

THE LAST HITCH, OR SPLICED FOR LIFE.

"Wilt thou, _____, have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together in so far as the Bureau of Navigation will allow? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, take her to the movies, bring home plenty of commissary stores, and come regularly on the 4:30 boat?"

"I will."

"Wilt thou, _____, have this sailor to be thy wedded husband, bearing in mind liberty hours, boat schedules, watches, sudden moves, uncertain mail communication, and all other penalties of Navy life? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honor and wait for him, keep his socks darned, and let him smoke 'Navy Plug' in the house?"

"I will."

"I, _____, take thee, _____, to be my wedded wife, from 4:30 P. M. until 7:30 A. M. as far as permitted by the Commanding Officer, liberty subject to change without notice, for better, for worse, for ealier, for later, to love and to cherish, and I promise to write thee a censored letter when my ship leaves port."

"I, _____, take thee, _____, to be my wedded husband, subject to the whims of the Commanding Officer, changing residence whenever the ship moves, to have, to hold, just as long as my allotment comes in regularly, and therefore, I give thee my troth."

Employer—"I have to give you this dirty bill, Rastus. It may have germs on it."

Employee—"Oh, that's all right, boss; no insect could live on my salary."

A singer and a surgeon, I say,
Betray no distant relation,
For one yearns for grand opera,
And for grand operation.

Do a Senior a favor and he may be grateful;

Do him several favors and he will think you owe them to him.

How dear to our heart is the cash subscription,

When gen'rous student presents it to view;

But the man who won't buy we refrain from description,

For perhaps gentle reader, that man might be you.

THE SOB OF ANOTHER STRIPE.

I've braved the dangers of the Battalion
of Death,
And even braved the Flu.
I've stuck to my post under a barrage
of grouch,
But the stripe didn't come through.

I've saluted my superiors in regular
style,
As a trick Ensign should,
And said "Sir" when I meant "go
plumb to Hell,"
And wish b'God they would.

Where, O, where is that slim stripe of
gilt,
That band of glittering gold,
My sleeves are worn, shiny and bare,
My lonely stripe is old.

Where, O, where is that forty per
month
That goes with another stripe,
The Commander said I would get it
sure,
He should have said I might.

Where, O, where is the graft they pull,
That adds that little band,
It's worked on sleeves that were old
or new,
Some that were second hand.

I've done my worst with paper, pen
and ink,
To land that extra lace,
And now I'm the sole surviving Ensign
left,
In the whole darn place.

The title of Lieutenant is not for me,
The stripe has gone t'hell,
No N. C.'s or D. S. O.'s behind my
name,
Just plain Ensign S. O. L.

Now I've lost my hope for higher rank,
Just a one-striper I'll be,
The two in the Navy who can go no
higher,
Are Admiral Sims and Me.

Times are changing.

Men are patronizing the women's dry
goods stores because they still have that
barred effect.

Why and where is the bar room still?

She—"You seem worn."

He—"Yes, indeed, I went to the Mutes'
dance, and swung dumb belles around
all evening."

Two Hundred Seventy-six