



*Thrift ~
after Mother
Goose*



CONTINENTAL AND COMMERCIAL BANK BUILDING

208 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET

CHICAGO

THIRD PRINTING
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OLD Mother Hubbard
went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.
But when she got there,
the cupboard was bare—
The poor dog began to groan.
“Dear, dear,” said the lady,
“In these days it’s shady—
One’s classed as a fool or a crank
If one has no savings.”
The dog stopped his ravings,
And they beat it away to the bank.





*THE king was in his counting house,
counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden,
hanging out the clothes,
She whispered to the blackbird
that pecked at her nose:
“That guy in there’s
a king, you know,
Because he learned
to save his dough.”*





*T*HERE was a crooked man,
and he went a crooked mile;
He found a crooked sixpence
against a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat
which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
in a little crooked house.
Then he got a straightout hunch
that crooked ways forbid—
He put his savings in the bank.
And now he's glad he did.



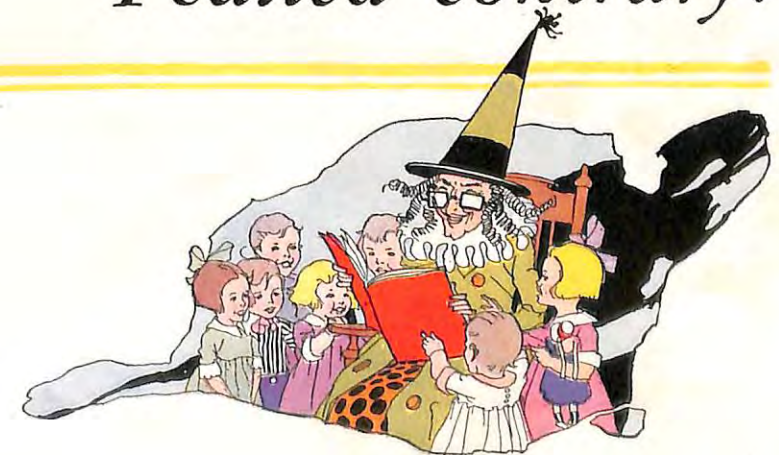


*JACK and Jill went up the hill,
As has been told before,
To fetch a pail of water—
It's Mother Goose's lore.
Jack fell down and broke his crown;
But Jill said, "I'll allow,
I've money in the savings bank;
I never fall down now."*



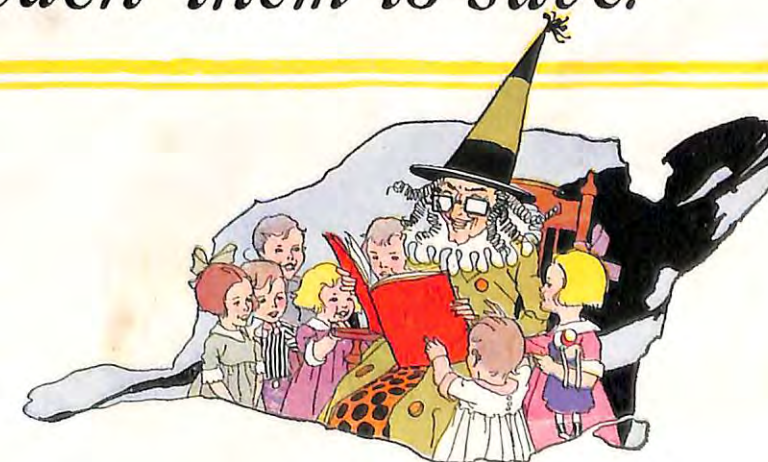


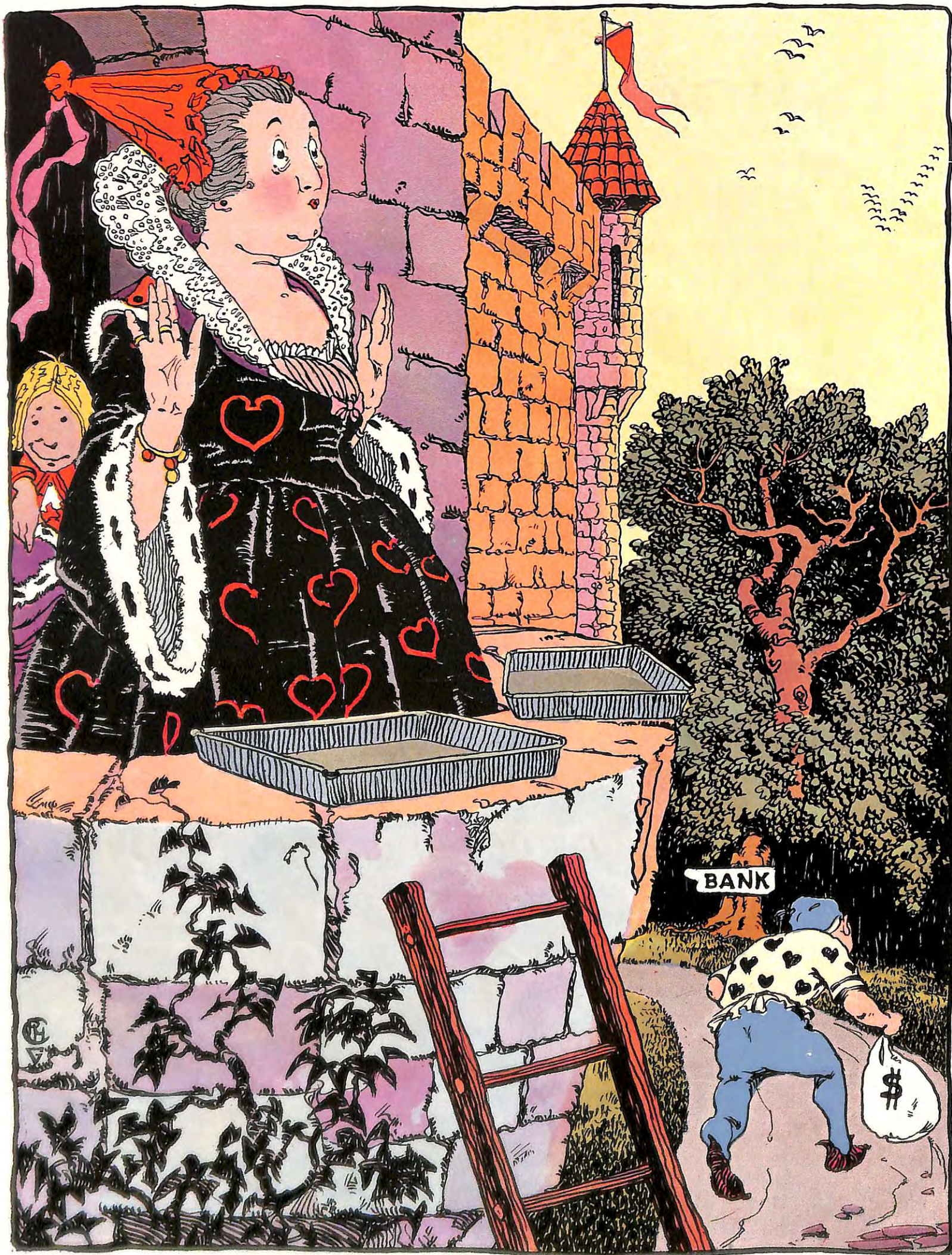
*MARY, Mary,
quite contrary,
How does your
garden grow?
With silver bells
and cockle shells?
“No, no,”
said Mary, “no!”
“I have a bank account,”
said Mary,
“No longer am
I called contrary.”*





*T*HERE was an old woman
 who lived in a shoe,
 She had so many children
 she didn't know what to do.
 "On broth without bread
 they won't grow very fat,
 I might spank them, as Mother
 Goose said, and all that.
 But hunger and want
 are things I don't crave—
 So I'll rear all these children
 and teach them to save."





*THE Queen of Hearts,
she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day.
The Knave of Hearts,
he stole the tarts
And with them ran away.
Said he, "These tarts
are now my dough,
I'll put them in a bank I know.
And if the King
comes prying 'round,
I'll know my dough can not be found."*





*LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum
And said:
“What a wise boy am I!
From each pie
I’ll take a plum or so,
And save them up
and watch them grow.”*





*LITTLE Miss Muffett
sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
When along came a spider
and sat down beside her—
Miss Muffett did not run away.
Said she, "When I spied you,
I could not abide you;
You can have both
the whey and the curds—
But my money, I'll say,
Is stored safely away;
I have none to throw at the birds."*





*MY little old man
and I fell out.
I'll tell you what
'twas all about:
I had money
and he had none.
I saved mine as
he should have done.*





***I**f all the world
were apple pie,
And all the seas were ink,
And all the trees
were bread and cheese,
What would we have for drink?*

*About as much as
we have now,
Bone dry is every tank.
We cannot waste
our money now—
We put it in the bank.*





*LITTLE Bo-Peep
has lost her sheep,
And doesn't know
where to find them.
That's always the way
with careless girls,
Who think only of frippery,
ribbons and curls.
On a wave of thoughtlessness
they drift,
And know not the meaning
of "save" or "thrift."*



***I**f you believe in teaching **THRIFT**
to your children, we suggest
that you start a savings account
for them at this bank*

CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL
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