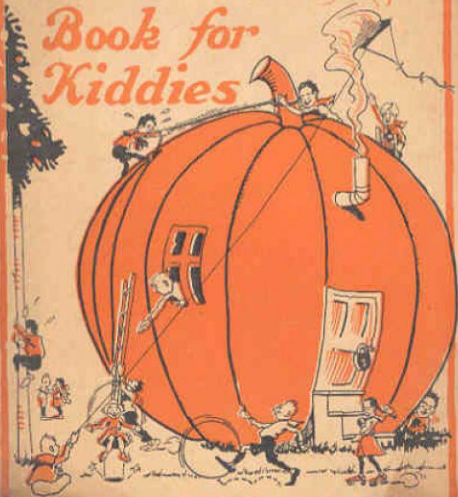


# *The* **Maxwell**

*Book for  
Kiddies*



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*Published by*  
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## *Old Mother Goose*

Old Mother Goose, the  
books all say,  
Lived many thousand  
years ago;  
But what if she came back  
today—  
And wrote her rhymes  
of things you know?

But we love all her rhymes  
so well,  
She'd only change them  
just a bit;  
So of the Maxwell she  
could tell,  
And let her folks all ride  
in it!



## Old King Cole

King Cole, the story books  
all say,  
Was merry in his funny way;  
His pipe was fine,  
He liked his wine,  
He liked to hear his fiddlers  
play.

Today we're sure this queer  
old king,  
Would buy a Maxwell  
Car first thing.  
He'd hold the wheel  
Of his automobile.  
And shout with joy—  
and gayly  
sing!





## *Jack Sprat*

You've heard the story of Jack Sprat,  
How he could not eat this and that;  
His wife had queer tastes that way too;  
She never liked a thing he'd do.

She liked the fat—he liked the lean,  
He thought folks good—she thought  
them mean;  
She liked a house—he liked a tent  
And so through all their life things  
went!

But just suppose they lived today;  
He'd buy a Maxwell, then she'd say,  
"Oh, fine! That surely pleases me—  
At last on one thing we agree!"





*Peter, Peter,  
Pumpkin Eater*

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,  
Had a wife and couldn't  
keep her;  
In olden times a pumpkin  
shell  
Kept Peter's wife home  
very well.

But now, they'd have a  
happy home  
And she would never want  
to roam;  
For happiness—a big Maxwell  
Is better than a pumpkin  
shell!





## Little Jack Horner

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner

As happy as happy could be;  
All day he'd been good  
As little boys should,  
"I'm a wise little youngster," said he.

That night father said  
As he put Jack to bed,  
"Tomorrow you'll have a surprise.  
I've got something new  
That I know will please you,  
You'll like it much better than pies!"

The very next day  
They all rode away,  
To the home of a cousin afar;  
Jack's face bore a smile  
He enjoyed every mile  
In his father's big new Maxwell car!



WHAT A BRIGHT  
BOY AM I!





## King Arthur

King Arthur was a bold, bold knight,  
Who filled the bandits all  
with fright;  
Both far and near he ruled  
the land  
And governed with an iron  
hand.

His wealth was great, the  
stories say,  
His loyal folks were glad to  
pay  
Their taxes high. And so he  
had  
Most things to make a  
king's heart glad.

But Arthur had no motor car  
And though he often travel-  
ed far,  
He rode a horse. 'Twas hard  
and slow  
Compared to how folks  
nowdays go.

What if he'd owned a Max-  
well then,  
Think how it would have  
helped him when  
He went to war. And think  
what fun  
King Arthur would have  
had with one!







## *If All the World Were Apple Pie*

If all the world were apple pie  
And all the sea were ink;  
The man who drives a motor car  
Would have to stop and think!

Imagine roads right o'er a pie  
It sure would be a treat;  
'Cause when your dinner time  
arrives,  
You'd simply stop and eat.

But just suppose the apple pie  
Had not been baked quite done;  
To drive a motor over that  
Would surely be some fun.

Though, if you had a Maxwell  
car—  
Roads wouldn't bother you;  
Because when roads are very bad  
The Maxwell goes right through!





## Old Mother Hubbard

Old Mother Hubbard was poor as could be,  
 She went to the cupboard, but nothing could see  
 To feed her poor dog. There wasn't a bone  
 For Old Mother Hubbard lived all alone.  
 And there wasn't a thing she could get  
 From the store  
 'Cause she hadn't a cent; she was awfully  
 poor.  
 She surely had trouble, this lady so old  
 So most folks are sad when this story is told.

But now we'll just add another short rhyme  
 To give Mother Hubbard a really good time;  
 First thing, we will get her a big Maxwell  
 car—  
 A really good automobile that goes far,  
 Out into the country where soon she will  
 find  
 A lot of rich people all happy and kind.  
 They'll fix a big dinner so country folks do,  
 A dinner like your mother fixes for you.

They'll eat 'til they simply can't  
 eat any more.  
 And now Mother Hubbard won't  
 care if she's poor.  
 This story, you see, no longer is sad,  
 It really should now make us feel  
 very glad.





## *The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe*

They say an old woman once lived in a shoe,

But today we would think that a queer thing to do.

And now although some of us live in a flat

Our homes are all very much better than that.

Her kiddies were many—and so she was blue,

With twenty small kiddies just what would you do?

The old shoe was crowded from "top to the toe"

They all stayed at home—they had no way to go.

But now this same funny old woman should feel

Quite happy—if she owned an automobile.

They'd jump in their Maxwell and drive far away,

And forget the old shoe where the kids couldn't play!





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