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E-19193

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## Hebrew Varns.

### DIDN'T MATTER.

A Hebrew, who keeps a pawnbroker's shop, is blessed with one daughter, who now and then keeps shop while her father attends sales on the look-out for bargains. During the temporary absence of old Moses recently, a meek-looking Chinaman walked into the shop and asked Rachel to show him some "welly good watches."

Rachel handed down four from the shelf at the end of the counter, marked respectively, "fifty-dollar watch," "forty-dollar watch," "thirty-dollar watch," and "ten-dollar watch," and arranged them in a line on the counter in the order of their value.

John inspected them and, taking advantage of Rachel's momentary inattention, slipped the ten-dollar watch into the place occupied by the forty-dollar watch and handed over a ten-dollar note, saying:

"I take cheapee watchee."

Shortly afterwards Rachel detected the swindle, and sought refuge in tears. On the return of old Moses she related the misadventure with many protestations of concern.

"Never mind, mine tear," said the father, with a dry chuckle, "dose vatches were all de same price—six dollars; but vat a scoundrel dot Shinaman must pe!"

## INSULTED.

Jake—"I was shust insulted."

Meyer—"Vot vos id?"

Jake—"Oud vere I lif in Jersey I vas asked ter choin der fire debartment."

An Irishman, an Englishman and a Hebrew were telling of their strange experiences and how they were mistaken for great men.

"Would you baylave it," the Irishman said, "I was mistaken for ex-President Roosevelt."

The Englishman turned to his fellow countryman. "That's nothing," he said, "I was once mistaken for President Wilson."

"Huh?" the Hebrew said. "I vas standing on the street corner the other day and a cop came along and said to me, 'Holy Moses, are you here again?'"  
—*Kramer and Kent.*

## THE BOWERY.

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

"A what?" said the man.

"A suit of glose, a gote, or anything in de clotting line. Gorn inside, mister. Dere is a gote you don't see 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

y.

heart disease; do you vant to kill him? Rachel, glose der door!"

"This coat has a peculiar smell, it must be dyed." "Mine friend," confidentially whispered the Hebrew, "dot's me you schmiell, 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).

"Come 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 ter find der gote full of mocking pirds for dree tollars?"

Rothschild (seeing his son returning from school crying)—"Vhat's der matter, mein sohn?"

Son—"Der teacher shtruck me, fadder."

Rothschild (putting his hand in his pocket)—"For how much?"

An Austin Israelite has his dwelling and place of business in the same house, which is quite a small one. There were several customers in the store, when his wife, who is a very affectionate creature, called out from the next room:

"O, Schon; my dear Schon, come to dinner!"

A shade of rage passed over his Hebraic features, and going to where she was he seized her brutally by the arm, and with a malignant voice, hoarse with annoyance, said:

"Rebecca, does you want to ruin me in my pishness? What for you call me dear Schon, ven I wants to be known as cheap Schon? Do you want to have dot peebles lose confidence in me?"

They were two of the chosen race, and they had been in a railway accident. Moses, meeting Aaron, asked him what he got out of it, and the following dialogue ensued:

Aaron—"I got \$250; not bad for a scratch on the nose?"

Moses—"I got \$2,500."

Aaron—"Vy, you veren't touched. I saw you with your feet up on the cushions, kervite safe."

Moses—"Yeth, yeth, but I had the prethenthe of mind to step on my wife's face as I got out of the carrithe."

"Shall I vind the clock, fadder?" asked young Isaacstein, as they were about to close the store.

"No!" said the gentleman with a sigh, "pizness vas too pad. Choost let it alone, Jacob, und ve vill save the vear and tear on the veels."

### A PARENT'S COUNSEL.

"Shakey, tage a fader's plessing,  
Tage id, for you ket it scheab;  
Go in hot for maging money,  
Go in for to mage a heab.  
Don'd you do no dings vot's grooked,  
Don'd you do no dings vot's mean—  
Aber rake righd in dot boodle,  
Qviet, calm und all serene.

"Don'd you lend your gash ter no von,  
Nod for less dan den ber cend—  
Don'd you mage no vild oxbenses—  
Dot's de vay der money vend.  
And, I dells you, leetle Shakey,  
Put dis varning in your ear—  
Pe a man of peezeess honor—  
Nefer fail bud twice a year!"

The Nurse—"The great event has occurred, sir, and your wife is getting on nicely."

Strauss—"Dell me qvick, I haf a bet mit mein bardner; is id a poy?"

The Nurse—"Well, to tell the truth, sir, it's twins—a boy and a girl."

Strauss—"Vot a narrow esgape! I lose on von und vin on de udder. I always vas luggy in pets."

Rebecca—"Mrs. Isaacstein keeps up the traditions of the family all right."

Leah—"Yes?"

Rebecca—"She has given three balls this Winter."

## THE WITTY JEW.

A party of merchants sailed down the river. A Jew, who wished to go to the same place, was allowed to come on board and journey with them, on condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the captain one dollar for his passage.

Now it is true, something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he struck his hand against it; but the only money therein was a quarter, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this, he accepted the offer with gratitude, for he thought to himself, "something may be earned, even upon the water."

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very talkative and merry. But as the vessel sailed downward the passengers, one after the other, became silent, and gazed down the river until one spoke out:

"Come, Isaac!" said he, "do you know any pastime that will amuse us?"

"Now is the time," thought the Jew, "to shear my sheep." And he proposed that they should sit 'round in a circle, and propound curious questions to each other, and he, with their permission, would sit down with them. Those that could not answer the questions should pay the one that propounded them a quarter, and those that answered them pertinently should receive a quarter.

The proposal pleased the company, and hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked at random whatever entered his head. Thus, for example, the first one asked:

"How many soft-boiled eggs could a giant eat upon an empty stomach?" All said that it was impossible to answer that question, and each paid over

his twenty-five cents. But the Jew said: "One, for he that has eaten one egg cannot eat a second on an empty stomach," and the other paid him a quarter.

The second thought, "Wait, Isaac, I will try you out of the New Testament, and I think I shall win my piece." So he asked, "Why did the Apostle Paul write the second epistle to the Corinthians?" The Jew answered: "Because he was not in Corinth, otherwise he would have spoken to them." So he won another quarter.

When the third found the Jew so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way. "Who prolongs his work to as great a length as possible, and yet completes it in time?" "The rope-maker, if he is industrious," was the answer.

Then the fourth asked: "In what month do the people of Brooklyn eat the least?" The Jew answered: "In February; for that month has only twenty-eight days."

A fish now jumped out of the water, and the fifth asked: "What fish have their eyes nearest together?" The Jew replied: "The smallest."

But now it came to his turn, and the Jew determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments, he asked with an air of mischievous friendliness: "How can a man fry two trout in three pans, so that a trout may lie in each pan?"

No one could answer this, and one after another gave him twenty-five cents. But when the ninth desired that he should solve the riddle, he rocked two and fro, shrugged his shoulders, and rolled his eyes.

"I am a poor Jew," he said at last.

"What has that to do with it?" cried the rest. "Give us the answer."

"You must not take it amiss," said the Jew, "for I am a *poor* Jew."

At last, after much persuasion and many promises that they would do him no harm, he thrust his hand into his pocket, took out one of the quarters that he had won, laid it upon the table and said:

"I do not know the answer any more than you. Here is my quarter."

When the others heard this they opened their eyes and said that this was scarcely according to the agreement. But as they could not control their laughter, and were wealthy and good-natured men, and as the Jew had helped them to while away the time, they laughed heartily over their loss and at the Jew's cunning.

Riley played poker with two Jews that tried to do him. They agreed that one finger on the table meant a pair; two fingers, two pair; three fingers, three of a kind, and four fingers, four of a kind. Riley lost so often that he grew suspicious. Finally, he got next, and as Ikey laid a finger on the table he whipped out a knife and cut it off. Ikey at once commenced to laugh immoderately. "Why do you laugh?" asked Jakey. "Because I didn't have four of a kind," said Ikey.

Mr. Bernupski 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."

### DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

The gentle Hebrew stood on the door of his second-hand clothing emporium. A weasel-eyed man approached him, and said, confidentially, "See that second-hand shop a little lower down on the other side?"

"Yes, I zee."

"And that drab Newmarket coat?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want that coat, but I ain't going to pay the dealer's price for it. I'm too fly for that. Now, you're a Jew, and you can cut the other fellow down and make a bit yourself. He'll ask at least fifteen dollars for that coat. Here's twelve-and-a-half. If you buy the coat for ten you make two-and-a-half dollars. Is it a deal?"

Mr. Levi clutched the coins and darted down the street. Two minutes later he was back with the coveted coat.

"Good old Iky Mo!" roared the weasel-eyed man. "Thought you'd pull it off. Cleared a bit yourself, shouldn't wonder?"

"Vell, ma tear young vrent," replied Mr. Levi, "ash dot vas ma pranch shop, und der price of der offercoat vas only seven-undt-a-half, I think I am shoost so much in on der deal!"

### MISUNDERSTOOD.

Cohen—"I'll nefer play poker vid my bookkeeper again."

Levy—"Vy not?"

Cohen—"Efery time I said, 'I raise you,' he thought it meant more salary."

## BUSINESS SECRET.

A family man, passing a clothing store, saw a large sign announcing the sale of *double-seated and double-kneed* boys' pants for *fifteen cents* a pair.

Struck by this low figure for so necessary a feature in boys' dress, the man entered the store with some suspicion of a misrepresentation.

He was met by a smiling member of the tribe of Levi, who asked him, "Vat is it?"

"I saw the sign outside your store," said the family man, "about the sale of boys' pants."

"Yes. How many pair vill you have?" said Levi.

"Are they of good material and just as represented: *double-seated and double-kneed*?"

"Sure, my friend. Look at 'em. All vool. Strong seats and double-kneed. Never vear out."

"For *fifteen cents a pair*?" asked the man of family, suspiciously.

"Sure. You have eyes. See for yourselluf. It wouldn't pay me to lie about it."

"How can you afford to sell double-seated and double-kneed pants for fifteen cents? I can't understand it?"

"I vill let you into de secret. This is assanknee (assignee) sale."

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 indorse it."

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

## A SQUARE JEW.

Judge D. has a son that is rather wild, and is in the employ of Moses, a Hebrew banker. One day the latter called upon the judge, and after a few casual remarks, thus broke the ice:

"Shudge, I vas a scvare man, but I haf missed feefty tollar from my safe, und I dink your son Fred haf daken it."

"Well, Moses," replied the judge, "I know Fred has been pretty wild, and I'm not greatly surprised. I suppose he got into debt and borrowed of you to get out of it. I don't see what I can do, though; the milk is spilled, and I can't pick it up."

"Shudge, I vas a scvare man," said Moses, "und I dell you vot I'll do. You pay me tree hundred tollars und I say nodings." The judge reflected a moment, and then without further parley, drew a check for the amount and handed it over to the Jew. No sooner had he done so than a new idea flashed upon him, and he said to Moses:

"Hold on, Moses; suppose it turns out that my son didn't take this money."

"Vell, Shudge, I vas a scvare man," replied Moses, putting the check in his pocket, und I tell you vot I'll do. If it durns out that your son didn't dake dot money, I'll gif him anodder shance."

Hardy Upton (trying on a new suit)—"Ah, Isaacs, this suit looks very creditable—very creditable indeed."

Isaacs (the tailor, excitedly)—"S'hellup me gracious! Dot suit vas noddings ov de kind. Dot suit neffer leafs der shop except for ready money."

## HIS WISH FULFILLED.

The Jew peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen entrance. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him.

"Did ye wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones.

The peddler backed off a few steps.

"Vell, if I did," he assured her, with an apologetic grin, "I got my vish, dank you."

Brown—"Well, Levi, are these hard times pinching you any?"

Goldstein—"Hart dimes. Vot you gall hart dimes?"

Brown—"Why, don't you know there's a panic on, and business men are failing right and left?"

Goldstein—"Vell, mein cracious! Vot you vant? I fail't fer six t'ousand tollar und mage t'ree t'ousant. Some uf dose fellers fail fur a halluf a million. Dimes vos gread!"

Max—"Looney, the manacher of this place says he vill gif us \$10,000 if ve vill stay here for a year."

Looney—"Vat! The manacher of this place ain'd got \$10,000."

Max—"I know it. But ain'd it a good offer?"

Moses—"Say, Sophie, do yer know dot de Esquimaux's kiss is berformed by ruppin' der noses?"

Mrs. Moses—"Vell, dot's der only vay ve gan kiss, ain'd id?"

## LEVY ON BATHS.

"For some time I haf been boddered mit rheumatism, und a frend tells me to tage milkish baths. He said lay in der milk two hours und den dry in a cold room—but don't vipe off der milk. I did dis—my milkman must haf fed his cows on slacked lime, for ven I vas driet out I vas goated mit plaster so t'ick I couldn't move. I sent for a stonecutter, und vile he vas chiselling me out he said: 'Levy, if a feller vas to blay dricks on me like dot, id would mage me feel sore.'"

"Vell, I did feel sore; I feel sore yet, und my rheumatism is vurse. I hear so much apoud dem Turkish baths, I t'ought I would try to see dem Turkies in shwimmin' for my rheumatism. I vent to von. Ven der man got all my clodes he put me in a leedle cell und lock der door. Purdy soon some von dinks id's vinter und turns on der shteam. I commence to melt, melting fast, und just as I am falling apart, der man obens der toor, grabs me und t'rows me in annuder room—Mine Gott!—der first room vas an ice-box compared to dis von—demperachure 6000 degrees in der garret.

"Just ven my hair caught fire he opened der door und yelled t'rough der shteam: 'How are you?' I said I didn't know exactly, but he could shtick a fork in me unt see; but I dought I vas vell done—cooked t'rough und t'rough. Den he grabs me und drags me into annuder room und turned der hose on me—rubber hose, not sox—I tried to shwim, but I can't. Just as I vas sinking for der last time he shlammed me on a marpie slab und rubbed me vid a long piece of file; next he vent ofer me mid a curry-comb. He shtarted to go away, und I called him back, as dere vas a piece of skin on my neck vat he

haden't got. Dis made him mad, und he pounded me up in awful shape—vorse dan a prize fight. Ven he said he vos done, I said I vos glad. Ven he said dot det place vould not open on Suntay, und he vould be home all day, I said I didn't gif a dam, und I vould be home all day, too; und you bed your shweed life I stay dair, too!"

#### GLAD HE DIDN'T HAVE A FULL HAND.

Three Hebrews and two Irishmen were playing poker, and the Hebrews had the following sign among themselves: One finger meant one pair; two fingers, two pair; three fingers, three of a kind; four fingers, a set of fours, and five fingers, a full hand. The game progressed, and the Irishmen were losing considerable money, when one of them caught on to the fact that the Hebrews were cheating, and he said to his friend in Irish: "Look at that jew; he is cheating; look at those fingers."

His friend answered: "Wait, Oi'll fix them."

So directly one of the Jews had three of a kind and displayed his three fingers, and then the Irishman reached in his pocket, pulled out a knife and cut off the Jew's three fingers. The Hebrew got up in a howl of pain and fell over in a faint. His friends took him to a hospital, and when he became conscious he said:

"Where am I?"

His friends replied: "You are in de hospital."

He said: "Vhat happened?"

His friends said: "The Irishman caught you cheating."

He said: "How many fingers are gone?"

His friends said: "Three."

He said: "T'ank Gott I didn't have a full hand."

#### HIS NAME IS MOSE.

One morning Rosie's teacher noticed her hanging around the desk with rather a wistful expression.

"Well, Rosie, what is it?" she finally asked, drawing the child to her.

"Please, teacher, we've got a new baby 't our house."

"Oh, have you, Rosie? Isn't that fine? What's the baby's name?"

"Ikie."

Several days later the teacher, remembering the event, inquiringly said to her:

"Oh, Rosie, how is Ikie to-day?"

The child looked bewildered: "Oh, teacher, we ain't got no Ikie."

"Yes. You told me you had a baby."

A gleam of intelligence appeared on Rosie's face. "No, teacher, his name's Mose; his name ain't Ikie. We found we already got one Ikie."

#### WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE ASKED.

Cohen and Abraham, two clothing dealers, were bitter rivals. Whenever Cohen advertised a suit of clothes at \$15.00, Abraham promptly cut the price to \$14.00. If Cohen offered suspenders at thirty-five cents a pair, Abraham sold them for a quarter.

Cohen finally became so exasperated over the increasing loss of profits resulting from Abraham's tactics, that he devoted most of his waking hours to the devising of schemes to get even with his rival.

One night Moses, the Hebrew prophet, appeared to him in a dream and said:

"Cohen, you are a good citizen and run a good

clothing store. You are charitable and attend the services at the synagogue regularly. Now, as a reward, I am going to give you anything that you may ask for; but I warn you that whatever it is, I shall be obliged to give double to Abraham, because he is more charitable than you; and, besides, he supports his old father and mother."

Cohen was trying to figure out what he could ask for, and not confer a double benefit on Abraham, when he awoke. He told his dream to his wife, who, after wrinkling her brows in deep thought, exclaimed:

"I haf an idea. Vy didn't you ask der prophet to make you blind in von eye, and so get even mit Abraham."

Abrams—"I don't see your husband any more, Mrs. Isaacs."

Mrs. Isaacs—"No; my husband iss sick."

Abrams—"How iss he getting along?"

Mrs. Isaacs—"He iss failing fast."

Abrams—"I didn't inquire about his business. How iss his health?"

At a military camp a guard inspector, while going his rounds, approached a Hebrew sentry, who simply looked at him and marched on.

"Well," queried the inspector, intending to remind the man of his duty.

"Vell, vell! Vot is it?"

"Don't you want the countersign?"

"No, dot's all righdt. Der feller in der guard's tent gif it to me. I got it."

### WHO DOES HE LOOK LIKE?

Jakie and Ikey were great friends until Ikey got married and went to reside in a small suburb. About a year afterwards a son was born to Ikey and he invited Jakey to attend the brismillah. Just before the religious ceremonies attendant on the brismillah commenced Ikey showed Jakey the baby and said, "Isn't he a fine poy? Who do you t'ink he looks lige?"

"Vell," said Jakey apologetically, after looking the baby over critically, "dis vas der fairst time I am in dis town und I don't know a soul here. How gan you eggspect me to tell you who der chilt loogs lige."

"Dot McGinnis has got some galls, remarked Mose Schaumburg, one of the merchant princes of Harlem.

"What has he been doing now?"

"You remember when it rained hard yesterday?"

"Yes; what a shower!"

"Vell, he comed into my store vile it rained. I asked him if he didn't vant to puy some umbrellas, and vat you dink he say?"

"I've no idea."

"He said he vould prefer to vait in my store until dot shower vas passed over."

Isaacs—"I was told dot a man pought a picture for fife bounds und sold id for dwendy-five t'ousand tollars."

Cohen—"Mein cracious! vot a pity ve don'd know anydings apout art!"

## PREFERRED THE NECKTIE.

He was a real, genuine Jew, and he went into one of those large wholesale houses in the vicinity of Twenty-third Street, New York City, the other day and said he wished to buy about \$500 worth of goods. He was willing to pay \$400 cash, and give his note for ninety days for the rest of the bill. The firm looked up the house which the customer represented, and came to the conclusion that his note wouldn't be of much value. They concluded, however, to sell him the goods he desired, making sufficient advance in the usual price to cover the amount of the note. The sale was made, and the bill amounted to \$600. The purchaser paid the \$400, and drew his note for the remainder.

"Now, mine friends," said he, "I wants you to gif me von present, I always ask a present after so big an order."

"Well," replied the merchant, "we can't give you much of a present, but you can pick out a necktie for yourself, if you wish."

"No, no; I wants no neckties. I wants a silk dress for mine vife."

"Oh, we can't do that," said the merchant; "but I tell you what we will do. We will give you your note."

"My note! No, my gracious, no, I takes ze necktie."

Mrs. Weinstein—"Ikey, vere vos your coat?"

Mr. Weinstein—"In der bow ohf der boat."

Mrs. Weinstein—"Led me put id on! If dis boat should tip ofer I know you would try und safe your coat!"

## "FIXED PRICE."

"Schentlemens, shoost walk in and look at dose vinter goots."

"How much is the overcoat?"

"Terventy tollars for dot overgoat, und dot vas making you a bresent of dot overgoat."

"That's too high."

"I dells you, Misther Gilhooly, I haf only von brice, I never drades. Choost read dot sign on der vall, 'Fixed Price.'"

"O, that means you fix the prices to suit yourself. Twenty dollars is too much."

"I believe you heard me ven I tole you I had only von brice, terventy tollars."

"It's not worth seven and a half."

Mose Schaumburg (eagerly)—"Vill yer give dot?"

Mose Schaumburg and his brother-in-law, Jacob Schwendlemeyer, met on Second Avenue.

"O, Shake, I makes yesterday von of de pest pargains I has made dot year."

"Mose, vat pargain is dot you make?"

"I bought dot fine puggy horse of Colonel Yerger for von huntred tollars."

"Dot vas a goot pargain, Mose, but I makes a petter von the day before yesterday."

"Vot for a pargain vos dot?"

"I sold Colorel Yerger dot very puggy horse for fifty tollars, in hard cash."

"Vy didn't you tole me so," remonstrated Jake. "A nice brudder-in-law you vas, you tam scoundrel, to scheat my dear frient Colonel Yerger, mit dot plug of a horse."

Iky was having a shave. He needed it. Even more necessary, however, was a hair cut. Iky knew it.

"How mooch dher cut mine hair?" he asked the barber.

"Twenty-five cents," was the reply.

"Mine gootness! Twenty-five cents! See here," whispered Iky, "I'll toss ye fifty cents or nodings."

The barber was a sportsman, and although the odds were against him, he agreed to gamble. Luckily enough he won.

"Tear! tear! exclaimed he of the unkempt locks, mournfully, "just mine luck! I'll have to do without mine hair cut now."

Goldstein is a swell Jew that has everything up to date in his house.

Among other things he has one of those *tete-a-tete* sofas. Some one visiting him had inadvertently placed two umbrellas straight across the top of it, making it look somewhat like this \$.

Rosenbaum came in on a friendly call, and observing the combination, said:

"So hellup me! How Goldstein vorshibs der almighty tollar! Shoost look at dot sofa."

Goldstein had a sweatshop on the second floor of a three-story building. Business being very bad he went to Mr. Levy to tell his troubles. Mr. Levy advised him to put a match to the place so he could collect the insurance. "How can I do that with a swimming school over me and a fire house under me?" asked Goldstein.

### JUST AS GOOD.

A father and his son went for a stroll one sweltering day recently, and as they passed a vender of ice cream the boy turned to his father and said, lovingly:

"I wish you'd puy me some ice cream, fader, I do feel warm."

His father gazed at him for a few seconds in mild surprise, and then exclaimed:

"No, no, Ikey, my poy; but I'll tell you vot I'll do: I'll tell you some ghost stories vot'll make your blood run cold."

Jacob Block, who has a store on Chatham Square, has a son called Levi that resembles him very much. Young Jacob Block was traveling, when a perfect stranger seized him by the hand and said:

"Are you not the son of my old friend Mr. Block of New York?"

Block replied that he is.

"I knew it. I knew it the moment I laid my eyes on you, from your resemblance to your father. You have the same features and shaped head. In fact, when I saw you I thought I was looking at the original old block-head."

An alien wanted to be naturalized and was required to fill out a blank. The first three lines of the blank had the following questions: "Name?" "Born?" and "Business?"

Name—"Abraham Levinsky."

Born—"Russia."

Business—"Rotten."

## BE REASONABLE.

Solomon and Moses, while walking by the canal saw a notice-board which stated that five dollars would be paid to anyone that rescued another from drowning.

It didn't take them more than a minute to arrange that one should fall in and be saved by the other, and the "stakes" divided.

In went Sol, but found it rather deeper than he expected. However, he splashed about crying:

"Come on, Moses! Save me!"

Moses hesitated.

"Sol," he said, "I've been reading that notice-board again, and it says, 'Ten dollars for a dead body.' Now do be reasonable."

Cohn went to a lake resort one Summer to spend the hot days, and one afternoon he took a rowboat and went out on the lake. Another chap that was rowing around suddenly keeled over in his boat and fell into the lake.

Cohn began to row with all his might to the scene, and scores of people gathered on the shore and shouted to him to save the drowning man. Finally Cohn reached the spot where the man was sinking for the third time, and he leaned over and said:

"Mister, if you don't come up again, can I have your boat?"

Goldman (just over)—"How ees id dot der shky is so much clearer in New York dan id ees in London?"

Levy—"Oh! Ve haf shky-sgrabers in New York."

## NEVER TOO LATE.

Excited Caller—"Is this de fire-insurance office?"

Manager—"Yes, sir. What can we do for you?"

Excited Caller—"I vant an insurance policy at once, because my house is on fire."

A Hebrew boy and his father took a ride on a train the other day, and it was the boy's first ride. The boy was looking out of the window, and the father was afraid the boy would lose his straw hat which had cost twenty-five cents, so he said to him: "Pincus, take your head in from de window or you will lose your hat."

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

The father, thinking he'd fool the boy, made a bluff to throw the hat out of the window, but hid it under his coat.

Pincus (crying)—"I lose my hat, fader."

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

The father whistled and put the hat on the boy's head, and paid no attention to the boy, thinking he had taught him a lesson.

The boy then threw the hat out of the window and said: "Fader, whistle und bring my hat back."

Son-in-Law—"Mr. Goldberg, I wants you to dake pack 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 would be a fool to dake pack dot goots. No, sir, you schoost keep dot Rachel."

## A PROUD FATHER.

Mose Schaumburg, Jr., had gone into business for himself, not far from the clothing emporium of his father.

A few days ago Colonel Yerger was urged by Mose Schaumburg, Sr., to purchase a Winter overcoat, but he declined, saying:

"Your son, Mr. Schaumburg, offered me the same sort of a coat for a dollar less. Besides, he said your goods are not reliable."

"Ish dot so?" said Mose, clasping his hands with delight, as a gratified smile passed over his features.

"Yes, that's true."

"Vell! vell! vell! I believe mine son vas a tam fool, but now I see he has a fine head for business. Vot a proud fodder I vas."

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Mr. Isaacstein (to his son)—"Mo, I vas going to puy you a leedle pank to put your pennies in."

Mo—"Puy it for leedle Ikey, and let me be der cashier."

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Fireman—"I caught you, all right, trying to set fire to your home. Why did you do it?"

Mr. Levy—"I didn't think you would arrive so soon."

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Cohn—"Einstein settled mit his creditors for fifty cents on der dollar."

Levy—"Mein gracious! his liberality vill make him a pauper."

## ON THE BRINK.

The purser of one of the boats plying between New York and Boston tells of a Jewish couple that were very seasick, especially the wife. The husband observing symptoms of her total collapse, forgot for a moment his own troubles and exclaimed:

"Sarah, be careful! For heaven's sake remember that dinner cost a dollar and a half!"

---

Tears stood in the eyes of Ikey Isaacs, and his voice trembled with emotion.

"Vell, vell," he wailed, "eferythings vas against me, eferythings. Any yet I haf done nussins to deserfe it."

"Vy, vot's the matter?" queried his friend and sympathiser, Lewis Solomon.

"I tell you. You know I took a peautiful warehouse just lately, an filled him up mit all my vinest goods, yes? Vell, den, of course, as a matter of brecaution, I insure him all vithout any troubles. But, would you tink it, der ferry next day der landlord let the second floor to an agent for fire-extinguishers for a show-room, and to-day, pless my life, if he ain't gone and let der ground floor to make a swimming-bath."

---

Mr. Isaacs—"Vat you learn at school to-day, eh?"

Small Son—"I learned how to combute interest at seven percent."

Mr. Isaacs—"Dot is goot. Now all you haff to do is add one nought an' den haff de interest at seventy percent."

## TOO MUCH HELL.

Joseph and Isaac went to hear Billy Sunday preach, and after the service, as they were going home, Joseph said:

"Vell, Izaac, vat you tink of him?"

"I didn't like him," said Isaac. "Too much hell! It was hell, hell, hell all the time. And I don't believe there is any hell, Joseph."

"No hell?" asked Joseph, in amazement.

"No," answered his friend.

"Vell, then, Izaac," said Joseph, "if there is no hell, where is bizness gone."

A Sheeny junk peddler was walking along Third Avenue one hot day last 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 Sheeny climbed 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?"

"Cohn is suing his wife for a divorce."

"You don't say so! On what grounds?"

"Why, she went into the second-hand clothing business and put an advertisement in the paper which read:

"Mrs. Cohn has cast off clothing of every description, and invites an early inspection."

## COULDN'T APPRECIATE THE JOKE.

Mr. Cohen (and the crowd with him)—"Ve wants you to arresd Moses Levy for opdainig goots under false bredenses."

Chief of Police—"Recite the details."

Mr. Cohen—"He shouted: 'Cohen's shtore is afire!' at a pankrubt cloding sale!"

Chief of police—"Why, that was a joke."

Mr. Cohen—"No shoke apoud id. Vile meinselluf und sefendeen oder 'only Cohens' vere rushing to our shtores, he segured de entire shtock at a pig sacrifice."

"Business is picking up, and no mistake," began Einstein the other night. "Why, I put a thousand pairs of gloves in stock this morning—only this morning, gents—and, would you believe it, when I locked up this evening there were only five hundred pairs left; yes, sir, only five hundred pairs!" Of course all felt encouraged, and of course all congratulated Einstein warmly. But you should have seen the mob go for him as he hurriedly shot through the door after remarking: "The other five hundred pairs were rights, you know."

"Now, remember, Ikey, that vos a goot glass eye you've got. Always take it out and put it in your pocket when you ain't looking at noddings."

Levy—"Are you familiar with Shakespeer?"

Cohn—"No. I haf nefer drunk id."

## COULDN'T SHUFFLE 'EM.

Levi looked very dejected. That morning he left the house with \$20 in his pocket to try his luck at the races, but alas! he had returned at nightfall, footsore and weary, and nothing in his possession but a bad penny.

No wonder his better half was in a bad temper. "How is it," she snapped, that you're so unlucky at the races, and yet you always win at cards?"

"Well, my dear," responded Levi, meekly, "you see it's this way: I don't shuffle the horses."

"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 will consult de wedder bureau."

Mrs. Cohen (during fire in theatre)—"Hurry up, Isaac! Let's get oudt!"

Cohen—"Vait dill I see if dese dickets vill be good for to-morrow night."

Levison (the patient)—"How mooch do I owe you, toctor?"

Dr. Zinks—"Eighty-nine tollars und ninedeen cendts, but auf you haf a relabse I gif you a disgound."

## NOT QUESTIONED.

Irritated Lady—"No, it doesn't fit, and I shall expect my money back."

Mr. Moses—"But, goot gracious, madam——"

Irritated Lady—"Your advertisements say: 'Money refunded, if not approved.'"

Mr. Moses—"So they do, my dear madam; so they do; but your money was approved. It vas very goot money."

Mrs. Isaacstein—"Vot! going to move so soon? Vhy, you've only peen here six months."

Mrs. Abrahams—"Yes; but ve shust found oud yesterday dot der bath-tub von't hold water."

A freudt uf mine, Mr. Moses, is dead stuck on blaying sefen-up. He vent into a hotel lasd veek und vanted a room. He valked ub sefen flights. Moses then said: "How many are we up?" Der clerk said: "sefen." Moses said: "If you get anyt'ing higher dan dis yer oud."

Somebody asked Baron Rothschild to take venison.

"No," said the Baron, "I never eat venison; I don't think it's so coot as mutton."

"Oh," said the Baron's friend, "I wonder at your saying so—if mutton is better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?"

"I will tell you vy—in this world the people always prefer vhat is *deer* to vhat is *sheep*."

## AN ORDER.

Young Lady Art Student (entering a ten-cent store)—“Do you keep camel’s-hair brushes?”

Salesman (aside)—“Ikey, bring up dose lion brushes dot we ordered for de circus people.” (To lady) And, madam, would you like a toothbrush?”

Art Student (indignantly)—“What for?”

Salesman—“For de camel!”—*Life*.

John Ransome tells a story of a merchant that gave as a prize a bicycle to the cash boy that best answered the questions: “Whom do you love? and why do you love them?”

The boy that won the prize wrote on his paper: “I love my Sunday-school teacher best, because she teaches me to be a good Christian.”

As he trudged away with the prize the merchant called him back and said to him: “That was a very good answer. What is your name, little boy?”

“Ikey Lichtenstein,” was the paralyzing response.

Judge—“What is your name?”

Witness—“Moses Lazarus.”

Judge—“Where do you live?”

Witness—“Mine residensh ish in Chatham Square.”

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!”

## HIS WISH FULFILLED.

“There’s a story connected with this diamond,” said Heinie, pointing to a handsome stone which sparkled in his shirt. “A frend of mine by the name of Meyer lay in bed. I being his best friend, he sent for me and said:

“Heinie, I’m a very sick man. I ain’t got long to live. I’m worth a lot of money, and I’m going to leave it all to you and my other friends. But I want you to do me one favor. Take this money and when I’m dead and laid away buy me a nice stone.”

“Those were Meyer’s last words, and the day of the funeral I bought this stone. But how can I give it to him when he’s dead?”

Miss Levy—“I vill nefer marry you.”

Mr. Cohen—“Ach Gott! I would plow mein prains ouid if ve vere not in der middle of der busy season und I haf so much to do.”

Ike Cohen—“Der fact is, fader, I haf had a disab-  
bointment in lofe.”

Old Mr. Cohen—“Vell, cheer ub, my poy, cheer ub! Subbose id was a disabbointment in peeziiness.”

Young Moses—“Is money der root of all efil, fader?”

Old Moses—“Yes, Sam; so you must dry to do all the good you can in life by gedding it away from people.”

## SWEET VIOLETS.

Jones sat at his desk working when a Hebrew flower peddler stuck his head in at the door and asked if he were going to the big Yale-Harvard football game on the morrow at New Haven, and if so, he would guarantee to give him for one dollar a bunch of twice as many violets as any one else.

The offer was accepted, the violets delivered and worn to the game by a young lady that not only wore them that day but the following Sunday also.

A few days later the Hebrew called again, and Jones told him that the violets gave excellent satisfaction. He also said: "If you have no objection, I would like to know how you were able to sell so many violets for so little money on a day when they command a high price."

The Jew replied: "I get 'em off of corpses."

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Mrs. Kraus (getting ready for the theatre)—"I see dere is a *real* fire-engine in dis blay."

Kraus (sulkily)—"Den I von't go."

Mrs. Kraus—"But id *eggsblodes on der vay to der fire!*"

Kraus (merrily)—"*Hurry up, tear. Ve may be too lade!*"

---

His Father—"I wouldn't pe a miser, Ikey. A miser is a fool."

Ikey—"What is a miser, fader."

His Father—"Id's von uf dem fellers vot geeps his money in an old stocking or hides id under der carpet vere id gan'd draw inderesd."

## FLY SPECKS IN BUSINESS.

Moses kept a second-hand clothing shop, and, on leaving it in charge of his son Ikey during the dinner hour, imparted to him the fact that on the price ticket one dot represented one shilling, two dots two shillings, and so on.

Returning, Moses inquired of his son:

"Haf you had any customers, Ikey, vhat?"

"Yes, fader, I have sold de gray coat and vest for eight shillings."

"Vell, vell, now, you did goot business, for it was only five shillings."

"No, fader! I kep the ticket. See, it has eight little dots dhere."

The old Jew scratched his head and smilingly remarked:

"Jubilee Jerusalem! I will never kill anoder fly."

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A Hebrew boy was a fever patient in a hospital, and had shown a disposition to whine and complain at all times. The nurse was giving him an alcohol sponge-bath and, thinking to divert his mind, she said to him as she rubbed under his arms:

"Ticklish?"

Still whining, the youngster said:

"No, Yiddish."

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"But, my dear thir, I pledges you my vord of honor, I lofes your daughter."

Moses Goldenough (the eminent pawnbroker)—

"No usthe, young man; I dakes no pledges after theven o'clock."

## REAL CROCODILE SKIN.

Mrs. Bargyn-Hunter (looking through the shop of a dealer in knick-knacks, and picking up a small handbag)—“Are you sure that this is real crocodile skin?”

“Absolutely certain, madam,” replied Iky. “I shot that crocodile myself.”

“It looks rather soiled,” observed the customer.

“Naturally, madam,” explained the truthful Sheeny. “That is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree.”

Mrs. Isaacs—“Wake up, Isaacs! A burglar is tryin’ to get in!”

Isaacs—“Vell, wait till he opens der window undt den I’ll shoot.”

Mrs. Isaacs—“Why don’t you shoot now?”

Isaacs—“Vhat—undt break a pane of glass?”

Isaac—“Abe, did you hear dot Dinkelspiel, dot second-hand furniture man, has married Eiselbaum’s widow?”

Abe—“Yah.”

Isaac—“Vasn’t you surprised?”

Abe—“Nein. She vos joost his line of goods.”

Finestein—“Say, Goldinski, how is it dat you married a tatoored voman?”

Goldinski—“Cause if in de mittle of de nights I can’t go to sleep I can sit up and look at de pictures.”

## A GOOD TIP.

Cohen—“Didn’t I see you come out of a restaurant last evening?”

Levi—“Yes, I had a fine dinner.”

Cohen—“Did you gif der waiter a tip?”

Levi—“I did. I told him he ought to change his apron vonce in a vile if he vants to hold my trade.”

Mrs. Isaacstein (with her little Ikey by the hand to a ticket agent in a railroad station)—“Vill you please tell me vhat time de next train goes to Evanston?”

Ticket Agent (with 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.”

Levy—“Why you look so sad, Iky, my boy?”

Isaacs—“Why, last night I came home and I found Cohen kissing my vife.”

Levy—“Goot heavens, Iky! Didn’t you kill Cohen?”

Isaacs—“Dot’s my trouble. I can’t. Cohen owes me money.”

Heim—“Vell, porrowing money is porrowing vorry.”

Baum—“Vhat is dhere to vorry you in dot?”

Heim—“Der idea ohf haffing to pay id back.”

**BROTHER COHEN'S GENEROSITY.**

At a Masonic banquet served some years ago in Albany, N. Y., Brother Ike Cohen was called upon for a speech. Brother Cohen arose and said: "Ve haf enjoyed der fine flowers, der fine music and der fine vines, but vwhile ve haf been enchoying der bleasures uf der binquit, ve haf been vorgetting our poor brothers."

"Vhat shell ve gif dem?" asked Brother Goldstein.

"I move dat ve gif dem *dhree cheers*," said Brother Cohen, with a liberal, open wave of his hands.

Ikey Cohen—"Vas you goin' ter Chakey Struss's gomin'-oud bardy?"

Abie Levy—"Fellers don'd haf gomin'-oud barties."

Ikey Cohen—"Dey don'd?" Vhat you tink der bolice chudges gifs—nudding else bud life sendences."

**NO INSURANCE.**

Cohen, Jr.—"Dhere's dot young Levy. He is a goot enough poy, but he'll nefer set der North River afire."

Cohen, Sr.—"Vell, vhat would be der use?"

Isaacs (exultantly)—"Dat gustomer vot you yust losd gome ofer to mein shtore und he got a fit rigld away."

Cohen (jealously)—"Vas he subject to dem?"

**FIFTY PER CENT. PROFIT.**

Mose Schaumburg was in a bad humor yesterday. When he came down to his place of business, his head clerk, Ike Silverstone, said:

"Have you heard already dot Parker & Fizzle in San Antonio have failed?"

Ish dot so? Vell, vell, dey owes me six hundred tollers for goots vot I sold 'em. How much on a tollar does dey bay?"

"Terventy cents."

"Terventy cents. I vas glad to hear dot. Ven I sold 'em dose goots I figured on a fifteen-cent-on-a-tollar failure. Ven dey pay terventy cents, den I makes a profit of fifty per cent. on dot bill of goots."

Mr. Cohen (in Paris)—"I came over on de boat and it cost me six hundred dollars and I couldn'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."

Temperance Orator—"I ask you, my hearers, how can we stop this devilish and ruinous sale?"

Goldberg (who has just happened in, and speaking from experience)—"Put der broberty in der vife's name, sne onwd an injungtions, unt seddle fer dree ber cend, cash!"

Cohen—"I shust dhinks I d make a farmer ould ohf mein leedle Jakey."

Levy—"Vot for you do dot."

Cohen—"Vhy, simply because I read in der paper dot der crops most usually alway vere a failure."

#### DIYIN' VORDS OF ISAAC.

When Shicago vas a leedle villages, dhere lified dherein, py dot Clark Sdhreet ould, a shentlemans who got some names like Isaacs; he geeb a clotting store, mit goots dot vit you yoost der same like dey vas made. Isaacs vas a goot fellers, und makes goot pishness on his house. Vell, thrade got besser as der time as he vas come, und dose leetle shstore vas not so pig enuff like anudder shstore, und pooty gwick he locks out und leaves der blace.

Now Yacob Schloffenhaimer vas a shmard feller, und he dinks of he dook der olt shstore he got good pishness und dose olt coostomers von Isaac out. Von tay dhere comes a shentlemans on his store, und Yacob quick say of der mans, "How you vas, mein freund; you like to look of mine goots, aind it?"

"Nein," der man's say.

"Vell, mein freund, it makes me notting troubles to show dot goots."

"Nein, I don'd vood buy sometings to-tay."

"Yoost come mit me vonce, mein freund, und I show you sometings, und, so hellub me gracious, I don'd ask you to buy dot goots."

"Vell, I told you vat it vas, I don'd vood look at sometings yoost now. I keeps a livery shitable, und I likes to see mein old freund, Mister Isaacs, und I came von Kaintucky out to see him vonce."

"Mister Isaacs? Vell, dot is pad; I vas sorry von

dot. I dells you, mein freund, Mister Isaacs he vas died. He vas mein brudder, und he vas not mit us eny more. Yoost when he vas on his deat-ped, und vas dyin', he says to me, 'Yacob' (dot ish mein names), und I goes me ofer mit his petstle, und he poods his hands on mine, und he says to me, 'Yacob, ofer a man he shall come von Kaintucky out, mit red hair, und mit plue eyer, Yacobb, sell him dings cheab,' und he lay ofer and died his last."

#### THE HEIGHT OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

Mr. Spuffinstein and his little son were walking down the main street the other day when a large poster caught the eye of little lkey.

"Fadder!" he cried, give me five cents to go and see the sea-serpent?"

"Vasteful poy!" exclaimed his parent. "Vanting to pay five cents to see a sea-serpent. Here's a magnifying-glass; go and find a worm."

#### TWO PER CENT. FOR CASH.

A train in Arizona was boarded by robbers, who went through the luckless passengers. One of them happened to be a Hebrew "drummer" from New York, who, when his turn came, with reluctance fished out \$200, but rapidly took four dollars from the pile and placed it in his vest pocket.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the robber, as he toyed with his revolver.

Hurriedly the Hebrew answered:

"Mine frent, you surely vould not refuse me two per zent. discount on a strictly cash transaction like dis?"

**"WHAT COULD I DO?"**

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?"

"Vhat are you crying for, Ikey?"

"Fader fell downstairs an' made 'is nose bleed."

"But you shouldn't cry at a ting like that! You should smile; it's nothing."

"I did smile, an' dat's why I'm crying!"

Abie and Ikey were walking along the street one cold winter day. Abie didn't have any gloves, so he had his hands stuck deep into his coat pockets. They had had some dispute and Ikey was giving Abey a terrible tongue lashing. He had talked incessantly for ten minutes when he burst out:

"Well, why don't you answer me? Why don't you say something? To which Abey replied:

"Do you think I want to talk to you and freeze my hands?"

**WHAT "DITTO" MEANS.**

Two Hebrews went in business together in a small town, and one went to New York to buy the goods, while the other stayed at home. The one that stayed at home got the bills a few days after his partner was in New York. The bills came as follows: "24 doz. neckwear and 8 doz. ditto; 24 suits and 4 ditto: 18 pants and 12 ditto." This ditto part bothered the one at home and he telegraphed his brother to come home. When his brother arrived he showed him the bills and said:

"Vat do it 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 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."

**MINE FRIEND GOLDSTEIN.**

Abraham Ecstein vos mine name, und I keep der clothing establishment right under Goldstein's peesness. I toldt you boudt dot veller. I have mine suzpicious dot he vos not oxactly square. But der shudge ov dot you schall pe.

One fine day Goldstein gome in mine plase und he say: "How's peesness, Ecstein?" I say, "Very bad." Und den he say: "Mine frendt Ecstein, gome

outside mit me und I vill treadt you to a splendid dinner."

Wen I dot hear I nearly drop dead already! But I saidt, "All right, I vill go mit you und except your hospitality."

He took mine arm und ve vent to a high-doned place. He handed me der pill of fare, und ve had a splendid outd-lay. Ve dalked peesness for a couple of hours, maybe. Den ve had a couple of Coldaroldarado segars, und ven ve god up to go outd he giv der vaiter a nickel, und dook vrom him der sheck.

When Goldstein see dot sheck he durned vite. I tink he vos goi g to have a fit.

"Dot's a tam oudrage und a shame!" he said, "I vos overscharged!"

I looked ad der sheck und id vos more as dree tollars und a quavolter!

Dree tollars und a quavolter for two dinners! Ach! Moses!

Goldstein gomplained to der proprietor ad once; but id don'd no difference make. Goldstein god to pay dat pill. Wen ve god outdside, he saidt to me, "Ecstein, dot vos a tam swindle." Und I said, "Goldstein, you vos rightd." "Ecstein," saidt he, "ven a man vos zo unbrincipled as he vos, vot vill happen to him?"

"Goldstein," I saidt, "a curse vill soon overdook dot villain."

"Ecstein," saidt he, "a curse has already overdook him!"

Und den from his bockets he pulls two knives, dree forks, two silver-blated napkin rings und a zalzeller, und he smiled.

Und dot is vy I have mine suzpicious aboutd Goldstein.

### COULDN'T SLEEP.

"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!'

---

Jake Cohen—"You called me a dead beat. You must take dot pack, sir, or suffer dose consequences."

Jake Sellumgoots—"I never dakes anydings pack."

Jake Cohen—"You don't take noddings pack?"

Jake Sellumgoots—"Never. So helup me Shiminy grachus."

Jake Cohen—"All right. You vas the man I've been looking for. Lend me a haluf a tollar."

---

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

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

### HIS DISAPPOINTMENT TURNED TO JOY.

9.30 A. M.—“Haf you a telegram for Ike Solomon?” asked a benign-looking Hebrew of the clerk at the office. A search brought a negative reply. Ike departed. 10.30 saw him back again, putting the same question and receiving the same answer.

11.30 again brought him disappointment, and so it went on hourly throughout the day until 5.45 P. M., when his appeal met with success.

Ike tore open the envelope, read its contents, and exclaimed, “Goot grashus! Fancy, my house has been gometely burned to the ground!”

Mrs. Levy—“I was out to the Panama Fair at San Francisco and brought back souvenir spoons for my children.”

Mrs. Marks—“So did I.”

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

Mrs. Marks—“Mine had ‘Souvenir, Panama Fair, San Francisco.’”

Mrs. Levy—“Mine had on ‘Planters’ Hotel.’”

A Hebrew Society made \$500 giving a ball and entertainment, and at the following meeting the President of the Society made a motion to take \$50 or \$75 from the funds for the purchase of a 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 get it dere ain’t a member of de lodge can play de d——m ting.”

### GRAND LARCENY.

He—“If I stole fifty kisses from you, what kind of larceny would it be?”

She—“I should call it grand.”

Bill and Henry had not met for some time, when quite unexpectedly they came across each other in the street. Noticing that his chum was looking downcast, Bill clapped him on the back and said:

“Wot cheer, Henry? How are yer gettin’ on? Still workin’ for the same people?”

“Yus,” was Henry’s sad reply. “Wife, mother-in-law and ten kids.”

An art dealer had two beautiful reproductions of the painting, “The Approaching Storm.” One of the pictures he placed in the show window; but it didn’t sell. At length, in order to draw attention to the picture he put a card on it, on which was printed the words, “‘The Approaching Storm,’ especially suitable for a wedding present.”

Mistress and maid were engaged in a battle of tongues. “How dare you talk to me that way?” the mistress demanded. “I never heard such impudence. You have a lot of nerve to call yourself a lady’s maid.”

“I don’t call myself that now, ma’am,” came the sardonic reply, “but I was a lady’s maid before I got this job.”

**THEIR METHODS.**

Smith the hotel manager, and Jones, a manufacturer's agent, were talking one day about their respective business interests.

"I say," remarked Jones, "however do you use such an enormous quantity of pears and peaches?"

"Well," replied Smith, "we eat what we can, and what we can't eat we can."

"Indeed!" said the other. "We do about the same in our business."

"How is that?"

"We sell an order when we can sell it, and when we can't we cancel it."

Professor—"You have a wonderful talent for painting!"

Muriel—"Dear me, professor; how interesting. How can you tell?"

Professor—"I can see it on your face."

"But my daughter's too young to marry, young man. She's just barely a miss."

"She may seem that way to you, sir, but she is a hit with me."

They were discussing the war. "I suppose this is the most fearful struggle the world has ever seen," said the traveling salesman.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the postmaster. "I once saw two Jew burglars trying to take money from a Scotchman."

**BETTER NOW.**

"When I was a boy I was glad enough to eat dry bread for my dinner," said father at the head of the table.

"Well, daddy," piped up his small daughter, "you are having a much better time now you are living with us."

A teacher was reading to her class, when she came across the word "unaware." She asked if anyone knew the meaning.

One little girl timidly raised her hand and gave the following definition: "Unaware is what you put on first and take off last."

She was much interested in prison reform and was visiting a large prison one day.

"Don't any of your friends come to see you on visiting days?" she asked of a big burly ruffian.

"No'm," responded the ex-burglar, "they're all here wit' me."

"What is that?" asked the condemned murderer, pointing to the death warrant in the warden's hand.

"That? That's a noosepaper."

Hoak—"Do you believe matches are made in heaven?"

Joax—"Sure; what do they want with matches in the other place?"

## CARPENTER'S LOVEMAKING.

"It is 'plane' that I love you," he began.

"Is that on the 'level'?" she asked.

"Haven't I always been on the 'square' with you?" he urged.

"But you have many 'vises,'" she remonstrated.

"Not a 'bit' of it," he asserted.

"What made you 'brace' up?" she queried, coquettishly.

"The fact that I 'saw' you," he replied.

"I ought to 'hammer' you for that," she answered, saucily.

"Come and sit on my 'bench,'" he urged.

"Suppose the rest of the family should 'file' in?" she murmured.

"You shouldn't let your arms 'compass' me," she continued.

"I know a preacher who is a good 'joiner,'" he suggested.

"Promise not to 'chisel' him out of his fee," she requested.

"That wouldn't 'auger' well for us," he answered.

"Shall I wear the 'blue print' when we go for the license?" she asked.

"That's 'awl' right with me," was his rejoinder.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Mr. Slowpay—"I shall bring you back those dark trousers to be reseated, Mr. Murphy. You know I sit a good deal."

Mr. Murphy (tailor)—"All right, and if you'll bring back the bill I sent you six months ago, I'll be pleased to receipt that also. You know I have stood a good deal."

## BRUTE.

"I thought you had given up burntwood art, dearie."

"Ferdinand, how can you be so heartless? This is a pie."

Rosen—"The woman in Apartment 50 is musical isn't she?"

Ginsky—"She thinks she is."

Rosen—"Vocal or instrumental?"

Ginsky—"Both. She sings and she is instrumental in keeping away new tenants."

Belle—"I stopped in at a bargain sale to-day."

Nell—"Did you see anything that looked real cheap?"

Belle—"Yes; several men waiting for their wives."

An English militant crusader strolled into a barn where a young man was milking a cow. With a snort she asked: "How is it that you are not at the front, young man?"

"Because, ma'am," answered the milker, "there ain't no milk at that end."

"If I give you a box of cigars will you promise not to hand them to the janitor?" said the wife.

"I promise," replied the husband. "I did that last year and the flat was cold all Winter."

## HIGH OR LOW DEGREES.

"Why does the professor have all those letters tacked on to his name?"

"That shows that he got there by degrees."

Old Robinson (inspecting young R.'s "personal expense" account for last term)—"What do you mean by \$40 for tennis?"

Young R. (easily)—"Oh! that's for a couple of rackets I had to have."

Old gentleman (severely)—"Yes, I understand, but I think we need to call them bats."

The door opened suddenly and a lady rushed in. "Oh, doctor," she cried, "the baby has swallowed some ink and now he's looking blue. What shall I do?"

"Give him a dose of blotter," said the doctor. "This is certainly an absorbing case."

The Magistrate—"This lady says you tried to speak to her at the station."

The Accused—"It was a mistake. I was looking for my wife's young niece, whom I'd never seen, but who'd been described to me as a handsome blond lady with classic features, fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed and——"

The Witness—"I don't care to prosecute the gentleman. Any one might have made the same mistake."

## UNREASONABLE.

A lawyer was trying a case, when a young man created much disturbance by moving about the room, lifting chairs and looking under things.

"Young man," called out the judge, "you are making a great deal of unnecessary noise. What are you about?"

"Your Honor," replied the young man, "I have lost my overcoat and am trying to find it."

"Well, young man," said the judge, "people often lose whole suits in here without making all that disturbance."

Lady (to maid about to be married)—"Of course, if you intend to get married, that's your own business, but you mustn't forget that marriage is a very serious matter."

Maid—"Yes, ma'am, I know 'tis sometimes. But maybe I'll have better luck than you did, ma'am."

"How do you happen to be in prison?"

"It is the result of an accident."

"You ran over someone with your auto?"

"No, ma'am, I fell over a chair and waked up the owner of the house."

"Hold on there," said the leader of the band, stopping the music and turning to the new trombone player. "This won't do at all. You are three bars ahead of the rest of us."

"I know it," replied the trombonist, proudly. "Didn't I tell you I could play to beat the band?"

## A BRIGHT REMARK.

"What would you do if I turned you down?" she asked shyly, as they sat on the parlor sofa.

The young man looked straight ahead, but said nothing. After a few moments of silence she nudged him with her elbow and said: "Didn't you hear my question?"

He looked around apprehensively.

"I beg your pardon," he replied. "I thought you were addressing the gas."

"I'll learn ye tae tie the kettle tae the dog's tail!" Tommy's mother yelled in her wrath.

"It wasna' oor dog!" cried frightened Thomas.

"Naw, it wasna' oor dog," shrieked the enraged mother, "but it wis our kettle."

With deep anguish he begged her to reconsider her answer.

"If you don't marry me, Millie, I'll blow my brains out."

"Oh, come now, don't do anything so rash as that. But—but," she reflected softly, "that would be a good joke on father, for he thinks you haven't any."

"Are you married?"

"No, I was once engaged to a man with a wooden leg."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I broke it off."

## NOT BEHIND.

"Did you know you were behind in your board?" asked the keeper of the prunes.

"No, I didn't," replied the boarder.

"You owe me for a month."

"Oh, I know that, but I considered I was just that much ahead."

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways 'round a corner, struck each other.

"Oh," said Smith, "how you made my head ring!"

"That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown.

"Didn't yours ring?" said Smith.

"No," said Brown.

"That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

Ted—"Smere sold his sketches of city life for five thousand."

Ned—"Well, he's the first artist I ever knew that made money painting the town."

Maud—"I do so love soldiers. Oh, Tom, why are you not a son of Mars?"

Tom—"Well, I'm doing my best to be her son-in-law, ain't I?"

## WHAT CAUSED IT.

"Mrs. Massey has had the earache ever since moving into the new flats."

"Yes; I guess the keyholes are too drafty for her."

**AND IT WAS PECULAR.**

"He may be a great artist," said the young thing, "but he certainly has a peculiar way of painting his pictures."

"Why, how's that?" asked her friend.

"Well, when I visited his studio recently and asked him about his work, he told me that he painted his greatest pictures on an empty stomach."

He—"How long have you lived here?"

She—"Three months, but we're going to move next week."

He—"Too bad, now the people are only just getting to know you, too."

She—"That's why we're moving."

"You are not foolish enough, are you, to think you can drown your sorrows in drink?"

"Of course not. My wife can swim."

**HOW IT HAPPENED.**

Tinwafer has been what you might call plump, and since rations had become general he certainly hadn't been putting on weight.

"I say," he remarked to a friend. "I met Fuller yesterday, and he told me that I was getting fatter."

"Well, it's only natural that he should say so," was the answer.

Tinwafer looked surprised, and asked why.

"That's easy," replied the friend. "You were looking Fuller in the face."

**JUST SO.**

He—"My ideal of a wife is one that can make good bread."

She—"My ideal of a husband is one that can raise the dough in the hour of knead."

"I just stopped to tell you about that flour you sent me the other day," said Mrs. Newlywed.

Why, madam," answered the grocer, "that was the best flour I carry in stock. What was the matter with it?"

"Matter, indeed! Why, it was so tough my husband couldn't eat the biscuits I made with it."

The photographer was drying his plates in the warm sunlight.

"What are you doing there?" asked a friend.

"Oh, was the reply, "just airing my views."

Miss Klaverklang—"I play the piano merely to kill time."

Mr. Bangs—"Your playing certainly does it. But what a death!"

**THE TENDEREST PART.**

"Although I was late," said the new boarder, "I found the landlady had saved me the tenderest part of the chicken."

"What was that?" asked the old boarder, jealously.

"Some of the gravy."

## OBEDIENT SON.

"I don't see why old Smith is so angry with his son. The boy did just what he was told."

"What was that?"

"His father told him to go out and find an opening, and the next thing he sent his father word he was in a hole."

"That's a nice umbrella you've got."

"Yes; it was a present."

"Indeed! Whom from?"

"I don't know; but it says on the handle, 'Presented to John Robinson.'"

## NEVER USED.

"He is certainly a fine-looking fellow," said Smith to Jones, looking at Brown. "A fine head."

"Yes," answered Jones, "he ought to have a fine head. It's brand new; he has never used it any."

A clergyman, who was a widower, had three grown-up daughters. Having occasion to go away for a few weeks, he wrote home from time to time. In one of his letters he informed them that he had "married a widow with six children."

This created a stir in the household. When the vicar returned home, one of the daughters, her eyes red with weeping, said:

"Where's the widow you married, father?"

"Oh, I married her to another man. I ought to have told you that!"

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