An
ALPHABET
of the
WAR
AN ALPHABET OF THE WAR

JARROLD & SONS, WARWICK LANE, E.C.
Reproduced by Special Permission of the Proprietors of "Punch"
A is my Aunt, with relations at Crewe,
Whose butler saw thousands of Russians go through.
A Squadron
of Cavalry
then galloped
up and attacked
the outpost.

B's the Bureau where the censors decide
If it's safe to let out that the cavalry ride.
C's a Crown Prince. While the others keep shooting
He very unselfishly sees to the looting.
D is "The Day" when he's collared enough,
And thinks it is time to get home with the stuff.
E is an Emperor. Need I enlarge
On the obvious fact that he’s leading a charge?
F is a Flapper who hoped to assist,
And told Winston Churchill he ought to enlist.
G is for Gordon, a palpable Scot—
“Vas mein vader’s name Gottheim? Nein, certainly not!”
H for Headquarters. "Eye-witness" takes note
Of the way that a corporal puts on his coat.
I's the Impression one makes by remarking
"My boy was at Buxton and saw them embarking."
J is old Jarge: he's 102.
And he's heerd there's a war, but he hopes it bain't true.
K is the Kaiser. (Let nobody fail To notice Napoleon drawn to scale.)
L is the Liar I met in the Strand
Who had "charged with the Lancers at Heligoland."
M is the Money I keep in my coat
(Now where in the deuce is that 10s. note?),
N is a Newsboy at work on his “pitch”; It’s the “Eye-witness” boom which has made him so rich.
O is the Order re "lighting at night"
(My own little house is the fifth on the right).
P's the Professor who gallantly swore
It was Belgian ambition that started the war.
Q. is the Quarrel I had with a man
Who called it “Saydong” when I called it “Sedann.”
R's for the Russians. I ask you to glance At the swarms on the Gangway, alighting in France.
S was suspected of being a Spy,
But never was able to understand why.
T is a Town which I'm taking as read; If I'd only a cold I would sneeze it instead.
U is a Uhlan who's taking a toss;
The Kaiser will probably give him a Cross.
V is Von—dash, I’ve forgotten his name,
But he proves that New Zealand was solely
to blame.
W stands for a Waiter. Alas!
He has emptied some arsenic into my glass.
X in the little equation that's shown
Is the Crown Prince's chance of ascending the throne.
Y is the Youth whom I'm hoping to "cotch"; While I waved to the troops he collected my watch.
Z is a Zeppelin, right overhead—
Isn’t it luck to have something for Z?