A POT WASHER.

Your work is clean and vigorous, and we know you do it the way you should.

With a smile that's wide as your chest, and a look that's full of joy,

You are seeking for some food to feed you and your family.

Your teeth all need a scrubbing brush, to remove the dirt and grime...

But even an Irish soldier, wouldn't fare as well if he was a poser.

CHAMPION BRAND,

Wm. Camul,

Cartaret, N.J.

Matoes
MUSIC TEACHER.
You've heard some music in your day,
That has a singing tone,
You shout 'em out, you shout 'em down,
That's the spirit you're in.
You thump away the keys
And rattle a noisy bell,
But those who you pretend to teach,\nAre half-fell, half-dead.

A BLARNEY-SKITE.
You're knocking down the slant of your coat so thick,
That you can't get it off, if you pretend it's an art trick.
You're left with a paper bee every one, but you've seen it often.
Do try some on your family here, and try to keep it clean.
They say that you've kissed the blarney stone, and doubtless it is true.
For otherwise the poor stone, alone, would never have kissed you.

MACHINIST.
You're a mechanic, old chap,
You're up in height, just for the bump
Dropped off by your wheel, you work under
Rubbed up your girl, you're so weep.
Drinking wrong every hour.
You claim to be honest, but you're not.

A BOTCH BARBER.
For every little thing you, like a lady you dance,
As to the moving about, and mending out the gait,
Then by this fitting up the bar, it makes every village smart.
To think that such a poor whoosh should work as a shorned.
You might succeed by cutting wood, but not for cutting hair.
The barber's craft is a trade better in bed.
Your razor is as thin as a needle, but thick in your heart.
While your finger runs back a region of tricks to certain death.
"CLEAR THE STAGE"

Bouncing the Masher Before the Rise of the Curtain.
THE ROAD TO SCHOOL

[From the German]
In winter, when it freezes,
In winter, when it snows.
The road to school seems long and drear,
Over which the school-boy goes.

But when the pleasant summer comes,
With birds and fruit and flowers,
The road to school is fun to walk,
And short the sunny hours.

But to the boy who loves to learn,
And wisdom strives to gain,
The road to school is always short,
In sunshine, snow, or rain.