

"Excuse me, Captain," I felt hurt
And nervouslike, you see,
"I'm only goin' to git the shirt
That Mollie made for me!"

"Gimme that shirt!" the Captain cried,
He filled my soul with woe;
He folded up my joy and pride
And flung it midst the foe.
'Twas then my nerve it took a spurt,
For I could plainly see
I had to go and get that shirt
That Mollie made for me!

I dashed amid the battling foe,
A raging wilderness,
I slew six hundred Germans—
Six hundred—more or less;
But I came back unharmed, unhurt,
And bore aloft with glee
Six German standards and the shirt
That Mollie made for me!

THE COOK'S ANTHEM

(The camp cooks will have troubles of their own ere this cruel war is over. They may not mingle with bombs and bullets on the firing line, but that will be a joke to what will be coming to them when they burn the soup! The Khan, who has always had a