

SAYINGS OF Mrs. SOLOMON.

(By Helen Rowland).

The Prayer of a Bride who seeketh wisdom and light that her days may be long in the House of Matrimony.

Oh, Fate, I thank thee that thou hast granted me this hour of triumph wherein I shall walk before my friends and mine enemies, with this trophy by my side!

For what profiteth it a woman though she be crowned with all the laurels under the sun and have not worn a wreath of orange blossoms?

Therefore, I pray thee, make me worthy that I may deserve him, and wise that I may hold him, even as thou hast made me clever, that I might CATCH him!

Let me not see his faults if he have any; make me blind to his failings; shut mine eyes to his weaknesses. For I know that in matrimony only the totally blind are happy.

Stay me, I pray thee, from the folly of « confessions » and whatsoever my flirtations and sentimental triumphs have been, let me not boast of them. For confessions are like unto wine, exhilarating for the moment, but apt to leave one with « that sorry feeling. »

Likewise deliver me from curiosity! Stay me, I pray thee, from questioning him concerning his OWN past, his comings and his goings and his staying out in the evenings.

For a woman that asketh questions is as too much pepper in the soup, too much horse-radish upon the clams, and perfect FAITH is the only leash whereby a wife may hold her husband in check. Yea, verily, a little suspicion is a dangerous thing!

Strengthen me, I beseech thee, that I may suppress mine own inclinations and hide my desires, and conceal my whims; let me be hungry when HE is hungry, sentimental when HE is sentimental, sleepy when HE is sleepy, merry when HE is merry and busy when HE is busy.

For next to not being at hand when she is needed the worst crime a wife can commit is to be there when she is NOT wanted.

Teach me the legerdemain whereby I can make a chicken salad from Sunday's veal and an « imported » hat from a cast-off feather duster or an old peach basket.

Let me not hanker after compliments nor yearn after flattery, for I know that when he maketh me his wife it is the greatest compliment that he shall ever pay me and the LAST!

Strengthen me to meet his old flames with pleasant smiles and graciousness. For it is not his past loves but his FUTURE ones which shall be my tribulation.

Let me not yearn after « Independence » for I know that my Fourth of Julys are over, and after the wedding day my TOOTH BRUSH shall be the only sign of mine individuality left unto me.

Fill me with humility that I may joyfully relinquish the heart of the salad and be satisfied with the smaller portion of the steak; yea, that I may delight to let my coffee cool and mine appetite wait until HE is satisfied.

For behold if I cater, unto him these things then will he yield unto me in all things of importance, and my days shall be long and happy in the two-by-four kitchenette apartment which he, mine husband, bestoweth upon me!

Selah!

SISTER DOROTHY'S MAIL BUDGET

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« Now I know why the Navy battalions all smoke short clay pipes », said dear, old Aunt Emma. « So they won't show up in the trenches. But, do you know, I tried ever so many shops and none of them sold anything except long, white ones. »

## SOMEWHERE

Behind the lines, somewhere in France,  
We're waiting for the great advance,  
And doing things, from day to day,  
That help us on our weary way.  
You'd be surprised. You would in fact,  
To find our squadron so intact,  
Despite the German shells and mines,  
It's often dull behind the lines—  
Somewhere in France.

Behind the lines in Belgium too  
You still might find us, quite a few  
Still rusticated on the farms  
Or lying idly on our arms,  
And watching all our sleek chevaux.  
(Our King and Country need us so.)  
Of Uhlans here we see no signs  
It's stagnant, quite, behind the lines  
Somewhere in Belgium.

We used to have some idle hopes  
Of charging down the Rhineland slopes  
And doing Cossack Posts, and stunts  
That we have practised more than once,  
But, nimble troopers as we were  
We could but stay behind and swear,  
And wish to brave the shots and stanches,  
And « Foot-slog » in to man the trenches  
Somewhere in front.

But still we're guarding farms and things.  
(It's not our fault, or even (censored)  
This here patrolling round the farms  
Is meant for Frenchmen or Gens d'Armes,  
And watching roads in open view  
Lest some slim Fritzie should creep through.  
Poor Devil! If he hits our rounds  
(Estaminets are out of bounds)  
Somewhere in Flanders.

The Infantry are doin' splendid,  
But, God send, e'er the war be ended,  
They need our Cavalry that's mounted  
(If our old steeds are still accounted)  
We'll amble in, our pace no greater,  
Should they require us some years later,  
And stall our horses out of malice  
In Kaiser Wilhelm's Potsdam palace  
Somewhere in Deutschland.

Pte R. T. Anderson. 2067.

Can. Corps Cavalry.

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To C.S.C. only.

Tompkins was a thoughtful cuss,
Who, in the depths beneath a Flanders farm,
Contrived to aid his country; and besides,
Enliven many a dreary hour for us
His pals, who also dwelt with him below earth's
crust;
Helping the dear, old country in her trials
By « buzzing » dots and dashes, cuss-words, and
all kinds
Of information useful to H.Q. — and us.
Tompkins reached the zenith of his fame one day.
When, through indulgence in his ration rum
Combined with that of his « Side-kick » a very
temperate man,
He sent the message handed in by his O. C. —
« Give Fritz one hundred shells. » —
Not as the O.C. meant exactly, but in effect the
same;
Omitting, by mistake, three dots before the H.E.'s
name.

C. D.