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The Hallroom Boys Earn Some Extra Money.

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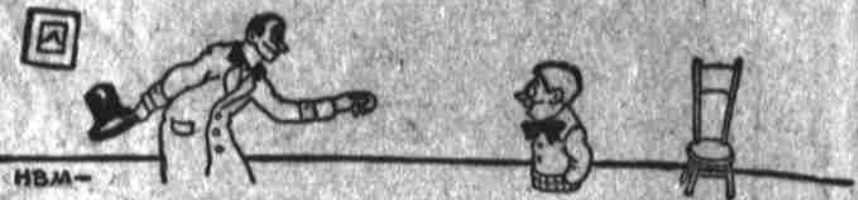
And Are Very Much Surprised to Learn That They Are Working for the Millionbuck Girls.



Tommy Todd.

He Writes to His Uncle Jack.

By WEX JONES.



DEAR UNCLE JACK I'VE A COME & TALK BUT MISTER BROWN HEE SEX SHAW MAID A THE BOOZ DOGS BACK JANIE JOHNSON IN FOOT OUT OF BY A GIRL & HEE WENT AWAY SO JACKIN FOR HIS FRENCH PADDIE POPPY & QUICK HEE FORGOTT HIS HAT I HAV IT NOW HIS POPP HEE HEE WILL HAV SEVING DONT TEL FOR A FOOT BAWL BUT SHE WAS MADD ENNY I BUTT THE PUPP WAS SEX BY THE BOOZ SHE BOAD MY SEER BUTT BILL WILSON HEE DOGS SO WILL I TALK BYRN HOOM FOR A WHILE I CANT HIDE BYRN KNO LONGER.

SIX GAV MEN A LOTT OF KANDY & SHEE SEX 2 MEE IF U HEER MISTER BROWN TALKIN ABOUT KRISMAS U SAY KIND OF SHE IDENTICAL THAT SHE WAS SAYIN SHEE LIKES DIMOND HER RINGS I SEE GIV MEE THE KANDY FIRST & I SET THAT & SEX I WOOD.

HOW IS ? THEE CAT & THEE CATSOM.

WEDNESDAY IS KRISMAS TOMMY.

DEER UNCLE JACK KRISMAS IS THE 25 I HAV A FINE COTT ON MI FINGER I WILL SHE ITT 2 U HAV U A CUTT ON YURE FINGER JANIE JOHNSON HESSET I I NEVER CRIED A DROPP MISTER BROWN HEE GAV ME A 1/2 DOLLAR & SEX FIND OUT WHAT YURE BILSTER WANTS IN HER STOKING & I SEX I WANT A AUTO THAT GOES BY ITSELF & HE SEX YURE SLAMER I MEEH WHAT DOES SHEE WANT & I SEX SHEE TOLD MEE BUTT I FORGETT & I CALLED UPP STARES O SIS WHAT DIDD U SAY FOR MEE 2 TEL MISTER BROWN U WANTED

A MISTER BROWN SEX WHY YURE SISTER INS KNOT INN THEE MILD SEX & I SEX O YEESS SHEE INS BILL WILSON FROM YALL CALM 2 SEX HER BE WAS GARD ONN THE FOOT BAWL TEEM WHEN I GRO UPP I WILL BE ONN THE YALL TEEM 2 LICK ITTS FOES ITT I AM KNOT A STREET CAR MOTER MAN

DEER UNCLE JACK HAV ? U A KALENDER I TEL U WHEN KRISMAS IS

THE BOOZ DOGS IS DEDD ITT BITT A TRAMP MISTER BROWN INS BACK I TOLD BYRN SIS SEX HOLLAGE BOYS R KNOT 2 BEE COMPARED 2 BUSINESS MEN MISTER BROWN INS CLERK INN A KANDY STORE THATTS WHY HEE GIVE SEX PEACE WHEN THEE OLD MAN WENT LOOKIN

I TOLD BILL WILSON 2 COME BACK 2 MEE THATTS ALSO LUVS HEERON OF THE GRIDD FROM THATTS WHAT SHEE SED 2 SAY HEE IS CAMEL 2 MEE MISTER WHY KNOT 2 DAY HEE SEX I PAAT 2 MEE MY QUEEN BUTT I SED KALK

I WILL GIVE U A PEECE OF A APPAL I AM KEEPING AT KRISMAS ITT IN ON WEDNESDAY 2 LIKE U UNCLE JACK TOMMY

DEER UNCLE JACK TRINIDAD IS A ISLAND POP SEX ITT MUST BE IN THE SEX SUMWHARE ITT AS BUTT WHARE SIS SEX BOB EVINS MUST BEE KLEVER 2 FIND A SMOWL ISLAND INN AWI THAT SEX

WHAT ? DOO I KARE

I AM STRETCHIN MY STOCKS SUM EVRY DAY DIDD U KNO KRISMAS IS WEDNESDAY TOMMY



Knocko the Monk Goes Skating.

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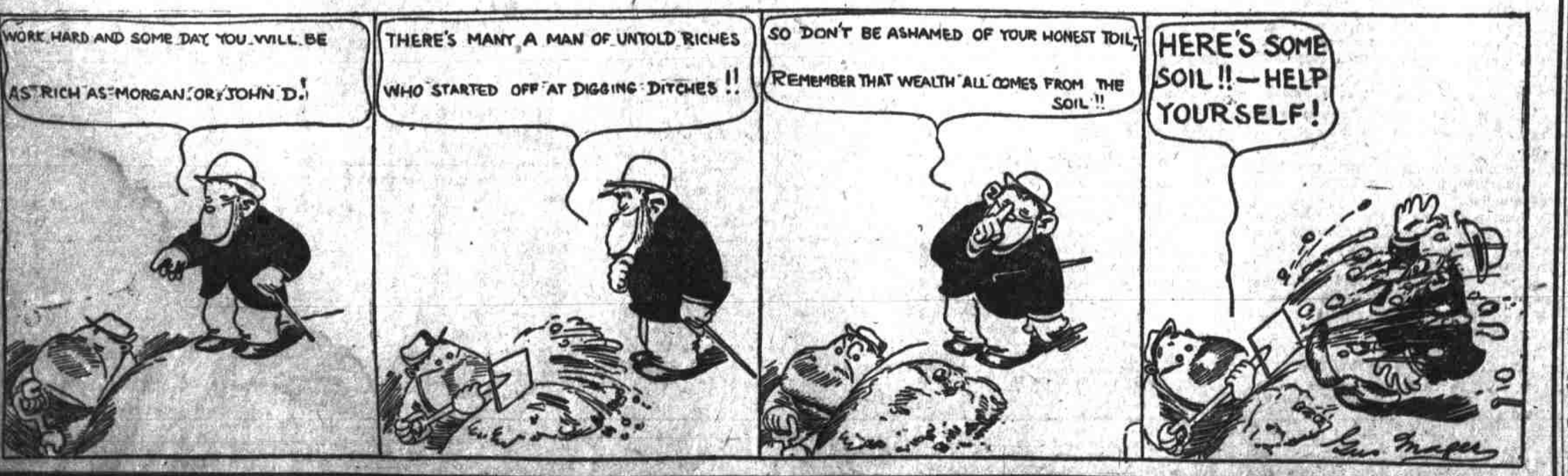
It Happened in Birdland—But It Might Have Happened Anywhere.

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Rhymo the Monk and the Humble Working Man.

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The New Statecraft.

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

MY boy, if you'd like to carve out a career as a maker of national laws. Don't let any lack Of the speech-making knack Permit your high purpose to pause. The knowledge you need for Congressional speed is not portioned out in the schools, For forensic debate is pulled off, while you wait, under Marquis of Queensberry rules.

When the member from Texas gets punched in the plexus, it needs not a word to instil The belief in his brain That the member from Maine Objects to his jackrabbit bill, And the way to explain to said member from Maine that he knows but a little of law Is to steep him in slumber forthwith with a number of lightninglike jabs on the jaw. Time was when the gift of the quick verbal shift was a powerful help in debate, But the fellow who lands a Sure Thing with both hands is a Congressman right up to date.

IN these days, my son, a discussion's not won by spouting the afternoon through. Or by flying the regal And hoarse hooting eagle Across the empyrean blue. Just read up the books on the crouches and hooks that win in the prize-fighting game, And you'll presently see that you'll speedily be a statesman of national fame.

Oh! It's really a pleasure to jam through a measure the country is hungering for By wallops and welts and by blows and by belts till you've stopped every man on the floor. If a post office grafter you chance to be after, you wait till a friend of his shows, Then you still his complaint with a pass and a feint and a swing and a smash on the nose. When the world's in the know there'll be never a show for the high-forehead patronage seeker, For T. Burns will preside on the Democrats' side, and jolly old Jeff will be Speaker.

Ready.

By WEX JONES.

SIXTEEN line-of-battle ships swinging out to sea, SIXTEEN line-of-battle ships steaming out to sea, Lazy as the barges that tumble by their Twenty thousand sailormen as pleased as they can be. Spick and span and spotless, painted Coasting 'round a continent, toasting fresh and neat, foreign girls Trim as any girl ashore come to view (Thinking long of those at home through all the giddy whirrs), Meek and mild and shining, swinging Poking through Magellan; booming soft and slow, through the blue; Till the fluttering signal comes, Time Anywhere there's anything, mild or grim, to do. In the clanking cables come; propellers In the other ocean practising a bit, churn the brine; Every shot a quick one, and every shot a hit; Sixteen willing monsters swing into ordered line, Ships and men all ready to rough it or Off where icebergs grind and crash or porpoise roll and rollick, Ready every man and ship, whether to Ready, ready, ready, whether for fight or frolic, fight or frolic.