

The hank went clinkety-clinkety-clink,
And larger grew the precious sum,
Which grandma said she hoped would prove
A gracious hoon to heathendom!
But there were those—I call no names—
Who did not fancy any plan
That did not in some wise involve
The candy and banana man.

Listen: Once when the wind went "Y-o-o-o-o-o-o!"
When with a wail the screech-owl flew
Out of her lair in the haunted harn—
There came three hurglars down the road,
Three hurglars skilled in arts of sin,
And they cried: "What 's this? Aha! Oho!"

They hurgled from half-past ten P. M.
Till the village bell struck four o'clock;
They hunted and searched and guessed and tried—
But the little tin hank would not unlock!
They couldn't discover the secret spring!
So when the harn-yard rooster crowed,
They up with their tools and stole away,
With the hitter remark that they 'd be hlowed!

Next morning came a sweet-faced child,
And reached her dimpled hand to take
A nickel to send to the heathen poor
And a nickel to spend for her stomach's sake;
She pressed the hidden secret spring,
And lo! the hank flew open then
With a cheery creek that seemed to say
"I am glad to see you come again!"

If you were I, and if I were you,
What would we keep our money in?
In a down-town hank of British steel
Or an at home hank of McKinley tin?