The ARM & HAMMER Twins are short,
The Jam is on the shelf;
One cannot boost the other up,
Nor can he climb himself,
So fast and furious they cry
Because the Jam-pots are so high.
But stay! A plan suggests itself.
And sets their hearts aglow.
They get a bag of mamma’s flour
And knead a pan of dough.
And ARM & HAMMER Soda they
Put in to make it rise straight way.
See, see; the Soda does its work!
They mount upon the dough,
And as it rises like a flash,
Up, ever up they go,
Till in a trice each clever elf
Is on a level with the shelf.
The Jam-pots now are theirs indeed,  
And see them eat away.  
They do not stop for anything,  
Excepting when they say,  
"Oh. ARM & HAMMER  
Soda is  
The soda of the Day."