

NEW HEBREW JOKES AND MONOLOGUES

BY

THE BEST JOKERS
HEBREW SONG PARODIES

THE BRIGHTEST YIDDISH STORIES AND JOKES TOLD
ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE

BY

Ben Welch,
Carl Reiter,
Moe Ott,

Dave Warfield,
Irv. Ott,
Frank Bush,
Harry S. Stanley,

Joe Welch,
Jack Lewis,
Yorke and Adams,

AND OTHER WELL-KNOWN COMEDIANS OF THE VAUDEVILLE
STAGE



L. & M. OTTENHEIMER

PUBLISHERS

321 W. BALTIMORE STREET
BALTIMORE, MD.

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INTRODUCTION.

The large success attained by us with our other Joke Books has been so pleasing that we offer the present volume, "Hebrew Jokes and Monologues," with considerable confidence. We have expended a great deal of time and money in compiling "Hebrew Jokes and Monologues and Hebrew Parodies," and we feel positive that its readers will find it as interesting if not more than "New Jokes by Old Jokers No. 1 and No. 2," and "New Jokes and Monologues No. 3, No. 4 and No. 5."

If you haven't read "New Jokes by Old Jokers No. 1 and No. 2," and "New Jokes and Monologues No. 3, No. 4 and No. 5," be sure and read them. Take no substitutes, and be sure that they bear our imprint, as there are imitators who copy our style.

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NEW

HEBREW JOKES AND MONOLOGUES.



"MAYBE you think I'm happy."

"I got the bad luck. I join me last vinter a lodge. I get seven dollars a week ven I'm sick an' I can't get sick."

"The only thing I ever get me is dyspepski. I drank a pussy-cat cafe. The doctor came in my house and say I shall get him a paper and pencil

to write de prescription. I gouldn't find the baper and bencil but I find a piece of chalk. He say, 'nefer mind. I write it on de door an' ven you find the paper and pencil you shall copy it.' He told me I shall bring it to the drug store an' get de prescription. I give him a dollar an' he say, 'good-by.' I think to myself how I shall get the prescription. I don't read nor write. I shall not expose me my ignorance. So I get the screw-driver and take the door off and bring it in the drug store and tell the druggist he shall give me for five cents the prescription. Shure!"

"To-day I saw a ole voman—60 years of age—jump right in front of a car. I give her a pull and save her life and she say I'm a hobo. Oh, how she thank me.

She say, 'I'll take you home with me,' and I walk on de street mit her. Eferybody laugh. Dey think I got de mash. Ven ve get to her house she set me down in de parlor and she say 'I introduce you to my son-in-law Mister Williams.' Und she say 'Mister Williams, dis is Mister Jacobsohn. He save me my life to-day from gettin' killed by the car.' He look at me all ofer and he say, 'oh, is that so?' Then he say, 'Are you the fellow what save my mother-in-law?' I say, yes sir, and he say; 'come into the front room. I vant to haf a dalk mit you.' I vill nefer safe anoder life."

"De oder day I vent to de Grand Central depot and I lay me a fife-tollar bill on the shelf and say I vant a ticket for Yonkers. He say, 'excursion?' I say, no; funeral. Ven I got to Yonkers I vent to de cemetery to visit my brother's dead grave. I kneel down on de grave and I pray and cry for two hours. Den, I look at de names on de graves and I see me de mistake. I vas grying two hours for nothing. Ven I find de right grave I shall cry all over again. I vent to the janitor of the cemetery and I ask him; vere is my brother buried? He say, 'how long he has been dead?' I say, six months. He say; 'vat is his name?' I say Nathan Jacobsohn. He say: 'vat did he look like?' I say, he is de picture of me. He say; 'impossible. Anybody that looks like you ought to be dead longer than six months.'

"I live no more vid my vife. She got jealousy. She make me that I shall give her money efery week. I vell remember ven ve got married. I vore a stove-pipe hat and a clean white shirt and a collar—clean. My vife vore a taffy silk skirt an' a nice vaist. All open vork. You can look inside. Here is a piece of

lace. Here is a hole. Here is another piece of lace. Then you vait a minute. Here is two holes.

"De oder night I vent to see 'Ten Nights in a Bath-tub.' It's a sensationals play like Saphy. Only nobody gets carried up de stairs. But a feller gets kicked down stairs. Vell, a pistol shot makes de baby cry and de usher gomes down and says, 'if dat baby cries again, go outside und get your money back.' De next night ve go to another play, und I say, Rachael, do you like de play? she say, 'no, that's a humbug.' I say, stick a pin in the baby."

"Vell, von night I go the theater und I get a seat on a ladder and two fellers gomes on de stage and shake hands. I dink dey is goot friends. Pretty soon they begin to fight and for nothing. Some feller calls out; 'punch him in the bread basket.' Another feller says, 'hit him in the upper cuts.' I hollers out: 'hit him in the kishkers.' A feller who sat next to me got excited and kicked me. He ask me who I think shall vin de fight. I tell him I don't know and ask him who it is. He says, 'why Terry McGovern. He'll knock his roof off and if he don't I'll knock yours off.' He says; 'I bet you two dollars to one that McGovern wins.' I say, no. He say, 'I bet you five dollars to one.' I say, no. He says, 'I bet you fifty dollars you don't know you're alive.' I vas afraid to bet.

"Vell, I came out from the theater and I vent into a beer saloon on the corner and I laid a twenty-five cents piece on the counter and I says, give me a nice, large glass of beer, I got dry in the neck. I vait for de change an' I no get him. I dink dis mus' be a high-toney place. Den I say to the bartender, didn't you forget something? He said, 'yas, I forgot more than

you ever knew.' I say, I gif you a quarter. He say, 'you gave me a nickel.' I say, you're a liar. Oh——h. The minute I say, you're a liar, I got such an uppercuts. I vent out to the street an' I see a big feller standin' on the corner. I say to him, do you vant to make a dollar—cash? He says, 'it's a pipe.' I say, come in de saloon and punch a man in de eye. He says, 'all right.' So, I give him right away in his hand, the dollar und I bring him in the saloon. He says, 'vere is he?' I showed him the bartender an' the big feller says, 'say, did you hit him?' He says, 'yes, an' I'll hit him again.' An' he kept his vord. The big feller says, 'I'll dare you to hit him once more.' I vished he hadn't dared him. Vell, vat do yer think the big feller says? He says, 'come on, don't spend another nickel in de joint.'"

"The other day I got me arrested and I vent to jail in the 'Black Maria.' Von feller in de carriage says to another feller, 'hello, there! Cockeye Mulligan, how long you get dis time?' *Dis time!* Vell, Cockeye says, 'two years an' six months.' 'For why?' says the feller. 'For nothin,' says Cockeye, 'de judge ees a stiff.' I say to Cockeye, for nothin', you get two years an' six months. He says, 'yes, I stuck a knife in a dago's heart.' Another feller says, 'hello, there, Jimmy! gimma a cigar.' He say, 'all I got is a butt.' He says, 'sling it over 'till I take a vhiiff.' The feller that set next to me in the carriage was cryin.' I says to him, vat are you cryin' fer? He says, 'don't bother me or I'll knock your block off.' I says, how much did you get? He says, 'I got ten years.' I says, for nothin' too? He says, 'no, I tapped a guy on the nut with a sand-bag and took his clock.' He says, 'did

you ever get a tap on the nut?' I says, no. He says, 'Vell, you keep on chewin' de rag to me an' you'll get it.'

He say to me, 'how long you got?' I says ten days. He says 'forget it.' He says, 'vat are you kickin' about? that's sleepin' time.' Ven ve got to de jail de keeper says to me, 'what are you here for—bigamy?' He knows I'm a nice lookin' feller, He takes me in his private office and he takes in his hand a pen, and he has a book to write in an' he says, 'what's your name?' I think to myself I vill nefer tell him my name in a hundred years. He says, 'answer quick, what's your name?' I says Isaac Fitzpatrick. He says, 'say, you're a fresh mug. Don't make any funny cracks 'round here or I'll sink one of your lamps.' Von of the fellers whispered to me, 'he's all right; he's a good feller, but you want to tell him he's daffy.' So, I says, you're daffy. 'Oh,' he says, 'I am, am I?' Well, in ten minutes after I voke up.

"De other day, I thought I would take a Turkish bath, but the man was going to charge me a dollar. I said that's too much, an' he said, 'I'll sell you 12 tickets for \$10.' I said, vat do you take me for? How do I know I am alive 12 years.

"The other day my friend Rosenski took his boy in a restaurant to get a bowl of soup. Jakey commenced to eat, and he grabbed his father's arm an' says; 'papa, there's a fly in der soup.' Rosenki says, 'eat der soup and wait till you come down to der fly, tell de waiter and he'll give you another bowl for nothing.'"

JOE WELCH.



I gets married and says to my wife, "Every time I kiss you, Rachel, I vill gife you a dollar." After we are married, I kiss her and hand her a dollar which she drops in a large vooden box. I takes a trip and take my wife's picture mit me. Every time I kisses her picture, I mail her a dollar. Ven I come home I says, "Rachel, let's open de box und see how much ve hafe saved." I open up de box, und I find \$2, \$5, \$10 bills, umbral-las and coats, und I says, "Rachel, how is dis, I only gife you a dollar at a time." She says: "Yes, but de other people are not as stingy like you."

BEN WELCH.

Levy—Cohen told me about the trouble he had with his wife and I asked him if he didn't think marriage a failure.

Jacobs—What did he say?

Levy—He said he never considered his married life as good as a failure. There was little pleasure and no profit in it.

CARL REITER.

HEBREW MONOLOGUE.

MY clerk got married and he sent me an invitation: "I request your presence to de vedding." "Right away de presents." Before I got to de vedding he must have presents. Vell I let my clerk off a half day, to get married, sometimes it takes longer to get married; I vent to de vedding, de groom was all dressed

up mit a full dress suit second handic for \$6.00, he wore a steam vinder vatch mit Swiss cheese movements. De bride vas dressed up mit such a lace curtain over her face you cover pictures mit in de summer time. My! she had a face, I asked him vy he married her, he said he got two thousand dollars, believe me it vas vorth twenty. I called him aside and vispered in his ear and I told him she had a glass eye, false hair, a wooden leg and a wax ear; he said you can speak louder, she is deaf and dumb too.

At de vedding der vas Mrs. Levy dressed up to kill, vy shouldn't she, her husband's a butcher. Mrs. Kohenstein she looked bad; she came straight from de hospital; she had de Spinal Maginus; Mr. Rubenstein mit his two daughters, Beckie and Rachael, you should hear dem play on de piano so fine, his daughters just graduated from de Vaseline College.

De table vas set fine, everyding to eat, dey had napkins, clean, paper ones, I sat next to Mr. Rubenstein, he is a stingy man, so stingy he has one piano for his two daughters to play on. De vaitor brought a plate in front of us mit a two pieces of chicken on, von large and von small piece, Rubensteins say I should serve de chicken; I said after you; you should serve de chicken; to show you vat a mean man he gave me de little piece of chicken and he put de big piece on his plate; I got mad and I said, Rubenstein, if I vas serving de chicken, I vould give you de big piece and I vould keep de little piece; Rubenstein said vy do you kick didn't you get it.

To show you vat Rubenstein knows ven we all got through, de vaitor brings us a bowl of vater mit a piece of lemon in it; Rubenstein vashes his face in it; I put sugar in mine and drank it, it was fine.

A Jewish boy went into a delicatessen store the other evening and said to the proprietor, "How much is three pounds of sausage at sixty cents a pound; four pounds of butter at thirty cents a pound; five pounds of rolled corn beef at 40 cents a pound. How much is it?"

Proprietor—That will be five dollars. Do you want to take them with you?

Boy—No. Dat's my arithmatec lesson fer to-morrow.

My brudder asked me last veek to go to a deaf and dumb ball so I said to my brudder vats a deafs and dumbs ball, my brudder said de people talkin' vit de hands, I said dat's a Hebrew "ball," dey talk vit de hands. But my brudder said dese peoples talk vit de hands and not vit de mouth, so I vent along for a goot time, ven I got dere everybody vas talking vit der hands, so I said to my brudder I vas ask de gurl for a dance. My brudder said you don't know how to talk deafs and dumbs, so I said vatch me, so I valked up to a gurl and made a sign for de next dance, and she shook her head yes, so I dance around de floor vit her, and asked her for de next dance, and ve danced again. Oh, she vas a swell denser, I got up for de third time and ask for de next dance vit motions on de hands, as I started to valk away some guy valks up and says to de gurl, Mammie, gif me de next dance. De gurl say I can't, I got it vit dat dummy dere.

JACK LEWIS.

Last veek I go down to Goldstein's store, valked back to de office and dere is Meester Goldstein working vit de combination on de safe. So I says, vots de

truble, Goldstein say, I can't get de safe opens, so I say let me try. So I try and I couldn't get de safe open, so I says, Mr. Goldstein, send for a safe export opener, so de man comes, and opened de safe. He says, Mr. Goldstein write dese numbers in a book so ven you lose de combination you can look in de book, so I leave Goldstein store, and came back next day, dere was Goldstein working on de combination on de safe so I say, Vat's de truble, Mr. Goldstein? He says, I can't get de safe open. I say, You fool, vy don't you look in de book? Goldstein says, You're a fool, de book is in de safe.

JACK LEWIS.

I vas trabeling in London last vinter and while dere. I wanted to go home. I had only for a nickel left in de pocket, so I taught I vould go in a saloon, and get for a glass beer, and on my vay over to de saloon, a dog followed me, dis same dog followed me two or tree times de same veek, I used to be von of dose ventriliquisms dat trows de voice vere it ain't yet. So I will throw my voice into de dog to make him talk, so I could get some money to get home. I took de dog under my arm, and vent into de saloon and I valked up to Mr. Bartender, and said Mr. Bartender, I am broke, I vant a glass of beer, I got for nickel in de pocket. But my dog vould like to have someding to eat. But I've got no money, but will talk and ask for it. Mr. Bartender, says, if your dog vill talk, I'll gif him someding to eat for notting. So I says, Meester Bartender, I'll take a glass of beer. I threw de voice unto de dog. De dog says, I'll take a sandwich. All de peoples vas glad to hear de dog talk, so Mr. Bartender said, vould you like to sell de dog? No, sir,

you couldn't buy de dog for a thousand dollars. Well de Bartender say I'll give a treat on de house I would like to hear de dog talk. De Bartender said vat vill you have? I said I'll take a glass beer. He said to de dog, vat vill you have? I trew de voice into de dog, and he said I will take de same ting, but don't put so much mustard on it. Dat pleases de Bartender he goes back to cash register and he finds two hundred and seventy dollars and offers to gife me dat for de dog. Well I say, My friend, I vill sell you de dog for \$270. But if I vasn't hard up, you couldn't buy dat dog for a thousand dollars, so de Bartender paid me for de dog. So de dog look up and said to me, Are you going to sell me? and I said, Yes, Fido, I need de money. De dog said, For dat, I'll never speak another vord as long as I live."

JACK LEWIS.

A Hebrew Society made \$500.00 giving a ball, and entertainment at their following meeting, the President of the Society made a motion to take \$50 or \$75.00 from the funds for the purchase of chandelier. The President said all dose in favor of de motion, will please say I, dose opposed say, no. The motion was carried, but, One little Hebrew in the corner jumped up and said Meester President and brudders, I'm not a knocker. I'm not a Booster, but I'll bet any man in de place, ten dollars that after we got it. Dere ain't a member of de lodge can play de d—m ting.

HARRY SIMONS STANLEY.

A Hebrew boy and his father took a ride on a train. It was the boy's first ride. The boy was looking out

of the window. The father being afraid the boy would lose his straw hat which cost 25 cents.

Father—"Pincus, take your head in de vindow or you vill lose de hat."

Pincus—"I vant to see de tings as ve pass by."

Father, thinking he'll fool the boy, makes a bluff to throw the hat out of the window, and hides the hat under his coat.

Pincus—(crying)—"I loose de hat, fader."

Father—"I'll show you I'm a smart man; I'll whistle und bring de hat back."

The father whistles, and puts the hat on the boy's head, and pays no attention to the boy thinking he has taught him a lesson.

The boy then throws the hat out of the window and says "Fader, whistle und bring de hat back."

HARRY SIMONS STANLEY.

Levi Cohen, the Pawnbroker, left the ball-game because he said the umpire looked right at him when he called, "three balls!"

Judge—What is your name?

Witness—Mosesh Lazarus.

Judge—Where do you live?

Witness—Mine residensh ish in Chatham street.

Judge—What is your occupation?

Witness—I vas in the try coods peeziiness, sekent hant clo's.

Judge—What is your religion?

Witness—Don't give it away, Chudge, I'm a Quaker;

Cohen—"I always fold my money up and put it in my pocket-book and when I take it out, I find it increases. Be sure and always double your money, Rosinski."

APPENDICITIS.

I met a friend of mine, who asked me, "Vot has become of your brudder Isy?" I told him, "I was sorry he asked me, I told him he is deat." He asked, "Is he deat for vat?" I said, "He was sick for four monts in our back parlor. Ve didn't know vat was de truble and ve sent for de board of healdth und dey gife 'em an examination und dey brought in a verdict dat he's got "a pen on de seatus," so I asked de doctor ven he can cure him, und he say, "Ve got to put him in de hospital und make an operation on him." Und dey took my brudder in a hospital und gif him a cut from the stomach to de back, and dey couldn't find a "pen on de seatus" at all, all dey found was an "absence," und dey sewed him up again mit cord und he died, den dey put him in a box mit a label on de outside, "opened by mistake."

JOE WELCH.

My wife was crazy for fortune tellers. One day last week she called on a Hindoo Prince, and had her fortune told.

Among other dings he told my wife was dat she would have visitors soon, who would come to stay. She couldn't dink who it was. De other night ven I come home, my wife Rachael, come to me und said

"Abie, now don't say again dat dere is notting in Fortune Tellers. He told me dat ve would have visitors, who would come to stay, und ve have. Our cat had kittens dis morning.

JACK LEWIS.

I went to my wife's funeral last week, my friend Cohen comes to me with a paper in his hand and says: I should ride in de carriage mit my mudder-in-law; I says, "I von't ride mit her, because I don't like my mudder-in-law;" Cohen said "ride mit her for my sake;" I rode mit her but would you believe me, it spoiled my pleasure for de whole day.

DE HEBREW LODGE.

BY IRV OTT.

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President—Mr. Cohen, at de last ball you was de Master of Ceremonies, let us know how de ball took place.

Mr. Cohen—I am very sorry to state dat de ball was a big failure und ve lost money.

Mr. Levi—Mr. President, may I have de floor?

President—Yes, you may have the floor, but de carpets belong to de lodge, vat is it.

Levi—I vant to know vy is it if de ball is a big failure dat you lost money.

President—(to Mr. Rosenthal). You was on de eating committee, ve would like to hear from you.

Mr. Rosenthal—Mr. President, I'm very sorry to state dat de vay de people vent to dat table and left dat table vas like a lot of pigs.

Levi—How do you know?

Rosenthal—Vasn't I de first vun to de table and de last vun to leave it. De vay de young men behaved vas a shame; dey took de flowers (celery) off de table, put salt on dem, eat dem, dey vay dey treated my wife vas a shame. You know my wife don't see good, a waiter brings her a bowl of soup and she eats and eats de soup and I notice her plate didn't get empty. You know it was raining out, so, I looked up, de roof vas leaking in my wife's plate.

President—Now for odder business. Mr. Rubinstein, you are on de sick Committee, ve would like to hear from you.

Rubenstein—Brother Lewitsky is reported sick, I make a motion ve gif him twenty-five dollars.

Levi—Mr. President, I object. Mr. Lewitsky is a member of dis lodge ten years and he's a "Sucker."

Rubenstein—Mr. President, I object to such language; if Mr. Lewitsky is a member of dis lodge 10 years, and he's a "Sucker," den I'm a bigger sucker, I am a member 15 years.

President—Before closing de meeting, ve would like to hear von new young man member, Mr. Joe Hockstein from de College, vere he vas just graduated as a "*Civilized Engineer!*"

Hockstein—Mr. President and Gentlemen, I have been a member of this lodge two weeks and I notice that you don't have no system, manual, rules or order

or anything of this kind: everything the president says, everybody seems satisfied. I make a motion to adopt a manual and get Cushings. (He meant to use Cushings Manual.)

Levi—Mr. President and Gentlemen of dis lodge, I have been a member for dis lodge 15 years always been satisfied to set on benches and chairs; here comes a young man here, a member only two weeks, he must have Cushings to sit down on right away.

At a Hebrew wedding one of the ushers asked the bride:

Vere is your husband?

The Bride—Oh he vas in de parlor playing cards mit my fader for the vedding expenses.

Customer—Look here; all the buttons came off this coat the first time I wore it.

Levy—Yes; so many beobles admire dot coat, dot you swell mit pride and bust dose buttons off.

"What kind of money is that?" says the cashier in the restaurant, pushing back the coin offered by Levy.

"That is a five franc piece, French money," says Levy.

"Nuthin doing in French for us," says the cashier.

"Then why do you print your bill of fare in French?" says Levy.

Louie—Say Jakey, do you like Ping Pong? I don't.

Jakey—You don't; I dink it's fine.

Louie—Fine! Why, how is dat?

Jakey—Vell, you and your girl play, and when you miss de ball you and your girl look for it under de table.

Louie—Yes, but vere is de fun?

Jakey—De fun is under de table, mit your girl.

LITTLE CHIP.

Two Hebrews, Levy & Isaacs, were stopping at a hotel.

"Levy," says Isaacs, "did you take a bath last night?"

Isaacs says "Vy, Levy, was one of dem missing?"

IRV OTT.

"I vill tell you, I'm unlucky, no work, no noding, last veek I go me by the circus the big man at de door he say, 'You vant a job,' and I say 'Yes,' and he takes me inside and say 'Now you must be the Wild Bear,' and he takes and dresses me up in a whole suit of bear-skin, and he puts me in by de cage, and all the beobles dey come and look by me and say: 'What a ugly bear.' Vell, soon they let a big lion into the cage and he roar, oh, so loud, then I shake and I say, 'I see my finish,' so he come closer to me and when he open his mouth, I say, 'Stop! Stop! I'm a yiddisher Bear,' and the lion he says; 'Shut up, you dam fool, I'm a yiddisher lion.'

"Den I go home to my wife, tell her vat a fool I be, and ven I ask her for somedings to eat, she give me a

cup of cold coffee. I say 'Rachel, de coffee is 'cold,' und den, den you oughter to see her make it hot for me, —such a wife,—such a headache."

JOE WELCH.

The Rabbi—I should like to ask you, Mr. Levy, why you refused to donate some money to help buy coal and keep the synagogue warm?

Levy—"You think I am a fool? Why should I give money to buy coal when I know that this synagogue is heated by steam?"

CARL REITER,

A Hebrew joined a Sick Benefit Insurance Co., who agreed to pay him twenty-five dollars a week for every week he was sick, and all he had to pay was one dollar a year. He had been in the company one month when a friend met him and said, "Goldstein! what is de matter, you are looking blue." Goldstein said, "Well I ought to be blue, I belong to an order dot vill pay me twenty-five dollars a week when I am sick, and I can't get sick."

BACKING A HORSE.

A Hebrew meets another one the other day and he says: "Where are you going in such a hurry?" He says: "I am going down to the race track, I am going to back a horse." His friend replied: "You better not; I backed one last week that cost me \$150." His friend says: "Vere?" He says: "I backed him in a plate glass window."

Two Hebrews, Grisenheimer and Cohenstein, meet on the street in Memphis. Cohenstein has a valise in his hand. Grisenheimer asks him: "Ver are you going vit your grip?" Cohenstein says: "I am going to Hot Springs, Arkansas." Grisenheimer says: "Good-bye you've got my symtoms." (He meant sympathy.)

Mr. Levy—(to Jacobs)—"Mr. Epstein may be a good man, but de don't eber show up in de schule" (Synagogue).

Heidheimer—"I know it, but he shows up in Bradstreet's and Dunn's alright. He's got a rating."

At a Jewish affair held lately on the East Side, the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Rosenthal, was late in arriving, when several in the crowd started singing coon songs. One lady in the audience made a request for "Goo-goo Eyes." Then everybody yelled "Goo-goo Eyes." Finally the Master of Ceremonies stopped the disorder and said: "Vill Mr. Goo-goo Wise please step on de platform."

A LUCKY HEBREW.

Mr. Cohenstein—Dere is a lucky Hebrew, dot Jake Goldheimer. He vins der races efery time. Dot feller is just coining money.

Mr. Isaacson—So! How does he do it?

Mr. Cohenstein—Vy, ven he first pegan blaying der races he vould lose der first day und vin der next, und now he blays efery udder day.

IRV OTT.

A Hebrew took his boy Ikey to the theater, and went up in the gallery. The play was so exciting Ikey leaned over the railing and fell down stairs. His father got excited and hollered:

"Ikey, for God's sake, come back; it costs a dollar down dere."

IRV OTT.

"How much vas dose musical instruments worth?"

"Oh, about \$2,000."

"Vell, for how mooch vas dey insured?"

"They are insured for \$5,000."

"Vell, vy don't yer?"

DAVE WARFIELD.

My brudder Issy got a job as conductor on a street car. Two vimen got on at Twenty-third street, und one says: "Let me off at Ninth street," und de odder voman says: "Let me off at Fourt street."

Issy said: "You both got on together; you'll both get off together." Issy only made two trips, but he didn't bring any money in. De superintendent thanked him for bringing the car back.

FRANK BUSH.

Adams—He called me someding I vouldn't call it to my own fader.

Yorke—Vat did he call you?

Adams—He called me a crank.

York—You know vat a crank is? A crank is one of dee tings on a organ vat an Italian has.

Adams—I know vat he means. I'm a monkey.

Yorke—You a monkey, do you see any one chuck you pennies?

Adams—I'd hate to tell vat dey chuck at you, you ain't even a first-class monkey.

YORKE AND ADAMS.



Abie—My fader vasn't exactly a policeman but he vent vit them a great deal.

UNBELIEVER IN PROFIT-SHARING.

Hebrew Employer—Vot's dot? Didn't I raise your salary a vile ago?

Abie, the Office-Boy—It vas more as six months ago.

Hebrew Employer—Vell, you t'ink I must gif you more vages efery time I make an assignment?

York—My boy Ikey is a director in a bank.

Adams—Vell, vot does he do?

York—He directs postal cards.

YORKE AND ADAMS.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Moe—(Clerk to proprietor) How much for this coat?

Simon—(Proprietor) Six dollars.

Moe—Don't want to buy it, he wants to sell it.

Simon—Give him sixty cents.

DAVE WARFIELD.

A CHARITABLE HEBREW.

It dos'ent hurt a men sumstimes he shall do some charity. I'll tell you vy so. I vas valking down the street de udder day, ven I seen a poor voman wid a baby in her arms. De voman vas crying. I never heard a voman cry so much in all my life. I vent by the voman and ask her for vy she cries. She told me she vas by de minister vit de baby, and de minister wouldn't christen de baby, because she didn't have de two dollars to pay him, I felt sorry for de woman, so I told her de baby shall have a name. I put my hands in my pocket, and all I could find vas a five dollar bill, so I says to her, here lady, here is a fife dollar bill, go by de minister, have the baby christened and I vill wait for me by de corner and you shall bring me tree

dollars change back. Vell I waited nearly an hour de voman came back, and she handed me tree dollars, and said, miester you made me heppy. You see by dat little charity I made tree people heppy. De voman vas heppy because she got a name for de baby. De minister vas heppy because he go de two dollars and I, I vas happy because de five-dollar bill was "counterfeit."

CARL REITER.

LUCKY DREAM.

Levy—says to Cohen—I had a lovely dream last night. I dreamt I had a million dollars.

Cohen—Vat did you do vit de money?

Levy—I put it in de bank before I voke up.

CARL REITER.

A COMPROMISE.

On the eve of a great battle, during the Spanish-American War, a general of a regiment called his army together, and made an eloquent, patriotic speech of the fight they had to engage in the following day; telling his men that to-morrow will be a great man to man fight and not to let a Spaniard escape. The regiment retired for the night, except one little Hebrew boy who came to the general and said to him: "Mr. General, did I understand you to say, to-morrow ve vill have a men to men fight?" The general gruffly said: "Yes, what of it?" The Hebrew boy replied: "Mister General, would you please be so kind and show me my men, I vant to make a compromise vit him."

CARL REITER.

Levy, Jr.—Fader, I dinks I vill be an editor.

Levy, Sr.—Vy, Shakey?"

Levy, Jr.—Because, dey make so many assignments.

A Hebrew clothing merchant named Cohen, visited his neighbor who had a hat store, and said:

Mr. Cohen—"Did a man come in here a short vile ago mit his hat dirty und smashed, und puy a new one?"

Mr. Epstein—"Yes, he dit."

Mr. Cohen—"Vell den, I vant a commission."

Mr. Epstein—"Vy is id?"

Mr. Cohen—"Because it was mein boy who trowed der panana beel on der side-valk vat made de man fell down."

Abie (His Son)—Fader dere is a customer in de store who wants to know if dose all vool unshrinkable shirts vill shrink.

Fader—Does it fit him?

Abie—No it's too large.

Fader—Vell den, dey vill shrink.

A Hebrew by the name of Cohen went into a bank one day and asked the cashier to discount his note. The bank cashier said "Mr. Cohen, I can't discount that note unless you get some one you know, a responsible man to endorse it."

Cohen said to the cashier: "you know me, und you're responsible, you indorse it."

IRV OTT.

"I got married de oder day, my wife vas very coun-tryfried she had nefer been out de city so ve vent on a honeymoon vedding trip. At night while in de Pullman car, my vife wanted vater and she said, 'Sam, I wouldn't know which is our berth after I got oud.' So I told her how to go to get it and that I would stick my foot out so she could tell which vas our berth. She vent for de vater and I waited a long while and she didn't come back, so I looked out to see what become of my vife and every man in de sleeping car had his foot sticking out of his berth.

SAM BERNARD.

HE'S THE SAME.

Two Hebrews went in business together in a small town; one went to New York to buy the goods, and the other stayed at home. The one stayed at home got the bills a few days after his partner was in New York. The bills came as follows: 24 Doz. Neck Wear, and 8 Doz. Ditto; 24 Suits and 4 Ditto; 18 Pants and 12 Ditto. This ditto part bothered the one at home who telegraphed his brother to come home; when his brother arrived he showed him the bills and said; "Vat do mean you shall buy ditto for a closing (clothing) business." His brother said, "I buy ditto?" "Yes, here's de bills." "Vell dey stuck me in New York." So he returned to New York and found out that ditto meant the same. He came back home, and his brother meeting him at the depot said, "Vell, Abie, did you find out vat ditto is?" And Abie said, "Yes, I find out vat a ditto is—I'M A D—M FOOL, and you're a ditto."

IRV OTT.

Cohen—I heard Levi is got religion.

Lakolski—Yes, but he's got it in his vife's name.

IRV OTT.

Mrs. Isaacstein—(With her little Ikey by the hand to a ticket agent in a R. R. station). Vill you please tell me vat time de next train goes to Evanston?

Ticket Agent—(With a hair lip). Madam, this makes the third time you have bothered me by asking me the same question, and I have told you 5 o'clock. If you bother me again I'll have you put out.

Mrs. Isaacstein—Hey, Mister, I wouldn't bother you so much, but it amuses my Ikey to hear you talk.

IRV OTT.

Mrs. Cohen—Did you get seasick on your trip to Europe and back?

Mrs. Levi—I vas sick both vays.

Rachel—Vy is it ven you go fishing you take Ikey and not Jakey?

Abe—(Her husband.) Vell, didn't de doctor say Ikey's got worms.

IRV OTT.

Captain—All is lost! We cannot save the ship!

Moses—Do you hear what he says, Ikey, the ship is going to sink.

Ikey—Vell let it sink. Vat do ve care? Ve don't own de boat.

Rachel—(To her husband.) To-morrow is Ikey's birthday, and he's a good little boy; you should buy him a bicycle.

Abie—How much cost a bicycle?

Rachel—\$25.00.

Abie—That's too much money.

Rachel—Then buy him a tricycle, it only costs \$10.00.

Abie—No, I vont spend so much money, but let him wait until de winter time comes, and I'll get him an icicle.

IRV OTT.

Rachel—(To her husband at midnight.) Ikey, get up, dere is some one snoring under de bed. I dink it's a burglar.

Ikey—Don't make any noise, and ven he wakes, I'll charge him for lodgings.

IRV OTT.

Davie—Hey, mister, vat's a Polar bear?

Lou—It's one of those white animals in the North Pole that sits on a cake of ice.

Davie—I von't do it.

Lou—Won't do what?

Davie—I choost got a letter from Mrs. Cohen, her husband died, and she says I shall be a polar bear (pal bearer).

DAVE WARFIELD.

A Hebrew pawnbroker died the other day, and now his wife is a "loan" widow.

A SENSIBLE HUSBAND.

Levi—Rebecca, before you start for Europe ve vill put your chewelry dot safe deposit vault in.

Rebecca—But I vant to wear my chewelry dot steamer on.

Levi—Humbug! Suppose you gets drowned and your body was not recovered.

HARD LUCK.

A Hebrew tells the following hard luck story: He says: "My son is the leader of the N. Y. City Band; they took a trip Vest sometime ago and played for de Omaha Exposition, and vile dey vere playing Senator Clark de rich millionaire Senator, vas so carried away mit de strains of de music dat he invited de whole 'bunch' up to his house to give him a serenade. My poy took de band up, and vile they vere playing de overture to Carmen on de lawn, the Senator Fair came on de porch and invited de whole band into de parlor, de Senator vas so inspired mit the music dat he filled all der instruments mit five-dollar gold pieces, and dere vas my poy sitting in de corner playing a leetle piccolo."

Solomon Isaacs vas going around last week in a synagogue collecting money to build a new Hebrew orphan asylum. Soon as he got a hat full he tried to sneak out of der door mit it. Der Rabbi grabb'd him and says, "Solomon if you go out that door mit that hat full of money you'll be d—m'd." A Hebrew boy got up and says, "If he ain't going out mit' it, I'll be d—m'd."

"Cohen, I hear your daughter Becky is going to marry a living skeleton?" "Vell, I congratulate you, he'll make a rattling good husband."

Lew—How is it you get in the theater for nothing?

Dave—(Don't say notting.) I valk in backwards, and de doorkeeper dinks I'm coming out.

DAVE WARFIELD.

RABBI'S AFTER DINNER SPEECH.

AT A WEDDING.

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Ladies and Gentlemen:—

You have called upon me to make a speech, ober I eat me so much I can hardly say a vort. I had no more idea dat I'd be called to-night upon to make a speech, dan I don't know vat, so I said yet dis morning to my vife, ven I left de house, "vat can I possibly say at de vedding," and she advises me to speak on general topics.

Sometimes ve speak von General Grant, sometimes von Gen. Sherman, sometimes von Gen. nuisances und sometimes von Gen. Debility, ober to-night I'll confine my remarks to Gen. topics.

To you my dauter (bride) I must say vat dey said in de old times, your troubles is his troubles and his troubles is your troubles share and share alike.

To you young man (groom) I would say as vas said by Moses in olden times, an old broom don't sweep

clean, but it raises lots of dust; in traveling trues life be like the old broom, raise lots of dust, you'll need it.

My daughter you can nefer repay your parents for all de good dey have done you, tink back my child, tink back to de day dat you was born, do you remember dat day? Ven I tink how your vader came to dis country, a poor man and vorked mit hardship, vaiting for dis day, I honor him. Just dink, my daughter, he has been waiting for dis day for 35 years. It is not alone the children vat is crying, it is not alone de bride vat is crying, de mudder is crying; vy does she cry? not alone for sorrow, dat her pet is about to leave her, but for joy, dank de Lord she's got a man.

Here Mrs. Jacobs, if you vant to take home cake and candy for Ikey, Rifka and Jakey, don't wrap dem up in de napkins, dey belong to de hall, vat do I care, let her be insulted—and ven I look around de table und see it freighted down mit de best de market can afford, de cakes, de apples, de pies, de soup und de meat, den I say to you, my children from de bottom of my heart, many happy returns of de day.

(Gets Excited.) Hier, dat vill do you, you dirty loafer, dat is de second time you hit me vit a banana peel, if you do dat again I'll give you a raab in de jaw dat your teeth will fall out, you loafer, vat do I care who invited him or if he is de bride's brudder, I vill not say anoder vord, you can ask me you, all you like, vat I should fight, I vould not dirty my hands on such a loafer. I'm excited, I'm not, vell alright, finish my speech, if it vould not be for your vader, I vouldn't say anoder vord.

My children, dere are three great events in our lives, "we are born, we are married, we die." You my chil-

dren, have been born, to-day you have been married, now dere is noddings left for you to do but to die.

Now ladies and gentlemen, dere are oders here who would like to make a speech—vill de waitors please stop carrying around de beer while I'm speeching—and so for the benefit of dose who have been born and raised in our colleges, I vill close with a quotation from de famous great poet, whose name is a household vord everywhere. Oh, let me see vats his name, vell never mind how he is named, vat do ve care ober Shakespeare wrote Bacon, ober Bacon wrote Shakespeare, anyhow Bacon is (from de pig) so it vit us, ve are not here to discuss the author's name, but de poetry is vat ve vant, so beginning in dat musical strain which ve all know so vell—Oh, how does dat begin:—vell never mind how it begins if you know dat poem und dat poetry you know as much as I do.

A Hebrew was going to cross a bridge, he was riding in a little cart drawn by a goat. The toll man came out and said: "here, you've got to pay toll before you can pass this bridge."

"What! to pay toll?" "Yes, five cents to cross this bridge." After an argument the Hebrew paid the five cents and went on. In the afternoon he came back again, only this time he had the goat sitting on the seat, and he was dragging the cart himself.

Out came the toll man and said: "Here, you know you've got to pay five cents."

The Hebrew shook his head, and pointing to the goat, said:

"Don't talk to me,—ask the driver."

IRV OTT.

Two Hebrews, Isaac and Greenbaum, went to a party: one had a grudge against the other. While they were eating supper Isaac stole a silver spoon and shoved it down his bootleg. Greenbaum happened to see him, so he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I suppose you all have heard of Herman, the great slight-of-hand performer; I can do a trick that beats him. You see here I have a silver spoon; I put it in my breast out of sight; you'll find it in Isaacs' boot."

A Hebrew cigar dealer in Baltimore owed a cigar manufacturer in New York \$350 for a long time, the bill being past due, the New York firm sent their salesman to see him. When he presented the bill, the Baltimore dealer said: "I am sorry, but I can't pay you to-day." The salesman said: "When can you pay us?" The Baltimorean said: "I don't know, but I would like your firm to send me another thousand of your cigars." The salesman said: "I am going back to New York to-night, and I will turn your order in." When the salesman returned to New York and gave the order in and told the firm about presenting the bill, his firm wired the Baltimorean as follows:

"When you pay balance of account, will send cigars."

The Hebrew wired back: "I can't vait dat long."

Two Hebrews were walking up Broadway, in New York, one day, one says: "Abie, I vish I owned dat big building." His friend says: "If you did would you gif me half?" Abie says: "No, I wouldn't, you make your own vishes."

IRV OTT.

There was a Hebrew, who had a boy who had a mania for shooting crap. The boy had been sent home from school by his teacher several times for gambling with the other scholars. The father of the boy got tired of having his boy sent home by the teacher, so he decided to make a buyer out of him for his clothing store.

One day at noon a clothing salesman named Rosenbaum came in, and the father said: "Jakey, you should go vit Rosenbaum to de hotel und look over his goots; you can buy all sizes, pents and suits."

Jakey went to the hotel, but hadn't returned up to 6 P. M., closing time. The father got worried and said to the clerk: "Come on to de hotel and see vy Jakey stays so long." They both went to de hotel and went up to Rosenbaum's room. On the outside the old Hebrew heard Jakey say: I vant seven eleven, I vant seven eleven, By'ne golly, I got seven eleven." The father said to his clerk, "Come away, don't bother Jakey, I vill take him in de firm to-morrow: I've been vorking Rosenbaum for four years, I all could get vas 4 off 10; here Jakey gets 'seven off eleven.'"

IRV OTT.

Customer:—That coat is not a very good fit, Einstein.

Einstein:—Vell, vat do you expect for fife dollars? An attack of epilepsy?

A little Hebrew boy in school was asked by his teacher, who was reading history: "When did George Washington die?" The boy replied: "Did he die, I didn't know he even vas sick."

IRV OTT.

Ikey—How did you come to marry Beckie Goldstein. I wanted ten thousand dollars to marry her?

Jakey—I got her for nine thousand

Ikey—Vat kind of a vedding did you have?

Jakey—A swell vedding, Beckie's fader gave de bride away.

Ikey—I could hafe gifen her away but it vas none of my bizness.

Mrs. Cohen:—I don't like this flat.

Mr. Cohen:—Vat's de matter, ain't it a fine flat? vy it has all de latest improvements, station house, vash stands, indecent lights, semetery, pluming and two kinds of cold water—"dirty and clean."

Mrs. Cohen:—I know dat, but dere are no curtains in de bath room; every time I take a bath de neighbors can see me.

Mr. Cohen:—Dat's all right, Rachel, if de neighbors see you, dey will buy de curtains.

BEN WELCH.

A Hebrew was standing outside a hotel in the country last summer talking to a friend, when a little dog passed by. The Hebrew didn't like dogs, so he kicked him. Pretty soon the owner of the dog came out, and going up to the Hebrew said: "Look here, did you kick that dog?" The Hebrew said, "I did." "Well, why did you do it?" The Hebrew said: "That dog is mad." The owner said: "He is not mad." The Hebrew said: "Look here, my friend, if I was to kick you ven I kicked de dog, wouldn't you be mad?"

Cohen and Levy were in business together and Levy was traveling out West, and while out there died. The undertaker who took charge of the body wired Cohen: "Levy died, can embalm him for fifty dollars, or freeze him for twenty-five dollars." Cohen wired back "freeze him from his knees up for fifteen dollars, his legs were frost-bitten last vinter."

IRV OTT.

A Hebrew entered the store of Dr. Vineburg, the Albany optician, and said, "Meester, I vant to get my eyes tested for a pair of glasses."

Well, Doc sits him in a chair and places a card about fifteen feet away from him, and says, "Can you read that plainly?"

"I can't do it, Meester," says the Hebrew.

Doc pushes it to within ten feet of him and says:

"Can you read it now?"

"No, I can't," says the Hebrew.

"Doc sticks the card under his nose and says:

"Well, can you read it now?"

"No," says the Hebrew, "I never learned to read."

What were you doing when I saw you this morning?
I was out fishing with Mose Goldberg. He has the measles, but I didn't catch anything.

GEO. SIDNEY.

Say, Izzy, dere is a man outside with rheumatism.
Tell him I don't want any rheumatism.

GEO. SIDNEY.

A man went into a Hebrew clothing store and tried on a coat and vest. While the Hebrew turned his back to get the trousers, the man ran out of the store. A policeman came by and pulled his pistol. The Hebrew called out excitedly: "Shoot him in the pants." The coat and vest is mine."

FRANK BUSH.

Teacher—"Now, Abie, name the largest known diamond."

Abie—"Der ace!"

Mr. Cohen (in Paris)—I came over on de boat and cost me six hundred dollars and I can't eat nothing; next time I'll go in de steerage.

Beckie—You know vere is de steerage?

Mr. Cohen—It's de cellar in de boat.

Beckie—Vy dey keep cows, horses and sheep down dere.

Mr. Cohen—Vell, vat's good enough for a fine cow, is good enough for me.

DAVE WARFIELD.

A preacher who was visiting a public school (on the East Side), noticed a little Hebrew boy in the class. Going up to him (patting him on the back) he said, "My son, you are a smart little boy, and you have a bright future before you. From these schools Presidents have been made. Every one has an equal chance—you have a chance." The Hebrew boy replied, "Mister, I vill sell you my chance for a quarter."

LONEY HASKELL.

I am going to ask the gentlemen to follow me and the ladies—if you dare. But bless them, there's no getting along without them. A friend of mine asked me what a Hebrew sport was, and I told him about Jake Cohen, who went to the races and won 35 cents and was tickled to death.

Do you know what a Hebrew short cake is? Well, it's two matzohs with radishes in between. Ain't that a fine delicatessen dish?

Isadore Rosenbaum went into the catfish business down on Cherry Street. Among his customers was a miserly fellow named Cassidy, who wouldn't settle. When his clerks told him about it, Rosenbaum said: "What kind of a letter did you write?" The clerk told him, and Rosenbaum said, "That's no kind of a letter to write," and sat down and wrote the following:

Mr. Cassidy:—Who bought that bill of goods of us? *You*. Who promised to pay in sixty days? *You*. Who's a dirty loafer? *Yours truly*, Isadore Rosenbaum."

Isadore failed in business and called a meeting of his creditors and agreed to settle for ten cents on a dollar. But one Yankee declined the offer. So Rosenbaum said: "I'll make you a preferred creditor." But the Yank was still dissatisfied and kept hanging around, and said: "Where does the preferred creditor come in?" "Don't you see," said Rosenbaum, "you know *now* that you get nothing, and the others have got to wait thirty days before they know they get nothing."

My son Ikey is a lucky boy. He swallowed a

silver dollar, and two years after the doctor cut him open and took out \$1.12 [interest for two years].

My Ikey is ungrateful. I gave him a good college education, and last week, he goes out vest und opens a store in a fire-proof building.

Some time ago a Hebrew went to the ticket window of the Grand Central depot, where there were a number of persons waiting in line to purchase tickets, and said to the agent:

"Mister, I vant a ticket for Springfield."

"Which Springfield?" asked the ticket seller; "Springfield, Ill., Springfield, Mass., or Springfield, Ohio."

"Vhich is the cheapest, meester?"

MR. Rossennose—Ikey, wouldn't you like to be president some day.

Rossennose, JR.—Fader, I vould radder be der secretary ohf der dreasury.

"Last week my vife Rachael vas sick, I bring her away in the hospital by the doctor, the doctor he look at her; he says, 'I'll give her an examination.' I says, 'Give it to her.' He gives her a examination, then he says, 'I got to give her an operation.' I says, 'Give it to her.' He took her upstairs in the hospital, he came down and told me I couldn't see my vife till she

gets better, so I vent away. I come around the next day, I says, 'Doctor, how is my vife!' He says, 'Improving.' I come around the next day, I says, 'Doctor, how is my vife to-day again?' he told me, 'She's improving,' every day she's improving. Sunday morning I voke up six o'clock in the middle of the night before breakfast. I bring along with me for a nickel, six oranges (good oranges, only they had specks). I give the oranges to the doctor and I says, 'Doctor, how is my vife?' He says, 'Your vife died.' Ven he told me my vife died, I thought I'd take to fits. My heart vas broken in two pieces. I vent out on the street and I vas crying; the vater was coming out of my eyes; I tell you I vas raining in the face. I meet my brother on the street, he says, 'Vat's de matter, you crying?' I told him my vife Rachael she died this morning. He says, 'Vat from?' I told him "My vife died of improvements."

JOE WELCH.

My son Abe is a doctor—He vent to visit his patients last veek in der hospital. Abe says to der nurse, "How are they getting along?" Der nurse says, "Doctor, nine of dem are dead." Abe says, "It's funny, I left medicine for ten."

FRANK BUSH.

Abie—So you're engaged to Beckie Goldstein of Yonkers I heard she is very fresh, and she kissed every man in Yonkers.

Jake—Vell, Yonkers ain't such a large place.

JOE OTT.

THE CUNNING HEBREW.

Goldstein:—"I know a rich girl dat vants to get married. Go home, get a bath, clean yourseluf ub and you can vin her sure. She'll marry you in a minute."

Bernstein:—(cautious) "Y—as. Suppose I clean myself up und she von't marry me, den vat?"

Cohen was an invited guest at the wedding and his shirt front was adorned with three massive yellow diamonds which he had borrowed from his friend Godinski for the occasion. All the evening, Cohen had endeavored to attract attention to the diamonds by ostentatiously pretending to adjust them, etc., but no one appeared to notice them, much to his chagrin. After the ceremony, however, he saw his chance and advancing to the newly-married couple in the center of the room, Cohen said in a loud voice, "may your wedded life be as bright and as pure as these," (pointing to the diamonds.)

FANNIE P. HIRSCHBERG.

"What must a man be that he shall be buried with military honors?"

"He must be a Captain."

"Then I lose the bet?"

"What did you bet?"

"I bet he must be dead."

DAVE WARFIELD.

Two Hebrews, Cohn and Levy went to Atlantic City for the first time, and were going to take a bath. Before going into the water, Cohn says to Levy "I'll make you a bet that I'm dirtier than you are?"

"Vell," said Levy, "You got a cinch, ain't you tree years older dan me."

IRV OTT.

A lady valked into my store last veek, she says, "I vant to buy a sealskin sacque." I says, "A cheap bargain, forty dollars, it cost me fifty dollars, it's worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars, take it for two dollars." I made a dollar.

FRANK BUSH.

Mrs. Levy—I vas out to the Vorlde Fair at St. Louis, and brought back my children Souvenir spoons.

Mrs. Marks—So did I.

Mrs. Levy—What did yours have on, Mrs. Marks?

Mrs. Marks—Mine had Souvenir World Fair, St. Louis.

Mrs. Levy—Mine had on Planters' Hotel.

Son-in-law—Mister Goldberg, I vants you to dake back your daughter Rachel.

Father-in-law Goldberg—I dakes not dot Rachel pack. Ven a man comes to my house, picks out himself a piece of goots, and dot goots vas received by him in goot order, I vould be a fool to dake pack dot goods. No, sir, you schoost keep dot Rachel.

It was agreed between two Hebrews that whichever died first was to have \$5,000 put in his coffin by the other. Epstein died and Cohen put in a check.

Abie Cohen went to the door of a Hebrew ballroom one night and said to the doorkeeper, Is my sister Rebecca Cohen here. The man at the door said, yes, Vell tell her to come home right away. "She's engaged."

IRV OTT.

THE BOWERY.

A Hebrew to a passerby said; "Right on the inside mine frendt, und I vill sell you a ver scheap gote."

"A what?" said the man.

"A suit of glose, a gote or anything in de cloting line. Gom inside, mister. Dere is a gote you don't zee every day. Lined and gerbined, of der best goods in der markid. Look at der fit! Dwelve tollars fur der gote! Dirdt scheap!"

"I'll give you three," said the customer.

"Dree tollar! speak low, mine goot frendt, mine brudder Abie is in der back room, und he has der heart disease; do you vant to kill him? Rachel, glose der door!"

"This coat has a peculiar smell, it must be dyed."

"Mine friend," confidently whispered the Hebrew, "dot's me you schmell, not der gote!"

"I'll give you three dollars for the coat."

"I couldn't do id."

"Well, then we can't trade."

"Take it for five tollar. Id's a pargain."

"Give you three." (Leaving the store.)

"Gome pack, mine friend, der gote is yours."

The purchaser puts on the coat and leaves the store. After he gets out on the pavement he finds that the garment is very much moth-eaten. He comes back in a hurry. The Hebrew meets him at the door and rubs his hands together.

"Ah, ha! mine friendt, you vos so pleased mit der gote dot you gome back to puy der resdt of der suit."

"No, I didn't," says the disgusted buyer. "This coat is full of moths."

"Vat?"

"Full of moths,—see? Look at these holes."

"You vos misdaken, mine dear friendt."

"No, I'm not; look at this; moths by the dozen."

"Vell, mine dear friendt, vat did you expect, did you expect to find der gote full of mocking pirds for dree tollars?"

Mr. Isaacs—I vant to see you apout some legacies. My vader died and made two testaments.

Lawyer—You mean he made two wills or testaments, and then died.

Mr. Isaacs—Choost so. In von of dose vills he leaves me \$5,000 and dot odder vill he leaves me \$20,000.

Lawyer—Which testament did he make first?

Mr. Isaacs—In dot old testament he leaves me \$5,000, but I vant dat odder vill to be probated.

Lawyer—I don't blame you, Isaacs, but this is the first time in my experience that an orthodox Jew preferred the New Testament to the Old."

A FAILURE.

A Hebrew called to see Mr. Rutler some time ago, and said to Mr. Rutler, "I vant to see you."

Rutler—"Come in, Mr. Goldstein, what can I do for you?"

Goldstein—"I came to talk about my biziness."

Rutler—"Well, how are you doing?"

Goldstein—"Not vell, Mr. Rutler, I'm in *bad* luck."

Rutler—"Well, trade is not very good, but I think after the first of the year business will pick up a bit."

Goldstein—"No, Mr. Rutler, de vay de biziness looks I tink I got to make a failure."

Rutler—"Well, what do you think you can settle for?"

Goldstein—"Vell, dot's vy I came to see you. Vot are de boys paying now?"

Joe—Dat must be a good bank, you told me to put my money; it's in dere good.

Lew—Vy?

Joe—It's in so good I can't get it oud.

WEBER & FIELDS.

"I vent down to see a man, and I borrowed ten tollars from him. I promised him to pay him back in de next morning. After I used de money I vent to bed, but I couldn't sleep. The more I thought of it the more I knew I couldn't keep my promise and pay him back the money the next day. I turned over in my bed, but couldn't sleep. Finally I got up, put my

clothes on and vent over to the man's house. I knocked on his door for a long time, and at last he stuck his head out of the window.

"'Vell,' he says, 'what do you vant here vaking me up at dis hour of the night?'"

"'I came over to tell you I couldn't pay back de ten dollars to-morrow,' I told him. 'I couldn't sleep, thinking about it, 'Vell, vy didn't you vait till morning to tell me? he said. 'Now I von't be able to sleep, either?'"

JOE WELCH.

A LUDLOW STREET POKER GAME.

WHAT BEATS THREE KINGS OF A SUIT.

In a dimly lighted room in the rear of a saloon in Ludlow Street an exciting poker game was taking place just before daybreak yesterday. There were five Hebrew players and eleven bewhiskered men watched with bated breath.

The limit was two cents, and luck had been about even all night, although Isaac Pinsky, who peddles pickles from a pail, had been accused of surreptitiously taking money from his pile and hiding it in his shoe to give the impression that he was a loser, and then suddenly having an attack of cold feet.

He hadn't been allowed to withdraw, and soon after three o'clock a jackpot had been passed by all but Pinsky and Jake Ingoldsby, the Hester Street salt herring dispenser, and interest in the game was aroused to its highest pitch.

Pinsky opened the pot for one cent. Ingoldsby

stayed and raised him two cents. Pinsky raised Ingoldsby in turn for the same amount.

"Ach, bud I hade to do dis, Mister Ingoldsby," remarked Pinsky. "Tell me, yes, no, haf you god your fish bought for to-morrow?"

"Neffter mindt der fish, Pinsky; haf you god your pigles in der sald und vinegar? Maype if you ain'd, you vill be chust as sour as dey vas py der morning. I chust raise you der limid."

They kept on raising until there were sixty cents in the pot. Beads of perspiration stood on the foreheads of the onlookers, but the players each felt so confident of having a sure thing that they only stroked their whiskers and grinned at each other. Finally Pinsky said:

"Ach, I haf nod der heardt to pud you ouid of pizness. I don't vandt to ruint your family, Ingoldsby, so I vill gall you."

The two threw down their cards and simultaneously grabbed for the money on the table. The excited spectators pulled them apart and left the money where it was, while all hands began to jabber and gesticulate. Pinsky had three kings of hearts; Ingoldsby had another king of hearts, one of clubs and one of diamonds.

"Vat you mean by tryin' to taig dot pod, alreatty?" shrieked Pinsky.

"I haf dree kings und so haf you," yelled Ingoldsby. "Id vas a mizdeal, und as you dealt der cardts, you lose der money for maiging der mistaig."

"Ha, ha, ha! Ach, vot a choke," laughed Pinsky. "Don'd you know vot dot hand iss? Vere didt you effer learn to blay der game? Go way pack und sid mit yourselfs all alone in a room mit nopoddy in id but

you. Iss id possible, Ingoldsby, dot you don'd know vot mein handt iss?"

"Id vas a mizdeal!" cried Ingoldsby.

"Ach, vat iss der mätter mit you?" answered Pinsky.

"Vy, don'd you know dat dat handt candt pe blad by fife azes? Dot iss a misamashema flush. You seldom zee id in a poaker game—nod vounce in a hundredt years. I vas a luggy mans to holdt von of dem, ain'd id?"

"Mizdeal! mizdeal!" shouted Ingoldsby's friends.

"Flush! flush! flush! a *"misamashema flush!"* shrieked the partisans of Pinsky.

About this time Policeman Curran and Baxter happened to pass the saloon and heard the yelling.

"Begorra," said Curran, "Oi think they do be playin' car-rds in there. What do they mane by misdales an' flushes, Charlie?"

"It do be gamblin'," replied Baxter, "an' not a half block from Florrie Sullivan's club-room. We'll stop that."

They called several other policemen and rushed the place just as the argument within became a whisker-pulling match.

In the excitement the table was overturned and the stakes were scattered. The police locked everybody up in the Elridge Street station.

When they were arraigned in the Essex Market Police Court, Pinsky and Ingoldsby glared at each other, but under advice of counsel kept quiet.

The policemen could not swear that they saw gambling actually going on, although they repeated the conversation they had heard. Magistrate Olmsted discharged all the prisoners for lack of evidence. They

went away still gesticulating, and the dispute over the pot has not yet been settled.

N. Y. Evening Sun.

Abie—I heard your fader died.

Ikey—Yes, he died, und left me five hundred dollars to buy a stone as a memorium.

Abie—Dat's a fine diamond ring you hafe on your finger.

Ikey—Yes, dat is de stone, every time I look at id, I tink of my fader.

Mr. Goldheimer, being informed by his manager that there was no insurance on his stock and fixtures, replied, "Vait until to-morrow and we will insure," but when he came to his store the next morning, was dumfounded to see only the walls standing and everything burned up.

He exclaimed, "O, Lord, strike me dead!" when a brick fell down and struck him on the head, knocking him senseless. When he revived, looking up, he said, "Oh, Lord, can't you take a joke?"

Godinski—"Ikey, my son, take this letter to the postoffice, buy a two-cent stamp and mail it." (In ten minutes Ikey returns.)

Godinski—"Did you mail de letter, Ikey?"

Ikey—"Certainly, but I saved the two cents. I saw a lot of people drop letters into a box, so I vatched my chance ven no one was looking and dropped mine in, too."

Customer—"If that coat cost you eleven dollars how can you afford to sell it for three?"

Baxter—"Sh! Sh—sh, mine frendt! I sell so many. That's where I make."

Two rich Hebrews took lunch together in a swell restaurant the other day. After they had discussed all the delicacies of the season, topping off with a large cold bottle, one said to the other; "Isaac, vere in the verldt do you suppose dese Gristians ged all of de money dey gif to us?" And Isaac replied: "Abraham, I gan't imagine."

"I will now introduce to you my original style of Southern buck and wing dancing. I learned this dance while working with the Hebrews on the Levi."

JOHN W. WEST.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

"Vat's de matter, Ikey?"

"Don't mention it, Ezra, I'm a dinkey-dink. Dat's vat I am."

"Vell, vat's you crying about?"

"I insured my brick-yard for five tousand dollars, and not a dam brick burned, and it cost me four dollars and a halluf for kerosene to make it a sure ting."

Levy—My vife married me vor mein moneysh.

Rosenstein—Vell, she earned it.

A Hebrew made a speech at an east-side banquet; he began by saying:

"Before I proceed I wish to say that the napkins belong to the owner of the hall. He requested me to do so."

A Hebrew tells a good story on one of his own relatives, his uncle, Ignatz Pekufsky, who not long ago opened a clothing store down in an Arizona town. He got his stock in and the insurance all fixed and seemed to be doing a good business, when suddenly, about three months after he opened, he shut up the shop and moved away.

"What was wrong?" inquired one of his friends.

"Wrong?" replied Pekufsky, with an expressive shrug, "Everything. After I got moved in they rented the basement under me to the Police Department for headquarters, and put a natatorium on the floor above. What could I do?"

Mrs. Goldstein—"Vat shell ve gif liddle Abie for de birthday?"

Goldstein—"Vash de vindow und let him look oud unt see de hoss-cars go py."

Say Goldberg, I vould gife a thousand dollars to pe von of dose millionaires.

Dave—(Treating Lillian R.) Don't eat yourself sick 'cause it don't cost yu notting.

DAVE WARFIELD.

I passed Mrs. Isaacson's house the other afternoon, and was very much surprised to see that she was moving. I at once made inquiry by calling on her.

"Vy is it, Mrs. Isaacsons," I said, "dot you have decided to move so suddenly. You have lived in dis house a year. You must have decided very quickly."

"Yes, ve did," said Mrs. Isaacsons, "Ve have just discovered dat der is no vater faucets in der bath tub."

BEN WELCH.

COHEN AT THE SEASHORE.

Levi Cohen went to Rockaway beach for the salt water bathing. He decided he wouldn't plunge into the surf for a few days so he walked down to the beach with a bucket and asked the man who had charge of the life-boat what it would cost for a little salt water so he could take a sponge bath in the bath house. The man sized Cohen up for an easy mark and told him 25 cents a pail. Cohen paid the quarter and started off with the bucket of water. The next morning he again appeared on the beach, bucket in hand. The tide was out about 700 feet. Cohen turned to the man and said: "Vat a bizziness you are doing."

J. W. RANSONE.

Schlesinger wished to save the fare for himself and his wife and little boy across the 34th street ferry, so he waited until the tide went out and walked across. When the tide got as high as his neck his wife said: "Schlesinger, where's little Abie?" Schlesinger says: "Abie is all right. I got him by the hand."

Conductor—"How old is your boy?"

Mrs. Cohen—"He is just five next July."

Conductor—(Suspiciously). "He looks older than that."

Mrs. Cohen—"Ah! de poor liddle feller. He's hed lots of drouble."

JOE WELCH.

A Hebrew junk pedlar was walking along Third Avenue one hot day this summer. He had a heavy bag on his shoulders containing iron, lead-pipe and brass that he had collected. He was perspiring freely under his big load and making slow progress. A woman in a fifth story window managed to attract his attention. "Come up here!" she called. The Hebrew climbed up five flights of stairs and when he got to the top the woman said: "Von't you put Ikey in the bag, if he ain't good?"

FRANK BUSH.

Ikey—I got into a fight last veek, and a man kicked me in de synagogue,

Jake—Ver is de synagogue?

Ikey—In de temple.

YORKE & ADAMS.

Mr. Burnupski went to a large New York house and bought a big bill of goods, the salesman said to him: "I will take you in the office and introduce you to our credit man." When Burnupski came out of the office he said to the salesman: "He ain't no credit man, he's a cash man,"

IRV OTT.

Cohen—How is it ven you got married in de synagogue last night de benches ver dirty?

Kohlinski—Dey vasn't benches, de ver *perus*.

Cohen—Oh, yes, dat's vat de people said, ven you and de bride came in.

YORK & ADAMS.

Isaacs (instructing his son)—Ven you zell a coat to a man vat wants a coat, dot's nodding; aber ven you zell a coat to a man vot don't want a coat, dot's peezniss, my poy—dot's peezniss.

A Hebrew went into a fine saloon in New York and got a drink of whiskey and the bartender charged him 25 cents. The Hebrew said, "for vy 25 cents ven I can get de drink any vere for 10 cents."

The bartender said, "Look at the fine surroundings, costly pictures and cut glass you see before you. The next day the Hebrew came in, put his hands over his eyes and ordered a drink of whiskey, drank it, and laid down 10 cents, and walked out."

Two Hebrews were sleeping together one night at a New York hotel when one of them (Mr. Rubenstein) got up and walked the floor; his room mate Mr. Cohenstein said: "Fer vhy you valk de floor, Rubenstein?" "Vell I owe Ginsheimer \$100.00 and I promised to pay him to-morrow, and I haven't got the money." "Come back to bed, Rubenstein, and go to sleep—let Ginsheimer valk de floor."

IRV OTT.

Abey—Here, Chakey, pud on dis life-breserver; der poat vas sinking.

Jakey—Vat use haf I god for id? My life vas insured.

Uneeda Schanunski—Father, I'm in love with Capt. Suttle. He's a hero.

Father—Vat for a bizness is a hero; sooner you marry a bookkeeper.

Uneeda—I see you believe in that old adage: 'the pen is mightier than the sword.'

Father—Sure it is; you can't sign checks mit a sword.

DAVE WARFIELD.

"Say you want to get married?"

"For vy I shall get me married?"

"Well, old Cohen the banker is going to settle a big dowry on his daughters. He has one daughter eighteen years of age to whom he will give \$10,000 when she is married. He has another daughter twenty-eight years old, to whom he will give \$20,000. He has another daughter forty-five years of age, to whom he will give \$30,000."

"Hain't he got a older von?"

BARTELL AND MORRIS.

Moses Kleiderstein—Sara my dear, don't let Rachael come out; dis shentlemons looks too enticing in dot new suit of clo' he's going to buy.

A Hebrew falls into the river and is swimming ashore, when an Irishman shouts at him, "don't you know there is a \$50 fine for swimming here?" The Hebrew says, "I vont pay it," puts up his hands and sinks.

Abraham Blum joined a secret society recently. After he had taken his third degree one of the brothers asked him what he thought of the work. "The work is all right," said Abraham, "and I know I'm a Hebrew, but when the brothers want me hereafter I'd like to have them find a little more respectful title for me." "Why, what do you mean?" asked the brother in surprise. "That's all right," said Abraham, "don't you think I heard 'em calling for Jew Blum?"

My father is a Hebrew Judge, he sentenced a loafer for four years in State's prison, the minute he got sentenced the loafer picked up an ink-stand, threw it at my father's head, my father dodged it, it went through a window, broke a \$40 pane of glass; the ink-stand struck a lady's dress on the side-vaik, she went to shake the ink out, it frightened a horse and carriage mit two beople in it, de horse run away und der beople got killed; der horse dive in a crockery store window, broke eight hundred dollars worth of crockery, the man in the store found out where der ting originated from, now my father is going to be sued for dodging the ink-stand.

FRANK BUSH.

THE DRUMMER'S INSTRUCTIONS.

NEW YORK, December 1st, 1900.

MR. J. GODINSKI:

Dear Sir, Ve received your letter of the sixth ult., vid route list and expense account, but vid out orders. Vhat ve vant are orders. Ve have plenty of maps in New York to make up route lists and big families to make us expenses.

Mr. Godinski, ve find in your expense account an item for \$2.50 for billiards, please buy no more billiards for us; and also \$7.50 for horse and buggy. Where is de horse? Vhat have you done vid de buggy?

Ve send you to-day, by express, two boxes of cigars; the one cost us \$2.50 a box, the other \$1.40 per box. The one at \$2.50 you can smoke yourself, one after each meal; de one at \$1.40 you can give your customers, but only when you get a nice order. Be careful with de dating, as de days are getting very short now and our bank account is very small.

Ve also send you samples of a handkerchief vich cost us \$2.00 a dozen; sell it at \$9.00 a dozen. If you can't get \$9.00, sell it for \$5.00; if you can't get that, sell it for what it cost. If you have hard work to get that, sell it in twenty-five dozen lots at \$1.25. You can offer it as a novelty, as ve have it in stock only ten years.

Yours very truly,

MOSES POTASHINSKI.

Two Hebrews are driving in Riverside Park. Cohen's cigar has gone out and he says to Einstein:

"Give me a little fire." Einstein does not notice the cigar, and intent on the scenery, replies: "For vy vill you dalk business ven ve are oudt for bleasure?"

MAKE NOTES.

A Hebrew merchant of Cleveland, bought a large bill of woolens from a large Woolen Mill. The drummer said: "Mr. Cohen, how will you pay for these goods?" The merchant said: "I vant to give you my note."

Drummer—What do you make?

Cohen—I make pants.

Drummer—Is your note good?

Cohen—My dear sir, if my note vas good I would make notes, not pants."

"You look all broke up Ikey. Vat's de matter? Have you been sick?"

"Yes, I've got sometings de matter vit my liver. Malaria, I guess."

"Vy don't you try turkish baths, Ikey? Dey are great tings."

"I bought six tickets four years ago, und I've got four left. If you vant to buy 'em, I'll sell 'em at less dan cost."

Woods—I read in dot paper dot Mr. Solomon Levy presented his daughter ven she vas married vith a check for \$50,000.

Lewis—I heard he deducted 3 per shent for discount.

MONOLOGUE.

Isaacstein at the telephone.

A Hebrew having rented a building moves into same, right after a big rain and wind storm. The storm tears away one of the shutters on the building occupied by Mr. Isaacstein and he has cause to call the proprietor of the building, viz., by telephone, and tries to explain to him.

The proprietor, handicapped by the inevitable telephone girl and the wires that are crossed by constant communication from the various telephone subscribers of which your correspondent was a listener. That he (Mr. Isaacstein) repaired.

Mr. I. (at the telephone.)—Hello—Hello—Hello.

(a wait.)

Mr. I.—Hello—Hello—(pause.) Oh, Hell Oh.

Mr. I.—Is dis Mr. Cohen?

Mr. I.—No, I'm didn't say I vas gone, I said is dis Mr. Cohen.—Yes, Cohen, Cohen! Der president of der bank! Ah! Mister Cohen, I vish to tell you dat de vind blew. (Pause) No! I didn't blew. I said der vind blew out der shutter down. (Pause.) I said der vind blew out der shutter down. Down; down; down: Vat is de madder, Huh! (Telephonic interruption.) I didn't say Brown, Brown, Brown, I said Down, Down, Down! Did you say apologize, sure you are apologized; Please give me Cohen on der vire. (Pause.) I said vire not *Fire, vire. vire.*

Voice—Who is it?

Mr. I.—Oh! dis is Mr. Isaacstein, I yust moved into der building or your house und der vind blew der shut-

ter down. I say der vind blew der shutter out of der vinder out. Yes. Can you please—I said der vind blew der vinder of der shutter. Yes. Please. No, not in der gutter. I vant you to send der plumber down to fix der.

Vat's der matter, send der plumber. No! der shutter down to fix der vinder. No, i, Ach Got in Himmel! send der vinder down to fix der plumber in her shutter and (No. 11.) Send der carpenter down to fix der plumber in der shutter on der vinder by der—Who said central, I didn't? Who ain't a lady! You ain't a lady yourself.

I said, please send der shutter mid der vinder to fix der carpenter on der plumber und der plumber on der shutter quick, so der rain can't make der shutter vid der plumber on der ground. (Vat!!!) Who do I vant? Vy Mr. Cohen, Vat!!! Vat!!!

He ain't in? Vell who am I talking to? Hey, Mr. Hello! Hello! Hello! yourself, Hello! Oh Hell—

Two Hebrews meet on Broadway. Rosenthal says to Gensberger—I haven't seen you lately, ver do you lif now?

Gensberger—I lif in one hundred and fifteenth street.

Rosenthal—Well, vot vas de matter vit dat boarding house on Baxter street?

Gensberger—I couldn't stand de meals.

Rosenthal—Vy?

Gensberger—De first veek ven I vas dere der cow died, und ve had beef all veek, de next veek, der pet calf died und ve had veal all veek, de next Mrs. Cohen died und I moved, I didn't vant to take chances."

Abie—"I lost my dog last veek. Vot shall I do?"
"Vy don't you advertise for him?" "My dog can't read advertisements."

A Hebrew traveling in a smoking car from New York to Philadelphia noticed a fine dog across the aisle, and he admired him. An Irishman sat back of the dog. So the Hebrew asked him: "Dot's a fine dog, do you own him?"

The Irishman said yes.

The Hebrew said: "Vot for a breed is dot dog?"

The Irishman, wanting to kid the Hebrew, said: "That's a cross between a Hebrew and a Spaniard."

The Hebrew said: "Oh, vell den, he is some relation to both of us."

A Hebrew by the name of Isaacstein meets another Hebrew by the name of Sakolski on the street in New York, and he says: "Sakolski, I seen your vife yesterday und she is the ugliest looking voman I ever saw in all my life." Sakolski says: "Isaacstein, don't you know dat beauty is only skin deep?" Isaacstein says: "Vell, for God's sake skin her."

A Hebrew sitting on a prominent hotel porch in Atlantic City reading a newspaper, another Hebrew comes up and says: "Abie, don't look now, but dot voman sitting next to you is de ugliest voman I have ever seen." Abie says: "Yes, I know, dat's my vife."

Cohen—I taught your wife vas so sick? Yesterday I saw her at de vindow, sewing. "Yes, I know it, she is on de mend."

Epstein—I made money easy dis morning.

Cohen—How did you?

Epstein—I met Abe Cohen, who owes me fife tollars for three years, und he vanted to match me if he owed me double or nothing. I matched him von; now he owes me ten tollars.

A Hebrew who was sick with dyspepsia, told a rabbi, "Dere is one t'ing in de Bible I don't like."

Rabbi—Well, what is it?

Dyspeptic Hebrew—Dot is de sentence, "Give us dis day our daily bread."

Rabbi—Why don't you agree with the Bible on this?

Dyspeptic Hebrew—Because my wife is doing de cooking.

Woods—How is business?

Lewis—Business vould be good only for one t'ing.

Woods—And vot is dat?

Lewis—It's rotten.

WOODS & LEWIS.

A Hebrew who was manager of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show, skipped with the company's receipts. The company held a meeting and decided to send the bloodhounds after the Hebrew. The dogs started,

and after being on the scent three days finally caught up with the Hebrew. The minute the Hebrew saw the dogs, he was so glad to see them he started another Uncle Tom's Cabin show.

A Hebrew meets another one in Baltimore, and he says to him: "Vy are you dressed up so vine dis morning?" He says: "I've been to a funeral." "Whose vas it?" "I don't know; I vent for de ride."

TRAVELING THERMOMETERS.

"Say Levi, I see you have got two good salesmen on the road."

"I have gott no salesmans on de roat. I have gott two dermometers. One writes me from down Soud, and says: 'It is too hot to sell de goods.' De otter writes from the Nordwest, and says: 'It is too cold to sell them goods.' I write back to dem: Hereafter I vill consult de wedder bureau."

"VAT A SYSTEM."

A story is told at the expense of a Hebrew merchant, who had a habit of kicking about prices.

The merchant had called on a New York firm who were noted for doing business on strictly-system basis. Their Sample Room was on the 6th floor, and on starting to show this merchant the goods, he began to kick about the prices. He was promptly kicked

down stairs. Having arrived at the first landing, a second man took him in hand and kicked him one flight further. This was continued until his battered form reached the sidewalk, when he picked himself up and admiringly exclaimed: "Mein Gott! Vot a system!"

A Hebrew told his wife, de next time you cook de dinner, I vish you vould invite de doctor to take a meal vit us; it vill save time sending for him.

Little Abie—Mammie if I'll be good vill you gife me a nickel.

Mamma—No, you'll be good for nothing.

THREE GOLDEN BALLS.

BY FRANK BUSH.

I am a Hebrew merchant, well-known in this town
And flatter myself that I'm shrewd,
I smile on my customers, treat all alike,
From the poor workingman to the dude.
They bring me their clothing, their watches and rings,
Every day I receive many calls,
For they all know my store, by the name on the door,
And the sign of the three golden balls.

Now when you want a loan, call on pawnbroker Cohen,
Bring your ulsters or old overalls,
You can get an advance on old dusters and pants,
At the sign of the three golden balls.

My store is a real curiosity shop,
I take everything that they bring,
An old broken bedstead, a rifle or clock,
A diamond or gold-plated ring,
I get thirty per cent. on each dollar I lend,
And with greenbacks I've papered my walls,
So if short you should be, you can call upon me,
At the sign of the three golden balls.

HEBREW SONG PARODIES.

AIN'T DAT A SHAME?

HEBREW PARODY.

I bought a nice big sofa, put it in my front room,
But I caught my salesman and my wife making love on
it quite soon.
I felt quite blue, I am a hard luck Jew, whenever I'd
go out to my great surprise
They'd sit upon the sofa and start to make goo-goo
eyes.
I felt bad of course, I don't want a divorce,
I don't want to lose my salesman for he makes me lots
of dough,
But if things keep on the way they are, out of my head
I'll go.
I must stop quick for it makes me sick.

CHORUS.

Ain't dat a shame, a regular shame?
But I'll fix that fellow and his little game,
(I won't have a bit of pity).
I'll fix that loafer, I'll sell the sofa,
That's all I can do with him, ain't dat a shame?

OH! MISTER DINGY.

HEBREW PARODY.

My father and I we had such a fight,
 Just a week ago to-day, it was a sight,
 He said, my son Ikey, why are you so sad?
 Father, how can I feel glad?
 Now Ikey, don't you cry, go and wipe your eye,
 Everywhere I go I'm a holy show,
 When I walk along the street, some friends I
 happen to meet,
 They say I am a disgrace to my own race.

CHORUS.

Oh! what a face, such a disgrace,
 To have you, Ikey, in the Hebrew race,
 I'm not to blame, I really feel ashame,
 Because my father gave me such a face.

Mr. Cohen and his son opened a clothing store,
 It was right along the line in the bay,
 He kept clothing that had been worn before;
 He told his son Ikey about a sale the other day,
 What do you think of that nigger a-came in here,
 I gave him a pair of pants instead of a coat,
 The next day he came back, and said don't fear,
 Then Cohen heard that nigger say so loud:

CHORUS.

Give me my money, don't think yourself so
 funny,
 By giving me a coat instead of a pair of pants.
 Cohen he did say, now nigger you better go
 away,
 Or Ikey, my son Ikey, will put you out.

I'LL WED YOU IN THE GOLDEN SUMMER
TIME.

HEBREW PARODY.

Moe Goldberg and his sweetheart Ray decided they'd
 wed,
 But didn't know a time to fix a date;
 I want to get a-married in the winter time she said,
 I want to have a wedding just first rate.
 But Moey was too stingy for a winter wedding-day,
 And then he got real angry, and to Rachel he did say:
 Them winter weddings cost too much, I think that
 they're-a crime,
 So I'll wed you in the golden summer time.

CHORUS.

Then I will keep my promise to you, Rachel,
 darling,
 A better time than that you cannot find;
 Then the people they can't eat like a goy but
 like a yeat,
 So I'll wed you in the golden summer time.

When the summer time it came around poor Moey he
 looked sad,
 For Rachel in the meantime changed her mind;
 She found another feller who had a bigger wad,
 And poor Moey he was left away behind.
 They say that winter weddings cost too much, but he
 didn't care,

The new feller had sense enough to take it while it's there;
The next time Moey Goldberg goes out to make a find,
He won't wait to wed it in the golden summer time.

HEBREW PARODY.

HOME AIN'T NOTHING LIKE THIS.

Some half-starved Hebrews, enlisted just to volunteer
and go to war,
How they began to sign their names I never saw before;
They joined some Irish regiment consist'g just of all
tough guys
To throw a bluff the Micks got rough and made each
Jew two blue eyes.
They started out one day in June, a band on deck did
hum,
Instead to land at Philippines they landed at Jerusalem;
The Jews got square when they reached there worked
as servants for the Hebrew king.
One day they sent a cable home which told us every-
thing.

CHORUS.

Home ain't nothing like this, oy,oy, just see what you
miss,
We were done bad, but still we're glad, we're all dukes
and earls, Jerusalem's fad;
Home ain't nothing like this, dear me, how can you
resist,
No we ain't no heroes but we're growing fat, now home
ain't nothing like that.

We onward read it still more said, we are living with
the king and queen,
His castle it's all fireproof, it's something you ain't seen:
The king's request which we'd like best, we either
could be dukes or earls,
And more informed how they reformed, I'll bet those
folks are spoiled.
They say there's lots of money there and that they
sure must cop,
There ain't a little common thing, a single plain hock
shop;
They have the man who has the plan and trying just
and think they can—
The letter was much longer, but just on this style it ran.

I'LL BE WITH YOU
WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN.

Hebrew Parody.

I vas happy and contented vit my darling little vife,
Till her modder, Mrs Rosenbloom, came to stay;
Den my heart vas filled vit sorrow, I had to beg and
steal and borrow.
She vas my modder-in-law—dat's all I need say;
Until one day she mentioned she vished to see a bal-
loon ascension,
Ven I saw dat balloon my heart vas filled vit hope,
And right away purty soon she wanted to ride up in de
balloon,
Pushed her in, took a knife and cut de rope.

CHORUS.

She rose up in de clouds—she ain't come down yet,
 And now in Heaven troubles have begun;
 And if she's up dere to stay, veh I die I vant to go de
 oder vay,
 So I von't be vit you, Mrs. Rosenbloom, again.
 I vas selling shoes and clothing for Mr. Rosenbloom;
 On de road for him I did a lively trade,
 But I didn't like de position, ven I'd ask for my com-
 mission,
 He'd give me just one half of vat I made.
 I got tired of being swindled—I vent in business for
 myself,
 Took an office in a building three blocks high,
 Den all his trade I quickly copped; Rosenbloom vas
 soon bankrupt,
 For his customers came to see me ven dey vished to buy.

CHORUS.

Den purty soon he sent to me a message:
 "Come back vit me—I'll treat you like a friend."
 But I said you took me for a slob, now if you want a
 job,
 I'll be vit you, Mr Rosenbloom, agian.

THE SONG I HEARD ONE SUNDAY MORN.

Hebrew Parody.

While passing through the Bowery one day not long
 ago,
 I stopped outside a concert hall to take in a show;

The first picture that I had seen, "Go way back and
 sit down,"
 The next one was a soubrette who sang the famous hit;
 Her ways were very naughty and witty too;
 Then came a Hebrew, who sang a parody, and off he
 flew.
 I was stunned to see the sight that I had seen that
 night,
 I'll never forget the song I heard in that concert hall.

REFRAIN.

They sang all together in the chorus, "Go way back
 and sit down,"
 "Sweet Annie Moore," and "Dolly Gray," "Put the
 hose on Anna,"
 "Down where the cotton blossoms grow,"
 "I'll be with you when the roses bloom again;"
 These where the songs, the grand sweet songs I
 heard in that concert hall.

IF TIME WAS MONEY I'D BE A MILLION-
AIRE.

Hebrew Parody.

Last night a Hebrew had a dream, it certainly was
 great,
 He went to a fifth avenue restaurant at an awful rate;
 The waiter said, what will you have, gave him a bill of
 fare;
 Now let me have some flannel cakes, and have them
 baked rare;

Of course, he had a cup of coffee and a roll upon the floor;

The roll was very hard to chew, it almost broke his jaw,
And so he lay a-thinking of the happy dreams gone by,
When suddenly his roommate yelled, and he woke
with a sigh.

CHORUS.

If dreams were true he'd be a happy Jew,
To his surprise, woke, found the dreams weren't true;
He thought he was eating flannel cakes,
But was chewing the blankets by mistake,
If dreams were true he'd be a happy Jew.

He dreamt he went to a party where they served a
variety of cake,
Cream, Vanilla, spice and a stomach ache;
Then they had some apple pie, it was a mince.
He never forgot that party ever since.
He had a cab to take him there, all the people they
did stare,
He wore a full dress suit and a high hat,
By his side a little girl to whom he did chat;
When suddenly the clock rang five, out of the bed he
did dive.

CHORUS.

If dreams were true he'd be a happy Jew,
To his surprise woke, found the dream wasn't true;
He thought he was eating a variety of cake,
But instead woke up with a stomach ache;
If dreams were true he'd be a happy Jew.

A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE.

Hebrew Parody.

One day as Ike Cohen walked down Broadway,
Which shone with a thousand lights,
He stopped in a store as he passed along,
Bought something to please his wife;
"What is it, dear Ikey?" his wife then said,
As he gently untied the string.
Before he could answer or open it up,
The bundle commenced to sing.

CHORUS.

I'm only a bird in a gilded cage, a parrot as you can see,
You may think that I'm happy and free from care, I'm
not, tho' I seem to be.
'Tis sad when you think of my wasted life, the poor
parrot shook with rage.
For my beauty was sold, for Ike Cohen's gold, I'm a
bird in a gilded cage.

STRIKE UP THE BAND.

Hebrew Parody.

I and my Rachel we worked up town,
We have a boss by the name of Brown;
On a strike we went one day,
We said we would like some more pay,
He went and called in ten Irish cops,
Then blowed them off to some German hops.
The captain sent us out some pork,
Then I got so mad I couldn't talk.

CHORUS.

I struck a cop, the cop struck my Rachel,
 She struck the ground, I got witch hazel,
 We had no show, ten in a row,
 They had a cinch, we got pinched for striking.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

Hebrew Parody.

On a fourth of July a bum a suit went to buy, good
 old summer time;
 I want an overcoat, too, he said to the Jew, good old
 summer time;
 The bum made a crack, the Jew put the coat on his
 back,
 Just to show him it cannot be beat,
 When he buttoned it up, the bum picked the suit up,
 And ran out in the street.

CHORUS.

In the good old summer time, in the good old summer
 time,
 The Jew ran after the bum with the overcoat on, so
 fine;
 A friend to him did say, you are crazy, that's a very
 good sign,
 What are you doing with an overcoat on in the good
 old summer time.

YOU WERE NEVER INTRODUCED TO ME.

Hebrew Parody.

A Hebrew man one day to New York did go,
 Into a concert hall he went to see a show;

He sat down at a table and ordered a beer,
 To him a nice girl soon came near, and said Abram
 don't you fear,
 I know you well then to him she did say,
 Soon Abram got on, my money she wants to take
 away;
 It's no use in telling me that you know me well,
 Since you seen my pocket-book, mit me in love you
 fell,
 Then Abram to her began to yell:

CHORUS.

Say, tootsey, now go away, near me you cannot
 stay,
 Don't look at me or else from here I will flee,
 Now, toosey, go your way, because I am no A. P. A.,
 You know like I know you was never introduced
 to me.

GO WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN.

Parody.

Old Abe Cohn runs and owns a liquor store on Christie
 Street;
 There's a guy hangs round his name was Michael Brown,
 he's always looking for a treat;
 Now Abe knew that no coin he blew when he came
 into the store,
 So he wrote out a sign, it read this store ain't mine,
 and he hung it on the door.
 About six o'clock there came a knock, and Michael
 Brown came in,

He was drunk of course, and he asked for the boss, he wanted to get some gin.
 But Abe, he cried, the boss ain't here, beside I don't know who owns the store.
 Mike says if that's true it don't belong to you, and then began to roar:

CHORUS.

Go way back and sit down.
 I'll take charge when the boss ain't around,
 Abe then said I own the whole store,
 Michael just showed him the sign on the door,
 And said go way back and sit down.

COON, COON, COON,

Hebrew Parody.

I thought I had a patent for bleaching ladies' hair,
 I invested all my money, and I says I wouldn't care,
 A little box of matches and a bottle of karecene.
 I charged for that a quarter, and I thought it was a great skeme,
 It was a simple way to use it, my directions was a fake.
 One girl she burnt her hair off, but I said she made a mistake;
 A bunch one day near lynched me, they said they'd break my bones,
 When friends will ask how they got bald, they'll say through Cohen.

CHORUS.

Cohen, Cohen, Cohen, I wish that sucker would croak,
 Cohen, Cohen, Cohen, that was a yiddisher joke,

Cohen, Cohen, Cohen, all day and night I moan,
 And now I wear a false wig account of that Cohen,
 Cohen, Cohen.

Next week I got a summons to come and see the judge,
 For that I felt so shaky, but I wouldn't make a budge,
 The clerk soon called my name up, Cohen before the bar,
 He says now you're de mug that ruined these people like they are.
 He says that I'm a swindler, and things like that ain't fair,
 I answered back, karecene on a head, lit, makes light hair,
 He says dot's right, I discharge Cohen; then I had them bughoused for fair,
 And they got their monkeys up and said the judge ain't fair.

ONLY A SOLDIER BOY.

Hebrew Parody.

Ikey Cohn he had a son, a loafer sure,
 A reg'lar comer guy, a reg'lar cure;
 With some certain lady friends every cent dot boy would spend,
 And then some more he'd lend, dot vas so sour.
 Ikey Cohn he had a credit dot vas good,
 And dot boy he had to dress up like a dude,
 So he bought his clothes on tick, says his father'd do the trick,
 When his father came around they all would say:

CHORUS.

Hello, Mr. Cohny, we sold your boy, all Ikey'd say was
oi, oi, oi,
Dot boy will certainly make me poor, I'll have to sell
it out, the store ;
My money he does certainly know how to waste,
A wonder he didn't buy it out, your place.
Ikey almost passed away, as he heard them people say,
Only we sold your boy.

In the paper he put an ad, did Ikey Cohn,
When dot loafer boy saw it he almost groaned ;
No more credit you should make for a loafer, my
son, Jake,
I won't pay for dot fake, signed Ikey Cohn.
No more bills he has to pay for dot fake,
And at night's he wouldn't have to stay awake,
For dot boy is now a guest of the state, you know
the rest,
No more the people say, we sold your boy.

BILL BAILEY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME ?

Hebrew Parody.

My friend who had a boarder, he did not like his face,
Because everytime he would go away the boarder would
take his place,
He got on to his wife, that worried his life.
One fine morning the boarder and his wife they went
away,

When Slutsky came home he seen a note, on the table
it did lay,
He read that note then he did shout :

CHORUS.

Won't yon come home, my baby, won't you come home,
This is what Slutsky did say ;
I can't tend to Jakey for I don't know how,
On my hands he wants to stay ;
I cannot dress the children, you know that well,
And their hair I cannot comb.
That boarder is to blame, I wish he would get lame,
My baby, won't you please come home.

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COHEN—Yes, about fifty thousand.

JOSEPHINE, MY JOE.

Hebrew Parody.

Sitting one day in my clothing store, oh, oh,
 When a bummer came in, I tell you he made me sore,
 oh, oh;
 To me he did cry, a suit I want to buy,
 If you don't give it to me quick, I will punch you in
 the eye;
 Trouble soon did commence, he stole a pair of pants,
 oh, oh.

CHORUS.

Mit a cop I started to run to catch that dirty bum,
 But the cop wanted to have some fun, so he pulled
 out a big gun;
 When that pistol I did spy to the officer I did cry,
 Please shoot him in the coat, it will be fine, be-
 cause the pants are mine.

EVERY RACE HAS A FLAG BUT THE JEW.

PARODY.

A member of the Hebrew Club got up at the last meet-
 ing night,
 I want to spoke a little speech, he said;
 It makes me overpleased to see the house so stuffed.
 Hurrah for me the blue, the white and red,
 Last parade day the bands did play,
 And lots of people marched the streets through,
 All kinds of flags and lots of jags,

Singing, "I would leave my happy home for you."
 Every race and every nation had a flag or imitation,
 It made my poor old heart go pit-te-pat
 For a national air or two. I want a flag for every Jew,
 Let the band play "Where did you get that hat?"

CHORUS.

Ireland for her potatoes, New Jersey for her
 fleas,
 Chinese have their Chinese laundries, Germany
 limburger cheese.
 The nigger man he loves his policy, and crap
 shooting too.
 No flag, no country, nothing but money, every
 race has a flag but a Jew.

Said he'd got an idea 'bout a flag what will take the
 cake;
 Just take a big pawn ticket, that's not all,
 We will paint a suit of clothes on it and underneath
 these words:

"It fits you like the paper on the wall."
 Forget it not, sir—we'll put a Maizar
 And a picture of our trade-mark, the three balls;
 A little higher we'll paint a fire
 That could not be put out by Niagara Falls,
 If a Jew is ever sent to Washington as president,
 Now wouldn't it be a little Hebrew joke
 To pull down the American flag, put the Jew one up
 instead,
 Then the whole darn country would be in soak.

CHORUS.

Ireland has her potatoes, New Jersey for her
fleas,
China has her firecrackers, Germany limbur-
ger cheese,
The nigger man he loves his policy, and crap
shooting too,
No flag, no country, nothing but money, every
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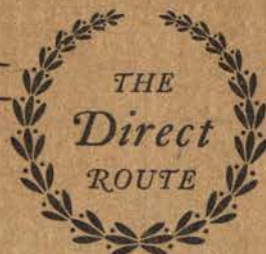
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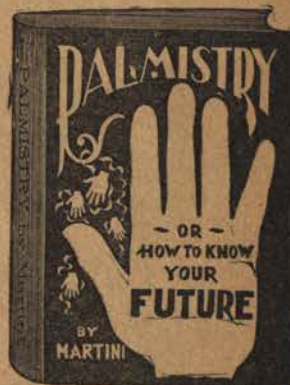
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