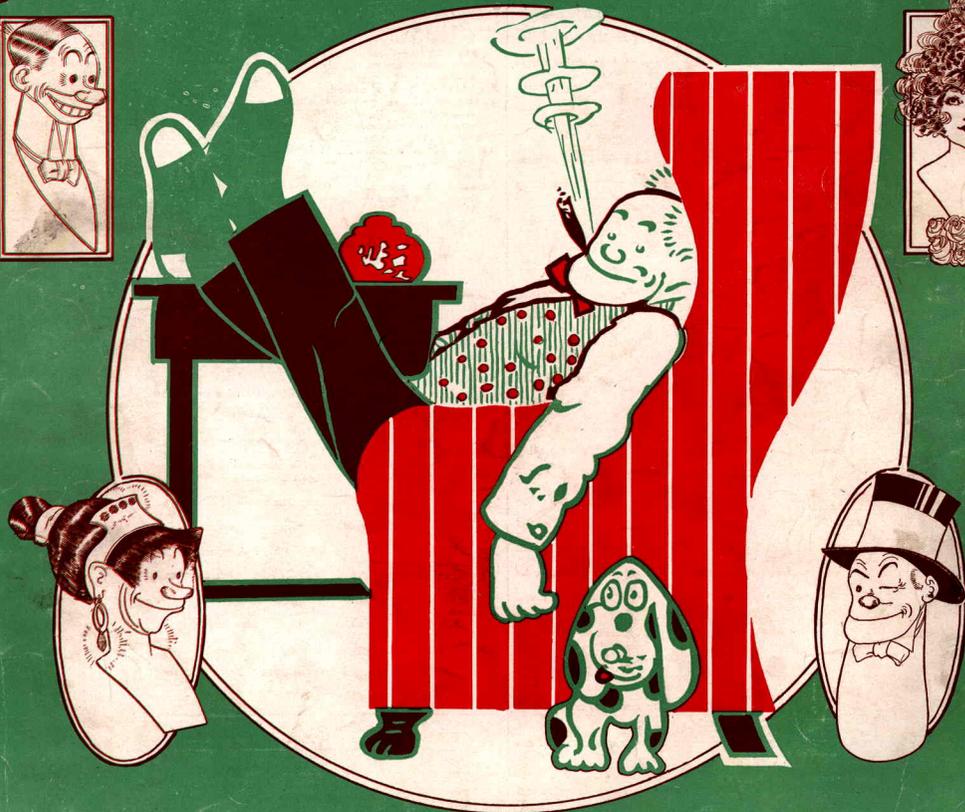


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PRICE 25¢

HAROLD ROSSITER MUSIC COMPANY
Chicago — New York — U. S. A.

SALE-SPLITTING CONUNDRUMS.

How many peas in a pint? One p.
 When is ice like a sore finger? When fell on.
 What is a cut-up job? The paper on the wall.
 Where were the first doughnuts fried? In Greece.
 What is the best thing to do in a hurry? Nothing.
 Of what trade are all the presidents? Cabinet makers.
 What is higher without the head than with the head? A pillow.
 The more you take away the larger it grows, what is it? A hole.
 What are they which, though always drunk, are never intoxicated? Toasts.
 What is the most dangerous kind of assassin? The man who takes life cheerfully.
 Which is proper to pay, 5 and 6 is 13, or are 13? Neither; five and six are eleven.
 Why does a tall man eat less than a short one? He makes a little go a long way.
 What is the difference between a dollar bill and a silver quarter? Seventy-five cents.
 What bridge has never been walked on by a human being?
 The bridge of the nose.
 If the alphabet were going out to a party, when would the last six letters start? After T.
 When a man scalds his hand, what three authors does he mention? Dickens, Howin, Burns.
 How can you change a pumpkin into a squash? Throw it up and it will come down a squash.
 When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.
 Why does a puss purr? For an obvious pur-puss.
 What is the best day to make pancakes? Friday.
 What fur did Adam and Eve wear? Bear (bare) skin.
 What makes more noise than a pig in a sty? Two pigs.
 What part of a fish is like the end of a book? The fins.
 What is that which a cat has, but no other animal? Kittens.
 When has a man brown hands? When he's tandem diving.
 On what side of a church does a yew-tree grow? The outside.
 How long did Cain hate his brother? As long as he was Abel.
 When is a bedstead not a bedstead? When it's a little buggy.
 At what time of the day was Adam born? A little before Eve.
 How would you increase the speed of a slow boat? Make her fast.
 Why is an egg like a colt? Because it isn't fit for use till it's broken.
 Why is a cornfield like a galvanic battery? Because it produces shocks.
 Why did Adam bite the apple Eve gave him? Because he had no knife.
 When is a baby like a breakfast cup? When it's a ter thing (teething).
 What contains more feet in winter than in summer? A skating rink.
 Why should a teetotaler not have a wife? Because he can't support her.
 Why is the letter n like a buck's tail? Because it's the end of venison.
 Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest? Because it had no Eve.
 What evidence have we that Adam used sugar? Because he raised Cain.
 In what key should a declaration of love be made? Be mine, ah! (B minor).
 A Family Tie—Twins.
 "Financial Views"—Looking through a broker's window at the cash inside.
 Where are no rounds of drinks in the ladder of success.
 "How to get fat"—Got to the butcher shop and purchase it by the pound.
 Head Men—Phrenologists.
 Let the play be ever so meritorious, theatre audiences are generally found in tiers.
 Sweetness long drawn out—The music of an accordion.
 A doctor's report would properly come under the head of the news of the week.
 Well Handled—The Pump.
 The man who digs ditches gets spade well for his work.
 There's nothing boisterous about the love for whiskey—it's a still section.
 Light Work—The gas man's.
 A man with a noisy dog calls him "Tree," because all the bark is on the outside.

A keg is like a sick animal, because it is a little bear ill.
 After dark—Chasing a negro.
 'Tis unfair to take advantage of a man without front teeth, by calling him a back-biter.
 Tobacco-leaves—The cigar stubs that are thrown away.
 When the farmer puts a porcelain egg under the hen, is he setting a good egg sample?
 A Singular Being—A bachelor.
 The difference between a woman and an umbrella is, that you can shut up an umbrella.
 A Ship that has Two Mates and no Captain—Courtship.
 In art matters the education of eye, of course, includes the proper treatment of the pupils.
 How to grow fat—Breed hogs.
 Some shoemakers are notoriously long-lived—the lasters, for instance.
 A great hardship—An ironclad.
 The economical baby puts its toes in the mouth to make both ends meet.
 Sechwalline looks without spaces.
 The original fall style happened in the Garden of Eden.
 It is the undertakers who never fail to carry out what they undertake.
 A Talking Person—The policeman.
 Jones calls his dog Hickory, because he has a rough bark.
 A Detroit baker wants to know what is the greatest knead of the hour.
 Taking the cents of the meeting—passing around the hat.
 Spices are not as a rule noisy, but you have all heard the ginger-snaps.
 A Home Ruler—The Kitchen poker.
 "A Parting Glass"—The maiden's fine look in the mirror as her hat.
 A Trimming Store—A barber shop.
 A Milk Shake—When a cow is tossed from the track by a locomotive.
 All men are not home-les, but some are home less than others.
 A Rain-ing Favorite—An umbrella.
 A goose is an inoffensive fowl, and yet everybody gets down on her.
 A cultivated Ear—An ear of corn.
 The best telephone bell—The hell girl at the other end of the line.
 The Worst Thing Out—Out of cash.
 A swallow may not make a summer, but a frog makes a spring.
 Before slates were used people multiplied on the face of the earth.
 Chucky Business—Playing with dice.
 Billiards must be an easy game, for it's mostly done on cushions.
 What is it we often tell others to do and can't do ourselves? Stop a minute.
 Why did the young lady return the dumb waiter? Because he didn't answer.
 What is that which is always in-visible, yet never out of sight? The letter S.
 Do you know the soldier's definition of a kiss? A report at headquarters.
 Why are sentries like day and night? Because when one comes the other goes.
 Why is a spider a good correspondent? Because he drops a line at every post.
 What is that we often catch hold of and yet never see? A passing remark.
 Why is a professional thief very comfortable? Because he takes things easy.
 Why are good intentions like fainting ladies? Because all they want is carrying out.
 What does a stone become in water? Wet.

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52 FIFTH AVE., - - CHICAGO, ILL.

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

Words by
Morris E. Mark.
CHORUS.

"Bon Jour M'sieur"

Music by
E. E. Hedges.

Bon jour M'sieur, bon jour M'sieur, Bon jour, comment ca va? Oh, come, cherie, my sweet babie, We'll sing tra la la

la; Oh, won't you come and take a chance With me in a lit - tle dance? How'd you like to hold me tight? Voi-

la, hoop-lal Oh, do not miss a chance like ziss, Just sing tra la la la, You go like this, you

go like that, Then swing comme ci, comme ca, Grow a lit - tle bold - er so, You can't go too

far, you know, Zat's zee way we do it here in France, Oo la! Bon la!

p-f

f

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

MY HOME LOOKS MIGHTY I JUST LOVE MY DEAR GOOD TO ME OLD YANKEE LAND

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I met a little girlie just the other day,
And I thought she was a little jay,
Said I, "this is no place for you,
This town is much too small,
Your talents only wasted here,
You've got no chance at all,
If you will only come with me,
I'll put you on the stage,
Within a year you'll surely be the rage,"
She merely shook her head:
"I'm much obliged she said,
I think I'll stay at home awhile instead."

CHORUS

May be you think I'm lonely,
May be you think I'm blue,
May be you got the impression that I am in need of you
You're very kind to ask me,
But I don't need sympathy,
I've got a father, mother, sister and brother,
My home looks mighty good to me
She was so very charming I could not resist,
"Girl" said I, "you don't know what you've missed,
You really ought to see the world,
See Broadway shining bright,
The town is simply wonderful! When it's lit up at night,"
She said, "that's very nice of you, but you have come too late
Each night my beau calls 'round for me at eight,
The fact is merely this,
Some ignorance is bliss,
The things you never had you never miss.

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I've travelled over all the earth,
And I've seen the things of greatest worth,
In Italy or Germany,
In Japan, and Sweden too,
At Oblique I took a glance,
In gay Páree I took a chance,
Some folks may think these places fine,
But I don't think they will do,
No matter where I roam,
There's no place just like home.

CHORUS

Give me America, the dear old Yankee land,
Give me the language that my heart can understand,
When I hear that bugle call, it makes me feel so grand,
With Mister Sousa there to lead the band, (Some band man)
Dear old America the land that gave me birth,
Home of the Stars, and Stripes so free,
Gee! the land that's bright both day and night,
In peace or war you're always right,
And I just love the dear old Yankee land.
I've travelled miles and miles and miles,
And I've seen half a hundred styles,
On camels, donkeys, motor cars,
I have hiked it near and far,
But if I had to make my choice,
To see the world I'd raise my voice
I'd rather be a two spot here,
Than Kaiser, King or Czar,
Dear Miss Liberty, you sure look good to me.

IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR DAD

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Sure I've seen a lot of foolish dances doin' night and day,
Quite a lot of funny Dago steps but they're not here to stay,
The way they do that Turkey Trot, now it really makes me
smile,
For way in dear old Ireland we had em beat a mile,
That's why I'm feeling grouchy,
That's why I raise my voice,
For I want to spiel a good Irish reel,
To make my heart rejoice.

CHORUS

Oh, I'm tired to death of hesitations,
Tired to death of variations,
Anyone dances them has got a gall,
Turkey trots and bunny hugs,
They have got no sense at all;
By the lakes of old Killarney,
That's a tune that drives you mad,
Oh a song about some sweet Colleen,
A touch of "Wearin' of the Green," Is good enough for
Dad. Oh, I'm dad.
Sure they took me to a Tango tea,
Ee-oh, it got my goat,
Said I, "That isn't dancing,"
I took off my vest and coat,
"If you want to do some real live steps, come and watch
your Father now,"
Said my daughter, "Pa be seated, for you'll surely raise a
row,
Sex I, "If they start trouble, Just keep both on me,
I've an awful hunch, I could show this bunch an Irish
Jubilee."

IN SAN FRANCISCO TOWN

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It's the talk of the nation,
That big celebration,
Oh way out there,
It's the land of sweet pleasures,
And wonderful treasures,
That San Francisco Fair;
I can hardly wait until my train will start,
"Frisco hospitality has won my heart,
This little town by the ocean,
Has more real devotion,
Than any other town.

CHORUS

I'm on my way, I'm on my way,
Leaving today, leaving Broadway,
The town I love best,
In the golden west
is San Francisco town (some city)
Friend I declare,
I'll meet you there,
Down at the fair,
Where's there's joy in the air,
And I'll be your host on the Barbary Coast,
In San Francisco town.
I'll stop off at Chicago,
And via Wells Fargo,
I'll send a diamond ring,
To a girl that's been waiting,
With heart palpitating,
Happiness will bring;
I wrote her a letter just the other day,
Telling her I'm leaving,
And I'm on my way,
Now I know she feels better,
Since she got my letter,
Telling her I left Broadway.

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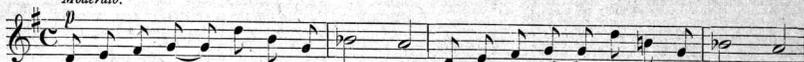
SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

Come Right Back to Me.

Words by HOWARD JOHNSON.
Moderato.

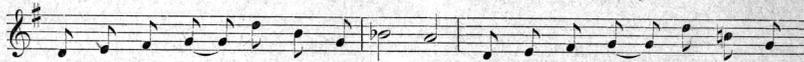
Music by ARCHIE GOTTLER.



It's been a long time since we part - ed, I've been a - lone and bro - ken - heart - ed,
Al - though I know you were to blame, Dear, I can't help lov - ing you the same, Dear,



You said "Good - bye, . . . for - get me," My love for you . . . won't let me;
When I'm a - wake . . . or sleep - ing, In - to my dreams . . . you're creep - ing.



Come back and drive a - way my sad - ness, Change all my sor - rows in - to
Deep in your heart, I know you care, Dear, And you must know the love I

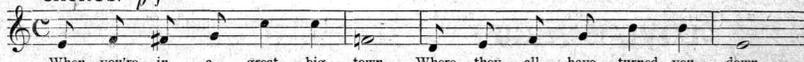


glad - ness, Tho' far a - way, . . . you haunt me, May - be some - day . . . you'll want me,
bear, Dear, When all the world . . . seems lone - ly, Then, if you want . . . me on - ly.



Then just take a train, . come back home a - gain, I'll be wait - ing here for you.
I'll be - lieve in you, and I'll want you too, Then we'll start to love a - new.

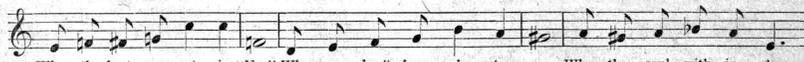
CHORUS. *p-f*



When you're in a great big town, Where they all have turned you down,



When they've got you wor - ried and feel - ing blue, When they've got your mon - ey, your nerve's gone too,



When the best you get is "No," When you don't know where to go, When the soul with - in y'a



cries for old Vir - gin - ia, Come right back to me . . . me . . .

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MOLLY MOGEE

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Big Patsy Murphy loved Molly McGee,
She was as coy as coltsen could be,
Pat oft would sit by the old broken stile,
Foe a glimpse of his Molly's sweet smile,
Long had she flouted and haunted him,
But when she taunted him,
He said one day, "Molly, my heart you're breaking,
Oh why keep it achin' this way."

CHORUS

Molly McGee listen to me,
I swear I love you,
But just because you're pleasin'
Don't be always tossin'
Your Irish boy, your pride and your joy,
Cuddle up close to me,
Let me kiss you Molly,
Once or twice it's jolly,
Dearin' Achone, you've a heart like a stone,
I've made up my mind today we're goin' to wed,
So don't shake your head,
For I've built a cot,
By a shady green spot,
By the lakes of Killarney's shore.

No use your talkin', said Molly McGee,
Patsy, I don't think you'r truthful me,
Besides when we're married I'll find out your sins,
'Tis then a girls trouble begins,
Pat said 'sure faith, that's all folly,
Our lives would be jolly, I've plenty of funds,
The only trouble for Molly would be just a few little ones.

I WANT YOU

Gee, You're Just My Style

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She was pretty, she was witty,
She would look soshy,
She had nauty ways about her,
And a devilish eye,
Nobody know where she came from,
Or why she was there,
But the first time you would see her,
You would surely yell for fair.

CHORUS

I want you, I want you,
Gee, you're just my style,
I want you, and I'll get you, too,
I like your winning smile;
I'll follow you where'er you go,
From Portland, Maine to Mexico,
On the Erie or the B. and O.
For I want you.

She had all the Jonnies guessing,
They kept on her trail,
She would listen while they'd tell some,
Sympathetic tale,
Pretty hats and fancy dresses,
She had them by the score,
Which the Jonnies had to pay for,
Then you would hear them to her roar.

LOVE IS A GIFT

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Love's sweet measure makes the world go 'round,
Hearts true treasure we have found; dear,
Love like ours can never die,
'Tis full fast the ages fly,
Heart calls to heart, dear, when we're apart, dear,
You are the world to me.
The fragrance that's most sublime, my dear,
Seems in my heart to shine, my dear,
A love that's most divine, my dear,
'Tis thine, 'tis thine, Yes, 'tis thine!
Love in such measure, is more than treasure,
True love like ours, sweetheart, is surely a gift of God.
Somehow, love, that is so full of joy,
Brings a touch that's akin to sadness,
In my heart a constant prayer,
To hold fast a gift so rare,
Seldom that mortals glimpse heaven's portals,
You are the world to me,
The fragrance that's most sublime, my dear,
Seems in my heart to shine, my dear,
A love that's most divine, my dear,
'Tis thine, 'tis thine, Yes, 'tis thine!
Love in such measure, is more than treasure,
True love like ours, sweetheart, is surely a gift of God.

DANCE OF THE TANGO MOON

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People, people, people, have you heard,
That the stars have copied us?
It sounds absurd,
The very latest dances, New Tango steps and tunes,
Nightly they are doing in the sky,
When the world down here has fallen fast asleep,
From your bedroom window just go take a peep,
Near the Northern light, if you'll watch each night,
You'll see that they are dancing one and all.

CHORUS

Moon in all his splendor ready for that dance to start,
All the clouds and little cloudlets too will have a part.
Tango Moon has got a smiling face,
As they line up there and take their place,
Soft wind sighing they are surely trying a new tune,
Little stars that you see shining brightly way up there
Are the jewels that the rainbow wear upon their hair,
Diamond slippers on the great Big Bear,
Little Dipper you can bet is there,
Something doing at the dance of the Tango Moon.

Creepy, sleepy music with a gentle sway,
Keeps the world asleeping till the break of day;
The very latest two step, the moon has taught the stars,
Now that they learned it they can't stop,
Talk about the magic music of the spheres,
Maybe you've been doing it up there for years,
I've got a notion too,
That the ocean's blue,
Just because he can't join in the dance.

COME BACK TO ITALY

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Since my Rose Maria she aleave me,
I feel very much blue,
I feel so sad,
Don't know what to do,
So I write her a little letter,
What you call a little note,
Listen, Boss, I tella you justa what she wrote.

CHORUS

Come back to Italy, come back to me,
You know I'm waiting for you, that's true;
Still cooka good spaghetti,
Still got a little monkey,
Come back to Tony, Tony's so lonely,
Come back to dear old Italy
I'm married to my Rose Maria longa time now you know,
I'm no a sad, I'm very much glad,
Now we're got a one little baby,
Just about such a height,
Rose Marie, she tell a me never more I'll have to write.

WAITING FOR THE STACKALEE

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Last night I had a dream about my Southern home,
I thought I saw my dear old cabin home it was so beautiful,
I saw all of my comrades around that cabin door,
Just awaitin for my maw to take us to that Swanee shore

CHORUS

See that Stackalee, coming round the bend,
Hoot toot! I hear them comin'
Hoot toot! I hear them comin'
Hear them whistling for their journey's end,
Puff puff, I see 'em puffin',
Puff puff, I see 'em puffin'.
See those darkies working in the field of yellow corn,
We'll it takes me back to the land where I was born,
In Virginia;
See those pickaninnies pickin' cotton,
All day long, pick, pick, I see 'em pickin'
Pick, pick, I see 'em pickin',
Hear those banjos ringing,
Hear those darkies singing,
All day long, sing, sing,
I hear them singing
Sing, sing, I hear them singing, way down on the river
bank,
There's Uncle Joe, and Uncle Hank, there's Ephraim
and Molly,
Waitin' on the landing, Waitin' on the landing, Waitin'
in on the Stackalee
Smell that possum cooking, on the kitchen stove,
See old mammy poking up the fire to keep the possum hot
See those darkies rollin' on the cabin floor,
Just awaitin' for she dear old Stackalee to come once more

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SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

Respectfully dedicated to my brother, Private A.V. WALL, of the U.S.A.

HE'S A SOLDIER OF THE U.S.A.

DAN J. WALL.

Writer of
"CALL ON ME GAL OF MINE"

JAMES WHITE.

Composer of "FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER"
"AT THE MILLION DOLLAR TANGO BALL"

Marcia

Musical notation for the Marcia section, featuring a piano introduction with a forte (f) dynamic and a piano (p) section.

Musical notation for the first vocal line, including piano accompaniment and lyrics.

VAMP

Hark, our coun-try's call to arms is
Way down south the shot and shell are

Musical notation for the second vocal line, including piano accompaniment and lyrics.

sound - ing Vol - un - teers re - spond from ev - ry state
fall - ing 'Cross the hills of far off Mex - i - co

Musical notation for the third vocal line, including piano accompaniment and lyrics.

'Cross the ver - - dant hills and dales a - bound - ing All stand
Hark, it seems I hear the bu - gle call - ing Sol - dier

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

3

by the Un - ion strong and great Sweet-hearts, friends, and
 boy has gone to face the foe, Man - y are the

moth - ers now are griev - ing Gaz - ing down in - to the fu - ture
 nights that we'll be sigh - ing Man - y are the days that we'll be

years For their fair-haired boy to-night is brave - ly leav - ing
 sad For up - on the bat - tle field a - mong the dy - ing

He leaves be - hind a trail of sighs and tears.
 God knows they may find our brave sol - dier - lad

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

4
CHORUS

p-f

He's a sol - dier, let him have the way

p-f

He's a sol - dier of the Blue and Gray

Oh how we will miss him if he falls in bat - tle's fray

God bless you sol - dier boy of the U. S. A. A.

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

Just a Pair of Little Brown Hands.

Words by
LAURA BUTLER.

Music by
FRANK REYNOLDS.

Valse Andante.



1. There's a heart that is lone - ly and bro - ken to - night, There's a home where the
2. Tho' the day brought its wor - ries, its troub - les and cares, In the eve - nings that



laugh - ter is stilled, . . . There's a moth - er sits there in the fire's mel - low
seem long a - go, . . . Came the mu - sic of lit - tle bare feet on the



light, As she thinks of the plans un - ful - filled. . . There's a cra - dle that's
stairs, That no one but a moth - er may know. . . Gath - er up all the



va - cant, for some one is gone, On a jour - ney to far dis - tant lands, And she's
play-things, and each bro - ken toy, They are treas - ures that mon - ey can't buy, Tho' her

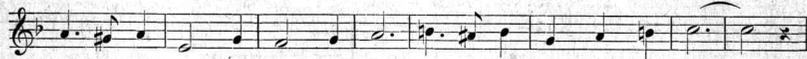


yearn - ing in vain as the long hours roll on, For the clasp of two lit - tle brown hands. . .
heart al - most breaks, yet they bring her a joy, As she kiss - es each one with a sigh. . .

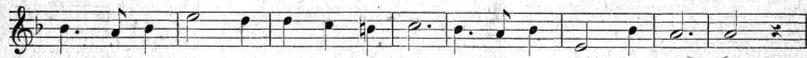
REFRAIN. *Tenderly.*



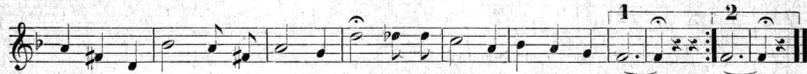
On - ly a pair of lit - tle brown hands, Cling - ing with - in her own, . . .



On - ly a moth - er un - der - stands, Af - ter their touch she has known. . .



All of the wealth that this world con - tains, Jew - els and gold and lands, . . .



Glad - ly she'd give could she hold a - gain, Just a pair of lit - tle brown hands. hands.

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SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

At the Million Dollar Tango Ball.

Words and Music by
JAMES WHITE.

1. Mil - lion - aires gave a Tan - go Ball . . The oth - er night at the Wall Street Hall,
2. Fra - grant per - fume filled the air . . Dia - monds shone from ev - 'ry - where,

Het - ty Green and old John D., Van - der - built and Car - ne - gie . . Mil - lion - aires from
I saw E - va Tang - uay there, She was sing - ing "I don't care." Lead - ers of so

ev - 'ry town Did the Tan - go up and down . . I know you'd
ci - e - ty, Los - ing all . . their dig - ni - ty . . You ought to

think it fun - ny If you could see them, hon - ey, Do - ing things up brown.
see them sway - ing, And hear the mu - sic play - ing On and off the key. . .

CHORUS.

At the Mil - lion Dol - lar Tan - go Ball, Giv - en by the

mil - lion - aires at Wall Street Hall, John D. Rock - e - fel - ler sold the

tick - ets by the score, An - drew Car - ne - gie was tak - ing tick - ets at the door.

Het - ty Green was Danc - ing Mis - tress of the floor, Van - der - built was play - ing ev - 'ry

rag en - core with "Too much Mus - tard" oh, you doll, No one tho't of home at all,

At the Mil - lion Dol - lar Tan - go Ball . . . Ball . . .

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SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

Sing To Me Mother, Sing Me To Sleep.

Words by

J. WILL CALLAHAN,

Writer of "That's What You Mean To Me."

Andante moderato. Con espressivo.

Music by

F. HENRI KLIKKMANN,

Composer of "Just A Dream Of You, Dear."



1. When shad - ows steal a - cross the fields, As day - light fades a - way, And
2. A - gain I see in mem - o - ry My moth - er's face so fair; Her



mem - 'ry brings on tire - less wings Each gold - en yes - ter - day; From
kiss I feel as there I kneel Be - side her knee in pray'r; The

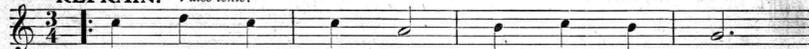


van - ished years of smiles and tears With min - gled joy and pain, In
child - ish ways of child - hood days Come back once more to me, - And



'an - cy then I hear a - gain The ten - der, sweet re - frain: -
in my dreams a - gain it seems, I whis - per ten - der - ly: -

REFRAIN. *Valse lento.*



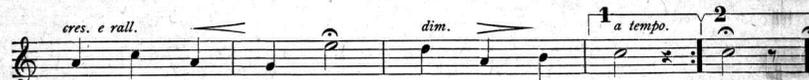
Twi - light is fall - ing, Sing me to sleep,



O - ver the mead - ows Soft shad - ows creep;



Stars in the heav - ens Twin - kle and peep;



Sing to me, moth - er, Sing me to sleep. sleep.

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

You're the Best Little Mother of All.

Words by ED ROSE.

Writer of ("In the Valley of Broken Hearts"
"I'm tired of Living Without You")

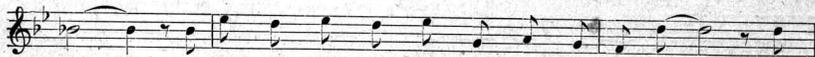
Moderato.

Music by LEO. FRIEDMAN.

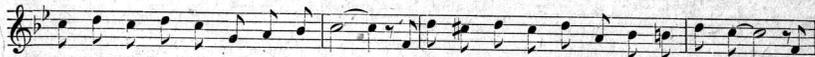
Composer of ("In the Valley of Broken Hearts"
"Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")



I won-der what I'd do with-out you, Moth-er, I won-der who I'd tell my trou-les
When all the joy of sun-shine turns to shad-ows, When all your glad-ness chan-ges in - to



to; . . . I won-der if this wide world holds an - oth - er . . . So
tears, . . . When you have reaped the har - vest from life's mead - ows . . . And



good, so kind, so lov-ing, Dear, as you; I won-der who would whis-per words of kind - ness When
find your bal-ance is just wast-ed years; When love has lost its bat-tles for af - fec - tion, When



things go wrong, as of - ten - times they do; I won-der who would cheer me, I
hearts in pit - y ask "what they have done," When earth it - self seems fall - ing, There's



won - der 'who'd come near me If I had not a moth - er dear like you.
just one voice keeps call - ing, "I'm glad you're com - ing home a - gain, my son."

CHORUS. *With expression.*



You're the best lit - tle moth - er of all, . . . You have shared ev - 'ry sor - row with



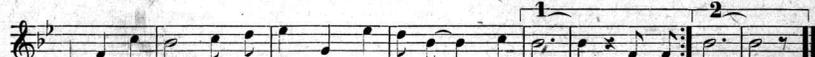
me, . . . You have smiled thro' your tears while the days turned to years, From the



time I first knelt at your knee; And when all of my dreams had been shat - tered,



. . . When my tow - er seemed-read - y to fall. I could come home to you, you knew



just what to do, You're the best lit - tle moth-er of all. You're the all.

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SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

In the Valley of Broken Hearts.

Words by ED ROSE.

Music by LEO FRIEDMAN.

Writer of "I Wonder If You'll Miss Me."
"I Cannot Live Without You."

Composer of "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland,"
"Let Me Call You Sweetheart," etc.

Valse lento.

1. 'T was a day like to - day when I met you, . . . And we wan - dered the
2. 'T was a day like to - day when you told me, . . . That your heart could no

old lane a - lone, . . . 'T was a day like to - day when I kissed you, . . . And you
lon - ger be mine, . . . 'T was a day like to - day when you sold me, . . . To

whis - pered, "I love you, my own," . . . I was hap - py for I loved you
sor - row for love that was blind. . . . Tho' you've bro - ken my heart, I for -

mad - ly, . . . My heart has been yours from the start; . . . You were al - ways so
give you, . . . I love you too dear to com - plain; . . . While in all of my

kind, you were all I could find That bro't joy to my lone - ly heart. .
dreams, it's your sweet face that seems To bring com - fort to me a - gain. . .

CHORUS. *With expression.*

You led me a - cross fields of sad - ness, . . . From dark - ness to skies bright and

clear, . . . You bro't me thro' gar - dens of glad - ness, . . . You kissed a - way

each burn - ing tear; . . . But the heart that you gave to me with - ers, . . . And the

love that I cher - ished de - parts, . . . So I'll jour - ney back there to the

rocks of de - spair, In the val - ley of bro - ken hearts. . . You hearts. . .

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SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

The Wonderful Way You Love.

Moderata.

Words and Music by

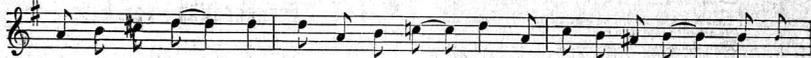
DAVE WOLF,
GUS CHANDLER &
JOS. SULLIVAN.



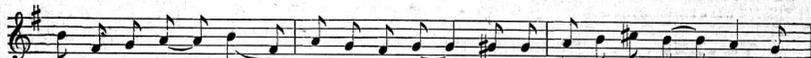
1. There are won-der-ful things in this won-der-ful world, There are won-der-ful boys and there are
2. A won-der-ful moon makes a won-der-ful night, A won-der-ful spoon makes two



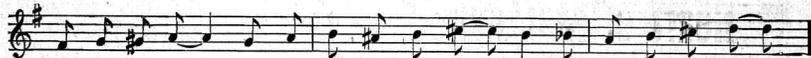
won-der-ful girls, But I've found a won-der-ful some-one in you, And a won-der-ful some-thing in
lov-ing hearts right, A won-der-ful boy and a won-der-ful miss, Are the two things you need for a



all that you do, I've met man-y won-ders but nev-er would fall, Till
won-der-ful kiss, A won-der-ful hand is a won-der-ful thing, It has



won-der-ful you, the sweet won-der of all, If you won-der why I think such
won-der-ful ways of get-ting a ring, If ev-er a man had a



won-ders of you, It's be-cause of the won-der-ful things that you do,
won-der-ful girl, Then I've got the most won-der-ful one in the world.

CHORUS. *p-f*



You have a won-der-ful way of call-ing me dear, You have a won-der-ful way of



draw-ing me near, You have won-der-ful eyes, That cause wonderful sighs, A won-der-ful way of



tell-ing me lies, You have a won-der-ful smile, You're a won-der-ful child, But



that's not what I'm think-ing of, It's the like-a-ble, du-ti-ful,



lov-a-ble, beau-ti-ful, won-der-ful way you love. You have a love.

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

PEG O' MY HEART

Parody by Will J. Harris

VERSE

To a party one night, Goldstein brought his appetite,
He was as hungry as a bear,
And at the supper table there, you can bet he got his share;
O! poor Goldstein, he ate, everything except the plate,
Then some fresh guy whose Irish name was Peg,
Took the knob off the door,
And when Goldstein asked for more,
Peg gave him that for a hard-boiled egg, O! golly,

CHORUS

That egg was hard, like a brick in your back yard,
He tried to bite it in half,
Then the people did laugh;
With a knife he tried to chop it,
The knife it broke and he had to drop it,
Goldstein got sore, so he threw the knob on the floor,
He yelled, "I'll bet you my leg
That the hen who layed this egg
Was a Plymouth Rock.

There's a Girl in The Heart of Maryland

Parody by Will J. Harris

VERSE

In a restaurant walked Mary, to get a bite to eat,
She ordered wieners and sour-kraut
And a side-dish of pigs feet;
When she got home that evening to get a good night's rest,
She yelled and moaned, and then she groaned
For she was in great distress.

CHORUS

There was a pain in the heart of Mary, and
She thought she was going to die,
Oh those wieners and pigs feet
As soon as they did meet
Made poor old Mary sigh:
The wieners were a German dish
And the pigs feet an Irish treat,
They fought 'neath the heart of Mary and
She lost all her beauty sleep.

INTERNATIONAL RAG

Parody by Will J. Harris

VERSE

Old Heinrich felt so gay, 'cause his wife went away,
That night he thought he'd celebrate
Because he was a lucky gink;
He met a Jew whose name was Cohen
And then an Irishman named Malone
Then he just asked them if they'd come and have a
rink:

CHORUS

The Hebrew ordered dry gin fizz
The Irishman took Scotch for his
Old Heinrich drank some rhine wine
Then the three, filled with glee, went upon a little spree:
Old Heinrich yelled let's spend our dough
And then you know poor Cohen got an awful headache;
Malone then yelled, "Down with the Dutch",
Next day he walked on a crutch;
And old Heinrich had a black eye;
Poor old Cohen he went home with a big bump on his
dome;
Those three men were no relations
They just came from different nations
But they all got fixed when they mixed in the Inter-
national Jig.

THE CURSE OF AN ACHING HEART

Parody by Will J. Harris

VERSE

Into a one-armed restaurant, a fellow chanced to stray,
He marched in line with all the "boobs"
And placed food on his tray;
But when he started in to eat
The stuff that he bought there,
He heard a whisper from the tray, and 'this it did declare:--

CHORUS

"They made me what I am today,
I hope they're satisfied,
First I was a sirloin steak, and then a lamb chop fried,
They've named me nearly twenty things
Upon that menu chart,
Now I'm sold to you, as a kidney stew,
That's the curse of a 'Hashers' heart."

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU

Parody by Will J. Harris

VERSE

Jake Cohen took a walk one day, to the bathing beach
they say,
He saw that everyone was gay, so he wanted to swim right
away;
He rented a nice bathing suit, in it he looked like a beauty,
But when he went in for a dip, the bathing suit began to
rip.

CHORUS

Cohen yelled, "don't shove me,
I think there's something doing,
I feel some trouble brewing;
If some one shoves me
I think I will look maybe, like a little new born baby;
I feel so chilly, look I'm shaking like a leaf
This bathing suit fits me like a handkerchief, oh don't
look,
Bring me a barrel,
Hurry up and do it, and then I'll jump into it;
'Cause I am feeling blue, what would you do if it was
you?
When I stand here so forlorn,
I look just like September Morn,
So please go and fetch me my clothes."

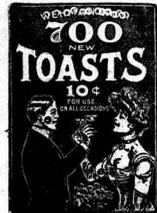
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 Barn Yard Rag.
 Beautiful Doll Good-Bye.
 Be My Little Baby Bumble Bee.
 Beagle Man Moon.
 Casey Jones.
 Chanticleer Craze.
 Chicago.
 Chiribidin.
 Comes with Me to Spooney Land.
 Daisies Won't Tell.
 Don't Wake Me Up I Am Dreaming.
 Down By the Old Mill Stream.
 Down in Dear Old New Orleans.
 "Down in Melody Lane."
 Dreams Just Dreams.
 Everybody's Doing It.
 Everybody Two-Step.
 Garden Of Dreams.
 Garden Of Roses.
 See I Like Music With My Meads.
 Girl of My Dreams.
 Girl Upon the Dollar in the Sweetheart of Us All.
 Good-Bye Rose.
 Goody Goody Goody Goody Good.
 Go Slow Joe.
 Grow Old Along with Me.
 Happy Rag.
 Harbor of Love.
 Hitchy Koo.
 If All My Dreams Were Made Of Gold I'd Buy the World For You.
 If I Forget.
 If Only Had a Sweetheart.
 I Go Home to My Wife.
 I Like It Better Every Day.
 I'll Sit Right on the Moon and Keep My Eyes on You.
 I'm Awfully Glad the Girl I Had Has Found Another.
 I'm Going Back to Carolina.
 I'm the Guy.
 In All My Dreams I Dream of You.
 In Georgia Land.
 I Often Wonder if You Miss Me.

It's the Last Time for Some-time.
 I Want a Girl Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad.
 Kill That Bear.
 Let Me Call You Sweetheart.
 Let Me Spend My Vacation With You.
 Let's Be Kids Again.
 Little Maid of Old Chicago.
 Little Star Won't You Twinkle.
 Maybe I'll Come Back.
 Meet Me Te-night But Not in Dreamland.
 Miss the Sunny Fields of Dixie.
 Moonlight Bay.
 Mr. Ragtime Whippoorwill.
 My Heart Has Learned to Love You.
 My Hula Hula Love.
 My Little Persian Rose.
 My Rose Of Kildare.
 Navajo Rag.
 Night and Day.
 Not Till Then Will I Cease to Love You.
 Oceanic Roll.
 Oh What a Beautiful Dream You Seem.
 Oh You Beautiful Doll.
 Oh You Girl.
 Oh You Silvery Bells.
 Oh You Tease.
 On a Beautiful Night with a Beautiful Girl.
 Only One Daisy Left.
 On Mobile Bay.
 On the Mississippi.
 Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet.
 Put Your Arms Around Me.
 Ragtime.
 Ragtime Soldier Man.
 Ragtime Violin.
 Rain.
 Remember Me to My Old Gal.
 Row Row Row.
 Sail on Silvery Moon.
 Silver Bell.
 Silver Threads Among the Gold.
 Sleep and Be Happy.
 Somebody Else Is Getting It.
 Someday We'll Be Happy.
 Stop, Stop, Stop, Come and Love Me Some More.

Sweet Bunch Of Daisies.
 Take Me Back to the Garden of Love.
 Take Me to Your Arms Again.
 Tale the Orphan Told.
 Tell Me that You Love Me.
 The College Rag.
 That Old Girl of Mine.
 That Mysterious Rag.
 That Railroad Rag.
 That's How I Need You.
 The Judge He Was Irish Too.
 The Hold Up Rag.
 Then I'll Stop Loving You.
 There's a Mother Old and Grey Who Needs Me Now.
 The Whole World Reminds Me of You.
 They Always Pick on Me.
 Tipperary Mary.
 Trombone Slide.
 Undertake Man.
 Vain of Dreams.
 Waiting for the Robert E. Lee.
 Way Out in Utah.
 We Are the Boy Scouts.
 What's the Matter with Father.
 When I Dream of You.
 When I Get You Alone Tonight.
 When I Dream of Old Erin.
 When I Lost You.
 When I Waltz with You.
 When Jack Comes Sailing Home Again.
 When the Daisies Bloom Again.
 When the Firemen Meet Their Feet.
 When the Sunset Turns the Ocean Blue to Gold.
 When Rubenstein and Mendelssohn Played the Wearing of the Green.
 When You and I Were Young Maggie.
 When You're Angry.
 Where the River Shannon Flows.
 When Are You Going to Marry?
 Why Did You Make Me Care.
 You Dear.
 You're a Year Ago.
 You'll Do the Same Thing You're My Baby.

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 Ants, to kill—release from trouble
 Ape, to catch—uncertain benefit
 Ape, to kill—unfairly criticized
 Apparel, to destroy—envious
 Apparel, to get new—love affair
 Apples, to pick—luck in gambling
 Apples, to eat—sickness
 Apple tree, to see—bright future
 Arms, to break—worry
 Armed men, to speak to—success
 Artillery, to see—sad news
 Astera, faded—hope crushed
 Attorney, to see—quarrel
 Aunts, to meet—unpleasant meeting
 Ax, to use—treacherous friend
 Baby, to get—happiness
 Baby, to see—surprise
 Back of a person, to see—sickness
 Bacon, to see—skin disease
 Sadger, to be bitten by—trouble
 Sags, to see—proposal accepted
 Sags, to fill—successful courtship
 Baker or Bakery—diffidence
 Sala person to see—faithful wife
 Ball, to roll—impatience
 Ball, to throw—empty promises
 Ball, to attend—inheritance
 Ballet, to see—long life
 Bandit, to see—strange adventure
 Bank, to see—good health
 Banquet, to see—quiet happiness
 Barber, to see—bad news
 Barley, to harvest—wealth
 Barometer, to see—losing faith
 Barrels, to roll—busy life
 Barrels, to see—ingenious fraud
 Basket, to carry—seduced
 Bass, to sing—new occupation
 Bat, to catch—audacious visitor
 Bathe, to—trouble by evening
 Beam, to see—faithful lover
 Beans, to eat—envy
 Bear, to see—obstacles ahead
 Beard, to have—satisfied longing
 Beard, to shave off—dissatisfaction
 Bed, to fall out of—bankruptcy
 Bed, to go to—peace of mind
 Bedbugs, to see—rumor of disease
 Bee, to be stung by—worry
 Beehive, to see—a journey
 Bee, to see—indisposition
 Beef, to buy—jolly friends
 Beef, to eat—sickness
 Beef, to cut—happy meeting
 Beer, to brew—sure gain
 Beer, to drink—short sickness
 Beets, to eat—hard times coming
 Beggar, to speak to—treachery
 Belt, to lose—successful journey
 Belt, to take off—losing a friend
 Belt, to put on—acquiring friend
 Bicycle, to see—good news
 Billows, to see—useless efforts
 Builder, to speak to—useless woman
 Bird, to kill—quarrel with friend
 Bird flying, to see—peace of mind
 Birds in cage—disagreeable letter
 Bird's nest, to see—secure position
 Birth, to see—lethal of sadness
 Biton, to be—worry

Blacksmith, to see—good profit
 Boat, to be in—risky undertaking
 Boat, to buy—house-cleaning
 Bread, to see—good health
 Bride, to become—disappointment
 Bridal party, to see—luck
 Bridge falling, to see—accident
 Brother, to part with—dispute
 Bull, to be hooked by—jealousy
 Bullfrog, to kill—dissatisfaction
 Burial, to see—getting feverish
 Burglary, to commit—slander
 Burial, to attend—bad humor
 Candy, to eat—dissatisfaction
 Cannon, to shoot off—good news
 Carpet, to see—unholy affection
 Castle, to see—sadness
 Cats, to see—peace of mind
 Cheese, to eat—envy
 Cherries, to eat—sickness
 Chickens, to eat—bright future
 Chocolate, to buy—poor bargain
 Cigar, to buy—friendship
 Climb, to—bad company
 Clover, to pick—good news
 Codfish, to catch—making friends
 Comedy, to see—meeting relatives
 Cornfield, to see—great luck
 Cradle, to lie in—get a good idea
 Cream, to drink—mishaps
 Criminal, to see—win in games
 Cross, to carry—good luck
 Crown, to wear—death in family
 Curtain, to pull down—loss
 Daisy, to pick—good luck
 Danger—treacherous lady friend
 Dead animal, to see—luck
 Devil, to see—improving health
 Doctor, to speak to—long life
 Dog, to be bitten by—great trouble
 Drive, to—loss or failure
 Drown, to—lot of trouble ahead
 Duck, to see—being loved
 Eclipse of the moon—fear
 Eggs, to buy—trespassing
 Enemy, to meet—quiet rest
 Executed, to be—indisposition
 Farmer, to see—contentment
 Feast, to attend—pleasant news
 Fever, to have—meeting a doctor
 Fire, to make—friendship
 Fire, to see—money
 Fish, to catch—good news
 Fleas, to catch—uncertain gain
 Flowers, to see—loss or accident
 Flowers, to pick—joy
 Fox, to see—deceitful company
 Friend, to see—treachery
 Funeral, to attend—sadness
 Gamble, to quarrel
 Girl, to kiss—treachery
 Gloves, to see—ladies' social
 Gold-fish, to catch—reverses
 Goose, to kill—false friends
 Grandparents—inheritance
 Grave, to dig—gay lady friend
 Gun, to fire—danger past
 Gypsy, to see—great luck
 Hair-pin, to see—anxiety
 Ham, to eat—failing health
 Hat, new, to wear—jealousy
 Hebrew, to trade with—health
 Herring, to catch—longevity
 Hiccough, to have—domestic joy
 Hog, to catch—family jars
 Horse, to see—fire

Horse-blanket, to find—great luck
 Hosiery, to put on—rheumatism
 Hotel, to see—unrequited love
 House, to sell—faithful spouse
 Hungry, to be—friendship
 Insane, to see—lucky venture
 Insect, to catch—profit
 Island, to be on—reverses
 Janitor, to speak to—amusement
 Key, to lose—loss of fortune
 Knapsack, to carry—great joy
 Knife, to get cut on—amusement
 Knobs, to untie—happiness
 Lake, to sail on—love returned
 Lamp, to extinguish—wasted joy
 Lark in the air, to see—great luck
 Laughter—good health
 Leaches, to see—hasty temper
 Licorice, to eat—unpleasant news
 Lilies, to plant—making progress
 Linen, to see—short sickness
 Lobster, to see—extra expense
 Losing flesh—good humor
 Lung-trouble, to have—sorrow
 Machine, to see—seduction
 Paper, to read—good news
 Park, to drive in—joy
 Parrot, to see—gay girl's society
 Paste, to see or use—true affection
 Pearls, to see—slander
 Pictures, to draw—falling in love
 Pigeons, to catch—profit
 Pimples, to have—good news
 Pistol, to shoot off—strange event
 Pitcher, to break—quarrel
 Playing band, to hear—good news
 Poison, to drink—success
 Police, to see—long life
 Poker, to play—loss progress
 Fork, to eat—death
 Potatoes, to eat—bright fever
 Prison, to suffer—brighter outlook
 Poverty, to be in—nervous disease
 Profanity, to hear—spoiled fun
 Pup, to pet—getting into office
 Quail, to eat—unfounded fear
 Quarrel, to begin—treacherous intention
 Rabble, to see—happiness
 Steak, to eat—will be bothered
 Steamship, to be on board—fire
 Stilt, to walk on—bright future
 Stones, to climb over—health
 Storekeeper, to speak to—loss
 Straw, to see—true and faithful man
 Sugar, to eat—losing courage
 Suicide, to see—friendship
 Supper, to go to—success
 Swear, to—uncertain future
 Sweetheart, to speak to—trouble
 Talking with the dead—news
 Tea, to drink—dispute
 Teacher, to speak to—poverty
 Theater, to be in—dissatisfaction
 Thistle, to see—petty grievances
 Tickled, to be—neuralgic pains
 Tiger, to see—good health
 Toad or frog, to see—wealthy
 Toast, to give—false friends
 Tobacco, to see—danger passing
 Towel, to use—pride conquered
 Town, to visit—divine joy
 Train in motion, to see—idleness
 Trail, to follow—winning affection
 Treachery, to discover—good income
 Truck, to drive—divine joy
 Trumpet, to blow—increased salary

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HOT-STUFF "JOKELETS"

Tess—So he really said he thought me very witty, eh?
 Jess—Not exactly. He said he had to 'augh every time he saw you.

"So you enjoyed your walk, Kate; did you go quite alone?"—Katie: "Oh yes, mamma, quite alone."

Little brother: "Then how is it, Kit, that you took an umbrella, and brought home a walkingstick?"

A gentleman burying his wife, a friend asked why he expended so much on her funeral. "Ah, sir!" he replied, "she would have done as much or more for me, with pleasure, only she happened to die first."

"My dear children, kiss this lady's hand. She is the new mother I promised to bring you." After taking a square look at the new mother, little Charlie said, "Pa, you have been fooled. She ain't new at all!"

Harris—So Charley is sick of his bargain already? He ought to have known enough not to fall in love with a pretty face.

Betram—I know; but it happened, you see, that the face was in repose when he fell in love with it.

Father—Well, Johnnie, are you able to keep your place in your classes?

Johnnie—Yes, pa! I began at the foot and there's not a single boy been able to take it from me.

"Why don't you eat your apple, Tommy?" "I'm waiting till Johnny Briggs comes along. Apples taste much better when there's some other kid to watch you eat 'em."

Mother—What are you crying for, child?

"Johnny hurt me."

"Flow, pray!"

"I was going to hit him with my fist, when he ducked his head—and I struck the wall."

She—It must have been an awful storm to blow away the lighthouse.

Cholly—Terrible, my dear! But it could only have been through carelessness that there was a lighthouse in such an exposed place.

"Well, Doctor, how did you enjoy your African journey? How did you like the savages?" "Oh, they were very kind-hearted people; they wanted to keep me there for dinner."

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young tender chicken from a tough one?" "Of course I can." "Well, how do you tell it?" "By the teeth." "Chickens have no teeth, man." "No, but I have."

Sunday School Teacher—You must recollect that all I am telling you happened one thousand, eight hundred and seventy-nine years ago.

Pupil—Oh, miss how the time do slip away!

Scribbler—Is he a writer of fiction?

Scrawler—Yes; he's the author of "How to Live Well on Eight Dollars a Week."

"The idea of getting a monument over your pet dog!" exclaimed Mr. Graybeard. "I'll warrant you wouldn't do so much for me."

"Indeed," replied his young wife, "I'd be glad to."

Somehow a man feels much worse the day after he's lost an hour's sleep on account of the baby, then he does the day after he has lost five hours' sleep at the club.

Henpeck—I want to sue for divorce.

Lawyer—Has your wife left you?

Henpeck—No, she won't.

"The baby looks like his father."

"You don't mind that if he's otherwise all right, will you?"

Sweet Girl—And do you really love me?

Commercial Traveller—With my whole soul.

Sweet Girl (doubtfully)—How am I to know that you are telling the truth?

Commercial Traveller (earnestly)—I am not seeing goods now.

Ardent Suitor—I lay my fortune at thy feet.

Fair Lady—Fortune! I didn't know that you had money.

Ardent Suitor—I haven't much; but it takes very little to cover those tiny feet. He got her.

Magistrate—Do you prefer charges against this man?

McSwat—Sure, yer honor, I prefer damages.

Yeast—What do you think of the man who will put a penny on the plate when he goes to church, but who will pay \$2 for a front seat at the theatre?

Crimsonbeak—I think he's consistent.

"I can't see it."

"Why, it shows that he wants to be close, wherever he goes."

"Do you not regret renouncing the devotion of those men who have so often cheered you as their leader?"

"No," answered the Filipino who had just taken the oath of allegiance. "I have thought the matter over carefully. I'd rather have three meals a day than three cheers."

"I have written an article on 'How to live on Fifteen Shillings a week,'" he explained to the editor.

"Well," said the editor, "You had better write the sequel to it."

"I do not understand."

"Why, 'How to get the Fifteen shillings.'"

"I should think," she said in her pretty way, "that in such a rough game outsiders would know better than to intrude upon the field."

He looked puzzled.

"When do you mean?" he asked.

"Why," she answered, "didn't you just read to me that some inquisitive person named A. Goal was twice kicked from the field?"

Purchaser—Can he jump?

Irish Dealer—Jump? Bedad! if he was put in a field, ye'd have to put a lid on it to kape him in!

He—What a dream of beauty Mabel Garlinghorn is!

She—But how rudely she wakes ye up when she opens her mouth!

Mistress—Why, Bridget, what on earth are you doing with all the broken dishes on the shelf?

Bridget—Sure, mum, yez towld me Oi wur to replace every one Oi broke.

Husband—I wonder what he shall wear in heaven.

Wife—Well, if you are there, John, I imagine most of us will wear surprised looks.

"I am so glad I went to church this morning. It was just lovely."

"Were you much interested?"

"Yes, I was, and I have decided to make a radical change."

"Indeed! In regard to what?"

"Why, in regard to trimming my new Spring hat."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—You had better take your overcoat with you to-night, dear.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Are you going to sit up for me until I come home?

"Yes, John."

"Then I think I'd better take my stormcoat."

"He seems to prize his fiancé very highly," said the first sweet thing.

"Naturally," replied the second sweet thing. "She's hand painted, you know."

What are you frowning about, Madger? inquired the soubrette who answered to the name of Polly Pinkettes.

"This notice in the papers," replied the large person, Fay Fifi. "I'm trying to figure out whether it's complimentary or not. It says: 'Fay Fifi' is on the bills as the 'Burlisque Beauty.' That describes her style exactly."

This world is rough, but never mind, Keep singing as you go, For if you stop to kick, you'll find You're very simply stubbed your toe.

Wife—"Here's an article in this paper on 'How Men Propose.' Do you remember how you proposed to me?"

Husband—"Not exactly, but it must have been in the dark by mistake."

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