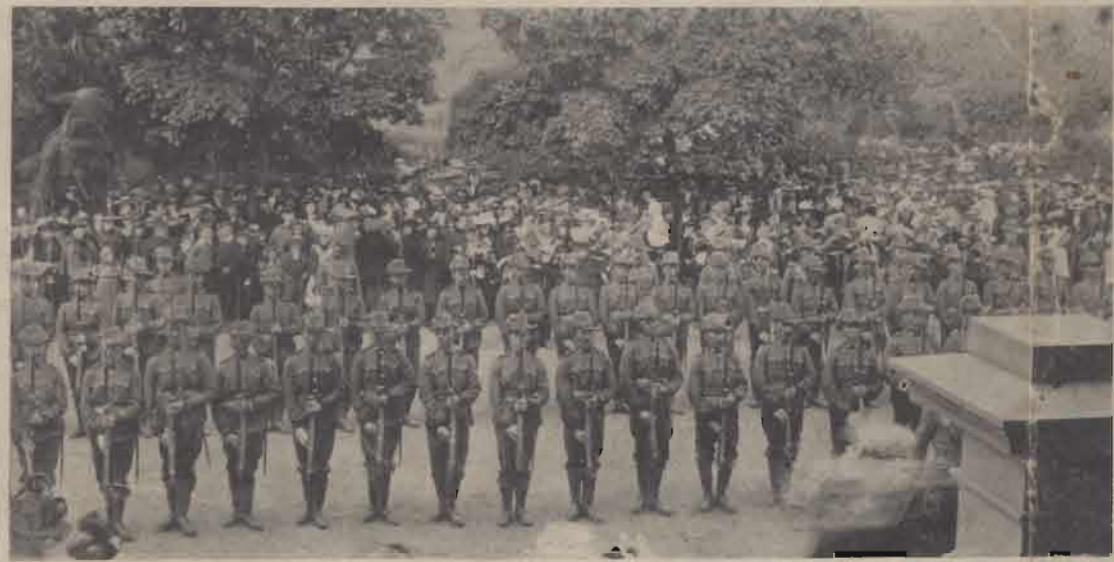


The Transvaal War.

A MEMENTO.



TASMANIAN CONTINGENT.—THE INSPECTION IN FRANKLIN SQUARE.—"ROYAL SALUTE"

RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW POEM,

The Absent-minded Beggar.

1

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia"—when you've sung "God Save the Queen"—
When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth—
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine
For a gentleman in khaki ordered South?
He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses are great—
But we and Paul must take him as we find him—
He's out on active service, wiping something off a slate,
And he's left a lot o' little things behind him!

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings—
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)
Each of 'em doing his country's work—(and who's to look
after their things?)—
Pass the hat for your credit's sake; and pay—pay—pay!

2

There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,
For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did;
There is gas and coals and vittles, and the house rent falling due;
And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.
There are girls he walked with casual, they'll be sorry now he's gone
For an absent-minded beggar they will find him:
But it ain't the time for sermons, with the winter comin on—
We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him!

Cook's son—Duke's son—son of a belted Earl—
Son of a Lambeth publican, it's all the same to-day!
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look
after the girl?);
Pass the hat, for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

3

There are families by thousands, far too proud to beg or speak,
And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout,
And they'll live on half o'nothing, paid 'em punctual once a week,
Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out.
He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country call,
And his regiment didn't need to send to find him—
He chucked his job and joined it—so the job before us all
Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him!

Duke's job—cook's job—gardener, baronet, groom—
Mews or palace or paper-shop—there's someone gone away!
Each of 'em doing his country's work—(and who's to look
after the room?);
Pass the hat, for your credit's sake; and pay! pay! pay!

4

Let us manage so as, later, we can look him in the face,
And tell him, what he'd very much prefer—
That while he saved the empire, his employer saved his place,
And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her.
He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all,
But we do not want his kiddies to remind him
That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their daddie hampered Paul—
So we'd help the home that Tommy's left behind him!
The girls and wives shaa Tommy's left behind him!

Cook's home—Duke's home—home of a millionaire—
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)
Each of 'em doing his country's work—(and what have you
got to spare?);
Pass the hat, for your credit's sake; and pay! pay! pay!

RUDYARD KIPLING.



TASMANIAN CONTINGENT LEAVING FRANKLIN SQUARE.—"FORM FOURS."

The Gross Proceeds of the sale of this Poem at SIXPENCE EACH to be handed over to the PATRIOTIC FUND.