



SONG OF DISSOLUTION.

You may dissolve old Standard Oil,
You may kill it if you will;
But the same old Johndee gang
Will run the business still.

A little change in the method,
A slight reform in the name,
But the same old John in the saddle,
And the motive power the same.

So don't you get too happy
And think the millennium's come;
For Standard Oil will be your light
For some time yet, by gum!

SATAN'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

Word comes from Hagerstown, Maryland, that a gang of soulless snogosters in the shape of human beings held a regular break-down shindig and double-gear'd dance in a graveyard at that place one night recently.

It seems that some of the fast bucks and buckesses tanked up on red-eye and other delightful dopes till they lost what little conscience they ever had and felt able to fight a Kansas cyclone or drive the devil out of his den.

And in that glorious state of mind and body they wended their way to the old graveyard where their good old ancestors were resting under the sod. They hung lanterns on the monuments to cast a dim glimmer over the awful scene, and they locked arms and crow-hopped it over the grassy mounds till the place looked like where a tribe of savage Indians had held a war-dance.

When this shameful performance was discovered by the decent citizens of the community, there was something else doing. They called on the officers of the law to take charge of the gay young heathen, and if they don't make them see stars they will fail to do their duty. Such a set of wild and wooly barbarians ought to be stripped as naked as Adam and cow-hided till their miserable carcasses wouldn't hold shucks. And then they ought to be put in the pen and made to work eighteen hours a day making white oak paddles to be worn out over their western hemispheres.

This old life is nothing but a game of grab and run. Did that fact ever hit you in the solar complexion?

HELLO, SONG WRITERS!

Say, chicks, why don't you get rich? There is no longer any excuse for being poor. We have perfected a plan that gives every person a chance.

You can make just dead oodlins of money writing songs and song poems. The rottener they are the better. A grand prize of fifteen cents will be given to the gink who can carve out a song that stinks worse than the rest of the rot.

You may think you can't write a popular song but that's where your thinker steps on itself. Anybody who can peel 'taters can write a popular song. Any song or song poem that is accompanied by \$35 in hard chick will be all-fired popular—with us. We don't care whether it rhymes or measures or has any sense to it or not. You can trim your toe-nails and send us the trimmings, together with \$35, and we will guarantee to make a popular song out of 'em. The \$35 is what counts.

Don't get the idea that we are going to make you rich and famous just for our health—not by a jug full. The truth is, we've bought the United States government on the installment plan, and we've just got to have your money to pay for it with. We can furnish you all the references you want as to our crookedness, and we will forfeit five cents worth of smoking tobacco to anybody who can prove that we are honest.

There are lots of red-hot titles for songs that no fool has yet thought of, and we'll just hand you a few samples to go by. Dig up your thirty-five plunks and then write your song to one of these titles: "It's awful to be Bald-Headed in Fly Time"—this one would make a big hit with the old maids—so touching and heart-rending in its tenderness. "Shooting Marbles With Grandma's Glass Eye"—here's a honey-cooler and don't you forget it. "Swat, Swat, Little Fly, That's Swat You Are"—isn't that cute? Dogged if we don't think it's almost too good to publish, but send along your money and we'll risk it. And this one: "Red-Eyed Sal, She's My Gal, and I'm Her Lemon Ade." Money put into that song would be safer than in the bank. Here's one of those light, airy, fairy, fantastic titles suitable for a young lady to reel off in the presense of her

best feller: "Squeeze Me To Your Liver, Kid, For I'm Your Mustard Plaster." If that don't get him she'll have a perfect right to hit him with an axe.

These are just a few samples of the catchy, popular titles that we can furnish you on short notice. Special rates on car-load lots.

Don't put your songs in the fire—where they ought to go—but rake up \$35 for each one and send them to us. Before sealing your letter be careful to see that the money is enclosed. It really don't matter so much about the songs—they can go to the devil for all we care. Address: Catchum & Skinum, Music Publishers, Chicago. What-a-noise.

O. HELL.

Hold on there—don't look at me in that awful tone of voice. Maybe you think I've lost my religion and gone to cussing, but I ain't. The above heading is simply the name of a merchant who lives in Brooklyn, New York, or else the newspapers have lied. And you surely don't think that a newspaper would be guilty of telling a fib. It is stated that O. Hell and his father, old man Billy Hell, are about to open up a candy store in Brooklyn. And I understand that Mr. Hell has petitioned the court to change his name to Hill, as it never would do to tell the folks to go to Hell for their candy.

'TATERS.

O 'taters, I love you,
But we must part;
Three prices a peck
Would break my heart.
—Elam's Olio.

The heart wouldn't matter,
But what's still worse,
Such prices for 'taters
Would break my purse.
—Pearson.

Ain't it awful funny to think about how dearly the dog does love the rabbit? Say, Rube, the silk-hatted plute loves you just like that.

Do good, and the papers won't mention your name to save your life. But go and commit some crime, and you will get a double-column scare-head on the front page. That's the kind of a hang-taked premium that the newspapers put on rascality.

A MATRIMONIAL DOG-FALL.

Bless my time! What messes they do have up in Swelldom! It's enough to make a turkey buzzard throw up his dinner of dead hoss.

Whenever two of these uppity nobodies take a notion to claw fleas under the same quilt, they have to make more fuss about it than a thousand old women at a quilting.

Now for the past month or so the papers have been full of that Astor-Force matrimonial farce, and if the horses didn't laugh it was because they didn't read the newspapers.

There was once a John Jacob Astor who would sorter do, but he gave his money and his name to a he-thing that has disgraced both.

I don't know how many times John Jake and his present honey-gal had been married before their goo-goo eyes rested on each other, but I think they had both been hitched and unhitched nearly as many times as a plantation mule.

And so they got the glad rags ready and sent for a long-coated Reverend to say the tie-up words. But the good man held his nose and begged to be excused. Then John Jake reached down in the neighborhood of his groin and fished out \$500 and shook it at the preacher. But the preacher, who seemed to have a little self-respect, quietly informed the shameless couple that \$500 in spondulix was no inducement for him to mix up in such a mess. Therefore John Jake and his jangle-jointed jularkie shouldered their dough and their duds and hit the high places in search of another sky-pilot. At last they found one who had lost his smeller and couldn't see good, and they finally persuaded him to take the job and the money. They told him not to tie it very hard, as they might want to get it loose next week.

And so John Jake and Flubbydub Force were pronounced hub and honey until one day after date.

And that's the sort of matrimonial dog-falls they have up there in the rotten realm of social snobocracy. How would you like to be one of that gang?

Gul-lup, gr-r-au-hookup! Oh, do bring me something to vomit in, quick!

One of the most sickening sights I ever saw is to see a full grown man smoking cigarettes.