

Amest

A TURKISA



LALE



A YANKEE DRUMMER YOUNG AND COOL,
SAUNTERED THE STREETS OF FAIR STAMBOUL,
HIS SAMPLES AND A SAVORY LUNCH,
"SWELLED OUT HIS COAT-TAILS IN A BUNCH.



A HOUND, WHOSE HASTE MISLED HIM, TORE
THE COAT-TAIL WHICH THE SAMPLES BORE.



HE VAINLY CHEWED, THE SILVER FOIL
REFUSED A MEAL DESPITE HIS TOIL.



A TURKISH COP THEN SCOOPED THEM ALL,
DRAGGING THEM TO THE SULTAN'S HALL.

SORE WAS THE SULTAN'S HEART AND SAD,
NOR WIVES, NOR PIPE WOULD MAKE HIM GLAD.



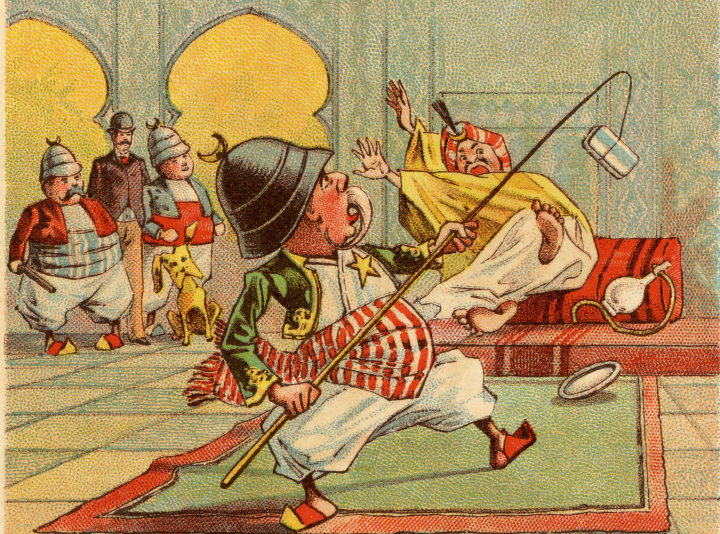
FOR NOT AMONG HIS SERVANTS WISE. TO BRING HIS BEAUTEOUS MARBLES RARE.
WAS ONE WHO COULD A THING DEVISE. BACK TO THEIR COLORS, SOFT AND FAIR.



WHEN YOU WANT TO LOOK ON
THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS

USE SAPOLIO.

THE SULTAN TREMBLED IN HIS FRIGHT,
THE PACKAGE MIGHT BE DYNAMITE.



"BREVITY IS THE
SOUL OF WIT."
GOOD WIFE! YOU NEED
SAPOLIO.



GRASPING THE SULTAN'S SOURCE OF FRIGHT,
THE DRUMMER SCOURS HIS OLD THRONE BRIGHT.

OUR SULTAN CONQUERED BY HIS ART,
GATHERS THE YANKEE TO HIS HEART,
AND VOWS FROM HIM HE'LL NEVER PART





BUT WHEN HE LEARNS THAT FAR AWAY,
A YANKEE MAIDEN WAITS EACH DAY,
LADEN WITH WEALTH, HE BIDS HIM GO,
BUT KEEPS HIS PRIZE - SAPOLIO.

1850
MONDAY



TUE.

WED.

THU.

USED

EVERY

WEEK

FRI.

SAT.

DAY

SUNDAY

BRINGS

REST

ON

SUNDAY.



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