

# McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

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

As every one knows, or should know, certainly, Tim McFadden's row of flats were, many years ago, the homes of rich and fashionable people. Not far from them, and on the very spot where this paper is printed, was, until within a couple of years, an old family mansion, once occupied by the British Governor of the Sugar House Prison, and Tory nabobs built the thick walls which, with but little change, still enclose Tim's flats. You should hear him discourse on interesting historical facts in this relation! To me, who believe we receive strong mental impulses from our inanimate environments, the facts are chiefly interesting as offering the probable explanation for the

notable social bias lately observed among the Flatters. The beauties of the days when Madison was President danced and flirted in those same houses, and it is no wonder that Tim's Flatters are much given to social festivities. These remarks are but preliminary to a statement concerning a discovery of a highly interesting character made recently by Tim. In one of the houses there is an unusually high garret, which Tim was recently investigating to see if it could not be used for lodging rooms. He had never known how the place could be lighted or aired until, at this time, he discovered some inside blinds which, once opened, flooded the old place with light. Tim was amazed, and at first a little frightened. He saw in-outh wooden figures with

legs and arms in wild disorder, dust covered plaster casts of the human form in whole and in part, old frames, rugs, outlandish tables and what not. He hastened to invite Mrs. Murphy to inspect his find, and she promptly announced her belief that Tim had discovered a joss house. She invited the gossips to see, and then the truth was told by Mrs. Riccadonna. In her youth she had been an artist's model—there is a hint of her youthful beauty in her girls (four)—and she recognized the place at once as an artist's studio. Of course so interesting a discovery could not be long kept from the children, and soon they were a full possession. The Riccadonna girls took to the place as ducks take to water, and it was their suggestion that the finding of this unexpected treasure be celebrated by a studio party. They had all done a little something in the way of posing for artists, and knew the game. They said that when artists gave parties they always invited a chaperon. "And what's a chaperon?" asked Mrs. Murphy. The oldest Riccadonna girl explained that a chaperon was an experienced woman who accompanied inexperienced women to teach them how to flirt and to arrange opportunities for so doing. "Sure, then, there's none needed at our party," exclaimed Mrs. Murphy. But all the young ladies insisted that a chaperon was needed, and that Mrs. Murphy should fill that delicate office. The Kid was installed as Artist. No one select-

ed or elected or suggested him; he just took the place. He announced that for the occasion he should be known as "Little Elbow," and Della as "Trilly," and the latter was dressed for the part. Mrs. Dunningan prepared tea for the party. Mrs. Murphy insisted upon that, saying: "I do so love a good cup of tea; I'd not have the strength to be a chaperon without me tea, Mrs. Dunningan." It was supposed that the good lady was drinking tea out of her can until the cat knocked a plaster figure over on her head, and she, supposing the falling object to be, of course, Slippery Demossey, dropped her can, and its contents scattered, the odor of beer pervaded the apartment to an amazing degree. The accident did not mar the occasion, however, as there was more tea—in fact, a keg of it from Kelley's—and the party went on with no regrettable incident, excepting the goat's display of artistic appetite, which Goucault has graphically explained. The triumph of the day was achieved by Mary Ellen, but then she had the inside track, her mother being the chaperon. With that advantage she was afforded chances for tender meetings with Melvett and Marty until she nearly drove the four Riccadonna girls insane with jealousy. "But," explained Mrs. Murphy to Tim afterward, "it's a pity the dear child couldn't flirt all she wanted with her own mother a chaperon to help her out."

E. W. TOWNSEND.



BREAK AWAY  
ROMEO  
DIS CELEBRATED  
PITCHER HAS  
BIN MARKED DOWN  
TO \$4.89

I AM PRETTY  
IF TIM GREEN, I  
AM A BIRD-RELL

DIS PITCHER IS FER DE NEXT  
ACADEMY EXHIBISHUN AN IS  
TO HANG ON DE LINE. MRS MURPHY  
SAYS SHE WILL HANG IT ON HER  
CLOTHES LINE IF DEM GUYS  
AT DE ACADEMY  
DONT TAKE IT

DE LAY  
FIGURE IS  
INTOXICATED  
BY DE CHARMS  
OF DEM  
RICCADONNA  
SISTERS

I HAVE A SEPERATE FRAME  
FER MY SIGNATURE.

HORS CONCOURS  
NIT

WE MAY BE ARTISTS  
BUT WE AINT NO  
BOHEMIANS BECAUSE  
WE AINT POOR ENOUGH  
FER DAT. WE KIN PAY  
FER WOT WE WANT AN  
WE NEVER BORROW

I GUESS  
I WILL POSE  
FER DE WHOLE  
ALTOGETHER

DE GOAT NEVER  
ET SO MUCH BEFORE  
HE HAS ET ALL OF DE  
PILLOWS AN TUBE  
COLORS AN DRINKED  
ALL DE FINE PITCHER  
VARNISH. BY DE  
TIME HE HAS ET  
A FEW WOK OF ART  
HE WILL BE A CONNUSENER  
DE RICCADONNA GOILS  
AINT DE ONLY LIVING  
PITCHERS. LOOK AT  
CHIMMIE DE FRAME

PORTRAIT OF  
A CHILD

OH! LOOK AT MY DRESS

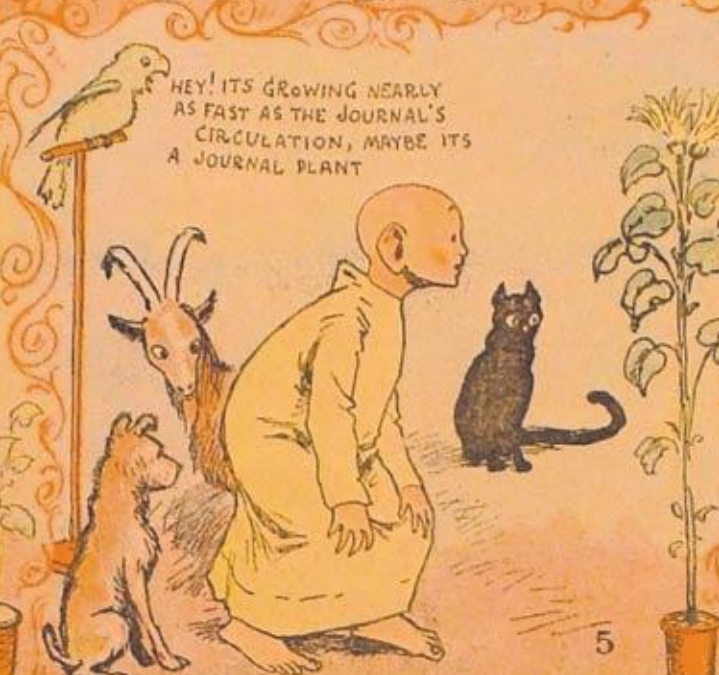
IM FULL OF  
OLE MASTERS  
AN SOFA PILLOWS

DONT  
MAKE ME  
TOO PRETTY  
OR TLL BE  
TOOK FER ONE  
OF RAPHAEL'S  
CHERUBS AN  
SOME PICTURE  
DEALER WILL  
FRAME ME AN  
SELL ME AT AUCTION

DIS IS A REAL  
ETCHING  
PRICE 3 CENTS

### THE STUDIO PARTY IN McFADDEN'S FLATS.

# HOW THE YELLOW KID PLANTED A SEED AND THE RESULT.



# McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS.

MICKEY DUGAN



We went to de t'heater guy an' sez fer how much'll ye let us hav' d' t'heater? Wot sezze d' 'hole shootin' match uv cause sea I boin' de leader o' de outfit we're gaw'n t' give a farewell benyfit. Wel I dunno sezze needer do I sez I. Dat's rite Mickey sez Liz stick up fer yer ritee Dat's rite Mickey sez Liz stick up fer yer ritee me did I an' wot's maun' I aint gaw'n t' 'cause I no wot'll happen if I smite.

Dis t'heater is only let fer d' lejittim' sez d' guy o' I dunno I sez dere are odder pebbils on d' beetch we'll try de Lyscum dey'll be glad t' hav us tallint perform on dere lawls. Den d' guy cum down Cum his polch an' named his finger wot wuzn't so wolve an' I steed d' kontrak say it's grate spaurt stein' kontraks aint it I t'ink I cud die stein' kontraks it's no luvly awl ye got t' do is t' rite yer name on a peese o' paper an' d' game's blade it's dead eazy.

Wel say d' suddenness wit' witch d' skrappin' began wuz too preevous for anything it tuk me wind away. De ink wuzn't dry on d' kontrak wot I sined 'fore d' solkus began I'm gaw'n t' be d' leadin' man sez Tug Murphy an' I'm gaw'n t' be d' leadin' lady sez Liz no ye're not sez Maggy Kenny whose ole man is up fer drunk an' disawdrly, say Maggy's ole man is a peetch I goss he's got holter bones he kin stan' so mutch.

Hooze runnin' dis sho sez I gettin' up on me dig nitty am I runnin' it or am I runnin' it, wot?

Say Tug I sez if ye gimmy enny o' yer lip I'll brake evry winder-pane in yer face. Liz got fresh an' sed she'd be d' leadin' lady 't nottin' o' I dunno I sez you're not so waturin' dere's odder houses on d' blok, den I toled 'er just wot I t'ought an' say she gimmy d' gran' ha ha. Wimmen is funny aint dey I aulten wonder if dey're awl like Liz or if she cums wun in a loka.

But dat skrappin' wuzn't a marker t' de rebolal did 'ever see a rebolal it's grate. We had wun rebolal an' d' guy wot runs de t'heater sed we'd orter have anudder no ye don't see I ye don't ketch yer unkle runnin' up aggenst dat game more'n wunst. I wuz redly t' take me chances on d' play but I wuzn't gaw'n t' have anudder rebolal o' dere no-nit. Dat wun rebolal wuz too ritch fer me blud.

Liz sed she wuz gaw'n t' sing Looziana Loo an' Maggy sed dat wuz jest wot she wuz gaw'n t' sing. I sed it toid sed Liz but I wuz t'inkin' uv it toid sed Maggy. Ah g'wan sed Liz ye t'ink ye're a Melba o' I dunno sed Maggy you aint no Kalvay an' she swotted Liz wun. It wuz ortul. Golls golls I sed hepe kahm den woddy ye t'ink? Dey pitched inter me an' sed I wuz t' blame fer all d' trubbel, if dat didn't take d' koke.

But dere wuz odder pebbils on dat beetch o' ye, d' coon had t' get fresh. Say Mickey he sed hooze gaw'n t' be steje manijer I am sez I O y'are are ye sezze toin' up his blak toze I s'pose ye're

gaw'n t' run d' hole sho, dat's rite I sez pikkin' up a rock don'teche like it? Say, he krauled.

Dere wuzn't enny maun' rebolals ye kin botcher life on dat an' we didn't do a t'ing but set likkits d' kopp baut a boks an' Mister McFadden wot oase d' flaz baut a hole roo o' seats an' de aulder-man baut a boks an' Liz pulled me leg fer a loka fer her mudder but o' didn't we s'oke 'em! We made awl d' kids on d' blok by seats an' I had t' smash sum o' dere faces 'fore dey'd cum up wit' d' doe.

Wuz ye at de sho wel say wuzn't it grate? If I only cud rite Inglish like dat Laura Jean Libby 'r ole Kap Kollyer wot rote Out fer a millyun 'r de Mistry uv d' Kabel Blot say I'd rite ye an' elligint staury about day performace it wuz a dream.

It wuz d' gratest t'ing wot ever happind Shakesbeer an' Sary Holinhot wuzn't in it fer a minit wit' me an' Liz w'en we kame out t' de our sketch Liz wuz drest up fer Rosemary an' I cum out as d' stajr manijer just t' help d' game along.

Liz godup an' sez t' de ordyence de nite wuz dark, cum awl Liz, I sez, did'je ever see a nite wot wuzn't dark. Dat's d' way I rote d' play, y'no. O I dunno sez Liz I hav seen bette nites an' speakin' o' bette nites I'll sing ye a little sawng, y'see dat wuz d' way I gave Liz a chants t' ring in dat sawng o' hers about a swote brite nite.

Liz run chaut on d' lines an' d' musk stoop t' givver a chants t' t'ink but d' poor goil got rattled an' began t' kry o' kum awl Liz sez I d'ye t'ink we're playin' house?

Den Shmitt cum out an' got awf ach du leuber Ougroosten an' de ankester began t' guy 'im. Ach du leber sour-kroust dey hollered at 'im an' I

seen dat dere wuz gaw'n t' be trubble. Hole on I yelled but I wuz too late 'cause Shmitt wuz down in de ankester buttin' inter de kids wif' his bod say dat dorchman's got a hed like a trolly kar.

De nex' akt, lodes an' gents, I sez gettin' up on me dig nitty is de Eytallan's Reven' 'r hoo swiped d' bag o' p'ennute, de Kount Weimbally de Tootyfrooty wot runs d' stand on Oak strete has kindly konsentted t' play de roll uv de Eytallan an' ennybody wot guys him has got t' setti' wit' me after d' performace. Say Osker Hammer-axine cudn't a dun enny better cud he, wot?

I kiked inter d' kettl wot wuz hangin' on d' wand fer d' ball wuz a shoe fer d' stajr guys t' let down d' scenery but dey didn't let. Say I sez wot's eatin' y'ouse mugs w'y don'teche let down d' scenery we can't find it dey sed. Ye kin serch me, I sez, I aint goddit. Say Mickey, sed Little Hoodhan, I so ware it is. Wel go an' get it ye chimp I sez an' don't stan' dere yawpin' at d' game I can't sezze it's in d' gote. Wel say woddy ye t'ink, dat gote had gaw'n t' wotk an' et up awl d' bloomin' scenery fer dat akt. I kiked 'im but he wudn't kauf up say I wight I had a d'istachun like dat gote he kin ste enny-ole t'ing.

De nex' t'ing on de program, lodes an' gents, I sed to de nex' t'ing, say de ordyence t'ought dat wuz funny. I'll now give ye an' immoytadun uv de kopper on our boat w'en dere's a skrap gaw'n an' w'e I'm doin' my toin little Hoodhan'll sing swote Marse. Den I went awf d' stajr an' kounted d' 'ssets an' w'en I cum back I nerdy had a fit. Woddy ye t'ink dey wuz doin'? Hoodhan an' d' hole gang wuz klappin' dere han's an' yellin' an' dere wuz Liz-my Liz, mind'je-doin' d' w-el say it brok me hart, Liz I sed giv'n' her a welt on de ear I don't luv ye no maun' o' it wuz ortul.

Den de guy wot runs de t'heater cum around an' sed de sho made 'im tired dat's funny I sed you make de sho tired too wel I didn't want t' have no words wit' 'im so I krauled time on d' game an' we rung d' koltan down only d' koltan didn't cum down 'cause d' gote had et d' rope.

Wel say are ye comin' down t' see us awf? De hole gang's gaw'n t' Yeorup nex' weak. We've got munny t' boin an' we're gaw'n t' get d' Prints o' Walls t' help us boin it we're gaw'n t' Lunde an' Parris an' Bolin an' 't' d' Moolang Roof doesn't brake us we're gaw'n t' stakk up aggenst Monty Karlo say I'll let'eche no wot we do, onnest I will.

MICKEY DUGAN.

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID BY RUDOLPH BLOCK.

De way d' pome wuz wuz like dis.

McFadden's Flats is busted up  
We awl wuz disperseded.  
An' now we're gaw'n aroun' d' world  
T' giv' Noy Yaurk a rest.

We're gaw'n t' go t' England  
T' see d' prints o' walls.  
We hopes d' mug wot have a fit  
But he aint so warm.

Liz rote dat last voice an' I tole 'er it wuzn't  
good time but she t'ought she nos it all so wot do  
I care. Liz lent me her opper glasses t' make a  
bluff wit so I sed d' voice wuz all rite witch it  
aint not nill. De way d' rest o' de pome wuz wuz  
like dis.

An' den we'll cross t' channil  
An' take in gay Paree  
Where dere is luvly galls t' boin  
An' lots o' matches. See?

We're also gaw'n t' Belgium  
An' travil down d' Rhine  
An' say, we'll parrilize dose guys  
Wot lives along d' line.

Fum Switzerland t' Ruser  
Fum Rome to Chiner's shairs  
We'll play in all dere back yards  
An' slide down dere seller daurs.

Say I end die ritin' poetry it's eligit spaurt.

Dose repauters got ded stukk on wot I rote an' I  
goss you seen it in d' newspapers dey sed dey  
wood.

Wel ennyway we saled fer Yoorup an' it wuz  
grate fun down at d' dok w'en we wuz waitin'  
fer d' ship t' sale. Awl d' gang wot lived on our  
blok cum down t' see us awl an' tole us dat dey  
hoped we'd get akraws awl rite. I wunber if  
dey t'ought dere wuz daintier dat we wud call on  
McGinty. Hum o' d' gang braut flour fer d' galls  
an' hons shoes an' rabbits foots an' d' dago wot  
keeps d' stand on d' kaurner blowed us awl awf  
to a bag o' peanuts. Mr. Callahan wot runs d' jin  
mill in d' middil o' de blok giv' Mrs. Hoolihan  
dat's little Hoolihan's mudder a demoyxon o'  
wicky wot braut teers to d' lady's face.

o Mister Callahan she sez if I never see you  
noon alive I'll never forget dis eligit present.  
But I heard Mr. Callahan say to wun o' d' sales if  
dat don't parrilize de ole godd I'll ete my hat.

Wel I had trubbil t' boin befaur dat ship got a-  
gaw'n. If it hadn't been fer me d' hole gang'd  
been raded an' lugged awf by d' patrole wargin.  
Wun wanted dis and wun wanted dat till I wuz  
neer krazy an' I had t' punch little Hoolihan's  
face till his mudder sed wot is dis my child? Dat  
kid giv' me too much lip.

I aint gaw'n t' slepe in d' top bunk be sea I'm  
as good as you are, he sez. o yare, I sez, are ye,  
wel ye slepe in d' top bunk r ye don't slepe no-  
ware. o I don't no, he sez, you're not so warm.  
Maybe I aint sea I but I don't see no steam  
ekapin' fum your feet.

Wel you aint my hauns, he sez. Hoolihan, sez I,

likkin' up a klub I'm a man o' piece an' I aint  
gaw'n t' take enny mawer o' your lip. Wel ye take  
de upper bunk, an' wit dat I swotted him on his  
hokout, or wil ye take de upper bunk? Wel he  
tuk de upper bunk an' dat wuz awl dere wuz to it.

Den Liz had t' get fresh. o luv wot a kneeer  
game show art. Say aint dat an eligit string o'  
woids? I lited it out uv a kobby book. Aint luv  
a rinky dink kind uv a game, wot? Wy did Liz  
get fresh why did she save me rite on d' dok wid  
awl dem strainers takin' it in, wot?

here, she sed, wy did she bring me a life pre-  
server like ye did Kitty Kelly. Dat wuz tuff. Liz  
I sed Lawotted my life preserver fer dat mack o'  
pin weels wot Kitty had wot you wuz stukk on  
an' I goddoss fer you. I don't care she sez a possil  
dat ship stunk wot I do o Liz I sez if you go to  
a wautery grave I'll go down too. Ah geddoss,  
ye're a double face, she sez. I seen ye follin' wid  
dat Kelly goll she's stukk on 'er shape.

Liz I sez ye rawng me I'm insurrent den Liz  
started t' kry an' sez she wuzn't gaw'n on d' tripp  
an' wuz gaw'n back t' d' flats. Liz I sez chesse  
yer kryin'. Hoose kryin' ye saary (ing she sed I  
hate d' site uv yer face, g'way cum me. Say  
did ye ever ron up agin a game like dat aint it  
tuff?

Dere wuz Schmitty grabbin' hold o' d' nigger's  
ears rite on de end o' de dok. If he'd a let go d'  
nigger'd a tumbled overboard shoort.

Leggo me ears d' nigger yellow, Gimmy d'  
munny sed Schmitty. Leggo me ears gimmy d'  
munny leggo me ears gimmy d' munny, wel say,  
awl uv a suddin Schmitty leggo an' d' nigger tumbled  
rite into d' river.

Help help he cride I can't swim, o can't be see  
Schmitty wot I can but I want me munny foist  
Den de sales cum along wid a trolley pole wot  
had a fish hook in de end an' hauled d' poor coot  
out. Dey lade 'im out on d' dok an' d' foist t'ing  
Schmitty did wuz t' go t'rough 'e pokkits. Wel  
Schmitty got 'is munny ennyway an' w'en d' nigger  
got deide out I tuk a fawl out uv 'im meself  
fer bringin' d' gang inter disgraas.

Say if ye'd a been wid our krowd ye'd a t'ought  
we owned d' ship but awl d' same dere wuz  
odder passinjers. Dere wuz wun luvly goll wot  
wuz travilin' wid her ole man wot had lemon  
merang side wiskers an' she got ded stukk on me  
wot a nice little boy she sed.

o I'm a peetch I sed jost to jolly 'er along wel  
she nearly dide luffin'. Ware is your gang gaw'n  
she sed, we're on a tripp aroun' d' world I sed an'  
I wish d' ship wud start 'cause I seen ole man  
Kelly commencin' t' look toasty, say if he'd got  
started on a tars, wel say, we wudn't a gaw'n t'  
Yoorup.

Have you ever been akraws d' pond befaur  
she sez o yes, I sed, kinder gay like, I'm a reg'lar  
pond lilly. You're n Amerikain she sez, aintche,  
you be'tcher sweets life I am, I sez, me grate-  
grau-fadder faut in d' revvoleonshun but I didn't  
tel 'er witch side. De ole man wuz wid d' Kil-  
larney rejiment an' w'en dey wuz likked he went  
back t' Ireland an' got skware by likkin' me  
gran fadder wot wuz his ownly sun. We're gaw'n  
t' kepe away fum Ireland 'cause we got trubblis  
enuff uv our own.

Den dere wuz a gran' kaurus uv awl aboard an'  
I chased up de toboggan slide meself an' got on d'  
ship an' d' ship got a moove on 'er. We part  
jently down d' bay beevin' d' glorious metropollis  
at d' post. It didn't take us long t' get out on d'  
briny depe an' den, wel say, in two minnits d'  
hole gang wuz ded t' d' world.

RUDOLPH BLOCK.



OFF FOR EUROPE—WHERE THEY WON'T DO A THING TO THE EFFETE MONARCHIES.

# THE YELLOW KID GOES HUNTING BECOMES A DEAD GAME SPORT.



H. Outa...

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID.

BY RUDOLPH BLOCK.



**B**ALMORAL, WAASHIL.—Dere Mrs. Cassidy I take my pen in hand t' hope my prims t' rite ye a letter an' I'll tel ye all wot we did. We're up in Balmorral Kassel in Scotland an' we're all wearin' kilts. o say, me legs is orful cold from wearin' dem kilts an' Lis's legs is cold too.

Scotland is a luvly place Mrs. Cassidy. It beets Coony Island all holler only dem bluebells is all a fake dey don't ring at all. D' Queen an' d' Prints o' Walls is feelin' all rite all rite, Vick sends her best regards to ye an' sez she hopes ye're feelin' better dan ye did

when she hurd from ye last. She sez if yer room-ertism trubble ye very much try fly paper an' vinegar dat's wot she uses.

dere wuz a reoseption in d' Kassel last nite an' all d' nobility uv Scotland wuz dere. D' nobility uv Scotland Mrs. Cassidy aint so orful warm. Dere wuz dooks wot had names dat wuz full o' tucks an' one o' dem brought a little kid wid 'im wot I cud lick wid one hand.

Dis mornin' we had a lawn festerval wot wuz elligint. Mickey sez d' Queen t' me how are ye on d' Highland fling. Vick I sez, try me. I'm a reg'lar high ball Scotch an' w'en I hear d' bagpipes a-pipin' wel say I feel like I wuz Roderick Do.

So dey hit up d' pipes an' d' Queen sashaya over t' me. Ledder go, Mickey sez yells, all rite oke godd I sez an' I let loose. Wel say, before I got t'rough wid dat Highland fling I made dem dooks

feel like dey want dey wuz dok, o ye daps wot luvly Mickey sez d' Queen found de dancin' wid ye. Den one o' d' duchesses wot wuz rigged up in Scotch plads cums waitin' up an' sez wotcher Majesty let me hav a splid wid d' luvly boy in yeller? shure sez d' Queen, Mickey let'er went.

wel d' way I made dat duchess dance wuz out o' site, she wuz nearly ded. Mickey sez d' Queen before ye go back t' Noo Yauk I'm gaw'n t' make ye a nite.

Lis had t' get fresh, just because one o' dem countesses sed I wuz too cunnin' t' ly an' gey me a kiss Lis had t' stik dat hat pin o' hers in me leg where dere wuzn't no kilts. o Mrs. Cassidy I'm ded more on kilts.

Say ye hav no ideo how ignorant people is over heer. One o' de dooks sed he wuz a grate friend o' de president uv de united States is dat so I sed, dere aint no flize on Grover even if

dere is lots o' room. Wot, sez d' dook, Hoos Grover? He's d' president I sed.

o he sed I t'ought Andy Karnegy wuz d' president. Yes Mrs. Cassidy d' people is orly ignorant heer. D' kids don't no how t' play Hop scotch an' ye can't get no butter scotch in d' handy stores dey don't even no dere own country.

D' Prints o' Walls is gaw'n t' giv a banquet t' nite an' I'm gaw'n t' be d' guest uv onner. Wuz ye ever a guest uv onner, Mrs. Cassidy, it's grate spaurt. I'm gaw'n t' spring one o' Chaney Dew's speeches on 'em-nit, 'cause dey've all been friends o' mine an' I aint got no groffl agensat 'em.

I'm feelin' elligint Mrs. Cassidy an' d' rest uv us is all rite. D' coon is

gettin' snazy but I aint afraid. Hoolihan's got a black eye wot I giv 'im. He sends his luv. Tel all d' kids dat we're havin' grate spaurt an' w'en we get to Ireland we'll send 'em all sum shatoes. I wash ye'd send me 'n' Lis sum peanuts. Ye Chas't golden boy, send 'em care uv d' Queen kassil Balmorral Scotland. I don't no d' number.

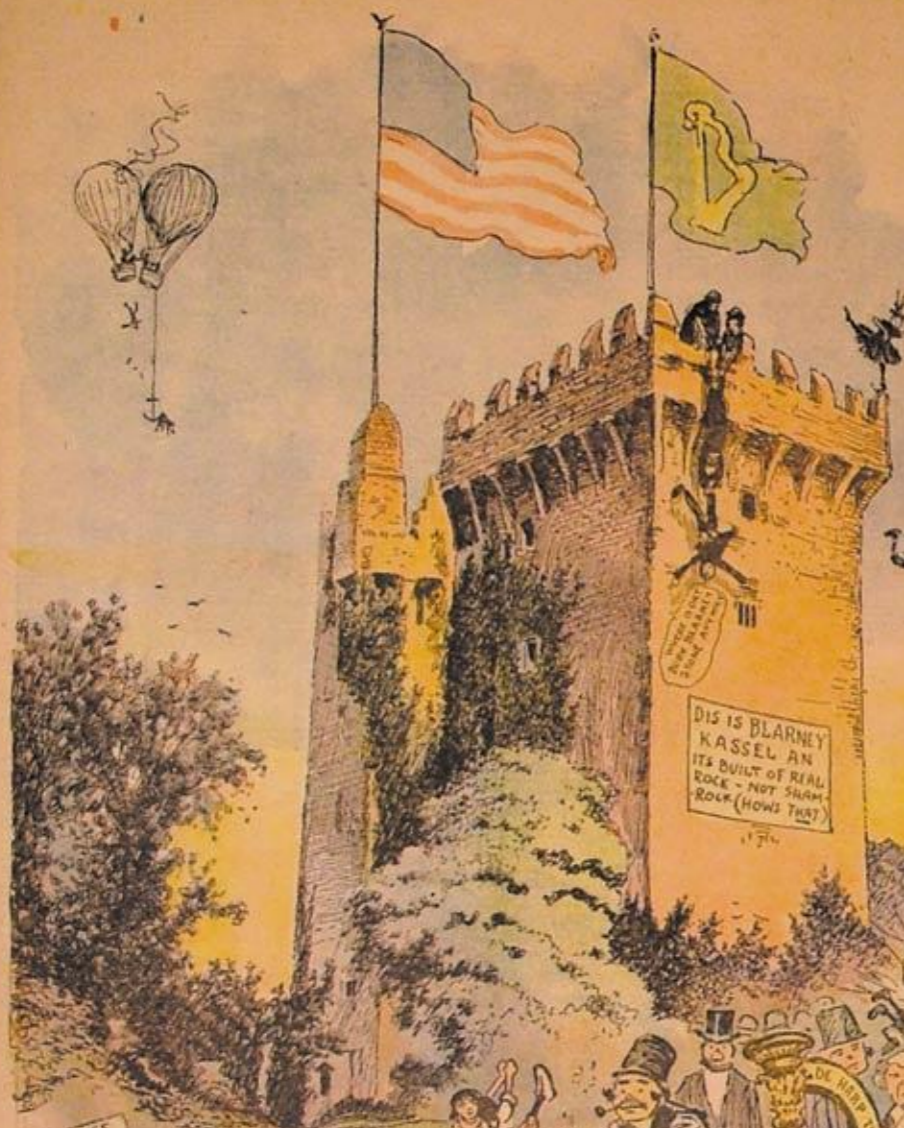
Respectibly yours truly,  
MICKEY DUGAN.  
P. S. uv course Bippy Dempsy had t' go an' fall aw' d' roof uv d' Kassel but he aint ded.



AT BALMORAL CASTLE—A LAWN PARTY IN THE YELLOW KID'S HONOR.

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID.

BY RUDOLPH BLOCK.



**B**LARNEY KASSIL - Dere aint no coons in Ireland nothin' but trubbil an' fita. I met d' Markwisa uv Londonderry in Killlarry an' he invited me to his pallis wot's in Ulater, say I know a man wot's got his Ulater in a pallis wot belongs t' simpson but I didn't spring dat gag on d' Markwisa 'cause me an' him is grate friends. Dere aint no flize on d' nobility uv Ireland, dey aint got mutch munny but dey've got sand.

Markwisa I sez wot's d' matter wid Ireland ennyway, wot? wel Mickey he sed Ireland is strugglin' t' be free. Hoose keepin' it back I sed. He giv me d' wink an' sez, wisper Mickey, it's d' Queen. Ye can't fool me Markwisa I sed, I'll bet d' Queen knows better. Ennyway I'm gaw'n t' rite to d' Queen about it an' see wot I c'n do fer Ireland. D' Queen is me friend an' she'll do wot she can fer me. I forgot t' say in me last letter dat she wants t' be remembered t' Mr. Cassidy.

We stopt at d' hotel waldorf witch wuzn't d' name uv d' hotel but say Mrs. Cassidy ye'd orter seen d' bill wot dat hotel keeper sprang on us. It wuz an' ortul nerve. We giv him enaf munny t' feed d' starvin' poor in Ireland fer six years. Wen Shippy Dempsey seen dat hotel bil he sed o mommer I'd be afraid t' fall awf dat bil it's too high.

Den we went t' Blarney Kassel. say dat's d' funniest game wot I ever run up aggenat. If ye kiss d' stone wot's pasted up on d' top uv d' kassel where ye can't get at it ye c'n be like a polittishun an' nobody gets on t' ye. I tride t' kiss d' stone but it wuz no go, I neerly broke me nek.

Shippy Dempsey tride t' kiss it but he slipt an' fel. o he's a lucky boy he fel on his hed.

I red a luvly story in me guide book about d' Blarney Kassel an' ce odder nite I spruz it on Liz. We went out fer a walk t' pick shamrox an' wen we got t' d' kassel I told Liz how mutch I luvved her. Liz I sed on dis spot a grate nite wunst made luv to a prinsess wot lived in d'

Kassel. Her old man had munny t' bein an' d' nite had sum connexshun wid a match factory but de ole man wuz too leery on him. Me fav sed d' nite let's giv de ole man d' risky dink.

nay nay sed d' prinsess 'cause he's me only father an' I will never giv him d' shake. But wot'll we do sed d' nite, he wont giv his konsent to our marrij an' I luv you an' you luv me. How c'n we liv on d' same block widout his konsent? Let us try. nit jentle nite sed d' prinsess, I cannot try but I c'n die.

Den let's die sed d' nite an' dey went an' stood in d' shadder uv d' lonsy Kassel. Jest as dey wuz gettin' dere dagers ruddy t' do d' job de ole man cums out. ah ha he sed, traterous retch, I hav caught thee. An' wid dem words he kills d' nite.

Den I waited fer Liz t' ask wot he did wid d' chippy, but Liz jest kept on chewin' gum so I had t' finish d' tale. Dat luvly maiden wuz locked up in d' Kassel til she died an' on dis spot we're standin' now. o come awf, sed Liz. Mrs. Cassidy dat goll has no sentiment in her sole.

don't be believe if Liz I sed? no sed Liz, I red dat story in d' guide book meself. Golls aint so foolish. If a nite ever got stuk on me he cudn't lose me.

I gress I'll drop Liz, ever since she's stakked up aggenat de Youropean nobility she's been gettin' fresh. Wel ennyway we went back to d' hotel an' I sed where's Mr. Kelly an' everyone in d' joint see here I am. No I sez, I want Mr. Kelly wot belongs to our party. Is dis him dey sed, Brlia's a bundle from under d' table. poor Kelly, it wuz him.

I wont rite no more Mrs. Cassidy 'cause I'm sleepy. We wuz gaw'n t' Dennybrook but it's too oily fer d' fare an' t'ings is too quiet. I gress next week we're gaw'n to Parric. I shal always hav tender memmories about Ireland but I don't want t' go back. Yure luvly friend, MICKKEY.

P. S. Mr. Kelly sez dat story about St. Patrick is a fake.

PROGRAM

EVERYONE WILL OPEN HIS VALENTINES AN FEED EM TO DE GOAT. NEXT MUSIC AN DANCING - THEN A REAL GOOD OLE FASHIONED KILKENNY KILLING

AFTER DAT DE KID WILL BE ESCORTED TE DE KASSELL WHERE HE WILL KISS DE BLARNEY STONE AN LIZ. DEN A GENERAL KISSIN CONTEST WILL FOLLER LUNCH AT 12 IN DE LITTLEREDSCHOOL HOUSE - AFTER LUNCH, SPEECHES - WICH WILL END IN A FINE FREE FITE MUSIC AN DANCING AN A FEW SMALL FITES. DEN A WALK TO DE BIRTHPLACE OF DE TAMMANY TAGGER. DEN WE'LL ALL TAKE DEM JAUNTIN. GOLTIN OUT FER CORK AN SEPERATE WITA BIG FREE FER ALL FIGHT. COMMITTEE

FUN OVER HERE

THIS WAY TO THE MERRY GO ROUND ITS FINE. 50c



# THE YELLOW KID'S NEW PHONOGRAPH CLOCK



## THE ROMANCE OF THE SUSCEPTIBLE STATUETTES



1. Antonio sells plaster cavaliers, and Pedro dancing girls, sweet, pretty dears!

2. Antonio hails Pedro for a light, when he observe a most astounding sight!

3. See how the plaster cavaliers depart, their basket, pierced by Master Cupid's dart.

4. Which shows that love is mightier than we know, when it can set a plaster heart aglow.

## WHY CHOLLY IS STILL BEHIND THE RIBBON COUNTER.



1. "Now, remember, the yellow one to Mrs. Manola Horn, No. 455 Fifth avenue, and the red one to Mrs. Noonan, the laundress, No. 2222 Second avenue."

2. The effect on Mrs. Noonan, the laundress.

3. And what happened to Cholly when he called on the hetress next day.



# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID. BY RUDOLPH BLOCK.



DE NEW FRENCH ELAG

ARRIVE—Master Billy Cassidy, dere lilly Parris is d' hottest stuff wot ever came down d' Pike. Jest t'ink! Here we are in d' town wot Napoleon lived in an' wure all d' grate art works is an', say billy, we own d' town, dat's strait. mung share lilly polly voo frong-say? wot? say de way I c'n tank French is de envy uv d' hole town. Ware did'je loin t' speak no good ned me freed sara Bohnhart. Sady I sez, I hav alwuz spoke French toothure, ma share Sady.

I MAY BE A HOLLYWOOD VAMPIRE BUT I AINT NO PARVENU LIKE DEM CHICAGO PEOPLE

OUR HOTEL BILD IS GOIN UP AS FAST AS WE ARE BUT FASTER AN HIGHER

PRENEZ GARDE OR YOU'LL FALL OUT AN YE AINT SURE TO FALL INTO A DEAD END

DR. LOUIS J'OR'S PARIS MASTER FOR PAINS SHOULD NOT BE TAKEN INTERNALLY IN ANY GREAT QUANTITIES—IS GOOD FOR A BUST

TOUS LES SOIRS AU FOLIES BERGERE LE PETIT YELLER KID AVEC DE GANG FROM LES APPARTEMENTS DE MONSIEUR MCFARLEN

DIS IS HIGH LIFE IN PARRUS FER FAIRE WE MAY BE GREEN BUT WE AINT PARIS GREEN

PLEASE DONT PUNCTURE DIS BALLOON SELL VOO PLAY

PRENEZ GARDE OR YOU'LL FALL OUT AN YE AINT SURE TO FALL INTO A DEAD END

I AINT GOIN TO DE BLACK CAT CAFE EVEN IF I AM, A CHAT NOIR

I MAY BE A HOLLYWOOD VAMPIRE BUT I AINT NO PARVENU LIKE DEM CHICAGO PEOPLE

OUR HOTEL BILD IS GOIN UP AS FAST AS WE ARE BUT FASTER AN HIGHER

GEE AINT WE DAILIN HIGH IN PARRUS DEY CALLS ME LE PETIT JAUNET CAUSE I GOT DIS BLOND DRESS ON ME

DEFENSE DE FUMER, DIS ONLY APRES TO DE CHIMBLY

DIS IS ME CARD

M. Michel & Ben Boit de Louvre PARIS

TO THE LATIN QUARTER

TOURIST SOLACE

MOYER DE VEAL DE AINT NO GAINES LAW HOTEL

DEFENSE D'AFFICHER OR ANY OLE THING, SEE!

OR DONT YOU REMEMBER SWEET ALLICE BENDOLT?—POOR TRILBY

I AINT GOIN TO RISK MY SWEET YOUNG LIFE IN ANY BALLOON I MIGHT FALL OUT AN GIT BROKE—BUT I WILL BE BROKE BEFORE I LEAVE PARIS ANY WAY DAT AINT NO JOKE

MY PARRUS CHUMPT

MULLY GEE WOTE DAT

OH LA LA! DEY GOES ME CHADEAU

DEFENSE DE FUMER, DIS ONLY APRES TO DE CHIMBLY

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what you're using frong-say? sez Sady, we, I sez, je wuz ung peach. An' den U jolly 'er along I sed voo' I ung peach o. e.

But say, lilly, d' French langwidgs alot a macker U English. Ye can't say so much.

Ole man Kelly's got a beant, don't tell yer mother 'cause she'll tell 'im I told'je. I gess it's abouth wot's d' quarent game we've struk up aggens. It gets wite w'en ye got waster in it an' looks like milk but it akts difrent, it's orful.

Kelly baut a bottil uv it an' ye'd orter hav saw him. W'en he'd poured fore glasses in 'is face he sed Parris wuz d' juvliet city wot he'd ever seen but w'en d' bottil wuz empty Kelly swaur dat freland cud tek Parris w'd wun hand tide behind 'er back. Liz t'inks h's dubble-faced.

a Mealy Zola wuz d' grate French riter cauled on us at our hotel w'en we arived, we used t' korepond, hells Mickey he sez come on sa ya. Ye're too fresh sez Liz, Mickey aint no comen. Silents, Liz I sez, Silents! don't sho yer ignerence, Mealy I sez, don't mind 'er, she don't speak d' lingo.

How are dey runnin' Mickey sez Mealy, Purty good me boy, I replide, hay dey made ye a member uv de Akademy yet? nit sed de ole man, but I've got hopes. Mealy Zola is a grate man, lilly, he rites luvly stories. If I cud rite like him I wudn't work, wud you?

I' fobst t'ing wot we done after we got settled, lilly, wuz t' take in d' sates o' Parris. Parris is full o' sates sum uv witeh I'll tel ye all about w'en we get bak 'cause yer muther mite get this letter. D'ye ketch on, lilly? o day're luvly.

I' fobst sate wot we stakked up aggens wuz d' toorn uv Napolyun, say dat's a wunder. An' it made me feel orful sad, w'en I wuz standin' dere lookin' down on dat eilgint sar-coffing wot d' gide book calls it, I cride.

Yes dere frend d' teers roled down my face w'en I t'ought dat I wuz standin' over d' toorn uv d' gratest man wot ever lived. Jest t'ink I sed t' Liz, d' gratest scrapper wot ever lived is lyin' in d' dust at our feets, wul sed Liz he aint d' fobst scrapper wot lide, dere are odders.

but t'ink uv it Liz I sez if it hadn't ben fer wauterloo dat man mite be livin' t'day an' be d' king uv d' hole world. o I don't no sed Liz he wuzn't so waurm, he cudn't lik Corbett I gess. Say billy ye aint got no mee how sarkastik dat goll is gettin' since she met d'

Prints o' Walls she alwuz cauls me down, an don't forget t' cabel me w'en dat Corbett lito came off.

I' next sate we seen wuz de Eiffel tower witeh in hire dan eny'ing in Parris except d' prices at our hotel. I dared Shippy Demopy t' go up an' fall off but he wuz afraid, he aint got no sand, ye're a trade cat I sez, o no he sez scoopstior like, I'm savin' my fins wozk th I get t' Switzerland.

Wile we wuz lookin' up at d' tower Sara Bohnhart came ridin' up on her biatal, hells fellers she sed, are ye takin' in d' sates? Yes I sed hells d' spokos-kid fer d' crowd, waddy ye t'ink uv de Eiffel tower? o I don't no I sed, we've got biddin in Noo Yaurk wot's so high dat ye cud put dat tower in d' basement an' come uv d' tenants wud complaine. Is dat so, sed Sady, yes I sed lookin' her strait in de eye, dat is so. Dat's de only way t' do w'd dem forriners.

Den we stried down d' bullyvard an' say billy, ye'd never gess who we run akraun, it wuz kountess Castellane, little Annie Gould wot you an' me used t' play wid w'en we wuz yung. She wuz ridin' in a big carriz an' w'en she seen me she neerly had a fit.

o Mickey she cride I'm so glad t' see ye. Ye've grown so luvly, wul wot I sed if dis aint a sup-prise, t'ink uv me runnin' akraun me ole frend Annie on d' streets uv Parris. How is d' Kount? out o' sate, sed Annie, Wot, I cride, already? no no Mickey, don't get saasy.

Say Annie I sed how's d' kid? o he's d' cutest sweetest, juvliet t'ing wot ever cum down d' Pike. Wot kind uv eyes has he got sez Liz, Aint it funny d' way dem gulls wul talk about kids? Annie inwited us t' take dinner at her house dat nite an' dey're all goin' kept me. I'll tel ye about dat w'en I get bak lilly.

Say dey've got d' funniest kops here wut ye ever seen. Dey aint got no klubs an' if ye talk to 'em dey giv ye a saloot. I t'ought dey wuz tryin' t' kid me at fobst an' I cauled 'em down, but dar wuz orful polite. Dey remind me uv d' kops down in cherry street (nit).

mr. Kelly wuz comin' home last nite wid a peach on an' his stegar fel out uv his mouth, one uv dem John darms wot dey caul d' kops picked up d' butt an' stuck it in Kelly's mouth. Say de ole man wuz so supprised an' so gratefull dat he told d' John darm he cud hav d' butt.

o dere billy if I only cud tel ye wot I'm gaw'n t' do 'nite, ye'd be green wid jellusay. I've got t' get drist now, so good by til I rite aggen. Remember me t' d' gang.

Yours truly,

MICKEY DUGAN.

P. S. little Hoodhan is mad at me, we don't speak. I gave him an orful soak.

HIGH LIFE IN PARIS--THE YELLOW KID (L'ENFANT JAUNE) TAKES AN AIRING.



# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID

HERE WE ARE UPON DE RINE  
EATIN FRETZELS JIPPIN WINE  
QUAFFIN MANY A FESTIVE  
STEIN - FULL OF BEER -  
HOME OF GOETHE & MOSART  
HOME OF SCIENCE AND OF  
ART. DEY NEVER HAVE DE MARBLE  
HEART - OVER HERE.

DEY CALLE SAUSAGE WURST  
WELL DEN DIS IS DE MOST  
WURST PLACE I EVER

DEY CANT USE  
ME FOR NO ROCK  
BEER SIGN

I'M DE WATCH  
ON DE RHEIN

ONE  
SWALLOW  
DONT MAKE  
A SUMMER  
NOR A  
JAG

MINNIE--deer billy, o I dunno,  
joiminy aint so ollapalooza w'en ys  
cum t' look at it. I'm ded stuck on it,  
I gess I'll stay heer an' be d' gelbeg  
knabe witch is wot dey caul me in  
joiminy I speak joiminy elligint.  
we're havin' great spaurt travelin' I  
don't do nothin but eat sumtimes I  
drink. But d' gratest  
nooz wot I got fer ye  
billy is dat I seen biz-  
mark, he wuz ortul glad

C see d' gang he inkwird about you an' wants  
t' be rememberd.  
Hello micky he sed w'en he spide me in dat  
you 'r lazi yer gonst. It's me shure enuff Bizzy, I  
sed, wes gata? dat's joiminy, billy, fer how are  
dey runnin'? o swagatalkent sed Bizzy, buw's me  
frend Grover. he's in d' scop Bizzy I sed, Micky-  
ly is runnin' d' bank now.  
dat's so aint it sed Bizzy, youse mugz is alwas  
changin' yer presidents, w'y d' ye do it, o I gess  
it's t' keep 'em f'um gettin' moidly I sed. How's  
de emprur? his majesty is purty good f'um all I  
heer sed Bizzy but y'no me an' him don't speak as  
we pass by.  
dat wuz t' billy, how Bizzy got d' rinky dink  
f'um de emprur an' w'en we gets t' Boinn I'm  
gaw'n t' speak t' billy about it. dat aint no w'y  
t' treat yer father's best friend, izit? but enny-  
way Bizzy's havin' a purty good time an' t'ings  
is runnin' his way in grate shape.  
he invited d' gang t' poodup at his kaastil fer a  
few daze but we cud only stay over nite, we're so  
popular an' we hav' engagements t' boin. he giv us  
a luvly suppir lita t' eat an' Mr. Kelly sez Bizzy  
noze a good t'ing in beer w'en he sees it comin'  
down d' plike. say billy dat beer wuz a dream I  
cud die drinkin' it.  
Uv kaurse little Hoolihan had t' get fresh,  
ain'the got enny pretzels he asked but Bizzy  
cauled 'im down, ah reddout he sed d'ye t'ink I'm  
runnin' a rance law joint, wot? den I asked it t'  
Hoolihan, ware did'je leave yer manors ye lofer  
anzustangel good enuff t' giv ye a totat?  
saktangel good enuff t' giv ye a totat?  
But say Bizzy wuz ded on t' Mr. Kelly, say  
Kelly, he sed, you seem t' be stuck on dat beer,  
ye sed Mr. Kelly it's grand, an' den he toled d'  
waiter t' sedden up aggen. o dat's all rite sed  
Bizzy only d' next ten kegs aint as good as d' last  
t'ree. But ye cudn't faze Mr. Kelly. I'll take me  
chantes he sed.

d' totat t'ing I noo, wun uv Bizzy's big dorgs  
gav an ortul yel. he's got elligint dorgs grate  
danes he caule 'em an' dey're as big as elefants.  
we all rushed out into d' haul t' see wot wuz up  
an' waddy ye t'ink? Terry McIlwatt had gone an'  
tide a growler t' d' dorg's tale an' wuz sickin'  
snauder dorg on it. dem dorgs wuz ortul sup-  
prised.  
ye'd orter hurd wot Bizzy sed, I wudn't rite it  
'cause yer muther mite get hots uv dis letter but  
it wuz just d' same wot Lumpy Dan sed d' time  
d' kop fanned 'im, remembert? Terry McIlwatt  
toided pait.  
wel d' next day we all went fer a carrij ride an'  
den we took d' trane. we went to wun uv dem  
luvly kumbils on d' rine ware dey don't do nothin'  
but enjoy demselvs an' we all kaut chips an' set in  
d' game.  
deer billy d' rine is a fake. it aint wot it's crakt  
up t' be. de east river cud giv it kards an'  
spades an' little kaawoz an' best it hands down  
only day aint got no kaawils on de east river. we  
all rejastred at a jin mill an' den Mr. Kelly tanked  
up. heer aint got no effect on him.  
We had lebbewoorst an' beer fer breakfast an'  
lebbewoorst an' beer fer dinner an' lebbewoorst  
lebbewoorst an' beer fer supper also fer des-  
sult, nuthin' but lebbewoorst. I don't kno wot  
dey put in dat game but as I don't see no dorgs  
beer I hav me suspicious, Bismark didn't daze  
wot lebbewoorst off on us.  
d' people wot's livvin' at our hotel don't do  
nuthin' but sing an' eat lebbewoorst. der's  
one mug wot I'm ded soar on he's alwas stagin'  
but I giv 'im an upperkut last nite. He wuz  
singin' dee wotk om rine an' w'en d' game wuz  
finished I sed to 'im, say mister, d'ye like t' sing?  
betcher sweet t' do, he sed, I'm ded stuck on it,  
so I sed wot w'y don'tche lein? an' den I run. me  
an' him are on de outs now but ennyway he don't  
sing no more. me an' Liz 'll spring our doozet on  
'em but we're keepin' it until we've pade our bil,  
we don't want t' get soked too hard.  
we're gaw'n t' vennis in Italy next but we're  
t'inkin' uv takin' a run up t' Boinn t' see de em-  
prur, he wants us t' be presentid at kaurt (not  
gilty yeronder) but I'm tired uv kings an' emprurs,  
by d' way billy, don't forget t' remembur me t'  
tom Plat w'en ye see 'im an' tel 'im Bismark giv  
me a seekrit messaj fer 'im.  
owf woedermann, dat's wot dey say w'en dey giv  
ye d' go by heer. MICKET.  
P. S. Slipper Dempsey tel into d' rine, he is ein  
doomkupp.

Freis Karte  
LINSENSUPPE UND FRANKFURTER (HOT)  
KARPFEN MIT POLNISCHEM SAUCE  
SAUERKRAUT MIT SCHWEINS KNOCHEN  
KARTOFFELPFANNE KUCHENUND HARING  
HASENPFEFFER UND SPATZLE (DIS IS GOOD)  
PUMPERNICKEL UND LI... BURGER  
SCHMIERKASE  
LIEBFRAUMILCH - 60 MARKT  
PSCHORR BRAU  
NORDHAUSER SCHNAPPS  
ZUM ZIPPEL, ZUM ZAPPEL  
ZUM KELLERLOCH REIN  
ALLES MUSS VERSOFFEN SEIN

Herr & Imhoff's Raines  
Law Hotel - 10 ZIMMER UND  
ELEKTR. LICHT, LIFT, POST UND  
TELEGRAPH - ARZT, (DR MEYER)  
APOTHEKE (H IMHOFF) RAINESLAW  
SANDWICHES - DIS IS DE PLACE  
TO STOP.

Little German Band mit  
Programm  
MARSILLES (I DONT THINK)  
PALACE CAR GAVOTTE - BY WAGNER  
ZWEI BEER GALOP - BY KELLNER  
OH I DONT KNOW, YOU AINT SO  
WARM - BY GOLLY  
DER CHAIL IS OUDT - BY TAMSSEN  
DEI LUFT HAT DURCHE SEIN BARD  
GEBLASEN

DIS IS DE PLACE  
TO RUSH DE  
GROWLER



THE YELLOW KID INVADDES GERMANY.

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID.



R. Outcault

THE YELLOW KID AFLOAT ON THE GRAND CANAL.

**V**ENICE—dear billy—say dis is d' funnest city wot I ever run up aggenst in all me travvils, d' streets is full uv wauter an' dey aint got no hoes cars neether hav dey got trolys, everyboddy rides in botes.

dey call all d' botes gundolers, dey're good t'ings an' dey push 'em along. D' hole gang went fer a ride in wun uv 'em an' it wuz grate spaurt. wile we wuz ridin' in d' moonlite Terry McSwatt rested a luvly pome wot he had rit but I can't remember only d' foist two lines

dey wuz a yung feller cauled Dennis wot lived in d' sitty uv Venntia. It wuz a kocher an' it sounded luvly on d' wauter. D' push don't speek English heer, dey speek Italyun, I speek Italyun too (nt) W'en Humbert wot's d' king hold dat we wuz comin' he sent us free passas fer d' hole sho. last nite he cum on t' Venntia t' see us. wai wai he cride wid jul, it delites my hart t' see me old collij frends wunat more.

how are ye Hum oie spaurt? I sed, are dey treeth' ye wai? alick an sikh sed de oie man, but wai's slippy Dempsey? heer I am Hummy, sed Slippy, an' dey embraced like two brooders. I t'ought you wuz comin' over an' ambasserdere, sed d' king, wai I wuz replide Slippy but d' president wudn't let me.

how's yer wife, sed Liz. out uv sith replide Hum, sho sends her luv an' sez sho's sorry sho cudn't cum t' Venntia but sho's got a date wid a dressmaker an' sho hopes yer comin' t' Room. are we, wai I gess' sed Liz. (I aint shure about dat), billy, but I let 'er hav her say.)

wai anyway we all went to d' t'water ware d' king blew us of to a box. dey wuz playin' d' Kroskeen Lawn or d' Bad Pait uv Billy Miggelot, dat wuz a werry sad play billy an' de hole gang cride. I didn't cry 'cause I wuz floutin' wid a luvly girl on d' stage, o she wuz a peetch but she wuz kinder skinny. Sho guv me d' wink witch ment meet me at d' stage entrance.

w'en d' sho wuz over I sed I wuz gaw'n t' take a wauk by me lonesum, don'tebe do it, sed d' king, ye mite fawl overboard. no Hum I sed wid dig nitty, I am ded sober. ah g'wan sed Liz I kno wot'cher up to, ye've got a date. say billy dat goit's a qunder. how did she gess it?

Ennyway I gave 'em all d' shake an' went t' dat stage entrance. billy, on me woid uv onner, dat got guv me d' risky dink. shure. I wated an' wated til I neerly froas an' den a mug cum along an' sed Bony sarah. wot I cride 're you waitin' fer her too? dis is too mutch too mutch an' I chased meself.

I toled d' king about it, Hum I sed d' you know dat Bony sarah wot plase in d' sho wate we wuz last nite? not by dat name he sed. I toled him d' hole sad story an' woddy ye t'ink he did? he guv

me d' grand laff. W'y Mickey he sed dat mug wuz just sayin' good evenin' to ye? just t'ink, billy wot we hav stacked up aggenst, a langwij ware Bony sarah is good evenin'.

t'day little Houllhan t'ought he'd get fresh an' push a gondoler himself, he wanted me t' go along but o no I nos better. d' foist t'ing he did wuz t' get ship-reekt in frunt uv a house wot stood all by its lonesum just like an hand. He t'ought dat wuz grate spaurt an' he run up his shoit as a signil uv distres like Rover Dan or de Pirata uv d' spannish mane.

but say, billy, ye'd a dide tiffin if ye'd seen dat Italyun wot d' gondoler belonged to, yei fer d' hope. dey got anudder gondoler an' reashed Houllhan an' d' foist t'ink dey did wuz t' fan 'im. hello Rover Dan I sed w'en he cum back, how is d' spannish mane, but he wuz too soar to anser, Rover Dan didn't get fanned w'en dey reashed 'im 'cause he wuz a beero an' Houllhan's a chump.

we all went t' take in d' palls ware d' doje uv Venntia ubed t' 'iv, it's t' let now. d' king wuz wid us an' gave us a long song an' dants about wot dem dojes did, I t'ink he wuz fakin' a little. I tel ye wot, Hummy I sed, dat wud make an elligint biskil akkademy if dey clooded it up a bit, it looks kinder seedy. Dat's antickwitty sed d' king. is dat so I replide, I t'ought it wuz dojt.

Dis is a grate plase fer fishin', all ye got t' do is t' drop yer line out uv yer bedroom winder an' wate fer a bite, I wated six ours wun day an' den guv it up. I used spagetty far bate but say, ye can't fool dem Italyun fishes.

mr. Kelly don't like Venntia mutch, he sez d' wauter makes him nervus. he aint drunk a drop fer fore daze, he loka pall so I gess he sined d' plej. no more till d' next time frum

yures sincerely  
MICKEY.  
P. S. I opend dis letter t' say dat it's all rite mr. Kelly has got a peetch I heer him singin' hooray fer garry Baldy.

I DON'T KNOW WOT I FELL OFF OF BUT ITS A SNAP TO FALL HERE

SHINED  
IT MUST HAVE BIN RAINING HERE FROM THE LOOKS OF DE STREET

WE AINT NO VACANT LOTS FER KIDS TO PLAY IN IN DIS TOWN - DERE AINT NO ALLEYS FER DE COPS TO CHASE US TROO DERE AINT NO DEAD MANS CURVE AINT NO WOULDNT BE NO WIK FER COL. WARING. ITS TOO DURM QUIET FER ANYTING DE ONLIEST HORSES IN TOWN IS DEM BRONZE ONES ON DE ST. MARKS CHURCH

WE AINT SAW A AGH BARREL SINCE WE BIN HERE NOR NO BILL BOARDS, IF DESE DAGOS WOOD PUT TROLLEYS ON DERE GONDOLLAS AN ELECTRIC LITE IN EM, DERE MITE BE SOME FUN HERE TANK GOODNESS WE DONT HAF TO STAY

ITS DE FIRST TIME I EVER PADDED THIS KIND OF A CANOE

ARTISTES NATIONAL FRIENDSHIP LEAGUE OF PARK ROW

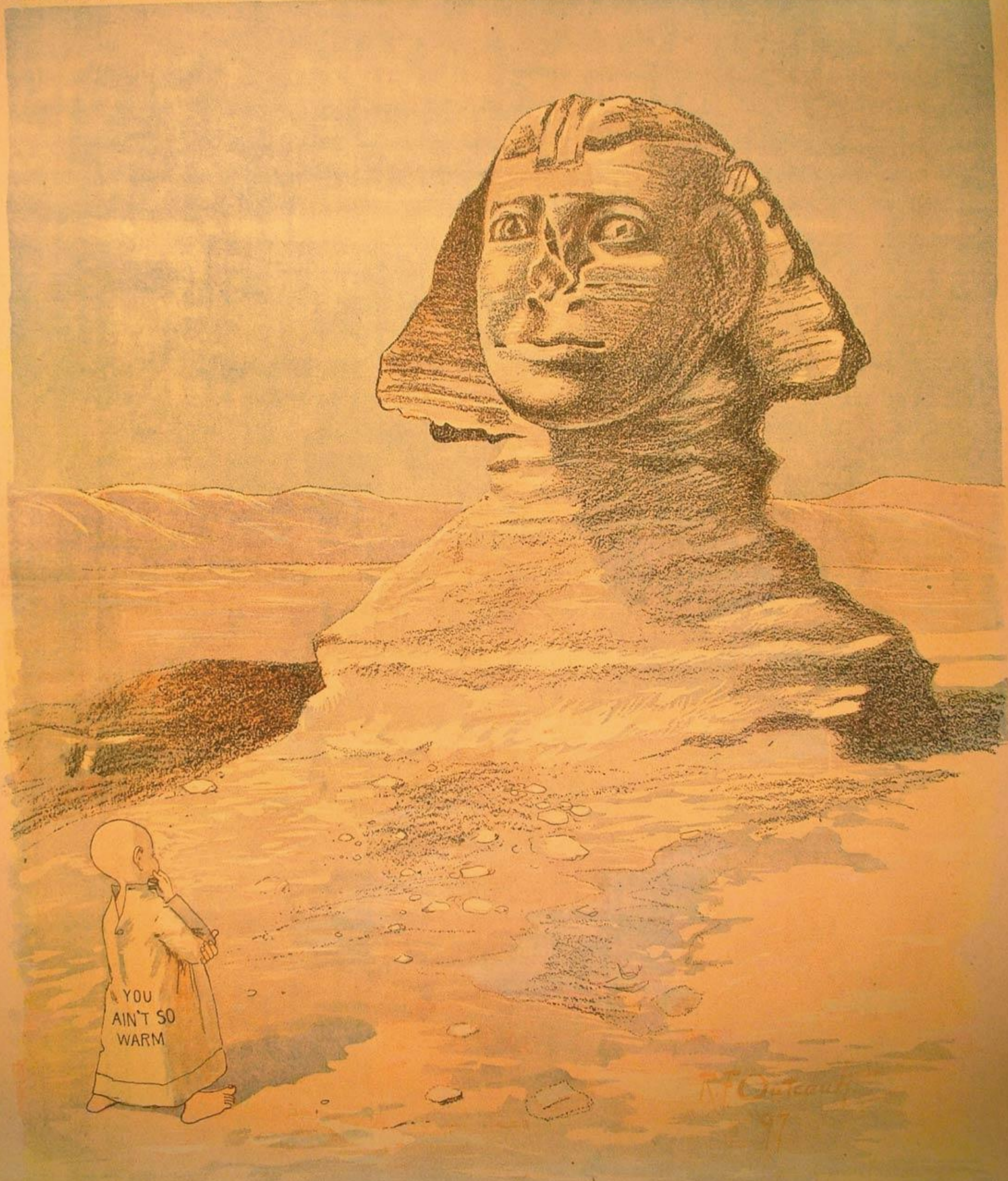
SANTA LUCIA DORMI PURE VORREI MORIRE INFELICE L'ESTASI

NICE-A BANAN

SAY I WOULD'NT BUY NO REEL ESTATE IN VENICE, NOT UNLESS I COULD GIT A STREET RAIL RODE FRANCHISE AN RUN DESE OLE SCOWS BY CABLE

THE SPAGETTI

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID.



YOU  
AIN'T SO  
WARM

**THE YELLOW KID'S SOLILOQUY**

So dat's d' Spinks!  
An' I hav travvild all d' way  
F'um Noo Yauk an' d' Bow'ry  
T'inkly dat w'en I see d' Spinks I'd see  
A site dat shoer w'd hock me silly!  
Wel, I'm a come-on!  
I've been took in.

I sed t' d' gang, sez I, Let's go t' Ejipt!  
An' see d' Spinks wot is cracked up t' be  
D' gratest t'ing wot ever cum down d' pike.  
But dey sed no. No, Mickey dey sed.  
If you're ded stuck on seein' d' Spinks  
Go by yer lonesum an' we'll wait fer ye.  
So I cum on—yes, I'm a come-on—an'—wel say  
Dis is wot I hav run up aggenst!  
Wel, dis is tuff!

Say, lady, wot happened t' yer face? wot?  
Wuz you d' steententh wiotin, uv d' trolley kars  
Or did ye take a ride on Ded Man's Colvo?  
Ye look kinder old, but say, you aint so waurn!  
Even if ye aint got enny parsaoul!  
You must 'a been a peetch w'en you wuz yong  
'Cause enny man c'd cum an' giv ye lip  
Wile you c'd never say a woid

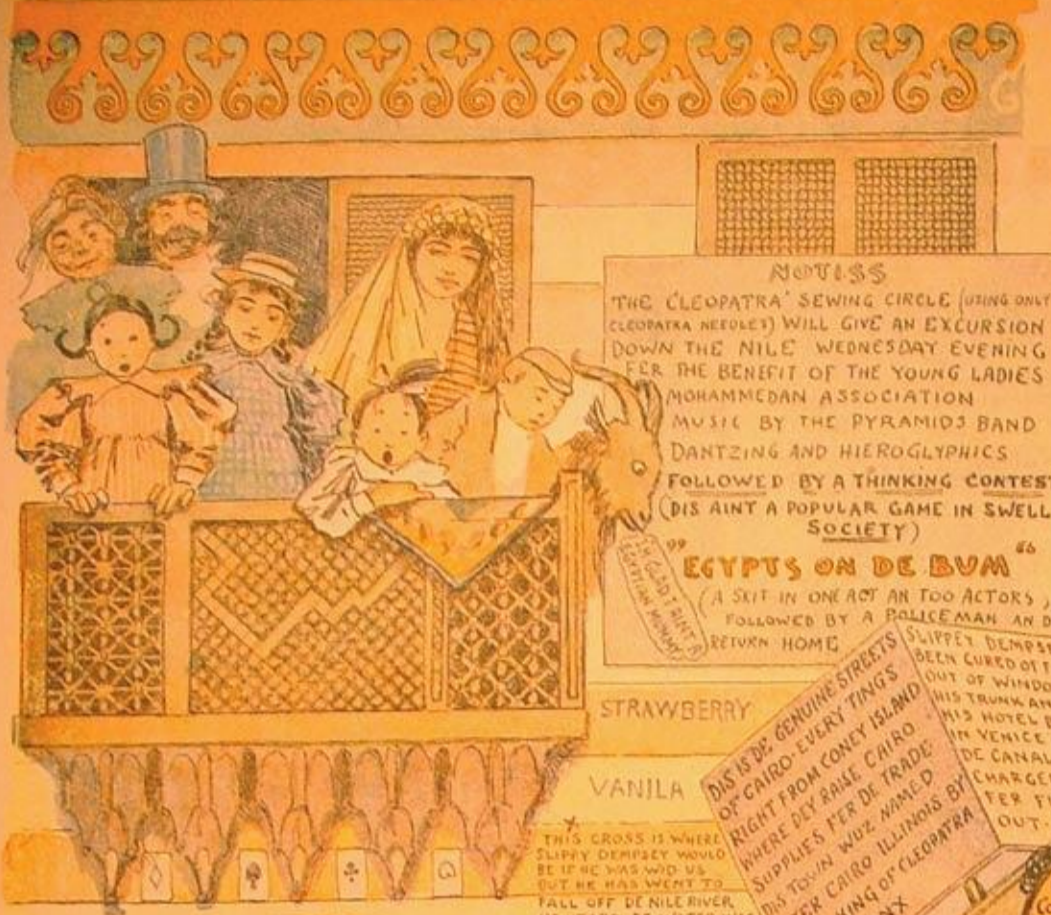
T' sass 'im back. Migh! Wot a sitch dat wuz!  
Say! I wish dat Missus Houlban wot's wid d' gang  
C'd be a spinks. It w'd be a grate releef.  
An' dere are odders.  
I'm glad uv won t'ing an' dat is  
Dat you dun't charj admission, 'cause if ye did  
An' I'd a pade it, I'd 'v been ded sore  
It mos' be pretty tuff, Spinkay old gott,  
T' sit out heer alone so meny years

An' never get a chance t' change yer dress.  
Say! dat w'd drive Liz crazy  
But Liz aint no Spinks, she talks too much.  
By hy ole gott! Ye're kind uv homely  
But I gess dat aint yere fault.  
Xouse me if I hott yer feelin's but if you had cum  
All d' way f'um Noo Yauk t' see sumthin' wate  
An' den run up aggenst dis honko game  
You'd be sore too.

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID.

**K**YRO—On d' midway I hav never been, but heer I am, me an' d' hole gang in d' streets uv Kyro. I aint ded stuck on dis town. I don't lika t' say w'y but if Colnal wearing wuz heer y'd soon kno it, see? nuthin' but niggers an' doit an' hammita. say, dem kammita is a aintch; I o'd die ridin' a kammit. I hav got wun wot's all me own, d' keediv uv Elize wot's d' king uv dis game guv it t' me an' sez, Mickey, sezee, I giv ye dis kammit as a tokin uv me juv an' appreshashun, see dat hump? shoor Keedy I sez, wel, sezee, ye musn't blame d' kammit fer it, 'cause he wuz bairn dat way.

wel elee got a snalk an' laid it in her korrit, did d' snalk bite, I askt in horrer? uv korrit did yeid d' keediv an' so did you. Keedy I sed, if I wuzn't yer gest I'd swipe ye wun ter dat. Did'fj like dat look? askt d' keediv, o yes I replide, dat wuz alius wun uv me unkle's favrita.



**NOTICE**  
THE CLEOPATRA SEWING CIRCLE (USING ONLY CLEOPATRA NEEDLES) WILL GIVE AN EXCURSION DOWN THE NILE WEDNESDAY EVENING FER THE BENEFIT OF THE YOUNG LADIES MOHAMMEDAN ASSOCIATION MUSIC BY THE PYRAMIDS BAND DANTZING AND HIEROGLYPHICS FOLLOWED BY A THINKING CONTEST (DIS AINT A POPULAR GAME IN SWELL SOCIETY)

**EGYPTS ON DE BUM**  
(A SKIT IN ONE ACT AN' TOO ACTORS), FOLLOWED BY A POLICEMAN AN' DE RETURN HOME

**STRAWBERRY VANILLA**  
DIS IS DE GENUINE STREETS OF CAIRO EVERY THING RIGHT FROM CONEY ISLAND WHERE DEY RAISE CHIRO SUPPLIES FER DE TRADE DIS TOWN WUZ NAMED AFTER CAIRO ILLINOIS BY AN' DE SPINX

**POOR LITTLE COUNTRY MAID**  
ON T' DONT KNOW



WE HAS GOT FATIMA S AN' TAT EMMA S TO BURN CUM IN AN SEE DE COUCHEE COUCHEE DANTZ

FOR SALE - FOR MUSEUM PURPOSES A LOT OF DANDY FOREIGN AN' DOMESTIC MUMMYS - SOME DEAD AN' SOME HOT, ALL IN GOOD FIRST RATE CONDITION (FER MUMMIES)

IF I WUZ A CAMEL I'D HATE TO HAVE DE BACK ACHE

SEE THIS HUMP

DIS IS A CAMEL NOT NO OLE HUMP BACK HORSE EVERY THING IN DIS TOWN IS ON DE LEVEL-EVEN DE NILE

NEW SONG WHEN I GET OUT OF JAIL MAY I COME HOME

GEE IF CLEOPATRA WUZ ONLY HERE NOW - MARK ANTHONY NOR MARK HANNA NOR A SHOW WUD STAND AINT I MODEST

WE HAVE OUR IMITATORS TOO

SEE EGYPT IS OLD

SCEELEY DINNER INSIDE

run over a man witch wuz better dan winnin' d' keediv took d' hole gang out t' d' pyramids wot's a front dey aint nuthin' but a lot uv stones chucked on a pile. Keedy, I sez, aint dere no sho inside? nit, he replide, wel wot are dey fer, ennyway, I askt, o sed d' keediv dey're jest a little bit uv antiekewity wot de alshents blit, is dat so, I sed sarkastick like, I gessa de alshents wuzn't very bizzy.

Ennyway, sed d' keediv, dis elee o' Patry got ded stuck on an Eyetalian wot wuz cauled Mark antony, I askt if he wuz enny relashun t' mark Hanna out d' keediv cauled me down an' sed I wuz fresh witch aint got nuthin' t' do wid wot I wuz sayin' elee got stuck on Tony an' Tony wuz stuck on elee, sed d' keediv, den Tony got kinder billous on his job an' didn't keep his l' on biz, witch wuz d' commencing uv trubbl' t' boin. His boss tumbled t' d' gain an' guv him a caulige down, but Tony guv his boss d' haaty go by an' kept on bein' stuck on elee.

but all d' same, sed d' keediv de snalk til elee an' de ole goll toined up her toos, wot happid t' Tony I askt, wel he goddit in d' neck too, keediv I sed dat story iv wedgy intrestin' but I don't beleve it, I ges it's a falk, I hated t' caul' im a lire cause I wuz his gest but I'll bet he wuzn't tel dat yarn t' d' lexow Komity.

o Mickey she sed dis is d' fotat dresent face wot I've seen slint's in dis ortul country, o I don't kno sed d' keediv you aint so waurn, cum on Mickey an' I'll take ye out on me yot, I'm sorry t' leeve ye so euddin' Mamie, I sed but I'm his gest an' bizness befaur plezhure, but t'ink uv findin' Mamie in Kyro.

MICKY DUGAN

THE YELLOW KID IN CAIRO.

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID. V

VESUVIUS, say d'ye remembur how hot billy Slavery wuz w'en he stopt on a tak? wot it wuzn't a marker t' dis place, o' it's orle hot beer, dere's a erupshun an' fire is comin' out uv d' mounthin.

poor Blippy Dempsey, ma hart is broke w'en I tink uv him. he wuz sutch an orle chump, he went an' fel in d' hole in d' mounthin poor Blippy how foolish he wuz. Houlihan daired him t' jump in an' Blippy wudn't take a dair so he jumt an' den ye'd orter seen how hot d' fire got wot wuz comin' out.

we all went chasin' down an' a big red hot lump struk d' coon on d' had, such he cride dat's hot, wel sed I who knos but dat is a peesa uv alippy Dempsey. d' next day I went an' pikt up a peesa uv stuff wot had kooled orf an' I kept it as a souvener. It's so orle hard I gess it must be Blippy's cheek.

how did we happin' t' get eaut? dat's wot I'm gettin' at. Y'kno we wuz in Roam doin' as d' Roamins did wich wuz nuthin' if we cud help it. Den we got an' Inwitashun f'um d' dook uv Napels deer Mickey he rote, an old riter has sed see Napels an' die so I want'che t' bring d' hole gang down hear an' leddem see d' town. he didn't say if he wanted us t' die.

w'en we got t' Napels d' dook an' all d' sittizens cum out t' welcom us an' say it wuz jest like milberry bend. d' dook sed giv t'ree cheers far Mickey dagan an' I had t' make a speetch, feller sittizens I sed, I hav struck oil. Ittaly is d' softest gain wot I hav ever run up aggenst. I cud die in Ittaly. sints I've been hear I aint dun nuthin' but drink oliv oil an' lofs, dis is d' gratest country t' lofe in wot I ever seen.

den d' dook made a speetch an' sed he hoped Ittaly an' d' U. S. wud be like d' Simeeze twins an' alwus be frendly 'cause he'd be sorry if Ittaly ever had de unplessant dooty uv tickin' d' land uv d' free. den I made anudder speetch an' sed dat de U. S. wuz ded stuck on Ittaly but if it ever cum t' biznez we cud tick 'er hands down.

Den d' dook speetchid aggen an' den Houlihan wanted t' make a speetch but I guv 'im d' hart hio an' he shuddup. d' dook had a yot wot he took us out in an' we all got seestik. I plade peenuckle wid d' dook an' had good luck, he lost his krown an' all d' long green wot he had in his

d' next day he sed lat's time Vesuvius, hoo-ray I cride dat's de amutshun uv me life, so we went. say, dat mounthin climin' t'wene aint wot it's erak up t' be. It's too muten like wotk. I never wuz so tired in me life, poor Mr. Kelly, say ye'd 'a dido luffin' if ye'd a seen 'im. he wuz puffin' like a steem enjin an' evry time he lost his breth he hit d' bottul.

w'en we wuz haf way up he sed he wudn't go no fottier so d' dook strapt 'im on a mule an' he went up like bogwtj (I'll bet d' mule never carried sutch a dubble lode like dat befor.) w'en we got neer d' top I aakt d' dook if dere wuz no dainjer uv a erupshun, no he sed, it's poltosty safe.

dat dook wuz a dab. jest as soon as we got t' d' top d' blamed old mounthin begun t' erup. Bay, d' way dat fire cum out uv dat place betra d' forth uv Jooly all holler. Lis cride fire fire an' begun t' run but she alpt an' o' I wudn't tel how she went down d' rest uv d' way but she got down all rite.

Den Blippy Dempsey had t' got fresh an' say he wuz gaw'n t' jump in an' Houlihan daired him, so he went t' d' top an' jumt. o' I had a fit, alippy alippy I cride don't jump 'cause ye can't tel ware ye'll land. but it wuz too late he had alreddy jumt an' wuz jest never see poor Blippy aggen. he alwuz wuz kinder fresh but he cud stand on his hed longer'n enny feller I ever seen. wot a dat stuf runnin' down d' mounthin I aakt d' dook, dat's lawer he sed. Its hot stuf all rite ennyway I sed 'cause I t'rich a peesa in me pokkit. d' mule got skaired an' say d' way Mr. Kelly went back t' Napels wud 'a made a cow laff. d' rope alpt an' most uv d' time he wuz under d' mule. I had t' laff.

we got back all rite except d' coon who sat down on a peesa uv lawer wile it wuz hot. he goddup aggen but say, he wuz stajed. w'en we got back de inhabitants aakt wuz it hot enuff uv dere, but I gave 'em all d' frozen fase an' sed o' I don't kno.

I aint ded atook on Napels, wot Napels needs most is Colnal Waring an' sum sope. sum uv d' push beer is onnest I don't tink. dey took me fer a come-on an' t'ride t' do me. wun feller wot epaurted a lot uv dimunda guv me d' glad hand an' sed he had a brudder in Noo Yaurk wot had rote t' him about me.

he sed his brudder keeps d' stand on Cherry street wich wuz a Be. but ennyway I didn't let an' an' d' mug sed he'd sho me d' town. wel say, I don't like t' brag but I'm wearin' dat mug's dimunda now an' me an' Liz is gaw'n t' hav a bliskl w'en I get back. MICKEY DUGAN.



R.F. Outcault

AN ERUPTION IN HONOR OF THE YELLOW KID.

**To Miss Richgirl.**

Her face is like a flower to me,  
 (For it betokens "dough";)  
 A volume in her eyes I see,  
 (The bankbook kind, you know.)

My love is founded on a rock,  
 On hers, to be exact;  
 I much revere her famous stock,  
 (Above par, for a fact.)

To make the lovely maiden mine,  
 (I gold mine, too, I rock.)  
 I'm waiting only for a sign—  
 (Her father's, on a check.)

**Isopuative.**

**RADIE**—Jack is just grand to me.  
 He sends me flowers every day.  
**GEORGE** (jealously)—Yes, he is  
 living with his uncle now.  
**RADIE**—What has that got to do  
 with it?  
**GEORGE**—Well, his uncle has  
 charge of a cemetery.

**Then Neither Made Up.**  
**MISS ROSY**—My mind isn't made  
 up yet.  
**MISS SPEYTT**—It's more than you  
 can say for your face.

**THE JEALOUS HUSBAND.**



**A Sure Test.**  
**WILLIE**—Say, pop, that new boy  
 next door knows I can lick him.  
**PAPA**—Did he say so?  
**WILLIE**—Nope, but I offered him  
 a bite of my apple and he only  
 took a little bite.

**Didn't Need to See Them.**  
**MAMMA**—Johnny, have you seen  
 papa's slippers to-day?  
**JOHNNY** (who has had an inter-  
 view with his father)—I felt 'em  
 this morning, ma'am.

**A Rhymer's Lament.**

I thought I was a poet,  
 But I'm oppressed with doubt;  
 The words, 'tis clear, men want to hear  
 Are those that I leave out.

Some other fellow's sure to hit  
 The nail upon the head  
 Oh, if he would but wait a bit—  
 But when 'tis said, 'tis said!

And so I sear with grief intense  
 Each rhyme the new months bring;  
 And wish I'd only had the sense  
 To write that very thing!



**A Slight Hitch.**

"Gentlemen," said the Mayor of Tornadoville,  
 as he mounted the platform and addressed the ex-  
 pectant crowd. "I am requested to announce that  
 one of ther deputies hev keerlessly mislaid ther  
 rope, an' that this yere hangin' 'll hev ter be post-  
 poned fur half an hour while ther Sheriff air  
 roundin' up ther misain' article. Meanwhile I will  
 rekwest ther audience ter keep quiet an' not buck  
 around nor git gay by shootin' holes in ther pris-  
 oner's hat.

"In order, however, that no invillous compar-  
 isons may be drawn between this yere hangin' an'  
 ther one in Cyclone City last week, an' in order  
 that this yere audience may not git impatient  
 while ther Sheriff is arter that rope, ther  
 Tornadoville Brass Band, in er spirit o' propri-  
 ety an' appropriateness ter ther occasion, will ren-  
 der ther 'Lost Chord.'"

**Warming Up.**

There had been a quarrel, and they  
 sat rather far apart on the verandah  
 without speaking. At last he said:  
 "You are rather cold toward me."  
 "It" she queried, with a little laugh.  
 "It is more likely the change in the  
 weather you are feeling."  
 "Don't jest with me," he returned,  
 speaking very earnestly.  
 "I'm not joking," she said with big-  
 eyed ingenuoussness. "I really feel a  
 little chilly myself. I wish I had  
 something around me."  
 "As he moved his chair close to hers she realized  
 that the quarrel was over, and as he put some-  
 thing around her the moon very considerably hid  
 behind a cloud to give them a chance to make  
 it up.



**Rebuked.**

The young girl gazed vacantly at  
 her mother standing before her.  
 Her lips moved, but no words es-  
 caped them.  
 What her thoughts were at the  
 moment it was impossible to con-  
 jecture.

The elder woman stood there look-  
 ing at her daughter with an ex-  
 pression of deep displeasure.

Still the pale faced girl stared  
 straight before her with lips mov-  
 ing incessantly and mouth working  
 almost rhythmically. But never a  
 word.

**Lots of Them.**

With a weary air the obviously enfeebled man  
 sank into a seat in the car and sighed with relief  
 when the train started.

On its arrival in the city he had a cab sum-  
 moned for him, and gave a well-known hospital  
 as his destination, and as soon as he was taken  
 care of by the physicians and staff and laid on a  
 cot he fainted dead away.

The new nurse bent over him sympathetically.  
 "Overcome by the heat?" she asked the doctor.  
 "No," he replied, "just plain paresis."  
 "Poor man," murmured the kind-hearted wo-  
 man. "I wonder what has brought him to such  
 a pass."

"Oh," said the medical bigwig, "this is a very  
 common case, very. We have hundreds of them  
 in the summer, and you will soon get familiar  
 with them. This paresis is the result of the pa-  
 tient seeking rest and recreation at the modern  
 Summer resort."

**Our National Hymn.**

"Tis the Star-Spangled banner, oh long may it wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

**THE YELLOW KID MAKES A CENTURY RECORD.**





# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID. B

**WELCOME HOME**  
 TO-NIGHT DERE WILL BE A DOOR SLAMMIN  
 CONTEST FER DE BENEFIT OF DE NERVOUS  
 PROSTRATION HOSPITAL. DE YELLOW KID  
 WILL BE REFEREE AFTER WICH HE WILL BE-  
 COME A CANDIDATE FER DE FURST MAYOR  
 OF GREATER NEW YORK



AK in Noo Yauk eggen hooray, am I glad, we I gess but we had lots uv fun all d' same, we cum frum Ingland ware Lundun is an dey wuz orfy sorry w'en dey hold dat we wuz gaw'n bak aggen o stay wid us dey eride, but I sed nit jently.

I cauled on d' queen o Mickey she sed I'm glad ye've cum bak t' Lundun aggen, are ye gaw'n t' stay now, no victorier I sed mutch as I wud like it I hav t' get bak t' Noo Yauk aggen, d' poor lady neerty eride.

onyway she sed ye must cum t' d' kassil fer lunch an' we'll hav a little spred, so d' next day I went t' d' kassil an' I met all me ole frends uv d' noability.

Al neerty had a fit w'en he spide me, if dis aint Mickey Dugan he yeld I'll eat no krown, yes prints I sed it is meself wot ye see an' no other an' I told 'im d' story uv wot we seen on our travvils, sum uv d' gasts looked as if dey t'ought I wuz stringiu' 'em witch I wuz but dey had no rite t' get fresh about it.

Did'je see me roll kuazin d' Zar askt d' Queen, did I sed w'y me an' him role tandem wile I wuz in rusher, den d' dook uv yauk put his oar in an' sed dat's a fake Mickey 'cause d' Zar can't ride a wool o can't he, I sed sarkastic like, didn't I loin 'im t' ride? dat fazed d' krowd.

den d' Dutchess uv yauk braut out her latest kid an' askt me wot I t'ought uv 'im, aint he luvly she sed, o I don't kno I replide he looks jest like misses Cassidy's kid wot had d' mealls w'en I left Noo Yauk, d' Dutchess sed I wuz a sassy brat.

Vicky I sed w'y didn't ye make Sauly eul time on dat greek waur, wot? w'y did'je let d' poor greaks get soaked? dat's rite Mickey sed d' printess uv wales, sock it to 'er, I told 'er t' do sumthin', d' queen shook her hed an' sed Mickey dere's lots uv t'ings

wot yure ignerent uv an' dat's wuz uv 'em, onyway sed d' printess d' kid's hart is in d' rite plase, dat may me repide d' queen but he's got weels in his hed.

Jest den saulburry himself cum to, bello Mickey he sed holdin' out his hand but I giv 'im d' frozen fase, no souly, I sed coldly, I e'n neever shake d' hand uv a man wot let d' poor greaks geddin in d' neck, o I don't kno sed souly, w'y 'r you so stuck on d' greaks all uv a suddin? I aint stuck on d' greaks I sed but I'm ded soar on d' Tolk-cause dey all smoke siggerets an' ware bloom-ers, dey're stasies.

Den d' printess uv wales chucked her arms around me an' sed Mickey ye're a peetch, if I had yure eloquents I'd make speetches fer dat upprest nashun, an' Gladstone wot wuz watchin' us sed dat's rite de boy is a wunder so I gess I'll go on d' stafe.

But saulburry got square wid me befaur d' party wuz over, he sweeked a peece uv pie into me pokkit an' I sat on it an' now me an' him don't speek an' if I hav enny pull wid platt dat arbitrahun treaty is gaw'n t' get kid.

befaur I left Lundun Vicky askt me if I wanted t' be a nite uv d' garter but I sed no I didn't ware 'em, But ye're comin' t' d' Joobilly aint'che she sed? not if I e'n help it Vic, I sed, she wuz orfy dissapointed so I prommist t' send 'er sumthin'.

wel d' prints uv wales an' d' hole push cum down t' d' dock t' see me awf an' d' hand plade comrads ever sluts we wuz boys, remember me t' d' gang sed Al an' den d' steemer got a movv on 'er an' d' folst t'ing I noo I wuz seessick, o it's orful dat seessick biznis it lasted frum d' time I left Ingland til I seen d' Battery, o I'm glad t' get back.

MICKEY DUGAN.

THE YELLOW KID RETURNS.

# THE YELLOW KID STAKES A CLAIM AT KLONDYKE.

SAY, maybe ye 'tink I didn't  
 went t' clondike rite away  
 —we! I gessa! W'en I hold all  
 about d' gold wot wuz layin'  
 loose I didn't do a ring but  
 hustle an' now I'm livin' on d'  
 kornor uv Easy street an' Vel-  
 vet arenyoo.

Chilkoot pas aint no worse  
 dan d' kornor uv d' bowry an'  
 Canal street w'en dey're layin'  
 car trax an' it didn't faze us  
 woth a cent.

I got a dazzy clame staked out  
 all I got t' do is t' sit on d'  
 ground an' pelt d' gang wid rox  
 an' d' foist t'ing y' kno dey're  
 all covered wid gold like a pawn-  
 broker's site.

I'm gettin' tired uv gold. It's  
 a reg'lar chestnut here nuthin'  
 but gold. I aint gaw'n t' stay  
 heer wutch longer d' site uv all  
 dis gold givs me yeller fever.

MICKY DUGAN.



HOPE I'LL  
 FIND A GOLD  
 CLAIM

THE ALL DAY  
 REAL ESTATE CO.  
 NEW & SECOND HAND  
 LAND FOR SALE

WUGGET'S  
 HOTEL  
 (CITY TOWN)  
 WUGGET'S

BULLY GEE  
 DIS BEATS OLE  
 MONTE CARLO  
 YOU CANT LOSE NUTHIN  
 BUT YER LIFE AN' YE  
 STAND TO WIN A BIG  
 HEAP OF GOLD

HOTEL YUKON  
 MEALS IN CAPSULES  
 ALWAYS SOMETHING TO  
 EAT \$135.00 A DAY  
 BAR UNSURPASSED FOR  
 HIGH PRICES—BEWARE  
 OF PICKPOCKETS AND  
 BUNCO STEERERS

DE YALLER KID'S  
 CLAIM B'GEE  
 IT AINT SUCH A MUCH FER  
 SIZE BUT SAY ITS NATURE'S  
 OWN PRIVATE PAWN SHOP.  
 TALK ABOUT YER JACK POT'S  
 DIS WUZ OPENED WIT ONE SPADE

DIS IS  
 DE GOTE'S  
 KLAIM

MY MY!  
 I AM SURPRISED  
 DAT DERE AINT  
 MORE WIMMIN UP  
 HERE WHERE ALL  
 DIS GOLD IS AT

SAY!  
 I AM FER  
 FREE GOLD NOW  
 IF DIS LODE DONT  
 GIVE OUT I KIN BUY  
 ENUFF' WHISKEY TO  
 BILD A RAILRODE—GEE  
 IF I WAKE UP AN FIND  
 DIS ISA DREAM ILL  
 NEVER HIT DE  
 PIPE AGAIN

I HOPE MY PIPE  
 WONT GO OUT

R. F. Outcault  
 KLONDYKE



# THE YELLOW KID TREATS THE CROWD TO A HORSELESS CARRIAGE RIDE.



# THE YELLOW KID TAKES A HAND AT GOLF.



**Forceful Repartee.**  
**CHIMMY** (proudly)—I've been taking quinine!  
**JOHNNIE** (bitterly envious)—Well, yer needn't  
 'link yerself a whole set o' chimes 'oos yer got a  
 ringin' in yer ears.

**Not Enough to Go Around.**  
**SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER**—How did the  
 people come to go into the ark?  
**PROMISING PUPIL**—I suppose they couldn't  
 borrow umbrellas.

**Fall.**  
 The melancholy days have come,  
 The saddest of the year,  
 When we must now resume our thick  
 And woolen undergear.

**Somewhat In Doubt.**  
**HER FATHER**—I suppose, young man, your  
 intentions are of the best?  
**HER SUITOR**—Well—er—I intend to marry  
 your daughter.

**Wanted to Find Out.**  
**MINISTER**—Will you take this man for better  
 or for worse?  
**BRIDE**—How do I know? That's what I'm  
 marrying him for, to find out.

"MAD DOG!"—Of course the dog isn't mad, but the cats are—awfully.



THE YELLOW KID LOSES SOME OF HIS YELLOW.



# HOW THE GOAT GOT "KILT ENTIRELY!"





# THANKSGIVING DAY IN RYAN'S ALLEY.





# A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL IN RYAN'S ARCADE.

## RYAN'S ARCADE KRISSMUS FESTIVITIES PRESENTS FOR ALL.

A NEW BARREL OF HORSE SCENTS FER ANTHONY COMSTOCK  
 A NICE CAG FER SCRAPPY JOYCE AN SOME GOOD PLAYERS  
 FER DE NEW YORK TEAM. A NICE CLEAN, NEW ADMINISTRATION  
 FER FADDER NICKABOCKER. A BOX OF FACE POWDER FER  
 GEN WEYLER A NEW PAIR OF PANTS FER RUSSELL SAGE  
 (POOR UNCLE RUSSELL) A NEW PIANO AN SOME GOOD MUSIC FER  
 DE FOLKS WOT LIVES OVER US (DIS MEANS LOTS OF PIANOS) -  
 ANYTHING A TALL FER MR. MARK HANNA. NOBODY WILL  
 BE FORGOTTEN



WELCUM  
TO  
SANTY  
KLAWS

THE  
NORTH POLE  
FOR  
PROF. HANSEN

CUBAN CIGARS  
FOR GEN. BLANCO  
THEY'RE LOADED

FOR  
MAYOR  
VAN WYCK

INDEPENDENCE  
FOR CUBA

FROM  
LIZ

DEY  
WONT  
RECOGNIZE  
ME WIT ME  
SANTY CLAWS  
WHISKERS

YOUR OWN  
HORN  
BLOW IT,  
NOBODY ELSE  
WILL

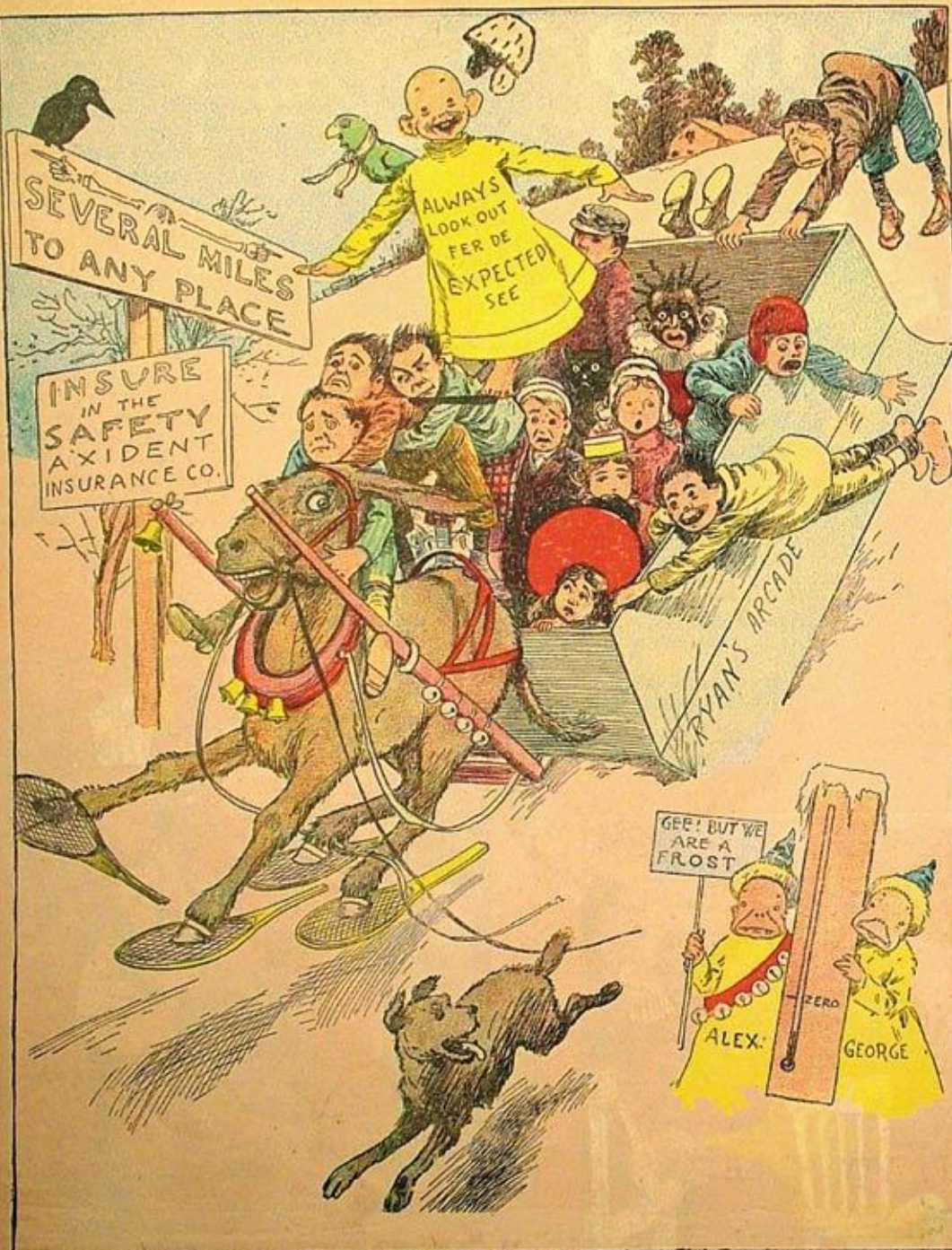
HIGH

ALEX GEORGE  
WANT ME GET BIRTHDAY  
GET FER X-MRS DINK

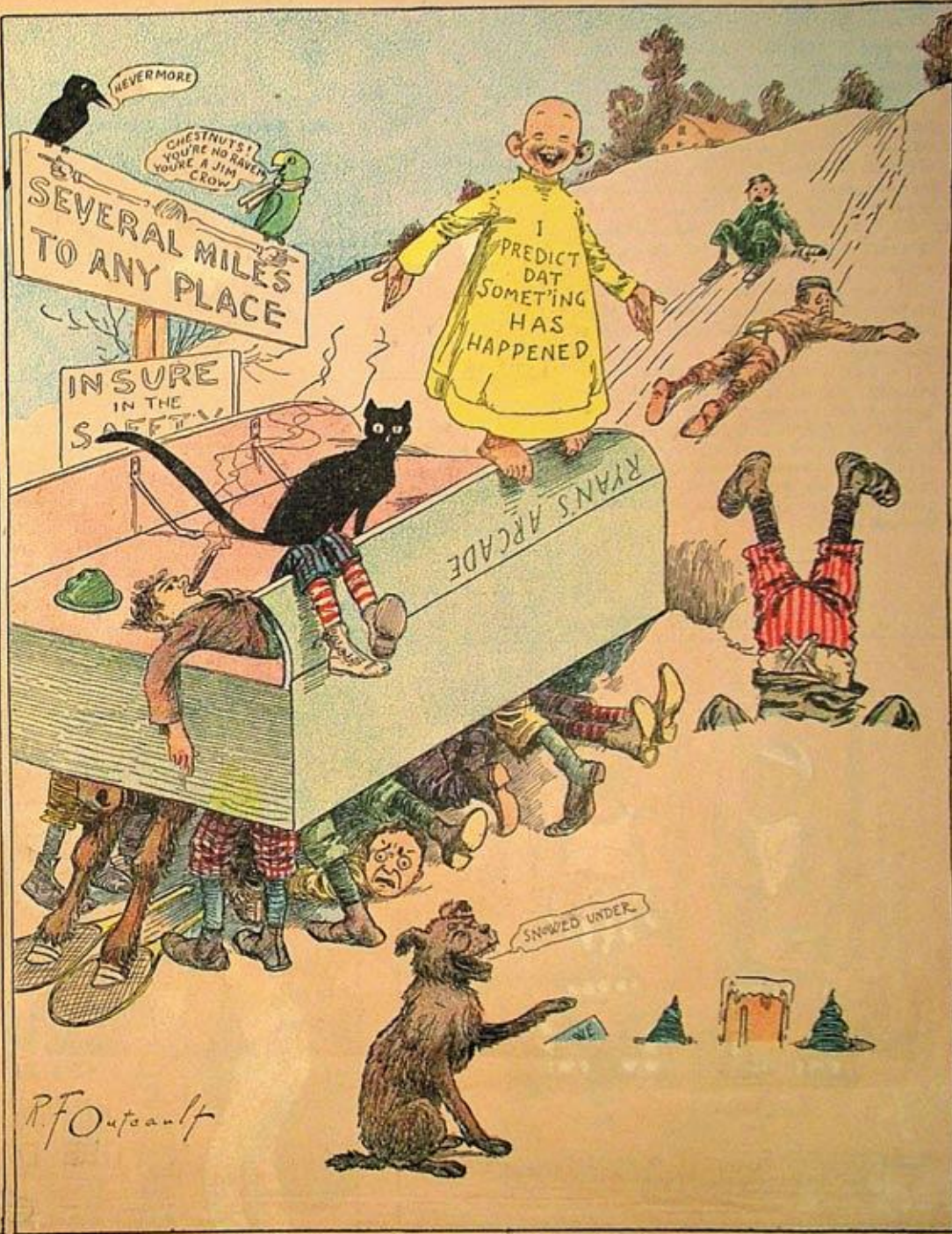
THE  
BOOBY PRIZE



# THE RYAN'S ARCADE GANG GO SLEIGHING.



1. GOING!



2. GONE!



# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID.

BY RUDOLPH BLOCK.



are ye, sez d' mug wel we'll konfisskate dese mentoze, awl rite sez Hoolihan givven t' d' kween wid my komplimente.

Say ye'd orter heard Liz skreem w'en d' bloke opened her trunk how dast you she sez. Ain'te got enny jems in dere, sez d' mug, o yes I'm gaw'n t' start a brantch o' Tiffinny's sez Liz. den d' mug laffed an' sed he gessed it wuz awl rite. Liz is lukkin' luvly after d' trip akrauss d' oashun. She wuz only see-sik wunst it began awf sandy hook an' leddup w'en we strukk liverpool.

Wel ennyway we seen all dere wuz t' see in liverpool witch aint mutch an' den we went t' lundun. lundun is d' kappitil uv England 'cause dat's ware d' roll family livs. It's a sintch t' be a roll family, no ware t' go but a pallis, nuthin' t' ete but awl d' tolky an' kranberry sauss wot'che want, nuthin' t' boin but munny, nuthin' t' ware but dimunds, I'd radder be a roll family dan a bisikl kopp day don't hav' t' wolk w'en it rañes.

Dey node we wuz comin' an' as soon as we'd registered at d' hotel witch I aint gaw'n t' say witch it wuz 'cause I don't want t' get no letters, de roll family sent us an invite wood we be so good as t' drop in on 'em at d' pallis. shoer I sed t' d' gang wy not?

d' hotel cloik tole us dat d' roll family had orfis hours only in d' mornin' so we tuk a strole t'rough d' town. Wel woddy ye t'ink who did we stakk up aggenst but d' prints o' walls walkin' awl by his lonesum down pikkadilly. Uv awl t'ings he sez, if dis aint a s'prise!

Wy hello, Al, I sez, how are ye ole boy ennyway I'm out o' site he sez I woodn't feel better if I cud an' how's Liz?

Hear she is t' speak fer hursel' Al, I sez 'cause Liz wuz kinder bashful an' wuz tryin' t' sneek away. Wy my deer Liz sez d' prints how wel you look, does yer roll hyness t'ink so, sez Liz? say ye nevyer kin faze dat goil.

Wel say roll hyness I sez how's yer muther, is de ole lady keepin' her end up, o she's awl rite awl rite sez Al she's as lively as a too yare old.

An' how's bizness, ole man, I sez o fine sez d' prints dis tolky questchun is worryin' us a bit but d' rest o' de shebang's runnin' finer 'n silk an' say, he sez, givin' me d' wink, you aint doin' a t'ing t' poor Spane wel me an' d' prints had a good laff over d' Cubin sitchuation.

Mickey sez d' prints handin' me wun o' dem perfeektoes wot cum wun in a boeks w'y don'tche cum over heer t' liv I'll make ye a dook 'r a kount 'r a oil 'r enny ole t'ing. me 'n you cud run Ingland t' beet d' band an' w'en I gets t' be king witch I aint bettin' big ods on I'd giv you d' sauftest snap wot'che ever dreamed uv woddy ye say?

Al I sed I'll tel ye. I can't do it an' dat's on d' levvil. W'en old Li hung chang wuz in Noo Yaurk he made a kontrak wid me dat if I wuz ever gaw'n inter d' staitzman gaim I'd giv him d' foist sho. Mickey he sed if ye cum t' Chiner t' be me masskot I'll giv ye me yellor jakkit an' say dat's d' dream uv me yung life.

Awl rite Mickey sed Al ye got t' stik t' yer woid so we won't tawk bizness no maur. say here cums me muther or I'm a lobster an' shoer enuff dere wuz d' kween trottin' up in a hansum kab, wel say she neerly had a konnptick fit w'en she seen us, bring 'em t' dinner, Al she yelled. sure ma, sez Al. Den she spide me. hello Mickey she kride how are ye, cum an' take a ride wid me ye

little darlin'. no tanks, Vicky I sez, me an' Al got sum bizness we want t' tauk over, see you later.

but we cudn't shake de ole lady so quick, how's slippy Dempsy she sez, he's awl rite I answered only his ole man's got six yares fer wolkin' d' sawdust gaim. An' how's ole McFadden o he's in hard lukk I sez d' t's ye no an' awl dat, say kween, how're awl d' kids? Out o' site Mickey don't ferget t' cum round an' take dinner wid us.

Is d' grub good Al, I sed fer a joak? Betcher life sez Al an' how's bakkaraw I sez givin' him d' jentil wink wel say ye'd orter seen d' prints blush awl d' saim I sez he 'n you'll hav' t' geddup a little gaim Al. Say prints sed Hoolihan did'je reely shalk hands wid Sullivan w'en he wuz d' champion, sure I did, sed de prints. wel wud'je mind shakin' hands wid me sed Hoolihan.

Al sez I w'y don'tche sho us sum o' d' sites, wot? Shoer sed d' prints cum alawng so we awl went fer a wauk an' d' prints shode us d' sites as we cum akrauss 'em. I got stukk on d' krown wot he waur o' it wuz better dan a hole hook shop winder on d' Bowry Al I sez let a feller feel d' heft o' dat krown, w'y s'ert he sez, he's orful good natcheded dat prints o' walls is. so I tuk d' krown in me hands an' I seen dat all dem jools wuz skrood on tite. Sum day w'en ye cum t' d' pallis Mickey he sez I'll let'che ware it only ye mustn't tel de ole lady.

Wot's dat blidin' over dere Al o he sez dat's d' houzes o' parlimint dat's ware dey hold meetin's

t' find out how mutch I'm gaw'n t' get fer spendin' munny, dey're gettin' kinder hard on me uf late. Al I sed dat's d' raddikills wot's doin' dat. shoer, Mickey he sez I no dat.

wot els is d' blidin' for, Al, I ast? O I dunno d' prints sed I nevyer go dere unless de ole lady chases me. Jest den an ole guy cums along an' shakes hands wid Al, hello dook sez d' prints, hello prints sez de odder feller. Al, I sed, hoose yer frend o' 'scuse me he sed, Mickey, I want'che t' shake hands wid me frend d' dook o' westminister he aint got nuthin' but munny. glad t' meet'che dook I sez I got lots o' matches in me trunk if dey'll be uv enny survis to ye.

Say Al I whisper to d' prints kin we rope d' dook inter a gaim o' bakkaraw 'r krapts Hoolihan's got loded dise? Nit sed Al he's too fussy I've run up aggenst him befaur. Den we strukk a rivver wot's dat sez I dat's d' Temz sed d' prints we're proud o' dat stream, o ye kin keep it I sed, I wudn't take it fer a gift.

Den we cum to a big blidin' say it wuz bigger'n d' people's t'atre on d' Bowry, jee I sed dat's a kaurker. dat sed d' prints takin awf his krown is westminister abby ware me four fahders is berried. Is dat so I sed dat's pritty tuft.

Wel Al I'm sorry but I got t' shake ye now. De gang's gettin' hungry an' I've got t' stake 'em to grub. So lawng, Al. I'll see ye at d' pallis in a kuppel uv days. so lawng Mickey sed d' prints.

RUDOLPH BLOCK.



R. F. Outcault

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID BY RUDOLPH BLOCK.



**M**ONTY KARLO.—deer billy, here we are in dis gilded hel. At last we hav struck dis famous pallis uv vise ware fortchins are wun an' lost on d' glittering green tabls. o billy, it wuz sad t' see all dem men an' wimmen keepin' dere eeger eye on d' roolet bawl. I kept my eeger eye on dat bawl fer one roll.

yes, billy, it wuz sad Befaur dat bawl begun t' roll I wuz a happy yooth, ful uv briteness an' sunshine wid grate hopes fer d' fewtcher an' me wad planked on number 6. D' bawl roled round an' slipt into number Nit. wuz I a happy yooth enny more? no, billy, I wuz a hartbroken dopy yeller kid, wid starvation givin' me d' glad hand an' roon givin' me d' winnin' smile.

but never despare I sed, maybe Liz'll hav better luck. weel say, aint dat goll a peetch? She jest had a satch on dat roolet tabll. She cudn't looze if she tride. W'en she put 'er wad on number 10, d' bawl roled into number 10. w'en she plude number 24 d' bawl dropt into number 24. o she had a puddin'.

Liz I sed w'en all my doe wuz gawn, stake me so's I c'n hidded aggen. weel billy de marbil hart an' de isy glair wot dat goll guv me froze me ded. Foolish boy she sed, you can't play roolet fer sour apples. go out an' play marbils wid d' kids an' let me do d' gamblin'.

Wid a mitey effort I controled meself an' sed nuthin but wate, tretchorous madden, I thaut to meself, jest wate. My toin wil cum I wil not alwuz be gettin' d' rinky dink. forchtin is smillin' on you now hartless cretcher an' you're plin' up dem woldly goods but remember, Liz, I thaut to meself, remember dat evry house has a roof.

did I hav me revenj? say billy if ye cud see d' grin on my fase at dia momint ye'd laff. Liz got playin' a sistim. she tought she'd found a way t' beet d' game an' she plade dat way. weel say, her munny went so fast it neerly boined a hole in d' green tabll. It got worse an' worse.

I stood behind 'er an' begun t' wissel o I dunno, you aint so waurm, dere's odder coons wots jest as waurm. Liz is a crool goll. W'en her last pile wuz gawn she stuck a hatpin in me leg fer revenj. It's all yure fault she sed, you're a reglar hoodoo. But me hart wuz glad. Liz wuz broke too.

Liz I sed let's go out in d' woods an' commit soostide, dat's wot dey'll do. If we want t' keep in d' push we got t' get out uv it. say Liz didn't even smile. Aint it funny d' way wimmen akts w'en dey looze munny. Liz cride all nite. I didn't I cauled on me friend d' Prints uv monakko wot owns Monty karlo an' toled him uv d' hard luck we'd run up aggens. d' Prints wuz kind an' staked me to a wad. Be wise Mickey he sed an' keep away fum d' casino. He guv me lots uv good advice an' den I went back t' little casing an' plade a noo game wot dey caul' pronty-karont. I didn't no nuthin' about it but I put my munny ware an' oke lady wid a glas eye wot wuz deff put nera.

I had a streak uv luck. Clarence, I sed to d' mug wot runs d' game. If I win out I'll buy ye a dimuud. weel I won so fast dat I cudn't pick up d' munny quick enuff an' dey had t' caul an assistant wot braut a barril t' put me munny in. By d' way, billy, I wish ye'd drop in on Corny Vanderlik an' ask 'im wot he wants ter dat house uv his heer sentrif park. tel 'im I must hav it.

I den I went back t' our hotell an' sed t' Liz say I sed who laffa last laffa best an' I chucked a handful uv gold at her tribbles. Liz didn't say a wot but she pickt up dat gold faster'n grezed hiteatin' an' put on her hat. hold on, I sed, wate ye gawn? I'm gawn back t' d' casino t' play dat sistim she sed. It's got t' win.

so I nook 'er down an' took d' munny away fum her. Liz I sed you've got d' gamblin' fever. You'd better stay home an' play jak wid d' littl!

chippies! I will do all d' gamblin' wot's necessary fer dis krowd. Say, billy, did I get square wid dat goll? ha ha ha, wot?

wel dere's odder t'ings in Monty karlo besides gamblin' but dey aint very hot. D' place is full uv peepke wot's related to d' krowned heds uv Yooorup. I tuk lunch de odder day wid one uv d' kuzzins uv d' zar of Rusher.

Grand dook I sed wil you take a messij fum my to yer roil kuzzin? shure mlike, he sed, wot it t'el tel Nick I sed dat I'm ashamed t' look 'im in d' fase on account uv d' way I guv 'im d' t'row down w'en he wuz corrutated. uv all his frends wot wuz invited to d' saramoney I wuz de only one wot didn't send 'im a presint.

dat's rite, Mickey, sed d' grand dook, d' Zar felt holt over it, too. 'cause he node you an' him wuz sutch good frends. billy, d' teers roled down my fase. grand dook, I sed in a broken wotce I hav a luvly present prepared fer yer kuzzin. Ye no dat luvly dimuud wot I won in O'Shannessy's raffel last yare? Kin I ever forget it, ecklesclamed d' grand dook.

I wuz gawn t' send it t' Nick t' put in 'is crown, but times wuz hard an' d' price uv cole wuz high, an' o grand dook, I had t' hock it. D' dook looked at me hard an' sed Mickey ye mite hav sent him d' tikkit ennyway. Uv course I sed wid me hart breakin' but fortchin wuz argenst me. d' gote ee it up.

D' grand dook simpertized wid me never mink Mickey he sed d' Zar has dimunds t' boin an' he'd rather hav yure frendship dan a barril uv roobles. He's ded eazy I sed an' den me an' d' grand dook went carrij ridin'.

De infant ry Espane has invited us t' caul on him. We havn't decided yet.

luv t' d' rang.

**MICKEY DUGAN.**  
P. 3. Slippy Dempsey has d' mumps on d' top uv nis hed, he tel fum a roolet tabll. He wuz playin' a high game.

FORTUNE SMILES UPON THE YELLOW KID AT MONTE CARLO.

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID.

ON THE OCEAN BY RUDOLPH BLOCK

TO NIGHT  
AT THE PLASA DE TOROS  
DON MICHEAL DUGANO  
WILL SCRAP WITH  
A WALL ST-BULL FER POINTS  
PER DE BENEFIT OF DE CUBAN  
CAUSE  
DON QUIXOTE  
REFEREE

MADRID—deer Missus Cassidy, spane is a luvly country nit. D' klymit is on d' bum an' I don't speek d' langwij. It sounds like chineez only wise. D' goils hav eligint black eyes but dey don't speek Inglish. Little Hoolihan has a black eye too Terry McSwatt giv it to 'im. We wuz gaw'n t' giv spane d' go-by but jest as we wuz gettin' reddy t' take in de alps I got a tellygram f'um me ole side partner Ulaylee, wot Mickey, she rote, ain'tche gaw'n t' cum down an' shake hands wid yer Ulaylee? wel wel, who c'n reesist d' pleedin' uv setch a luvly creetcher, so I telegraf back wil I cum? betcher sweet, so heer we are in a bum hotel. Madrid is littler 'n Brooklin an' it aint got so menny trolly kars. I wuz suprised w'en I cauled on d' king, he's bigger'n me but he's a reglar softy an' I c'n lick 'im wid wun hand behind me back. but he's a nice feller an' now we're grate frends. I t'ink he's stuck on Liz.

We all went to d' pallis de odder day an plade tag. say dem kings is funny peeple, dat little kid got mad evry time he wuz it. Terry McSwatt cauled 'im down, say majlsty, he sed to d' king, w'y don'tche take a trolly kar w'en ye're it, insted uv runnin' like d' rest uv us, wot? dat got d' king mad, ye t'ink ye're waurn, don'tche, he sed. o I dunno sed McSwatt sarkastiek like, maybe I aint so orfly waurn but you aint no vital statistieks. I seen trubbl comin' down d' pike so I sed peece peece let dere be peece.

we plade prizner's base after dat an' had fun t' boin. w'en d' king wuz caut I sed to 'im, say

Alfy I'll run ye a race fer kuba, if I beat she's free an' if you beat ye c'n keep 'er wel d' king wuz a ded gaim spaurt, all rite he sed an' we run say dem spanyurds is grate runners, poor kuba goddit in d' neck.

Wile we wuz jollyin' d' king along who d'ye t'ink cums waltzin' into d' yard but Ulaylee she's gettin' thin Missus Cassidy, I gess it must be kuba. o Mickey she cride wid joy w'en she spotted me I'm so glad t' see ye. An' t' t'ink dat you wuz gaw'n t' giv me d' go-by, o Mickey I never tought dat uv you.

Uly me own troo luv I sed, me hart is stil in d' rite place but if me frends in Noo Yaurk noo dat I had simperthes fer spane dey'd cut me ded, our gang is solid fer poor kuba libby, so derefaur Uly we can't hav no ofishul relashuns, see?

Uly cride an' d' luvly spanish tears roled down her face. I wud mutch rather looze ten kubas Mickey she sed dan looze yer frendship. wel I jollid 'er along an' evryt'ing wuz all rite. den we had a long conversashun about ole times w'en Uly wuz in Noo Yaurk. she wuz orfly intrestid.

is Noo Yaurk d' same, Mickey, she sed, yes I replide, it's wise. ye don't say, how's me old frend Tommy Gilroy wot wuz mayor? wel he aint mayor no more Uly, I sed, but he's willin' t' be. o sed Uly in surprise did he get d' rinky dink? see senyoreeter I sed witch is all d' spanish I know, he aint in d' push jest now.

he's a luvly dantoer ennyway sed Uly, me an' him waltzed at d' bawl, but speekin' uv bawls Mickey cum into d' pallis an' let me fix ye up a manhattin like dey giv ye in Noo Yaurk, poor Uly she's jest like odder wimmen, she t'inks she c'n make a oektale, ennyway I swallered it an sed it wuz a luvly drink witch it wuzn't.

Wot's noo in Noo Yaurk she sed? wel I sed

dey're wolkin' on a noo entriose to d' brooklin brij, dey're kickin' about ded Man's coive, dey're tryin' hard t' refawm pollitix, dey're investigatin' d' trusts wot don't trust an' osker Hamestine's got a lore soot on 'is hands.

I havn't fergottin dose t'ings sed Uly but tel me wot's happin' in d' last t'ree years aints I wuzn't dere. how I laffed! Uly I sed dat's d' best gag wot ever cum down d' pike—dose t'ings is all still happenin'. migh migh! sed Uly, dat beets d' band.

den d' little king begun t' holler. o I must see wot his majlsty wants sed Uly, wot is it Alfie deer? I want t' dants, sed d' king. wel I sed, w'y don'tche? dere aint no ropes keepin' ye back, you don't ketch on sed Uly, we hav a little fan-dango in d' pallis evry day. d' kid's ded stuck on dantein. C'n you dants, Mickey?

C'n I dants? C'n I eat? W'y Uly I alwuz dants w'en I heer musick. so dey trotted out a little band wot struck up a spanish dants. I tuk Uly fer me partner an' Liz tuk d' king, we didn't do a t'ing t' dat dants. ye're so grateful Mickey sed de infanter, dat's wot dey caul Uly heer aint I grateful too sed d' king? ye sed Liz but if yer majlsty steps on my toze aggen dere'll be trubbl.

after dat we all wuz tolsty an' Uly sed she'd send fer sum wine. But d' hole gang held out fer beer so me an' d' king went out wid d' growler. say I'm gettin' t' like dat king. I askt 'im t' cum t' Noo Yaurk, he'd hav grate spaurt gaw'n swimmin' wid d' gang but he sed he cudn't leev till he got big enuff t' settl day kubin affare.

ye'll be sorry if ye don't cum I sed, we got a feller on our block wot c'n bend d' krab an' pick up a glas uv beer wid 'is teeth. is dat so sed d' king, I'd like t' cum.

I wont rite nuthin' more Missus Cassidy 'caus I'm sleepy. we're gaw'n to a bul fite next week wid d' king. Liz is gettin' a Karmen dres made she t'inks she'll make a mash on d' toryador

sinseerly yoors,  
MICKEY

P. S. mr Kelly has sined d' pie, o he had an orful one it lastid a week.

DIS FALL AINT IN IT WIT  
DE FALL OF SPANE IF DEY  
DONT LEAVE CUBA ALONE

GOOD MORNING  
HAVE YOU USED  
CASTILE SOAP

HEAR WE ARE IN  
SPAIN  
WHERE SARDINES, OLIVES  
STILLETOS AN WEYLER  
COMES FROM. AN SAY!  
WEYLER IS A SARDINE  
HISSELF - HE AINT NO  
CRISTOFER COLUMBUS  
NOR NO CARMENCITA

THERE WILL BE A BULL FIGHT  
EVERY SUNDAY AFTER NOON DURING  
LENT. CHILDREN HALF PRICE  
THESE FIGHTS WILL BE A RARE  
TREAT AS DOZENS OF BULLS  
AN HORSES WILL BE KILLED  
AN VERY OFTEN A MAN OR  
TWO DONT MISS THEM

NOW  
WATCH  
US

OH  
I DONT KNOW

I WONDER  
IF DON JUAN IS  
AROUND HERE ANY  
WHERE

I AM DE  
INFANTA  
OF DIS  
DUSH

I SEE  
WOT LIZ  
IS UP TO - SHE'S  
TRYIN TO WIN  
ALPHONSO AN  
HAVE A KASSIL  
IN SPANE BUT  
MY STILLETTO  
WILL CURE EM

I AM GOING TO  
TAKE A BOX OF  
SARDINES

CARMEN

DE  
EUALIA  
FANDANGO  
DONT HOLD YER BREATH  
TILL DE CUBANS HAS BIN  
LICKED - AN OTHER SONGS  
BY  
GEN. WEYLER



THE YELLOW KID SHAKES HIS TROTTERS IN OLD MADRID.

R. F. Outcault



# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID.

BY RUDOLPH BLOCK.



A BULL FIGHT IN HONOR OF THE YELLOW KID.

R. F. Outcault

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE YELLOW KID.



**LOTS FOR SALE**  
 LOTS OF SNOW & ICE  
 THE PRICES ARE NOT AS  
 STEEP AS THE MOUNTAIN  
 NOTHING IS HIGH HERE NOT  
 EVEN THE THERMOMETER

WITZERLAND.—deer billy, say dis is a  
 sintch. De alps is d' gratest wot ever  
 wuz only dey aint no good fer biskills  
 an' w'en ye get high up it's orful cold.

but all d' same it's eligint spaurt t' clime dem  
 lortly peeks an' take a peek around ye, how's dat  
 billy?

d' hole gang has caut d' mountin climbing habbit  
 an' we don't do nuthin' but go up all d' time  
 except w'en we're comin' down. we hav climed all  
 d' big mountins wot dere is. I gess w'en we get  
 back t' Noo Yauk maybe we c'n wauk up-stares  
 in one uv dem sky-skrapers widdout de elivater—  
 ahber nit, dey're too high.

we all speek joimin' except Mrs. Hoolhan wot's  
 little Hoolhan's muther wot sez she wont hav  
 nuthin' t' do wid a langwij wot has shnaps fer  
 wiskey, it aint natcherel she sez. but I speek  
 joimin' like a perfesser ach du leeber owgoostan  
 an' say billy ye'd orter hold me an' Liz waurbil a  
 littil joimin' doest on d' mountins, d' mountins  
 nevrer sed a woid. Liz sung suppramer an' I  
 sung tenner. it wuz grand.

but I started orf t' tel ye about dat mountin  
 climin'. we climed de materhorn, de andyhorn an'  
 de hot tamale horn wot I ferget de reel name uv  
 an' w'en we wuz all in good condishun we started  
 out fer mount blank. We had a long cloze line  
 tied all over us so's noboddy c'd giv noboddy els d'  
 shake. we had gides.

say billy w'en I gets me growth I gess I'll be a  
 mountin gide. o how hapdy dey must be, nuthin'  
 t' do but clime mountins an' w'en dey gets tired  
 dey giv ye a song an' dants about dainjer an' ye  
 hav t' rest a wile. wun uv dem gides toled me a  
 farey tale about a feller wot he cauled billy Tell.  
 I don't beleev a woid uv it an' I toled 'im so.

he sed hav' ye seen d' house wot Tell hvd in  
 wot tell I sed. billy sed d' gide, ole billy Tell,  
 don'tche know 'im? shure I sed me an' 'im wuz  
 pals. d' gide giv me an orful glair an' sed billy  
 Tell wuz a grate karakter. I'm ded stuck on grat

karakters so I asked d' gide t' tel me about Tell  
 but I can't tel ye wot he toled me widdout tellin  
 ye a lot uv tells wot tel billy, wot?

d' gide sed billy Tell wuz uppres by a tinent  
 dat's too bad, I sed, cuddn't he do d' tinent?  
 a lass no sed d' gide. dat tinent wuz too mutch  
 fer 'im. but billy Tell wuz d' frend uv d' peepel  
 wot wuz gettin' d' rinky dink.

say gide, I sed, w'y didn't Tell hav him arestid,  
 didn't he hav a pull wid enny kop?

you don't understand d' stichuashun. d' tinent  
 wot wuz cauled geezer—I t'ink dat's d' name,  
 billy but I aint shure, better ask d' kop, he'll  
 know. dat mug, sed d' gide, had a strong pull  
 wid d' king an' Tell wuzn't in it not fer a minnit.

But Tell had sand an' jest t' show dat geezer  
 wot he cud do he put an appl on hls boy's hed an  
 needed it orf wid a bone arrer.

wel say w'en d' gide toled me dat I neerly dropt  
 ded. do I luk as green as dat I sed? o dat's  
 strate goods sed d' gide, dat's histry. wel wel Tell  
 must hav bin a peetch, don'tche t'ink so billy.

wot happnd after dat, gide? wel den Tell dropt  
 anudder arrer f'um his vest pokkit ware he wuz  
 hidin' it an' d' geezer sed, say wot tell is dat  
 arrer fer? den Tell replide t' kill you, ye mug, if  
 I had slood me son.

wel w'en we got back to d' villij I baut a bone  
 arrer an' looked around fer a appl but appils wuz  
 scarce an' I cudn't get one so I sed t' Hoolhan—  
 me an' 'im's glad now, we wuz mad an orful long  
 time—say Hooly, I sed, let's play billy Tell. wot  
 kind uv a con game is dat sed Hooly. So I sprung  
 d' story an' 'im an' he liked it orfly.

he caut hite on t' d' spirit uv d' game only he  
 caut hold at d' rawng end. all rite he sed, I'll  
 be billy Tell an' you be d' little kid. nit Hooly  
 I sed I'm older dan you an' I gess I'd better be de  
 ole man an' do d' shootin'. den Hooly made a  
 fase at me an' sed nit.

I tel ye wot, he suddnly cride, let's get d' coon t'  
 be d' kid. dat idee wuz a peetch. den we had a  
 luvly gaim uv billy Tell. I wuz billy an' Hooly  
 wuz d' tinent geezer. d' coon wuz it. we got a  
 pitcher fer 'im t' hold on 'is hed. I plugged away  
 at it ten times but dere wuz no points on de  
 arrers so dey only made bumps on d' coon's hed.

wunts I hit d' pitcher an' it broke. it wuz grate  
 fun fer d' coon an' evry time I hiddim he sed I'd  
 get a good sigar. I gess dat Cooney Hand game  
 cum f'um Switzerland, it's jest like d' game u  
 billy Tell. say I'll sho ye how it's plade w'ea we  
 get home.

I ment t' tel ye more about d' country but I  
 aint got time t' rite no more. I've got a date t'  
 eat a swetzer cheeze. dis is a grate plase fer  
 swetzer cheezes, I gess dey gro heer. dis aint no  
 monarkial country, billy, an' dey aint got no no-  
 bility an' dey aint got no trolly kars an no  
 biskill kops.

yuers trooly  
 MICKEY.

P. S. McSwatt c'n stand on wun hand. I seen  
 'im do it. he don't do it long, but it's good. Dat's  
 more'n you c'n do.

RELIC HUNTERS MUST NOT  
 CARRY AWAY ANY PIECES OF  
 DE ICE OR SWISS CHEESE. DE  
 CHEESE DONT NEED TO BE  
 CARRIED AWAY IT KIN  
 TRAVEL PURTY WELL ITSELF.  
 (SAY-ON DE LEVEL SOME OF  
 DAT CHEESE IS AS OLD AS  
 SWITZERLAND)

KEEP OFF THIS  
 SIGN BOARD  
 P.S. WOTS DIS SIGN BOARD  
 DOIN HERE ANYWAY

KEEP OFF DE  
 AVALANCHE  
 IT AINT TIED  
 TO NUTHIN

HEY SLIPPY I'LL  
 BEAT YE DOWN FER  
 DE DRINKS

NEVER SINCE  
 DE PRINTS OF  
 WHALES  
 SAID I WUZ  
 A BIRD I'VE BIN  
 MORE FLY-BUT  
 SAY I KEPT OUT OF DE  
 WING OF DEM  
 CHAMPEEN  
 GEE I'M  
 AFRAID MY FEET  
 WILL MELT  
 AN AVALANCH

DIS IS A MIGHTY CHILLY PLACE TO COME TO  
 AFTER BEIN IN SPAIN BUT WE HAF TO COOL OFF  
 OUR HOT FEVERISH BLOOD AFTER DAT BULL HERE  
 SCRAP LAST WEEK—IF WE HAD DAT BULL HERE  
 WE WOULD'NT DO A TING TER HIM—SAY HIS  
 HORN'S WOULD'NT BE IN IT WIT DIS HERE OLE  
 MATTERHORN. WE LIKE SWITZERLAND FER  
 EVERYTINGS GOT MUSIC BOXES IN IT—EVEN DE  
 CHEESE  
 PEEPLE DAT DE MOON IS MADE OF CHEESE FER  
 DEY KNOW'S PEEPLE — TALKIN OF PEEPLE  
 ARE GREAT. HE SAYS DAT MEN DO LIVES  
 AFTER DEM. HE SAYS DAT MEN DO LIVES  
 IS A SWISS WATCH LIKE A TRIP TO CONEY  
 ISLAND? CAUSE YE GIT DE BEST TIME FER  
 DE LEAST MONEY—AN DAT AINT NO JOKE

GUIDE BOOK TO THE  
 PLACES OF INTEREST  
 ON THE MOUNTAINS  
 I.E. DE CREVASSES  
 AN AVALANCHE'S  
 THE TRUST  
 PUBLISHING  
 CO.

I SPOSE YOU TINK  
 YOU LOOK LIKE A  
 ST BERNARD DOG  
 YOU LOOK LIKE  
 A RUBE

HOT  
 DRINKS

IF DAT EXCELSIOR  
 HAD CARRIED  
 A BANNER LIKE DIS  
 HE WOULD'NT GOT AS  
 FAR AS HE DID

MICKEY AND HIS FRIENDS CLIMB THE ALPS.