



NOT A CHESTNUT.

This Man is not looking for his Dog. He is only waiting for a Trolley.

SIDEWALK COMPOSITION.

HE was a son of sunny Italy, and he wrote his first ad. when he set up his bootblack stand at an up-town corner. It ran :

FOOTS BLACKED INSIDE.

His first customer talked to him like a schoolmaster, and then went away. The next day the sign read :

BOOTS BLACKED OUTSIDE.

A big, fat man stopped, ran his eye over it, and said : "You don't suppose that we suppose that you are expected to black them on the *inside*, do you? Change that."

The next day the sign read :

INSIDE BOOTS BLACKED OUTSIDE.

That nearly caused a riot. Scores of people gathered around it, and casual remarks were made about lynching. The Italian became alarmed and pulled in the sign. The next day this appeared :

BOOTS OUTSIDE BLACKED INSIDE.

There was a rumbling sound heard, as of an earthquake in the throes of composition, in the vicinity of that stand. It swelled into a roar. that seemed as if it were about to sweep everything before it, when the Italian ran for his life. When next he appeared, he proudly pointed to his new sign :

ON RAINY DAYS OUTSIDE BOOTS SHINED INSIDE.

That Italian says that "this is one great country for making the mon, but one dam country for the crank," for the police made him take that sign in.

The newest sign reads :

Within The Store, On Tempestuous Days, Boots will Be Cleaned, Blackened and Polished, by the Brush Manipulator, without Extra Charge.

It has been allowed to stand. It was composed by a wandering Boston man.—*Art in Advertising.*

THE LOST TEN TRIBES.

WHEN I think of the ten lost tribes of Jews;
Do I wish they were found again?
No, sir; but I wish the remaining two
Had been lost with the blooming ten.

G.C.



DOG WON'T EAT DOG.

CHOLLY—"Haw, Miss Maud, the dawg didn't bite me aftah all, you know."

MAUD—"Really! Well, that merely goes to show he's not a cannibal."

THE WORST KIND OF REBELS.

IN other times men have rebelled
At right or justice long withheld,
Or freedom interdicted,
But modern rebels would reverse
The practice, and, what seems far worse,
Have freedom more restricted;
For see the bigots of Belfast
Ignore the teachings of the past,
Grow sulky and offended,
With threats of bloodshed rend the air,
And in rebellious mood prepare
To spill the blood of those who dare
Wish liberty extended.

G.C.