him,  
These beautiful words he did say :

Put the British in Hell by the Million  
For 'tis they that have brought me so low,  
And then Count Zeppelin can carry me  
To London as Boss of the show.

It's a dream, Oh mein Kaiser said Hindie  
It's the navy that's struck you the blow,  
With no sausage nor sauerkraut nor lager  
Can you wonder my soldiers are slow.

Send them up with polony inside them  
And twenty-four lagers or so,  
And nothing on earth will stop them  
When they're «tanked», they are beggars to go.