## JOHNSON'S NIGHTMARES



Johnson read the symptoms in each patent nostrum ad,

And soon he thought he had 'em all, and had 'em awful bad.

He'd feel a crick, a pain, a pang, as he would read away—

With every ad his mind would change new ailment every day!

And last of all he found an ad that said that all disease,

If 't were not for the coffee bean, would probably soon cease.

And never pausing to reflect that men who want to sell

A brand new notion to the "peop" don't balk at what they tell,

He started on a brisk crusade to warn each smiling friend

That coffee, if persisted in, his life would surely end.

But to his great astonishment, the folks he came across

Were looking most amazing well and his seemed all the loss.

For while they sipped their morning cup, or demi-tasse at noon,

And seemed to thrive, he grew more thin and sombre. Pretty soon,

He wondered if he wasn't wrong, and he removed the ban

When CHASE & SANBORN had explained what went in every can.

And as we are, much as we think, his nightmares he forgot,

And saw them vanish in the steam from coffee piping hot.





