

# THE "LITTLE BLACK DEVILS" PAGE.

## ICHABOD

(Dedicated to the "Little Black Devils.")

(*Hosti acie nominati—shovels.*)

(*O tempora! O mores!*)

When earth was young in days of old,  
And pomp and chivalry held sway,  
Sir Galahad, like burnished gold,  
Gleamed in his armour, so they say.

And each brave Spartan mother then  
Rigged out with care her first-born dear,  
And polished till it shone again  
His sword, his javelin, and his spear,

And sent him forth in proud array  
All glorious for the battle-field,  
Bidding him at the close of day  
Return upon, or with, his shield.

But times have changed since then, worse luck,  
We've fallen upon evil days.  
And pomp and splendour's run amok,  
In saps and traverses and bays.



A "LITTLE BLACK DEVIL."

No longer now the gallant knight  
With glittering spear and gleaming blade,  
But in their stead—O, woeful sight!—  
A pick, a shovel, and a spade.

And as the wife now buckles on  
Her husband's old entrenching tool,  
She says, "When bullets whistle, John,  
Dig in at once—don't be a fool!"

And every mother warns her son,  
When clapping on his old tin hat,  
"Now, darling, when the battle's done,  
Bring back our spade—remember that!"

And each fond sweetheart in his ear  
Breathes, as she bids her knight farewell,  
"You have your trusty shovel, dear,  
And if Fritz strafes you, dig like—well!"

You know that times have changed, worse luck.  
We've fallen upon evil days.  
For pomp and splendour now must duck  
In saps and traverses and bays.

E. J. THOMAS.

## THE VOYAGE OF THE DEUTSCHLAND.

READ recently somewhere a statement to the effect that for a number of years Germany has been simply feeding her people on a war literature—books inculcating a military spirit being turned out at the rate of several hundred annually; in contrast, for example, to, perhaps, some half-dozen similar works appearing each year in Great Britain. With such leaven has our arch-enemy—the arch-enemy of the democracies and the liberties of the world—worked herself up into such a martial frenzy, that every sane man must feel as the many hundreds of thousands in khaki, that the only argument Germany at present can appreciate or understand is the argument of the man behind the loaded gun. And she seems still to be continuing her policy with respect to the soldiers in the trenches, for of two books which I have noticed—brought back by our boys from German dug-outs on the Vimy Ridge as souvenirs of their April advance—one is a military romance of a dashing young cavalry captain—a regular swashbuckler of the most approved Prussian style—and the other a very glowing account of the victorious voyage of the *Deutschland*, modestly penned by the captain of that vessel, Paul König, with a short preface poem dedicated to him by Henry, Prince of Prussia. The book is cheaply gotten up, sells for one mark, was published in 1916, and the edition is stated to be from 370,000 to 400,000, showing that it has been distributed broadcast throughout Germany. As the book is accessible in English, it may be sufficient to remark that the voyage of the *Deutschland* is heralded as one of the seven wonders of the world, marking an absolutely new epoch in navigation and overseas commerce, and settling once and for all England's claim to ocean supremacy. It ends as it begins, in poetry (the exploit transcends the limits of plain, ordinary prose), and the second poem—handed to him, the captain asserts, on his return to Bremen by a simple seaman—reviews, in a paean of victory, the whole undertaking. This effusion, which was doubtless "made to order," illustrates very accurately the "*Deutschland über alles*" spirit of the entire narrative, and on this account a fairly literal translation may perhaps not be without interest, even to "treacherous" Britons—especially since the *Deutschland* and her sister ships have hardly succeeded in establishing a regular service between Bremen and Baltimore, and if they are "safe home again" they are very carefully staying there.

The writer is well aware that the diction of the following verses is not exactly Shakespearian, but then the original, it must be remembered, was hardly in Goethe's best style, or Schiller's:—

### "U DEUTSCHLAND."

What a jubilee from shore to shore!  
A German U-boat in Baltimore,  
A German U-boat with flag unfurled,  
Carries Germany's products from world to world.  
Let the treacherous Briton lie as he will,  
Revile him his utmost and curse him his fill,  
Ye proud, flutter the flags and the banners galore,  
Of the first German U-boat in old Baltimore.



"Oh! Good day, mein Herr Kaptan! Whence from over the sea?"

"Why, from Bremen, my good sir! Staunch Germans are we."

"From Germany, Captain! You don't mean to say And did England allow you to come on your way?"  
"What care we for the vain boast of England and France, When we rode fathoms deep could they bar our advance? When we sailed with salt water well over our tower, Loud we laughed at the fiction of England's sea-power. So here we are, Yankee! loyal, friendly, and true, And now can we drive a good bargain with you? For we've many a thing stored away in our hold That you can't obtain elsewhere for silver or gold."  
"Well, now, that is great! And of course I'll agree. For business endures still as business, I see."



Then a business-like bustle arose on the quay,  
And huge cranes plied in action groaned and creaked mightily,  
As they lowered away to the vessel's deep hold,  
To search in its depths for its treasures untold,