



MR. H. T. BRAGDON OF MILLINOCKET, ME.

WHEN you're down and out and frownsed and the world looks black and blue,
 And a tramp would seem respectable compared with you—to you;
 Don't think you're going under—the undertaker to require—
 But take a chance, old Chappie and get Bragdon on the wire!
 Tell him you feel plumb-rotten; that you're a certain-sure disgrace
 And he'll phone you "Change your linen! Buck up and take a brace."
 And he'll send you spotless garments from his "Magic" laundry-shop,
 Or he'll take you out a-fishing where the deep-sea plummets drop,
 Or he'll talk of Millinocket—Magic City of the East,
 Or he'll hustle for your comfort without kicking in the least,
 And if that won't serve to cure you and all hope for you is past,
 He will undertake your funeral—in a manner unsurpassed.