

I HAVE NO RING

(BY JOE LAWLOR.)

Louise Monterey was a Belgium Miss who lived Forty Five Minutes from Brussels. A Small Town Girl was she and Respected by all who Knew her. Though a Peasant, it was claimed she was Half of the Author's inspiration, that prompted him to write the Poet and Peasant Overture. She had the Finesse of a Duchess and the Beauty of a Vestal Virgin. The Hand that Rules the World had given her Milk White skin, with the Hint of a Peach Blow streaked through the Cheeks and when she arose the Morning of the Feast of the Seven Dolores, her Eyes shone as bright as an Eagle's from a Mountain Pass after Dark, and her Laughter was as Musical as a Marriage Bell. The Reason being Jean her lover would soon be back from the Mouth of Hell.

Fifteen Months was a Long Time for a Cavalier to be away from his Love, and she awaited the Hour with Suppressed Emotion. Her thoughts wandered back to the Day the Blood Hounds attacked her Fair Country, which was soon a Broken Rose, but when the Stems were breaking the man Jean, awoke her from her Beauty Sleep and told her that the World had gone Mad and that "Your country and My country is being steeped in Gore and that I must be away," and she remembered how he told her that it wouldn't be long 'ere he'd be back in the Town where she was Born and how Some Day, lead her to the Altar Rail, before an admiring throng and repeat the Holy Vow that would Blend their Lives into One. She thought of how she Watched and Watched him as he hurried down the Road and into the Forest on his way to join the Battalion of Death.

And now after what seemed an Age he was really coming for a Short While to Sip the Blushing Wine from the same Goblet at the Wedding Feast. The News in the meanwhile had spread around that some more Boys from Jean's company were also coming Home and were due at Brussels that P. M. So Louise found herself in the Old Town that afternoon, her Innocent heart aglow at the coming Rendezvous with Jean the Man; but could you blame her for feeling Extraordinary as the Shrill Shriek of a Whistle told her that he would soon

be here. The Train came slowly puffing into the Station and she scanned the Faces of the Overjoyed Soldiers, waving to loved Ones from the Window, but then thought sue Jean the Man must be on the other Side of the Tram or he would wave too.

Her attention was attracted by the Cries of "Louise, Louise," and turning sharply found herself Face to Face with, why with—the Town Boys, three of them, Henri, Franz and Caton. Their Faces changed when she said, "Why where is Jean." One of the Three Muskeeters spoke up and said, "'Twas a Shell that split him and he died murmuring For Belgium and Louise. We then dug his Little Grave and buried him where he fell.' And Louise—why silence was her Answer, low she bowed her Head, on that Day the Feast of the Seven Dolores. The Three Musketeers and Louise were soon back in the Town, which was Forty Five Minutes from Brussels. Time wore on and the Girl with it. Fate had seemed Cruel to these Young Souls who wanted to go through Life together, and the Natives putting Two and Two began to Figure that it wouldn't be long before the Grief Stricken Louise would pass to the Land of Beginning Again. The Populace of course were not a bit Surprised, when a Small Funeral Cortege wended its way from the Little Red Church to a Grassy Resting place, then Everyone knew that the Castle of Broken Hearts was richer by one. And those who were present at the Passing of the True Blue Girl, still say that Louise whispered faintly, "I have his Face, but not his Name, and I bear his burden but I HAVE NO RING.

VISIT FLORDIA

Unattracted by stories of unusual warm and delightful weather in the North three of the enlisted personnel left here on ten-day leaves for the "Land of Palms" on Thursday evening. They are Sgt. First Class Arnold Goldstein, of New Haven, Conn.; Mess Sgt. Solomon Laske, of the same city and Pvt. First Class Eugenis Menge detachment barber of Schylerville, N. Y.

These men expect to spend part of their time at Jacksonville, Fla., part at Daytona and the remainder at either Key West or Tampa.

RECOMPENSE

Scintillant with sunlight sleeps the fleecy cotton,
Billowy as snowflakes, blossomy as snow;
Up above, a fair cloudy idly looks and wonders,
Over the hills the huddled pines sway low.

From the dusky cabin a smoke-thread rises,
Patiently and palely climbing up the skies,
'Till it meets the fair cloud and melancholy gazes
Down upon the beauty where the bloomed white lies.

Scintillant with sunlight, cloud and fleecy cotton,
Hills and pines and chimney glories radiate;
When you leave the ward work and wander here a moment,
All the wishes for loveliness will compensate!

B. K.

MORE ARRIVALS

A number of soldiers, who left New York on Monday morning, have arrived in Camp Greene for further medical treatment and observation before being mustered out of the service and sent to their homes.

Those who have arrived are listed as follows:

Bugler William H. Sullivan, Company H, 118th infantry; First Class Private Rosco Addison, medical department, 18th infantry; Bugler Neil Wilkes (unknown) Company 1st Cap. department; Privates Benjamin Rowell, Company A, 520th engineers; Dan Mitchell, Company B, 342nd infantry; Ossie E. Yarboro, Company L, 4th pioneers; Hiram Farmyondal, Company H, 4th pioneers; Claude Glenn, Company F, 372nd infantry; George Tilley, Company K, 119th infantry; Early Sarratt, Company C, 120th infantry; Powell Plaster, Company E, 105th engineers; John W. Patrum, Company I, 120th infantry litter; William F. Hackney, Company L, 119th D 3, litter; Frank Grady, Company D, 120th infantry litter; John B. Rash, Company A, 26th infantry; James E. Simmons, Company E, 365th infantry; James Williams, Company T, 371st infantry; Ross Braswell, Company A, 168th infantry; Walter L. Howell, Company E, 120th infantry; John H. Smith, Company E, 118th infantry; Ernie Murphy, Company A, 324th infantry; Richard A. Lewis, Company C, 166th infantry, and Roy E. Calhoun, Company B, 117th infantry litter.

MORE REAL ONES

ANSWERS TO INSURANCE QUESTIONS.

Dear Mr. Wilson, I have already written to Mr. Headquarters and received no reply, and if don't get one from you I am going to write to Uncle Sam himself.

* * *

You have changed my little boy to a girl. Will that make any difference?

* * *

Please let me know if John has put in an application for a wife and child.

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I am pleating fore little more time.

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Please return my marriage certificate, baby hasn't eaten any in three days.

That tireless war worker, Lady Victor Paget, tells an amusing story of an enthusiastic V. A. D nurse who, in past days, was an equally enthusiastic suffraget.

At a base hospital "somewhere in France, she was bandaging a stalwart private whose right arm had been mangled by a fragment of a German shell.

"Do you know," she said, presently, "your face seems, strangely familiar to me. I've been trying to remember where we've met before."

"Well, nurse," said the wounded man, "perhaps we had better let bygones be bygones. I was a policeman."