

SLACKERS. ATTENTION! [SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.]

Ye Slacker in the Billiard Room
 Whose weapon is a cue,
 Who give no thought nor care a jot
 For those who fight for you,
 Awaken from your slumbers, boys,
 Your Country is at war,
 Go join the fight for law and right,
 On Battlefield afar!

Ye slackers who refuse to fight,
 Except as Captains bold,
 Who would not share a Private's fare,
 No, not for untold gold.
 That garb of glory would you don,
 Forget your pride, I say,
 And play the man while yet you can,
 Get in the ranks and stay!

Ye slackers who are Songsters sweet,
 And who will not enlist,
 Because, forsooth, and this is truth,
 Your lessons would be missed,
 Who loudly sing you wont be slaves,
 Your Country calls again,
 And in this fight 'gainst German might,
 Would you be less than men?

Ye Slackers on the Hockey-teams,
 Remember Pals away,
 On fields of fame they play the game,
 In nobler, sterner fray,
 In far off France, they fight the foe,
 Midst mud and fiendish din;
 Redeem your name, get in the game,
 And help your chums to win!

Ye Slackers who at dances trip,
 The Light fantastic toe,
 Ye Slackers gay who races play,
 And squander all your dough,
 Your King and Country need you now,
 This is no time to shirk,
 Forsake the dance and go to France,
 And do some useful work!

Ye Slackers who at the Movies gaze,
 At Battles on the screen,
 Who yell and cheer in safety here,
 At every thrilling scene—
 Do our boys die in foreign lands,
 That you may sit at shows?
 Don't be such cads—go help the lads,
 To fight your Country's foes.

Ye Slackers Miscellaneous,
 Who cumber all this land,
 Who've not been white enough to fight,
 Just make another stand;
 Our bravest and our best have gone,
 Two years they've fought for you!
 Must they your share of war still bear?
 Come boys, and help them! Do:—

Bill !

Yus, Elf.

Where d'jer get them daises?

What! them boots?

Oh! I bin aht doin' a bit o' snipin',
 and' I pinched 'em orf a Germ,' arter I
 done 'im in.

Blimey: That's my game, too. (Exit
 Elf.).

(An hour later enter 'Arry).

"Strewf, you blokes, where'd yer get
 them daises?"

"Oh, we bin aht snipin', and we
 copped a couple of Germans and pinched
 'em orf 'em arter we done 'em in."

"Blimey, that's me." (Exit 'Arry).

(Two hours later. Entire trench full
 of Tommies all proud possessors of
 beautiful new boots. Enter Ginger Wil-
 liams the bantam of the Regiment).

"Well, strike me extremely blooming
 uncomfortable! Where in 'ell d'jer get
 them boots?"

"Oh, we copped 'em orf Germans
 what we done in."

"I'm off." (Exit Ginger).

(Twelve hours later, Tommies all hud-
 dled together in anxious colloquy).

"Poor old Ginger," "One of the best,"
 "Jest his luck to cop aht." "They sure
 have done 'im in."

(Suddenly enters Ginger, a dozen pairs
 of boots hanging from his rifle).

"Gawd blimey—Ginger back again?
 Good old Ginger, where ye bin all this
 time?"

"Yus, a nice blooming job ye put me
 on to. I had to kill 20 of the bloaters
 before I could find a pair to fit me."