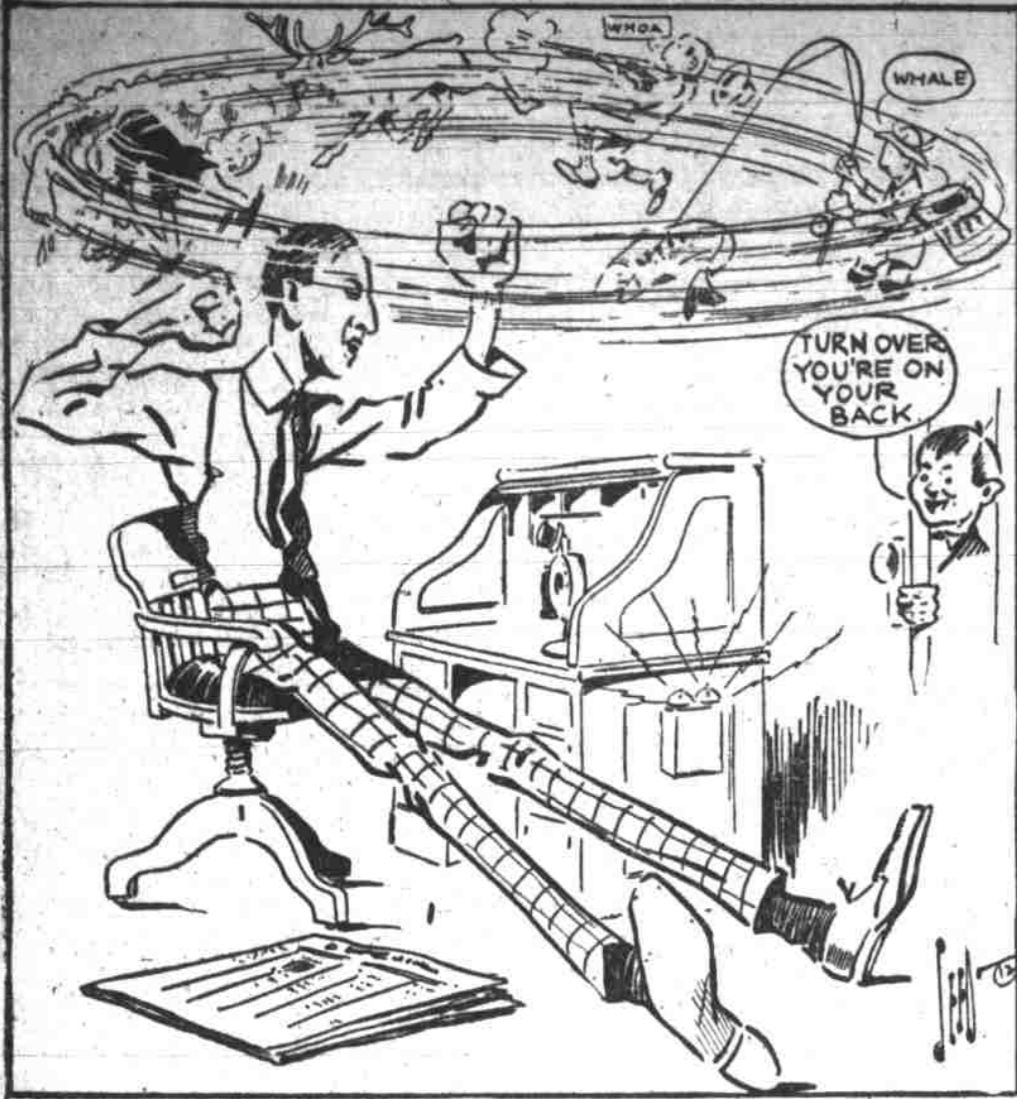


# VACATION DAYS—SOME IMPRESSIONS BY THE JOURNAL'S STAFF ARTISTS



**VACATION**—Ah, that's the word that charms us these summer days when we're working and the other fellow isn't. We can imagine him in his golden days of leisure enjoying himself in a thousand and one different ways—but always enjoying himself. He may be marooned at some desolate resort with mud and mosquitoes as his constant companions on the rainy days, but we cannot see him otherwise than basking in the sunshine and smiles of the bebies of beauteous bathing girls whom the railroad folder pictures. If he is putting in his days off on a fishing excursion our mind insists on picturing him with a full creel every day, when as a matter of fact he may have tramped the stream from daylight until dark without so much as inducing one lone fish to fasten to his hook. Or perhaps he is a huntsman. And as such, we, in our office chair reverie, see herds of deer walking right up to his gun pleading to be shot, whereas he may tell us on his return that he's willing to wager that the only four-legged animal extant in those parts is Widow Higgins' cow. It all depends on the point of view. At any rate some one whispered "vacation" into the ears of the members of THE JOURNAL'S art staff and herewith are reproduced the results.

## HOO'S HOO - - By John W. Carey

**WHO** shone at Santiago Bay and sank the Merimac and bottled up Cervera like a pint of apple-jack?  
 Who smacked his way, defying germs, all o'er his native land? (If any lass was overlooked, she'll kindly raise her hand.)  
 Who took to kissing babies next, to mother's ecstasy, and landed as a congressman in Washington, D. C.?  
 Who stirs ye good Chautauqua folks and rants of perils grave and saves the nation twice a week (500 bones per save)?  
 Who swears on Uncle Sam's domain the Jap has got his lamp? That Richmond Pearson Hobson man—the Osculating Champ.



Holmes, Cap Collier, and Old Sleuth? Who nails his man by dictagraph, whichever way he turns? Aha! and hush! and drop that gun!—His Nobs, Detective Burns.  
**WHO'S** coming soon—big farewell tour—see bill boards—rain or shine—his last appearance—get your seats—parade at half-past nine! Who puts it over year by year—that old-time so-long film? (No Bernhard, Patti, or T. R. has got a thing on him.)  
 Who gallops in on prancing steed and makes a fancy bow and shows the finest head of hair from here to far Foo-Chow?  
 Who takes his rifle then and pegs the fragile birds of clay, the buck-



Missouri's hoodooed hound, but tied upon its tail a can and chased it to the pound?  
 Who pleads the common peepul's cause and wears a silken sock? Whose lamp is on that White House job? T. Woodrow Wilson—"Doc."

**WHO'S** only got \$900,000,000 in the bank? In every burg throughout the land, who runs his little tank?  
 Who quotes at Sunday School the texts from Job, who nursed the boil—on Monday quotes an increase in the price of Standard Oil?  
 Who'd give for your digestive works his check book and his jeans? Who'd croak if he should go against a mess of pork and beans?  
 Who's got two hairs, one lonesome tooth and stomach none at all? Who wabbles on his legs when'er he trails the little ball?  
 With all his yen, who hasn't got a thing on you or me? Why, Rockefeller, King of Coin—for sure, he's poor John D.

### A New York Wife.

Louisville Courier-Journal.  
 "Now, Butch," cautioned the New York wife, "don't get gay and kill anybody at the picnic today."  
 "Aw, gwan."

### His Time Limited.

Louisville Courier-Journal.  
 "Your bean," remarked the first Summer girl, "doesn't seem to care to spoon in secluded nooks."  
 "No," responded the second Summer girl, "the poor gink only has four days in which to acquire a coat of tan."

an ed on Roosevelt that sizzles through and through?  
 Who lays it down that four years hence he'll still be on the job of running down that White House thing? La Folette—"Fighting Bob."

**WHO'S** johnny-on when myster-ee and crime are in the air? Who always gets a clue and trails the vilyun to his lair?  
 Who knows by heart the pedigree of every living crook, from Jimmy Valentine, Esq., to shifty Dr. Cook?  
 Who's hep that Bill the Yeug has got a wart beneath his nose—that slippery Sam, the gold brick man, is minus half his toes?  
 Who makes all other gumshoe sharks look just like rubes, forsooth—Nick Carter, Hawkshaw, Sherlock



shot falling here and there, the while the vaps hooray?  
 Who once was wont the litesome red to chase from hill to hill? Who chases now the green that's long? His Nobs, ye Buffalo Bill.

**WHO** hid himself in cap and gown and taught the rah rah boys till Colonel George Columbus him and sprang him as The Noise?  
 Who palled with Harper's Weekly boss as Damon did with Pyth till Marsa Henry butted in and played the village smith?  
 Who longed to make Nebraska's Pride look like a cocked chapeau, but now gives thanks that he withheld the solar plexus blow?  
 Who did not stop at klickin' round



**WHO** sports a wondrous pompadour, decidedly au fait, the greatest crop of upright fuzz since James J. Corbett's day?  
 Who showed 'em in Wisconsin that he's well supplied with sand and has the bosses and the trusts all eating from his hand?  
 Who keeps our conscript dads on edge and every week or so sets off a bomb that gets the goat of Bailey, Crane & Co.?  
 Who runs a magazine and when there's nothing else to do, who writes



## COMMENTS OF THE IRISH CRITIC

Written for The Journal by J. H. M.  
**"H**OW are they comin', ye say! Oh, on'y lukewarm, but th' byes are roundin' into form all right," said the Irish critic.

"Keatin' jes' called Hare O'Neill a red-headed moose up there at th' corner, an' Hare said he'd ate th' nose off him, if he wasn't afeerd av blood pizen, but there's nobody kilt yet."

"But there's no belying it, th' Bull moose is a gr-r-eat man; he's a bigger man thin Samson iver was, for he's pulling down a bigger heap. Foley says he's taken th' guff out va th' realms of nawbocalish an' made it a science; he's as independint, he says as a bawlin' brat in church in th' middle av th' preachers peroration, but I don't care, he's a gr-r-eat man, all right, so he is."

"Foley says his fav'rit text is Corinthians wan chapter th' 13, an' niver a night passes over his devout head but what he's on his knees prain like th' divil fr a square dale; says he, he's a brindle cross ambulance tearing over th' country t' pick up th' has beans an' wud bees and nurse thim on proposals; th' operation will be a suck'cess, he says, if th' patients die; this here stump speechin', says he, is like a dhrawing room debate, ye must be polite an' clap an' cheer at th' proper time, for no gentleman will be so vulgar as to take it se'russly; wan hundred years from now, says he, we'll be th' leading precedents av posterity's Mutts an' Jeffs. But I don't care, we'd better have a platform av proposals thim rayfals. Tip over th' pepper pot an' start some ginger, that's my dope."

"What's th' use av being skimpy. I notis whin Annie Casey got Foley in a corner, wid her lips like strawberries smothered in creme, an' he says to him, 'ain't ye for aquil suffridge,' he backed up and says 'I'm fr anything Missus fr me pace av mind, but tis' I that heerd the same Foley time and agin' tootin' 'Home Rule fr Ireland, but not fr y'r wives.' Oh, th' decate av man, as th' pote says."

"What's wrong wid a platform av proposals anyway? Foley says 'I've met some men in my time who'd like to forgit their proposals,' but don't they keep on proposin' all th' same? Is life worth th' living without proposals? But Foley says th' proposals av th' Bull Moose platform ain't clear an' spiss'ific; he says it's as foggy as what Ryan said in th' big thrille in court; says Ryan to Jidge Jarge, 'ye see, Jidge, it's this way,' he says, 'I want to hire a lire an' a good lire. Luck at that bunch av th' body polittie shandin' over there on th' corner, dragging away at their pipes an' waitin' fr dinner time,' he says; 'if yez wants to rouse some jinite entuse'asm, clear an' spiss'ific,' he says, 'go over there an' propose a smoot-full as an appetizer an' ye'll get all th' bull moosin' ye want as long as y'r change lasts,' he says. 'But,' he says, 'if we went over there an' told thim that ye was goin' t' amind th' constitution so that they cud get two beers fr a nickel after ye was elected, they'd pay as much attention to ye as they wud to a steamboat pulling a raft av piles through an open draw, all they'd want you to do is to close up y'r bridge an' go off an' blockade somebody else."

"But I tell yez sir, ye can't stop that flying moose, he hasn't any use fr th' bosses, one hoss is enough for th' job; he can make any av his proposals sound like a phonygraft roast av Willum J. Bryan to a Wall street delegate. D'ye mind how he's plastering th' fat man all over wid Lorimer; he's as great a man av Ab'ram Lincoln, by gum, fr ivrybody knows Ab'ram Lincoln was famous fr taking a kick at a dead ass; he ain't as cautious as Woodrow Wilson, nayther, fr he hasn't anything to be cautious about."

"Thou shalt not shalts, says he to th' raypublicans, an' that's what I say to thim meself, fr whin th' democrats get in they'll be nawthin' left but th' chairs."

"What kind av a run will th' bull moose make, did ye say? Well, sir, wid Jarge W. Perkins on th' coaching line shouting: 'Work hard, Teddy, me man, all th' time, me man,' he ought t' make as good a showing as the Sacramento club."

## HOW CURRENT EVENTS POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE APPEAL TO THE CARTOONISTS

