

## THE GAME

*By Jack Cadden.*

Where the staunch, true steel is gleaming lies our path along the miles,  
 From beyond the riven Rockies to the fair Atlantic isles;  
 From the line that knots the nations in a common sisterhood,  
 To the barren lands that border on the Arctic's solitude.  
 Day and night the wheels are whirling, and the task goes on and on,  
 Night and day the miles are mastered, but the task is never done,  
 Stronger than the laws that bind us, or the urge of greed and fame  
 Comes the motto of the Service,—comes the watchword: "Play the game!"

It is ours to hold or hasten, it is ours to make or mar,  
 Yet we serve a trusting nation and the measure's full and fair;  
 From the pineland to the prairies, from the prairies to the sea,  
 Little known and little heeded goes the work unceasingly.  
 Thro' our hands the threads are flying with a poignant purpose rife,  
 As we weave our little patterns in the patchwork quilt of Life;  
 And there comes a satisfaction from the ends that we attain  
 In the struggle and endeavor when we know we've played the game.

So I pay my humble tribute to the lads I'll never know,  
 Who are striving for the Service where the iron highways go,  
 Lads of every land and station, with a common cause in view:  
 Just to serve a trusting nation and maintain a record true.  
 Tho' the grade is hard and heavy till the goal at last is won,  
 Tho' the millions they are serving, little heed the service done,  
 Yet the law of Compensation, while it seldom leads to Fame,  
 Will reward the sterling merits of the lads who play the game!

## I'M HELPING.

*By Jessie M. Smith.*

I'm just a very little boy,  
 As all can plainly see,  
 But every moment of each day  
 I'm busy as can be.

Of course I carry in the wood,  
 And fetch the water too;  
 There's always scores of little chores  
 A chap like me must do.

But since my country's gone to war,  
 And calls her loyalists true,  
 I've listed, not to fight, but work.  
 I'm helping now, are you?

I've knitted one whole pair of socks.  
 At first it was a task,  
 But now I've such a jolly plan  
 No better fun I'd ask.

I call each stitch a soldier brave,  
 So must not knit too tight;

For fear I crowd my soldiers up,  
 They must have room to fight.

The ribs are gallant officers  
 Who lead their men along;  
 Such splendid fellows they must be,  
 I knit them firm and strong.

The heel's a column on defence,  
 All strongly reinforced;  
 In vain the Germans charge and plunge  
 I see them all unhorsed.

The narrows are the battles fought,  
 There countless soldiers drop;  
 I fear to see them fall so fast  
 Lest none should reach the top.

More thick and fast the battles come,  
 But courage does not wane.  
 At last, at last, the goal is reached,  
 Six gallant braves remain,

I hasten then to darn it up,  
 To make the fort secure.  
 Hurrah! hurrah! we've won the day,  
 A victory great and sure.