

THE TIN BANK

SPEAKING of the hunks, I'm bound to say
That a bank of tin is far the best,
And I know of one that has stood for years
In a pleasant home away out West;
It had stood for years on the mantelpiece,
Between the clock and the Wedgwood plate—
A wonderful bank, as you'll concede
When you've heard the things I'll now relate.

This bank was made of McKinley tin,
Well soldered up at sides and back;
But it didn't resemble tin at all,
For they'd painted it over an iron-black.
And that it really was a bank
'T was an easy thing to see and say,
For above the door in gorgeous red
Appeared the letters B-A-N-K.

This bank had been so well devised
And wrought so cunningly that when
You put your money in that hole
It couldn't get out of that hole again!
Somewhere about that stanch, snug thing
A secret spring was hid away,
But where it was, or how it worked—
Excuse me, please, but I will not say.

Thither, with dimpled cheeks aglow
Came pretty children oftentimes,
And, standing upon a stool or chair,
Put in their divers pence and dimes.
Once Uncle Hank came home from town,
After a cycle of grand events,
And put in a round blue ivory thing
He said was good for fifty cents!