

HOGAN'S ALLEY FOLK IN THE SURF.



A THREE CORNERED FIGHT IN McFADDEN'S FLATS.



I
The Yellow Kid the fighting monk
Led on a little chain.

II
He for the parrot madly plunged,
Which made the bird profane.

III
The Tom cat then a hand took in
And round McFadden's Flats

IV
The air was one great whirling wheel
Of feathers, monks and cats.



IV
The Yellow Kid was rattled till
He shouted in his fright,

V
Because he couldn't stop the tide
That whirled them in their flight,

VI
Till mir'as feathers, skin and tails,
They were a sorry sight.

R. K. M.

LET'S GO AN TELL
DE GOAT-GEES
BUT HE WILL
LAUGH

WELL
I TAWT
YOU WAS A
MONKEY - BUT
SAY NOW YOU
ABE A MONKEY
FER FAIR - SAY
YOU BETTER GO
LOSE YERSELF

HULLY
CHEE
DERE GITTIN
ME IN TER
DIS SCRAP

DIS IS
WORSE DAN
DE COCK
FIGHT

SAY!
I WONDER
IF DEY'LL
EVER STOP

I WILL HELP DE
PARROT FER I
HATE DE MONK

YOU AINT SO
MANY. I KIN DO
YOU IN A WALK
SEE

R. F. Outcault

McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

By the Author of "GHIMMIE FADDEN"
And the Originator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."

WHEN she heard of Tim's plans for Christmas, Mrs. Murphy remarked, "I do hope Santa Claus will put something filling in those Riccadonna girls' stockings—for reasons which is obvious and unbecoming in a lady to discuss."

That remark was the only uncharitable thing about Mrs. Murphy's connection with the great Christmas festival which Tim, greatly assisted by that lady, arranged for the benefit of the McFadden Flatters.

As is very well known to everybody from the Bridge to Houston street, Tim is a man of means and substance.

Does he not own the Flats and more besides? Mrs. Murphy would tell you of bank accounts, yes, and of bonds and stocks belonging to Tim, if you'd listen; but the fact that she has paid Tim no rent these dozen years since the decease of the

lamented Murphy by way of the D. T.'s lends, possibly, a tinge of romance to her stories of Tim's wealth.

But however that may be, the fact remains that not a Flatter, from the youngest Kelly baby to Mrs. Murphy, was forgotten by that most excellent landlord when the time for distribution came. But that's ahead of the present stage of the story.

"I'd be wishing and having preference thereof," Tim said to Mrs. Murphy in discussing his plans, "to aid and abet each Flatter with whatsoever is most beneficial to his or her needs; but likewise, Mrs. Murphy, I'd like, moreover, by way of diversion, to give to each something not strictly useful, but merely ornamental."

It was then Mrs. Murphy made her mystic remark concerning the filling of the Riccadonna girls' stockings.

So, for a week preceding Christmas, Tim and Mrs. Murphy boldly set forth each evening and braved the dangers of Manhattan Island as far north as Grand street, and there they stopped and bargained and purchased for the great Santa Claus festival until Mrs. Murphy was well nigh overcome by her ancient enemy, the thirst, when

they'd go over to the Bowery and watch the delightful players in the Winter Garden while reviving themselves with a mug or two of beer.

Then back to Grand street, where Mrs. Murphy's advice and Tim's purse soon provided something not only useful, but, as Tim desired, ornamental, for each Flatter. It was in the question of who should appear as the giver in each instance that Mrs. Murphy's advice was most useful to Tim. Of course she knew that a pound of tea seeming to come to Mrs. Dunnigan from Mrs. Kelly would save certain hurts Mrs. Dunnigan had felt ever since Mary Ellen and not Delia was selected to "mind" the Kelly baby. She knew that a woollen comforter from Mrs. McSwatt to Congo would be a pleasing gift, in view of the number of times McSwatt had made fun of Congo in verse. All these things she knew and explained to Tim with so much discernment that he sighed to think so wise a widow should decline to change her state.

But where Mrs. Murphy's wisdom failed was in deciding who should seem to be the donor of the presents to her own darling Mary Ellen. This difficulty arose from the fact that both Marty the twin and McSwatt the poet were suitors for Mary Ellen's favors.

Tim settled that by deciding to allow Mary Ellen a present from each of her youthful beaux, and the preparations went on.

Not without some preliminary trouble. Congo heard McSwatt, who is a cynic as well as a poet, express doubts on the reality of Santa

Claus. That brought about fierce and instant battle in which the truth prevailed, because Congo knocked McSwatt's head against the cobles until the poet acknowledged full belief in the reality of the Saint of the reindeers and the roof-tops.

There was also a Flat tempest over the question of the Riccadonna girls (four), who refused to go to the festival except in their fairy clothes, to which Kittle Hogan objected stoutly.

"Leave them come as they want," urged Tim. "Rather than not have every Flatter present and accounted for at the festival I'd leave them come with no close at all but hardly."

"Sure," replied Kittle, "and that is just what they are doing—wearing no close but hardly."

Santa Claus, it was arranged, was to make his visit to the roof of the Flat Christmas Eve, and Tim, of course, was to impersonate him. Hours before the old folks had all the preparations made on the roof the children were gathered in an eager group on the street, waiting for the signal to climb the four flights of stairs and enter paradise through the roof scuttle.

It was there McSwatt publicly recanted his doubts concerning the realism of the Saint, and gave testimony to his new belief with all the fervor of a convert.

"Latys and Chents," said McSwatt, "de mug what wese is going t'see when we chases ourselves t'de roof is real all right all right, but he is forn. Since me argymnt wid me friend Congo I has made research, and has de pedigree of Santa Claus down fine. He was born in Fairyland, and his mudder is de laty what rode on a broom."

"Isn't it beautiful!" murmured Mary Ellen. "His fadder," continued McSwatt, "is Jack de Giant Killer, and dey all lyes t'gedder on de parlor floor front of de swellest flat in Fairyland."

"Where is dat?" whispered the youngest Riccadonna, who, being dressed like a fairy, was naturally interested.

"It's above Fourteen' street," said Delia. "Hush."

"In Fairyland," McSwatt resumed, "all de mugs don't do a ting but eat tree times a day widout work, except t'pick presents offen de bushes dere, and give em t'Santa Claus t'give to us, see?"

"I wish he'd give me a warm dress," said the youngest Riccadonna.

"And me a pair of boxing gloves t'fall on," Slippy Dempsey said, and in a minute all the boys and girls were expressing their wishes, and to the credit of Mrs. Murphy be it said each wish had been anticipated by her selections.

But the festival on the roof! Nowhere in New York was there a merrier party; and when Mrs. Murphy found out that she would not have to go all the way down to Kelly's to fill her growler, because some one had tapped a keg up there, she was heard to say to Mary Ellen: "Hasten quickly, darlint, and go over there and give Santa Claus a kiss for me. Hasten quickly, dear, or I'll be forgetting me manners and giving him one meself."

Mary Ellen did as she was told, and then returned to her mother and whispered: "Santa Claus may have come from Fairyland, but he's been smoking Tim McFadden's pipe, all right all right."

E. W. TOWNSEND.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS IN McFADDEN'S FLATS.

A DARK SECRET; OR HOW THE YELLOW KID TOOK A PICTURE.



Liz. I ain't no Sarony, but I couldnt miss it on you cause yer all right as a model.

First let me pose ye a little an' we'll have a regular "shep doove."

Yer want a nice satisfied expresshun on yer face * * * see?



Now ye look great—steady—It's a go.

(From inside the Cabinet)—Jist be patient, it's coming out fine.

I'm awful sorry, Liz, 'deed I am; gimme a nother chance?

R. Outcault.

McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

By the Author of "CHIMMIE FADDEN"
And the Originator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."

URE, we're getting that fashionable I'll be having to give up drinking beer and take to mixed ale to be in the swim."

Thus spoke Mrs. Murphy when she heard that Kelly was to open a bowling alley.

Mrs. Dunnigan had the poor taste to reply: "You'd be doing yourself no harm, Mrs. Murphy, if you took to drinking water when you give up beer—soon come the day!"

This was said in revenge on the part of Mrs. Dunnigan for Mrs. Murphy having returned some of the Riccadonna girls' fairy clothes in the Dunnigan wash, in place of the decorous white goods

worn by Della, the twin. Della, who is young and in love, and consequently giddy, wore the fairy article of skirt at a roof party, much to the horror of her good mother, and the frantic indignation of the Riccadonna girls (four), who were prevented thereby from attending the bowling alley opening. The skirt had to go back to Mrs. Murphy for laundry purposes and was not returned in time for the bowling party, and as the Sisters only travel in an unbroken squad of four, none of them went.

It was a success nevertheless.

As Mrs. Murphy's remark indicated, it marked the growing fashionableness of McFadden's Row of Flats, and as such was hailed with joy by her, an old and loyal flatterer, and with profound pride by Tim, the proprietor. As to the children, it is needless to

say that the addition of such a favoring institution for parties, gambling, fighting and other amusements made a great hit with them.

Slippy Dempsey, or the "Falledoff," as he is called, found the roof entirely to his liking. McSwatt, the poet, at once put the ten pins into a set of verses dedicated to Mary Ellen Murphy. They began:

"Like my love for thee these ten pins be!" and ended:

"Why bowl me down with unkind frown?"

Marty Dunnigan approved the alley as exactly suited to his taste for a duelling ground. He imparted this view to Mary Ellen.

"An' you look wid favor upon dat dinky poet McSwatt. His blood or mine stains de new Kelly bowling alley! Nay, hear me, Mary Ellen Murphy! He's too haughty an' he's too fresh, an' I'll push in his face if he makes anudder pass for you wid his pot'ry."

Mary Ellen only sighed, for she had not made up her mind yet which of the two, McSwatt or Marty the Twin, her young heart most favored, so she only sighed. McSwatt was an office boy, but she did not know yet whether his wages were more than Marty made selling papers. So she only sighed. It was a discussion of their children's affairs of the heart which brought a reconciliation between Mesdames Murphy and Dunnigan, after the slight difference resulting from the remarks opening this chapter. Tim, indeed, was the first cause of bringing the ladies together, for he cannot abide a strife to stand between his tenants.

By the power vested in me, the deponent further declares that if you'll lower that can, Mrs. Murphy, I'll hasten quickly for the beer," sang out Tim, passing under her window after the quarrel. When he returned with a full can he had Mrs. Dunnigan with him, and terms of peace were soon made. "Sure," remarked Tim, "we must all be good friends against the opening of Kelly's Bowling Alley come Saturday night; for if any quarrel before then they'll not enjoy the lovely fight we may have

on that befitting occasion." It was Tim's belief that only friends enjoy fighting.

So it was while the two ladies were talking over the affair between Mary Ellen and Marty that the Yellow Kid entered the room to get Mrs. Murphy to sew a button on the back of his frock. Unhappily he was accompanied by that dreadful monkey. The Kid should have known better, for, as every one remembers, Mrs. Murphy is the custodian of the parrot, and a parrot and a monkey are not suited to each other's society, and never have been. It was not the first time they had met, but always before the monkey had begun proceedings. This time the programme was reversed. The monkey was perched on the back of a chair intently watching Mrs. Murphy's work with the needle when the parrot quietly and unseen emerged from an empty washtub and saw the chance of its life. With surprising swiftness and unerring aim that much abused bird swooped down on the monkey and fastened its hard, revengeful beak in the monkey's tail close to the body.

There were four wild shrieks. The monkey first, then the Kid when Mrs. Murphy ran the needle into his neck full length; then Mrs. Dunnigan when the frantically struggling combatants jammed the can from which she was drinking tight over her face; and last from Mrs. Murphy when the outraged monkey threw a bowl of bluing and a pan of starch over the parrot. But still the bird held on. There was a riotous tumult of noise and motion for about two minutes, and then the parrot flew into its cage carrying the monkey's tail with it. Its only remark as it locked itself in was: "Am I in it? Well!"

There was very little genuine sympathy for the Kid over the mutilation of his pet, for the monk had injured the person or feelings of every one of the Flatters, and on the night of the alley opening there was much quiet satisfaction expressed over the subdued state of the monk.

Many games were played in the Alley, but in one only was Mary Ellen interested; that was the bowling contest between McSwatt and Marty. She kept score, and kept it so that, no matter how the game ran, neither luck nor skill on either side could make an advantage in the two totals she announced from time to time. "Never," said she to herself, "never will I know me own heart, nor will dose kids know dere own game till I learns how much each one earns. A lady has a right to look out for de main charact when she's moving in fashionable society. No, Mary Ellen, steal your heart till you is sure which of dose two mugs is winning de most long green!"

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.



SPECTATORS GALLERY
JUST A FEW WORDS
DESE ALLEYS IS FER BOWLING AND DATS ALL - DE BALLS MUST BE KEPT IN DE ALLEY. DE TEN PINS IS NOT TO BE USED FER WEPPINS OR INDIAN CLUBS. AN SAY DE FLOWING BOWL IS ONLY TO BE FOUND UPSTAIRS IN DE BAR, WHERE YE KIN GIT A BALL OF ANY KIND. DERE IS A ALLEY BACK OF DE HOUSE - AN IN CASE ANY ONE BOWLS DERE, DEY MUST BE CAREFUL, CAUSE WE ARDE USING BOTTLES FER PINS AN BOWLERS FER BALLS AN DE PINS IS LIABLE TO GIT BROKE - SO IS ANY ONE WHO BETS DAT DE YELLER KID WILL BE BEAT. DE NAUGHTY RICCADONNA SISTERS ARE CHANGIN DERE CLOSE AN WILL BE HERE AT TEN TE GIVE DE GAME AN AIR OF REFINEMINK AN LEND LUSTRE TO DIS GRATE OCCASHUN

WHY DOES WE HOLD DE CHAMPEEN SHIP? CAUSE WE KNOWS HOW TE BOWL. ALL YE HAVE TO DO IS TE ROLL DE BALL RIGHT AN YE KIN KNOCK DOWN DE PINS

WE DARE ANY TO BOWL

THE ONLY REAL B.B.B.S. IN THE BUSINESS

BROTHER HOOD OF BAD BOWLERS

IF YOU HADNT BIT MY TAIL OFF I WOULD BE IN DE GAME

NEVER MOKES WITH A PARROT

DE BIG GAME WILL COMMENCE AT 8 WHEN ALL DE CHAMPEENS WILL BE HERE - DE MOST BEST PREVIOUS RECORD WAS WHEN DE KID MADE A TEN STRIKE IN BOTH ALLEYS AT ONCE BY ROLLIN ONE OF HIS GREAT FLIM FLAM CURVES AN ALSO KNOCKING OUT DE WEST END OF DE BUILDING

TOP OF DE LADDER RESERVED FOR DE YELLER KID

SMITH'S ELASTIC STOCKING FOR CHRISTMAS. USE WILL HOLD A BARRELL OF PRESENTS AN TINGS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

DE YELLOW KIDS FANCY DRESS BALL - NEW YEARS EVE TICKETS FREE BUT GENTS HAT CHECKS WILL BE 50 GENTS YOU CANT BUNCO US BY COMING DERE BARE HEADED. SO BRING YER DOUGH

I MADE SUCH A HIT WHEN I CHANGED ME ABODE FROM HOGAN'S OLE ALLEY TO HERE DAY I TAWT IF I DIDNT INVITE FOLKS AROUND DAT ME FRENS WUD ALL TINK I WAS QUEER SO I VE SENT OUT ME CARDS FER A BIT OF A DANCE AN I SAYS I INVITES ONE AN ALL TO COME SHAKE A LEG IN MCFADDENS BIG FLATS TO DE YELLER KIDS FANCY DRESS BALL

TO MAKE A TEN STRIKE BY ROLLING IN THE GUTTER PLACE THE PINS ALL IN A ROW IN THE GUTTER - YE CANT MISS DE BOWL IN DE GUTTER

I'M A BALL MYSELF

LOOK OUT DERE PUSSY, IM NO TEN PIN IF I AM FULL OF BALLS

OH! JIST WAIT TILL MY SHOT GOMES AN I GIT DIS CANNON TO WORK YE WONT EVEN KNOW WHERE DEM TEN PINS WENT TO DEY WILL HAVE TO GIT A NEW SET AFTER EACH SHOT

DONT SIT HERE GUN POWDER

DIS CANNON SHOOTS A CURVED BALL

DE RUSIE GUN

DIS AINT NO TEN PIN BAWL

YOU THINK YER MARY KNOCKED ME DOWN DIS ONLY YER SHAPPE

THE OPENING NIGHT IN KELLY'S BOWLING ALLEY.

THE GREAT DOG SHOW IN M'GOOGAN AVENUE.



The War Scare in Hogan's Alley.



EASTER IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.



GOOGAN'S
SINGING MEN
SHE LAYS
HAND PAINTED
EASTER EGGS
ALL READY
HARD BOILED
FER THE TRADE

MAMM FLYNN
MODES
RIDING HABITS
GOLF SUITS
BLOOMERS

PROF. ALEC. USHUN
ALL KINDS OF
DRAMATIC
ACTING
TAUGHT

MC SWATT
GROCERIES

PROF. CATHODE'S
NEW SYSTEM OF
FORTUNE TELLING
BY MEANS OF THE
X RAYS
WE PENETRATE
THE FUTURE
AND PHOTOGRAPH
THE PAST

R. Fontaine

AMATEUR CIRCUS; THE SMALLEST SHOW ON EARTH.



MOVING DAY IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.



CASEY'S WALDORF ANNEX

TO LET
3rd FLOOR BACK
TO ANY FAMILY
WHO WILL PAY
THE RENT

GOOD BYE
GOOD BYE

AIN'T WE RID
OF THER MOST
DISTURBIN
FEATURE IN
HGGAN'S ALLEY?

ARE WE GLAD
THE DUGAN'S
HAVE GONE?
WELL SAY !!!

R. Fontaine

The Poor Conductor.

Baseball in 1896.

Street-car conductors are a much more understood and maligned class, and we are not surprised that the great meeting held by that fraternity last night should have been marked by a feeling of bitterness and resentment towards the ticket-selling public. It is probable that no class among the wage-earners of today are so much an object of the public's hostility as the conductors.

In these times of emancipation from class bondage, it is not surprising that the slights, the taunts, the impudences, the pushings, the pullings that the conductors of our street cars are excoriated made the victims of the travelling public should have aroused a spirit of retaliation that it will require time and patient endeavor to allay.

Your street-car conductor is not human. Not a favor can he submit patiently to be put upon by a public that is ever prone to thoughtless and to domineer. The resolutions adopted at this meeting with such enthusiasm indicate something of the temper and the determined spirit that animate these men. We would be the last to foster class prejudice and feeling, but we can but feel that these men are justified in the stand they have taken.

Henceforth, people who travel in the street cars must refrain from hostility to the conductor, must treat him with uniform courtesy and respect, or we will not undertake to say what grave social and political complications the future may set forth.

Be polite to the poor street-car conductor.

The majority exhibited by the cities represented in the National Baseball League is remarkable, and worthy of note as indicative of a general feeling that it is obtaining its own way with the national game. It is not to be wondered at that the season was won to open with the first baseball game on the part of the backers of each separate team of players. This year appears to be marked by an entirely different spirit. Not only do the Chicago players refuse to claim to advance the nation's victory for the Cubs, but they also refuse to support a prominent member of the league to be the championship pitcher. The St. Louis players, with their club's history, refuse to accept the winner as any more than their own, while Baltimore and Boston players equally proclaim an objection that should have been fully understood for.

With in the face of this community of sentiment we are not going to vaunt for New York a champion of the underdog class, but instead to lend the muscle of our own city, we are not willing to endorse anyone in a movement to promote the game of baseball, a kind of "W. C. T. U." of the ball game, with the pitcher as New York.

Silence of Dr. Depew

The singular reluctance of Dr. Depew to submit to interviews and his continued silence upon matters of public moment are engendering a grave concern upon the part of that gentleman's admirers. We are credibly informed that in a score of instances of recent date Dr. Depew has not only refused to reply to newspaper reporters who have approached him upon weighty topics, but besides has flatly declined to appear at dinners where he is an indispensable as a speech-maker and reporter.

We need scarcely indicate what a distinct public like this withdrawal of Dr. Depew from public life. There are a number of matters now under agitation that an anxious constituency needs enlightenment upon. What about the Republican nomination? Has our distinguished fellow-citizen no opinion to give upon that issue? Is he not willing to discuss the merits or demerits of the Plumber law? What are New York's chances in the baseball arena? Shall Cuba's "Lilliputian" be recognized? How a matter—here are things that need to be mentioned, while on the steps outside the speaker could his heart and the whole straits an utter one.

In this silence of Dr. Depew to continue forever? Is he to divide with Mr. Roosevelt the appellation of the Silent Man?

Lobes of St. Louis.

"Whence come you, most abnormal man, With ears down to your shoulders? Is this a macquarling plan To startle all beholders? And now I look, they stick up too, Their ears in quite enormous; This freak to us is something new, Whence come you, please inform us? Did you put weights upon the lobes? Or is it some new feature Of those ridiculous microbes, You really funny creature? Don't hail from some far distant land Of nondescript creation? Such articles, I'm sure, demand A like explanation?"

He answered, as he went his way, "If you really wish to know, I come, alas! I grieve to say, From St. Louis, State of Mo! We're all so!"

A COMPROMISE.

Reggie—Mr. I say, Cholbe, couldn't you lend me cab-fare home? I hate to have my boots soiled!

Cholbe (testily)—Um—no; but I'll lend you the price of a shine!

How to Find Murderers, Jealous of Johanna.

The great Milligan, guide of the new five cents cigars, a hundred or more, detective force, was thinking. He was not added to the habit, but when he did think something was pretty sure to come of it. And so it happened on this occasion, for after his powerful mind had been at work for nearly an hour he stopped his knee and cried: "I have it! I tried the method often when I was boy and it worked beautifully. As a great murderer, you will soon be within my grasp! For months I have tried to find you, using every means known in the detection of crime, or at least every means known at headquarters, which is somewhat different, and you have eluded me. But your time has come. How strange that I should find a solution of this bloody mystery in the lips of one prisoner of my hood's class!"

Five minutes later the great detective had his four children in his arms, drawing the sheet forward to call, with great solemnity: "The murderer! To what class does he belong?"

Then he began to count the buttons on the boy's coat, saying as he proceeded: "A rich man? A poor man? A sugar man? A salt? A rich man—oh, it was a rich man! Who would have thought it! Everybody believes that crime committed the murder—but let me complete my case!"

Going through the same process with another child, he asked: "How did the murderer go to the house—in a coach carriage? wheelbarrow? cart? cow? cart? wheelbarrow?—yes, it was a wheelbarrow! All the odds are falling away. All is becoming clear to me. Now to find out how he was dressed."

Counting the buttons on the coat of the third child, he shouted: "In silk? satin? calico? rag? silk? satin?—satin it is!"

The great man was plainly excited. Jerking the fourth child towards him, he exclaimed: "Now I want to know where the murderer lives—in a big house? little house? pig-sty? barn? big house? little house? pig-sty?—Murray! In a pig-sty! Now I have a complete biography of the man—he is a rich man who robs to the house of his victim in a wheelbarrow and was dressed in satin and lives in a pig-sty. Now to carry the good news to headquarters."

Within an hour Milligan was relating his discovery and explaining his method to the Chief of the Detective Bureau and to the Police Commissioner, who had been called in to hear the wonderful story. They were amazed and delighted, and each in turn extended the glad hand to the detective and pronounced him early promotion. They all agreed that the Milligan method was the greatest discovery in police annals.

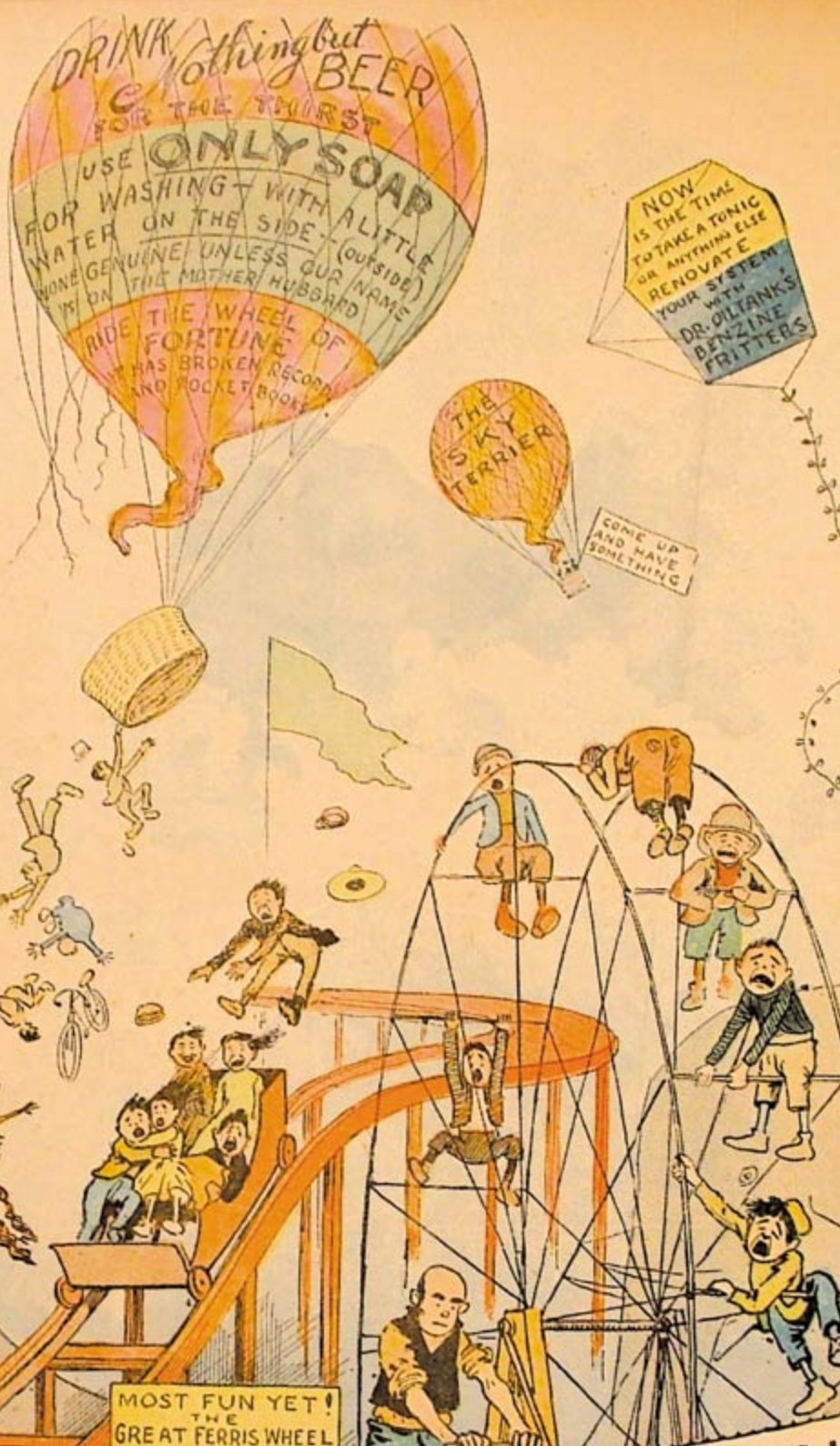
The murderer has not been caught yet, but the police officials do not mind that. "We haven't got the murderer," they say, "but we've got the Milligan method."

Softening of Weyler.

Captain-General Weyler's recent resolve to do away with all harshness in conducting the war in Cuba is an indication that he has been influenced by the people of other nations. It shows that though a soldier and doubtless imbued with the character that goes along with military life, yet Gen. Weyler is not devoid of the softer emotions that cause a man to shrink from exhibitions of cruelty.

Henceforth, says this latest order of Weyler, Cuban prisoners will be treated with consideration; they will be deprived of their arms, but not their liberty. All violence throughout the island, at least on the part of the Spaniards, will cease and the propagation of principles of peace and good-will shall henceforth receive particular attention.

This is glorious news. We have been reluctant to ascribe to Gen. Weyler the character for savagery that his enemies cited as we that our conversation is soon now to have been justified and that the Spanish commander is to be known under his true colors of a humane and Christian soldier.



THE RESIDENTS OF HOGAN'S ALLEY VISIT CONEY ISLAND.

R.F.O. outault
No. 3371 HOGAN'S
RING FROM'S BELL ALLEY

HOGAN'S ALLEY ATTACKED BY THE HOBOKEN PRETZEL CLUB.



Spitzbluks

FIRST GRAND COACHING PARADE OF THE SEASON IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.



THE BICYCLE MEET IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.



MARRIAGE MADE EASY
GHEW PEPSIN SOAP

AVOID AXIDENCE
YEZ KIN NEVER GIT HURTED
AS LONG AS YEZ IS INSURED
IN DE
AXIDENT INSURANCE CO.

HAVE YER WHEELS REPAIRED
WE KIN FIX ANY KIND OF WHEEL
WITHOUT REMOVING
IT FROM THE HEAD

READ DE CRANK
DER OFFICIAL WHEEL PAPER
KONTAINS ALL THE PRINCIPAL
AND MOST INTERESTING WHEEL
ADVERTISMENTS

YEZ DONT HAF TER
BE A SGORCHER TO
KEEP IN THE LEAD
JUST BUY OUR NEW 98
NOW READY (THIS SPACE IS FOR SALE)

BUY OUR NEW
BICYCLE BELL-E
IT IS CALLED
"SUMMER GIRL"
AND HAS THE TRUE
(ENGAGEMENT) RING

GREAT SCOTT
ANOTHER NEW MAGAZINE
PRICE 2-CENTS
100 STORIES BY BEST AUTHORS
CONFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.
BUY IT - FOR IT MAY NOT COME
OUT AGAIN

HAVE YOUR BLOOMERS
INSURED BY THE SCORCHER
ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.

WATCH FER DE
NEW HOGAN'S ALLEY
SONG
"DE
YELLOW KID
IN PANTZ"
ITS
A BOID

ENTRIES MUST
BE MADE BEFORE
DE RACE COMMENCES
NO TANTRUMS
AINT ALLOWED

R. F. Outcault

HOGAN'S ALLEY FOLK SAILING BOATS IN CENTRAL PARK



The Deceiver Doomed. Col Caesar's Divorce. A Little Spitta Comedy. Our Country.



When the attorney for Mr. Julius Caesar waited upon Mrs. Caesar with the legal notice that Julius had instituted proceedings to divorce the lady was very much surprised. There had been no certain-tainties on her part. Mr. Caesar's meals had been ready for him at the usual hour, and they had consigned of food of which he was fond, properly cooked and served in the best style. She had even allowed him to remain out late at night with no inquiries as to whether he was balancing his books or sitting up with a sick friend. There had been nothing whatever to lead a respectable married woman to suppose that her husband contemplated suing for a divorce.

At first she refused to believe that Julius had really taken such a step, but the attorney convinced her by displaying the seal of the Court of Quarter Sessions. Then she exclaimed: "There is some horrible mistake here. I have given my husband no occasion to seek divorce. Not even a Chicago Judge would issue a decree on such evidence as he can produce."

"Your name is being mentioned in connection with that of Mr. P. Globus," volunteered the attorney.

"Mr. Globus?" repeated Pompeus.

"Why, I have scarcely met him. He was at one of my 1 o'clock teas not long ago, but Mr. Caesar himself put his name on the invitation."

"That was his infallible testimony, madam," the lawyer went on. "That Mr. Globus was seen to give up to you his seal in a trolley car. We can give the day and the hour, as well as the car number and the conductor's number."

"But surely there is no ground for divorce in a common act of politeness like that."

"A common act of politeness, did you say?" and the attorney smiled a treacherous smile. "However, we cannot lay our whole case before you, of course you understand that."

"But surely," protested the wronged woman, "my husband does not believe that his Pompeia has done anything which really gives him ground for divorce."

"No, madam, he does not," admitted the attorney. "In fact, he is convinced of your innocence."

"Then why, oh, why, does he begin such dreadful proceedings against me?"

"Well, madam, he says Caesar's wife must be above suspicion, and, besides, he wishes to provide future ages with a quotation which will serve to keep his name in the mouth of posterity."

"This being the case, of course it was useless for Mrs. Caesar to file a cross petition. Julius was allowed to obtain his divorce without deference."

WHAT LET HIM OUT.

REV. MR. PLAYFUR IAMS-COME, COME, my little man, don't you know it is very wicked in *it* that kite on Sunday?

January. Hallowe'en—Taint no harm, neither, dat kite is made out of de Christian Union and de tails is made from an old catchinon, see?

ROUGE AND POWER.

Give me the girls who weep at will—
Dear, tender hearted but that's not it
I know their rouge and powder bill,
When footed up, is strictly nil!

COULD NOT WAIT.

The Old Man (fearfully)—And you want to take my only daughter from me in my old age? Can you not wait?
The Holler—Well, no, not exactly. I don't mind taking her in your old age, but I don't care about taking her in *here*.

WHAT HE LIKED.

"What do I like about that girl?"
Now, surely, tis no man.
To answer straight and quickly, too.
The question that you ask.
"What do I like about that girl?"
Of course I mean no harm.
But what I like about her best—
Is well, in my own arms!

OUR COUNTRY.

There are 42,000,000 horns in this country. They are blown all the time, without intermission.
The deaf and dumb population of the United States is 1,200, a greater number than any other nation contains. The money question and Presidential aspirations are believed to be the cause.
Colored, revolutionary, Mexican and other war societies now have no less than 4,000,000 members all told, and they keep all the wars going as briskly as ever among themselves.
The number of deaths in the United States last year was 927,000. One of them was an office holder.
Over ten thousand bodies were cremated in crematories and the rest in incense-burner fires.
The cash balance in the Treasury Oct. 11, 1891, was \$120,000,000. A recruiting party has been organized.

Oh, Matrimony!

She was wed, sweet were our golden fancies
Days spent in dreams of what the gods would bring;
Bright were the eyes so filled with tender glances,
From the fond hearts when Cupid's kirk took wing.
Himself to us a paradise of pleasures—
God was the dress of earthly toil and pain—
From love's deep glass we gazed o'er
Sowing measure—
What cared we two for winter's snow and rain?
Now we are wed we have no time to fancy—
Days spent in dreams would change us
Quick in date—
With Cupid's dart we are not taking chances
(For things that are bad might thus be made worse yet).
God is just now the sun of our exist-
ence.
Here is a place to locate in at night;
This is the Fate "gained" which there's no resistance.
Tell me O, married man and woman,
am I right?

PHOTOGRAPHERS BAFFLED.

Mix—I see that a clever photographer has taken a picture of a bullet in the night.
Mix—Well, I'll bet he'd get left if he should attempt to try it on the Brooklyn trolley.

NAMELESS NON-ADVERTISER.

Here lies a man who never spent a red cent for printers' ink—a non-progressive and.
Name ever knew his name of his:
We buried him as plain John Doe,
And sunk him deep within this hole.

SCENE I.
MRS. SPITTA'S PARLOR.
It is early enough to handle a man-of-war, gits," observed Mrs. Spitta, solemnly.
"I have never yet found the right way," said Mrs. Minkler, solemnly.
"Mr. L." chirped Mrs. Furkins. "My husband won't do a thing I ask of him."
"O, if I asked Mr. Spitta to do anything he simply wouldn't do it; I neither ask nor command. None of the old methods for me. I simply mention this or that, in a casual way, hint, you know, and he jumps me beautifully, without even suspecting that he is doing what I tell him. There's lots to talk, gits."

SCENE II.
MRS. SPITTA'S KITCHEN.
"Well, how did business go to-day, dear?"
"Notion," growled Mrs. Spitta.
"Never mind, Mary, just as soon as you get me some coal I will have supper ready; you will feel better then?"
"Get it yourself!"
"O, yes, I am getting it as fast as I can, but my fire is low, and I haven't my coal to get it with, you see."
"Go get some!"
"O, no, I prefer to get my own as usual, besides, it is cheaper than going out for it. All I need is a little coal!"
"Why didn't you get it before?"
"It would have been cold by the time you got home, dear, and you know you never like a cold supper."
"I ain't talking about supper, I'm—"
"Why, what are you talking about?" asked Mrs. Spitta, in sweet attachment.
"I'm talking about coal, coal, coal!"
"O, yes, you are, the bad girl, there by the door!"
"O—the hell! Hand it up here, then, I'm half starved looking around here trying to make you understand something."
And as he stalked through the cellar Mrs. Spitta smiled over the thought of what she would have to tell the "girls" the following day.

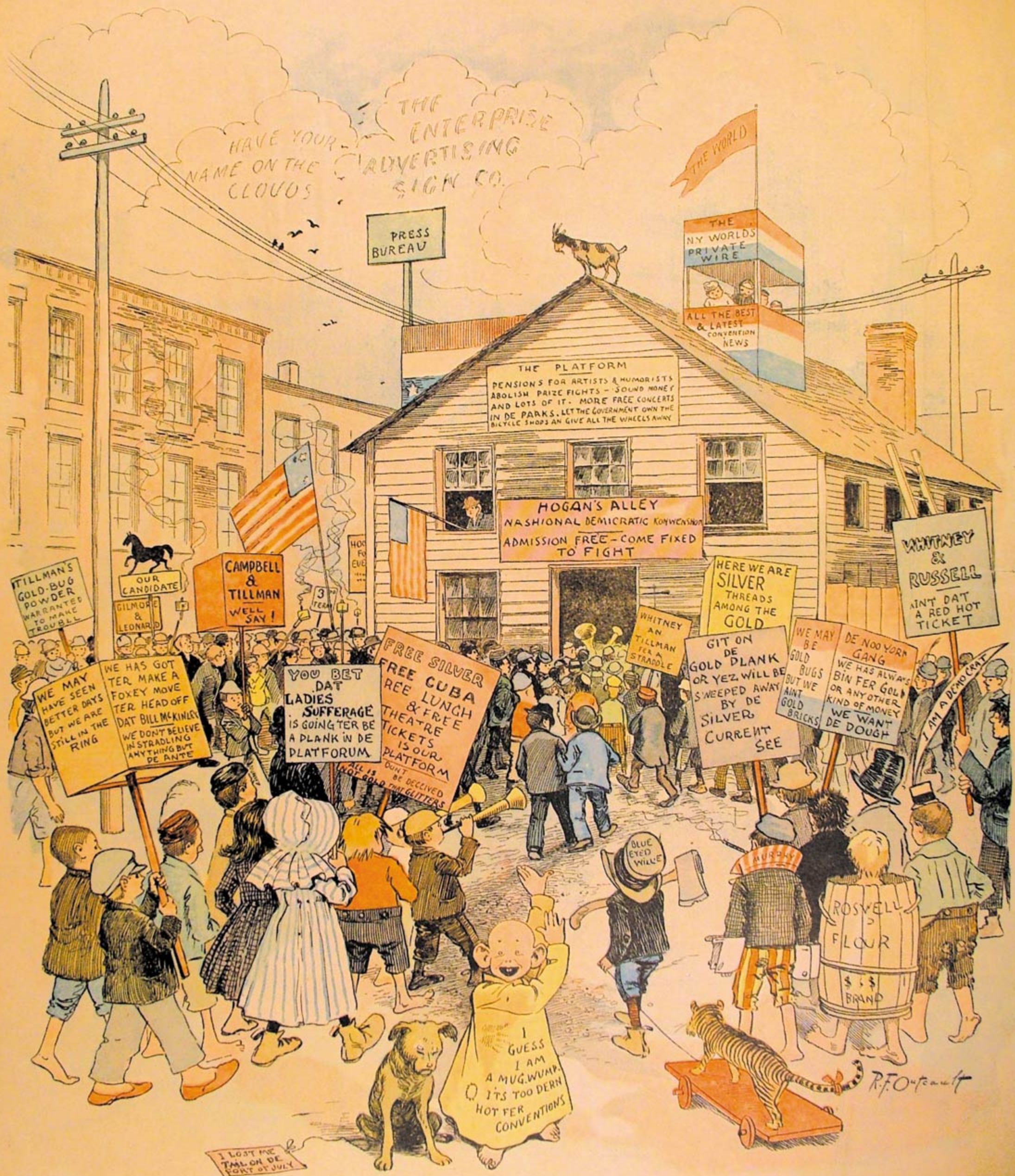
A Triplet.

Contemptuous curled his lower lip
Into a bitter sneer;
And yet I feared that gery would drip
Contemptuous curled his lower lip
Convenient for the rarer's trip
Right downward from his ear—
Contemptuous curled his lower lip
Into a bitter sneer.

THE HARDEST JARGON.

They were all puzzled by the jargon of the new arrival. The interpreter tried all the languages he knew and failed miserably. The Chinese and Alghians found the newcomer's talk incomprehensible. At last they got a young girl to interpret for them.
"It's all right," said the young girl after a few words with the stranger. "She's an American dressmaker and employs the language of her profession."

AN OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH OF JULY IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.



A HOT POLITICAL CONVENTION IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.

R.F. Outcault



HOGAN'S ALLEY CHILDREN SPEND A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

R.F. Outcault

THE OPENING OF THE HOGAN'S ALLEY ROOF GARDEN.



HOGAN'S ALLEY ROOF GARDENING
 DE PROGRAM IS SO DURN LONG
 DAT DE ORDIAINTZ MUSTNT KICK
 IF 4 ER 5 PEEPEL DOFS TURNS
 AT DE ZAMP TIME

PROGRAM
 SIGNOR MC SWATT
 AN HIS TRAINED DAWGS
 DE CHAMPEEN OF HELL'S KITCHEN
 AN DE CHAMPEEN OF QUERRY HILL
 IN A LIGHTNING TALKING FIGHT
 (A LA CORBETT)
 MARIE WRESTLER WILL SING
 "VE BET"
 MAME HOGAN (THE HUMAN FLY)
 SHE CAN WALK OR FLY WHEN ANY
 THING TO DRINK IS IN SIGHT
 CHUCK CONNERS IN IMITATIONS
 OF YVETTE GUILBERT AN CALVE
 HEINIE GOOZEL (LATE OF BERLIN
 SINGS
 "Du meiner Seele scheinste Traum"
 (Leidenschaftliche Gesang)
 DE YALE 8-SINGS "VORREI MORIRE"
 (OM' LET ME DIE)
 MISS IRENE O'FLARRITY
 THE WONDERFUL SKIRT DANCER
 SHE KNOCKS EM ALL OUT-EASY
 DIXEY AN DALY
 VERSATILE CLOG DANCERS
 HEN DIXEY DE BOY ACTOR
 WILL SPEAK A DIECE
 PETE COLLIER-DANCES
 AN SINGS "ANGELS SCRENAME"
 WIT TIN HORN ACKOMPANIMENT
 ONLY ONCE A WEEK
 "WHERE ARE WE AT"
 A LITTLE SKIT-BY-DE GIANT
 NEW YORK ANAYTER BASE BALL NINE
 GILMORE & LEONARD
 LILLIAN GILHOOLEY SINGS
 "SINCE MOTHER SPRAINED
 HER VOICE"

DE WAITERS
 WILL DO
 DE LIGHTNING
 CHANGE ACT AN
 DE AUDIENTZ

DONT
 TROW
 THINGS
 AT DE
 ACKTERS

DESE
 IS DE
 BOXES
 AINT ALOUD

HEY!
 MACE
 YER
 ON FIRE!

KITTY DUGAN'S
 TEEAYER HAT

SAY!
 IF ME AN LIZ
 CANT GIT NOSENT
 WE KIM GIT UPON
 DE STAGE AN DO OUR
 LITTLE TURN
 OR
 STRIKE WILLIE
 FER A BOX-SEE?

Getting a Pointer.

After I had got my mail at the post-office in a Nebraska village, I asked the way to the bank that I might get some small bills, but the pedestrian at whom I inquired looked at me curiously and did not reply. It was so with a second and yet a third man, but the fourth looked me over and then replied: "Are you a friend of the late deceased?" "What late deceased?" "That he's dead, sh? No, I didn't know him. Is the business going on as usual?" "Shame as usual, stranger, 'cause when a man's leg hung and his money bin divided up, his bank rented out for a grocery, his business can't go on as usual." "Did the people here hang him?" "Of course. His body was taken down two days ago, but I'll show you the tree. Yes, we hung him." "What for?" "He was parked up and ready to skip. Maybe he was thinkin' of spendin' a bank?" "Oh, no." "Cause if you was I'd give you a pointer. We've hung four bankers on the same limb in two years, but the old rope is played out and we've got to get a new one, and a new rope sometimes jerks a man's head off when he comes down. Better let some other banker start in and get hung first and soften up the rope!"

What Willie Said.

The minister, it was expected, would spend the evening with the family, and Mrs. Williams was most anxious that her little boy should appear at his best. "Now, Willie," she said, "Dr. Shultz will ask you your name, and you must tell him it is 'Willie.' And he will ask you how old you are, and then you must say 'Five.' And he will want to know where bad little boys go, and you must tell him 'They go to hell.' Do you understand?" Not content with a repetition once or twice, Mrs. Williams drilled him again and again in the answers. Dr. Shultz came as expected, and after a short conversation with the hostess, lifted the child on his knee and said: "Well, my little fellow, can you tell me your name?" "Willie. Five years old. Go to hell!"

DIALOGUE IN HADES.
 St. Peter—What did you send that Boston woman back up here for? She's broken about every command of the Decalogue.
 Mephistopheles—I took her in at first, but she lowered the temperature so sensibly that it was getting too comfortable for the others.

MIGHTY AGGRAVATING.
 "See here," demanded Mrs. Bloomer, "what have you been doing with my razor?"
 "I only used it to cut a few bottom-holes," faltered her husband meekly.

It Arrived on Time.

"Are you the engineer?" asked the romantic young lady, as she walked up the platform to the locomotive and smiled on the man looking out of the cab window.
 "You'm," was the curt reply.
 "You hold the lives of all the passengers in your hands?"
 "Easily, Miss."
 "And you feel the fearful responsibility?"
 "I do."
 "And you will—will—"
 "Just so. I've got a \$2 dog back there in the baggage car which I'm taking home, and I shall take the most extraordinary precautions to run this train safely into Chicago."

A RAINY WEATHER HAT.

From a Point-to-Point paper.
 "No!—I evolved a great scheme the other day for helping out my credit."
 "No!—I know how of it at once."
 "No!—You know how at certain periods a man will find himself unusually short?"
 "No!—I do."
 "No!—Well, that was the situation I found myself in. I owed, well say, A, B, C, D and E \$2 each, and had only about \$100 to pay them with. There was a time when I would have paid off three of those bills and let the others stand."
 "No!—You didn't do it this time, though?"
 "No!—No, sir! I reasoned that the two men I didn't pay would be just the ones to do me."
 "No!—What did you do?"
 "No!—Why, I just made up my mind to let them all stand until I had the money to pay them all. Then if one came in I could—"
 "No!—I see. Pay him up with a lovely art, be indignant—small matter, overlooked. That certainly is a great scheme."
 "No!—Isn't it? You've caught the idea, but it didn't work, did man."
 "No!—Didn't work? Why not?"
 "No!—They all came in at once."

Brave Young Manhood.

Lonely the thunder reverberated and roused the link heavens were rent by flashes of lightning that lit up the room with a blinding glare.
 "I read in the paper only this morning," chuckled the young man, nervously moving to another chair, "that a man out West was struck dead by lightning while holding his sweetheart in his arms."
 The pretty girl sat for a moment in silence, clasping her fingers thoughtfully.
 "George, dear," she said at length, and her voice was demure and soft and low. "Don't—don't you think that the storm is—er—passing away?"
 And as the next flash, fiercer and more blinding than all the others, illumined the apartment, it revealed the young man with the light of a high courage glowing in his countenance.
 He was facing death, but he didn't appear to worry about it.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR SILVER.
 First Denverite—Great game to-day.
 Second Denverite—Take no interest in the game.
 First Denverite—You would if you knew the score.
 Second Denverite—What was it?
 First Denverite—It is 1.

A Miscalculation.

Nodd—I evolved a great scheme the other day for helping out my credit.
 Todd—Let me know of it at once.
 Nodd—You know how at certain periods a man will find himself unusually short?
 Todd—I do indeed.
 Nodd—Well, that was the situation I found myself in. I owed, well say, A, B, C, D and E \$2 each, and had only about \$100 to pay them with. There was a time when I would have paid off three of those bills and let the others stand.
 Todd—You didn't do it this time, though?
 Nodd—No, sir! I reasoned that the two men I didn't pay would be just the ones to do me.
 Todd—What did you do?
 Nodd—Why, I just made up my mind to let them all stand until I had the money to pay them all. Then if one came in I could—
 Todd—I see. Pay him up with a lovely art, be indignant—small matter, overlooked. That certainly is a great scheme.
 Nodd—Isn't it? You've caught the idea, but it didn't work, did man.
 Todd—Didn't work? Why not?
 Nodd—They all came in at once.

With Bated Breath.

With bated breath he sat and beat The pole and line and watched the cork. Engrossed and eager for a bit, A hundred miles from hot New York. With bated breath.

The sun has set, the hook is bare, The baited bait is missing too; But homeward plods a happy man, Contented, though no fish he drew. With bated breath!

THE WAYS OF ROYALTY.



A WILD POLITICAL FIGHT IN HOGAN'S ALLEY---SILVER AGAINST GOLD.



A MEASURE OF ECONOMY. Duntine--You are not cutting your own grass this year, I see. Larkin. Larkin--No. It is cheaper for me to hire it done than to buy lawn mowers to lend to the neighbors.

EVIDENCE OF WEALTH. "Oh, he is immensely wealthy." "How do you know?" "Why, I saw him draw a check on the bank the other day, and there was a whole lot of checks left in his book."

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT. "That young man who occupies the first floor, front, has some tough-looking callers." "Yes, his room is better than his company."

BOTH ARE SHARP FELLOWS. "I'm the machine that can get a head of human beings," boasted the Gullotine. "Well, I sometimes take a hand myself," replied the Buzz Saw, modestly.

HIS TIME HAD COME. "Ha! ha!" sardonically cried the heavy villain in the fourth act. "now my time has come." And then the supe came on and handed him the property watch.

GOOD CHANCE FOR A JOB. Tramp--Kind madam, I hain't had nuthin' 't eat for two weeks-- Woman at the door--Wait till I call my husband; he's a dime museum manager, and may give you a fasting job.

A SURE CURE FOR DUMBNESS. Mr. Gatherson--Oh, doctor, my wife has suddenly lost the power of speech --can't utter a word! Eminent Physician (Caconically)--Take her to the opera.

AT THE END OF THE LESSON. He--But I promised my wife I would never marry again. She--And will you cast me off because of a promise to a dead woman? He--Ah, but she isn't dead yet. She--(Faints).

The True Story of Mr. Blue Beard.

Many years ago there lived a nobleman who possessed some wealth, but not enough to be the high-flyer his ancestors had been, nor yet enough to



"Come on and be killed, Madam!"

renew the plumbing and make other repairs in his ancestral castle.

Therefore he hid himself off to America in search of an American heiress who would jump at the chance of exchanging her fortune for a title and a fixed residence in dear old England. He had heard that our grand free country had in it a number of fortune-hunting females of this kind, and when he arrived on our shores he found that the report was quite true, and that he could have his pick and choice of a large number of American heiresses, regardless of the fact that he was a wizened, shrunken, evil-looking old wretch, with so little moral character left that it would have taken the big telescope at the Lick observatory to have discovered it. He was a choice specimen of the type of individuals we call "a tough." He had, moreover, an indigo blue beard, but his title would have made him eligible to a certain type of the American heiress had he been ringer, streaked and striped with a platinum beard.

Blue Beard, after being denied to even his own daughter at Newport, Bar Harbor and Lenox, and after rejecting the offers of many heiresses, decided upon one of two sisters as the future Mrs. Blue Beard. Her name was Fatima. But as she was a young lady of the most generous physical proportions she was playfully called Fatty by her intimates. Her sister's name was Anne. They were shrewd young women in some respects, and they wished to be dual sure that Blue Beard's castle was not a fake. Expressing this wish to him he invited them to go over to England and see it for themselves. The young ladies accepted the invitation and were soon in England, where they satisfied themselves that the castle and the nobleman's word were all he

had represented, whereupon Fatty threw herself into his arms, saying: "My noble, generous lord! I am yours, for I am sure, quite sure, that I love you now!" "My own darling!" he said, embracing as much of her as he could reach around, "I have you not only on your own account, but on your bank account."

"It is all yours," she murmured. Fatty and Anne then returned to New York, and the wedding, which came off in Grace Church, is talked about to this day. All of the Four Hundred were there, and at the close of the ceremony they fairly climbed over each other's

heads and tore each other's clothes in their frantic endeavors to possess themselves of the flowers Blue Beard had imported for the occasion from his English conservatories. The strife for these souvenirs of nobility was so hot and eager that the famous Mrs. Van Millton, who was noted for her regal manners, came out of the church with her magnificent Worth gown in rags and her \$100,000 bonnet torn from her head, while her beautiful wavy tresses front dangled over one ear.

The haughty Mrs. K. De Forest De Duane so far forgot herself as to accuse the superb Mrs. Royal St. Hauteur of being "no lady" because that individual snatched a choice rose that Blue Beard's own royal foot had trod upon from Mrs. De Duane's hand after she had crawled under ten pews of the church to get possession of this souvenir of royalty. The police had to come in and use their clubs to restore order, and it was extremely mortifying to the proud family of Fatty to have her carefully planned and enormously expensive English wedding parakee so largely of the elements of an Irish wake.

Fatty's gown was a Worth creation of ivory-white satin, with a train so long and so profuse in real old point lace that it filled many a woman with such envy that she would willingly have torn it to rags rather than to have had Fatty possess it. She wore an enormous diamond earring and a diamond necklace and tiara, gifts of the generous Blue Beard, the bills for which were sent to Fatty's father. This was all very lovely for Fatty, and it put Blue Beard into such a good humor that he was kind

and polite to his wife for nearly a week after the wedding. They sailed for England amid the loudly uttered good wishes of many who at heart wished that the Canadian Blue Beard and his wife were on a world's tour to the bottom of the ocean rather than see what's in that room, and if Blue Beard don't like it he can bang it."

So the two sisters went to the blue chamber and Fatty opened the door and stepped in. "My soul and body!" she exclaimed, throwing up both hands and dropping the key, whereupon it fell with a dull thud to the floor, and Fatima came near following suit, for there, ranged along the wall, were the thirteen dead wives of Blue Beard, while above each hung a life-size Rembrandt of herself.

"The old wretch, to go and make a cemetery of his own house!" said Anne. "He's a regular Holmes! If I were you, he'd hear from me the moment he got home, and there'd be some house-cleaning done here and those ladies should be carted off to the crematory."

"It's where they belong," said Fatima. "I call it anything but pleasant to have them around here. But what is that? Oh, Anne, it is Blue Beard returning already!" She picked up the key and found that there was a drop of blood on it she could not wash off. While she was rubbing away at it Blue Beard came in and, striking an attitude, said:

"Aha, madam! What do I see? My orders have been disobeyed. Your life shall pay the penalty of this willful disobedience."

"Now, don't get rattled," said Fatima, calmly seeking to engage her lord in a dispute while Anne went down to the telephone and rang up No. 62, which was the police station. "Madam!" roared Blue Beard, "your time is short!"

"Spare me long enough to crimp my bangs," said Fatima with true American spirit and independence, feeling buoyantly confident that America had beaten England once and could do it again. Blue Beard was dazed by this splendid exhibition of nerve. He could not but admire Fatima's courage, and he said:

"Well, you're a good one. Time to

crimp of your hair? Well, I like that! I'll give you ten minutes while I go down to the grindstone and sharpen my sword."

"Thank!" said Fatima, uttering in her sleeve. Then she joined Anne, and said: "Did you ring up the police station?"

"Yes, and the patrol wagon is now on its way to the house."

"Good enough," said the plucky Fatima; "I'll just about paralyze my precious husband when he sees it."

"Come on and be killed, Madam!" roared Blue Beard from the bottom of the stairs a few minutes later.

"Coming, dear," replied Fatima, airily, for she had caught sight of fear of the "buses" coming towards her house. When Blue Beard saw them enter the door he blazed out:

"Betrayed! But I'll never be taken alive!" Nor was he. When they dragged him from his hiding place a few minutes later it was found that he had swallowed an enormous dose of Lough on Hays, and in three minutes Fatima was a widow.

"And the social season at its height," said Fatima, sadly. "That black is wonderfully becoming to me," she added more cheerfully.

Fatima's first care was to have her thirteen predecessors cremated along with the husband who had been so much to them in life, and when her year of mourning was done she became one of the most dashing widows England had ever known.

"Zezi" and "Zezee."

She was a "solitary" of the type that shows gum and wears fourteen rings on one hand (the aggregate value of the lot being about a dollar and seventy-five cents. She had had a "falling-out" with her "best friend" and was giving an account of the tragic event to another "solitary," whose own wad of multi-fruits was gracefully pinned between her half-parted lips.

"Tax, Mag," said the bejewelled solitarily. "I've give him the G. B. for good and all."

"La, Mama, you ain't!"

"Ain't I, though? Well, I guess. I let

Jim Hixson you're most beautifully left," said "I'm accustomed to receiving attention from gentlemen, an' I'm sorry I ever lowered myself by condescending to even look at such a spindly-eyed, bow-legged, pimple-faced, drab-haired chump as you are," said.

"Oh, Mama, you ain't!"

"I ain't I, though? I tell you my dander was up an' I let 'em have it right in the neck."

"The next time a lady condescends to look at you," said "an' give you her company, I hope you'll treat her as a lady expects to be treated," said, an' he was gone.

"Shucks, Mama! sence; you know I don't care two wrappings of my finger for Jim," sence, an' I see, said.

"That's more'n I care for you, Jim Hixson, an' now you git," said.

"La, Mama, what did he do?"

"He got."

"You kin just bet he did."

"An' ain't you gits' to make it up with 'im?"

Don't you, Jim Hixson," said, an' he see, sence.

"What do you mean, Mama?" sence, an' said to him, sence.

"Oh, you're mighty innocent, now, ain't you?" said, an' he see, sence.

"You honor, Mama, I don't know what you're drivin' at, an' I up an' see, said.

"You don't know anything about a certain feller takin' a certain frocked, tallaw-complexioned, pop-eyed, lop-eared girl to the loo-cream saloon last night, now, do you?" said, right out, flat-footed, like that, an' he looked as if he'd drop, an' he see, sence.

"Do you're sence that, are you, Mama, an' I see, said.

"Yes, I am, my youthful friend, an' I'm onto the rest of your curves," said, an' I'll thank you to address me as Miss Hixson hereafter," said, an' I don't want you to even speak to me on the street," said, 'for you're no more to me than the dirt at' grime under my feet," said, an' if you think, Jim Hixson, that I'll play second fiddle to

him know that I don't play second fiddle to no fellow an' that he couldn't take Jennie Simpson to the loo-cream saloon one night, and take me to walk round in the park next night an' never get me so much as a soda. I guess I paralyzed him."

"What did he say?"

"Well, I'll tell you the whole story, Mag. I didn't let out on 'im till we'd cut clean back to our house and then sent to him, said:

"You think you're blamed smart, an' I see, said.

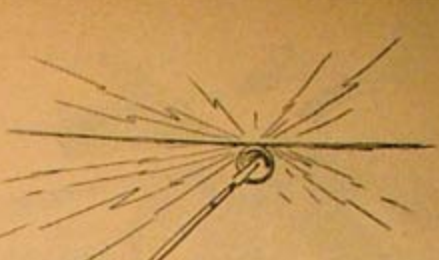
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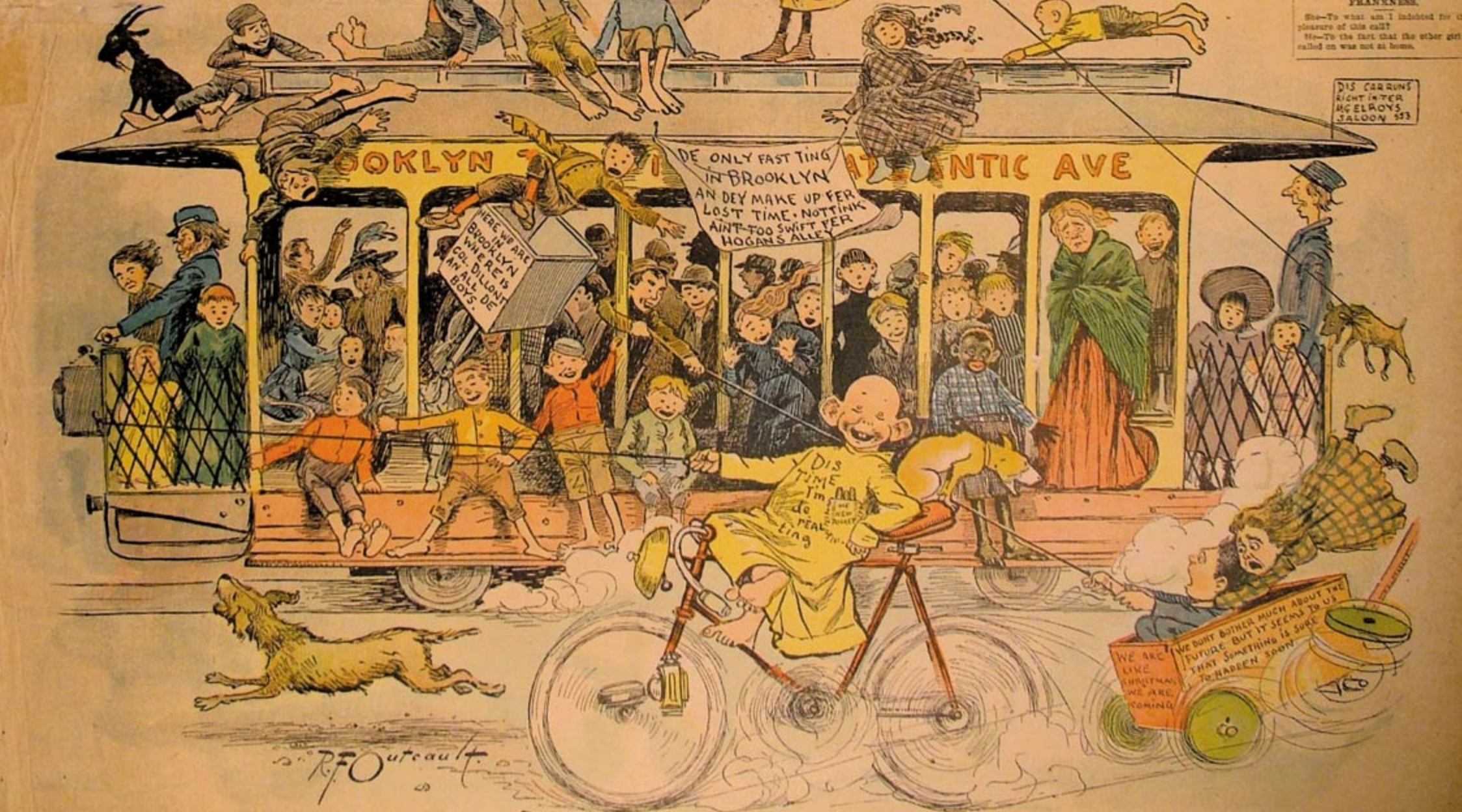
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"La, Mama, what did he do?"



HOGAN'S ALLEY FOLK HAVE A TROLLEY PARTY IN BROOKLYN.

McKinley's Diary.

Worse Than War.

So Mote It Be.

Mixed His Commands.

A Lover's Consolation.

THURSDAY—A very new New Woman with a yellow shirt waist, a red necktie and pale green bloomers stopped me on the street to-day, and before Mark and I could get to the street she asked me if I really thought the word "love" had any business in the marriage service. I replied that it was indeed a beautiful day, but that it looked a trifle like rain. Then she eagerly inquired whether or not I favored woman suffrage, and I replied that there was a great deal of humbug, without doubt, but that a good rain would clear up the atmosphere. She came at me with questions after questions, and was actually demanding my views on the subject of bloomers when Mark came to the rescue and drove her away. People who think I am talking for sublimation on every Canton street corner don't know me. I'm no political phrenologist—not on your tin plate!

FRIDAY—The Tin Plate Brigade of Wayback village arrived to-day, 200 strong. Every man had a brand-new tin plate, and these, pickles and hard-boiled eggs. The entire outfit camped on the front lawn and filled the grass with vegetable crackers, bread crusts and clear scabs. Several of the brigade, according to Mark, "threw the duck" again and again with their tails while I was speaking on the tin plate industry. "What does 'throwing the duck' mean, anyhow?" I must ask Mark. Gave the glad hand to the entire lot and tonight my poor arm aches from the eager tips to the ball and socket joint. Sometimes when I think of the shaking that has to be done at White House receptions my heart falls me. But if the people call me in November I will not disappoint them. How glorious it must be to have an arm shaken off for one's country! I must ask Mark whether or not such a loss would call for a pension.

SATURDAY—Passed a horrid night. Was continually making speeches in my sleep and woke up forty times and found that I was enthusiastically shaking hands with myself. Dreamed that a mud clammer land as big as a sugar-cured ham was ever before me insisting that I give it the shake. A soap man called to-day and offered me \$1000 if I would write a testimonial to the effect that his soap was Frederick's Advance Soap. One thousand dollars would buy a lot of Pittsburgh singles for a hour, but I refused. I'm not writing anything for publication nowadays. The reporter an ex-circus man and an enthusiastic Republican, wired me from Texas that he would send me as a gift a steam elephant if I would pay express charges. Mark replied: "I'll send a man run for the Presidency be never take appropriate what a steam elephant an official fool killer would be. The White House ought to have one."

SUNDAY—Went to church with mother this morning.

"Yes," said the bearded veteran, dreamily. "I have passed through many dangers in my time and had many hair-breadth escapes, but among them all there is one in particular that I cannot recall without a shudder of horror. I had become hardened to the others, but this was so new, so startling, even to an old warrior like me, and came upon me so unexpectedly that—well, I felt for one horrifying, hair-raising second that my time had come. "I don't mind the roar of cannon or the clash of arms; I am used to them," he went on, with a far-away, reminiscent look in his eyes. "Even the whop of the red Indian on the warpath has lost its terrors for me. I can face death calmly and heroically when it comes up before me in the guise to which I am accustomed, be it in the shape of a bursting bombshell, a bayonet charge or a tomahawk brandished by a painted savage. It is the unexpected, the unknown assassin's weapon from which I shrink, and, as I said before, I never recall that moment without a shudder of horror."

"Some one attempted to assassinate you, did he?" breathlessly inquired a listener. "Did he? Well, it looked mighty like it. I can still see him coming for me, with his eyes rolling and starting. My George, it was the narrowest escape I ever had in my life!" "Yes, but who was he?" eagerly inquired the man who had before spoken. "Why, one of those long-legged scoundrels on a bicycle, and he got mowed up by a quarter of an inch! I'd rather stand up before a Gatling gun than take my chances with him again!" And the war-worn veteran shuddered and glanced apprehensively around as if he could hear that whining, death-dealing bicycle swooping down upon him even yet.

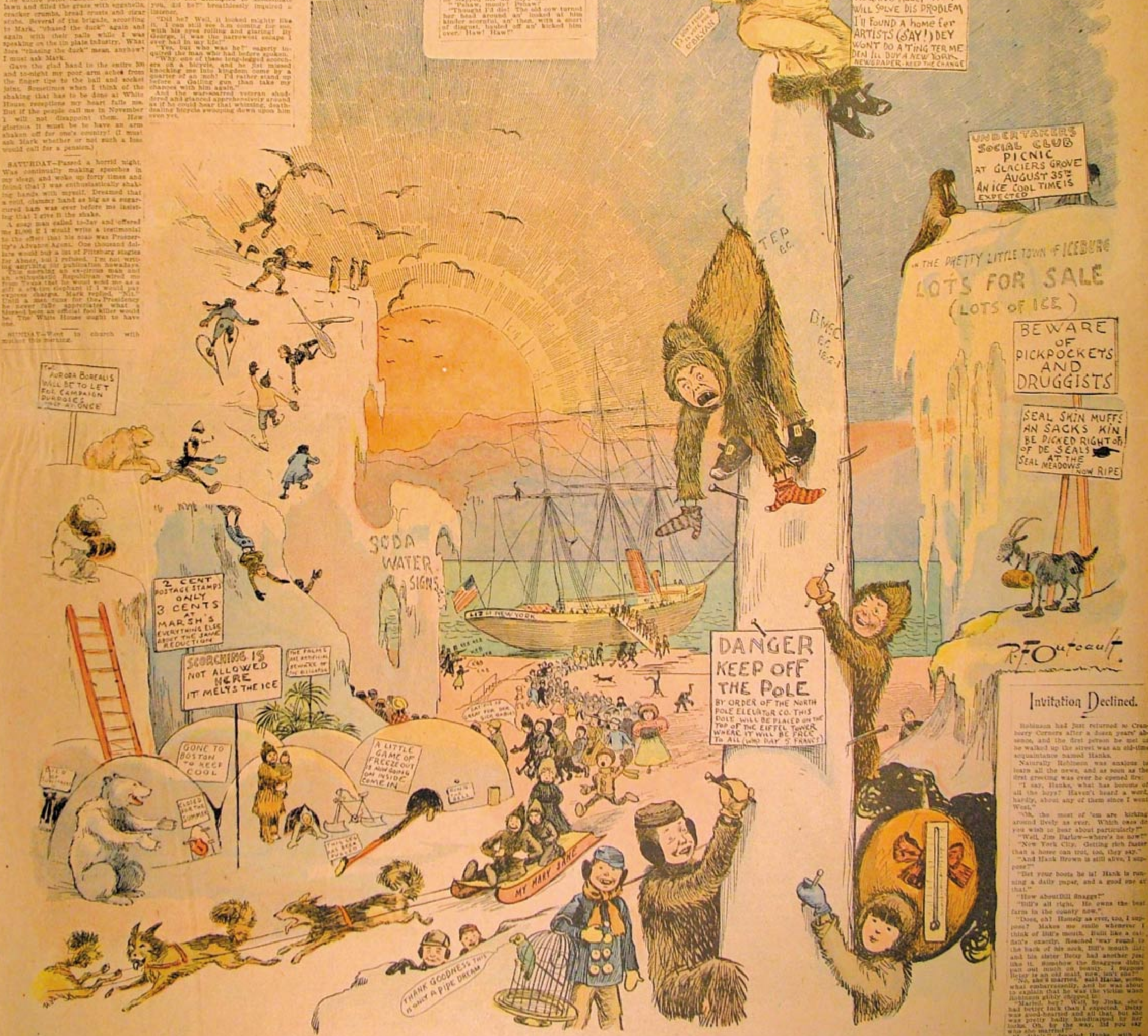
I care not, if the whole world knew it, I wish, I wish to be a poet! I want to write of flowers and fountain-tales, I want to write of weeping willows, I want to write of soothing lullabies, I want to write of loving glances, I want to write of sylvan dances, I want to write of lovely feet, I want to use the midnight oil, And hammer out with indiana tool, These rhymes to my poetic mania, And share a barrel with Urania! And when I've been vouchsafed these verses, I think I'll tear up all my verses!

GIFT OF SPEECH.

Visitor—That built-headed boy seems to have a singular aptitude for languages. Do you know if he inherits it? Teacher—Yes, his father is a pugilist.

"City folks," remarked Jay Meddler, earnestly, "is mighty slick in some ways, but in other ways they are as green as cucumbers. They fritter away so much of their time on trivialities that they don't have time left to devote to things of importance. They know all about fashion, strikes and 'fads, but when it comes right down to the serious things of life they are as ignorant as children. They make all manner of fun of us country folks, but I'll tell you that the greenest farmer that I ever seen wasn't so stupid as some city people, when it comes down to ignorance of things that really amount to nothing." "I'd like to laugh last night at the silly fools that is 'boardin' at our place. He went out to watch me milk the cows, an' put on his eye-glasses an' said 'Aw! aw!' just like he was at the circus. After he had watched me for a spell, he'd caught the trick of just how it was done. I handed him the bucket an' stood back to see what he would do next. Well, what do you think? The darned fool walked up to one of the cows an', instead of totter' her to 'hart', he started her an' says he: "Pshaw, moose! Pshaw!" "Thought I did!" The old cow turned her head around an' looked at him kinder scornful, an' then, with a snort of disgust, headed off an' kicked him over. How! How!"

I wood a little maiden, My love was not returned, The beggar led, Quits haughtily was spurned, The man of many millions, Fortune was his, For he won the merry damest Who had rejected me. After all, perhaps 'twas better, Since destined of money, I could not, like my rival, Have paid the alimony.



He Was Disappointed.

"Ray," said a fat man, as he leaned on the ticket-seller's window after the boxing show was over, "in all those fights there wasn't a drop of blood spilled."

"That's a fact," answered the other as he began putting his money up in stacks, "but there was some great fighting."

"Yes," continued the fat man, "the fighting was all right, but the fighters didn't bleed any."

"No, but no one ever saw such scrapping before. Why, in that first bout of ten rounds over two hundred hard blows were exchanged!"

"And not a drop of blood to be seen."

"That's nothing—blood don't count. That second bout was a peach, too. Most exciting fight I ever witnessed. Such terrific left-handers, such wicked body blows, such pretty dodging and such awful rushing were never equalled before in the prize arena."

"You may be right," continued the fat man sadly, "but no blood in that bout trickled down the fighters' bodies."

"And in that last go! Ray, do you know that when the Brooklyn boy swung on the Jersey lad's jaw and put him to sleep, I holloed myself hoarse!"

"And even that blow didn't draw the claret."

"No, it didn't, but it was a beautiful blow, and must have hurt terribly. Did you notice that wonderful hook blow the Kid got in?"

"Yes, but I didn't notice any blood gush over his opponent's body afterward."

"Perhaps not, but it was one of the most scientific blows ever struck. What did you think of the beautiful left-hand swing the other fellow got in, though, a little while later, eh?"

"I didn't pay much attention to it when no blood followed."

"Blood! Blood!" exclaimed the ticket-taker savagely. "Can't you be satisfied with seeing those beautiful swings without any blood? You make me tired! There's a slaughter-house around the corner, if you must see blood!"

"Yes, I know I ought to have been satisfied," said the fat man. "I'm not naturally brutal, you know, and wouldn't hurt a fly, but I kinder had my mind made up in-ought that I would see some blood spilled, and I feel disappointed. You must!"

"But the other closed down his window with a bang and refused to listen any longer."

Why Brutas Failed.

He sat on the doorstep of his humble cabin, resting himself after the labors of the day, when a boy about twelve years of age crossed the street and sat down beside him.

"Wait, Brutas," began the old man, after a moment, "has yo' dun tinn to do ponsuffis, as I tole yo' to?"

"Yes, fadder," was the reply.

"What's de mail?"

"Don't dun git no mail."

"What! Don't yo' inquir' fur Moses Washington Green?"

"Yes, sar."

"An' fur Mrs. Washington Green?"

"Yes, sar."

"An' fur Miss Evangeline Green?"

"Yaas."

"An' fur Miss Linda Green?"

"Yaas."

PURE JEALOUSY.



Effie O'Flarity (the tall lady to the right)—Ray, girls, it's a ill wind wat don't blow nobody no good. Dere goes Liz Murphy—her little sister Maggie was married yesterday, and Liz swiped the white crepe an' ribbon off de door nob and zreaked some o' the flowers, an' to-day she's wearin' 'em an' ketchin' all de beaux she want an' trawin on logs because she had a det in de family, but I don't care. My Aunt Hiddy is in der hospital w' a consumption, an' when she dies just see if I don't knock Liz Murphy silly.

"Do! Doan' yo' prattle no foolishness wid me! Did yo' inquir' if dar was any letiah fur my boulder, Casuar?"

"I did, sar."

"And my sister, 'Tidda'?"

"Yes, sar."

"An' did de postmaster dun look?"

"He did, sar."

"Did'n't git no letters ner papers?"

"Nuttin' 'tall, sar."

"Did yo' dun inquir' in a last voice?"

"Yes."

"Was'n't in a hurry 'bout it?"

"No, sar."

"Well, dat's powerful curio. Der, look-a-heeh! Did yo' dun as dat some-thing if dar was a letiah fur my ole uncle Rastus?"

"No, sar."

"Ho! Yo' Jahn! Dat 'sodains de bill de mess' fur as noobdy! All de letters has bin put in dat pagnobole fur Uncle Rastus, and yo' sit right down dar like a streak o' greese and furnish dat no-thing wid such an exotical circumstans as will dissipate dem fo'teen letters right up heah to me hefo' dat clock strikes 'leven times!"

How the Cyclone Came.

"Never, never shall I forget how that air cyclone swooped down on us," said the old man, as he blew his nose with a loud report and brushed a tear from his left eye. "It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and me an' the ole woman was hooin' corn down thar' by the river. I was ahead of her about two hills, an' she hit me on the head with her hoe."

"You did that a purpose to be mean!" sez I as I turns about."

"'Yer dratted hoe is' too long by a foot!' sez she, as she bristled up to me."

"'Yer another!' yells I, as I drops my hoe."

"Take it back!' yells she, as she splits an' her hands and squares off."

"Never! Never! I'm gwine to wipe the meanness out o' yo' or die a-tryin'!"

"'Yer can't make nothin' o' de man!' 'With that,' he continued, 'we attacked, and that thar' foot was smittin' 'at awful to see. The corn was about knee-high, and I recken we destroyed half an acre of it as we pranced around. Ilimp I gin her a twist and a flip, an' she went again, and jist then the cyclone bustled in on us from the river. The ole woman was waitin' to run down an' to tackle me again, when that' was a bill—skit—skit—and I never set eyes on her again."

"She was blown away!" I queried.

"Blowed away like a feather, str, while I was flung down and got hold of a bush. That cyclone made a sweep over forty miles long, and we never found her mangled remains, even. Poor ole Sue!"

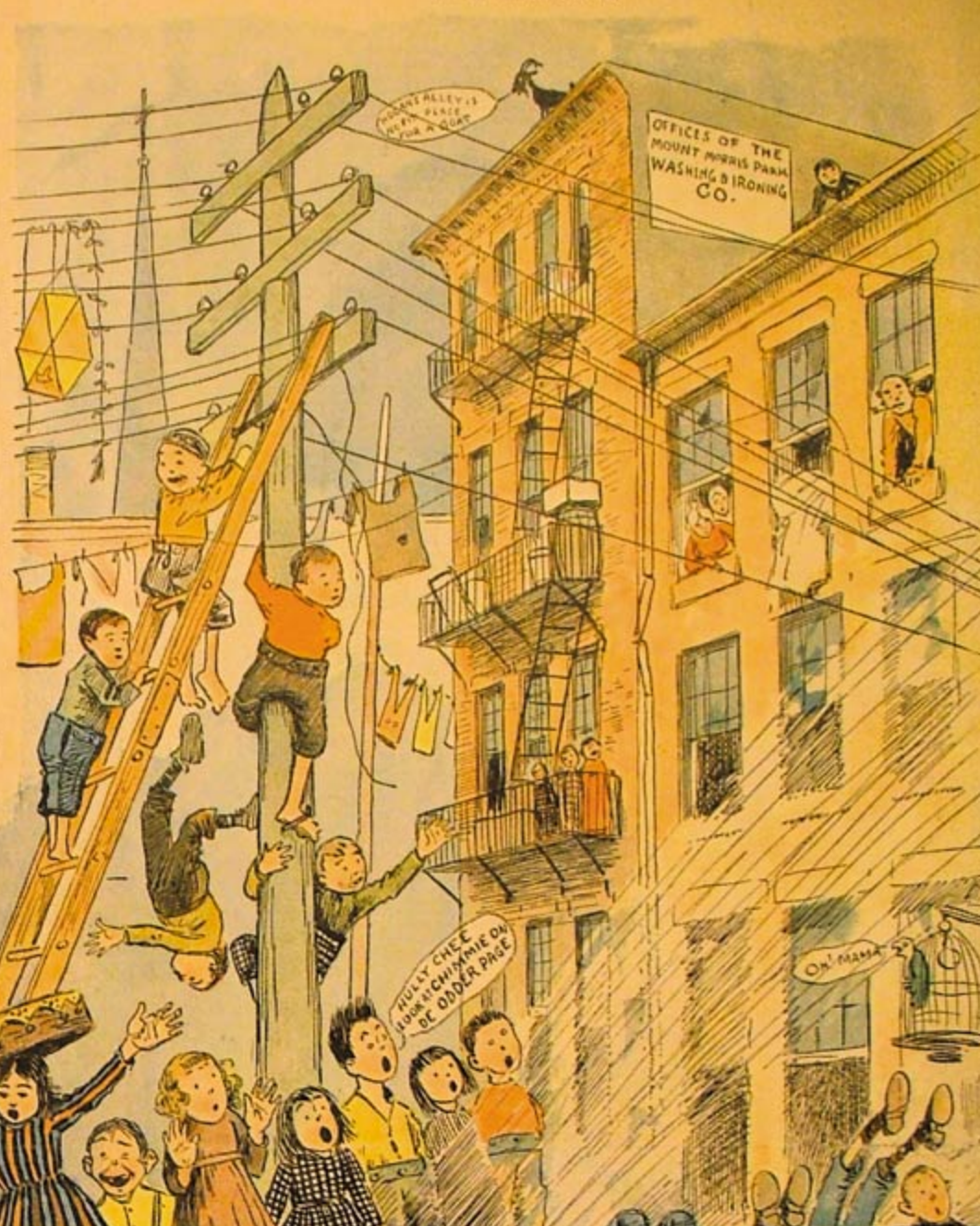
"It must have surprised her?"

"Yes, I think it did. She had her fingers all spread out to clutch my hair as she ran down, an' she was sayin' as how she liked, and then thar cum a whiff o' whiff and she was gone. She must have bin powerfully surprised, but the wind blowed whar she listed, the Lord's ways ar' past findin' out, an' supper'll be ready in about five minutes!"

AN UNFAIR PROPHECY.
 Visitor—You may be in Congress some day, Johnny.
 Papa—He may, of course, but Johnny has been a good boy so far.

THE GREAT BULL FIGHT IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)



HOGAN'S ALLEY TENNIS GROUNDS LIMITED.
 DESE AINT NO GROUNDS FER COMPLAINT

PURSEN'S TRESSPASSING
 ON DESE GROUNDS WILL BE PERSECUTED TO DE FULL EXTENT OF OUR ABILITY

MONTHLY MEETING OF THE ILLUSTRATORS CLUB
 NEXT MEETING will be held on Friday
 DAY UP YER DUES BOYS AN YER POKER DEBTS.

MARTIN IS DE MOST FASTEST RUNNER IN DE RING.
 HE SAYS HE'S GOIN TO VOTE IN OCTOBER

NOTISS
 DERE IS GOINK TER BE A BIG MEETINK OF DE ST. MARYS MARKET GANG TO INDOORS DE BRYAN & SEWELL BUSINESS ON FRIDAY



R.F. Outcault

Must Page 7 be page 6



BE SURE TO GET
 THE
"Rediculous"
 DRESS STAY
 IT MAKES YOUR WAIST 1 FOOT
 SMALLER - AND YOU ARE A
 SIGHT - WHAT YOU
 WANT IS TO BE
 UNCOMFORTABLE

LADIES
 ASK FOR THE
LI HUNG CHANG
 CORSET
 IF YOUR DEALER SAYS
 SOMETHING ELSE IS
 JUST AS GOOD TELL HIM
 HE IS A BIG LIAR

李鴻章

QUIET CORNER
 CLUB
 PICNIC
 FER LI-HUNG-CHANG
 IN RYAN'S VACANT LOT
 NEXT THURSDAY
 GENTS 50 CENTS
 LADIES 25
 REAL LADIES FREE

THE
HOGAN'S
 ALLEY
 GUARDS

THE NEW SONG
 DID YOU EVER
 GET THE MONEY
 THAT YOU LOANED
 OR
 WHERE ARE ALL
 YOUR FRIENDS?
 A PARK ROW
 BALLAD.

BE CAREFUL
 NOT TO BE DECEIVED
 WITHOUT THIS
 SIGNATURE
 P. J. Outcault

HURRAH!
 FER
 LIE-HANG-CHUNG

ME & LI
 HAS MADE
 A BIG HIT WIT
 EACH OTER.
 SAY! HE TINKS I'M
 A CHINAMAN - DONT
 SAY A WOLD. IM GOIN
 TER GIVE A YELLOW TEA
 FER HIM - I KNOW MY Q

VOTE
 ONCE FOR
 DEAN

I AM LEADING
 AN ARMY
 AND I AM
 THE BEST IN THE
 WEST TODAY

QUIETLY
 DOWN

DO NOT BE DECEIVED
 NONE GENUINE
 WITHOUT THIS
 SIGNATURE
 P. J. Outcault

LI HUNG CHANG VISITS HOGAN'S ALLEY.

Made It a Coincidence.

"Look here!" he began as he entered the corner drug store at 10 o'clock in the evening. "I am tired of this sort of thing and propose to end it!"

"You refer to life?" queried the clerk as he moved towards the soda fountain.

"I do, sir! Under present circumstances it is not worth the living. Let it end right here and now! You have potassium?"

"Oh, of course—a large, fresh stock."

"Arsenic, strychnine and so forth?"

"Yes."

"If it wasn't for my wife I'd live on," said the caller as he picked up a bottle of Florida water and sniffed at the end of it. "She'd drive a nail to his grave."

"I see."

"When she sees my dead face she may regret

her line of conduct. I tell you, it's an awful thing to drive a good man to suicide."

"What syrup will you take?" queried the clerk as he rinsed a glass.

"Syrup? I want poison! No one asked you for soda-water."

"I know; but you see your wife was in here half an hour ago. She said she was also tired of life."

"She did, eh? Sure it was my wife!"

"Oh, yes. She also wanted poison to end her career. Said if it wasn't for you she'd try and live on, but you were such a mean case that she'd rather die."

"And my wife said that?" persisted the other.

"Every word of it, sir; and I didn't know but you might want to make a curious coincidence of it."

"How—how do you mean?"

"Why, she finally decided to take carapartilla soda and live on for a few days. Shall we say carapartilla and curious coincidence?"

"Well, you know."

"But under the circumstances?"

"Well, then, under the circumstances I'll take the same as she did and live on, but she must look upon this as a great moral warning—a great moral warning, sir! Yes—carapartilla and plenty of water in it!"

He'd Done His Duty.

He had done his duty.

His chest puffed out, and he trot the earth with staid footsteps.

His very air convinced those around him that no dipterous insect could find any lodgment on his person.

He had done his duty.

A glow irradiated his countenance, and at times he laughed aloud.

Twice or thrice he roared with jollity.

He had done his duty, and was proud of it.

"Hey," he said to some of his acquaintances who had met him at the steamer landing, as they repaired to a nearby saloon, "them Custom-House inspectors be blind as beetles! Did I do 'em? Well, watch me!"

Unbuttoning his vest he disclosed several layers of silk.

From his pocket he extracted about half a dozen diamonds of the first water, and he passed around samples of some cigars of which, he said, he had a thousand more at the bottom of his trunk.

He had done his duty with a vengeance.



WATCH ME MAKE
A MASH OF MOLLY
HOGAN I CAN'T
FAIL TO MAKE
A HIT

MC SWAT'S
NEW
GOLD CURE
EVERYTHING
FROM THE BLUES
TO THE BURNING
HABIT CAN BE
CURED BY
ENOUGH GOLD
CURE

OFFICES OF
THE HOGAN ALLEY
DRAMATIC
AGENCY
ON THE TOP
FLOOR
ENGAGEMENTS TO
BUAN

RAINE'S
HOTEL
10 ROOMS
FOR GUESSES
BRING YOUR
OWN LUNCH
IF YOU
REALLY WANT
SOMETHING
TO EAT

JUST TELL THEM

SAY!
HE IS DE
MOST POPULAR
BLOKE WOT EVER
HAPPENED
I DONT TINK!
AN WE AINT DOIN
A TING TER HIM - VERY
LIKELY HE DONT REICH
NO HOGAN'S ALLEY
SAUSAGE TODAY

THE
PARK ROW SONGSTER
"ITS FUNNY HOW THEY
ROAST US WHEN WEER
GONE"
AND OTHER SONGS

R.F.O. - 1906

WHAT THEY DID TO THE DOG-CATCHER IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.

NOTISS!!!
 The Treasurer of dis club is de chief
 all round scrapper in de ward
 an de guy not dont come up
 wot his dues - well day! we
 aint no respecer of persons
 (ammiter)

NOTISS
 DE DIRECKTERS OF DE CLUB
 HAS TRIED TER ARRANGE FER
 A GOOD FIGHT BUT DEY ARE
 AFRAID IF ANY GOOD SCAPPING IS
 TE BE DID, DAT SOME OF DE
 AMATOOR MEMBERS WILL HAVE
 TE DO IT—PROFESSIONAL FIGHTERS
 WONT FIGHT, WHICH AINT NOTHIN NEW

BILLIARD
 DOWN
 STAIRS

BY THUNDER! I AM
 SHOCKED AT
 LIZ AN MOLLY

HORIZONTAL
 BAR
 DOWN STAIRS—BUT
 DE BARRKGEPERGITS
 ALL DE EXERISE BU
 DE CHANGE

TURKISH
 BATHS
 DOWN STAIRS
 BETTER TAKE ONE

please dont deface the walls

dis club best pay anybodies
 funeral expenses

R.F. Outcault

KIN YOU
 SEE DE
 INVISIBLE
 WIRES WOT
 HOLD DESE
 DUMB BELLS?

WHAT
 I AM ASKIN
 MYSELF IS,
 THATS WHAT
 IM ASKIN
 MYSELF
 EVANS SINGS
 IT OUT-O-SIGHT

YEE KIN SEE
 ITS MY DEAL-IF
 I WIN ONE MORE POT
 LIZ GITS A NEW
 SEAL SKIN SACK
 AN DAT GOES

HOW DOES DE LITTLE
 BUSY BEE
 EACH SHININ HOUR,
 IMPROVE
 AN HOGAN'S ALLEYS
 JIST DE SAME.
 ITS ALWAYS ON DE
 MOVE
 JIMMIE DE LAURENT

OPENING OF THE HOGAN'S ALLEY ATHLETIC CLUB.





THE AMATEUR DIME MUSEUM IN HOGAN'S ALLEY.

R. F. Outcault

McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

By E. W. TOWNSEND, Author of "CHIMMIE FADDEN."

Illustrated by R. F. OUTCAULT, - - - - - Originator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."

"MARY ELLEN MURPHY! Mary Ellen Murphy, hasten quickly dear, and tell the Fresh Cop from Oak street to turn in a hurry ambulance call. And"—continued Mrs. Murphy, glancing up the street from her window—"and a fire alarm. Hasten quickly, darlint, or I'll break your face, dear!"

"What for?" demanded Mary Ellen; but just then her eye caught the amazing sight her mother, from her elevated lookout, had first discovered; and Mary Ellen uttered a whoop of joy and started up the street, yelling to the Dunningan Twins, who were both trying to sit on Congo's head, "Come on, youse. It's a cirkis, and a chowder party, and a mad dog, and a fight!"

Mary Ellen's delighted announcement brought all the inhabitants of Tim McFadden's Flats to their doors and windows. Truly it was a sight as wonderful as it was envying. There came down the street from up Cherry Hill way a procession, which warranted Mary Ellen in her description. The leader was a shaved youth, arrayed simply in a sack of such yellow hue as would have excited the envy of Li Hung Chang. By his side pranced a knowing looking goat, sandwiched between two dogs, the three drawing a cart, lugged with a wonderful maid with a much more wonderful hat. In one arm the yellow-clad boy carried a black cat, whose distressed yowling competed in the general racket with a bass drum and a bass horn. There was a girl near the yellow kid with hair of such redness that Congo, who was, until he saw her, only slowly reviving from his encounter with the Twins, jumping high in the air when he first caught sight of its radiant brightness. There were banners and flags and shouting and cheering; there were fights and laughter, and everything, indeed, calculated to arouse the curiosity and enthusiasm of McFadden's Row of Flats.

"Dot's no showder party," said Kramer, the grocer, in high excitement. "It's a masquerade ball, already. Don't it, Kelly?"

Kelly, the barkeeper, for once had no opinion to offer. He was dumb with amazement, as was Ricciadonna, the pushcart man. They could only look in amazement at the oncomers, and naturally join with Mrs. Murphy and the Ricciadonna girls in a chorus of demands for Tim McFadden.

He would know; nothing could happen in or near the Flats which Tim could not explain. There was comfort in that.

"Tim McFadden," cried Mrs. Murphy, "tell us what is this coming. Hasten quickly, Tim, for the love of hivin', and tell me what is this coming befor I fall out of this windy wild wonder!"

They gathered about Tim, who was standing on the stoop of his Flats, looking proud and happy, but not excited. To him never that.

"My friends," said McFadden, "what you observe and hear coming down the street is a migration."

There was a moment's hush, until Mrs. Murphy called down to Kelly, the barkeeper:

"Kelly, what's a migration?"

"A migration," replied Kelly, bound not to be again caught in ignorance—"a migration is a Raines Law Hotel—when it's pulled."

"Not so bad for you, my boy," assented McFadden. "The celebration coming toward us now, which, by the same token, is now headed by the Dunningan Twins and Mrs. Murphy's Mary Ellen, is the pick and flower of Hogan's Alley."

"I know 'bout dese ting," interrupted Ricciadonna. "Hogan's Alley is

same is now moving out, and if you, Casey, hasn't a care with the stove you are putting out of the window, you'll be having ribs to mend. The vacancies thereof, accruing by due process of law, will be filled, habituated and occupied by the aforetime flower and pride of Hogan's Alley."

"I tell you bout dese ting," cried Ricciadonna. "Tim McFadden is greata oratory dan deese Garibaldi. I second da motion to elect heem!"

"Murder alive!" broke in Mrs. Murphy. "What's this the Dunningan Twins has betune thim? Is it a little Li Hoong Choong, or a kid wid the cholera, having the quarten flag on him? Hasten quickly, Kramer, and inform me befor I die wid worrymint."

"Dese kid mit de yellow nightie?" asked Kramer.

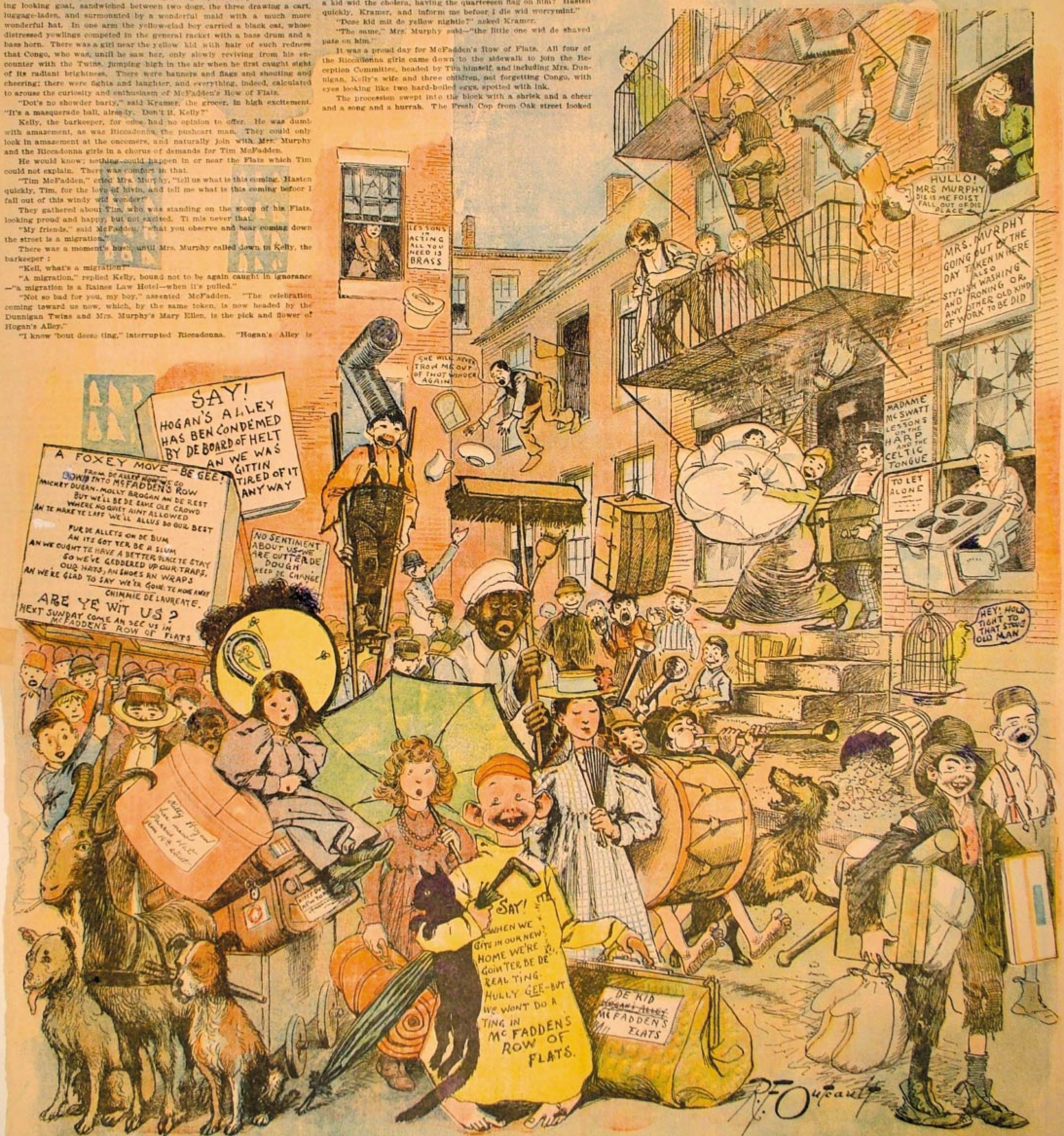
"The same," Mrs. Murphy said—"the little one wid de shaved pate on him."

It was a proud day for McFadden's Row of Flats. All four of the Ricciadonna girls came down to the sidewalk to join the Reception Committee, headed by Tim himself, and including Mrs. Dunningan, Kelly's wife and three children, not forgetting Congo, with eyes looking like two hard-boiled eggs, spotted with ink.

The procession swept into the block with a shriek and a cheer and a song and a hurrah. The Fresh Cop from Oak street looked

"Our gang can lick yourn," Congo suggested; and in the scrap that followed Mary Ellen, who is a good child and has a great eye for the main chance, captured the parrot, cage and all, and tied the cage to the string Mrs. Murphy uses when she makes a short cut with her growler.

The disturbance between Congo and the Yellow Kid was called off temporarily to allow the Kid to present a number of the members of his party to the Flatters. He made them acquainted with Liza, the red-headed girl, Terence McSwatt and others of his companions, who were distributed according to their family connections in the recently vacated portions of the Flat. There was no room or portion of a room assigned to the Yellow Kid, but he discovered a little



down by de law." "Right you are, Rices," Tim explained. "The tinments of Hogan's Alley, by the power of the Health Board in ordinance assembled thereunto, being condemned as unfit human habitation, I induced the power thereof to migrate here by my hand and seal therunto affixed. The weeds of Tim McGrate Fadden's Row of Flats is dispossessed, as are all knowin' thereof. The

as if he thought of calling out the reserve, and Ricciadonna hastily threw a tarpaulin over his fruit. The disoriented ones who were moving from the flats hastened the details of their departure with the seal they would have displayed had there been a fire. Mrs. Murphy swirled her beer on in nervousness, and only Tim remained calm. The Flatters all waited for him to speak.

Then there were introductions, which did not, however, disclose the identity of the Yellow Kid. "Whose little one are you, dear?" asked Mrs. Murphy of the Kid, observing the omission. "Say, 'aint nobody's child. I belongs t' de gang. See?" answered the Kid.

Such was the migration of Hogan's Alley to Tim McFadden's Row of Flats, where the joined communities will be observed from time to time, for the benefit of the readers of this page, by the present historian and artist.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1896.—Copyright, 1896, by W. B. Hoar.

McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

"Sure, dat's right, all right, all right!" said Marty.
 "How do youse cop dat?" the Kid inquired, winking again and grinning at Mary Ellen.

"I cops it," Marty answered proudly. "Cause a felly I uster know, named Chimmie Fadder, what works on de avenue, gives me de tip."

The Kid walked close to Marty, extended his lower jaw, shook his finger under the twin's nose, and said: "Quit it! Quit it! Chimmie Fadden has two left feet, and so has you."

That is fighting language in McFadden's Flats. Della quickly but silently fell on her hands and knees close behind the Kid, so that Marty had to give him only a quick shove to send the Kid backward on his head. And Marty did it.

Instantly Della had the rope off the goat's neck, and what followed Mary Ellen reported to all within long distance.

"Tim McFadden" shouted Mary Ellen. "Tim McFadden, de Dunnigan Twins has lamposed de Kid 'de lamppost, and de goat is butting in his slats!"

"And that's the troot," cried Mrs. Murphy, who was sitting at the window.

Tim came quickly, cuffed the Dunnigan Twins and released the Kid.

Congo, the colored street sweeper's son, brought about peace by asking the Kid how he knew that the people on Fifth avenue didn't eat five meals a day and live in glass houses.

"Cause," panted the Kid, who was yet short of breath. "I've been on Fift avenue myself and seen em."

"I knows all de way dere wid one hand tied behind me. I'll show de gang how I get dere if youse has de nerve."

"We has!" shouted the gang.

Soon McFadden's Flats were alive with excitement over the children's Fifth avenue tour.

Mary Ellen agreed to carry the Kelly baby as a mascot; the Kid was elected Captain and Congo First Lieutenant.

Matters being settled, Congo's father, Tempy, who paraded with the White Wings before Li Hung Chang, declared that the paraders should have a drill before they marched to the avenue. Kramer, the grocer, who is Sergeant-at-Arms of the Waucht an Rheim Social Club, offered to help in the drill, and together they put the company through a few paces.

Everything was ready for the start when the Fresh Cop from Oak street appeared and wanted to know what the riot was about. McFadden explained, and the Fresh Cop said it could not be.

"Who put you on the force?" asked McFadden.

"You did, to be sure, Tim," but I'd be broke in a minute if I let such a gang as this escape off my beat."

This caused a row at once, but McFadden settled things by saying:

"If the Fresh Cop objects, the parade is postponed."

E. W. TOWNSEND



By the Author of "CHIMMIE FADDEN,"
 And the Illustrator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."



ARTY, the boy of the Dunnigan twins, has felt that he has been playing second fiddle in the youthful society of Tim McFadden's Flats since the arrival of the Yellow Kid.

"What I'm laying for," said Marty to his sister Della, the other twin, "is de chunst 't get a rise outter dat Kid. De mug is too big for his buttons, dat's what he is. See?"

"Take a rise outter de Kid, Marty," said Della, "if you can; but if you can't we'll do him wid our double act."

It was while the Twins were thus plotting that the Kid came along, leading the goat by a long rope, and whistling "Arrah, k'way! You're only fooling."

"Say, Kid," exclaimed Marty, "did youse know dat de mug on Fift avenue eats five meals a day, never looks for work and lives in glass houses?"

"Now! is dat right, all right!" the Kid replied in pretended astonishment, but winking at Mary Ellen.

Alas for the Kid! Della Dunnigan saw that wink.



EVERY THING DESE
 DAYS IS YALLER KID
 BUY DE
 YELLOW KID CIGAR
 YELLOW KID WHEEL
 & S. S. S. & S. S.
 SAY! EVERY GORT IN DE
 WARD HAS YALLER KID
 QUIT YER KIDDIN!

MY FADDEN'S GUARDS
 WE'VE GOT A BATTLE ON A BIG SCALE
 YER WE'VE GOT A BATTLE ON A BIG SCALE
 WHEN WE PLAYS DE SPANGLED BANNER, JAYS!
 OR VISE CVBA LIBRE OR WAENT AN RHEIN
 WIT JOHNNY GIT YER GUN AN' RELOAD!
 JUT TELL EM AT YER SAWING AN' DE REST
 OH! WE ARE McFADDEN'S GUARDS—AN YC
 HOTTET YING US MARCHING—WERE DE
 WE HAS KNOWNED DE COUNTRY CRAZY—
 FER DE YELLER KIDS A DAVIS
 AN DE LADIES ALL IT CRATY ALKIN DE—
 SEE!

IT'S A BIG WONDER THE GOAT DON'T BLOW HIS OWN HORNS

HERES HEADQUARTERS OF DE JUVENILE POLITICAL CLUB
 WE ARE OUT FER
 BRYAN AND MCKINLEY (FINE TICKET)

DID ANY AS MUCH FOR ME AS I THOUGHT IT WAS

DEAG A YOD
 THE PRINCE ME
 HE'LL FULL BILLY
 MITSAT'S BUNNY
 DO

STUDIOS TO LET

RICCADONNA SISTERS
 BALLEYS
 DANTJERS
 PLAIN & FANCY
 DANCING TO BEAT THE BAND
 LESSONS IN COUCHE-COUCHE
 DANCING
 COME A TRY AND
 AVOID THE RUSH

DE ONLY THING I WANT TER PLAY ON IS A PIPE ORGAN BUT I HINT NEVER SAW NONE IN NO BRASS BAND NO PLACE

SAY, TOMMY I DARE YOU TO BITE THE COP

SAY!
 WE ARE BOUND FER BOWE AN ME WONT DO A THING TER DE MINIMATIN CLUB—I SPOSE DAT KID WIT DE DROOPY WINK WANT TER FALL OFF DE DE WALDORF, JIST TER BE SWELL—HE'LL GIT ARRESTED FER TRYIN TER COMMIT SUICIDE IF HE DOES—DISABNT NO CONTINUED S'FOREY GOIN' REAR

R. F. Outcault

THE YELLOW KID AND HIS NEW PHONOGRAPH.

A Farce, a Comedy and a Tragedy, All In One, Showing How, In Every Case, Murder Will Out, and Virtue is Its Own Reward.



It Showed Every Perfection.

DON'T you think, Mr. Meantall, that— And dainty little Miss De Koltay tried to look her prettiest.

—“my new evening gown”—

She turned herself about to show its various points of beauty.

—“is the loveliest you ever saw?”

Mr. Meantall was justly celebrated for ever-ready, well-turned compliment.

“Not only, my dear Miss De Koltay, is it the handsomest I have ever seen,” he said, “but”—

Her eyes rounded big and bright with anticipation.

—“it leaves absolutely nothing”—

His eyes roved here and there in eager ecstasy.

—“to be desired.”



It Was Enough to Kill Her.

THE Summer had not only waned, but had gone for good.

The man's wife went to the trunk to get out his Winter underclothes.

Her mien was calm and undisturbed. She wot not of what was before her.

The key turned harshly in the lock, emitting a grating sound.

It might have been a prelude of the coming blow, but all unknowing, with a careless gesture, she lifted the lid.

And then a strange thing happened.

With a loud cry, the man's wife started back and sank fainting on the floor.

The shock had been too much for her.

The things she wanted were all on the top, within easy reach!!!

McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS

By the Author of "GHIMMIE FADDEN"
And the Originator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."



TIM McFADDEN had given orders that politics were barred in the Row. What Tim says usually goes with the Flatters without argument or dissent—always "went," indeed, before the arrival of the Yellow Kid. But that active young person proved a rebellious and turbulent element from the first. He had scarcely made acquaintance with all hands before he was playing Croesus for campaign buttons and had soon won Marty Dunningan's whole stack, wherewith the Kid decorated Mary Ellen until she was the envy of the Row.

From buttons to politics was a small and natural move, and, of course, the Kid made it. He was shortly in a terrific argument with Marty whither Bryan was running for "a Alderman what goes to Albany," or, as Marty thought, whether McKinley was using his pull to be appointed "Captain of de cops in de Oak Street Station."

Of course Tim McFadden was appealed to as an authority on that, as on all other subjects; and, seeing that the boys did not know enough about the subject to seriously disturb the peace of the Flatters, no matter how much they discussed, he repealed the law against talking politics.

"Kid," said Marty, "if we're to t'go dis t'ing right, we must git de returns."
"What returns?" asked the Kid.

"Returns," Marty explained, "is de polpers youse get stuck wid when youse dont sell de Journal. See?"

"That bye av motn will be a Alderma himself, wid the great political turning he do be having!" exclaimed the proud Mrs. Dunningan, who had overheard this.

"True of you," declared Mrs. Murphy, leaning out of her window. "I do love political turning terrible awful, but it's that drying i'de t'roat! I has a t'irst on me like a fire engine. Let Marty hasten quickly t' Keel's for a pint of beer, and come up in me room and join me, Mrs. Dunningan, for I have the price."

When it was decided that returns should be brought to the Row by clothes line telephone, the troublesome question arose, Which candidate should be reported elected. It took all of Tim's diplomacy to avert a fight over this, until he hit upon the happy thought of having both elected, and gave orders to Laurens McSwatt to prepare banners and notices accordingly.

The Kid got early word of this, and broke every boy in the neighborhood letting on his straight tip.

With his money, such as it was, in his hand, he exclaimed: "I has hoodle to burn and is looking for a fire!"

The goat saved him further hunt for the fire by taking a light meal off of the Kid's earnings, wherupon Mrs. Murphy suggested putting the goat in sack with Kelly as security for beer all around.

"De whole wad wasn't de price of de beer," Marty explained, in time to save the goat's life. "De was Jeff Davises."

"What Jeff Davise, Marty, darlint?" Mrs. Murphy asked.

"Jeff Davise is hoodle what's queer-green goods," Marty answered.

"Den de goat's stuffed wid sawdust," said the Kid, who never did have much idea of money.

"And I don't git no sealskin nor diamonds!" cried Mary Ellen, who had been promised these necessities of life by the Kid.

"Not a bit like it," shrieked the parrot.

"I'll pull de whole tail enter dat par-

rot if it don't close its face!" yelled Mary Ellen. "Goodness gracious, Mary Ellen, be a lady!" giggled Della Dunningan, who wickedly rejoiced at Mary Ellen's discomfort. "Be a lady, whatever you be, Mary Ellen! Even if youse hasn't a powder rag like I has, be a lady!"

The French cop from Oak street arrived in time to separate Della and Mary Ellen before much damage was done, and then he reproved Tim for breaking his own rule against politics.

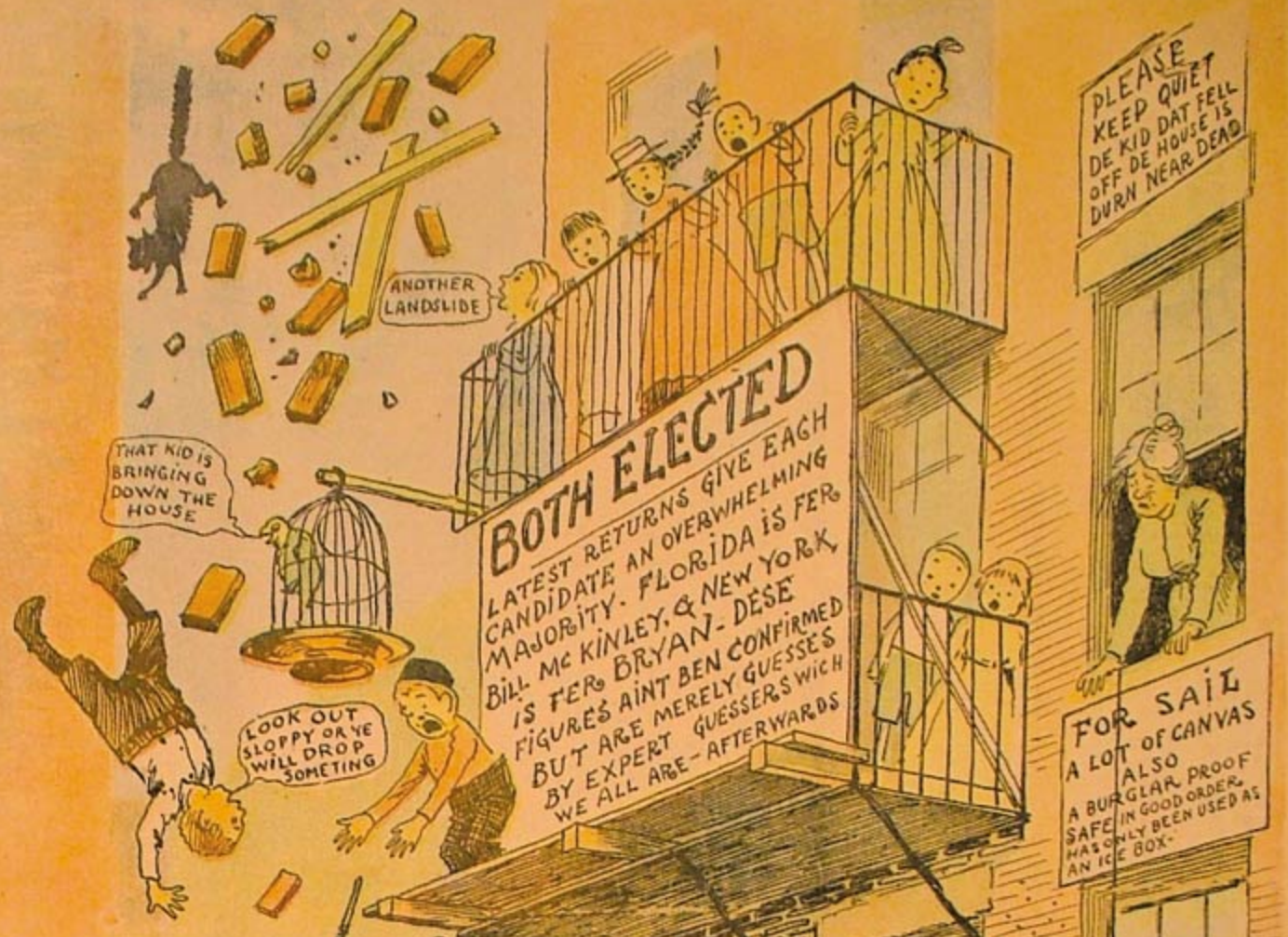
"Let me discourse to you on the standing and situation of this status," Tim said to the French cop. "It's not politics as has made them two sweet girls fall against one another with rage, folly and contumely in their hearts. It's the Yellow Kid."

"And that's as true as Tim McFadden owns the Flat!" asserted Mrs. Murphy. "Hasn't the darlint childer a right, by way of diversion, t' have the political returns brought here widout you,

Mr. Fresh Cop, taking onto yourself, t' put in your jaw. If you're looking for work, pinch the villain that stopped me can in the windy below and drunk all the beer but the froth."

This had the usual effect of driving the Fresh Cop of the block, and for the rest of the day and night peaceful revelry reigned in the neighborhood of McFadden's Row of Flats.

E. W. TOWNSEND



WE ARE IN FAVOR OF DE YELLOW KID FER PRESIDENT & DE GOAT FER VICE PRESIDENT-AN WE WILL FILL DE CABINET- WICH AIN'T DE FIRST TIME DAT DE CABINET HAS BEN FULL

DERE IS ONE OF DEM PINWHEEL PERLITICAL ARGUMENTS

ITS A LONG ELECTION DAT HAS NO RETURNS HOW WILL WE PAY OUR BILLS? BILL BRYAN IN SILVER- BILL MCKINLEY IN GOLD. WICH ONE WILL BE DE RECEIPTED BILL? WHY DE LUCKIEST WON. AN WE ARE WIT HIM. SEE

WHY NOT ELECT EM BOTH AN LET EM FIGHT IT OUT BETWEEN OF EM? WOT WE WANTS TERO KNOW IS HOW DOES DEY STAND ON SHOOTIN DUX AN FISHIN- WICH SIDE WILL BE DEFEATED IF DE ODDER SIDE WINS?

MONEY TO LOAN BUT NOT HERE

THEY AIN'T PROPRY DAT MICK IS DRINKIN UP VEE BEER

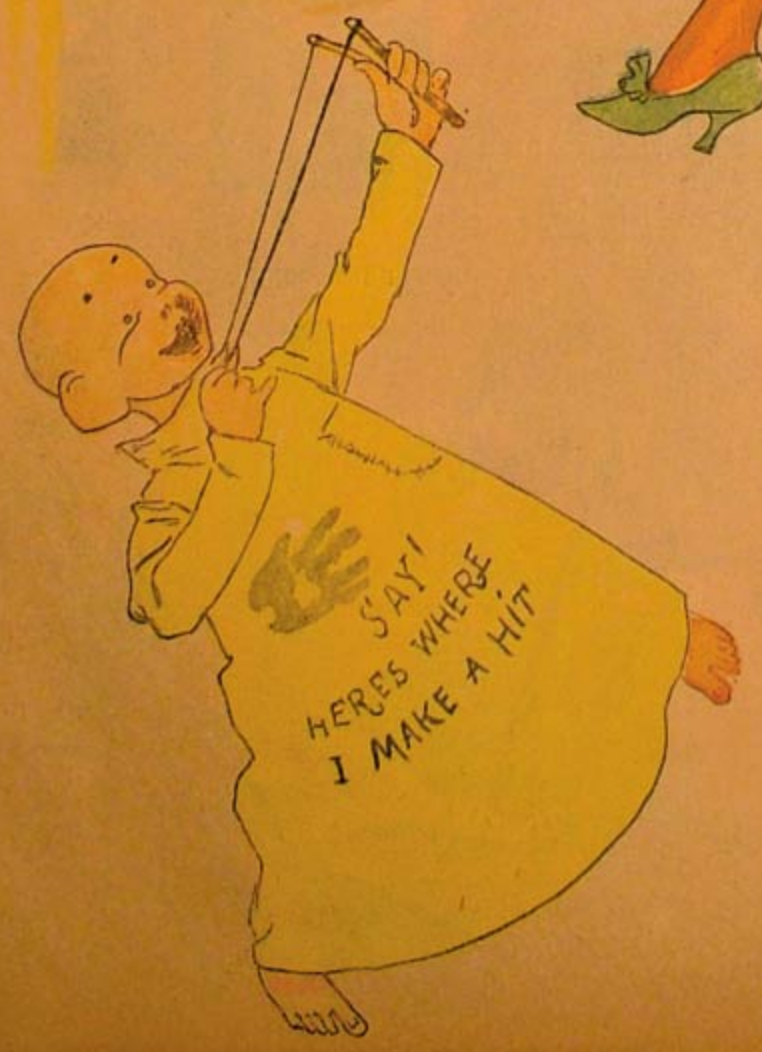
DIS HERE CAMPAIGN HAS TIRED ME OUT



RECEIVING THE RETURNS IN McFADDEN'S ROW ON ELECTION NIGHT.



Copyright 1896, by W. B. Hoar. NEW YORK, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1896.



The Ballad of The Maiden, The Crow and The Yellow Kid.

*A maiden sat on a precipitous wall
 And gazed on the scene below;
 While out of the distance there came the call
 Of a comical lonesome crow.
 And into her presence he warily steered,
 And onto a perch he slid,
 When out of McFadden's apartments appeared
 The rollicking Yellow Kid.*

*Sing ho, for the luminous maid, yes, yes,
 Sing ho, for the lonesome crow;
 Sing ho, for the kid with the aureate dress
 That lives in McFadden's Row.*

*Then up at His Beaklets, he saucily gazed,
 And he winked at the maiden, I guess,
 While the crow and the fairy regarded amazed
 The kid with the yellow dress.
 'Twas thus they remained for a moment or so,
 Then this is the thing that they did;
 "Ho, ho," said the maiden, "bo, bo," said the crow
 "Ho, bo," said the Yellow Kid.*

*Then His Kidlets remarked to the maiden, I guess
 This fellow is onto me--nit.
 We'll give him a run for his money, oh, yes,
 Say, "here's where I make a bit."
 Then his sling he let go, and away flew the crow,
 Said the fairy, "of him we are rid!"
 Then she capered away for a frolic, ah ho,
 With the riotous Yellow Kid.*

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NEW YORK JOURNAL

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By the Author of "CHIMMIE FADDEN" And the Originator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."

Riccadonna Sisters (four) supplied the fashion, and scandal; Mrs. Murphy stood for the small bottle set, and Tim McFadden represented the wit and eloquence so noticeable at the Garden show.

In his opening speech Tim had only got as far as: "Twas Napoleon said at the battle of the Nile, 'On with the dance; let joy be undimmed.'" when Mrs. Murphy's growler dropped on his head.

Speaking was not what the Flatters wanted, for the Kid fared no better than Tim. "Loidles and Chents," said the Kid. "Youse said dat before," Marty remarked. "I'll break de face of de nex' mug what queers me! Loidles and Chents!"

"Not a bit like it!" croaked the parrot. That settled it, and the famous Horse Show was opened with these memorable words: "Loidles and Chents: De show is wide open."
 R. W. TOWNSEND.

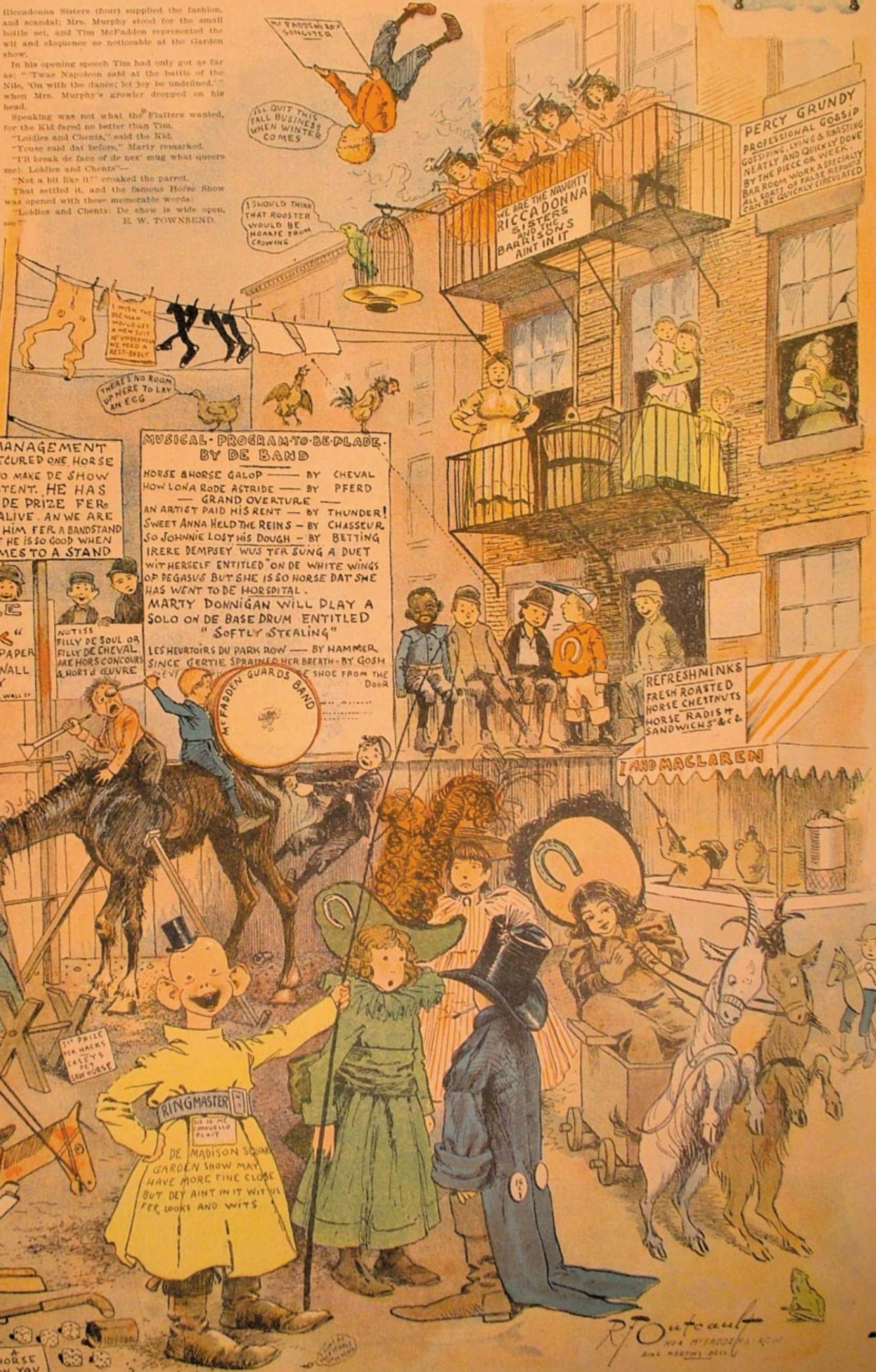
"De graft of de Horse Show isn't de horses," said the Yellow Kid, as he and the Dunning Twins were discussing it. "De show is de folks, and we has folkses t' burry." "If weese only had one live horse," mused Marty, "just t' prove weese was in it for sure."
 The genius of Dells, Marty's Twin, solved

that. She was appointed a "Committee of Twelve" to beg the loan of her father's horse, used for peddling coal and ice by the pound. With this the show lacked not a feature of the one held in the Garden. The naughty

"I GUES I WONT TRY TEA UNLESS I FALL IN OFFICE HOWEVA I WOULD BE FATTER AND MORE BEAUTIFUL."

MC SWATT'S CLOTHES HORSE 2ND PRIZE

PEGASUS
 HORSE FLIES NEVER WORRY ME AT ALL



THE SEASON OPENS WITH THE HORSE SHOW IN MCFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

R. J. Outcalt
 AND MCFADDEN'S ROW
 AND MARTY'S DOLL

McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

By the Author of "CHIMMIE FADDEN"

And the Illustrator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."



ANY stories are told as to who made the suggestion for the football game. It went with such vim, with such "creme de Peelat," as Tim McFadden himself said, it is no wonder that all the Flatters claimed the honor of originating the idea.

The truth is that the "function" was first proposed by the oldest of the Riccadonna girls. She had a purpose, and it was a very feminine one; she wanted a chance to outshine both Della Dunnigan and Mary Ellen Murphy in some conspicuous manner. They were attracting much too much attention lately to please the oldest Riccadonna, and it was with the view of bringing out for inspection the famous ballet dresses belonging to the sisters that she proposed the game. You should have seen the girls on top of the coach! But you do—in the picture.

As one person the Flatters took up the idea with enthusiasm. Tim himself offered to furnish the coach when Mrs. Murphy suggested it.

"Sure," remarked that lady, "it would be undactical for the Flatters t' ride t' the game in a street ca-ar. It would be terrible awful misty-lah, Tim."

Kramer donated a barrel of arnica; Kelly some other liquids not for external use, and Tempy, the street sweeper, agreed to clear up the ground, which was in an unused boiler yard near Corlears Hook.

For several days before the game the Yellow Kid was often missing from the Row, and went about with the air of mystery of a Headquarters detective.

"What's eating you, Kid?" Marty asked him at last.

"S-sh! I'm getting de rules of de game. I has one rule all right, and I'm chasing for de odder. Here's de one."

With that the Kid produced a brogan having a sole two inches thick, through

which, from the toe point, the Kid had driven a railroad spike.

Marty yelled at seeing this, and asked the Kid what it was for.

"Dat," responded the Kid, concealing his treasure, "is a rule of de game. Wid two rules spike Hennessy wouldn't be in it wid me. I could break into de Tombs wid 'em. Do you t'ink I can play football wid 'em? Well, say, honest, now—what?"

Marty told the Flatters of the Kid's horrible intention, and a council of war was held, which decided that the game would be called off unless the Kid solemnly promised to play barefooted. He promised, and there was a big turnout of the Flatters when the coach drove up for the ride to the boiler yard, which started after a few hitches. Mary Ellen objected to the Riccadonna girls (four) going in fairy costume. "Do youse want de Corlears Hookies t' give us de laugh?" Mary Ellen inquired, haughtily.

Fortunately, before this slight difference developed into a passage of arms, Mrs. Murphy created a diversion. From the top of the coach she lowered her growler to Kramer, calling out: "It always do make me thirsty as an empty herrin' keg t' be going to a swell function. Hasten quickly, Kramer, dear, and fill the can while we wait!"

The game was between the Tim McFadden Flatters and an unclassed gang formerly belonging to the defunct Hogan's Alley.

No mere words can describe that game. Out-cault was there with me, and his pencil caught the scene just at that exciting moment when the Kid finished a run of the whole length of the field in the last second of time, and made a touchdown, which won the game. The picture shows the glory of that moment; or, as Mrs. Murphy expressed it to Mrs. Dunnigan, mother of the Twins:

"Hadn't I the rheumatiz terrible awful had I'd play the game myself, me dear, for think of the power of thirst it must give you!"

There was glory and fun all through the game; largely so because Tim McFadden was, naturally, selected as both umpire and referee, and it happened that he never saw a game of football before in his life.

That resulted in making things lively and unexpected. Once, when Marty Dunnigan saw a good chance to "take a fall out of the Kid," as he expressed it, he signalled to the other Twin, Della, to lend a hand. Della ran on to the gridiron, and when some one objected to her being there, Tim at once ruled that it was perfectly fair play.

"at it's agin de rules," shouted McSwatt, the root.

"I'll have no rules here," Tim responded firmly, "that interferes with the fun of any of the Flatters."

That was the way Della got into the game and brought about a most delightful state of affairs. The ball was away down at the other end of the lot, near the goal guarded by the McFaddens.

The score was a tie. The Riccadonna sisters on top of the coach were yelling to beat the neighboring boiler factory. Slippy Dempsey was falling off a roof with enthusiasm, and the parrot nearly split its beak giving the Flatters' yell. But none of this was winning the game.

Della saw the chance of her life; instead of helping Marty to down the Kid, she resolved to help the Kid win the game.

"If I do it," she mused, "I'll win de Kid for me own, and throw down Kittle Hogan wid her big kat and de Riccadonna girls all to onct."

Then she whispered to Marty, "I can't help you do de Kid. Play fair wid me, Marty, and I win de Kid for me steady, and dat leaves you no rival for de heart and hat of Kitty Hogan."

"Della," Marty replied, deeply moved, "your graft is great. Help us win de game and tings will come our way so fast dey will frizz your hair."

The chance came only a minute or two before the end of the game. Della secured a long hat pin and waited until she saw the ball in the Kid's arm, when he started on that famous run the length of the field. She was by his side when the first tackler bore down.

Suddenly there was a dash of Della Dunnigan, a shriek of agony and the strongest man of the opposition stopped short with a hat pin buried full length in his leg.

Away flew the Kid, but others of the opposing team were close on to him. But Della set the dog on to the next tackler, and the second she called to the attention of the goat, with excellent result. This spirited and unexpected help gave the Kid such a start and his side such heart that the grand-stand finish was made, as has been stated, and with Marty's heel proudly pressed on the neck of a Hogan's Alleyite. Then great was the joy of the Flatters, excepting only the Riccadonna girls.

"Youse has took de starch out of dere fairy chase," said the Kid to Della on the way home.

"Ah, Kid," sighed Della, "if youse will only be me steady, I'll care not even for the loss of me only hat pin, which de mug what I put it in his leg ran away wid."

E. W. TOWNSEND.

INAUGURATION OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON IN McFADDEN'S ROW.

American HUMORIST
 (COPIED COPY) WEEKLY OF THE
NEW YORK JOURNAL



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YER, A PEACH GERTIE
 BUT YOU CANT
 HOLD A FOOTBALL
 WIT ONE HAND

ARCHIE GUNN.

SAY, NOT WUD
 LOOK LIKE
 IF SHE PULLED
 MY SWEATER
 OFF
 WUD GEE



McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

By the Author of "GIMMIE FADDEN,"
And the Originator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."



DERE'S a tolkey rafel goin on at tim mac-tadin's flat—
Is you in? Tell me, honey, is you in?
Mixed ale is floin frey, but we all kno where we're at—
Say, tell me, honey bunny, is you in?
Marty Dunningan is kickin cause he hasn't got de price—
Oh, honey! tell me truly is you in?
De yelo kid is right on deok and askin for a slice of Tolkey. Come on, honey! Come on in.

LAUREATE M'SWATT:
The Flatters were wild with delight. What a real turkey raffle, with cranberries and potatoes thrown in! Old and young were alike excited, and Kelly even took a chance for the baby. The Dumbigan Twins both took chances. This surprised the Kid, for in his eventful and tempestuous life the need of actual money had never entered his mind because he had never needed it, but here he was confronted for the first time

with the important problem of ready cash. Even the need of it for a chance to win the turkey might not have moved him to the extraordinary efforts he made when certain interesting gossip floating about McFadden's Flats came to his hearing.

Marty Dunningan had found Mary Ellen Murphy in tears because she could not have a chance in the turkey raffle. Here was Marty's chance to retrieve the loss he had suffered in Mary Ellen's love since the coming of that obnoxious Yellow Kid to the Flats.

"Nay, nay! sweet Mary Ellen," said Marty tenderly. "Nay, nay! do not weep. Radder would I jump from de top of de shot tower dan see dese fair peepers of dine dinamed wid weeps. Let go, and take a brace, wilst I copo you de straight tip, me falrest one."

Mary Ellen put the Kelly baby in an ash barrel and responded: "Far be it from me, Marty Dunningan, t' conceal from youse dat I'm dead sore and weary of life. Couldst thou but relieve dis o'erburdened bosom, den would I be thinst."

"Youse shalt have a ticket in de raffle, Mary Ellen. I has sworn it, and p'chee lat goest! See?"

"Dost mean it, Marty?" gasped Mary Ellen.

"If I don't give you one, call me a dead farmer, me own," Marty replied. "I'll sell Evening Journals all day t'morry, and I'll have boodle t' melt. Den where will de Yellow Kid be?"

"He'll be in de soup," murmured Mary Ellen softly.

Of course, as interesting a romance as this could not be long kept from the Kid.

He heard the gossip, but said little—thinking a great deal.

Then he went under Mrs. Murphy's window, and, calling her forth from her ironing, asked if he could not clean the parrot's cage for her.

"Sure, Kid," replied Mrs. Murphy. "I'm that busy wid de ironing I has no time, and de cage is sore needing a cleaning. But first hasten to Kelly's wid de can for a pint of beer, for this ironing puts a terrible awful thrist on a woman. Hasten quickly, darlint, befor I drop a hot iron on your smooth pate."

The Kid hastened for the beer, and then ran with the parrot to a bar, where he pawned it for ten cents, and learned from the barkeeper certain useful knowledge about throwing dice, which stood him in wicked profit later.

On his return to the Row the thing he longed for occurred. He met his rival, Marty, who

poor innocent, challenged the Kid to throw craps. The Kid flashed up the ten-cent piece, and soon they were playing. The Yellow fellow was invincible, and in a short time had won all of Marty's money. Then he went and took two chances in the raffle, one of which he presented to Mary Ellen.

Next came the dice throwing for the turkey. The Kid fell early with a shocking low throw, but when he came to shake for Mary Ellen nothing but sixes would come out of the box, and the Kid looked more and more innocent as he worked the wicked barkeeper's trick with the dice. On a tie, Marty threw fifty-two out of a possible

fifty-four, and Mary Ellen turned pale, but the Kid whispered to her: "Fear notting, sweetheart, here's where I do him de woist dat ever hapened." Then, still looking cheerfully innocent, he threw the limit. He was cheered and jollied by the Flatters, but Kelly started and gulped hard when he saw a peculiar movement of the Kid's hand when he manipulated the dice box.

The turkey was a noble bird in size, and as the Kid took it home over his shoulder he said to Mary Ellen:

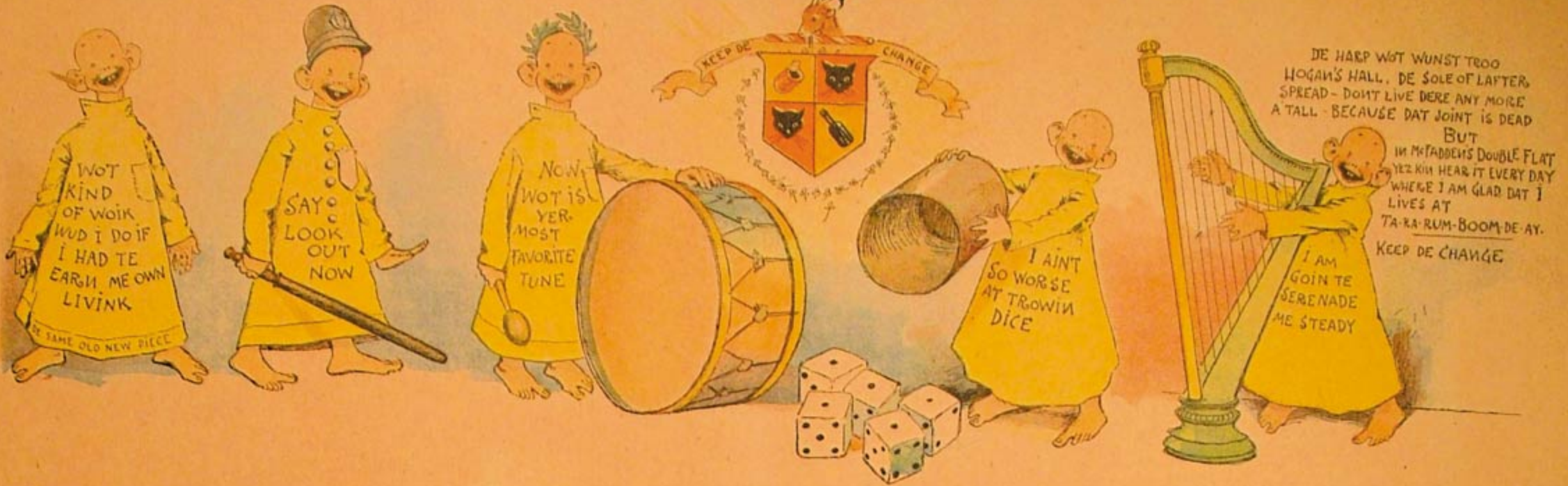
"Loidy, never again doubt me power over me enemies. Had I wanted, I could have trun fifty-five."

E. W. TOWNSEND.



A TURKEY RAFFLE IN WHICH THE YELLOW KID EXHIBITS SKILL WITH THE DICE.

A FEW THINGS THE VERSATILE YELLOW KID MIGHT DO FOR A LIVING.



"If I gits married I got ter hustle if I wants ter keep de wolf away furninst me door."

"I'm stuck on der peleecco, an' I tink I could do it, 'cause bein' a cop is dead easy."

"Composin' music dese days is easy; all yer have ter do is ter buy Gilbert and Sullivan and de 'Chimes of Normandy' an' yer kin rite an opera."

"I might earn some money on Park Row by shakin' de bones."

"I tink I could give parlor entertainments for \$400 or play fer de Patriarchs' ball."



"If some pretty girl wot has got a good alto-gether will pose fer me I'll paint a nood. I'll ask me ballet girl; she's a peach."

"It costs too much to be a real sport an' prizes at de horse show"

"but I tink I would be a good jockey an' a prize winner fer some one else."

"If I could jst git in ter de fish business I could make money an' live on me stock."

"Dis is one ting I wouldn't do; I would muc radder work."

CUT HERE

McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

By the Author of "GHIMMIE FADDEN,"
And the originator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."



THE following notice, posted on the ale keg sign in front of Kelly's was enough to stir the social and sporting instincts of the McFadden Flatters to their profoundest depths.

"I do love a pool tournament," remarked Mrs. Murphy to the gossip gathered beneath her window. "It saves a poor soul so many steps to be near the beer, and not to be having to be sending the can all the while. I'll hasten quickly and darn Mary Ellen's stockings, so she'll be looking real elegant against the night."

Entries came in fast. Congo, Marty, McSwatt and the others of the gang wrote their names on the list early. Only the Kid held off.

"He hasn't de nerve t' play wid me again him," sneered Marty. But the Kid for several days remained silent under taunts, until at last he entered not only his own name, but also that of "A. Monk."

Marty was suspicious at once. "Who's dis mug, Monk?" he asked of the Kid. "He must be a Flatter or he don't go, see? Dery aint no Flatter what's named Monk, and if you works a ringer on us you gets de trun down. Dat's right."

"Me fren Monk is a Flatter all right, and he's not so worse, neither," the Kid replied. Now, thereby hangs a tale. On the night of the famous turkey raffle the Kid not only won the turkey, but he also came into possession, at a time when the poultry dealer was not looking, of a live rooster. That rooster was a cause of much misfortune and deep grief to the Kid. He fought him against every feathered creature in the neighborhood and lost in every encounter. When even the parrot had whipped his rooster the Kid determined to get rid of it. This he did in a manner peculiar to him.

One evening an honest Italian hand-organ man, on his way home, stopped at Kelly's for a glass of beer, leaving the organ on the sidewalk guarded by

a monkey. The Kid thoughtfully considered the case for a few minutes and then tied his rooster to the organ and walked off with the monkey.

Nearly every Flatter in the Row saw this exchange of properties, but when the Italian came out of Kelly's and nearly fell in a fit to find the rooster on the organ and the monkey gone, he could get no information as to the perpetrator of the outrage.

The Flatters stand together in such cases, so the lamenting organist departed, bearing the proudly crowing rooster on his shoulder.

The Kid promptly entered for the pool tournament, and the "A. Monk" also entered was his long-tailed property.

Dan's notice had given a tip that the event was to be considered social as well as sporting, and this gave the Rileadonna girls (four) a great chance. It requires a small excuse for them to put on their ballet dresses.

"I wonder would they wear those fairy class t' dere own mudder's funeral?" asked Mary Ellen, contemptuously.

"Yes, and t' dere own funeral," remarked Della, the Dunningan twin.

Kittie Hogan came out in a new hat designed for the occasion, and all was gaiety and mixed ale, as Tim hoped it would be.

Only one table was used for the game, the other being reserved as a stage for the entertainers.

It was from that stage that McSwatt began reading his beautiful poem:

Gay de scene at Kelly's bar!
Beauty, beaming like a star,
Lighted all wid radiance soft,
Hold yer mixed ale mugs aloft!
Hold, I say, and drink wid me
To de girl youse love most, see?
Hold! den drain t' sweethearts' eyes;
Hold! till heart trobs—

At that moment the monkey's chain caught around McSwatt's legs, and, as the monkey at the time was chasing the dog, which was chasing the goat, which was chasing the cat, which was chasing the parrot, McSwatt fell in a heap on the whole menagerie, his poem choked off in a howl of rage and pain, mingled with the various cries of the animals and the laughter of the Kid.

"For the love of hevin' hasten quickly, Mary Ellen, darlint, and fetch me the bang starter while I crack the skull of that monkey!" shrieked Mrs. Murphy.

Order was restored by the appearance of the Rileadonna girls in a new and elegant pas, which the programme called a "dance doo venture." And it was somewhat so.

But, of course, the pool tournament was the principal event of the evening, and when it was called it was seen at once why the Kid had brought the monk.

Naturally, the animal was not allowed to contest, but he took a frequent hand in the proceedings, and always at such times when any little diversion or trouble caused by him allowed the Kid to count up his score at a rate which no professional could beat. Indeed, the simple method of the Kid was to take at such times all the points he needed to put himself ahead of the game.

"A lead pipe cinch is a dead loser by de side of dis," whispered the Kid when he helped himself to half a string of buttons, and was applauded for doing it by Della—the only one who noticed.

Unfortunately for the complete harmony of the evening Mary Ellen saw Della applauding the Kid, and, though she did not understand the cause, it aroused her jealousy, and she at once put the hooded Kelly baby on the floor and, advancing to Della, kissed in her ear:

"Do not taunt me too far, lady; for, dough I has t' mind de Kelly baby fer me living, de fierce heart of a Murphy

trobs in dis maidenly bosom, and I'd as lief push in your face right here as not, see?"

"Nay, Mary Ellen, I have only pity for youse, poor child. Canst hope t' rival Della Dunningan in the affections of the Kid? Foolish girl, go chase yerself around de block and cool yer jaw before I crack it for you."

This proved to be an unfortunate form of reproach, for Mary Ellen no sooner heard the cruel words issue from Della's proud lips than she punched those same lips with a well-aimed left-hand swing.

The incident, I've said, was unfortunate. But that depends upon the viewpoint. From the way of looking at results, as Tim McFadden did, this incident was most timely and happy. It started a general fight, which the Fresh Cup from Oak street helped Tim and Kelly to quell. And, when the party became quite disentangled and the pool game was resumed, it was found that better spirits prevailed on all sides.

Mrs. Dunningan and Mrs. Murphy, the mothers of the starters of the scrimmage, had themselves battled with much vigor during the hostilities, but when peace was restored it was noticed that those two matrons had retired to a back room, where, over Mrs. Murphy's can, they were exchanging compliments with the same grace and frequency with which Kelly refilled the can.

Tim, before the evening was over, discovered the Kid's original method of counting, and, instead of giving him the purse, divided it between Della and Mary Ellen, remarking: "Had it not been for these two sweet girls and their high spirits the evening would have lacked the proper joy in its termination, end and conclusion befitting all social functions in McFadden's Row of Flats."

E. W. TOWNSEND.

For the development of social joy and the enjoyment of elegant diversions, whatever observed, are by these presents being under my hand and take, I do announce a pool tournament open to all Flatters, to be holden on Kelly's Cellar, Saturday eve, 11 P.M. The choice laurels go to the winner. For details to the Flatters' Society.



THE YELLOW KID INTRODUCES A. MONK, WHO ENLIVEN'S THE POOL TOURNAMENT IN McFADDEN'S FLATS.

NEW YORK JOURNAL, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1896.
THE YELLOW KID INDULGES IN A COCK FIGHT--A WATERLOO.



First Round.

Second Round--Round the block



Third Round--A regular whiff

Fourth Round--And defeat

Outaunt

McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

By the Author of "GHIMMIE FADDEN"
And the Originator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."



SLIPPY DEMPSEY is noted for two things—the fact that he can, and does, fall off of everything he gets on to that is enough elevated to permit a fall, and that he has an uncle who lives in Jersey. In his intervals between falls Slippy is much given to

telling tall stories about the wonderful things he saw and did on that one memorable visit he made to his uncle's New Jersey place. The fact that he ran away from there, footing it all the distance to Hoboken, from whence he stole a ferry boat ride to this city and returned as fast as he could to Tim McFadden's Flats, from which nothing could drive him, did not deter Slippy from enlarging with much enthusiasm upon the stories and wonders of Dempsey's Dell.

Thus it came about that when Tim McFadden announced that he had decided to give a Winter picnic to the Flatters, there was an immediate and delighted demand on all sides that Dempsey's Dell be made the picnic grounds.

"I've heard that much about this Dell that I'm terrible awful anxious to be seeing it, though I don't believe much in going to foreign parts," said Mrs. Murphy to the possessor who came to her room to discuss the affair over a can of beer.

"And Dempsey has a saloon there," said Mrs. Dunnigan, mother of the Twins, in a comforting manner.

"Sure, that's nothing to me," exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, indignantly. "It's with a care for the beer, I'll have you understand, Mrs. Dunnigan. I like the much more better."

Among the young folk the promised event created boundless enthusiasm. McFadden at once composed a title for the outing as follows: "The McFadden Flatters' Skating, Tobogganing and Bear Hunting Expedition."

That bear hunting hint came from the stories told by Slippy. When he first returned from the Dell he swore that the woods thereabouts were alive with bear.

"There's more of 'em dan dere is cops in de Oak Street Station," Slippy asserted, solemnly.

When he found that the Flatters were all going there Slippy began to hedge on his bear stories until he reduced it to one bear, but he did not tell that that one was a very tame and good-natured pet belonging to his Uncle Dempsey. It had been better if he had, for then Mrs. Murphy and many others would have been saved a sore fright. Not that he anticipated.

Della Dunnigan expected to be much frightened about these bears until she was calmed and reassured by the Kid.

"Fear not, lady Della," said the Kid, bravely. "Trust I me, and heed no danger. Shouldst de bear seek to give youse a argymunt I wouldn't do a thing to him but slay him."

"He wouldn't do a thing but chase himself to beat de band," sneered Marty.

Mrs. Kelly became so alarmed about the bears that she threatened to keep the baby at home, which would have spoiled Mary Ellen's fun, she being engaged to "minda" the Kelly baby. But Mary Ellen restored Mrs. Kelly's peace of mind by pointing out that the Ricciadonna girls (four) were sure to go in costume. "And," added Mary Ellen, "dose galls will be such a show dey would frighten de most biggest bear dat ever happened off de face of de sart."

Nothing was neglected by Tim which could add to the insurance of a good time by all the Flatters.

Skates were dug up from old trunks and borrowed from junk shops until every living Flatter, barring the parrot and the monkey, was supplied with a pair. Tim grew sentimental over the two pair he dug up for himself and Mrs. Murphy from among his most cherished belongings.

"Many's the time we've skated with these, Mrs. Murphy," he remarked as he displayed his recovered treasures to that lady.

"Well I remember it, Tim," she responded with a sigh. "It was on the pond where the Madson Square Gardens do be now. Do you mind?"

"I remember it well, it was before Murphy married you."

"It was; hevin rest his soul!" again sighed the lady. "But talking of poor Murphy always makes me as dry as a stone. Hasten quickly to Kelly's, Mary Ellen, dear, and fetch a can. Hasten quickly, darlint."

It was a great day for the whole neighborhood when the start for the Dell was made.

There were many in the party of Flatters who had never in their lives been off Manhattan Island, and there were those among them who were not without mingling in the result of skating so distant a pilgrimage into the unknown dangers of New Jersey. But happily the trip by ferry and steam cars was made without unusual difficulty. To be sure, the goat, the monkey and parrot and horse in the baggage car, and before the train hands had subdued the rattling rails, there was not a piece of baggage which had not suffered severely, and the conductor had to be upheld with much sternness by Tim before he would consent to carry the Ricciadonna girls in their astonishing get-ups. But these were looked upon by the Flatters as minor incidents tending to add rather than detract from the gaiety of the voyage.

At the Dell Uncle Dempsey met the party with a cordial welcome. He whispered to his nephew that the bear, as concealed in the woods, as Slippy had desired, and all hands began preparations at once for the principal fun—skating and tobogganing. No one noticed that Slippy quietly stole away into the woods. Soon the fun was going on at a furious rate. The young folks slid

down hill to beat the Tract Building elevators, and filled the ice pond with animation and shouts of hilarity.

Dempsey's saloon supplied refreshments for the old folks, and there Tim and Mrs. Murphy renewed the sentiments of their youths until they were both so much overcom with emotion that they found skating on the ice a puzzling pastime.

While this was going on Slippy had quietly untied the pet bear and led it to the edge of the wood, when he suddenly emitted a yell of blood-curdling character.

"It's Slippy falling out of a tree," remarked Mrs. Murphy, looking in the direction of the cry. What she saw was Slippy, apparently frightened nearly to death, running toward them, followed by a seven-foot bear. The monkey discovered this at the same time, and it and Mrs. Murphy rushed to Tim, uttering wild shrieks of alarm.

The Ricciadonna sisters made the awful discovery next, and fell in a duff bunch at the same moment that three or four parties of tobogganers were wrecked in fright at the same discovery.

Down the hill came Slippy with the bear bounding after him, and when they reached the ice the Flatters, old and young, were scattered in prostrate ranks, foaring the worst. All save the Kid.

That awful youth Ray, his most expansive grin on his face and boldly approached the dreadful animal with outstretched hand, remarking as he did so: "Shake, old chap; we're glad to see you."

To the amazement of all but Slippy, the bear grinned almost as expansively as the Kid, stood upon its hind legs and extended a paw of welcome.

"I told youse I'd do it," the Kid remarked to Della, with a wink.

When all had ceased to marvel they began to be suspicious; and Slippy soon gave away the secret—that the Kid had put up the whole job with him.

"I could never forgive the Kid," said Mrs. Murphy, still trembling in Tim's arms. "I could never forgive him only that a fright do give me a throb like the Desert of Sarah. Let us hasten quickly to Dempsey's, Tim, dear."

And they hastened.

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.



McFADDEN FLATTERS' SKATING AND TOBOGGANING EXPEDITION

AMERICAN HUMORIST
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THE MIGHTY
 ANTHONY
 H. F. DUBOIS
 J. H. GIBBY
 J. H. HAYES
 C. L. THAYER
 E. W. BROWN
 H. K. MONTGOMERY
 J. L. FARR
 A. B. HARRIS
 G. A. MOTT

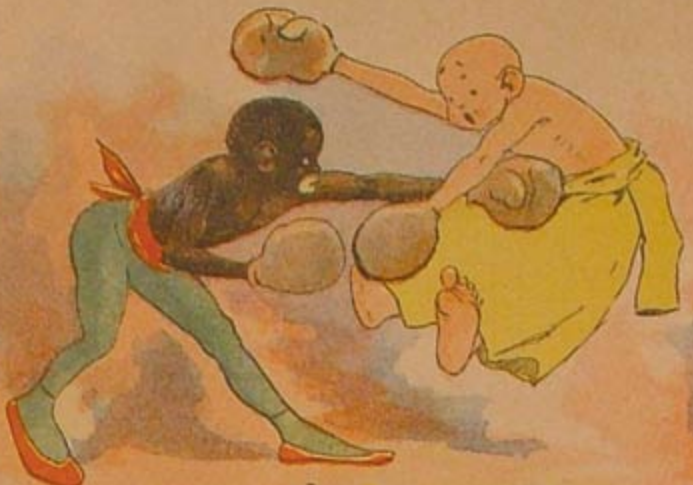


ARCHIE GUNN.

THE YELLOW KID'S GREAT FIGHT.



1
Dere was joy down in McFadden's Flats,
Dere wuz happiness, dat's right,
Eer de nigger an' de Yeller Kid wuz goin' te have a fight;
De bote of dem wuz fadder weights, de kid weighed 13 pounds,
De nigger stripped at twenty, an' de fight wuz fer 10 rounds.
De ring wuz in de court yard, an' all de mugs wuz dere,
De Mullens an' de Doolans, an' say, de ring wuz square.



2
Young Arter Moors were referee, dey had some guys to rub,
Like Eddie Dep an' Fatty Lynch, from d' New York Athletic Club.
De time wuz called at 3 o'clock, de scrappers took dere place;
De Yeller Kid den upper cut de coon right near his face;
De coon let go his left and ketched de kid between de slats,
An' let de sawdust outen him muss up de carpet mats.



3
But den de kid cum up agin wit mussle fer to melt,
He trun his right and smashed de coon a corker where he smelt;
An' den dey clinched, de coon he ducked to butt de kid in two.
When Hogan's goat jumps troo de ropes an' turns dat nigger blue,
First he turns a somersault, den spits on his paws,
Den he dislocated de bote of dat coon's jaws.



4
Den he broke dat nigger's wind, den he closed his peeps,
Den de coon laid down an' took two or tree big sleeps.



5
Den dat goat et all de wool right off dat nigger's nut,
Den he chucked him troo de ropes wit one small dinky butt.



6
"YELLER KID
COPYRIGHTED 1896
R. F. DUNNELL"
Den de goat put on de gloves; says he, dey's no one in it, butt;
So bring dat Fitz an' Corbett here, I'll lick 'em in a minute!
JOE KERR

McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

By the Author of "GHIMMIE FADDEN,"
And the Originator of "HOGAN'S ALLEY."



UST as the hands of Kelly's clock pointed midnight the blankets which served as curtains were pulled aside and the Riccadonna Sisters (four) were discovered in fairy clothes dancing and holding on high the figures of the New Year. At that moment, too, Tim McFadden and Mrs. Murphy began an old-time barn door dance, which lasted without stop or let-up in violence exactly thirty minutes. Thus was inaugurated the New Year's fancy dress ball which, beyond a doubt, was the crowning social triumph of McFadden's Flats.

When Tim called upon Mrs. Murphy to discuss the proposed party he said to her: "It must be rekerky, Mrs. Murphy, and fandy stekle. Let joy be undefined, and Kai will have my carly blanch for beer."

Mrs. Murphy was delighted, especially as to the beer, and she said: "Sure, Tim, it's elegant lang-

widge you do be using, but what's this Blanch beer you speak of? Is it the same Blanch I know, Blanche McCarty, whose man drives the beer truck?"

"Sure, woman, it's French I'm talking," Tim responded, "not Blanche McCarty, but carly blanch, which is French for 'set 'em up again; sine die.' Do you mind?"

Kelly's billiard room was selected as the scene of the Flatters' festivities, and with the tables moved out, the floor swept and scrubbed, it made so satisfactory a ballroom that Tim remarked it to be sorrowful that Mr. Hanna could find no such fitting place in Washington for holding the inaugural ball.

The orchestra, composed of youths of the Flats, were put in hard training under the leadership of Signor Riccadonna, who in his younger days played a street organ. In every flat personal preparations for the great event went on with serious industry. There were certain secret plans carried out for the accomplishment of private ambitions, the most interesting being a deep-hid plot on the part of Della Dunnigan (the Twin) and Kittle Hogan to take off the fine

edge from the Riccadonna Sisters' customary superiority. This was brought about through the aid of a friendly costumer in a Bowery theatre, who kindly lent Della and Kittle fairy dresses for the occasion. The results surpassed the wildest flights of imagination, for both of the young ladies were so lovely in their borrowed finery that they were sought after by all the lads to the almost total eclipse of the Riccadonna girls.

"Liz," said the Kid to Della when she, a vision of beauty, first flashed on his sight at the ball—"Liz, you're a peach, a dream, and you are mine for de Moulin Rouge dance."

"Not so, Micky," responded Della. "So long as you calls me Liz I feels dat your heart is not my very own, but dat youse seek me society for de aclety of me clothes. Take a tumble from your perch, Micky, and never more be officer of mine till dou canst call me Della."

This extremely fine speech had an excellent effect on the Kid, who, through bad association, had acquired the habit of calling all girls "Liz." "Fairest queen of me heart," he answered, "any not such langwidge i' your own, ownest, ownest Micky. Dere is but one Della, and you bees she. Never more will I calls you 'Liz.' Spell wid me and forget it."

There was another affair of the heart which prospered in the dazzling light of the great McFadden Flats hall. It was that in which Mary Ellen was most concerned. It was her duty to take the Kelly baby to the party, and she did so, but in the general excitement it was not noticed that she put the baby down in the corner to be amused with the dog, cat and goat while she pursued the complex developments of the plans of the rivals for her favor—Marty and McSwatt. Marty gained the victory of the day by an appeal to McSwatt's pride. The poet had written a verse of farewell to the old year, and lettered it upon a

transparency. It was Marty's suggestion that the poet carry the transparency during the dance to give it greater circulation, and McSwatt easily fell into the trap. This gave Marty undisputed possession of Mary Ellen's dancing programme. McSwatt soon realized the trick his rival had played upon him, but he was helpless, for having once assumed charge of the transparency he could get no one to relieve him of it, and was compelled to eat his heart out in impatient rage while Marty led Mary Ellen in the mass of the dance. "He's only a office boy, and so aint on t' de tricks of de cupid business, like us newsboys is," said Marty to Mary Ellen as they waited past McSwatt.

When Tim and Mrs. Murphy had concluded their long-distance dance the lady was well-nigh exhausted.

"It's not the dance, Tim," said she; "it's the dust that floors me."

"Is it the dust that tires you, me dear?" Tim asked.

"Tires me? No. But it do bring on a beautifil thirst. Where is that Blanche McCarty beer you was boasting of?" Mrs. Murphy replied coyly.

"I begs your pardon, Mrs. Murphy," Tim said. "I'll send for a sample glass of it for you."

"A can will do better, Tim; and do hasten. For the love of hevin hasten quickly before I die of the drought. Hasten quickly, dear, and then we will go on with the dance, and show these children how we won the prize on Cherry Hill before they were born."

And thus it was. "Dere is nothing but joy, Della," said the Kid to the Twin; "only say dat you is mine and me cup will be filled."

Mrs. Murphy has de only cup here," murmured Della, "and dat is never filled but it's empty, and besides it's a can." R. W. TOWNSEND.

GREAT HOPES FER 97

ME KINLEY WILL TAKE DE CHAIR AN A RAIN OF PROSPERITY WILL COMMENCE TO BEGIN (FER TRUSTS AN TINGS) WEYLER WILL SUBDUDE CUBA (BUT HE WILL HAVE TO DO EM BEFORE HE KIN SUBDUDE EM)

NOTISS

DERE WILL BE A MEETING TO ELECT FRESH OFFICERS FER 97 FER DE S. P. J SOCIETY FER DE PROMOTION OF JOY DE OLD OFFICERS SWIPED DE MONEY IN DE TREASURY AN PROMOTED ALL DE JOY FER DERE OWN SELVES

A REMEDY FER DE BLUES

GET AS MANY 50 DOLLAR BILLS AS POSSIBLE (TWENTIES WILL DO IN A PINCH) PLACE DEM IN LARGE ROLLS IN EVERY ROCKET (FER DE BALANCE IN DE BANK) HAVE A QUANTITY OF SMALL JINGLING COIN IN YER FANTS POCKET (YER AMM) AN DEN DE ANY OLE TING-EAT DRINK AN REFRERY

NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS MADE BY DE GANG FER 97

SLIPPY DEMPSEY WILL QUIT FALLIN OFF OF DE HOUSE - IF HE BREAKS DIS RESOLUTION HE MAY BREAK HIS NECK. DE YELLER KID IS GOING TO QUIT FLIRTING - LAUREATE ME SWATT IS GOIN TER STOP RITEING POETRY. BUT DIS HABIT HAS A MIGHTY STRONG HOLD ON ME SWATT AN HE MAY BREAK IT. MRS MURPHY HAS SWORE OFF GOING THIRSTY WHEN BEER IS SO PLENTY AN CREDIT IS GOOD - DE GOAT HAS SWORE OFF DE TIN CAN HABIT FER IT WAS AFFECTIN HIS NERVES. DE PARROT HAS SWORE A SWEAR DAT HE WILL QUIT SWEARIN EXCEPT UNDER EXASPERATIN CIRCUMSTANCES TIM MCFADDEN HAS SWORE DAT HE WILL MARRY MRS MURPHY BEFORE DE FORT-O-JULY DE CAT HAS SWORE OFF STAYING OUT AT DEM ALL NIGHT RACKETS - DE DOG HAS SWORE OFF KETCHIN RATS AN EVERY ONE SWORE SOMETING JIST FER LUCK



WATCH FER DE NEW YEAR-FER IT IS GOIN TO BE A IMPORTANT YEAR FER SOME FOLKS-SOME WILL BE BORN WHICH IS IMPORTANT (TO DEM) SOME WILL GIT MARRIED OR DIE, OR BOTH, WHICH IS HOOPIN TINGS UP FER ONE YEAR-SOME WILL GIT A DEVORCE - A GREAT RELIEF

NO SMOKING LAMPS

OLE EIGHTEEN 96 HAS WENT AN MINTY SEVENS HERE WE'LL MAKE YE LAP TER BEAT DE BAND TROO OUT DE COMING YEAR. (DE SWATT)

TEMPUS FUJITS LIKE BLAZES AN ENIN DE LOBSTER IS BOILED TILL HE IS LESS FER YOU NEW YEAR EVERY YEAR (DE SWATT)

GHIMMIE FADDEN'S BOX



THE NEW YEAR'S FANGY DRESS BALL IN McFADDEN'S FLATS.

THE YELLOW KID WRESTLES WITH THE TOBACCO HABIT.



McClure