

*UNDER PAPA'S HELMET.*

candy-bag hung from each ear ; and picture-books stuck out of her pocket.

Christine thought of nothing but counting her money, and found she had made just a dollar and a half.

UNDER PAPA'S HELMET.

BY

ALFRED SELWYN.

DRAWING BY OSCAR PLETSCH.



OW, hurrah !

See him stand ;

Helm on head,

Spear in hand !

Blow the horn,

Beat the drum,

Let the foe

Forward come !

Boy, may we

See the day

When all wars

Turn to play !

Swords and guns

Then shall be

Only toys

For you and me.