

MRS

MRS. MISTER

*A new hat, all plumes—now she is violent, a  
harridan.*

Reverend Salvation! News!  
Front-page news! Headline news!  
Strictly, mind, confidential news!  
But such news! Ha!  
My-husband's-just-got-back-from-a-conference,  
And-he-says-it's-the-only-way-to-recoup-our-profits,  
It's-all-fixed-and-everything's-ready-for-the-first-guns!

WAR! WAR! Kill all the dirty Huns!  
WAR! WAR! Kill all the dirty Huns!  
WAR! WAR! We're entering the war!  
For Mr. Mister's shown the President how things are—  
England has simply been a darling!  
! \ Eyes right! Think of the rallies!  
Eyes left! I'm going to knit socks!  
Eyes front! Steel's going to go up skyhigh!  
All you clergymen must now prepare a special prayer  
And do your share! Oh, yes—your share . . .  
*Hands him envelope.* ↙