

# JINGLING JOHNSON OVERFLOWS WITH CHRISTMAS CHEER

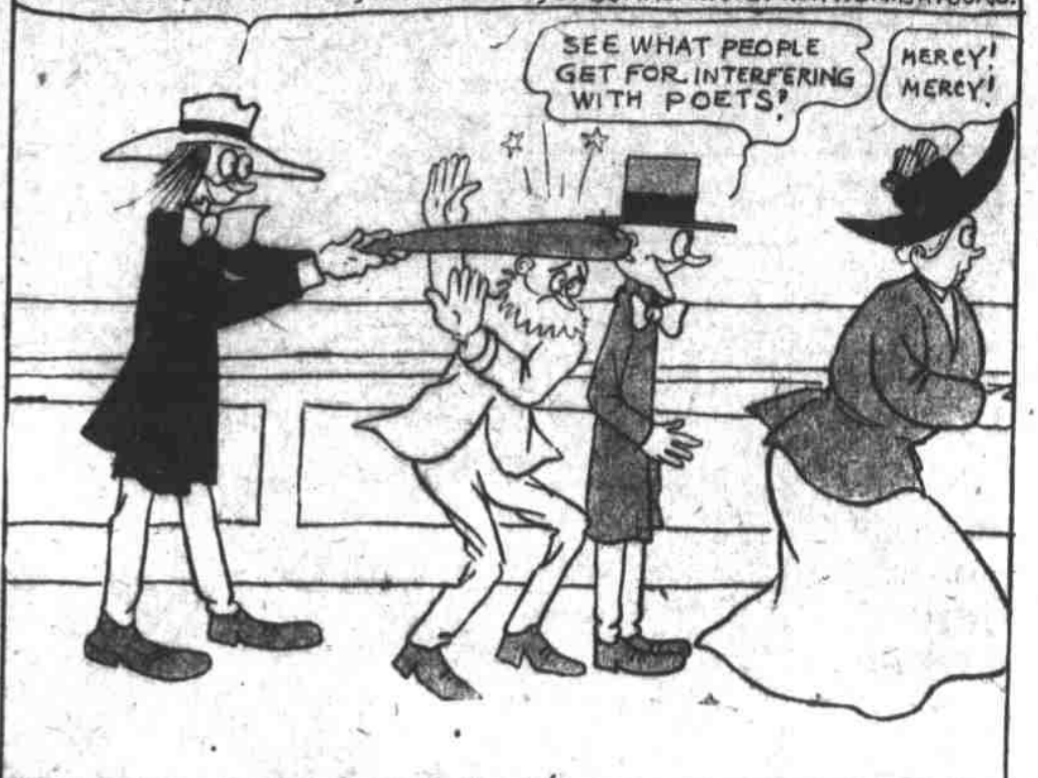
THIS IS THE SEASON OF THE YEAR WHEN CUSTOMERS GET ON THEIR EAR, AND CLERKS GET MAD AND FAINT AWAY FROM JAWING CUSTOMERS ALL DAY BUT LET RAGE BE A RARITY - BY SHOWING CHRISTMAS CHARITY. LET CUSTOMERS AND CLERKS FORBEAR, THEN NEITHER WILL HAVE CAUSE TO SWEAR.



OH DO NOT GET A PAINTED DOLL - WHEN BABY ON THE FLOOR DOES LOLL - IT WILL LICK THE PAINT AND SWALLOW SOME, AND RAISE THE DEUCE IN BABY'S TUM - LET CHRISTMAS DAY BE FULL OF CHEER, LIMBURGER CHEESE & BOTTLED BEER. DO NOT COMMIT RACE SUICIDE, FOR CODFISH BALLS ARE BETTER FRIED.



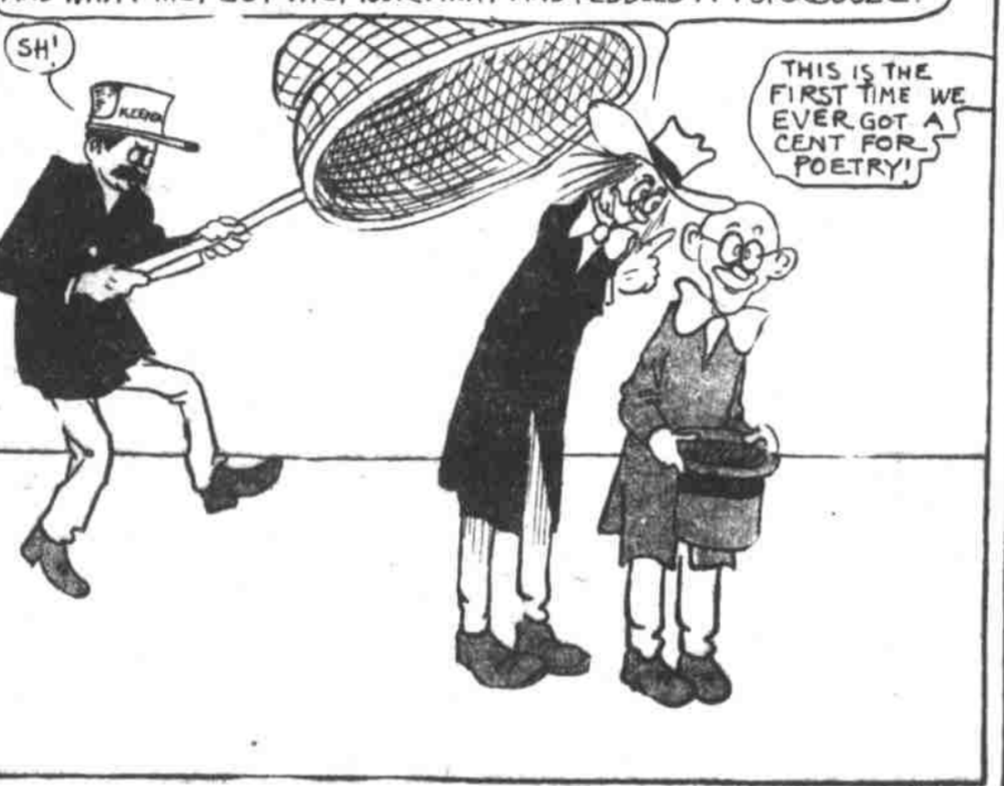
HOLD, WHISPERED BRUTE, YOUR GARPING JAW, OR I'LL ENFORCE THE PURE FOOD LAW. YOUR MAPLE SUGAR'S MADE OF GLUE, THERE'S WEEVILS IN THE SCRAPPLE, TOO, OH WHEEZING WRETCH, WHY SUBSTITUTE? YOU'RE FILLED WITH LONGING LUST TO LOOT, HAVE AT THEE, SCOUNDREL, WITH A ROUND OF SUMMER WURST THAT WEIGHS A POUND.



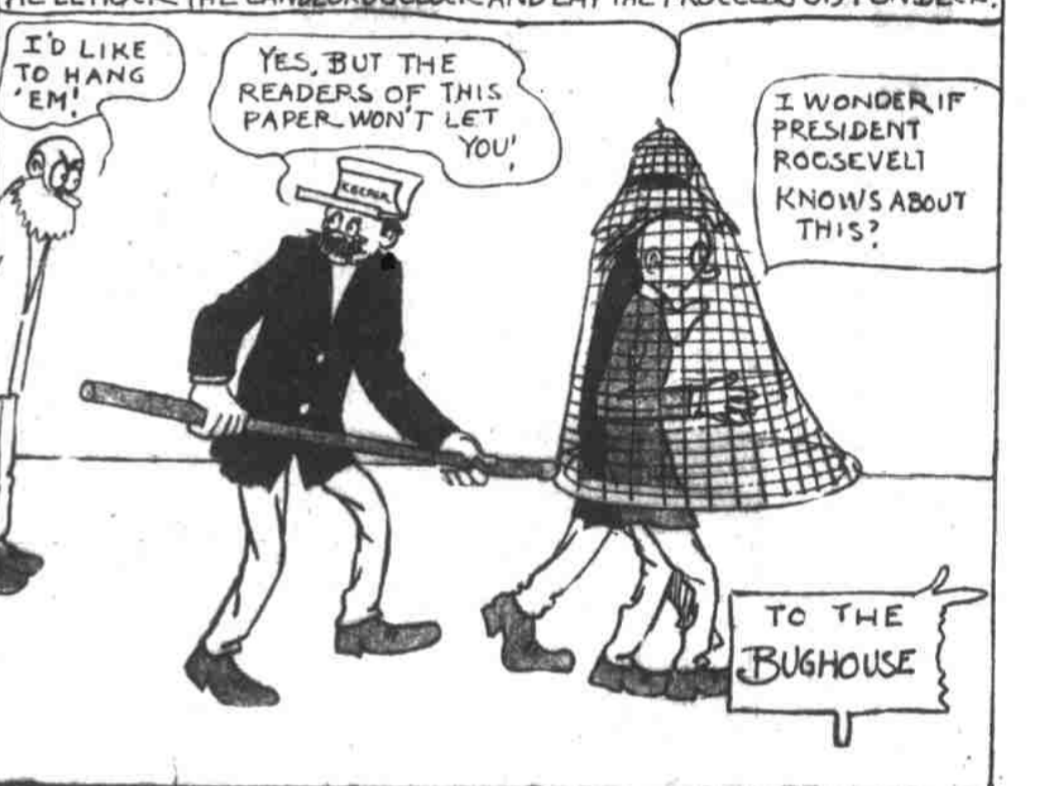
HERE COMES A MESSAGE STRAIGHT FROM MARS, ONE BABY DOWN, SIR, TWO CIGARS HERE IS A GAME THAT ALL CAN PLAY, SO BRING YOUR LUNCH AND STAY ALL DAY. THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IS NO FAKE AND EVERY ONE WILL GIVE AND TAKE. HIS OVER COAT THE POET HOOKS, WHILE OLD MAIDS KNIT THE BACHELORS SOCKS.



THE CHRISTMAS BELLS RANG OUT UPON THE COLD AND FROSTY DAWN. THE BEGGARS OF THE VILLAGE CLUSTERED ON THE RICH MAN'S LAWN. THEY ASKED FOR ALMS - FOR ANYTHING, AND SOME DID ASK FOR SHOES. AND WHAT THEY GOT THEY TOOK AWAY AND PEDDLED IT FOR - BOOZE.



'TIS CHRISTMAS IN THE BOILER SHOP, 'TIS CHRISTMAS AT THE LOOM. THEN THERE'S THE MAN WHO SPENDS HIS CHRISTMAS IN A TURNISHED ROOM BUT WASTE NO PITY ON HIM - HE'LL NOT WANT FOR FOOD OR CHEER. HE'LL HOCK THE LANDLORDS CLOCK AND LAY THE PROCEEDS OUT ON BEER.



# MUGGSY EXPOSES A SWINDLER AND LANDS A CHRISTMAS DINNER



JAME