At the end of the sunset trail.

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AT THE END OF THE SUNSET TRAIL

Words By
Ralph Waldo Emerson
Music By
Ethwell Eddie Hanson

THE BIG SONG SENSATION OF THE YEAR

Price 25 Cents

HAROLD ROSSITER MUSIC COMPANY
Chicago — — USA

AT THE END OF THE SUNSET TRAIL

Old time mem'ries come a-stealing, and they thrill me thru and thru,
Set me longing just to go dear, down that sunset trail to you.

Chorus.

Over the hills and down the sunset trail, dear,
Way out there in the west to the one I love best—
That's where my mem'ries ever seem to take me,
To a love that never shall fail;
That's why I want to go back, back to that vine cover shack
Where the love that awaits me is all that I lack,
Just to forget the world and all with you, dear,
At the end of the sunset trail.

—2—

Just a hut among the hills, dear, plain and worn tho it maybe,
With you waiting in the doorway, it is all the world to me.

AFTER THE STORM

Parody by Glen Snelgrove.

Rains fall, that's all, I sure got wet to the skin,
Just soaked, no joke, no place I could get in;
Thunder roared, clouds were big,
Lightning flashed, struck a pig,
I never saw such rain, hope I never will again.

Chorus.

After the storm I didn't have a thing to wear,
I found a keg, that I thought I could hide in there;
Started for home, but luck was not with me that day—
A stave fell out—a policeman shouted—
After the storm.

BACK IN HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY

Words and Music by Art L. Beiner and Dan A. Russo.

Mammy Songs have been the craze and baby songs have had their days,
The sunny south and the golden west were never known to miss,
But now they write of homesick blues, of folks back home who send no news,
So I wrote a little wanna go home song and the chorus goes like this:

Chorus.

I wanna go back to a black little shac.k in Hackensack, New Jersey,
I wanna see all the pals and the gals that I used to know,
I'll see my baby brother playing around the kitchen floor,
I'll hear my mother saying, Come on there, Kiddie,
Your daddy's gonna be here, pretty soon twill be June,
And the moon will be shining down on Jersey,
Gee, there never was a sweeter sight to see, take it from me,
I may be old fashioned and a small town boy,
But I know the meaning of the word called Joy,
I'm going back to that black little shack back in Hackensack, New Jersey,
And let the world learn how to smile from me.

I LOVE YOU

Parody by Glen Snelgrove.

Lovers always tell the same old line of bunk,
I love you, I love you, I do,
Presents that they give turn out to be just junk,
Why don't they think up something new.

Chorus.

I luff you, I luff you, that's what the Jew would say;
Ich liebe dich, Ich liebe dich, that's how old Fritz
From Germany would say those words.
I love-ski just you-ski, the Russian talks that way.
The Irishman says darlint mavourneen,
Sure I love but you.

THE DEACON TOLD ME I WAS GOOD

By Billy Smythe and Art Gillham.

Little Sally Hup was a nice little baby,
Now she's grown up till she's quite a lady,
Nearly all the neighbors watched her like their own,
Sally's not so slow, she can sure deliver,
And she's got a beau who is always with her,
Everything was lovely until she left home,
Church sent the deacon 'round to see why Sally went away,
He spoke at the meetin' most favor'bly, then Sally had to say:

Chorus.

I want you all to know that I aint so bad, the deacon told me I was good,
I didn't want to show that it made me mad
So I treated him the best I could,
He says I don't do a thing he could condemn
Only when I shake the shimmy now and then,
I want you all to know that I ain't so bad,
The deacon told me I was good.

—2—

At the church picnic in the park this summer
Sally did her stuff and was sure a hummer,
All the fellows watched her like she was their own,
Sally went to row away up the river,
Just to make a show she took deacon with her.
Everything was lovely till he lost one oar,
They floated 'round without a light until the break of day,
When folks asked Sally what happened that night,
Here's what Sally would say.

HOW DO YOU DO

By Phil Fleming, Charlie Harrison and Cal DeVoll.

How do you do, Radio fans, how do you do,
How do you do, Radio fans, how are you?
This is double U L, S and unless I miss my guess,
You are list'ning to the best, how do you do?

Chorus.

How do you do, how do you do, how do you doodle, doodle doodle doodle do,
And from Maine up to Alaska here is what we want to ask ya
How do you doodle doodle doodle do?

—2—

How do you do, Andy Gump, how do you do,
How do you do, Andy Gump, how are you?
How is Chester, how is Min, how's the whiskers on your chin,
Growing out or growing in, how do you do

LITTLE GRAY MOTHER O' MINE

There's a little white house on the side of a hill,
That is shaded by trees ever green,
A dear little sweet little old lady there,
Sits rocking away in her old rocking chair.

Chorus.

She's a little gray mother you'd all love to know,
There's a tender caress in her smile,
On her lips there's a blessing for you as you go far away,
She will pray night and day,
There's a light in her soul that she keeps burning bright
Just to guide you and keep you in line,
A wonderful pal, a dear old sweet gal,
This little gray mother o' mine.

—2—

There's a touch of the gray in her dear hair today,
That was once kiss'd by sun's golden hue,
But the gold that's now hidden can never depart,
For it's all cuddled up in the pure of her heart.

SUNSHINE OF MINE

By Jack Chapman, Harry Kelly and Art Beiner

Mary, you're a wonder, dear, you came like a summer's day,
Worry clouds soon disappear, your smile drives them all away ,so—

Chorus.

I call you sunshine, you came just like sunshine,
After the rain now birdies sing and ev'rything,
The skies seem more blue, dear, all because of you dear,
Golden shining, silver lining, sunshine of mine.

—2—

Mary, ev'ry little while something that you say or do,
Brings a happy little smile, warms and cheers me thru and thru.

OLD FASHIONED HOME SWEET HOME

Ev'ryone remembers childhood, happiest of happy days,
The kind of home you knew, I'm building for you,
I've seen it in dreams always:

Chorus.

Old fashioned home sweet home, a little place to call our own,
With "welcome" on the gate, a little home that only love could make,
And when the cold winds blow, we'll have a cheery firelight's glow,
A "heaven" all our own, a little old fashioned home, sweet home.

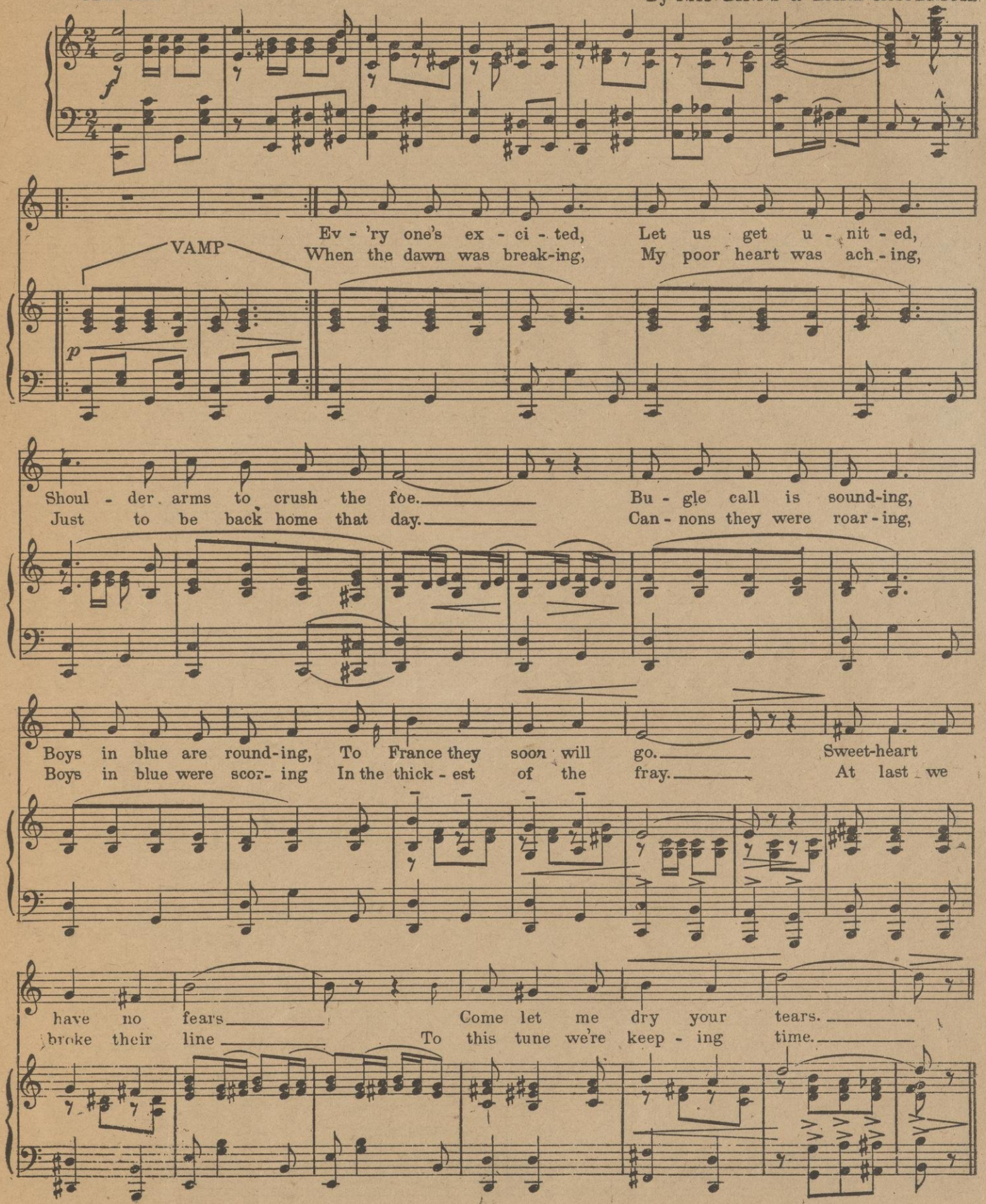
—2—

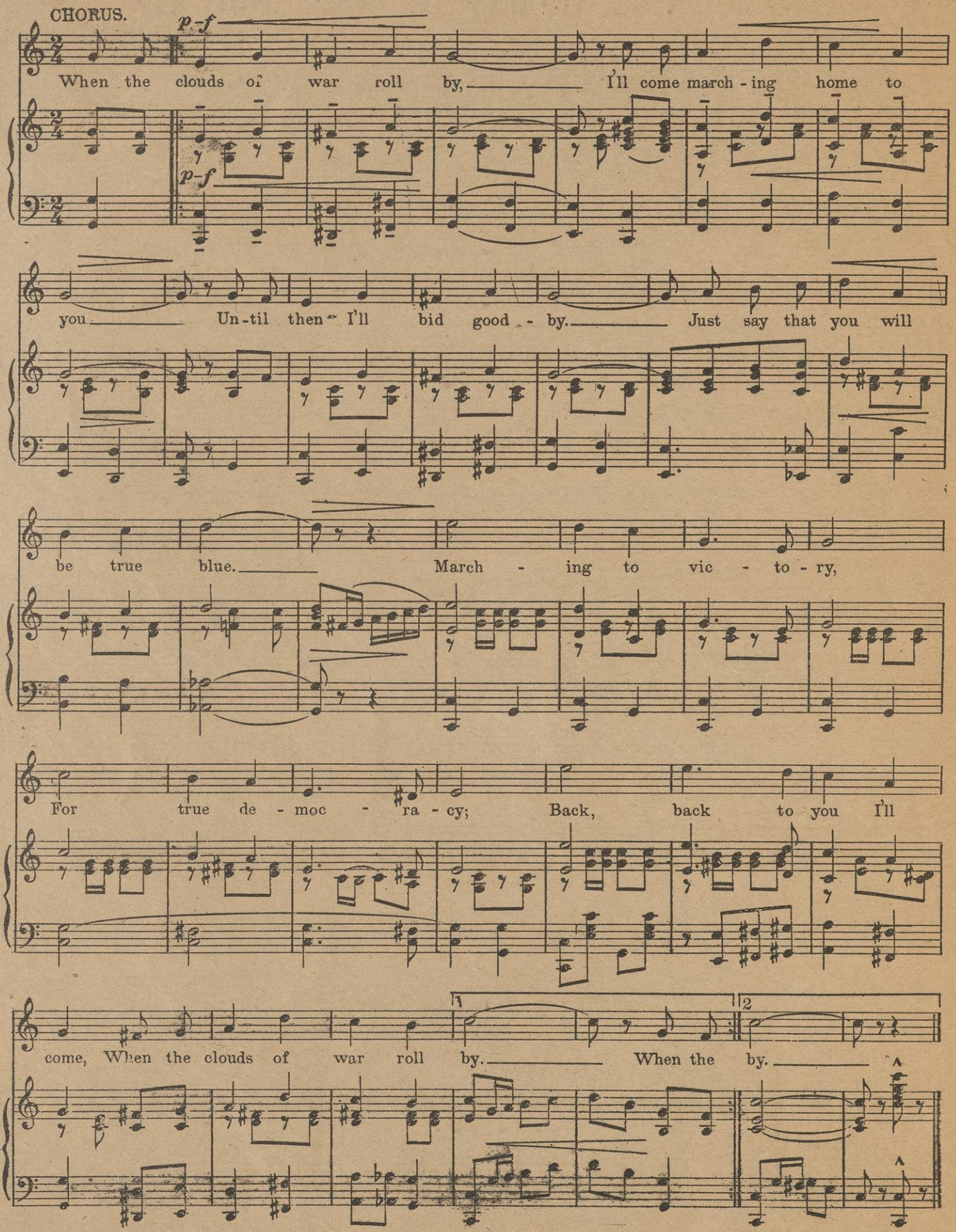
In the cold and bleak December when our twilight shadows fall,
We'll look back thru the years, the joys and the tears,
Be grateful to God for all.

When the Clouds of War Roll By

Marcia.

By NAT BINNS & EARL HAUBRICH.




CHORUS.
p-f
When the clouds of war roll by, I'll come march - ing home to
p-f
you Un-til then I'll bid good - by. Just say that you will
be true blue. March - ing to vic - to - ry,
For true de - moc - ra - cy; Back, back to you I'll
1
2
come, When the clouds of war roll by. When the by.

CAROLINA IN THE MORNING

(Parody.)

Mabel is so awful sweet,
That is what the boys all say,
But Oh! boy, how she can eat,
That's what she does all day.
She is some chicken at eating
And speaking of eating I'll say.

Chorus.

Nothing can be finer than to take her out and dine'er in the evening,
As a heavy eater there is no one that can beat'er in the evening,
She can eat a chicken and a pot of stew,
And give frog legs the dickens, she never stop to chew,
Never nothing in'er when she's going out for dinner in the evening,
Wonder where the food all goes, she must be hollow to her toes when eating,
If I had an enemy for him I would lay,
And whispering to him I would say,
Nothing could be finer than to take her out and dine'er in the evening.

MISTER GALLAGHER AND MISTER SHEAN

(Parody)

Oh! Mister Gallagher, Oh! Mister Gallagher,
Really I must tell you 'bout a wonderful dream,
When I woke up in the night,
I was almost dead of fright,
In my dream I was in heaven, so it seemed,
Oh! Mister Shean, Oh Mister Shean,
Why the only way you'll get there's in a dream,
For I really must confess,
That the place that suits you best,
Is in heaven, Mr. Gallagher,
No, in a hot place, Mr. Shean.

Oh! Mister Gallagher, Oh! Mister Gallagher,
I'm convinced I need a hair cut on my bean,
It's so long, it's a disgrace,
And it covers up my face,
But I haven't got a cent within my jeans,
Oh! Mister Shean, Oh! Mister Shean,
Sure a porcupine is roosting on your bean,
With a little bit of help,
You can cut the stuff yourself,
With a clipper, Mr. Gallagher,
No a wire cutter, Mr. Shean.

Oh! Mister Gallagher, Oh! Mister Gallagher,
Some one told me that your wife has gone wild,
Every time that you'd come home,
She would hit you on the dome,
And she treats you like you were a little child,
Oh! Mister Shean, Oh! Mister Shean,
She don't like the bottle that is in my jeans,
I got mad at what she said,
And I up and killed her dead,
You mean your wife, Mr. Gallagher,
No, the bottle, Mr. Shean.

Oh! Mister Gallagher, Oh! Mister Gallagher,
Have you heard of Henry Ford and his machine,
He's the man that made more "mun,"
Than John D. or John D.'s son,
For his Lizzie got more sisters
Than she's seen,
Oh! Mister Shean, Oh! Mister Shean,
I have heard about our Henry's latest scheme,
He would run for president,
But he'll get his fenders bent,
Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher,
Positively, Mr. Shean.

FALLING

(Parody)

Johnny Jones was a great big goof,
He tried to fix the roof
On a building high,
He slipped and fell and to his sweetheart
On the street hequickly cried:

Chorus.

Falling, my dear, yes felling,
I'm coming down to you;
All that goes up come down, dear,
So I'm coming down to you.
For I know that you want me,
When I get down I'll tell you,
Tho' it is nothing new,
That you had me up in the air, dear,
And you see I've fallen for you.

FADED LOVE LETTERS

Lyric by Richard W. Pascoe.
Music by Luella Lockwood Moore and Will E. Dulmage.

When all the world seems so merry and bright
I'm dreaming of days past recall,
Wond'ring if someone can see me tonight
As the tears from my eyes gently fall,
All I have, all I hold are just dreams to unfold
In each line of those letters of old.

Chorus.

Faded old love letters they mean the world to me,
Each night I read them over, they are my Rosary;
My little pal, I've lost you, but like a star you shine,
Tho' your dear hands are still, in my heart there's a thrill
For those faded love letters of mine.

A garden had I with one little rose,
Just one little rose of my heart,
One day they took her, and nobody knows,
What it meant when we two came to part.
All I have to adore, all I have to live for
Are love letters I read o'er and o'er.

TUT—ANKH—AMEN

Words by Charlie Harrison.
Music by Spencer Williams.

In Egypt in the days of old there lived a famous king,
He kept a harem, we are told, and all that sort of thing;
But it's just been discovered that he led a double life,
His bones have been uncovered but they can't locate my wife.

Chorus.

Old Tut-Ankh-Amen never was a layman
When it came to beautiful girls,
He was a mighty Pharaoh, by heck,
But he knew more ways of cheating
Than are in a Farodeck.
It's most specific from each hieroglyphic
That he never missed a thing worth while,
And tho' his bones have laid away
A full three thousand years,
The've opened up his tomb to give the women
Souvenirs of old Tut-ankh-amen,
Gayest of the gay men that lived on the naughty old Nile.

—2—

In Egypt things were on the blink and they had dough to raise,
Old Pharaoh said, now let me think, the woman always pays,
But that is not quite proper we must change it right away,
I won't attempt to stop her, I'll make ev'rybody pay.

I'M DRIFTING BACK TO DREAMLAND

By Florence Charlesworth, Charles Harrison and Jack Sadler.

I'm sitting alone by the fireside,
Watching the shadows fall,
I'm dreaming again of you, dear,
And the days beyond recall.
And life is so empty without you,
No one can take your place,
So I'm drifting back to dreamland,
For a glimpse of your dear face.

Chorus.

I'm drifting back to dreamland,
I'm sure I'll find youthere,
With a smile for ev'ry tear,
And a kiss for ev'ry care,
I'm lonesome but I'm happy,
For I know you'll wait for me
Where the silver sands of dreamland
Meet the sea of memory.

—2—

The days and the nights seem so lonely,
Missing you all the while,
I'd give all I own if only
It would bring me back your smile,
But all of our castles have vanished,
They could not be, it seems,
But I'll build them all again, dear,
In that mystic land of dreams.

ST. LOUIS TICKLE

Words by Glen Snelgrove.
Music by Barney and Seymore.

When Jasper was a kid about three
His dear old mammy took him upon her knee,
Then Jasper right away would chuckle and crow,
'Cause her huggin' and her squeezin',
Seemed to tickle him so.
He later grew to be a tickle-lish coon,
One day he heard a very ticklish tune,
And he felt so awful tickled with the tune
He 'most died and he went up to the band and cried.

Chorus.

Won't you play that tune again,
St. Louis Tickle that wonderful strain,
I'll toddle and sway till I'm all out of breath
If you play that tune I'll dance myself to death,
Tickles me from head to feet,
Razzin' and jazzin it just can't be beat,
Of all the Jazz tunes this one fits to a T,
The St. Louis Tickle for me.

—2—

One night a feathered fowl I took from its nest,
Fastened that chicken softly under my vest,
Then feathers tickled me so ticklish I grew
That I bust my vest a laughin' and away the hen ew.
Bought some silk hosiery, I thought sure that it
Would tickle me until I fell in a fit.
But no ticklish proposition ever tickled this coon
Like that ticklish St. Louis tune.

MY BUDDY

(Parody)

My wife's a book that I study from supper till we're in bed,
And the words in it, like puddy, will be changing till she's dead.

Nights are long and she has her say,
I think and think the whole night away,
"My money, my money."
Nobody like my Sue,
Miss my "gelt," the feel of it, too,
"Just like to know if it went to you,
My money, my money."
You are sure gone to Sue.

—2—

We've lived through mis-rable days,
I mean the mis-rable nights,
Which like dark clouds over sunrays
Were black and filled with our fights.

ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE

(Parody)

Jim, long and slim, was a eatin' hound,
He could drink more tea than anyone in town,
Once like a big dunce he made a eating bet
He is eating yet, and you can hear him say:

Chorus.

Bring me some eggs and ham,
Run as fast as you can,
Boy! I'm a hungry man,
And when all the ham ran out,
Got a little bull strong and stout,
When Jim called for some ham,
They brought the bull instead,
So tha tis the reason there is bull in man.

RED MOON

(Parody)

We will build a still beneath the red moon,
And we'll make that stuff they call moonshine,
If we have some luck beneath the red moon
Maybe we'll make red wine,
We'll make all the farmers look so happy,
For corn will go up soon,
If you can keep still about our big still,
Under the red red moon.

Chorus.

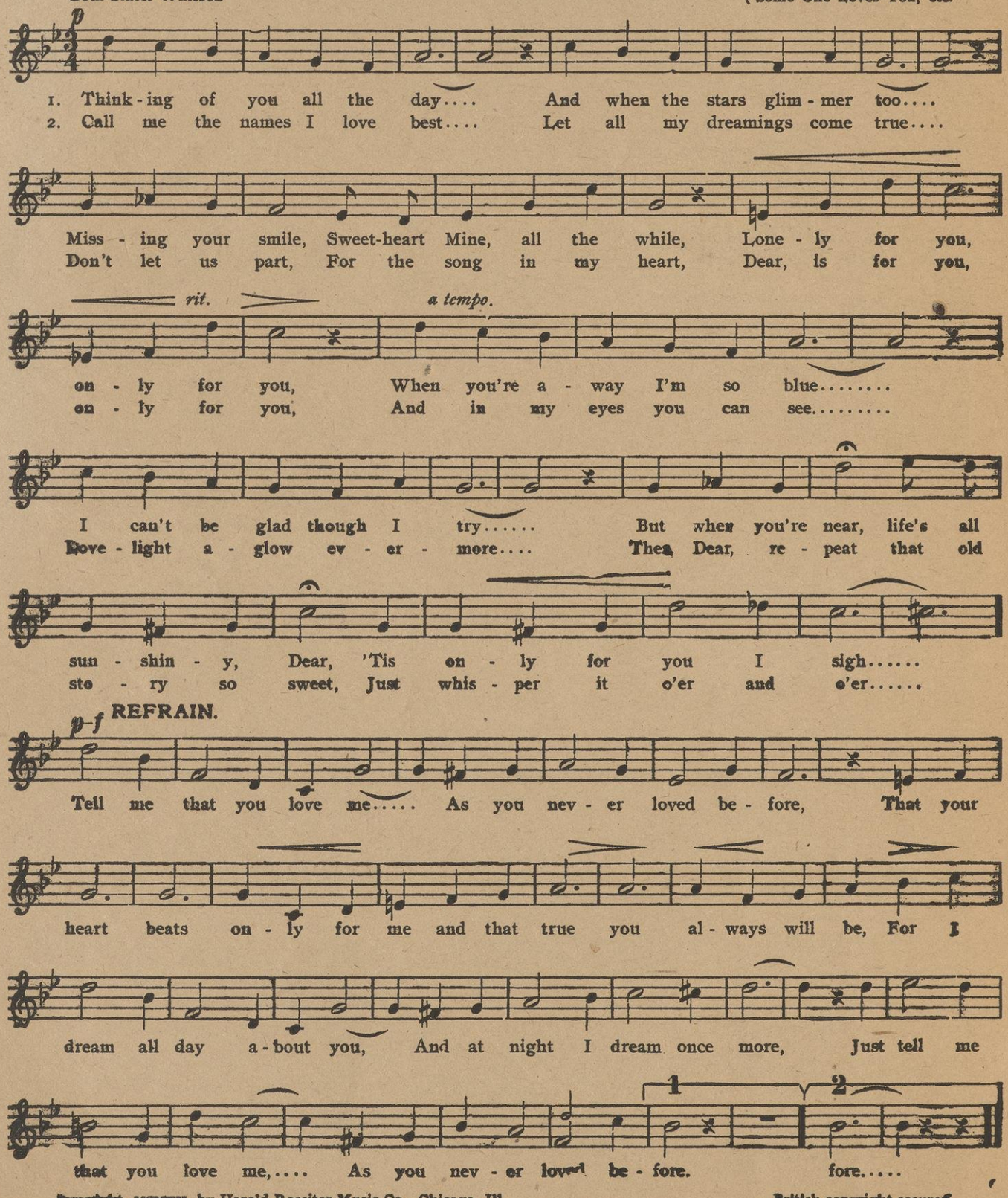
While the little frogs are croaking,
We'll be putting in the corn,
While the pot is gently boiling,
Making moonshine in the barn.
When the coppers come to get us,
We will greet them with a wink,
You can get they'll soon forget us,
When we give them a drink.

Tell Me That You Love Me

(As You Never Loved Before.)

Music by
Leo Friedman
Words by
Beth Slater Whitson

Writer of
{ Meet Me To-night in Dreamland
{ Let Me Call You Sweetheart
{ Some One Loves You, etc.



LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN ON THE ISLE OF CHILD-HOOD DREAMS

By Louie Robinson and Harry I. Robinson.

When the world is asleep and the stars gently peep
Thro' the veil of the moon's silver gleaming,
It is then that I find that that I leave care behind
And of sweet childhood days I am dreaming,
My thoughts go back to years gone by
When we played together just kids you and I.

Chorus.
London bridge is falling down on the isle of childhood dreams,
Where Jimmie and Joe, little Nellie and Flo
Now play the games that we used to know,
Like "Ring-a-round a Rosie;" I hear them them now it seems,
London bridge is falling down on the isle of childhood dreams.

—2—
There is no heart too old, tender mem'ries to hold
Of the innocent days of our childhood,
When our sorrows were few and our friendship was true,
As we roamed through the lanes and the wildwood;
Oh, Time, turn backward in your flight
And make me a child again just for tonight.

CONSOLATION BLUES

By Chris Smith and Henry Troy.

I'm seeking contentment and happiness, I'm blue, so blue,
There's only one person can cheer me, dearie, that person is you,
Each night and day I pine, since you left only sadness is mine.

Chorus.
It is almost unbelieving one so swee could be deceiving,
All the while I'm deeply grieving for the love I hate to lose,
Ain't got no friends and no relations, what a cruel situation,
I need a word of consolation, I've got the consolation blues.

—2—
I'm roaming, just wand'ring and dreaming too of you, just you
But all of your thoughts they find me and remind me that you were not true,
I've lost at love's old game, all my life I'll be ever the same.

MEAN PAPA, TURN IN YOUR KEY, YOU DON'T LIVE HERE NO MORE

By Cal DeVoll and Bob Miller.

In Mississippi in the Delta Bottoms low
There's a man I know and he trifles so
He flashes clothes, but where he gets them no one knows,
He seems so slow,
But the other day there came our way a yellow skin gal named May.
There was murder in her eye, I mean murder in her eye,
When we heard her say:

Chorus.
Mean papa turn in your key, you don't live here no more,
Mean papa just let me be stay away from my door,
Sheikin' Sheiks might burn up Rome, but you just sheiked away a home,
So mean papa turn in your key, you don't live here no more.

—2—
He was the kind that used to ramble all around,
All around the town with the mean high browns,
But May got wise so when he knocked upon her door one morn at four,
She just let him stand and bruise his hand, he knocked till the break of day,
From the window overhead she looked down at him and said:
Two-time man go 'way.

HOO-DOO BLUES

By Wendell Hall, Harry Geise & Emory O'Hara.

I'm feelin' broken-hearted, sad and blue I've lost my last thin dime,
And now I bid you adieu and leave this cold world behind,
Got a date now at three with the fishes in the sea.

Chorus.
Night and day I've got those Hoo-Doo blues,
All my baby's letters bring bad news,
Ev'rywhere I go there's a black cat at my door,
And I'm loaded down with care, a Jonah man for fair,
My bright golden sun has ceased to shine,
Can't shake that misfortune from my mind,
I am sad and lonely and to tell the truth,
All my littleb luebirds they have gone to roost,
I've got those Hoo-Doo blues.

—2—
No use in livin' 'cause it spells regret, for all is said and done,
And now it seems all I get is just a dozen and one,
Some folks live mighty free, hard luck must belong to me.

DINAH

By Chris Smith and Henry Troy.

In my mem'ry I've a picture of a gal in Gingham,
Lives down in the old Palmetto State in the heart of Bingham,
Dixie's full of charming ladies, you might think them finer,
There're Sadies and Sues(Mandys and Lous,
But none so sweet as Dinah.

Chorus.
From the flowers and trees every whispering breeze whispers Dinah,
And every bird on wing when they begin to sing they sing of Dinah,
If I could have it so I'd like the world to know how I love Dinah,
She's the sweetest gal in Caroline,
After sun and shower every big sunflower will bow to Dinah,
There is one thing certain, there'll be some hearts hurtin' over Dinah,
When the people start to throwing rice and shoes,
Watch the scandal mongers go and spread the news,
Some jubilee 'cause then she'll be my little Dinah.

—2—
Children bringing orange blossoms for my bride to stroll on,
Makes me proud to think she's mine through the years that roll on,
When the parson slips the ring on Dinah's precious finger,
Then I'll gladly say in my own way with her I'm gonna linger.

THEY PUT THE LAST CLEAN SHIRT ON BILL TODAY

By Chris Smith and Henry Troy.

Bully Bill the barber was a whale, a whang,
The undisputed leader of the toughest gang,
Without a provocation he would boot and kick you 'round,
Until last Tuesday evening Dandy Bob he shot him down.

Chorus.
They put the last clean shirt on Bill today,
They put the last clean shirt on Bill today,
He'll wear a wooden kimona until the Judgment Day.

—3—
Folks lal down in Badland gave a big blow-out,
To Bob for doing away with that old roust-about,
The city bought a tombstone and they placed it at Bill's head,
It had an odd inscription and this is the way it read:

SLOW JOE

By Charlies Harrison and Fred Rose.

You've heard of Dapper Dan and Lovin' Sam, men of wealthy fame,
But there's a boy in my home town who made himself a name,
Now men like Dan and Lovin' Sam had lots of pep, they say,
But this boy got his reputation just the other way; they named him,

Chorus.
Slow Joe, the slowest man a-livin', Slow Joe, could never be forgiven,
The girls all tried to love him in vain,
He made a turtle look like a passenger train,
Slow Joe, lacking in ambition, Slow Joe was never in condition,
His folks believed at making love Joe was a comer,
But as a lover he would make a darn good plumber,
Slow Joe, the slowest man a-livin' never had a girl in his life.

—2—
They say that Dapper Dan and Lovin' Sal caught a girl each night,
But this boy fished for twenty years and never got a bite,
He'd buy them rings and lots of things then find as sure as fate,
Each time he thought he had a nibble he'd just lost his bait; they named him

IRELAND IS HEAVEN TO ME

Words and Music by Gerald Griffin, Charles Harrison and Fred Rose.

Sure you've heard of Irish laughter, have you heard of Irish tears,
But that's all athat's left me after roaming round for many years;
There's something deep within me, seems to thrill me thru and thru,
When I think about the land across the blue.

Chorus.
Sure there's plenty to live for, but oh what I'd give for
A sight of the old home once more,
Heaven they say is not far away, it must be right next door,
There's an angel who's waiting to welcome me home,
By the letters she writes I can see, as I wander about
I am just finding out that Ireland is Heaven to me.

—2—
Sure it's many times I'm lonely and my heart is often sad,
For I know there's one thing only that will ever make me glad,
It's the sight of shamrocks growing by Killarney's lakes so fair,
So I know I'll soon be going over there.

MEMORIES OF HOME AND MOTHER

Lyric and Music by Ward Williams and Maurice Baron.

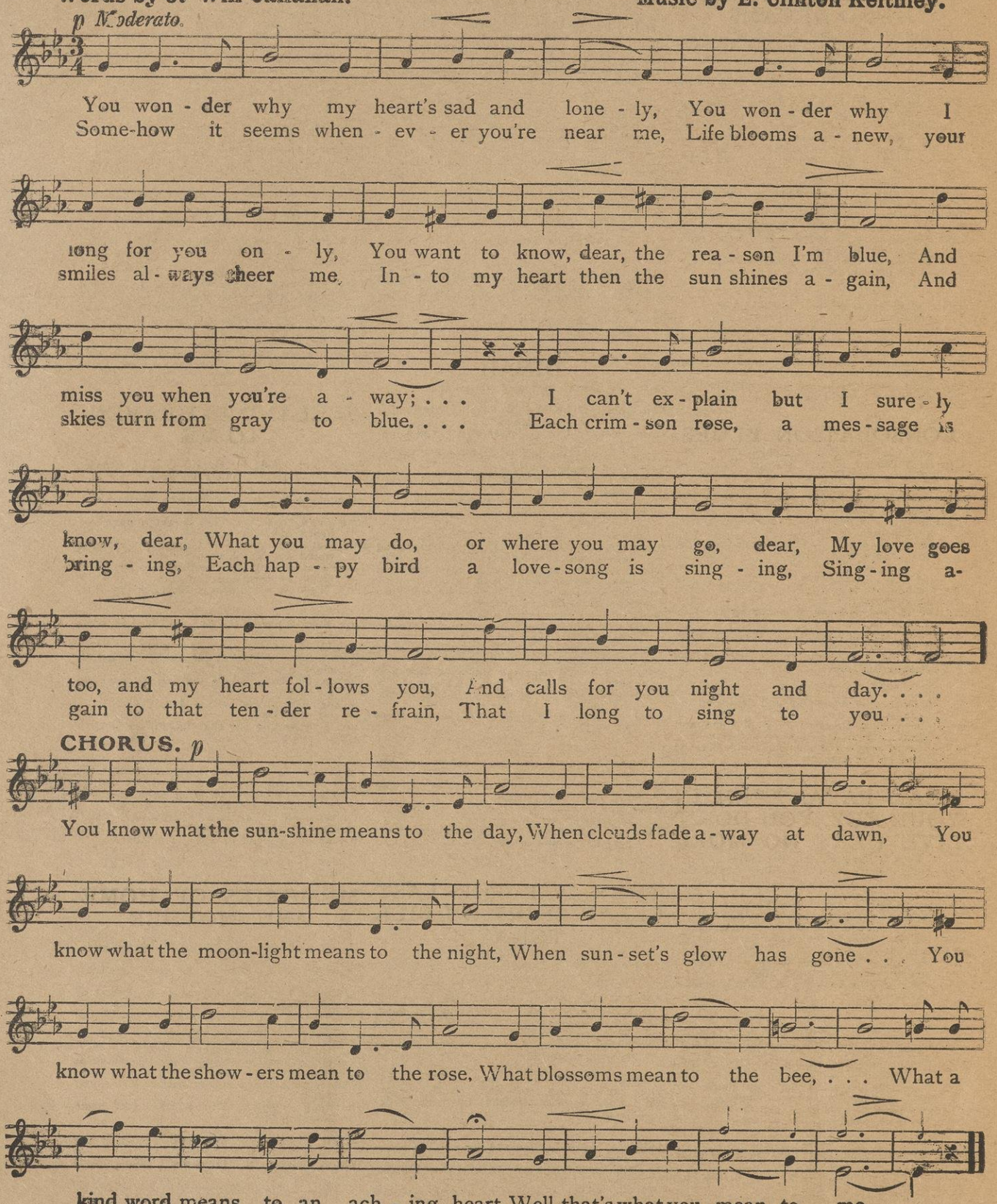
Last night I sat amusing, wrapt in dreams of long ago,
From out of mem'ry's mists I watched the pictures come and go,
And far afriend I wandered and where'er my thoughts would roam,
The vision most appealing was of home sweet home,
There surely is no other matter where you roam,
That can compare with mother and home sweet home.

Of all of mem'ry's treasures that upon my vision shone,
Was one above all others that I fondly dwelt upon,
It's shrined within my bosom no matter where I roam,
The mem'ry of my mother and of home sweet home,
There surely is no other no matte rwhere you roam,
That can compare with mother and home sweet home.

That's What You Mean to Me.

Words by J. Will Callahan. **Music by E. Clinton Keithley.**

p Moderato.



SUNNY FLORIDA

Words by Dan Blanco — Music by Erwin R. Schmidt

Florida land of sunshine
Land of green fields, swaying palms
I am longing for you oft-times
How I love your southern charms
Ocean breezes wafting thru' the trees
Seem to breathe your sweetest melodies.

CHORUS

Mandolins are playing
Melodies conveying
Breathing love's sweet tune
Sun-kissed are the flowers
In their golden bowers
While the song birds croon
When all nature's sleeping
Silv'ry moon is peeping
Thru' Heaven's corridor
Angel hands caressed you,
Nature sure has blessed you
Sunny Florida

Florida, I am longing to be in your loving arms
Basking in your radiant sunshine
Or beneath your swaying palms
List'ning to the song birds in the trees
Harmony with nature's melodies

OH THE LADIES

Words by Roger Lewis — Music by Ernie Erdman

I strolled into a poorhouse once for curiosity
And there I chanced to see
An old man ninety-three
I said to him please tell me, sir,
What brings you to this place?
He polished up his fingernails and said with smiling face:

CHORUS

Oh, the ladies, God bless ev'ry one,
Oh, the ladies, just look what they've done,
I've dined them and wined them;
Bought them diamonds and pearls,
I spent ev'ry cent on the beautiful girls.
Oh, the ladies, they're the ones I adore,
And if I live a few years more
I'll write a book about those sporting days of mine
And tell about that night I bought a pint of wine;
Oh, the ladies, they're as sweet as can be
But they all made a monkey of me.

This old man said he was some sport 'way back in sixty-two,
He used to smoke and chew,
Tell snappy stories too;
Why even now at half past six before his pray'rs are said
He reads an old Police Gazette and sings beside the bed.

THE TULSA BLUES

Words and music by Willard Robinson

I know a man who has a band
A Jazz band in Tulsa town,
And his music would make a rabbit whip a hound;
He has a tune, a jazz croon,
It simply satisfies my soul
They can play it more ways
Than a monkey can climb a pole:

CHORUS

Oh those Tulsa blues
They have left me weeping like a willow tree;
That boy with the Saxophone
Plays an obbligato to the slide trombone,
And the drummer, he is a hummer, too,
There's very few just like him, oh, that melody
Somehow I can't refuse there ain't no use,
If you ever come down to Tulsa some day
Don't forget to hear that jazz band play,
Play those weary, tantalizing blues, the Tulsa blues.

I got a dog, a little dog,
And every time he hears that strain
He starts howling just like a whistle on a train;
It makes me sad, it makes me glad,
It even makes me have the blues,
Cause they play it more ways than a darkey can shine your shoes.

Pickanniny Blues

Lyric by Harold G. Frost — Music by F. Henri Klickmann

The moon is sailing low, where southern breezes blow,
It's twilight 'round the cabin door.
When silv'ry stars appear, I hear my Mammy dear,
A-singing, an in the days of yore
And it seems again, I'm on her knee
And she's crooning this sweet melody:

CHORUS

O rock-a-bye, ma Honey, while close to Mammy's breast,
The fields of snowy white
Are gleaming thru the night,
The wind is sighing,
High above, the bats are flying,
Nightingales are singing, The sun has gone to rest,
The Sandman's here, So dream on, dear,
While Mammy sings the Pickaninny Blues.

The nightbirds in the trees, Are singing melodies
But none like Mammy's lullaby
While close to Mammy's breast, he slowly sinks to rest
The Angles watching from on high.
They were guarding the babe on her knee,
Lull'd to sleep by this sweet melody:

MOTHER LOVE IS BEST OF ALL

Music by C. A. Grimm — Words by Patrick J. Hand

In my heart there is a longing
That will linger evermore,
For the scenes where as a child I used to play
I can see the roses blooming near the little cottage door,
Where I used to pass the happy hours away,
And 'tis well do I remember tho' it's many years ago
How I used to climb on dear old mother's knee,
With her loving arms around me she would rock me to and fro
And would often say these tender words to me:

CHORUS

Mother love is best of all, ever constant, kind and true,
While on the troubled sea of life it means a lot to you,
There is nothing near so grand for sweet mem'ry to recall
Next to God's great love eternal, Mother love is best of all.

Fleeting years may dull the mem'ry, but I never shall forget
When I played beside my dear old mother's knee,
Many lessons that she taught me are now deep in mem'ry set,
Time can only make them dearer still to me;
'Twas when other friends denied me that I found her staunch and true,
She was near me then to answer ev'ry call,
Always ready to forgive most any wrong that I might do;
So there's no one like a mother after all.

June

Lyric by Alex Sullivan. Music by Tom Brown and Ray Miller.

I have a precious sweetheart, sweet as a girl can be,
This tale of love so tender each night she hears from me.

Chorus

Oh, June, you were meant for spooning,
June, you're a rose so fair,
June, let's go honeymooning, we'll make a peachy pair;
June, I have bought the ring, dear, and it's a beauty, too,
Instead of naming you, dear, after June,
They named that sweet month June after you.

—2—

I feel supremely happy, the reason you can guess,
In wond'rous June we'll marry, my June has answer'd yes.

Dear Old Gal, Who's Your Pal Tonight

—1—

Lyric by Raymond B. Egan. Music by Richard A. Whiting.

When I met you today, I bowed to you,
Then as I made my way to your side thru the crowd to you
Someone there at your side, smiled the while I sighed,
He seemed mighty happy and proud of you.

Chorus

Dear old gal who's your pal tonight,
Tell me who is your new delight,
Does he know that your heart knew a dear Auld Lang Syne,
When those sweet lips of yours
Were the lips I called mine,
Who you're wrapped in his arms tonight,
Still its part of my heart's delight,
Just to wonder could he be forgotten for me,
Dear old gal, who's your pal tonight.

—2—

Dear I'm glad that our pathways crossed today
And I found your old smile I thot lost for aye,
I'm the better, I guess, for your sweet caress,
Tho' love was so easily tossed away.

I'll Be With You When the Clouds Roll By

Music and words by The Three White Kuhns, Robert, Paul and Charles.

—1—

Raindrops, raindrops falling from above,
Seems that each one tells its tale of love,
Some of them are sad, some of them are glad,
So dearie, stop your pining, there's a silvry lining for you.

Chorus

I'll be with you when the clouds roll by,
As they drift along away up high
Moon beams will shine on you,
And the stars will twinkle brightly
In the heavens blue,
After rainfall comes the rainbow's hue,
Like your smile it thrills me through and through,
The sound of wedding chimes steals through my brain,
It's the same old story, in the same old strain,
I'll be with you when the clouds roll by.

—2—

Sunshine, sunshine always follows rain,
Just like gladness drives away all pain,
Sorrow cannot stay where all is bright and gay,
So, dearie, stop your crying, my poor heart is sighing for you.

Wild Romantic Blues

Lyric by Alfred Bryan. Music by Jean Schwartz.

—1—

I feel so melancholy since Cutie went away,
I know it's folly, but I feel that way.
I feel like Romeo, Once felt for Juliet,
I've got that brand of lovin, that you never can forget.

Chorus

Oh, I've got those wild romantic blues,
I want someone to take me,
Right in his arms and break me
Oh, I've got those drive me frantic blues,
I want a little turtle dovin',
Oh sweetie, Oh sweetie, I need some wicked lovin',
Oh, Oh, I want to shiver and sigh before your charms,
Oh, Oh, I want to quiver and die right in your arms,
Love me any way you care to, choo ooze,
Because I've got those frantic Wild Romantic Blues.

Overalls and Calico

Lyric by Gus Kahn. Music by Jean Schwartz.

—1—

Styles in clothes are always changing,
I suppose they always will,
But the clothes we wore in childhood,
Somehow, dear, I love them still.
Our clothes were tatter'd, but nothing matter'd
As we wandered o'er the hill.

Chorus

Overalls and calico, each recalls the long ago
We meet in broadcloth and laces,
But we miss the light and smiling faces,
Tatter'd clothes and peeping toes,
Eyes of youth aglow, make me yearn again to go
Back to the land of Overalls and calico

—2—

Seems to me the daisies knew us,
Knew the wondrous things we plann'd,
Birds all sang a welcome to us
As we wandered hand in hand.
The sunshine kissed us, the flowers missed us,
Since we left that happy land.

Everybody Loved Mary

Lyric and Music by Billy Baskette and Billy Frisch.

—1—

Out of a clear sky a baby was born,
The Symbol of sweet mother love,
They called her Mary and we know that name
Must have come from the Heavens above
Angels caressed her, they took her away,
But she's in our memory to stay.

Chorus

Everybody loved Mary, what a wonderful gal,
She was never contrary, but a regular pal.
Just a trifle old fashioned,
Loving, modest and plain,
Everybody loved Mary, bless her dear sweet name.

—2—

Visions in memory recall once again,
When I was a kiddie at play,
My daddy's sweetheart, I see her so plain,
How I wish she was with me today.
Oh, how we loved her, but fate's hand must play,
And she's with the angels to stay.

I Can't Do This and I Can't Do That

Lyric by Blanche Merrill. Music by Jean Schwartz.

—1—

Don't ever wear that tie again, it's so loud it makes me start,
I love the tie you're wearing, I think it's very smart,
But, dear, now please don't frown that way,
Now what is it that you want,
Oh, I just love you when you frown,
You look so nonchalant,
A horrid look like that I never could forgive,
Do look that way, don't look that way,
Say tell me may I live.

Chorus

Why I can't do this and I can't do that,
You are still my husband and you've got to obey,
I'm your wife, you see, I'm your wife to be
And I think at least I have a right to my say,
Well, between the two, what's a man to do,
He's so hard to get along with you will agree,
Why I can't do this and I can't do that,
One is bad enough, but two's too many for me

My Little Dancing Heart

Lyric by Blanche Merrill. Music by Jean Schwartz.

Heard of tunes, quaint love tunes,
Used to think they were an awful bore.
I've done steps, cute one-steps,
Couldn't keep me off the dancing floor,
But I heard a loving tune one night that was the start,
Dancing left my dancing feet and went right to my heart.

Chorus

Each tune entrancing, I can always whistle and sing,
But I've got to keep my dancing, in my little dancing heart
I don't know why tunes, sentimental lullaby tunes
Seem to be my tunes, each time they start
Love is the reason, why my little heart is teasin',
It's love so pleasin', that won't depart,
It's love that takes it, twirls it all around and shakes it,
Its love that makes it, a little dancing heart.

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR

'Twas a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well-nigh filled Joe's bar-room, on the corner of the square;
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door,
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said, "The wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whiskey, rum, or gin?"
"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work—
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical grace;
In fact, he smiled, as tho' he thought he'd struck the proper place.
"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd—
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds, you know.
When I had cash to treat the gang this hand was never slow.
What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held a sou,
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks: that's braced me nicely; God bless you one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call.
Give you a song? No, I can't do that; my singing days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs are going fast.
"Say, give me another whiskey, and I tell you what I'll do—
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too,
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think;
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give us another drink?

"Fill her up, Joe; I want to put some life into my frame.
Such little drinks, to a bum like me, are miserably tame;
Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whiskey, too,
Well, here's luck, boys; and, landlord, my best regards to you.

"You've treated me kindly, and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.
As I told you once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health,
And but for a blunder ought to have made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood,
But an artist, and for my age, was rated pretty good.
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen; 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame.'
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name.
And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? It is funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman, and expect her love for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give,
With a form like Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;
With eyes that would beat the Kohinoor, a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy—a friend of mine, who lived across the way,
And Madeline admired it, and much to my surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown,
My friend had stole my darling, and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so, had tarnished, and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile;
I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while.
Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-drop in your eye,
Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you give me just another whiskey, I'll be glad;
And I'll draw, right here, a picture of the face that drove me mad;
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the base-ball score—
You shall see that lovely Madeline upon the bar-room floor."

Another drink, and chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture—dead.

CASEY AT THE BAT

By George Whitefield D'vys

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face,
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey, "strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand,
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on;
He signaled to the pitcher and once more the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered fraud!
But one scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey would not let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, and his teeth are clinched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy in Boston—mighty Casey has struck out.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

By John G. Whittier.

Up from the meadow, rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach trees fruited deep,
Fair as the garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant day of the early fall
When Lee marched over that mountain wall—
Over the mountain winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town,
Forty flags with silvery stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then—
Bowed with her four-score years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town—
She took up the flag the men hauled down,
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet,
Up the street came rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight,
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!" out blazed the rifle blast;
It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash
Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snaches the silken scarf;
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
She shook it forth with a loyal will.
"Shoot, if you must, this gray old head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The noble nature within him stirred
To life at Barbara's deed and word;
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick Street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet;
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of that rebel host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more;
Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below, at Frederick's town.
Just bury it in dear old Dixieland.

THE VAMPIRE

Rudyard Kipling.

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I)

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I)
Honour and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him died
(Even as you and I)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand,
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

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BY

HAROLD ROSSITER

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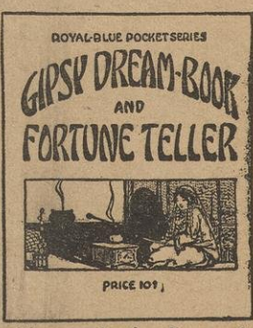

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The ball contained in this vase can be made to vanish and to appear at will. The trick can be worked in various ways with different explanations and really makes it appear several tricks in one. It is made to look more mysterious by the fact that the apparatus can be passed around for examination. It is, without a doubt, the best low-priced trick in magic. Each, 15 Cents.

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An amateur or beginner can create a reputation with this deck; a professional can almost perform miracles. It is a full deck of fifty-two cards, with which an entire card act can be performed. They are accompanied by a page of printed directions which enables anyone to perform the most seemingly impossible and varied tricks without any previous knowledge of sleight-of-hand. They are really wonderful. Each, 50 Cents.

GRANDMA'S NECKLACE TRICK.

Effect:—On two stout cords are threaded three polished wooden beads. These the performer shows and the ends of the cord he gives to someone to hold. Throwing a handkerchief over the beads, the performer places his hand underneath, telling the spectator to pull the cords. To his great astonishment, the beads mysteriously leave the cords and drop into the performer's hand. The cords are again examined.

Each, 15 Cents.

VANISHING CIGARETTE TRICK.

This undetectable and astonishing trick consists of the vanishing of a lighted cigarette with the sleeves rolled up and the arms outstretched from the body. The lighted cigarette vanishes apparently to nowhere, yet it is easy to perform and there is no danger from the fire. It is unquestionably one of the cleverest things in magic and is adapted for professional or amateur entertainments.

Each, 25 Cents.

VANISHER TRICK.

With the aid of this Vanisher it is possible to make small articles, such as handkerchiefs, paper money, etc. to apparently disappear into the air. The work looks very effective for the reason that it is done with the sleeves rolled up. The Vanisher is an exact duplicate of the attachment used by professional magicians. We guarantee that anyone can do it the first time it's tried.

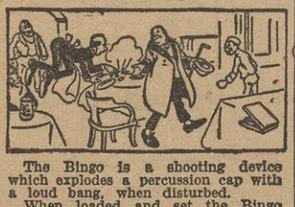
Each, 25 Cents.

THREE-CARD MONTE TRICK.

Three cards, the ace, the deuce, and trey are shown. They are then (without any passes) turned over and laid face down upon the table. Any person is then requested to pick out the ace; try as they will, they find it impossible, unless they select a card which is opposite to the one they think. This trick requires no sleight-of-hand at all.

Each, 15 Cents.

BINGO.



The Bingo is a shooting device which explodes a percussion cap with a loud bang, when disturbed.

When loaded and set the Bingo lays flat and takes up but very little room; it is easily concealed in or under any article; the cap goes off when the article is opened or removed. Just imagine the victim's surprise when it goes off in a purse, cigarette case, book, magazine or newspaper that they innocently open; or imagine the effect caused by the moving of a pillow, bottle, tray or other article under which it has been placed.

Unmailable. Twelve Bingos (each with 10 caps) sent by prepaid express, $1.50.

VANISHING HALF-DOLLAR TRICK.

A borrowed half-dollar is placed in a handkerchief. By one of the audience it is held over the wineglass. When it is dropped, the clink is plainly heard, but when the handkerchief is removed the coin has vanished. This trick can be worked as close to an audience as is desired and is adapted for either stage or parlor. Each, 50 Cents.

COIN ON STRING TRICK.

The effect of this trick is very mystifying. A coin with a hollow center is threaded on a wire or string, and is given to some member of the audience to hold. While both ends of the string are tightly held, the coin is covered with a handkerchief and is instantly removed.

This is a splendid trick and is recommended for either amateurs or professionals. Each, 25 Cents.

VANISHING TRICK.

With the aid of this Vanisher it is possible to make a borrowed dime mysteriously disappear. The coin is placed in the ring which forms the lower part of the Vanisher; it is then covered with the lid and disappears in full view of the audience. It is made to reappear in the same unexplainable manner.

Each, 15 Cents.

KISSING "MOVIE"

Two kissing figures printed on a stretched rubber sheet. A lively kissing scene is enacted by a movement from the back of the sheet.

Price, postpaid, 25 Cents

SNAKE JARS.

Supposing you were to open a jar of candy or jam and a thirty-inch snake would jump out and leap fifteen feet into the air; you'd receive the surprise of your life. Wouldn't you?

This is exactly what happens when you spring our "candy" or "jam" joke on your friends. The imitation of the supposed contents of both jars is so perfect and looks so real that they cannot be told from the genuine.

Jam Jar (30-Inch snake). 50 Cents.

PHANTOM CARDS TRICK.

From five cards shown, three are mentally selected by anyone in the audience. All cards are then placed under a handkerchief and the two not selected are removed by the performer. Someone else is then requested to remove the other three cards, and these, to the astonishment of all, have entirely disappeared. The trick causes two big surprises and is the simplest card trick ever invented. Each, 15 Cents.

BILLIARD BALL TRICK.

Having magically produced a solid billiard ball, the conjuror by simply moving his hand in the air, causes a second ball of corresponding size to appear beside it. While everyone is watching as closely as possible, a third ball appears with the second, and finally a fourth ball appears. These are shown to be solid. They are now caused to vanish, one at a time, until the hands are shown to be empty again. Each, 25 Cents.

MARBLE VASE TRICK.

The effect of this trick is to pass a marble from the hand into the vase, which first is shown to be entirely empty. This is a very clever trick which is easy to do and at the same time is hard to detect. The appearance of the marble inside of the vase has a very mysterious and puzzling effect upon the audience. Each, 15 Cents.

FLASH DIAMOND RING

An imitation of a large diamond. The stone is ¾ of an inch in diameter. Well made, and very flashy.

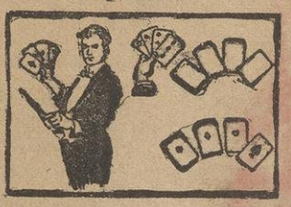
Price, postpaid, 25 Cents

HULA-HULA DANCER

A dancing figure printed on a stretched rubber sheet. A movement from behind causes the figure to "dance."

Price, postpaid, 25 Cents

DISAPPEARING SPOTS TRICK.



By simply breathing on four threes the performer changes them to four aces; breathing again on the four aces the spots disappear and leave four perfectly blank cards instead. This trick is entirely mechanical, requires no skill nor practice, but at the same time is one of the very best and most entertaining card tricks on the market.

Each, 15 Cents.

PALPITATOR.

Consists of a small rubber bulb connected by a long tiny rubber hose to a larger bulb. There is no end to tricks and jokes that can be played with this novelty. Placed beneath the table-cloth and under your neighbor's plate at the table you can make him believe that he is seeing things, by moving his plate or dishes. Placed under the vest you can make them believe that you have palpitation of the heart, or by placing it under a cushion on a couch or chair, you see the occupant move in a hurry.

Each, Postpaid, 25 Cents.

JUMPING FROG.

This is an imitation Frog, made of metal, containing a mechanism which causes it to jump several feet into the air. The mechanism is so arranged that it can be timed to jump at long or short intervals.

Adjust the mechanism, place the Frog on a table, desk or in fact any surface. It will remain stationary for the length of time desired and then make a powerful jump. The effect can be better imagined than described. Directions furnished with each.

Each, Postpaid, 25 Cents.

GREAT HANDKERCHIEF AND LEMON TRICK.

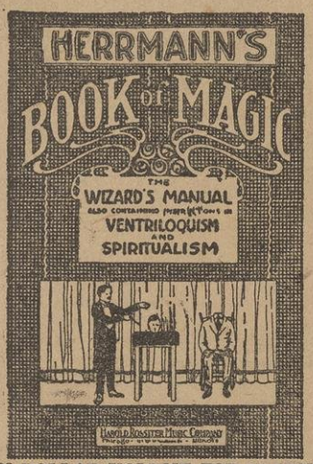
One of the prettiest tricks ever shown. Can be performed on the stage or in the parlor, right in front of the people. A solid wooden lemon is shown, the exact size and color of a real lemon. You can say, "This lemon was handed me a few days ago and I have been trying ever since to get rid of it." Place the lemon on the table, after it has been examined by the audience. Then let them examine the handkerchief, or they can even place the handkerchief over the lemon; you make a few passes over it, saying, "Presto, lemongelli, begone," and remove the handkerchief, and, behold, the lemon is gone. This is a new trick and is performed entirely different than any other disappearing trick. We send the handkerchief, lemon and all, with full directions, by mail, for 25 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER

We will send any nine (9) 25c articles shown on this page for $2.00 or any seven (7) 15c articles for $1.00.

ORDER ABOVE GOODS FROM **HAROLD ROSSITER COMPANY,** 317 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE WIZARD'S MANUAL



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How to Produce Cabbages from a Hat.
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How to Procure Eggs from a Boy's Mouth.
How to Restore a Smashed Watch.
How to do the Great Box Trick.
How to do all "Spirit" Mysteries.
How to make "Chests" appear.
How to Perform the Davenport Illusions.
How to make a Cane Seem Alive.
How to make a Coin Answer Questions.
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How to do Hundreds of other Marvellous feats of Legerdemain.

TEN DOLLAR VOLUME FOR 25 CENTS

In this advertisement we mention but a few of the many wonders that every person can perform after reading the WIZARD'S MANUAL; it actually contains more information than all other such books combined.

This Marvellous Book, written by a noted expert, not only tells just how to perform the most wonderful feats in the category of Magic, but **HOW TO READ THOUGHTS** It is a fact that you can read a person's thoughts, so that you can reveal numbers or names thought of, find hidden articles, etc. YOU CAN DO IT. Every Secret is unfolded so clearly that even children can learn.

MANUAL OF MAGICAL MYSTERIES MIND READER'S MARVELS

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This celebrated book tells How to Become a Ventriloquist, making voices apparently emanate from boxes, empty rooms, chimneys, trunks, loads of hay, etc., and instructs you just how to "throw your voice" so as to make wooden images appear to talk and sing. These secret instructions have never before been published in book form. Professors of the art have charged from $100.00 to $500.00 to instruct others; by investing 25 cents in this Wizard's Manual you not only get this knowledge, but a vast amount of other information on all subjects pertaining to the mysterious arts. You can give a long performance in MAGIC, MIND READING and VENTRILOQUISM AFTER YOU HAVE STUDIED THIS BOOK A FEW HOURS. Don't fail to get it; remember that it is the best and cheapest volume on these subjects ever issued. It explains many illusions never before revealed in print, guarded secrets of the Science of Legerdemain and Psychology. Avoid buying cheap, imitation catch-penny affairs; get The Wizard's Manual and you will be well pleased. We will send it postpaid, upon receipt of only 25 CENTS; five copies for $1.00. Get four others to send with you, thus getting your Wizard's Manual free.

"STAGE JOKES"

No. 1 and No. 2

These are two of the best books we have published. No. 1 contains a big bunch of laugh-provoking material by some of the leading vaudeville actors; over 200 rip-roaring conundrums; a lot of good, clever little short monologues that you can learn in a few minutes. Hot Stuff Jokelets that would make a corpse laugh; minstrel gags; a lot of comical and sentimental verses for the autograph album; Napoleon's Dream Dictionary, etc. The picture on the cover of No. 1 alone is worth the price we ask for the entire book. It's a sure cure for the blues.

No. 2 contains a wonderful collection of up-to-the-minute jokes and gags as used by the very best head-liners on the Vaudeville Stage. Every joke is a genuine laugh. No. 2 cover design is a picture of the sister of the boy on No. 1. It's just as funny, too. Better get both No. 1 and No. 2.

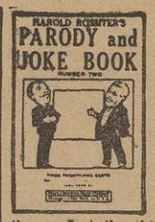
Price 10c Each Postpaid.

WIZARD MAMMOTH Collection - 10c

One of our biggest sellers. Read list of contents. No wonder it sells so fast.

The Wizard Mammoth Collection contains; Complete instruction in the Art of Telling Fortunes with pack of ordinary Playing Cards, including the world-famed Elyl Munraf "Dictionary of Fate"—How to tell fortunes with Dice—How to tell fortunes with Dominoes—Secret of Ventriloquism—Clever Conjuring Tricks with Cards and Coins—How to Hypnotize—Verses for Autograph Album—Complete Guide to Flirtation—Flirtation by Handkerchief—by Glove—by Fan—by Parasol—and Dining Table and Language of Flowers—Funny Monologue entitled "Progress of the Nation"—Minstrel Gags and Jokes—99 Side Splitting Conundrums—Definition or Meaning of over 200 Dreams. This is a book that will furnish amusement for every member of the family. Regular marked price 25c.

OUR SPECIAL PRICE (postpaid) 10c



PARODY and JOKE BOOK No. 1

Contains side-splitting parodies on all the big popular song hits mentioned below. You know all the tunes, and you can have more fun than "a barrel of monkeys" singing these comical words to them. Just the thing to sing at the next party you go to. This book also contains over 100 jokes, gags and conundrums. Also very clever monologue, one you can learn in a few minutes and make a hit with the next time you're with some of your friends. Remember also, the complete parodies of every song listed below.

Has anybody here seen Kelly—There's a big cry-baby in the moon—Mandy, how do you do—You're the ideal of dreams—By the light of the silvery moon—Next to mother, who do you love—Put on your old gray bonnet—I've got rings on my fingers—Lonesome—Carrie, marry Harry—Yip I addy—Cubanola glide—Put your arms around—Sweet Italian love—Stop, stop, stop—Sugar moon—Where river Shannon—Senora—Girl in the heart of Maryland—International rag—Curse of an aching heart—Peg of my heart—You made me love you—Silver bell—All I ask is love—Meet me tonight in dreamland—Grizzly bear—Call me up some rainy afternoon—I won't be home till August—Every little movement—Soft pedal—Any little girl—Wonder who's kissing her now—What's the matter with father—I love it—Dublin rag—Sweet Italian love—Stop, stop, stop—Yum yum tree—Some of these days—Alexander's ragtime band—You'll do the same thing over—In all my dreams I dream of you—All alone—My hoola hoola love—Oceana roll—In the land of harmony—Don't wake me up, I'm dreaming—That mysterious rag—Honey man—Oh, you beautiful doll—Moonlight bay—I want to be in Dixie—Oh, Mr. Dream-man—Circus day—I'd love to live in love-land—That's how I need you—That old girl of mine—Sands of the desert—Baby bumble bee—In my harem—Just a little smile—I'm going back to Carolina—Great big, blue-eyed baby—Trail of the lonesome pine—When I lost you—Snookey Ookums—Row, row, row. The regular marked price of this big collection is 25c.

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PARODY and JOKE BOOK No. 2

Contains uproariously funny parodies on all of the Big Popular Song Hits listed below. The tunes are familiar to all. Get this bunch of Parodies and you'll have a regular picnic with these "laugh producers."

Also a big bunch of Hot Stuff Jokelets; and up-to-date comedy. Great little monologue for male character entitled "Whiskey," and a comical monologue for female character. Also a lot of good cross-fire gags and "get-backs" for team-work. The entire book is printed on Enamel Plate Book Paper. Regular price, 25 cents. Every Parody named in the following list is in this book.

Mother—My little dream girl—To a little bit of heaven—Little grey mother—Norway—We'll have a jubilee in my old home town—Jane—My little girl—When I wore a tulip and you wore a big red rose—When it's night time in Dixieland—My crooney melody—California and you—By the beautiful sea—Then they'd start the Victrola—I want to go back to Michigan—When the Angelus is ringing—All aboard for Dixieland—When you play the game of love—If I had someone like you—On Mobile bay—Come, Josephine, in my flying machine—Lovie Joe—Kiss me, my honey, kiss me—Winter—All aboard for blanket bay—I won't be home till August—Every little movement—Put your foot on the soft pedal—Any little girl that's a nice little girl—I wonder who's kissing her now—What's the matter with father—Silver bell—All I ask is love—Meet me tonight in dreamland—Grizzly bear—Call me up some rainy afternoon—Garden of roses—That mesmerizing Mendelssohn tune—Daisies won't tell—Ogalalla—Dina from Carolina—My southern rose—I'd leave my happy home for you—Her name is Rose—A bird in a gilded cage—My Hannah lady—When you learn to love too late. Regular marked price 25c.

OUR SPECIAL PRICE (postpaid) 10c

500 KOMICAL KONUNDRUMS

Volume 1

This book contains over 500 comical, side-splitting conundrums. There is nothing that will add so much to the enjoyment of a social gathering as this inexhaustible supply of amusing riddles. Just imagine over 500 good up-to-the-minute conundrums in this book. Entirely different from those contained in Volume 2. Just the right size to carry in the pocket. Don't fail to send for at least one of these great little books at once. Remember there are two volumes; each volume contains 500 conundrums and each volume is entirely different from the other.

Price of each volume, 10c post paid

Order Above Goods from HAROLD ROSSITER MUSIC COMPANY, 317 W. Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Fun Making JOKES and TRICKS

GREAT HINDOO FLOWER POT TRICK.

You have all heard of the great Hindoo trick (making a plant grow out of a flower pot right in front of an audience). This trick has puzzled the whole world for years, until an old Hindoo faker gave the snap away. It is certainly the slickest trick we have ever seen. An ordinary earthen flower pot is shown to the audience, filled with soil. They can examine it, and dump out the soil if they wish, to see that there is nothing in it. You then place it on the table and tell your audience to watch you carefully. You place your handkerchief over the top of the pot and repeat the following words:

There are roses that never wither,
Flowers that never fade.

Then remove the handkerchief and behold there is a beautiful plant in full bloom growing right in the pot. We send the whole thing, flower pot, flowers, and full directions for performing this wonderful trick. Boys, you can create a sensation with this trick. We send the whole outfit by mail for 25 cents.

CACHOO!

The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder when blown into a room will cause everyone to sneeze without knowing where it comes from. It is very light and will float in the air for some time and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles and each bottle contains enough to use 10 or 15 times. Price of 10 bottles shipped by express, charges prepaid, $1.50. Not less than 10 bottles sold. Cachoo cannot be sent by mail.

SHINER.

This is an imitation of a small telescope. The end is covered with black felt which is dipped in burnt cork. Through the center are two semi-transparent discs through which the picture is supposed to be seen. There is no picture, but in looking for it, the victim will receive the finest black-eye you ever have seen.

Can be used again and again. A box of blacking supplied with each Shiner.

Price, complete, Postpaid, 25 Cents.

EXPLOSIVE CIGARETTE BOX.

This Cigarette Box, when opened, shoots off a cap with a loud report. It is made in exact imitation of a box containing a popular brand—it looks so real that it fools them all.

Construction of box and mechanism is strong and durable—there's no breaking or getting out of order. With these boxes you can cure the pest who grafts your cigarettes—it will teach him to buy his own. A roll of 50 caps on tape is supplied with each box.

Unmailable. Four complete packs (each with 50 extra caps) sent by prepaid express for $1.50.

JAPANESE TRICK KNIFE.

For cutting off your finger or nose. You can show the knife and instantly draw it across your finger or nose, apparently cutting deep into the flesh. The blood appears on blade of knife, giving a startling effect to the spectators, when, presto change! the knife is removed, and your finger or nose is found in good condition. A cheap, but effective, illusion.

Price, 25 Cents, Postpaid.

DIAMOND SQUIRT RING.

The stone contained in this ring is a clever imitation of a real diamond. The ring is hollow, contains a small hole near the stone and is attached to a bulb filled with water. When held in the palm of the hand the bulb is entirely invisible.

Show the "diamond" to your friends; tell them it is a gem of the first water, then prove it by giving them a shower bath.

Each, Postpaid, 25 cents.

"SHIMMIE" DANCER

This little lady has made a hit in her impersonation of the latest of our cute little folk dances known as the "shimmie." Her shapely figure is contained on a rubber sheet stretched on a metal frame and a little manipulation with one finger is all that's necessary to make her 'dance'. Take her along to your next dance; she'll be the "life" of the party.

Each, Postpaid, 25 Cents

IMITATION BED BUGS.

This is an exact imitation of the friendly little fellow who shares your bed, eats out of your hand (or leg), and who accepts your humble hospitality even without an invitation.

The fact he also insists on introducing all his friends and family circle sometimes makes him most unpopular with the ladies most every woman you know would have seven kinds of fits if she found two or even one of these imitations on her bed spread. Six are contained in a transparent envelope.

Per Envelope, Postpaid, 10 Cents.

RUBBER POINT PENCIL.

Instead of the usual lead point, this Pencil contains one of rubber. It is so exact an imitation of a real pencil that there is absolutely no difference in appearance. The result when the pencil is handed to a person in a hurry can better be imagined than described.

The Rubber Point Pencil makes an excellent advertising novelty. When they are ordered in quantities of two gross or more we attach advertisement without charge. Quantity prices on application.

Each, Postpaid, 15 Cents.

ANARCHIST BOMBS.

More fun than a barrel of monkeys. Consists of a little glass vial containing a liquid form of a chemical which will produce the most horrible odor. One dropped in a room full of people will cause more consternation than limburger cheese. The smell will entirely disappear in a short time. Put up three in a box. Price of 10 boxes shipped by express, charges prepaid, $1.50 Not less than 10 boxes sold. Bombs cannot be sent by mail.

CAT IN BAG.

This is so real an imitation of a crying cat that the difference cannot be distinguished.

The noise is produced by pressing a small, oblong bag or cushion. This bag is concealed under the arm, in the pocket or any place where a slight pressure can be brought to bear upon it.

A very mystifying effect is produced by pretending that the sound comes from a package or small box which the person making the noise may be carrying.

Each, Postpaid, 15 Cents.

RUBBER DAGGER.

This is an exact imitation of a regular dagger. It is eight inches long and has a business looking five inch blade of very flexible rubber.

As a joke novelty it can be used in ways too numerous to mention. It is also especially recommended for amateur or professional theatricals; with its aid it is possible to pull off some very heavy tragedy effects.

Price, Postpaid, 25c Each

IMITATION ROACH.

It is a well-known fact that where there are one the pests known as the Shad-Roach, there's soon likely to be many more.

For this reason it is possible to scare the wits out of any cleanly housewife by dropping one of these imitations in a corner. They also create a sensation if dropped into a glass of water or other liquid. When seen in the liquid they really look alive.

Transparent envelope containing four imitation Roaches.

Price, Postpaid, 10 Cents.

EXPLOSIVE MATCHES.

Looks like an ordinary match. Will explode with a loud bang when about one-quarter burned. Put up 15 matches in wooden box. Good seller all the year around.

Unmailable. Twelve boxes sent prepaid express for $1.50.

CRAWLING BUG.

Of all the fun makers this little joker is in a class by himself. It takes but a second to adjust his mechanism, and he will crawl slowly and majestically on any surface, be it rough or smooth, up hill or down.

He will also perform a lot of cute and amusing tricks for you, tricks that are all entirely original. He is a regular joker with an individuality all his own and is equally interesting for children or "grownups." ment. Each, Postpaid, 25 cents.

TRICK LOCK AND CIGAR CUTTER.

This article combines a Joke Novelty, Puzzle, Cigar Cutter and Safety Lock. While you will find it almost impossible to open this lock while held in front of you, it will immediately come open when held behind your back. This statement seems unbelievable, but nevertheless it's absolutely true. Not only is this a useful novelty, it's one of the best little Fun Makers you ever saw.

Each, 25 Cents.

MUSICAL SEAT.

This is a small, round bellows package which omits a squeak upon the slightest pressure.

If placed under a chair-cover or cushion it will make the person sitting on it get up much quicker than they sat down. It can also be used as a joker by being concealed and pressed in the pocket. By changing the pressure the sound can be graduated to imitate a kitten or even a crying baby in the distance.

Each, Postpaid, 25 Cents.

JOKER'S KEY.

Without a doubt the most mysterious and fascinating Joker's article ever contrived. It is apparently an ordinary brass door-key and yet it is possible to put on it as many rings as it will hold, and it is impossible for anyone else to take them off. It is safe to offer a considerable reward to anyone removing a ring.—it can be done only with the aid of a secret part;—this part of course is not shown to the audience.

Each. Postpaid. 50 Cents.

BLEEDING FINGER.

You'll never know how much sympathy and consolation it's possible to receive until you fool your friends with the "Bleeding Finger" joke. It is a compact bandage of a form like a thimble which can be easily slipped on or off a finger. It is covered with a red coloring matter which has the appearance of blood. When worn it creates an impression of the wearer having received a very serious cut or wound.

Each, 15 Cents.

FATIMA SHADOW DANCER.

A match is all you need and you can have a "movie" show all your own. "Fatima's" shapely figure is set in a metal scroll which also contains a screen on which she performs her specialty.

Without the use of her feet, Fatima will do the "niftiest" dance you have ever seen. The operator can control her speed and actions to suit his fancy. Here's your only chance of ever owning a "Midway." The fact that you carry it in your vest pocket makes it easy to manage.

Each, Postpaid, 15 Cents.

EXPLOSIVE CIGARETTES.

A box containing ten apparently genuine Cigarettes. They contain a cap which explodes when about one-third is smoked.

They appear so real, and afford so good a smoke (while they last) that the victim is taken entirely by surprise. A great laugh producer and entirely harmless.

Unmailable. Four boxes of 10 Cigarettes, each sent by prepaid express for $1.50.

ROOTER.

This little article is to be concealed in the handkerchief. It imitates the blowing of the nose, only much louder; the noise is magnified many times. It is also very mystifying, being entirely hidden.

The Rooter can also be used as a noise maker at ball games, etc. The Rooter is simply placed between the teeth:—the harder the blow, the louder the noise.

Each, Postpaid, 15 Cents.

SURPRISE SQUIRTER.

Consists of medallion head which is connected to a rubber ball by a long rubber tube. The medallion is worn on the lapel of the coat and the ball is filled with water and attached to the tube. By squeezing the bulb anyone that comes near will receive a laugh-provoking shower-bath. This is an entirely harmless joke and yet is the source of much amusement.

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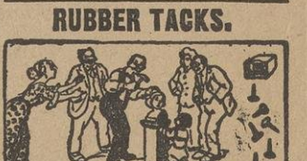

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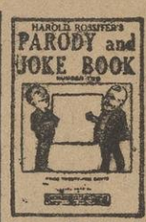

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