

FIND PERFECT FOOT.

Chiropodists who formed national organization at Hotel La Salle found perfect foot. Owned by Mrs. Clara Houston, 3110 Vernon av.

CONVENTION NOTES

Hotel keepers are indignant because the delegates eat corned beef.

The hob-nailed shoe has replaced the steam roller as an argument for regularity.

Several of the delegates whose favorite bunions have been stepped on declare that they will not allow their dearest principles thus to be trampled under foot.

Pres. Taft has been criticised for his seeming indifference to the spirit and purpose of the convention, and his friends say that he acknowledges the corn.

The convention motto is: "Put your worst foot forward."

The Chiropodists' Song.

Great corns from tiny oxfords
grow—

(File, file, snip and file!)

That's all we need or care to
know,

(File, brothers, file!)

So long as leather is stiff and
tough,

While roads are hard and long
enough

And toes are tender and soft, so
long

Will the Corn Docs warble this
little song:

Great corns from tiny oxfords
grow—



(File, file, snip and file!)

That's all we need or care to
know,

(File, brothers, file!)

Scientists say that everybody
is crazy in some way.

If you bite your finger nails
you are an onychophagomaniac.

If you scratch your hear you
are a capilliorriomaniac.

But there are some people who
scratch their heads for other reasons.

Mrs. Hustler—When women
rule there'll be no more of this
"wine, women and song" thing.

Mr. Hustler—No?

Mrs. Hustler—No; it'll be
"mirth, men and music."—Judge.