

FREE SILVER CARTOONS

From	Judge:	Oct. 22, 1892
		June 29, 1895
		Oct. 5, 1895
		Sept. 26, 1896

MISC. 136.3-SCM-9-53

FEDERAL RESERVE BANK OF NEW YORK

ROUTE SLIP

DATE

9/14/55

TO

Miss Adams

OF

ALLAN SPROUL

FROM

REMARKS

Here is some "ancient"
history!

Duplex
Photomount
Pamphlet
Binder
Gaylord Bros. Inc.
Makers
Syracuse, N. Y.
PAT. MAR. 21, 1908

Judge

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND CLASS MATTER. COPYRIGHT 1896

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FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

WORKMAN—"If the cry of free silver will cause that, what would not free silver itself do?"

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Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM
I. M. GREGORY, Editor.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

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LET US NOT despair of the administration, no matter if Smith has left it. While there's life there's Hoke.

THE DISPOSITION to scorch will provoke a law providing that riders shall ride a brake with a bicycle attachment.



(Instantaneous photographs of Mr. Bryan, from life, taken during his campaign trip to the east.)

THE ALL-MOUTH CANDIDATE.

The JUDGE, through the kindness of the Council Bluffs (Iowa) *Nonpareil*, has the pleasure of presenting to its readers snap-shot pictures of Mr. W. J. Bryan, candidate for president of the United States on the populist ticket. Take a good look, then vote for him "early and often" if you can.

THEY SAY that Mr. Li is a poet. We have suspected something of that kind from the peculiarity of his handwriting.

WHEN TOM WATSON takes the stump he pulls it up by the roots and carries it around with him, as Mr. Li carries his coffin.

IS MR. SEWALL aware that if he doesn't get off that ticket he will offend most of his populist brethren and never, never get elected?

WE FORGET the exact verse; but, speaking of the New York Republican state ticket, the noblest place for man to vote is where he votes for Vann.

FARMERS OUT WEST complain that they can get only ten cents a bushel for their potatoes. Why don't they multiply the crop, as Bryan proposes with regard to silver?

HARRY HILL is praised by the newspapers; not because of the all-around goodness which brings no compliment, but because of the mites of honesty which appeared unexpectedly in his all-around depravity.

THE SPECTACLE of the women in the St. Louis rabble unavoidably leads to the conclusion that women who respect themselves will keep out of politics. Doubtless they have the right to vote; but the preliminaries are simply shocking

NO DEBATE.

MR. MCKINLEY will not lower his dignity or waste his time by arguing with men whose arguments refute themselves. They are their own sufficient enemies, and the fact supplies itself for every false premise they present. Why talk against the east wind?

THE OTHER SOUND-MONEY TICKET.

THE TICKET nominated at Indianapolis gives Democrats who worship regularity a chance to vindicate that affection and at the same time to vote against the revolutionary programme of the men who have stolen the name and machinery of the Democratic party. It is better to vote for McKinley straight, but anything is better than to vote for Bryan and repudiation.

THE SNAKE-SWALLOWING IN CUBA.

THE WAR in Cuba has resolved itself into an effort on both sides to destroy everything of value on the island. That kind of warfare has gone far enough. It is especially destructive of large interests in this country. Humanity calls for interference; and if the president won't act on the authority given him by the last congress, the coming one should do something effective.

THE ART OF BLASPHEMY.

THE NAME of the Messiah is frequently used in connection with Mr. Bryan and Mr. Watson. Their admirers cannot be earnest without being blasphemous. They are not conservative as to their thinking or their speaking, and they use the bible as a weapon with which to beat out the lives of their adversaries. The Arabs resemble them. They, too, have had two Messiahs within the last twenty years.

A SILVER BOURBON.

NOAH PRAYED for rain and got a flood, and then he prayed for dry land. The editor of the *New York Journal* says he was inconsistent, and we guess he was; but consistency is controlled somewhat by conditions, and what is good to-day isn't always good day after to-morrow. We have heard of doctors who give the same kind of medicine for every disease year in and year out. While they are consistent, their patients die.

MASSES AND CLASSES.

WHY THE MASSES against the classes? The rich classes? The business classes? The classes that cling to ideas shown a thousand times to be correct? The war veterans who insist on getting their pensions in good money? The workers who have the same desire? Why, these classes constitute the bulk of the people. The masses are populists a little more numerous than those three tailors of Tooley street who spoke for the people of England.

ARGUMENT AND SITUATION.

LORD RUSSELL'S TALK at Saratoga for peace through arbitration was an utterance for common sense that, wise and good as it was, should have been unnecessary. All religion and all government are for peace as a foregone conclusion, and all armies belong to barbarism. A necessity for war is a confession of departed statesmanship and a triumph for the cruelest kind of crime. The peace societies have all the facts and all the argument on their side. But the reign of peace will come only when there is a new kind of man. That was written in the beginning, and so it shall be till the day of judgment.

H. Blackburn

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JUNE 29 1895

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Judge

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IT'S FUN FOR THEM, BUT DEATH TO THEIR PARTY!
The Democrats have started their Free-Silver Campaign.



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IF JOSE MARTI is alive will he please do a little kicking?

WE FIND, moreover, that as a host Mr. Depew is more than that in himself.

WE SHALL NOT fully understand the game of life until Gabriel plays his trump.

AS LONG as South Carolina exists the advocates of peace are fighting for a total impossibility.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS has the poetic impression that Victoria grows younger as she grows older.

EMILY FAITHFULL worked hard for her sex, and may be said to have been Emily Faithfull unto death.

THE QUESTION as to whether bicycles should be ridden on Sunday generally resolves itself into the question whether the disputant is able to buy the wheel.

MR. HEWITT is not wise in his remark that the Democratic party needs a new birth. What it needs is a new funeral, and it ought to have it every three months.

DOUBTLESS Sir Henry Irving will greatly improve in his acting now; but it is a mean thing that Ellen Terry must go through life without a ribbon or a rag to her majestic existence.

KATE SANBORN in a long article in the *Home Journal* declares that women are witty. The argument used is because, and besides she thinks so. Still, the article would be good but for the fact that it omits the brevity.

BARBERS in this state, with the exception of those of New York and Saratoga, must close their shops on Sunday. Thus the male residents of a large portion of the state must tarry in Jericho twenty-four hours every week.

ASPANIARD tried to kill the captain-general of Madrid, and forty-eight hours thereafter he was tried and shot to death. We should like to compliment the memory of the gentleman; but, alas! the government made the best job of it.

WE MUST CALL attention to the fact that John Sherman is frequently called the grand old man, and that the financial question will be a main feature of the next national campaign. We do this in behalf of William McKinley and some others. And in case Mr. Sherman should have a financial controversy with Senator Hill there would be danger for several persons besides Mr. Hill.

THE SIN OF A BOUNTIFUL PROVIDENCE.

A CLERGYMAN in Bridgeport, Connecticut, thanked heaven that the apple-blossoms had been destroyed, because that would insure a total absence of apple-jack. Why doesn't he pray for the destruction of hops and all kinds of grain? Logically he ought to pray for the death of all the farmers and for general starvation. And if he has a mole on his face why shouldn't he destroy himself?

WILLIAM AS A JINGO.

MR. WHITNEY says his great blood-boiling act over the Spanish trouble was foolishness. It would be far better for him if he hadn't recalled it. A man who perpetrates and acknowledges such childishness would never do for president. He might be foolish when it would be dangerous and humiliating to several millions besides himself. Why didn't he lay it to the reporters and drop the subject?

DANBURY'S FOUR HUNDRED.

FOUR HUNDRED young women of Danbury, Connecticut, have formed a society and pledged themselves not to marry any young man who drinks. There is power for good in this society; and when one reflects that the women of Danbury greatly outnumber the men its courage seems sublime. And really we recall one of many similar societies that lasted forty ten minutes before it quarreled itself to death.

MR. GRESHAM AS AN AMERICAN.

WHEN ONE REFLECTS on the charge of un-Americanism rather justly presented against Mr. Gresham, it is pathetic to remember that he carried a wound received in battle in defense of the flag, and one that gave him pain throughout a large portion of the last half of life. He may not have been the premier that many would have admired, but he was a brave soldier and he suffered for the flag more than many of his patriotic critics.

AVARICE AND FISHING.

THE CANADIANS make a mistake in charging an American five dollars for the privilege of fishing within their boundaries. The American takes with him a good deal of money that he doesn't bring back; so that they are the parties most benefited by his desire for sport. Meanness generally cheats itself. And yet about half the fishing-grounds of the states are owned by private parties, and the average fisherman can't fish in them for love or money.

NO MUGWUMP REFORM HERE.

MR. CLEVELAND talks plainly with regard to civil-service reform. He wants it understood that his office-holders must hold his views or say nothing; and this understanding must be had by his cabinet as well as his lesser office-holders. His argument, in brief, is the very old one that a government must be for the government as a matter of safety and common sense; and if that idea is generally adopted what becomes of the first and last principle of civil-service reform?

THE WORST-DRESSED MAN.

JULIAN RALPH doesn't pride himself on his ill-fitting clothes—he judge the clothes from a recent picture of Mr. Ralph in that kind of garment—but he probably values the time he saves in looking for a good tailor. That he has thought of the matter is evident, for he recently mentioned one of the Rothschilds as a man whose brain was apparently agitated with the fear that he wasn't well dressed. And we beg him to consider the matter. What if that picture should become historical, like William Evarts's hat?

MR. HOWELLS AND THE BOHEMIANS.

MR. HOWELLS is always interesting, and especially so in his personal recollections and his humorous and philosophical essays; and it has probably occurred to a good many that he writes sharp, crisp English, with never a superfluous line or word. His candor is caustic as well as kindly, too; and Henry Clapp of the *Saturday Press*, were he living, would find that he has a long memory and would promptly reach the conclusion that dignified severity cuts closer than the small blade of wit and the brief flash of cynicism.



A NEW VERSION.

BROWN (to the newly-married)—"Struck the mother-in-law snag yet Jones?"
JONES—"Yep. You see she's my wife's step-mother, handsome, and they're about of an age. Jee whiz! I dasn't even look cross-eyed at her."

Blackford

VOL. 29 NO. 729

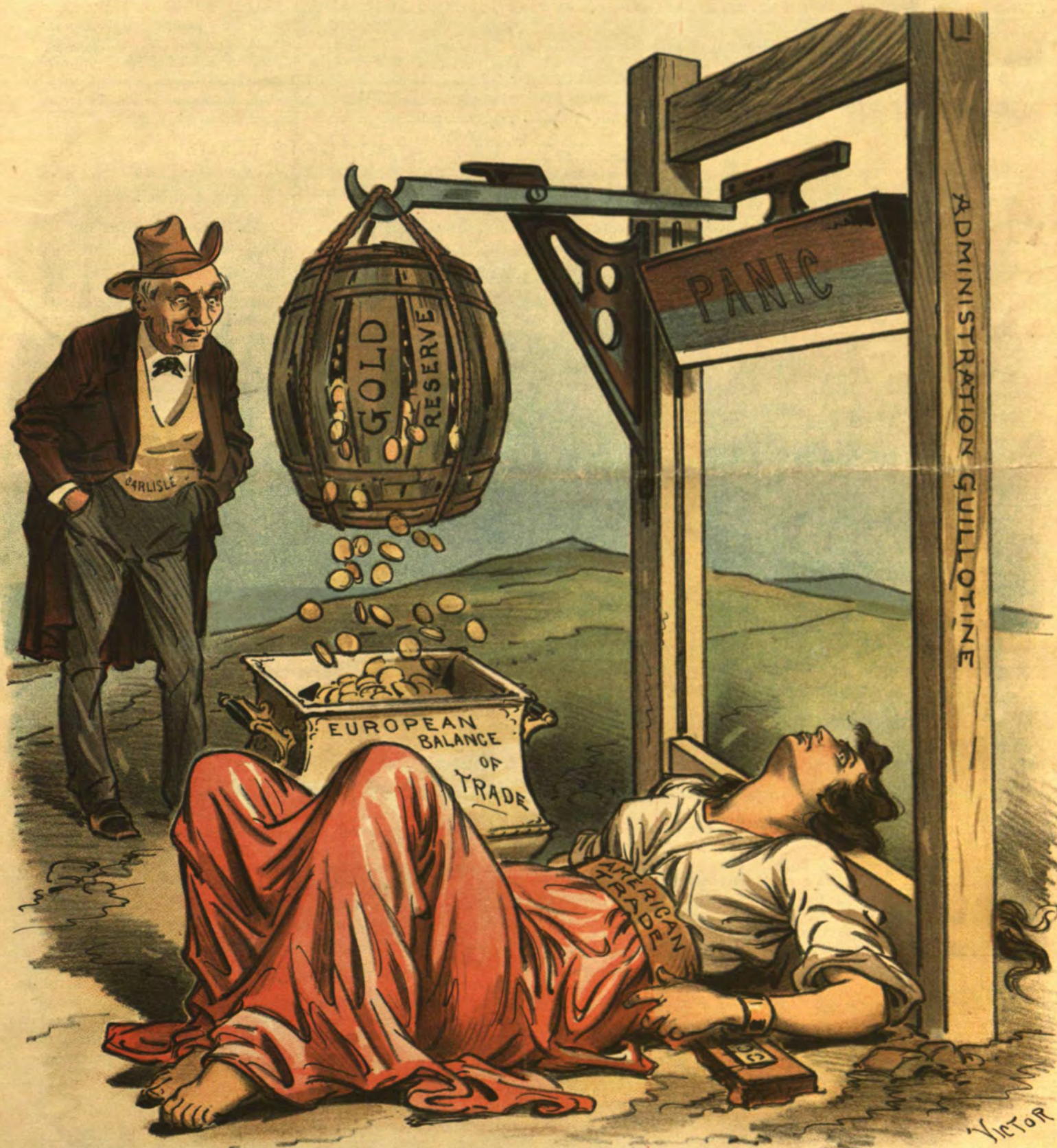
OCTOBER 5 1895

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Judge

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WHEN THE BARREL GETS LOW THE KNIFE DROPS.
It's fun for the Wall-street syndicate (16% profit for keeping the barrel filled) but death to trade.



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I. M. GREGORY, Editor.

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WE ARE NOT "BLUFFING."

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THE NEW WOMAN has commenced to jump the big bridge. It had to come.

THE CZAR to the nihilists—
"Don't shoot! I'd come down right away if they'd let me."

IT MUST be admitted, too, that the American winds always blow in the anti-British direction.

WE WILL now have the song by Lord Dunraven. "You shall not play in my dock-yard."

WHY SHOULD Dr. Fraker, who has had some insurance experience, carry that superfluous r?

I TRUST there is one for the man who hooked my pocket-book, and I hope it's hot—R. G. Ingersoll.

THE GREAT LENGTH of Senator Hill's Horseheads speech shows that he believes in jawbreaking too.

ALL THE DEMOCRATS are getting their heads together for harmony, and such is their haste that a number of the heads are badly fractured.

THE LAW-BREAKER is a great believer in Hill. "Here, you!" he says fiercely to the man who arrests him; "you jest let my personal liberty alone."

SENATOR GRAY of Delaware uses many words in behalf of a third term, and seems proud to believe that there is only one man in the United States.

MAYOR STRONG says the government of this town knows no party. We trust the time is not going to come when the several parties will know no existing city government.

RUDYARD KIPLING lived three weeks under an assumed name in a New York boarding-house, and then got away to Europe; and yet they say that our police-force is the finest in the world.

IN ONE DAY the queen of Belgium was thrown from her horse and the king of Italy was thrown from his. Without stopping to inquire whether that was the purpose of his creation, it must be insisted that the horse must go.



A WANDERER'S LAMENT.

MR. EASY RIDER—"Me only regret is dat de bizzy freight-agent wot give me de job re-canin' dis easy-chair didn't pay me fer it in advance."

my second" "I have not by me the peculiar arithmetic of Senator Gray of Delaware," said the magistrate reflectively; "but I guess the misdemeanors count without regard to the intervals, and therefore according to the written and printed law you are elected to the strictest seclusion for a third term" And when Mr. Cleveland heard of it he sneezed violently and looked sadly after the biggest fish that always gets away.

A DOUBTFUL VIRTUE.

KEIR HARDIE was permitted in Chicago to briefly praise the anarchists who were hanged in that town. That he was not mobbed is proof of the tolerance of the decent citizens he hates; and that he was allowed to resume after a rebuke may possibly show that there is such a thing as too much patience.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY at Washington has opened its doors to women. This is the more significant in view of the unwillingness of the larger portion of the Protestant church to give women any privileges except those of silence and the paying of tithes. When the new religious rebellion begins, under the flag "No taxation without representation," the progressive woman may seek the church that treats her best.

THE AFFLICTED WILLIES.

THERE IS SOMETHING pathetic in Hill's frequent allusions to the poor man and his beer and the humble saloon. Why not, however, shed tears over the suffering tramp and the small but honest growler? What have they done that the law should persecute them half to death? Alas! the senator has aristocratic preferences too, else he would carry his sympathies to the jagged tomato-can and the uninviting ditch.

PAYING THE DAMAGES.

THE MEXICAN LAW which sends a duelist to jail for three years, compels him to pay the widow of the man he murdered forty-five hundred dollars a year for eighteen years, and makes him pay a fine of eighteen hundred dollars and the funeral expenses of his victim, is made up largely of good, practical justice. To be sure the man ought to be hanged, but in that case the widow would be punished for his sin.

THE STATE OF THE NULLIFIERS.

THE EDUCATIONAL TEST proposed in South Carolina as a means to practically disfranchise the negro, and the further proposition to pronounce him ineligible for office, are certainly in opposition to the intention of the fourteenth and fifteenth constitutional amendments; but the fact of a black majority of forty thousand confers extreme ingenuity on the law-makers and the legal wisdom that construes constitutional and smaller enactments.

THE UNFAIR COUNT.

"THIS IS YOUR THIRD appearance here," said the magistrate with severity. "No, your honor," said the culprit. "There was an interval between the first and second, and therefore it is only

A NAVAL PRECEDENT.

ONE DAY in 1812 a naval battle was about to open. The British commander had complained that on a previous occasion his line of retreat had been corrugated by the vessels of the spectators, and he wanted that sort of thing stopped. On this occasion the gun for the action to begin was fired promptly and the American vessel began to bear down upon the Englishman, when there was a loud cry of "Alt!" and a flag of protest went rapidly up the Englishman's baby-spanker—we believe that is the name. "What's the matter?" asked the American in a hoarse voice. "There's a blawsted row-boat right in front o' me bow an I can't move without gettin' her blawsted wash," shrieked the Englishman; and his vessel backed into the dock with such force as to carry the greater part of it away. Of course, the fight was off. History records the event as a British surrender but the intelligent reader at this end of the century knows it was merely a British protest with a few unfortunate results.

Judge

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NATIONAL BANKING SYSTEM.

HE THINKS HE IS A SAMSON,
But the public know him as the same old blundering ass.



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ONE GOOD TERM DESERVES ANOTHER.

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THE DEMOCRATS of New Jersey went further and got Werts.

IT IS WELL to carry an umbrella, but you must never forget your little tariff question.

IF PAT GILMORE is as popular over there as he was here he'll lead the heavenly band.

A NEW WAR-CRY comes from the bland and childlike *Sun*—
"No fat-poet domination."

MR. GODKIN is so wroth at Dr. Jenkins that he almost wants to handle him without gloves.

THE SILENCE of Pusey Gray indicates that somebody has been rubbing his fur the wrong way.

"FREE TRADE is impossible," says Mr. Cleveland. We shall have ample proof of this directly.

THE ARITHMETIC is my guide and hope, for does it not inform me that two and three are five?—G. Cleveland.

LET US BE JUST. Mr. Cleveland will make a better run than Vicky Woodhull and we don't care who knows it.

THE BRETHREN were very much united at that Cooper-union meeting. There wasn't a dissevered fragment to be seen.

THE SUFFERINGS of Bourke Cockran with his eyes and throat are hard enough without allusion to the crow on his faint and weary stomach.

THE SURFACE of thought, according to Mr. Cleveland, has important truths. Yes, indeed; and further "the shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb."

A YOUNG MAN wants to know where he can learn the art of whistling. If he hasn't lost all his courage he might call on the Democratic national committee.

MR. COLUMBUS was no rainbow-chaser, and he died before he knew he had captured a continent. For the back counties were largely uninhabited and extremely remote.

NANCY HANKS has a plurality over all other candidates, and Robert Bonner will take her from the public and hide her in his private electoral horsepital as soon as he can.

THE GREAT JOKE of Jimmy Husted, that he had retired from public life, and which grew funnier as it grew older, has got the better of

its author, and more's the pity. There be smiles for it, but every smile is moistened with a tear.

SOP FOR MUGWUMPS.

MR. CLEVELAND sticks to the civil-service-reform foolishness. If his party thought he meant the thing he says he would lose a million votes; but it doesn't, nor does anybody else. The sentimental hypocrisy is pretty enough to frame, for inspection by women and children; but in all practical politics it is like the God-bless-our-home embroidery over the mantle of an Irishman's shanty.

DO NOT FORGET IT.

THE REPUBLICANS of this state had better look out for the legislature. They can have it if they will work for it, regardless of the new and villainous apportionment, and they will lose it if they are apathetic about it. The plan is to send Flower to the national senate and make Sheehan the governor. Against that consummation every good citizen must protest at the ballot-box. The little blue-eyed rascal who helped to steal the senate must never have the chief office of the state he thus dishonored.

THE OLD INTOLERANCE.

THE MOBBING of General Weaver and Mrs. Lease at Macon, Georgia, the other day, recalls the condition of things in the south before the war, when speech was free only as it coincided with the views of those who heard it. It was a shameful exhibition of narrowness and brutality. The face of Mrs. Weaver was besmeared with a bad egg thrown by a chivalrous southron, and Weaver and Lease were treated as if they had gone south to steal slaves. Is there a place anywhere north that would be guilty of such miserable outrage?

PECK'S PRIVILEGES.

IT WOULD SEEM that a public officer ought to have discretionary authority as to the matter intrusted to his care. If Peck cannot get evidence without disclosing the means to the evidence he must needs lose much important testimony. If a judge, a jury, and especially a body of partisan investigators, are to decide as to what he may keep and what publish, his domestic correspondence is liable to be given to such as are curious to see it, and perhaps his love-letters. We don't care to know very much about Peck, but he is a human being with some rights above those of a vassal.

THAT OTHER WICKED DAVID.

THE INDIGNATION of the *World* with regard to David Martin is quite natural. As Mr. Cleveland would say, if one must be licked one prefers to get his punishment at the hands of a man of good moral character. A man whose wife had eloped remarked resignedly, "Well, she skipped with a gentleman, anyhow." That Mr. Martin would get votes in an improper manner we prefer not to suspect; but if he does the poignancy of the grief of Mr. Cleveland, who is not only better than his party but better than anybody else, will be greatly increased. Oh, it must not be, D. Martin! Get thee to sheol, or peradventure to Philadelphia.

BUILD THAT CANAL!

THE NICARAGUA CANAL will some day make great politics for this country. As Grant said, and as Harrison and Cleveland say, it must be built by Americans. The Panama scheme has fortunately died without creating the disturbance that would inevitably have come with its success. No foreign power must do that work for us. The business and political power of foreigners in South and Central America is already too great. The great principle of protection advocated by James Monroe and continued by Mr. Blaine in the pan-American congress must prevail. America for Americans. Less immigration, or no immigration not entirely desirable. No French, English, Austrian, Italian, Russian, Chinese, or other foreign authority here as to business or politics. There has been one French army in Mexico, and one great effort to give a French canal to Panama. All that is ended. Americans can build their own canals and take care in war or peace of their own business.



JUST BACKWARDS.

"Say, Gim, do you belong to de G. A. R.?"
GIM—"Naw; I belong to de R. A. G."

FINESSE.



THROUGH the hot, dusty roads of Kansas a would-be homesteader was pursuing his way to the Cherokee strip, in search of one of Uncle Sam's free homes. He had his family and goods in a shaky prairie-schooner, which was drawn by two feeble horses near dissolution.

"Whar you bound?" asked a farmer at whose house he stopped for water.

"Fer a hunderd an' sixty acres o' gover'ment land in th' strip," responded the traveler bombastically.

A few months later the same man stopped again at the Kansas farmer's for water, this time traveling north.

"Whatcher done with yer hunderd an' sixty acres?" asked the farmer with a note of suspicion.

"See them mules thar?" queried the homesteader, pointing to a fine pair of animals which was harnessed to the "schooner." "I traded eighty acres o' my claim fer 'em."

"Whatcher do with th' other eighty?" pressed the farmer.

"Don't give it away till I git further off. Th' feller was a tenderfoot, an' I run th' other eighty acres in on 'im without his knowin' it."

NOT IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

"THAT," said a bicyclist to his friend as they bowled away from a road-house where they had spent the night, "should be called the Misfit hotel. There was hair in the food and none in the mattresses."



POKER—A "FULL" HAND.
Three jacks and a pair of tens.



A HARD ONE TO SPOIL.

ORATOR OF THE DAY (at the Cobbeville woman-suffrage picnic)—"Some says that we can't have women in politics, but I say we kin. They say it'll make 'em rowdyish an' will spile their sex. Now that's humbug. Why, I've voted in every county 'lection sence 'ninety-one an' I hain't spiled yit."

A YACHTING TRIP.

ALONG the lonely strand I rove.
The tides are surging on
With "multitudinous music of
A thousand ages gone."
Ah, yes; it seems as long as that
When I—oh, lucky chap!—
Was wont to wear your sailor-hat
And you my yachting cap.

On Spendrock's yachting trip it was.
I hated him for fair,
And only went, sweetheart, because
You told me you'd be there.
I know not where we sailed—what
lat—
Itude, by chart or map;
But oh, I wore your sailor-hat
And you my yachting cap.

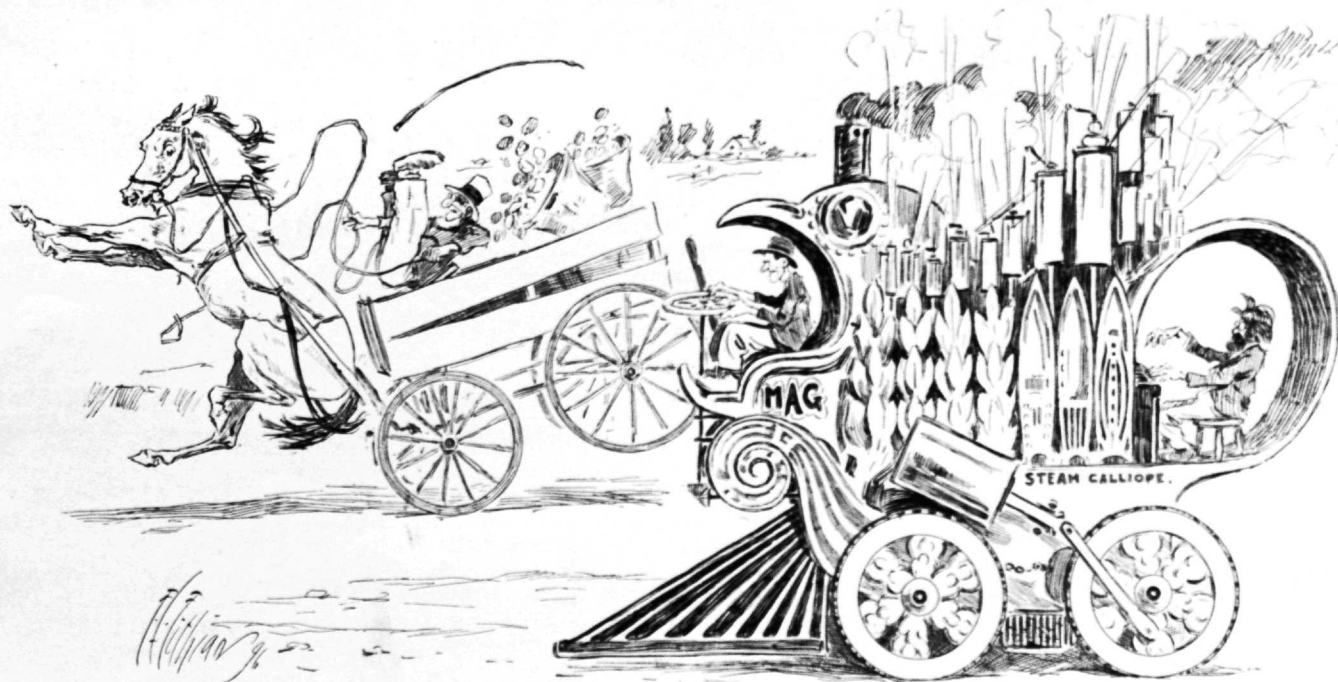
The pretty Phryne! How she pushed
Her saucy nose straight through
The curling billows as they rushed
In swirls of white and blue.
You held the helm, and came thereat
Near many a fell mishap.
'Twas then I took your sailor-hat
And you my yachting-cap.

Do you remember when o'erhead
The squall spread, dark and wide,
You did not show the slightest dread,
But, clinging by my side,
Braved the wild wind's rough bang and
bat,
While at each thunder-clap
I held on to your sailor-hat,
You to my yachting cap?

Ah, this was bliss, for storms compelled
Spendrocks to flee below,
His nautical ambition quelled,
His pride and head laid low.
Your mother too, sick as a cat,
She did not care a rap.
Whether I wore your sailor-hat,
Or you my yachting cap.

Alas! that was the sweetest time
That came 'neath moon or sun;
Yet, with their impudence sublime,
See what the years have done.
You're Mrs. Spendrocks—yes, that's flat,
And life's not worth a snap;
For now he wears your sailor-hat
And you his yachting cap.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.



A STERN REALITY.

With all the steam calliope's faults Farmer Green loves it "still."



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THE TEMPTATION.

D. O. C.



VOT ees dees, dees d. o. c.
Dot comes on pundles
dot's feer me?
It all de dime ees marked
mit prown
On everydings ich puy een
town.
No matter vot ich puy me
dere—
A vagon, puggy, or a
mare—
Dees mark vos hanging mit
de ting—
No matter vot dose fellers
pring.

Oof course ich always bay my vay
Und neffer ask for time to bay.
I always hav de gelt py me,
Put still vot ees dees d. o. c?

A VITAL QUESTION.

PEGGY was twelve, and deeply interested in the study of "the first principles of the English language." She turned over a page, then turned back and thoughtfully re-read the entire paragraph. Then she said, "Sister, how many square miles are there in the area of a vicinity?"

DESERVED IT.

Mr. Hunker—"I read the other day that a Chicago judge fined a man fifty dollars and sent him to jail for a week for attempting to kiss a woman."

Miss Kittish—"Well, if he merely attempted to kiss her he deserved his punishment."

LOOKING FOR HIMSELF.

IT WAS during a convention in Louisville, and people from all over the state, politically interested and otherwise, were taking advantage of the excursion rates. As I returned to my through sleeper from New York at one of the wayside stations, where I had snatched a hasty but soul-satisfying supper of fried chicken and corn-bread, I was confronted by a long, lank, swaying specimen of the central Kentuckian, who preserved his uncertain stand on the lower step of the car by a more or less firm grip on the two hand-rails. His long coat-tails flapped about



METROPOLITAN PERVERSION.

UNCLE POKENPRY (*savagely*)—"Darn sech a bunco taown, whar everybody and everythin' wants ter shake hands with a feller!"

his thin legs, his collar was very high and much too big for him, and his silk hat of the fashion of ten years ago was tilted in a mildly-rakish fashion over one eye. I made a polite but unmistakable movement toward the car. He did not move. "I beg pardon," I said cautiously. "'Scusable," said he, rashly waving one hand.

"Beg pardon, I wish to get in," I said, more vigorously. He did not move, but he smiled a sweet, confidential smile and said,

"Mister, have you seen a tall gentleman anywhere, who is tolerably intoxicated?"

JEAN WRIGHT.



LUCID WITH A VENGEANCE.

TOURIST—"How are the potatoes turning out, my good man?"
NATIVE—"Hain't turnin' out. We hev ter dig 'em."
TOURIST—"How deep is your lot?"
NATIVE—"Don't know. Never dug down fur enuf ter find out."
(And hereupon the tourist took no further chances and went on.)



A CONTRADICTORY STATEMENT.

YACHT-CAPTAIN—"What do you make her out, Mate?"
MATE—"An excursion-boat literally black with passengers, but with few people on board."
YACHT-CAPTAIN—"What do you mean?"
MATE—"It's a colored excursion. See?"