Mr. Jericho
Jericho’s Jams

Harry Greenbank

When as a youngster to school he was sent, Jericho’s talents found singular vein, Nothing whatever de-

lighted him more Than the display of the name that he bore—Scribbled in copybook, scratched on his slate,

Blazoned in carvings of yesterday’s date, Cut on the cupboards and chalked on the wall, Greeting the eye was the
terrible scrawl
"Je-ri-cho, Je-ri-cho, Je-ri cho" here! "Je-ri-cho, Je-ri-cho, Je-ri cho" there!

Oh, you got sick of it, Right in the thick of it, "Je-ri-cho, Je-ri-cho," everywhere!

People found out, when to manhood he came, Je-ri-cho's habits continued the same: Everyone saw, when he

started in trade, "Je-ri-cho's Jams!" on the hoardings displayed; When at the station a waiting the train,
"Jericho's Jams!" would salute you again. If you took refuge in buses or trains Still you were greeted by others are sham; Highly suspect For the inspector, Jericho's, Jericho's genuine Jams!"

So paradoxical though it may be— I have made jams, and the jams have made me!
This is the motto by which I will swear: "Advertise, advertise everywhere! Stick it to left of you-

stick it to right, Shout it and scream it from morning till night- Crowd upon crowd your emporium-

Fighting for life and for "Jericho's Jams!"

"Jericho's, Jericho's, Jericho's Jams!

See that you 'em, all others are sharps; Ask for no other, My sister and brother, But live upon Jericho's