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QUESTIONS AT EVENTIDE.

What can you wear tonight,  
Oh, lovely lady,  
Half so becoming as the memory  
Which robes you in a gown of sweet carressing,  
And takes me home  
So far across the sea?

What can you do tonight,  
Oh, lovely lady,  
Half so inspiring as of yesterday  
The deeds that formed my love and keeps me near you  
Though war must place you many miles away?

What can you see tonight,  
Oh, lovely lady,  
Half so delightful as the scene I keep  
Enshrined within the gold of recollection  
- Portrays your smile  
When faith and cheer I seek?

What can they say tonight,  
Oh, lovely lady,  
Half so endearing as the humblest tone  
In which, upon the nights' still air arises  
My fervent whisper  
" Darling, I am HOME "

R. H. Williams.

THE GYPSIES.

Now we hell up and down this damned over,  
Thru the dust and the rain and the heat,  
And we always break camp on a Sunday,  
Like the " Sallys " that pray in the street.

We moan and we snarl and we bicker,  
Like hobbes, we've no fixed abode,  
Our tents they are almost in tatters,  
While our gear leaves a trail on the road .

And our beer is always short-rationed,  
What we thieves on the ships is a crime,  
We're " Foster's " bad boys, that's what we are,  
Yes, they give us a bloody rough time.

I believe we're the bums of Nocal !,  
The gypsies, the " Knights of the Winch ",  
" Hard cases " and " boozers " and gamblers ,  
Still we're useful and sharp in a pinch,

So we scoff at our critics and curse them,  
Our Sergeants all love us, we know,  
And the OC thinks we're the catswhiskers,  
I once heard him tell " Westy " so.

Now I give you a toast to the " Wharfies ",  
The " Sundowners of the Third Div. ",  
The " Gypsy Boys " of the Pacific,  
Where there's Vienna sausage they live.

Spr. F. A. Hirtzell.