

* * * * *
* *My Brother Did* *
* *By Gertrude Robinson* *
* *of Dallas, Oregon.* *
* * * * *

* * * * *
* *can go. - to n. i. f. p. o.* *
My Brother's gone away to war;
I never thought him grave before;
He never used to quarrel much
Or scrap or play football or such.
But he came walking in one day
And said—in just my brother's way—
“Well, folks, I guess I'll go. You see
It looks like it was up to me
To sign up with the other boys.”
And left without a bit of noise,
My brother did.

My mother's got a lot of grit,
She only cried a little bit
When he said that he must be gone,
And for us not to worry none.
That he'd be back, so not to mind;
The cause was just and God was kind.
And told me not to dare to cry,
And kissed us both along good-by,
And went out to the gate and then
Kissed both his hands and waved
again,
My brother did.

We watched them all the livelong day,
The soldier boys that went away.
A-trampin' down the dusty street,
All khaki-clad, from head to feet,
Their smiles so brave, their heads so
high,
A-marching by, a-marching by.
And there were flags—we had one, too,
With just one single star of blue.
I waved mine hard and hollered loud.
He looked the best in all the crowd,
My brother did.

Our service star ain't blue no more,
The way it used to be before;
They've put a gold one in its place.
Sometimes I think my mother's face
Is getting thin and that her eyes
Are tired like, and awful wise,
Like she knows something she won't
tell
To no one—even me—oh, well!
I ain't a goin' to worry none,
Like he has, since my brother's gone.
He said for us to never mind,
The cause was just, and God was kind.
And he'll be comin' back, I know,
Because, you see, he told us so—
My brother did.