

ADDENDA

Come to Prairie city district,
All you husky landless Corncobs;
You will find a hearty welcome,
From its climate and its people.

CALAMITY

The world was peaceful in the summer sun,
And every man was busy at his trade.
The crowds were moving by in search of fun,
The hand of war, it seemed, at last was stayed.

But on that fatal August day,
The Devil was unleashed, his aid was sought;
The Teuton beast began to burn and slay,
And raised the battle cry of "Me Und Gott!"

'Twas gallant Belgium first who drew the sword,
And held the fierce invader in his path;
Defied the Kaiser and his warlike horde,
While over Europe burst a storm of wrath.

The warlike bugles crashed aloud in France,
And with a bound the nation sprang to arms,
Shook open to the breeze the pennoned lance,
And left the women-folk at home to tend the farms.

Then wild and high the clarion call arose—
The call of England to her free born souls,
The call of Britain when beset with foes—
The Empire call to rally round the guns.

Down from the frozen forests and the plains
Of Russia came a mighty host of men—
An arm of strength, though somewhat shy on brains,
They rolled across the Prussian field and glen.

And Italy, after hesitating long,
At length took up the iron gauge of war,
Exchanged her hymn of peace for martial song,
And sought her ancient foe within his lair.

Oh, Motherland, across the seas so far.
United States, my country first and last,
Why art thou laggard in the glorious war?
Forget that selfish doctrine of the past.