

## Mouquet Farm

The Ward may be snug and quiet,  
The inmates all sleeping and calm,  
But four little words cause a riot—  
" Say, who took Mouquet Farm ? "

Old friendships are shattered asunder,  
While patients, regardless of harm,  
Shriek in voices far louder than thunder—  
" The umpteens took Mouquet Farm ! "

When this old Armageddon is ended,  
And homeward our way we have wended,  
(And in civies we loll back to yarn  
Of Mons, the Ainse and the Marne),

Some amp. will rush in  
Wildly waving his arm,  
And start up a din—

" Who took Mouquet Farm ? "

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## The Submarine

Something stirred 'neath the seas—

Fair course did the good ship make.

Something saw 'neath the seas—

Then turned and followed her wake.

Something crept 'neath the seas—

Up, ever up, on its foe.

Something struck 'neath the seas—

Full and fair sped the blow.

Something rose from the seas—

Sailors and ship sank below !

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## The Harder Task

You saw your dearest one depart,

Cheerfully, with soldier smile,

To you 'twas left with aching heart

To wait and watch a little while.

You prayed and prayed with hope held high,

You watched each mail for just a line

To tell you he was safe and well.

Your heart like lead, your courage fine.

And now he's gone, " Somewhere in France "

He lies. Oh, think no vain regrets.

Your sacrifice is known, and God

Remembers when the World forgets.

*Marion E. Wyatt*