



A PARODY  
ON THE HOUSE THAT  
JACK BUILT

CORTICELLI  
MILLINERY

GREETING  
Corticelli  
MILLS.



FLORENCE Knitting Silk, Filoselle,  
SILK Hosiery, Underwear, Mittens, &c.

# CORTICELLI SPOOL SILK

Sewings, Embroideries,  
Wash Silks, Braids, &c.

CORTICELLI SILK MILLS,  
FLORENCE, MASS

Nonotuck Silk Company,

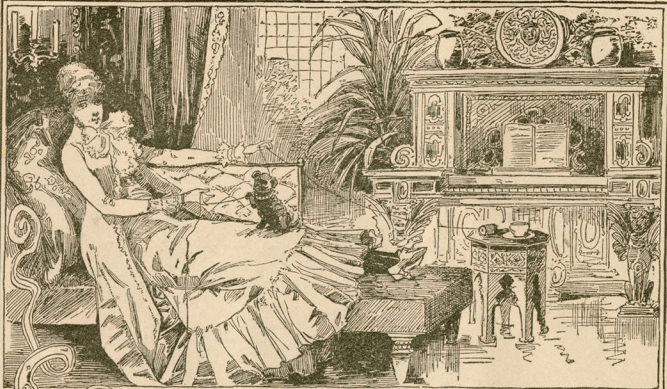
IRA DIMOCK, Prest.

E. W. EATON, Treas.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by  
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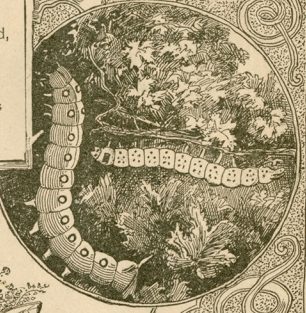




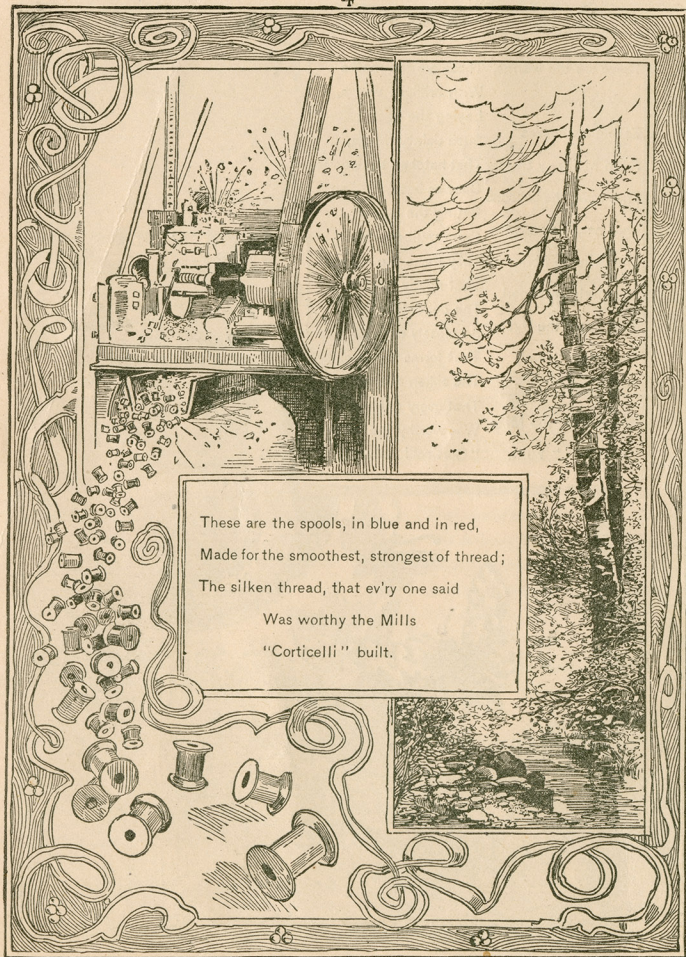
<p>This is the thread, The silken thread, That ev'ry one said Was worthy the Mills "Corticelli" built.</p>	<p>These are the cocoons, That neatly unwind The delicate fibre, So closely entwined, That forms the thread, The silken thread, That ev'ry one said Was worthy the Mills "Corticelli" built.</p>
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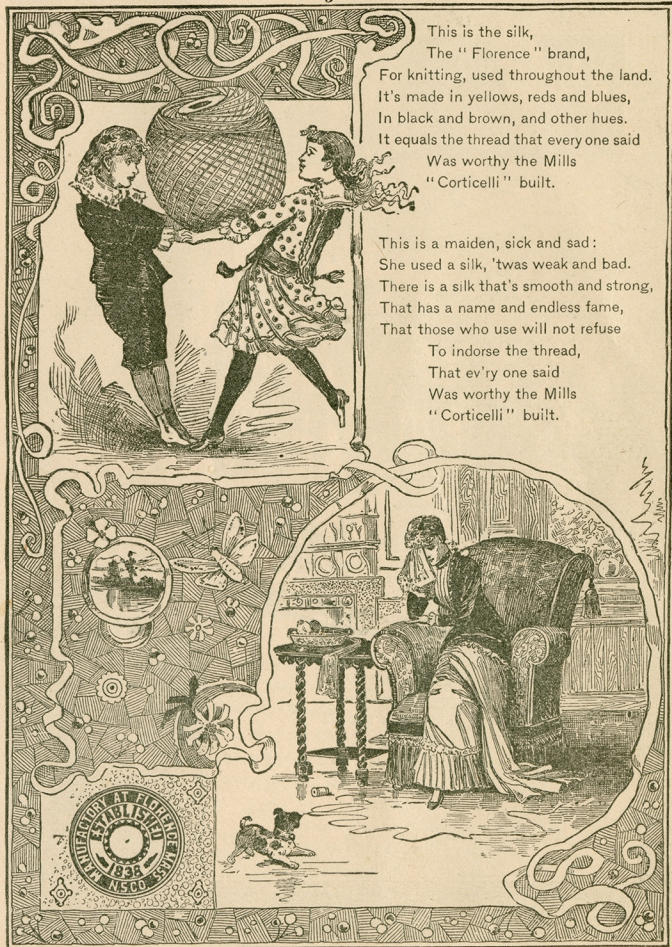
<p>These are the worms, Busy as bees, Eating the leaves From mulberry trees. They make the cocoons That neatly unwind The delicate fibre, So closely entwined, That forms the thread, The silken thread, That every one said, Was worthy the Mills "Corticelli" built.</p>	<p>These are the moths With brilliant wings, Laying the eggs, Such dainty things, That hatched the worms, Busy as bees, Eating the leaves From mulberry trees. They make the cocoons That neatly unwind The delicate fibre, So closely entwined, That forms the thread, The silken thread, That every one said, Was worthy the Mills "Corticelli" built.</p>
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These are the spools, in blue and in red,  
 Made for the smoothest, strongest of thread;  
 The silken thread, that ev'ry one said  
 Was worthy the Mills  
 "Corticelli" built.

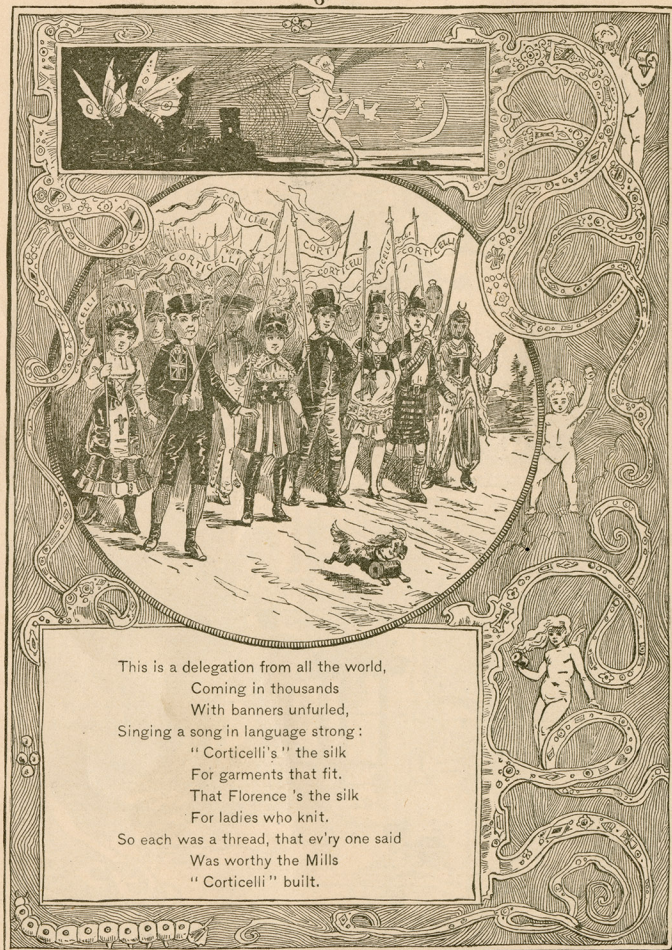


This is the silk,  
 The "Florence" brand,  
 For knitting, used throughout the land.  
 It's made in yellows, reds and blues,  
 In black and brown, and other hues.  
 It equals the thread that every one said  
 Was worthy the Mills  
 "Corticelli" built.

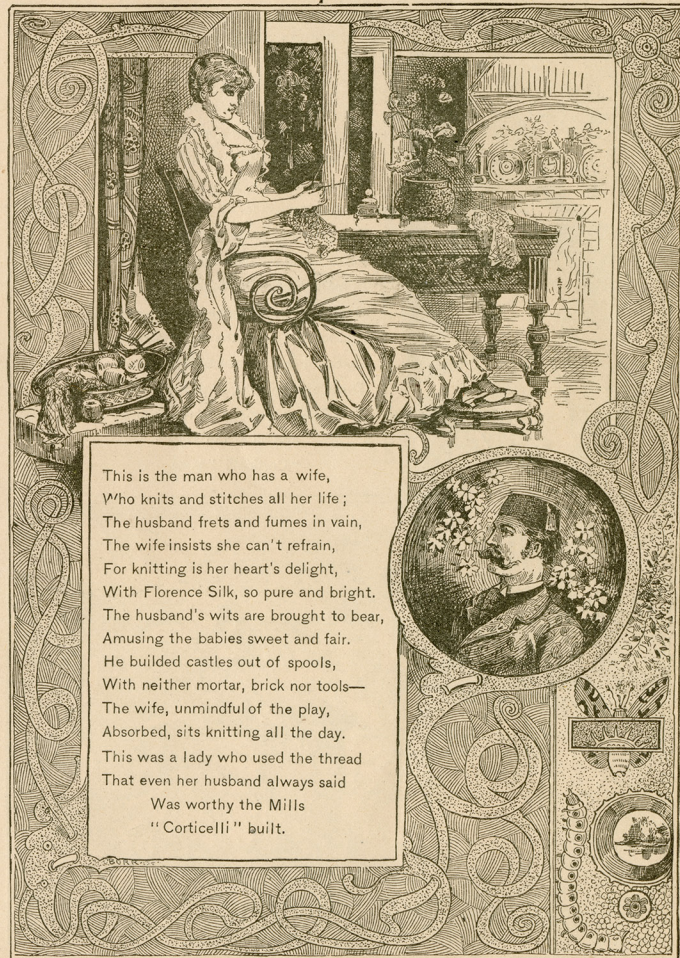
This is a maiden, sick and sad:  
 She used a silk, 'twas weak and bad.  
 There is a silk that's smooth and strong,  
 That has a name and endless fame,  
 That those who use will not refuse  
 To indorse the thread,  
 That ev'ry one said  
 Was worthy the Mills  
 "Corticelli" built.





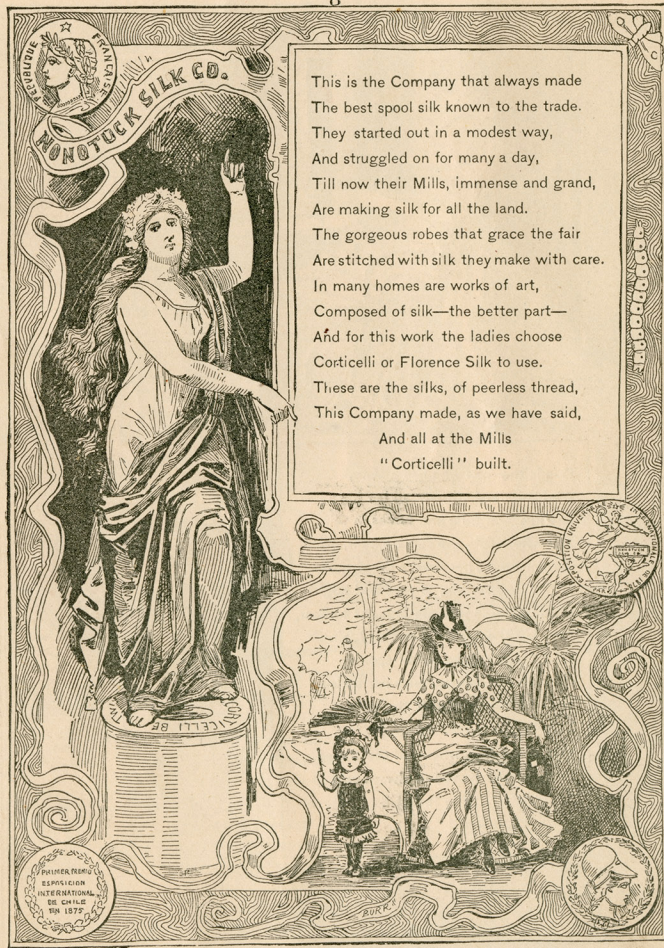


This is a delegation from all the world,  
 Coming in thousands  
 With banners unfurled,  
 Singing a song in language strong:  
 "Corticelli's" the silk  
 For garments that fit.  
 That Florence's the silk  
 For ladies who knit.  
 So each was a thread, that ev'ry one said  
 Was worthy the Mills  
 "Corticelli" built.



This is the man who has a wife,  
 Who knits and stitches all her life;  
 The husband frets and fumes in vain,  
 The wife insists she can't refrain,  
 For knitting is her heart's delight,  
 With Florence Silk, so pure and bright.  
 The husband's wits are brought to bear,  
 Amusing the babies sweet and fair.  
 He builded castles out of spools,  
 With neither mortar, brick nor tools—  
 The wife, unmindful of the play,  
 Absorbed, sits knitting all the day.  
 This was a lady who used the thread  
 That even her husband always said  
 Was worthy the Mills  
 "Corticelli" built.





This is the Company that always made  
 The best spool silk known to the trade.  
 They started out in a modest way,  
 And struggled on for many a day,  
 Till now their Mills, immense and grand,  
 Are making silk for all the land.  
 The gorgeous robes that grace the fair  
 Are stitched with silk they make with care.  
 In many homes are works of art,  
 Composed of silk—the better part—  
 And for this work the ladies choose  
 Corticelli or Florence Silk to use.  
 These are the silks, of peerless thread,  
 This Company made, as we have said,  
 And all at the Mills  
 "Corticelli" built.

MONTYOCK SILK CO.  
 PHILADELPHIA 1876  
 LONDON 1873  
 PARIS 1875  
 PHILADELPHIA 1876  
 LONDON 1873  
 PARIS 1875  
 PHILADELPHIA 1876  
 LONDON 1873  
 PARIS 1875

## The Maiden

Who seldom makes mistakes.

She is a maiden young and fair—  
 A seamstress, by the way—  
 Who sings and sews with happy heart,  
 Through all the blessed day.  
 'Twas only Tuesday evening last  
 My heart received a pang,  
 For Maggie all the evening long  
 Of CORTICELLI sang.

I told her of my constant love,  
 The heart that beat for her,  
 I pictured well a happy life  
 And begged her not defer;  
 For well she knew the love I craved,  
 The joy that it would bring,  
 But what did she, but as before,  
 Of CORTICELLI sing.

This was too much to well  
 endure;  
 My heart was bowed with  
 grief,  
 And it would burst, I surely  
 thought,  
 Unless I found relief.  
 I curtly asked my seam-  
 stress fair,  
 While feeling much alarm,  
 What could this be, this per-  
 fect thing,  
 This CORTICELLI charm?

She sweetly smiled and said: "My love,  
 How stupid you must be,  
 Have you not heard the praises sung  
 By maidens fair and free,  
 Of thread that's pure, and smooth and  
 That never knots or breaks,  
 The silken thread that maidens use  
 Who seldom make mistakes?"





