

ODE TO MY OLD SHOES.

By A Customer.

I'm much like you; but, with sad heart,
 My Dearest Friends, we soon must part!
 More than a year with me you've been
 In wet and dry, through thick and thin.
 You've lost your *sole*, and I may, mine;
 Alas, 'tis fate! -but don't repine.
 We've both been *tanned*, but not been *tight*
 By *cobblers*. Both been *left*, - and *right*.
 Both needed *mates* to be complete,
 We both were made *to go on feet*.
 With you, the *last* was *first*; with me
 The *first* shall be the *last*, you see.
 You've been *worn out*, and *mended new*;
 When men wear out, they're *men dead* too.
 We both need *heeling*. - Oft been *soled*.
 Ah, soon, we both will turn to *mould*!
 We've both been *trod upon*, and each
 Have *trod on* others, with a *screech*.
 We've had our *ties*, - and did incline,
 When *polished*, in the world *to shine*.
 We're *pegging out*. - And Oh, my Shoes!
 From further use we must excuse,
 And go to HERVEY'S WEST-SIDE STORE,
 Where we have often been before.
 His stock we've always found complete,
 'Tis always kept both fresh and neat;
 With prices low, and perfect fit,
 My money's worth I'm sure to get.
 There, MADE TO-ORDER, OF READY-MADE,
 And MENDING too, of any grade,
 At notice short, we'll ever find
 All things just suited to our mind

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HERVEY'S WEST-SIDE SHOE-STORE,
 No. 416 West 125th. St., New York City.

— Copied Jan. 1889. —

A Customer

[Flyer]: *Ode to My Old Shoes*

New York: Hervey's West-Side
 Shoe-Store Jan. 1889 \$225

Small broadside or flyer.
 Measuring 5" x 9¼". Printed on
 cheap purple paper. Tear at the
 bottom edge, else very good. A
 32-line poem regretting the loss
 of old shoes, but delighting that
 the writer must now return to
 Hervey's West-Side Shoe-Store
 to be re-shod. OCLC locates no
 copies. [BTC#408537]