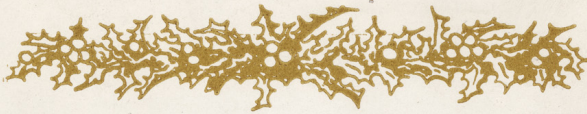


A MERRY XMAS 1915

"SHAKE!"



BOTH DOING THEIR BIT!



B I T S .

As I walk my route in the early hours
My path isn't one of rosy flowers;
But I'm better off than our soldier chaps—
Cold and hungry,—and wounded. p'raps,
Doing their bit.

We can't all fight, but we'll do our part,
So I step along with a lighter heart
As I bring to you the whole world's news,
And I like to think even I'm some use—
Doing my bit.

With funds and tag-days to no end,
Maybe you've not much left to spend.
But still I hope that your newsboy's plea
Will touch your heart and find you free
To do your bit.

So here's Good Luck to yours and you
Who read The Mail and Empire through !
Who'll feel the better Christmas Day
For sparing me two dimes, or say
Two — or four — bits.

