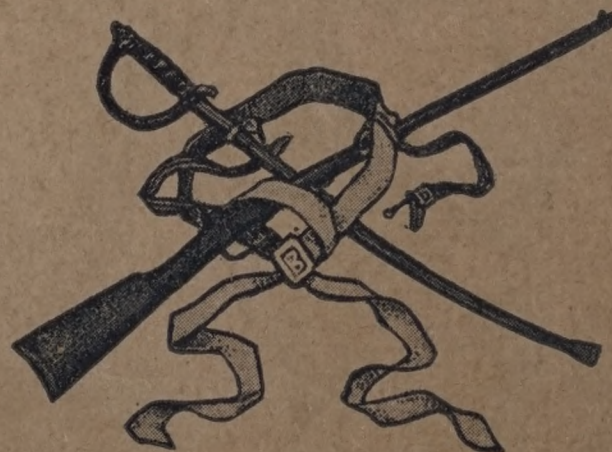
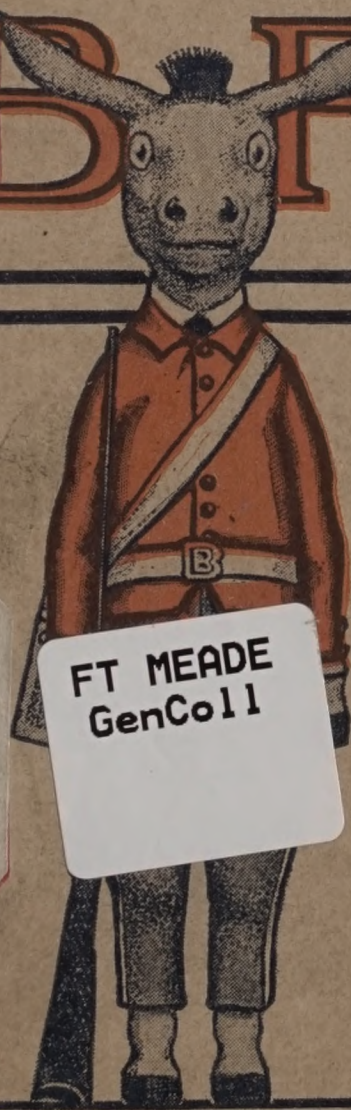


The 20-MULE-TEAM BRIGADE



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THE 20-MULE-TEAM BRIGADE

Being a story in Jingles of the good works
and adventures of the famous
“Twenty-Mule-Team”

Illustrations by PETER NEWELL

PUBLISHED BY
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“Each Warrior bears a trusty gun —”

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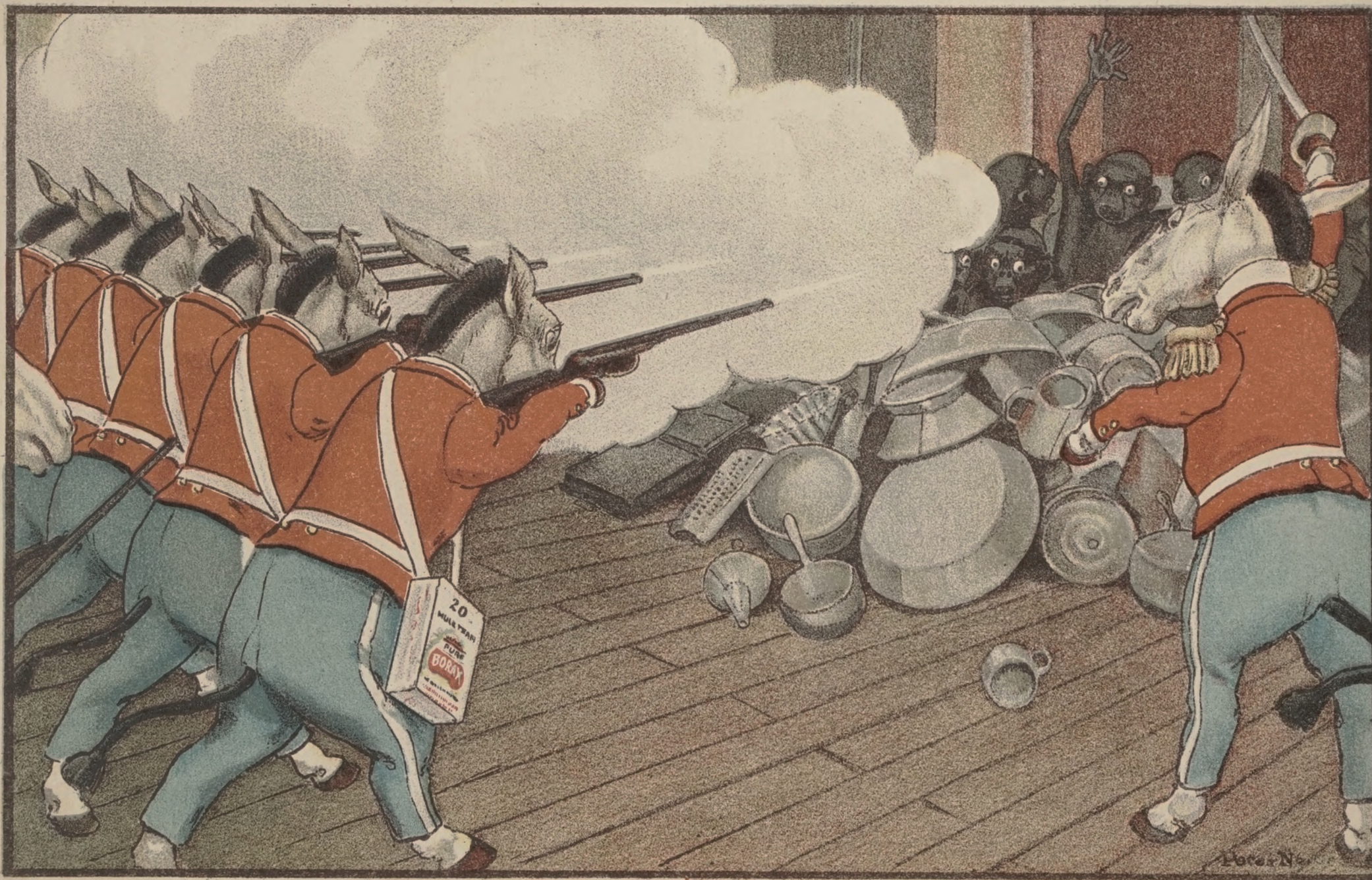
THE TWENTY-MULE-TEAM BRIGADE

HERE is a band of twenty mules,
Enlisted for the fight
Against the King of Dirt who rules
His armies, black as night.

Each warrior bears a trusty gun —
The best that he can find —
And this is charged with pure Borax —
The 20-Mule-Team kind.

“My noble men,” their Captain said,
“Before we sally out,
We’ll rid this home of old King Dirt,
And put his host to rout.

Then let us to the kitchen go,
And there begin the fight;
The kitchen where the food is cooked
Should cleanly be and bright.”



“‘Halt!’ sharply cried the Captain. ‘Fire!’”

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THE BATTLE OF DISH PAN HILL

AND so this Borax army marched
In through the kitchen door,
And there beheld a tarnished fort
Of tinware on the floor.

Behind the pans and kettles stood,
In sullen black array,
A grimy band of vicious Imps
All ready for the fray.

“Halt!” sharply cried the Captain. “Fire!”
And all along the line,
The volleys rang and rang again —
My! but the sight was fine!

The borax powder swept the fort,
And rattled pot and pan;
The grimy Imps were rattled, too,
And dropped their arms and ran,

Till every skulking Imp was gone,
And every thing was clean.
The tinware shone like burnished gold —
Like burnished tin, I mean.

And so was ended, happily,
The fight of Dish Pan Hill;
The mules all cheered and waved their
And with a hearty will. [ears,



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“But Borax poultice well applied at once relieved his pain—”

ACCIDENT ON THE WAY TO NURSERY

“**M**Y noble men,” the Captain said,
“We’ll take a change of air,
And look into the nursery,
And rout the Imps in there.

The children’s health must be preserved —
No duty is more plain —
So we will purify their room,
And thus their favor gain.”

So up two flights of stairs they marched,
But ere they reached the top,
A clumsy private tripped and fell —
He thought he’d never stop!

It was a quite extended trip,
And rough at every point;
It landed him down in the hall,
And sore in every joint.

But Borax poultice well applied
At once relieved his pain —
So up he jumped and climbed the stair,
And joined his friends again.

Then in the nursery they went —
This noble Borax band —
And sure enough there was a host
Of grimy Imps on hand.



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"My! How this pony's anger burned! Although it didn't smoke!"

THE BATTLE OF ROCKY POINT

AND all the Imps were casting dirt,
And striving to o'erthrow
A very pretty Hobby Horse,
With coat as white as snow.

My! How this pony's anger burned!
Although it didn't smoke!
And back and forth he madly rocked
At these pernicious folk.

But little cared they for his rocks —
They dodged them, everyone.
But when the mules began to fire,
Ah! then there was some fun!

And thus the room was brightened up,
And rendered clean and sweet
In every part, with thoroughness —
Ah, Borax's hard to beat!

And then again the warriors cheered —
The Hobby Horse joined in,
With all the other happy toys,
And made a joyful din.

They called the battle "Rocky Point,"
Because their friend, new made,
The Hobby Horse, was on the rock,
When they came to his aid.



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“Mount Washington began to melt, and soon was on the line!”

THE MELTING OF MT. WASHINGTON

“**A**ND now my men”, the Captain said,
“We’ve done here what we could;
Suppose the laundry we invade,
And try to do some good.”

My! how the dirt did disappear —
Thanks to the Borax, fine!
Mount Washington began to melt,
And soon was on the line!

The wash was piled upon the floor,
And quite a mount it made —
Mount Wash-ington, a mule declared,
And all his comrades brayed!

But straight to work these warriors went,
And soon the clothes were tubbed,
And Borax sifted in the suds,
And every piece was scrubbed.

“Oh! won’t the girl be glad, my men!”
The Captain said with glee,
“When she comes down to do her wash,
And finds it done! He! He!”

Now Jane, the girl, had common sense,
And so she kept on hand,
From that time forth, a Borax stock —
The 20-Mule-Team-Brand.



Peter Newell

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“And three or four with hearty cheer, jumped in like jolly frogs.”

THE BRIGADE TAKES A BATH

FROM room to room these warriors
And waged a warfare keen, [marched,
Against the power of old King Dirt,
Till all the house was clean.

Then having finished well their work,
Again they climbed the stair,
In broken ranks with mulish pranks,
A welcome bath to share.

They filled the tub with water clear,
And slipped outside their togs,
And three or four with hearty cheer,
Jumped in like jolly frogs.

Jumped in, I say, but that was all;
For, friends, what do you think!
The water was so very hard,
They found they could not sink!

A situation queer as this
Is wrong, you must admit;
And so they sprinkled Borax in
The water—just a bit.

This made it soft, and in they sank,
And kicked and splashed it high,
Till ordered out that others might
Their places occupy.



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“Ere long their Captain shouted: ‘March!’”

AN APRIL FOOL ON THE MARCH

OUT in the yard these veterans
Now stood with colors spread.
How oft their mettle had been
When bravely they were lead! [tried,
Ere long their Captain shouted: "March!"
Then spake a private, cool:
"It isn't March; it's April, sir—
Someone's an April Fool!"

Which was a very saucy thing,

Indeed, for him to say.

And so his mouth was well rinsed out

With Borax, right away.

A NIGHT ATTACK

THAT night they camped within a wood But so it chanced that in the tree
And built a fire with oak, A swarm of bees were caged,
Against a hollow tree that served And when the smoke disturbed their
To carry off the smoke. They sallied forth, enraged. ^{[rest,}

And how they chased those twenty mules,
And punctured well their hide!
But, lo! their smarts were straightway eased,
When Borax was applied.



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“And how they chased those twenty mules, and punctured well their hide!”

A SILENT SENTINEL

WHEN'ER a 20-Mule-Team Brave
Was wearied with the fray,
He rested in a Borax ring
To keep the bugs away.

But if perchance a single bug
Had crossed the line to harm him,
He would have known it instantly;
The ring would have alarmed him!

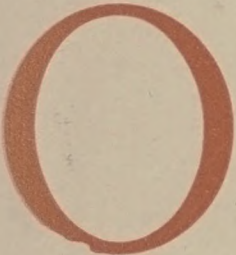


Peter Newell

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"He rested in a Borax ring to keep the bugs away."

A RATHER STICKY EXPERIENCE

NE day, within a grove of spruce,
They gathered gum to chew,
But, oh! it was so sticky that
It acted quite like glue!

They could not separate their teeth,
However hard they tried,
Till with a tooth-brush, smartly used,
Some Borax they applied.

So on a board they wrote a sign,
And tacked it to a tree,
Right in the middle of the grove
Where everyone could see.

It said: "There's nothing quite so good
With which to brush the teeth,
As 20-Mule-Team-Borax. Yours,"
And signed their names beneath.



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"One day, within a grove of spruce, they gathered Gum to chew."

A CASE OF CHICKEN-POX

A MULE broke out with chicken-pox—
Broke out his tent, you see,
And so exposed the other mules
That chanced around to be.

And did he spread the dire disease?
Not he, the precious scamp!
They scattered Borax everywhere
To disinfect the camp.



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“A mule broke out with chicken-pox—broke out his tent, you see.”

A FUNNY INCIDENT

AND so these mules from place to
Did wander in and out, ^{[place,}
Adventures meeting everywhere,
With laughter and with shout;

Suppressing filth and doing good
To all they chanced to meet,
Except of course the grimy Imps,
Who always met defeat.

One day these warriors chanced upon
A dirty, ill-kept mule,
Out in a pasture all alone,
Which plot he seemed to rule.

“We’ll clean him up!” the Captain said.
“He needs a good shampoo;
And so we’ll show him for his good,
What Borax wash will do!”



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"The mules declared he looked just like a great big woolly sheep."

They drenched him to the skin, and then
They rubbed him all around,
Until the lather rose like wool,
And trickled to the ground.

And then they ducked him in a pond,
And rinsed the lather out;
And out he came a cleanly mule,
And better mule, no doubt.

The mules declared he looked just like
A great big wooly sheep.
They laughed so hard they almost died,
And salty tears did weep!

And so this story we will end,
With three good hearty cheers
For Borax and the twenty mules,
And forty waving ears!

THE END.

A WORD ABOUT BORAX

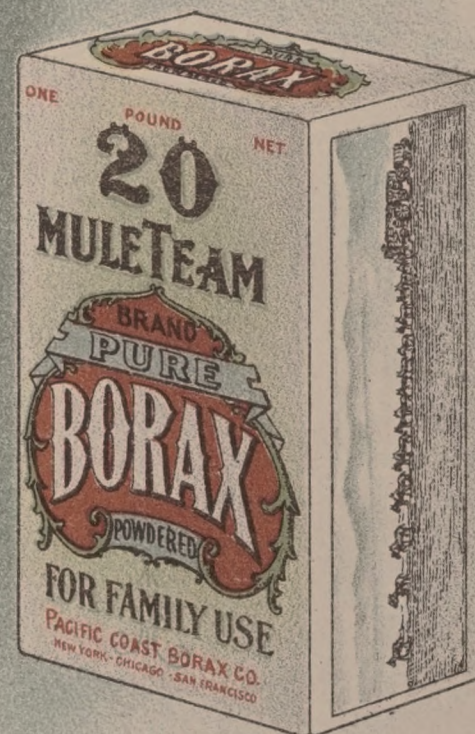
BORAX A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

EVERYONE who values cleanliness and sweetness should use Borax. In the toilet, bath, laundry, in every cleansing process of the home Borax should be used. It doubles the power of soap and water to cleanse and purify. You will be astonished to see how much easier and cleaner you can wash things by adding a little Borax to the water. But be careful to get Pure Borax as imitations are worthless and often injurious. Ask for "20-MULE-TEAM BRAND." *It's Pure.*

THE PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO.

Largest Refiners of Pure Borax in the World

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO





In the heart of the desert—the “20-Mule Team” hauling Borax