

## UKELELE JIM

(Sung to tune of "Casey Jones")

There is an old man called "Ukelele Jim,"  
And say what you will, there's nothing wrong with him.  
He helps himself to what he wants, to everything to drink,  
To auto tires and gasoline, to violins and ink;  
To bird seed and belt hooks, to needles and lace,  
To fiddle-strings and cook books, and lemons by the case.  
Oh! he entertains his friends, and he needs no defense,  
He eats what he chooses at the state's expense.

### Chorus.

Ukelele Jim! Automobile Casings!  
Ukelele Jim! At the State's expense;  
Ukelele Jim! Automobile casings;  
Automobile casings at the State's expense.

Said Ukelele Jim to his friend Charlie Mac,  
"We'll take a little journey, if we never come back;  
We'll take a squint at Broadway, and we'll see a few shows --  
All Governors do it, as everybody knows."  
So they packed up their satchels, and they fixed 'em up a lunch,  
Composed of chicken salad and a bottle of punch;  
And they took a little journey, now they have no defense,  
And they took a squint at Broadway at the State's expense.

Ukelele Jim! A little chicken salad!  
Ukelele Jim, at the State's expense;  
Ukelele Jim! They took a little journey,  
And took a squint at Broadway, at the State's expense.

Poetry.

A Prayer

Last night I saw upon our street  
A drunken soldier being led to jail  
by two policemen-  
A Texas boy, a guard, a volunteer,  
And had his mother seen him!  
The baby cradled once upon her breast,  
his father's pride- the hope of their  
declining years,  
Given to his country's service,  
And by his country's will  
Turned to a sodden thing!  
O! God, forgive us for we know  
Not what we do!

Emma C. Harris

Galveston, Texas  
May 1917.

As the country is calling for service

We are calling for service too.

If we to our country are loyal,

Our country to us must be true.

They are serving to save our Nation,

Each mother's son who enrolls.

We are seeking the peoples salvation,

From the sin that is slaying their souls.

From Miss Belle Taylor.

401 Fannin Street. Austin, Texas.

If you can make any use of this please  
do so. I took it to Dallas News but it  
was returned. A. T.

7200 T

THE CALL OF THE WOMEN.

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Inspired by the attitude of the women of the Texas Equal Suffrage Association toward commercialized vice. *in training camps*

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There's a cry going up from the women

All over the land today.

The country is calling for true men:

And they will not answer 'nay.'

But the voice is gathering volume,

Like approaching thunder it rolls.

"We will give our sons to our country,

But we will not give their souls.

we will send them with courage and cheering,

To serve to the very last breath:

But what we women are fearing

Is the thing that is worse than death.

It is worse than the stab of the sabre:

More deadly than bullets toll.

For his country each man may labor:

But ye shall not destroy his soul.

Ye shall not destroy his manhood:

'Though his body may carry scars.

We will raise a snowy banner

Side by side with the stripes and stars.

Small glory is conquest commanding

If vice, not virtue, controls:

Is the country our men demanding?

We women demand their souls.

*Robertson  
M. C. M. J. C.  
5/30/19*