

to be useful; his clothes tell him so. What can they be for but to work in? There are men of scientific research, of invention, but who could carry a "sprightly wit" under our matter of fact broadcloths and tweeds. There are no dreamers, no builders of castles in the air. Poets can exist, for it is their business to deal with the common facts of life however they find them, but the bubble-blowers are a thing of the past. Could any man write the *Arcadia* in our business like and commercial raiment? To be sure: "Let who will make laws for the people, let me make their ballads" was one time a pregnant phrase, but how much more would it have involved to say "Let me make their clothes."



Commercial Poesy.

The man in charge of the artistic advertising department was cudgeling his brain for a new idea, when a person with long hair and a disreputable shirt front cantered up to his desk and asked for something to do to earn a breakfast.

"Can you write?" inquired the ad. man.

"Well, I should orthograph!" he said with a smile.

"Advertisements?" queried the ad. man. "And poetry?"

"Try me," was the laconic reply. And the ad. man looked over his strip.

"Hook on to this," he said, handing the poet a real estate ad.

The poet sat down to a counter and pretty soon came back with a verse for his new employer.

"Read it," he said. And the man at the desk read this:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own my native land;"
Who never to himself hath cried,
"Now is the time to subdivide
And sell as town lots all this sand?"
If such there be, go mark him well;
He doesn't know enough to sell.

"Um-um," hesitated the ad. man. "I don't think this is quite the thing exactly. Suppose you try one on some dry goods remnants."

The poet grinned, and in a minute or two came back with this, which he read himself:

Our shreds and our patches
Are up on the hatches;
You'll find everything very nice is.
When you get to the top
You must take a big drop,
To get down again where the price is.

"How's that?" he asked with a little air of triumph.

"Not so bad," assented the ad. man, taking it. "Try this boot and shoe one."



A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.—JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

In two minutes the breadwinner read this:

Be shoer when you buy from us
You'll always get the best,
And high or low, where'er you go,
Your sole will be at rest.

"That isn't half bad," replied the ad. man to the inquiring look of the poet. "Suppose you give me something on this coat dealer's stuff."

The poet wasn't gone a minute till he was back with this:

Now is the chilly winter time
When both the young and old
Will find their houses hotter if
They'll keep the fires coaled.

"That's out of sight," laughed the ad. man.

"Anthracite?" murmured the poet cunningly.

The ad. man laughed again.

"Here," he said, "try one on this hat and cap house."

The poet wrestled for two or three minutes and came up smiling with this:

If you would cap the climax
And all the time stand pat,
You'll have to do your talking
Through Jones' Al hat.

"Hand it over," said the ad. man, reaching for it. "and try your hand in the grocery line."

The poet took the matter and soon bobbed up with this:

Here are your groceries, green and dry.
This is the place to come to buy.
We'll do the work; we're bound to please:
Rely on us for your grocer-ease.

"That will do in a pinch," said the ad. man. "See if you can't improve on it with this clothing ad."

The poet went at it with energy and

shortly came back with this:

He was looking his best,
In the style he was drest,
When he set forth to court Hannah
Fetter;

He was quite debonair,
And he carried the air
Of a man who would bet he could get
her.

He asked the fair maid;
"Of course, dear," she said
In the promptest affirmative manner,
The clothes that he wore
He bought at our store,
And that's what's the matter with
Hanner.

The breadwinner was looking hungry as the ad. man accepted this last one, and handed over another.

"There's one for a restaurant," he said with a cheerful smile.

The poet clutched at it eagerly and feasted his eyes on its promise, and then he wrote:

Ho, every one that thirsteth,
And all the hungry, come
And revel in our terrapia
And wallow in our Mumm;
No feed was ever finer,
In poetry or song,
And when you come, remember
To bring your cash along.

"There's not much in that one," remarked the ad. man, reading it over.

"Nor in me," said the poet with a pathetic little quiver in his voice.

The ad. man looked at him.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I forgot. Here's a dollar; go and fill yourself up on it and come back again. I'll give you something more to do."

"I think I write better on an empty stomach," smiled the poet, and he went away never to return.—Detroit Free Press.