

May 1916
Rodman

JINGLES

Compliments of

The Bankers Engineering Co.

A. RODMAN, President

28 E. Jackson Boulevard

CHICAGO

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INTER NOS.

This booklet will reach many of my friends whom I have assisted in BUILDING A BANK, for I want them to know they have not been forgotten.

It will be sent to many prospective friends to whom I hope to have the pleasure of lending similar assistance, plus the improvement with experience, altho this year of grace 1916 is my twenty-sixth in the harness.

Having been charged with attempting to commit Poetry I want to deny the allegation. These verses are merely jingles, and all that is claimed for them is originality and naturalness. They were not written for publication but purely for amusement, and a rather amusing (and profitable) incident is the cause of these few being in print. If they will bring a job or two, well and good, but if they bring only a smile or two I shall be satisfied, for I've had a lot of fun writing them, and if you don't happen to like them you know waste paper brings a good price nowadays.

Sincerely yours,

A. Rodman

OUR TOAST TO THE BANKER

Here's to the man who holds the cash,
Without whose aid we'd go to smash;
The man who writes us just to say:
"Your note is due, please call and pay."

And if on him you write a check,
Be sure you've money by the peck.
But here's to him, with right good will;
With all his faults we love him still.

Long may he live, here's to his health;
And may he keep on gaining wealth.
And when he builds it's us he'll thank,
If he gets us to build his bank.

WHEN BUILDING A BANK

If you would have your work well done,
If you'd have peace from sun to sun,
Do not employ "just any one,"

BUT GET AN EXPERT.

If to your life much joy you'd bring,
If from your mind all cares you'd fling,
If you would laugh and shout and sing,

GO GET AN EXPERT.

The Expert is the man who knows,
The man who studies, strives and grows,
As on his special way he goes,

THEN GET AN EXPERT.

The bitterest words that I've heard yet
To make a banker fume and fret
Are: "Why the Sam Hill didn't I get
AN EXPERT?"

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Fix up your Bank, you'll find it pays,
Keep up to date these hustling days;
Adopt the new—discard the old.
'Twill bring a steady stream of gold.

We'll take your building as it stands,
And when it leaves expert hands
You'll find it quite as good as new,
And strictly modern through and through.

A MODEL BANK

(The First National Bank)
There's a bank in Indiana
That is worth a trip to see,
In the pretty town of Frankfort,
And they'll welcome you with glee.

They're a hustling crowd of bankers,
And they're piling up the gold
Since they got their new equipment,
And discarded all the old.

They remodeled the old building—
Made it look as good as new,
Nothing finer could be wished for,
And it's modern through and through.

See those massive, graceful columns,
Patterned after ancient Rome;
They've the strength of old Gibraltar,
For they're solid Bedford stone.

And the counter's made of marble
Which was brought across the sea,
From the famed Carrara quarries
On the shores of Italy.

Lobby floor is also marble,
Laid as smooth as it can be;
It will last well-nigh forever,
For it came from Tennessee.

And the painted walls and ceiling
Are delightful to behold,
In their soft and tinted blending,
With the trimming all in gold.

And the light is almost dazzling,
Both in daytime and at night,
Casting out the somber shadows,
Making work a real delight.

There's a cozy woman's rest room,
Safe from gaze of crook or crank,
Where milady can meander
And explore the "lisle thread bank."

A MODEL BANK—Cont.

There's a room for Mr. Farmer,
And his neighbor, Mr. Riggs,
When they want to skin each other
Out of horses, cows or pigs.

There's a room for the directors,
When they meet on bank affairs,
With its paneled walls and ceiling,
And its big upholstered chairs.

There's a room for Mr. Banker,
Where he's telling Bill or Fred
That they mustn't keep their balance
Looking quite so bloomin' red.

Where he's telling Billy Johnson
That he's got to pay that note;
And where Wallingford J. Rufus
Almost got the banker's goat.

It's a bank that is a model,
And they're always on the square;
If a customer gets started
He will never go elsewhere.

Does it pay to have such fineness?
Is it truly worth the cost?
Is it worth the fuss and trouble?
Is it money all but lost?

Ask the banker who's been through it—
Who remembers former days,
He will give you facts and figures,
And will show you how it pays.

WHO IS IT?

T. R. put him in the chair,
And some said it wasn't fair;
Frostiness between them fell,
Then they turned and scrapped likell.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY

See that bank there on the corner?
Started sixty years ago,
Wasn't many people here then,
But I guess they thought we'd grow.

Started in a little shanty,
Not much over ten feet square;
Hardly room enough to "figger,"
Scarcely room to put a chair.

S'pose you've heard of Daddy Jackson?
He was just a youngster then,
Wasn't much on choppin' cordwood,
But was lightning with a pen.

Mighty brilliant little feller—
Wasn't over five feet tall;
But in stuff like mathematics
He could surely beat 'em all.

So the bank got little Jackson
To come in and be cashier,
He was just a natural banker,
And he stayed year after year.

Well, that bank was pretty thrifty,
Mortgage buyin'—shavin' notes;
Lendin' money to the farmers
Till they'd sold their wheat and oats.

After while they got so crowded
That they had to have more space,
So they built a small addition,
And it made a dandy place.

Well, the business kept a-comin',
People brought their money there;
Everybody had a welcome,
And was treated on the square.

There was lots of stormy panics,
Heaps o' banks went to the wall,
But this bank, she never flickered,
Forged ahead right thru 'em all.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY—Cont.

Then another bank was started,
And they seemed to do right well,
For they put in costly fixin's,
And the place was mighty swell.

I've some stock in that old corner,
And it's always paid me well,
I've been offered fancy prices,
But I never cared to sell.

After while they took a notion
That they'd fix 'er up a bit;
Seen some other banks that tried it,
And they said it made a hit.

Us old fellers were agin it—
Didn't want to spend the "dough,"
But the others figgered different,
And the deal was made a go.

So they spent a lot o' money
Fixin' up to the place so fine,
And, by heck, it is surprisin'
How the dividends do climb!
For 57 Consecutive Years
MR. A. J. JACKSON
Has been Cashier of the
First National Bank of Morrison, Ill.

ACROSTIC

P is in Pork, but never in Meat,
E's not in Hungry, but find it in Eat.
O is in Ford, the cheapest by far,
P is in Packard, the plutocrat's car.
L's not in High, but find it in Low,
E is in Heel and it's also in Toe.
S is in Sweet, and in Sour it's found.

S here again? Let's put it in Sound.
T is the Taxes you hate likell to pay;
A's the Assessor—beware what you say.
T is the Teacher who gets a boy's hide,
E for the third time—we'll lay it aside.

B is our Building—it's modern thruout,
And it's so cozy 'twill please you, no doubt.
Nothing is lacking for woman or man;
Keeping abreast of the day is our plan.

SUPPOSE

Suppose that all dishonest folk
Would cast aside their wolfish cloak,
And join their hands in earnest zeal
And all promote the common weal.

Suppose that they who cheat and lie
Would all such practices decry;
That men who now deceive their wives
Would try to live more upright lives.

Suppose that those who plot and scheme,
Whose lives are not just what they seem,
Who stoop to acts the soul to soil,
Would not disdain some honest toil.

Suppose that those who beat their way
Would all at once decide to pay—
The ones who say they will, and don't—
The ones who can but simply won't.

Suppose instead of war and strife,
When fiercest hatred now is rife,
All nations to peace would return,
And every gun and dreadnaught burn.

Suppose that good should reign supreme,
And every eye with love would beam.
BUT—Do you think that this can be,
With most men just like you and me?

(Or perhaps you look at it this way:)

Suppose that on some balmy night,
When moon and stars are shining bright,
There'd be a sign flashed from the sky
That all dishonest men should die.

There'd be no men to scheme and cheat,
The ends of justice to defeat.
This world a lonesome place would be—
There'd be none left but you and me!

REVERIES OF A MARRIED MAN

(My good wife is violently opposed to a speed of over about fifteen miles an hour. Sometimes I can "jolly" her into a little more. This one worked for a few minutes.)

I'm thinking of our courting days,
That sweet long time ago,
When every look and every word
Would set our hearts aglow.

Those happy days we'll ne'er forget—
We would not if we could;
The days we strolled o'er hill and dale,
And in the shady wood.

We tripped along the roaring brook,
And crossed on fallen tree,
As happy as the birds that trilled
Their notes in joyous glee.

And then we roamed the meadows green,
And plucked the violets blue,
Altho I cared not for the flowers—
I cared for only you.

When oft we'd take an evening drive
Along the roads so fine,
We always had a trusty nag
That needed not a line.

We used to sit upon the porch
And hear the whippoorwill,
The cricket and the katydid,
Me thinks I hear them still.

When golden autumn days were gone,
And frost came in the air,
We'd sit beside the blazing grate
On that old rocking chair.

And after all these fleeting years,
The same old girl you are;
So now, my dear, please let me put
Some speed in this old car.

ACROSTIC

F is for Farmer, our very best friend,
A is the Auto, he knows how to mend;
R is for Riches he's piling up high,
M is for Market on which he keeps eye.
E is for Early to bed he will go;
R is for Rustling, but not with a hoe;
S is for Seeds he will plant in the spring,
S for the Songs the big crops make him sing.
T is for Taking the money to bank,
A's our Acceptance, with many a thank.
T is for Talking of us to a friend;
E is for Eager to you we're to lend.
B is our Bank, and we can not go wrong,
A is our Assets, they're safe and they're
strong.
N is for No you'll not hear if you're right,
K is for Kick if we don't treat you right.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

(Written for The First National Bank, of
Elkhorn, Wis.)

Here's a model banking plant.
Make 'em better? Simply can't;
Best construction thru and thru,
Bedford stone, and marble, too.

Nothing skimped from front to back,
Nothing modern do we lack.
Every comfort, every scheme—
Surely 'tis "The Banker's Dream."

Come and see our Ladies' Room,
Fine enough for bride and groom.
Rest in here, a cozy place—
Wash your hands or primp your face.

In the rear's a smoking den,
Big enough for twenty men.
Come in here and rest awhile,
And you'll always get a smile.

Welcome, neighbors, young and old,
Come and join our growing fold.
There's the old and here's the new—
Dream of fifty years come true.

ALL ABOARD

"All aboard!" We hear the cry,
Soon we'll o'er the prairies fly;
Gently moving, now we're off,
Hear the engine's labored puff.

Slowly turning, every wheel,
Yet so smooth we scarcely feel;
Faster, faster, how we speed,
Like some live titanic steed.

Now we're past the city's bound,
And a brand new world we've found;
No more rows of squalid shacks
Backing up against the tracks;

Building twenty stories high,
Smoke obscuring sun and sky,
Every kind of noise on earth—
To these we give a widening berth.

Breathe that air, so fresh and fine,
Like some rare and magic wine;
Fleecy cloudlets up so high,
Like great snowbanks in the sky.

Golden corn so ripe and big—
Any ear would founder a pig;
Stacks and stacks of hay so fine,
Each big stack a perfect mine.

See that farmer's home out there?
Dollar marks are everywhere;
House that's modern thru and thru,
Corn cribs, barns, and silos, too.

Cattle grazing here and there,
Hogs and horses everywhere;
See the lambkins skip and run,
As they gambol in the sun.

See those rascal, rooting shoats,
And that herd of Nanny goats;
Chickens, ducks—and guineas, too,
Why, this man must run a zoo.

See the golden autumn leaves,
Softly rustling in the breeze;
Soon they'll change to darkest brown,
Then they'll all come tumbling down.

ALL ABOARD—Cont.

There's a hamlet darting by,
Just a blurr upon the eye;
Now we swing around a curve—
How the Pullmans rock and swerve!

See the engine leap and bound,
How the drivers spin around!
She is like a thing of life,
Eager for the clash and strife.

Now we're racing 'round a hill,
Darting past the old sawmill;
See that rippling, silv'ry stream—
Scenery fit for baby's dream.

Streamlets gurgling on their way,
Dashing up their cooling spray;
Over mossy rocks they flow,
As they merrily onward go.

What a scene to greet the eye—
Landscape blends with azure sky;
In the distance see a train
Slowly creeping o'er the plain.

Here and there a graceful knoll,
As the meadows gently roll;
Thriying orchards here and there,
Bearing apple, peach and pear.

Grapes in bunches, big and blue,
Goldenrod in gaudy hue;
Redhaw trees all loaded down,
Hickory nuts that soon will brown.

Squirrels leap from tree to tree,
As they romp in joyful glee;
Meaty nuts they store away
For the coming winter day.

Now the train is slowing down,
As we skirt the edge of town;
So my journey's at an end,
And some post cards home I'll send.

AUTUMN ON THE FARM

The golden autumn days are here,
Altho the saddest of the year,—
At least the poets tell us so,
But I'm not sure that poets know.

The corn has ripened in the field,
And what a fortune it will yield.
The pumpkin vines are stricken down,
The Hubbard squash is big and brown.

Potato vines are now all dead;
The sumac leaves are growing red.
The maple leaves have crimsoned turned,
As tho the sun their coats had burned.

The burr oak leaves come rustling down,
As now they turn a Van Dyke brown.
The chink-apins, so rich and sweet,
Will make for us a wholesome treat.

The chestnut burrs,—sharp porcupines,
Are yielding up their meaty mines.
The hickory nuts begin to drop;
Of pawpaws there's a bounteous crop.

Rich butternuts, with goodies sweet,
Will soon lie thick right at your feet.
And hazlenuts, and walnuts, too,
With amber stain of deepest hue.

The apple trees are bending low
With treasures which with beauty glow.
The Pippin and the rich Belleflower,
The Willowtwig, so big and sour.

The Winesap and the Domonee,—
Just either one will do for me.
Ben Davis, with his cheeks so red,
And Jonathans! Enough is said.

It's all quite fine to read about,
And of it's beauties loudly shout;
But try to make **your** living there
And I'll almost bet you'll learn to swear.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

Independence Day is here,—
Noisest day of all the year.
But it's fun for girls and boys,
For we love to make a noise.

"Young Americas" are we,
In the "Land of Liberty."
At least that's what the speakers state,
On this day we celebrate.

But they don't say what they mean
When they make the eagle scream.
"Liberty," to my dull mind,
Means: "No work of any kind."

But listen here, my glowing friend,
Of tiring work there is no end.
Making beds and mopping floors,
Every kind of pesky chores.

Washing dishes, scouring cans,
Keeping bright the pots and pans.
Baking cookies, pies and bread,—
On the jump till time for bed.

Well, perhaps, we ought to say
Mamma **helps** 'most every day.
But she says the hardest work
Is to see that we don't shirk.

Yes, we play a little while—
Now, you needn't go and smile!
Do you begrudge a little fun,
Even tho some work we shun?

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—Cont.

But we've worked so hard of late,
That today we'll celebrate.
So come on, girls, as well as boys;
Anything to make a noise.

Firecrackers are the stuff,
But we never get enough.
It would add a lot of fun
If we had them by the ton.

Mamma hates the noisy things,—
Thinks they're demons full of stings;
Wouldn't shoot one in her hand
For half the money in the land.

Oh, the fireworks tonight!
They will be one glorious sight.
Blazing rockets soaring high
And illumining the sky.

Some ascend with blinding flash,
Then explode with cannon crash,
Shooting colors in the air,—
Falling starlets everywhere.

Then there'll be the red balloon,
Sailing off to meet the moon.
Roman candles by the score,
Whirling wheels and things galore.

One more piece will show its light;
It's the last and says "Good night."
Of holidays with which we're blest
The Grand Old Foruth I like the best.

SWEET SIXTEEN

Sweet Sixteen! Alack, my dear,
It was only yesteryear
That you were a babe so small,
And had just begun to crawl.

Then you were our only girl,
How the years have gone awhirl,
Bringing Rachel, Dick and Dot,
Making home a dear old spot.

Sweet Sixteen! It scarce seems true
That this big girl is really you;
You, who only yesterday
At my feet was wont to play.

Now, instead of dolls and things,
I must buy you hats and rings;
And, **besides** confections sweet,
I buy silk hose to grace your feet.

Sweet Sixteen no more you'll be,
Tho as sweet you'll be to me;
Here's a kiss, my lassie dear,
One for each day of the year.

Live to love and love to live,
All your love to others give;
Let it be like a silver sheen,
Blessings on thee, Sweet Sixteen.

WHICH FOR YOU?

"Tears or laughter?" Let me see—
Think a laugh is best for me?
Sounds that go with scalding tears
Fall too oft on heedless ears.

But the sound of joy and mirth
Echo clear around the earth.
When you weep 'tis best to hide,
When you laugh we're at your side.

So keep on, gay jingling man;
Raise a laugh when e'er you can;
Make us smile from ear to ear,
And taboo the briny tear!

THE KIDS VISIT GRANDPA'S

See our grandpa skip and run;
Guess he's had his share of fun.
Get the blues? Our grandpa? Nix!
Always cuttin' up his tricks.

When you see him mope along
You can bet a leg's gone wrong;
Makes an awful lot of noise
Havin' fun with girls and boys.

Takes us kids upon his back;
'Way we go around the track.
Then he'll buck and jump and kick—
Makes us all the tighter stick.

Harness up old Bessie Brown,
Take us all around the town,
Half a dozen kids, or more,
Then we stop at Whitcomb's store.

Candy, peanuts, cracker jack,
Cheese and crackers in a sack;
Lemon pop and ginger ale,
Dates and figs, a little stale.

Fun to see our grandpa milk,
Comes in streams as fine as silk
When he pulls the old cow's skin—
Don't see where that milk got in.

See those hungry Jersey pigs
Take their grub in noisy swigs.
In the trough with all their feet,
That's a piggish way to eat.

Turkeys, ducks, and guineas, too;
Grandpa's almost got a zoo.
Nice fried chicken—yum, yum, yum!
Not much wonder preachers come.

Talk about good things to eat,
Grandma's table can't be beat.
There we sit and stuff and stuff,
Seems we never get enough.

Gee! It's fun to be down here,
Like to stay about a year.
'Nother week? I hope we can,
Grandpa's such a funny man.

WHAT'S HIS NAME?

R is for Riches he dreams he will make,
I is for Industry, much it will take,
C is for Clever with pen and with tongue,
H is for Honor with old and with young.
A is for Ambition for fame to acquire,
R is for Righteousness he must admire;
D is for Dimes he must know how to spend.

R is for Rights he must learn to defend,
O is for Order with playthings and clothes,
D is for Dare not on others impose.
M is for Manners to give us much joy,
A is for Aptness and not for annoy—
Now I have told you the name of my boy.

HIS BIRTHDAY

So nine full years have flitted by
Since first this big boy oped his eye.
He had scant hair upon his head,
And lay quite "bawled" upon his bed.

I used to trot him on my knee,
But now he's grown too big for me;
I used to throw him on my back
As tho he were a flour sack.

He'd make me dance and race and run,
He'd kick and squeal and have such fun;
He had no mercy on his Dad,
And sometimes "acted up" quite bad.

He thought his fists were good to eat,
And then he'd try it on his feet;
And when he learned to sit up straight
He kept his Dad up pretty late.

But now he's grown so strong and big,
And wears his hair just like a wig;
He goes to school and learns so much,
And keeps close tab on "Doc" and "Yutch."

I wonder what this boy will be?
I hope he won't be just like me;
But that he'll have such a lofty aim
That history will record his name.

A SPRING MORNING

Come, my dears, it's time to rise;
Open up those sleepy eyes.
All night long, so still you lay,
Resting for this glorious day.

There's health and vigor in the air,
There's joy and beauty everywhere.
The birds are singing in the trees
So gently swayed by morning breeze.

The stars have all gone back to rest,
The moon is sinking in the west.
Old Sol is hovering o'er the lake,
As tho a plunge he'd like to take.

The dew drops sparkle in the sun,
Like dazzling diamonds, every one.
Each tender blade and bursting bud
Is bathing now in crystal flood.

Dame Nature's smiling—oh, so fair.
The woods and hills invite us there.
The roaring brooks, so blithe and gay,
Are calling us to come and play.

There's not a cloudlet in the sky,
There's naught but joy to greet the eye.
This day will some rich blessing bring,
For Nature seems to sweetly sing.

HOMeward BOUND

When I've labored hard all day
And have made the daily round,
What a pleasure when I feel
It is time for homeward bound.

When I've traveled many miles
And have gone from town to town,
What a joy comes to my heart
When my train is homeward bound.

When I'm settled in my berth
And you hear a measured sound,
What care I if others smile—
I am snoring homeward bound.

If my train is losing time,
Tho good reasons may be found,
I'm impatient and complain,
For you see I'm homeward bound.

Home to those dear loving ones,
What a welcome I will find;
They won't see my glaring faults,
For 'tis said that love is blind.

Home! That cheerful cozy spot,
Where we all in love are bound;
Oh, how slowly time doth fly
When my train is homeward bound.

DEAR OLD JIM

Once we had a horse named Jim,
And we thought a heap o' him;
Had more sense than many men—
Wish we had him back again,
Dear old Jim.

Poor old Jim has gone away,
Where good horses sleep all day;
How we loved that dear old Jim.
Nothing was too good for him—
Dear old Jim.

YOUR AUTOMOBILE

Creature of a wizard brain,
Swifter than a railroad train.
Like an arrow from a bow,
Ninety miles an hour you go.

Quick to mind the slightest touch,
Whether throttle, brake or clutch.
Like some monster thing of life,
Eager for the clash and strife.

Graceful giant, swift and strong,
How it costs when you go wrong!
Six steel lungs to hold your breath;
If they burst it's certain death.

Do more things to make one swear,—
Smell the brimstone in the air!
Complications oft arise
More'n you'd think beneath the skies.

Out of gasoline and oil;
Wouldn't that just make you boil!
Thought you filled her up last night.
Guess you loafed with neighbor White.

Nearest tank two miles or more,
Holy smoke! That makes you sore.
Didn't see that crooked nail,
Flat you go with sickening wail.

Doff your coat and go to work,
There's a job you cannot shirk.
Hot and dusty? I should say!
But you'll soon be on your way.

Shoo there, chicken! Drat your hide!
Clean-cut job. We'll have him fried.
There's an auto stuck, I guess,
Looks to me like one bad mess.

Great big hole in each front time,
All the bearings hot as fire.
Compensating valve is loose;
Batteries are out of juice.

Carburetor's cracked, I think;
Differential on the blink.
Past good record we'll applaud,
But from now her name is Maud.

DADDY GOES SKATING

What is this? For goodness sakes,
Daddy's got some roller skates.
Didn't think he had the nerve;
Now we'll see a brand new curve.

Says it's thirty years or more
Since he skated on a floor.
So we'll watch our Daddy's lark,
Roller skating in the park.

Now he puts them on with care;
Tries to stand, and grabs the air.
Down he goes; I knew he'd fall;
Lucky thing he's not so tall.

What a racket Daddy makes
Dancing on his roller skates.
Now he's off; again he'll feel
Thrills of woe along his keel.

There, he fell and bumped his head,
Don't tell mamma what he said.
Some folks think it eases pain
If they speak a little "plain."

After while he gets the swing,
And he's simply on the wing.
'Round and 'round the course he sways
Just as in his youthful days.

Then he banters for a race,
And he sets a lively pace.
Oh, what fun, altho' it's dark,
Roller skating in the park.

All at once amid the clash
There's a dull and sudden smash.
There's a form upon the walk,
Not a bit inclined to talk.

DADDY GOES SKATING—Cont.

Dad lay in a silent heap,
Never letting out a "cheep."
But he's made a crimson mark
Roller skating in the park.

Now he's got a scrambled face
And his nose seems out of place.
All bruised up from toe to head,
But he wouldn't stay in bed.

Limps around from door to door,
Wont admit he's very sore.
But he's through, he firmly states,
Doing stunts on roller skates.

ACROSTIC

Friends and neighbors, young and old,
In our bank let's keep your gold;
Rest assured it's always safe,
So you needn't fret and chafe.
Here's a vault with boxes strong,

Guilt so papers can't go wrong,
Always at your beck and call—
None can ask a thing too small.
Keep in mind we're here to serve,

And from right we will not swerve.
Never once in fifty years
Dare you say we've roused your fears.

Through the panics' blight and gloom
Rival banks have met their doom;
Up and down tho others sway
Safe and sound we're here to stay.
Through and through, from front to back

Comfort nowhere do we lack.
Old has been replaced with new,
Made the best that skill can do;
Please come in and rest awhile,
And you'll get our brightest smile.
Now, our name we haven't told,
Yet it's here in letters bold.

THE TRAVELING MAN

(As seen by one who is not.)
See that bunch of traveling men,
Jolly fellows all;
Some are young and some are old,
Some are six feet tall.

What a time those fellows have,
Sit around and talk;
Take a bus from every train,
Never have to walk.

Call on merchants every day,
Ask them what they'll have;
Some sell coffee, some sell thread,
Some are selling salve.

Trains are always right on time,
Ride in parlor cars;
Always cheerful, bright and gay,
Nothing ever jars.

Gets fine meals three times a day
At some fine hotel;
Always gets a room with bath,—
Gee, but this is swell.

Always sits up late at night,
Playing pool or rhum.
Making dull care chase itself
Into kingdom come.

Sleeps till after ten o'clock
Almost every day;
Eats his breakfast in his room
From a silver tray.

Always gets a pleasant smile,
Never gets a frown;
Never even hears a kick,
Never gets turned down.

Gets commissions on his sales,
And a salary;
I shall be a traveling man,
That's the life for me.

THE BABY

There's the sweetest little baby
That has come with us to stay;
She's so dear you want to hold her
In your arms the live-long day.

She is nearly always sleeping,
And can hardly stay awake
Long enough to take some dinner
For her little tummy's sake.

When she opes her little eyelids,
And is gazing all around,
You can see a look of wonder
And a puzzled little frown.

There! She's going back to Dreamland
While her little body grows.
From her pearly, dimpled cheeklets
To her pinky, tiny toes.

I do wonder what she's dreaming,
Far away in Babyland.
Is she hearing fairy stories?
Music by an Elfin band?

Soon she'll know her loving sisters,
And admiring brother, too;
Soon she'll know her mother's calling,
And will answer with a "Goo."

Soon she'll toddle all around us,
Often getting bruise and fall;
Soon she'll be a little tyrant,
Ruling daddy and us all.

All too soon she'll be a-primping—
Blessings on each stubborn curl;
Then here's to the little stranger
Blessings on thee, baby girl.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY

Baby's one year old today;
See her at her childish play.
There she is upon the floor,
With her playthings by the score.

Now she finds a picture book,
And she stops to take a look.
There's a rooster, big and red,—
Funny thing upon his head.

There's a hippopotamus,
With a big and ugly tusk.
Then a great rhinoceros;
That old bear looks pretty cross.

See the leopard's spotted coat,
And the funny bearded goat.
Donkeys, ducks and turkeys, too;
Why, this book's a perfect zoo.

Lion, tiger, tall giraffe;
Kittens, dogs and baby calf.
Brindle cow with bag of milk;
Chicks with down as fine as silk.

How she loves her dolly dear,—
Tries to whisper in her ear;
Sweetly kisses lips so red,
Then she stands her on her head.

See her pull her Teddy's ear
Hard enough to bring a tear.
Now she swats him on his nose,
Then goes hunting for his toes.

Next she finds a sawdust dog,
Then a little baby hog.
Now she's broken all his legs,
And he'll have to stand on pegs.

There's a wooden hobby horse,
Which for wear is much the worse.
Puts the dog upon his back,
They they tumble down ka-whack.

What an awful lot of junk,—
Railroad trains to climbing monk;
Pencils, blocks, and teething rings;
Glad we saved those old playthings.

Rachel

BABY'S BIRTHDAY—Cont.

Seven years they've been in store
Waiting for sweet Number Four.
Tho her toys are second hand,
She's the sweetest in the land.

But, my friend, 'twixt me and you,
Tho I love her thru and thru,
Yet, as sure as I'm alive,
I don't want a Number Five.

GRIT

When Old Trouble comes along,
Better greet him with a song.
I don't whine and cringe and cry,
It be up and "do or die."

Always do your very best,
Never mind about the rest;
Dig all day with might and main,
Do not mind a little pain.

Be a man from foot to head;
Soon Old Trouble will be dead.
All you need is grace and grit,
And a little Mother wit.

Darkest hours, sages say,
Just preceed the dawn of day.
Clouds that look as black as sin,
Oft are silver-lined within.

Have some pep and push and pluck,
And don't you trust too much to luck.
Do not be a quitter, Sam;
They're not worth a tinker's dam.*
(*This is not a "swear" word.)

RICHARD'S CHRISTMAS

Merry Christmas! Goodness me!
Look at that big Christmas tree.
From the ceiling to the floor,
Spreads almost from door to door.

Hardly room to turn around,
Presents pull the branches down.
Wonder what St. Nick brought me?—
Guess I'll dig in here and see.

Rubber boots and mittens warm,
Now I'll go and dare the storm.
Skates and sled; a climbing monk,
And an auto with a honk.

Box of pencils, red and blue,
Hope they'll last a week or two.
What an awful lot of toys;
Best of all, some books for boys.

But you wait till time to eat;
What we've got just can't be beat.
Got a turkey this big 'round—
Bet he weighs a hundred pounds.

Smell him cooking in the pan;
Mamma, hurry if you can.
Fill him full of bread and stuff,
Won't you never make enough?

Here's our turkey, nice and brown,
How'd you turn him upside-down?
Daddy, you get busy quick;
Yes, I'll take that big drum stick.

And I want some nice white meat;
Mamma, don't you cook his feet?
Now some dressing. Yum, yum, yum!
Sweet potatoes? Let 'em come.

Bread and gravy, cut in squares.
Here's enough for hungry bears.
Cranb'ry sauce and peaches spiced,
Celery, lettuce, pickles sliced.

RICHARD'S CHRISTMAS—Cont.

Then comes brick ice cream and cake,
Suet pudding, Mamma's make.
Nuts and raisins, crackers, cheese;
Think I'll have to stop with these.

Have I got a rubber skin?
How did all that grub get in?
Now I'll stop, I surely must—
One more bite and I will bust.

INNOMINATA

Instead of a pleasure most business is —,
The reason for which is quite easy to tell.
The average person is honest, he thinks,
But it beats the Old Harry how often he winks
At things, which is others would countenance
give

He'd say they were simply too crooked to
live.

His pleasures are centered in things that are
trash,
But to rightfully get them takes plenty of
cash;

And it's often surprising what things he will
do,
Which are nothing for him but are awful for
you.

Altho he's quite neutral and doesn't care much,
He's hoping the Allies will blow up the Dutch.

Should you lose a fat pocketbook, bid it
goodby—

To get it again would be useless to try.
If you leave a nice package in car seat or rack
Not a chance in a hundred 'twill ever come
back.

The sages of history declare, we are told,
The root of all evil is worship of gold.
Altho we're not heathens, it's true, I'm afraid,
We're worshipping gods that are purely man-
made.

GRANDPA'S BIRTHDAY

Grandpa now is eighty-one,
And he's had his share of fun.
Get the blues? Our Grandpa? Nix.
Always cuttin' up his tricks.

Always crackin' funny jokes,
Pokin' fun at bashful folks.
Have his fun, he simply must,
Laughs so loud you'd think he'd bust.

Hunted Indians, fox and deer
Long before a house was near.
Heard him tell how wolves would roar
As they jumped against the door.

That would scare me half to death,
Think I'd surely lose my breath.
But our Grandpa didn't care—
Didn't hardly move his chair.

When our Grandpa was a boy,
Says he never had a toy.
See the junk that we have got,
'Nuff to fill a vacant lot.

In those days they had to work,
Not a chance to scheme and shirk.
Late at night and early morn,
Choppin' wood and hoein' corn.

Had no implements nor tools,
Wasn't hardly any schools;
Yet, somehow he made it pay,
Laid up for the rainy day.

So here's to our Grandpa's health,
To be well is to have wealth;
Think he'll still be havin' fun
When he reaches ninety-one.

PRACTICAL EVOLUTION

Acrostic

(Read down first letter of each line.)

Feeling pretty flush, pocket full o' cash,
In a little while not enough for hash.
Rustle 'round some more, make a hundred quick
Spent it all again—haven't got a nick.
Then I have to scheme how to make ends meet.

Not a job in sight, not a place to eat.
Awful fix to face, things are pretty tight
Tho it's pretty tough, guess it serves me right.
If I get a job bet you I'll behave,
Out of every ten, one at least I'll save.
Nothing simpler this, once I have begun,
All is rosy now as the morning sun;
Little every week put away to grow—

By and by the harvest, reaping what you sow.
Any one can do it if he'll only try,
Nothing can be surer, figures never lie.
Keep my money in the First National.
(An acrostic for any bank upon request.)

ACROSTIC

B may stand for "Borrow"
From your banker if you can.
A may stand for "Assets"
You must show the banker man.
N will stand for "No sir!"
If you fail to come across.
K will stand for "Killing"
If you cause the bank a loss.

ACROSTIC

He who saves some every day
On to ease he'll find his way;
Making that from which he'll feel
Ever safe from thralldom's heel.

Save up for the rainy day,
And keep it up in every way,
Very hard at first it seems;
In the end it's pleasant dreams.
Note how dimes to dollars grow,
Gathering more, like balls of snow.
Save the dimes, and pennies, too,

And no cause to fret have you.
Nimble nickels are so spry,
Daddy dollars simply fly.

Save them or they'll get away;
Take them to the bank today;
And no better place you'll find
Than this bank, please bear in mind.
Every dollar you bring here

Brings you three per cent a year.
All the time they work for you—
Night and day, and Sunday, too;
Keeps you, Dad, from getting blue.

ACROSTIC

S is in Sour and also in Sweet,
T is in Honest and also in Cheat.
A is in Cash and it's also in Bank,
T's in Account, for yours we will thank.
E is in Tender and also in Tough.
B is in Bank, but it's also in Bluff,
A is in Assets—we've plenty on hand,
N is in Money and also in Land.
K is in Cookie and also in Cake,
O is in Oven, but never in Bake.
F is in Frolic and Fickle and Fun,
R is in Reckless and Ready and Run.
O is in Wisdom and also in Wit,
A is in Standing and also in Sit.
N is in Foreman, but never in Boss,
O is in Profit and also in Loss.
K is the Kiddie and got a good spank,
E is the last of the name of this Bank.

JUST KIDS

What the mischief's all the racket?
Is the chimney falling down?
Have the Belgians and the British
Chased the Germans into town?

Sounds as if the roof is falling
And the walls are caving in.
Mercy on us! What's the matter?
What a most terrific din!

I had rudely been awakened
From a quiet little nap,
After having read the war news
And had conned the latest map.

'Twas the children's noisy romping
After Sunday School was out;
How they set the doors a-slamming;
Hear them loudly laugh and shout.

"Mamma, hurry up the dinner,
I'm as hungry as a bear."
"Here, I want the 'funny paper.'"
"Richard, stop! Let go my hair."

There! They've gone and waked the baby;
Listen to the youngster squall!
Never saw such noisy kidlets,
Ought to spank 'em, one and all.

In the morning when it's school time
Mamma needs six pairs of feet;
Sleepy Dot can't find her clothing,
Choicey Dick don't want to eat.

"Where's my cap?" and "Where's my ribbon?"
"Where's my shoes?" and "Where's my coat?"
"Hurry up! or we'll be tardy!"
This would surely get my goat.

But the mother doesn't mind it,
Tho I'll wager she'd be glad
Could she only get a chance to
Let them try it on their dad.

AGAIN THE BABY

Baby's playing on the floor—
How we love her, more and more!
Having fun with every toy,
Gurgling out her childish joy.

Nothing now to mar her bliss,
Guess I'll have another kiss.
Shoeless foot and chubby hand,
Sweetest baby in the land!

Look! She's nibbling at her shoe!
That's a funny thing to do.
Next we'll see our babykin
Try to eat a rolling pin.

Now she's wabbling—down she goes,
Right upon her little nose.
But she didn't mind a bit,
Guess our baby's got some grit.

Now she finds a Teddy Bear,
See her pulling at his hair.
Next she finds her tiny feet,
Thinks her toes are good to eat.

Seems to think it's lots of fun,
See her bite the biggest one.
Soon she finds they're not to eat,
But she's making both ends meet.

After 'while she will not dare,
She must sit up on a chair;
Fold her arms and cross her feet,
All togged up and looking neat.

Play on, baby, not a care;
Come and pull your daddy's hair.
Pull his nose and pound him good,
Wouldn't stop you if I could.

Come and climb upon my back,
'Way we go around the track.
"Get up, Dobbin, show some speed,
Run as tho you'd had your feed."

But it won't be very long
Till you've grown so big and strong
That we can not romp this way,
Then we'll find some other way.

THE FIRE PLACE

In the deep'ning shades of twilight,
When the sun has gone to rest
Down behind the snow-clad hilltops
In the richly-gilded west,

It is then I pile the faggots
In that dear old fire place;
How I love to sit and watch it
With its broad and blazing face.

How the cordwood burns and crackles;
How the flames do leap and roar,
Casting vague, fantastic shadows
On the ceiling, walls and floor.

There's a stealthy Indian warrior,
Crouching low along the trail;
There's a sly and crafty red fox
Chasing Molly Cottontail.

Here's a place of solid comfort,
Where no troubles come a-nigh;
Here I come to smoke and ponder
O'er the days so long gone by.

It is here I often wonder
Why the world seems upside-down;
Why we oft, instead of smiling
Wear a deep and scowling frown.

But the soothing scene before me,
With its warm and cheerful glow,
Makes me quite forget the tempest,
And the piercing winds that blow.

And it's when I'm far off yonder,
Where I see no friendly face,
That I long to see the blazing
Of that dear old fire place.

STILL THEY COME

When Margaret first came to us
She kept us on the run,
We humored her to everything,
For then we had but one.

But Dorothy came after while,
And my! the things she'd do!
We couldn't give her all our time,
For now we had the two.

Then Richard came to join the girls,
They welcomed him with glee,
But how it made their Daddy hump
To feed the hungry three.

Then Rachel came (unbidden, too!)
Demanding things galore,
But, strange to say, we found a way,
To manage all the four.

Now Carolyn Lucille has come,
My goodness sakes alive!
I hope that stork will jump his job
And stop with number five.

ACROSTIC

C is for Cash and it's also for cold,
I is for Interest we pay on your gold.
T is for Teaching the children to save,
I is for Industry, and much may they have.
Z is for Zealously saving the dimes,
E is for Exit for chronic hard times.
S is for Savings you never should spend.

S is in Summer and also in Spring,
A is in Organ but never in Sing.
V is in Victory, but not in Defeat.
I is in Drink, but it's never in Eat.
N is in Nickels and also in Pence,
G's not in Ladies, but find it in Gents,
S is for Spending, but do it with sense.

B is for Borrow—we'll lend you a lot,
A's for the Assets we assume you've got
N is for No if we think you can't pay,
K's for Keep saving a little each day.

HER PET NAMES

To papa I am "Little Sweetheart,"
He thinks a lot of me;
He buys me dolls and lots of things,
And trots me on his knee.

To mamma I am "Little Lamb,"
Altho I don't see why,
Unless it's 'cause I like my milk—
And never like to cry.

To Margaret I am "Baby Doll,"
She waits a lot on me;
She dresses me and dolls me up,
And keeps me fit to see.

To Dorothy I am "Honey Bunch,"
She thinks I'm pretty sweet,
And says for saying funny things
I'm very hard to beat.

To Richard I am just "Little Girl,"
But then the boys, you see,
All like to have a "girl" or two
Wherever they may be.

To Aunt Louise I'm "Kewpie Girl,"
Altho its hardly fair;
For Kewpies never wear their clothes
And haven't any hair.

To Baby Carolyn I'll be
A mamma and a nurse,
And watch this babykin and me
Play smash with Daddy's purse.

—Rachel.

RIDING THE GOAT

Listen, kiddies, and I'll tell you
Of a wild and fearful ride;
It was when I joined the Mohawks,
And the goat 'most got my hide.

I was young and full of ginger,
And was keen to ride the goat,
For I'd show the buckin' critter
When I got him by the throat.

After weeks of anxious waiting
I was duly notified
That a special goat was ready,
And I'd surely have **some** ride.

'Twas a queer and helpless feeling
That ran through me to my toes,
For they hoodwinked and they tied me,
And they took away my clothes.

Then they asked a lot of questions,
Most of which were Greek to me,
But another fellow answered
Just as glibly as could be.

All at once a door was opened,
And I thought I'd lose my life,
For I felt the deadly thrusting
Of a great big butcher knife.

Then they chased me 'round the lodgeroom,
To the East and South and West,
And I couldn't see a shadow,
Tho I tried my level best.

I was stopped before an altar,
Where I took an oath so strong
Which if one will but remember
He will never dare go wrong.

Then I got a batch of passwords,
And a lot of funny grips,
As by these I'd know a Mohawk
For they speak with hands and lips.

RIDING THE GOAT—Cont.

Up to now there'd been no riding
Of a wild and woolly goat,
But a most suspicious movement
Brought my heart into my throat.
There he stood right in my pathway,
And they called him Tubalo,
But with all my blood a-freezing
It was more like "10 below."
Mr. Goat was glad to see me,
And he made a fearful roar;
Seemed as tho he meant to settle
Some old antiquated score.
I'd no inkling that a lodge goat
Had a voice just like a man,
So I thought this was the devil,
And away I quickly ran.
But the rascal was too foxy,
And more trouble was to come,
For he'd taken on a partner,
And they called him Tubalum.
Now, that man, or goat, or devil,
Call him anything you will,
Was most surely hunting trouble
And he raved as tho he'd kill.
Now to ride **one** goat's a-plenty,
For a little man like me,
And it's one rank imposition
When you tackle two or three.
All at once the sky seemed falling
And the stars fell thick and fast;
Seemed to me I fell an hour,
And I thought I'd breathed my last.
When at last I got my senses
All was quiet as the tomb,
Till the twelve strokes of the hour
Broke upon the silent gloom.
Was I dead or was I living?
Had I dropped clear through to — well,
Would I ever see my comrades?
Would the hole show where I fell?

RIDING THE GOAT—Cont.

Now I couldn't move a muscle—
Must have had an awful ride.
That old goat was sure some butter;
How I cursed his bucking hide.
There I lay alone and helpless,
In the stillness of the night,
Mid the ruins of a building,
Hid away from human sight.
Pretty soon I heard a whisper,
And a stealthy cat-like tread;
'Twas the three goats coming towards me—
I must make believe I'm dead.
Didn't take them long to find me,
Tho I never made a sound.
Then they took me out and hid me
Where they thought I'd ne'er be found.
But some brother Mohawks found me,
Buried almost six feet deep,
On the side of Mt. Maria,
An acacia at my feet.
Now, 'twould hardly do to tell you
All the things they did to me,
For I'm sure you'd not believe it,
You would say it could not be.
But the nearest e'er I came to
Getting bumped to Kingdom Come
Was the night I met his goatship,
That fierce butter, Tubalum.

WHO IS HE?

B is for "Baldness" of head big and round,
A is for "Affable" clear to the ground,
R is for "Rustling" if a job is in sight,
N is for "No," if a thing isn't right;
E is for "Eating" good things without end,
Y is for "Yes" if it's drink with a friend.
P is for "Peace"—wouldn't fight on a bet,
A is for "Angry," I've not seen him yet;
L is for "Liar" he never could be,
M is for "Mon" he can borrow from me;
E is for "Enter" the bright pearly gate,
R is the end of this jolly old skate.

LADIES' NIGHT

Ladies of The Eastern Star,
An order famous near and far;
Ladies young and ladies old,
Ladies long within the fold.

Womanhood! Bright evening star,
"How we wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky."

Without you we would not be here,
A place of mirth and right good cheer;
A place to laugh and chat and eat—
We men bow humbly at your feet.

The biblical story of woman I doubt,
And this is the way I'd put it to rout:
I'd say you came from the heart of a rose,
Divinely clad in the rarest of clothes.

Hence your love for fancy dresses;
Hence your rich and silken tresses.
Pinkest cheeks for love's caresses,
Ah! You know why man confesses.

The grace and beauty of the rose,
As in the breeze it gently sways,
Is but a sign, as man well knows,
Of woman's sweet and winsome ways.

As its sweet perfume dispels our gloom,
This full blown flower,
So your presence here lends joy and cheer,
This happy hour.

LADIES' NIGHT—Cont.

Without your charm and grace and wit
This mundane sphere would not be fit
For man's abode.

Without your power, help and love
Our tenderest thoughts, those from above,
Would soon corrode.

Without your wisdom man would be
Like a ship that's wrecked upon the sea;
Without a rudder or a sail,
His highest aims would ever fail.

Without you what would poor man do?
His life would be a bugaboo.
Who'd fry his steak and make his hash?
And who would spend his ready cash?

Who'd lock the doors and wind the clocks?
And who would mend his holeproof sox?
Who'd get the children off to school?
And how'd they learn the Golden Rule?

Who'd wash and scrub and dust and bake?
Who'd nurse poor Tommy's stomach ache?
Who'd nurse us when we're sick a-bed?
Who'd come and soothe our aching head?

They say the heart of a woman is flint,
And that of a man is steel.
When they come together what a glorious
spark!
And the joy of living they feel.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise.
He married a woman not half as smart,
But she opened both of his eyes.

He said that a man and his wife make 10,
And, of course, the 1 was he,
But he learned before long
That he was fearfully wrong,
For only the zero was he.

LADIES' NIGHT—Cont.

You're getting your place
In the rush of the race,
And I'm playing the ladies to win.
You're setting a pace,
And you're running with grace,
Altho you were slow to begin.

So here's to the Ladies, to one and to all,
The Blondes and Brunettes and the great and
the small;
Here's to your health and long may you live,
For always it's joy to mankind you will give.

THE BABY SISTER

I've dot a ittle baby sister;
She's des about so big.
She's dot the mostest blackest hair—
I fink she's dot a wig.

The Doctor says I musn't touch
The tiny baby's eye,
An' Mamma says I must keep still,
An' not make baby cwy.

They've dot a basket all fixed up
To make the baby's bed.
The tover's all piled up so high
'At I tan't see her head.

Her ittle face is pitty wed,
But then she's awful sweet.
Her ittle hannies are so cute—
Say, Mamma, where's her feet?

I wish she'd wake up pitty soon;
She must be hungry now.
The nurse says Mamma dives her milk,
I don't see zackly how.

Is that the way the baby eats?
A funny thing to do.
Ol' Blackey's kitties eat that way—
I fink it's cute, don't you?

Carolyn
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AN APPRECIATION

(To H. W. Ulrich, Cashier, Home Savings
and State Bank, Peoria, Ill.)

Henry Ulrich, bless your soul;
How I wish I had your roll—
No, not yours, but one as big,
Which to get would take some dig.

No more work this child would do
If I had as much as you;
Hunt and fish and motorbile—
Ah, how fine I'd always feel.

Why go on and work and slave,
Just a few more bucks to save?
But, fiddlesticks! Your work is play,
Just because you feel that way.

Always happy, never sad
But look out when he gets mad;
Always ready for his meals—
Like a young race horse he feels.

Does me good to see him eat,
But he rarely lets me treat;
Had him out to dine one night—
Gobbled everything in sight.

Couldn't make that rascal worry,
Couldn't even make him hurry;
Never drinks a drop of booze—
Full of pep from hat to shoes.

But he's business, hard and cold,
When you come to get his gold;
Turn you down? Yes, quick enough,
If you haven't gilt-edged stuff.

Couldn't have a better friend,
Search the world from end to end.
Blessings on thee, Henry, boy;
Here's long life and endless joy.

HOPELESS

When the goat outgrows his horns,
And the rosebush drops its thorns,
Then a poet I may be,
But that's a long way off, you see.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

Come, Dot, get your fiddle out;
Rosin up the bow.
Give the keys a skillful twist,
Then just let 'er go.

Auld Lang Syne, and Fisher Maid,
Tipperary, too;
Captain Jinks, Virginia Reel,
Traumerei will do.

Draw your bow clear up and down,
Make the old box hum;
That's the—snap! Another string
Gone to Kingdom Come.

Yankee Doodle next we'll have,
Old Dan Tucker, play.
Wacht am Rhine, God Save the King,
Then the Marseilles.

Now those other good old tunes,
Suwannee River, say;
Home Sweet Home and Old Black Joe,
Also Nellie Gray.

Now then give us Humoresque,
Pretty hard to play;
Have to mind your P's and Q's,
Fingers mustn't stray.

Many notes are faint and low,
Yet so sweet and clear;
Seems as tho they'd die away
Ere they reach the ear.

Now you press the horse hair down,
Make the fiddle go;
Listen to the music roll,
Three strings on your bow.

Well you play your fiddle, Dot;
How it pleases Dad,
Yet is wasn't long ago
That it drove me mad.

ACROSTIC

Flush—pocket full o' cash,
In a little while dead broke.
Rustle 'round and make some more,
Spend it all again.
Then hustle again like blazes,

No use—can't save it.
All gone in less than no time,
Then I begin to wake up;
Isn't this a good idea:
Out of every dollar save a quarter?
Nothing easier now.
All there is to it is to start.
Little every week.

Bank it.
After while on easy street.
Now clip my coupons.
Know you can do it, too.

ACROSTIC

H is in Hearing, but never in Sound,
O is in Lost, and it's also in Found.
M is in Monkey and also in Man.
E is in Pennies—get all that you can.

N is in Nickels, which save every time,
A is in Dollar, but never in Dime.
T is in Tender and also in Tough,
I's in Sufficient, but not in Enough.
O is in Mansion, but never in Hut,
N is in Knife, but never in Cut.
A is in Purchase, but never in Sell,
L's not in Heaven, but two are in — well.

B is in Bank, and it's also in Borrow,
A's in Today, but not in Tomorrow.
N is in Savings, a very good friend,
K is in Keeping, but never in Spend.

When? How many stories? Total Cost?
 If on corner which one? Fronts which way?
 When can you see our representative?
 (He will come prepared to make preliminary sketches and estimates and offer suggestions.)
 Do you want our booklet BUILDING A BANK (free)
 Remarks

 Name of Bank
 Located at
 Signed by Date
 Please detach and return



CONTENTMENT

When the evening meal is over,
 And the dishes put away;
 When the somber shades have fallen
 On another wintry day,

As we're gathered 'round the table—
 What a warm and cheerful spot!
 Then I light a good Havana
 And be thankful for my lot.

Here we are, a happy fam'ly—
 Note the faces that are here:
 Dick and Toodles, Dot and Doris,
 At the end is mamma dear.

Baby Rachel's in her buggy,
 Kicking up her heels so high,
 Beating time with chubby fistlets,
 As she coos her lullaby.

Maybe all have had our troubles,
 Kids at school have had their woes;
 Mamma burned a batch of biscuits,
 Dick fell down and bumped his nose.

But the wind may howl and bluster,
 Let him roll the billows high;
 Let the snow drifts block the sidewalks,
 I've no cause for anxious sigh.

Post Card

ONE-CENT
STAMP
HERE

The Bankers Engineering Company,

28 E. Jackson Boulevard,

CHICAGO

Carolyn Lucille Rodman

Mason