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# Judge

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## BUBBLES

After Sir J. E. Millais' Christmas Picture.



PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.  
 President W. J. AMKELL  
 Vice-President HARRY R. HART  
 Art Department BERNHARD GILLAM  
 Editor I. M. GREGORY

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THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY (POTTER BUILDING),  
 Park Row, New York.

We guarantee advertisers a larger circulation at cheaper rates than any American satirical paper published.

TRIBUTE TO the late governor of Maine—All is not well that ends Bodwell.

IT ISN'T more time that Mr. Keely wants. What he wants is eternity.

WE JUDGE from a recent convention in New York that Republican clubs are trumps.

RESOLUTING is a good thing, but at this season there must be a brief period for tremendous preparation.

NEXT TO the bird of freedom give us the bard of Amesbury—though, to be sure, they are pretty nearly one and inseparable.

BEGIN WELL. Pop your question on New-year's eve and directly the chimes of Trinity will ratify the consequent engagement.

SEE TO IT that every man, woman and child begins the new year pleasantly. You do the investigating and we'll audit the accounts.

"MY NAME?—I. B. Smith," said a man at the Gilsey house yesterday; whereupon the gentleman addressed remarked with a sweet smile, "So be I."

A PICTURE in the *World* presenting Mr. Whittier on his 180th birthday, and with crossed eyes, is a sad commentary on the evil effects of artistic license.

IT IS SAFE to suppose that Mr. Berry Wall will get along with one suit a day hereafter, not counting, of course, the several more elaborate ones that will adorn his better-half.

#### DAVID'S PARADOX.

There is likely to be something in David Hill's message with regard to the tariff question that will be mighty interesting reading. Perhaps, for instance, David will find it advisable to say why he is a Democrat and not a radical free-trader.

THE SICKEST New-year's Garland is that which is apparently not likely to be removed.

JIM BLAINE is in the New-year's air, and there is no patent suction that can pump him out of it.

OUR GRAND OLD MAN is John G. Whittier—and here's to him in the best beverage of the newest day of the year.

#### WHOLESOME ADVICE.

There is some talk of war between Austria and Russia, Austria to be backed by several powers that will think better of the matter presently. The JUDGE begs to present its sympathy to Francis Joseph, and to suggest to him that the best way to enter a bear's embrace is to run away from it with the utmost speed. There was never yet a bear that was good and sociable, and the existing disposition of the Russian animal is dangerous.

HAPPY NEW YEAR, Ben Butler! Live long and prosper. The country couldn't get along very well without your obliquity of eye

and politics; and there are not brains enough in the head of the man who will presently want to fill your place.

#### OUR LOYALTY TO WORTH AND BEAUTY.

The JUDGE presents its New-year's compliments to the fair lady of the white house, and begs to assure her that, no matter what her domestic or political complications are, it will continue to support her for the first position at least until the nomination of Mr. Blaine. It is quite probable that she will be outrun by that fleet-footed gentleman; but, in view of her obstructive skirts and her lack of knowledge as to these competitive struggles, that will not lessen the JUDGE's loyalty or reflect upon her worthiness and her right to win. And in 1892—

THE NEW YEAR ought to see the death of the humbug called civil-service reform—if, that is to say, there is enough of it left to die.

MR. HARPER of Cincinnati, who tried to play on an instrument with golden strings, went up in consequence, and will come down at the expiration of about ten years.

#### TO PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

The tip o' the New-year's morning to your excellency. You have done fairly well. The recent message was able and courageous, and its consequent nomination and election of Mr. Blaine, though perhaps not intended, is worthy of all praise. You have changed your party from one of cowardice to one of perfunctory, but nevertheless gratifying, bravery, and the country will have the nicest, liveliest, healthiest fight next year that it has had since 1860. Long life to the two principal Cleverlands, and may they have all the respect in their retirement that they have won in public life.

#### SELAH!

The JUDGE begs to express its appreciation of the work of the Republican clubs lately in convention in this city. It was good, solid, lively fighting throughout, and whichever of the favorites had the call of the convention during its various periods of agitation, that man deserved it. The final action of the convention was satisfactory to a very large majority of the party; and whoso "goes back" on the majority, that man is not fitted for the fair play which alone means party success. It was a wise and good convention. A happy New-year to it, and to the man who permeated its atmosphere from its opening to its close.

#### NEW-YEAR'S AND THAT OTHER MAN.

There is a legend to the effect that every New-year's night the bones of Alexander Hamilton get out of their Trinity receptacle and call to those of Aaron Burr to come to them for a mutual though rather sepulchral dance of good will. That is the feeling that belongs appropriately to the first day of the year. The JUDGE is aware that animosity is not necessarily transitory, and that other man in the never-to-be-avoided quarrel is totally without sense or the reciprocal article of tenderness; but, in behalf of the comfort of the sensible one of the combatants, there must be a settlement of differences as well as of mathematical accounts with the beginning of every year. Therefore the JUDGE says to each of its enemies, if so be there happen to be any, "Miserable man that thou art; perfidious wretch; representative of all the meanness that walks the ground, cleaves the air, and hides itself for shame in the depth of the sea, come to these arms and be totally forgiven!" The sun should go down on no wrath. If the year that closes here is permitted to witness anything of that kind, that is villainy that must be charged to that other man in the records of all coming time. Of all the besotted and benighted creatures this world has known, that man is the worst. He gets the wrong meaning of everything you say. He misrepresents. He borrows your books with the usual result. He is insufferably ignorant of your greatness and your importance. He never agrees with you because of his radical stupidity and stubbornness. He takes your wines and your umbrellas with the air of one who is appropriating his own property. Blank that other man, and may the curses he utters against others come to his own roost and



#### A CONCISE REASON.

INQUIRING FATHER—"What I se like ter know, yo' onery child, is how yo's able ter smook cigahs when yo' ole fadder kin only smook his pipe?"  
 FORWARD SON—"I se ain't got no chil'n to suppo't."



THE ENGAGEMENT IS BROKEN.

*Penhallow, of a very blue Boston family, visits the home of his Connecticut fiancee for the first time.*  
 SHE—"Most everybody is surprised at the way dear old papa's portrait is hung; but you see he made his money clowning for Barnum, and mamma thought he'd be more comfortable in his natural position."

lodge there forevermore!—and yet *he* shall be forgiven, blank his eyes! because of the soothing influence of this blessed season, when no man has the right of any criticism that interferes with new thought, new aspiration, new settlement, and new beginning.

YOU MAY lead a prohibitionist to water, but he prefers a stick in his.

THEY ARE endeavoring to destroy a postage-stamp for the wearing of the green.

THE DEPARTURE of Higgins to Maryland diggings is almost as gratifying as would be the subsidence of Wiggins.

WE DO NOT believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare; and the president's recent address to congress is of such a composite nature that no one can charge it to any particular man.

MR. JAMES SMITH thinks it never Kilrains but it pours.

GUMBOIL'S FUNDS and title having been married to a respectable lady, the reign of idiocy ought to be celebrated through all the coming year.

**WOMEN IN THIS NEW YEAR.**

The dailies have stories of women who work twelve hours for fifty cents. Facts like these make the festivities of the first day of the year a hollow mockery. Dropping the matter of chivalry, is it fair play, is it Christianity, is it anything but the meanest of all miserliness on the part of

the manufacturers and the general public? Have the lawmakers no higher regard for women than these facts indicate? Have the organizations in behalf of male labor? Isn't society good enough to create some method through which the honest work of women can be given honest pay? Is it not amazing that we have so many pure women with this robbery in unrebuked operation? Is every business man's heart located in his pocket? Is it possible that decent men and women will encourage, by their silence and their purchases, such outrage as this? Come up, Miss Anthony! Press the suffrage for woman! There is no other method through which she can so properly protect her honor and her life.

LADIES ARE invited to attend as delegates the national prohibition convention at Indianapolis on the 6th of June and get themselves talked to death.

MR. BLAINE having stepped on Grover's message, Mr. Sherman will proceed directly to take up the remains and scatter them to the four winds of heaven.

AN IMPERATIVE necessity of at least half our fellow-citizens is to begin to count the years backward, so that they can begin to go the other way and have some fun too.

IF DEMOCRACY isn't free trade then murder is a little matter of readjustment. As if one should say that a spade is not a spade, but merely a rake wherewith to comb the surface of the ground.



AN OFFER WORTH CONSIDERING.

"Don't yer want ter buy a Saint Bernar' pup, mum? Yer can't get lost in the snow, mum, if yer have him with yer."



## NOT AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS

GROOM—"Miss Cammick?"

MISS CAMMICK (who keeps only one horse)—"Well, Michael?"

GROOM—"Beggin' yure pardon, I wish you'd aither thrim Sultan's tail different or put the sate a bit aft. He's after ticklin' me so in the ribs wid it I can't sit still!"



## HE WASN'T ENGAGED.

APPLICANT—"I see you've been advertisin' for a model to pose as Graecus bein' broken on the wheel."

ARTIST—"Yes, but you don't seem to have the necessary physique."

## HUM OF THE COURT.

At this season it will be well to ring the wild belles, and the tame ones too.

Don't mistake your dates. Be careful to write 1886 instead of the familiar 1889.

A new-year's resolution gives its author great consolation even if it lasts only five minutes.

A paper says the best remedy for hypochondria is hard work. We think so, too, provided the other man doesn't charge too much for doing it.

Art is art; but the elderly stage lady who is taken for a juvenile is much more pleased than the young one whose representation of an old woman is equally deceiving.

We commence the year with the happy consciousness that America has taken England through the combined efforts of a great buffalo-

killer, a little humorist, and an unrivalled slugger; and as for the Canadian Hanlan, pooh!

One Mrs. Coffin of Ohio regained her speech by faith last week, but Mr. Coffin is not so well.

Many a man is beggared by his wife's New-year's presents to him, but it is the nicest of all poverty.

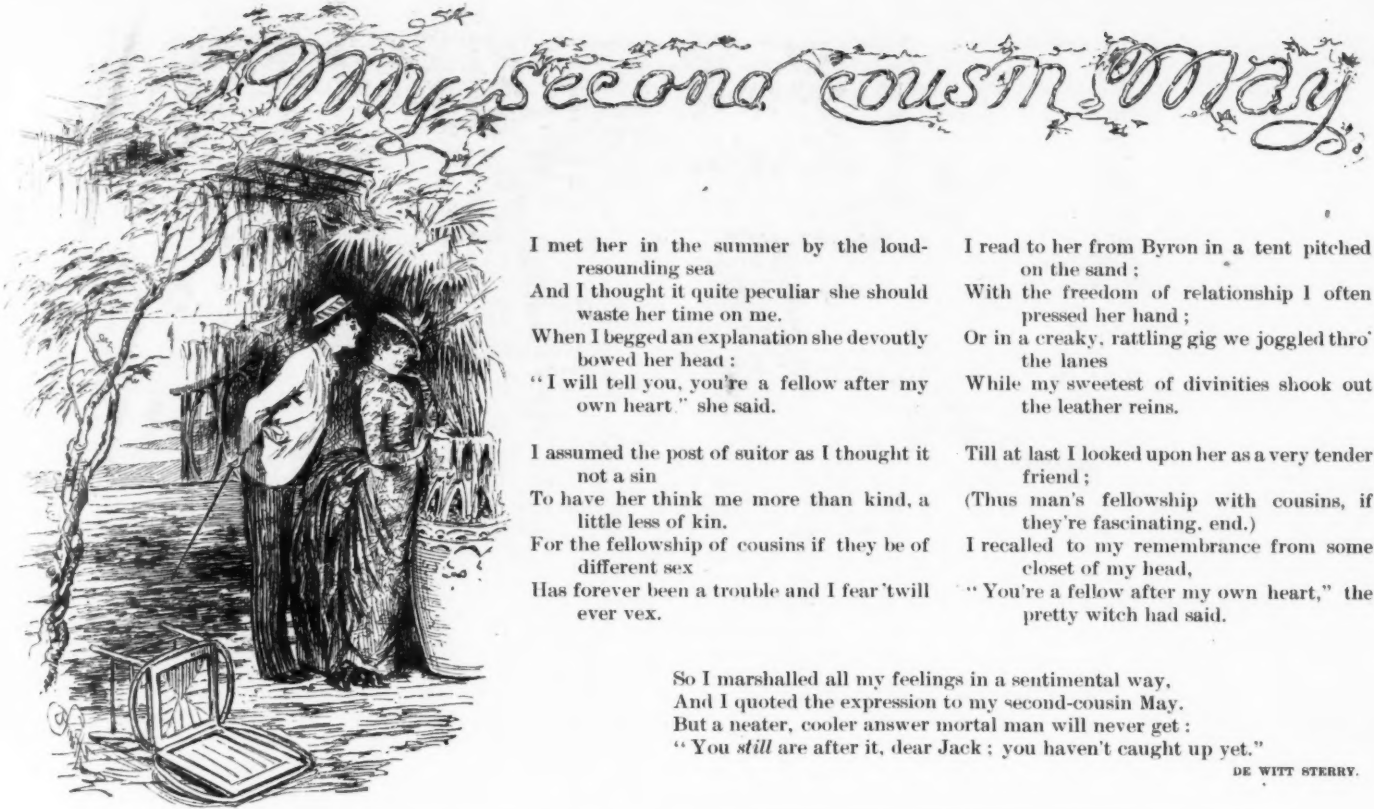
When a man—that man who wrote poems for the new year—says he is a born poet, that accounts, we suppose, for the apparent absence of his bringing up.

Bill Nye says he is a born scientist; and during this holiday season how would it be for him to enlighten the public as to the absence of his hair? Not to criminate himself, perhaps, but as a guarantee of holiday good faith.

We observe that the new year is frequently represented by artists as a cherub totally without clothes; and considering that the new year comes to us in January that is cruelty both to his modesty and his cuticle, and suggests quite as much of pneumonia as new year.



APPLICANT—"Physique? Why, my dear man! I've been the loose-jointed wonder with Barnum's show for ten years."



I met her in the summer by the loud-  
resounding sea  
And I thought it quite peculiar she should  
waste her time on me.  
When I begged an explanation she devoutly  
bowed her head:  
"I will tell you, you're a fellow after my  
own heart," she said.

I assumed the post of suitor as I thought it  
not a sin  
To have her think me more than kind, a  
little less of kin.  
For the fellowship of cousins if they be of  
different sex  
Has forever been a trouble and I fear 'twill  
ever vex.

I read to her from Byron in a tent pitched  
on the sand;  
With the freedom of relationship I often  
pressed her hand;  
Or in a creaky, rattling gig we joggled thro'  
the lanes  
While my sweetest of divinities shook out  
the leather reins.

Till at last I looked upon her as a very tender  
friend;  
(Thus man's fellowship with cousins, if  
they're fascinating, end.)  
I recalled to my remembrance from some  
closet of my head,  
"You're a fellow after my own heart," the  
pretty witch had said.

So I marshalled all my feelings in a sentimental way,  
And I quoted the expression to my second-cousin May.  
But a neater, cooler answer mortal man will never get:  
"You *still* are after it, dear Jack; you haven't caught up yet."

DE WITT STERRY.

**BAD ENOUGH.**

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Pugwash. "You look like a duck in a thunder storm."  
"I've just had my route changed, mum," replied the letter-carrier in a lachrymose tone.  
"From the way you are going on," returned the old lady, "any one would think you had lost a lot of money."  
"That's just how it is, mum," replied the postal-card reader.  
"You see this thing has happened just around New-year, when everybody remembers the postman."



IN FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

UNCLE BALDY (of White Plains)—"They ain't no flies on that rooster's beard, is they, Marthy?"



**A UNIQUE CONTRIBUTION.**

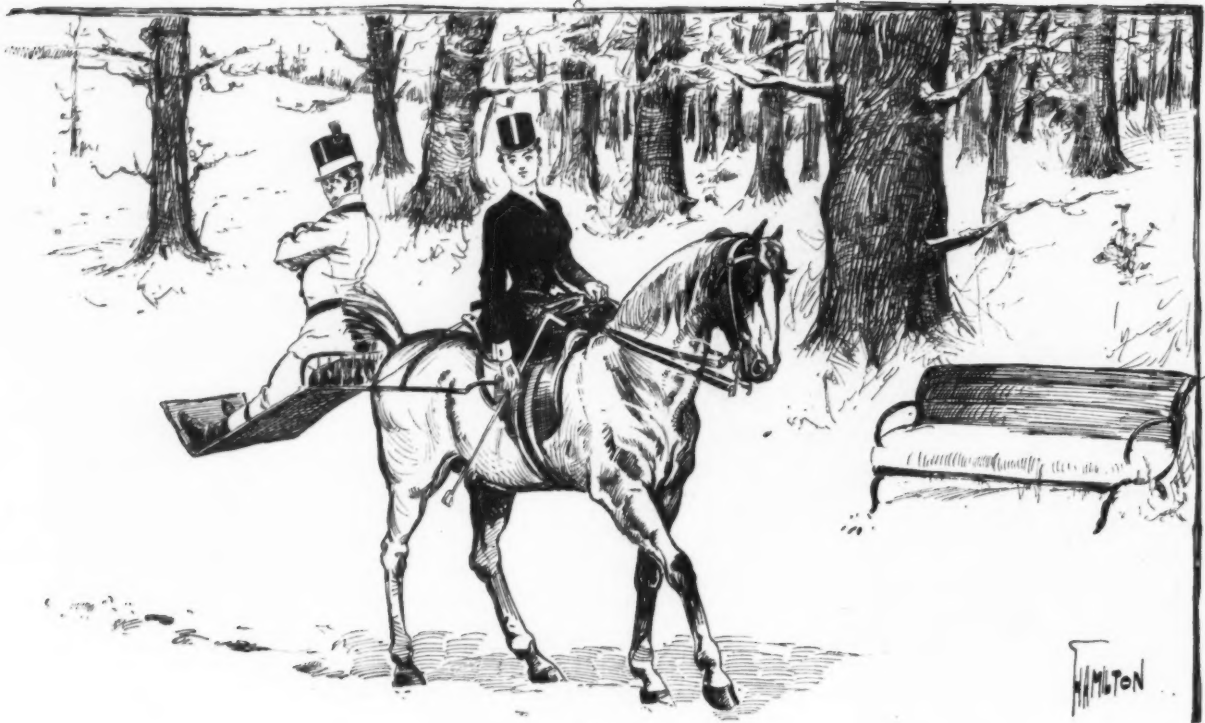
MR. COWPUNCHER (has just returned from a long sojourn in the west, and gets roped into church on collection Sunday)—"Don't look so blamed surprised, deacon! That's a poker chip, an' 's good fer a twenty-dollar shiner if yer'll mail it ter wicked Mike Hogan in Leadville."

**A NEW YEAR'S TRAGEDY—FOR BAD BOYS.**

Little Tommy wanted a toy cannon such as the other boys had for Christmas, but his father wouldn't get him one for fear he might hurt himself with it. But Tommy was bound that he wouldn't be left like that, and when his father was asleep that night he went and stole a quarter out of his trousers pocket. Before the sun was up the next morning Tommy had bought his cannon and was busy loading it in the back yard. At the first discharge there was an awful report and the cannon burst into a thousand pieces. Tommy will never ask his father for anything any more.

**HAPPINESS IN STORE.**

"Why are you so anxious to have Miss Smith's name put on your calling list?" asked Cobwigger.  
"Because," replied Merritt, "her father is a wine merchant."



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## PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Bane of all banes in this transitory world is baggage. I have had griefs to stir a mutiny in the blood of age, all on account of a valise weighing not more than forty pounds. I have had sorrow and vexation of spirit, days of anxiety and nights of waking, because of trunks, not lost, but gone before or left behind.

"But," says Mr. Newtraveler, "there is no necessity for having any trouble with baggage in this country. You can check your trunks from your hotel in New York and find them at your hotel in San Francisco when there you arrive."

So you can. So you can. If they are there.

I will admit at the outset that I am somewhat absent-minded, and hence unfit to be trusted with the care of my own baggage. Once I went away from Oberlin, Ohio, leaving all my worldly belongings on the station platform, and for three days thereafter I wandered up and down the land without a check on my baggage or conduct; but the agent at Oberlin, assisted by the express company, overtook me with my lecture, night robe and dress suit, and all was well. In ten years of wandering I never lost a pound of baggage. But oh, the times the baggage has lost me. We always meet again; but even with the hope, or even the certainty, of meeting by and by, parting with one's baggage is a pang, and the hours of waiting are long and heavy.

Sometimes it gets "carried by." This feat is deftly accomplished by the baggageman on the train. It consists in carrying a trunk checked for Kankakee on to Chicago, then taking it back to Cincinnati on the return train, and bringing it back to Kankakee two days after you have gone to Denver. A good baggageman, who understands his business, can keep a trunk going up and down the road for ballast until the train gets wrecked or the owner of the trunk dies and his heirs pay the railroad company something for extra baggage.

Then sometimes the checks get crossed. One piercing winter afternoon I stepped from the train out in Minnesota, and handing the bus man my check—good for four figures—I went to the hotel. About twenty minutes before lecture time a tin trunk came into my room bearing the marks of 4000 miles of travel, and exhaling the balmy



The three men who buy those figs.

breath of the steerage. It was locked with a harp and a wooden peg. It contained some strange-looking roomy articles of raiment which the landlord assured me were woolen shirts, a pair of leather breeches, double thick at the dome, a dozen vests. None of these things had I any desire to wear, especially as the hardy Viking to whom they belonged, had been cast in a mould big enough to turn me out in sets of half a dozen. It was two days before I got my valise. I wouldn't have got it so soon, because I never make much of a row about these things, but the Scandinavian to whom belonged the tin trunk had made Walhalla howl when the baggageman delivered to him my poor valise with its tawdry trinkets. "By the hjammer jf thor!" he roared. "Jwfhath use jhavj I, a grownj jman, fjor these baby clothes?" And he cast it away from him, and would have none of it.

There is one ministering presence that hovers over the wanderer like a guardian spirit, and never abandons him so long as there remains even the faint hope of a sale. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, there is nothing so constant as the train boy. It were folly to talk of abolishing him, for he is almost indispensable. But frequently he needs regulating. I admired a lady whom I saw the other day on a train running out of Indianapolis. The boy threw into her lap, as he did into the laps of all the patient passengers, a bound book, a box of figs, and a rolling-pin full of candy. She calmly swept the assortment off upon the floor. On his return trip the indignant boy remonstrated. "Lady," he said, "I didn't bring these things into the car to have them thrown on the floor." And I," said the lady sweetly, "didn't bring my lap into the car for a table."

I hold that, under the inter-state law, passengers should be allowed full control of their own laps, and the railway company have no right to use them. A man doesn't pay full fare for the privilege of being used as a sample-room of the railway news company. The train-boy should

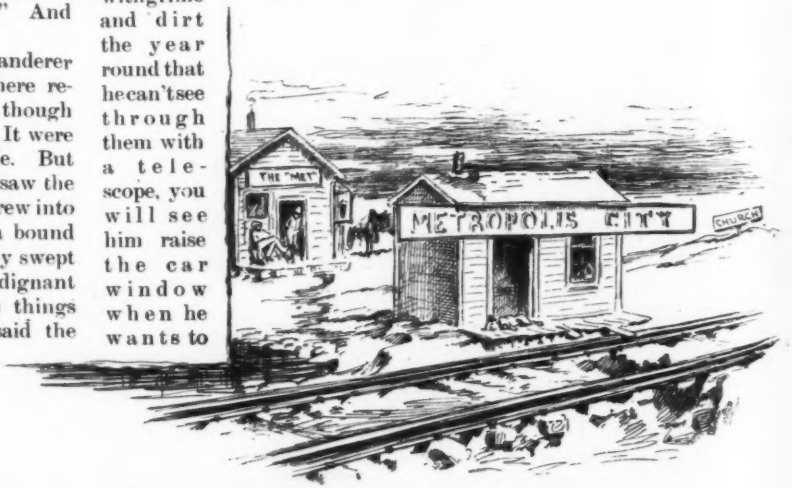


It is an Englishman and his wife.

know who does and who does not want certain of his wares. Of course he can't know everything, but sometimes he doesn't seem to know anything. Now, in the case of the kiln-dried figs sold on the trains. The boy throws a box of them into every lap on the train. Yet I could tell, on a dark, stormy night, at a distance of three hundred miles, the three men in a train of five hundred passengers who would buy those figs. Of the three, one is blind and easily deceived, the second is drunk and will buy anything, and the third man really buys them to eat, knowing what they are.

Ah, here comes a gentleman and a lady. The gentleman carries a little hand bag slung from his shoulder, a leather hat-box, two umbrellas and two canes. The lady carries a large hand-bag, a shawl-strap, a handbox, a paper parcel, a lunch-basket, a baby, and musters a squad of four children. It is an Englishman and his wife.

The gentleman in the seat just in front of you is from Metropolis City. Metropolis City is a thriving metropolis four miles south of the junction. It contains a saloon, a site for a school-house, a place for a church, and some inhabitants. Whenever you hear a station called with "city" at the tail end of its name hold your nose and look out for the smallest, meanest, nastiest little hole along the line. The smaller the town the bigger the name. This gentleman is going to see the country as he goes along. Can he not see as you do, through the window? Oh, no. You couldn't persuade him to believe that glass is transparent. He knows better than that. Whenever you meet on the train a man the windows of whose home are so coated with grime and dirt the year round that he can't see through them with a telescope, you will see him raise the car window when he wants to



The smaller the town the bigger the name.





Sees the country as he goes along.

look out. You see, he has formed the erroneous idea that all glass is opaque. See! he doesn't look out with his eyes. He leans far out and looks with his shoulder-blades.

Watch the old lady leave the car. She has her basket, her bag, her bird-cage and her umbrella. With her basket she can push a man clear over the back of a car seat. With her bag she can slap his hat over his eyes without looking at him. With her birdcage she can muss the hair of any woman whom she passes. And with her umbrella she can stab people before her in the back and put out the eyes of people behind her. She sets out to leave the car by the front door. But only one or two people seem to be going that way, and turning her head she sees a lot of people crowding into the car by the rear door. Instantly it occurs to her that a route so popular must certainly be the best. She turns and charges down the aisle. The incoming passengers, coveting earnestly the best seats, struggle fiercely to reach them. The old lady, fixing her piercing eyes upon the rear door, makes way for liberty and egress. People cry out, "The other way!" And the old lady wonders why they don't go that way themselves then. It flashes upon her with the light of a revelation. It is a plot to get her out of the lonely end of the car, where four masked men with blackened faces are waiting to rob and murder her, and then whisk her off into a private lunatic asylum. She remembers now see-



She turns and charges down the aisle.



REJECTED ADDRESSES.

DISAPPOINTED SUITOR—"Well! That's what I call treating a man badly behind his back!"

APPROPRIATE PRESENTS FOR EVERYBODY.

- For your sweet-heart—A kiss.
- For your minister—A pair of slippers.
- For your enemy—A box of bad cigars.
- For your friend—A three-weeks-old pup.
- For your wife—A receipted bill for her last bonnet.
- For your husband—A nice card sprinkled with angels and stars

If you adhere to the above rules it will cost you very little, yet everybody will think that you meant it all for the best, and the next year they will each of them give you something better.

HE MEANT WELL.

"What kind of a horn are you going to take with the house?" asked the bartender, setting them up.

"Shure," replied Pat; "ez it's Christmas, Oi giss Oi'll toike a grane horn."

ing the conductor go out at that door, and beckon her to follow him. He is in league with the robbers. She will gain the rear door or die. She crashes and plunges through the incoming procession, leaving a chaotic wreck of raiment and baggage in her wake, and reaches the door at last, herself a wreck. With a triumphant glare at the baffled conductor, who has come into the car to look for her, the dear old soul backs down the car steps, hangs on to the hand rail, and reaching down and out with one foot, feels around for the planet we inhabit. Finding the globe at last, she taps it cautiously with her foot once or twice, to make sure that it is there, and will not suddenly shoot away into space as she comes down, and so descends, stands safely on the platform, and in her blessed old heart gives grateful thanks for safe deliverance, and carries her sweet old face, her many bundles and her capacious pockets up to some home that will lose three-fifths of its sunshine when grandma makes her last journey and is received without a bundle or package, a trouble or a fear, by the angels who must sometimes grow a little impatient waiting for her.



HIS SENSE OF SMELL GONE.

COLOGNE FAKIR—"Sweet violet and jockey club all for the small sum of"—  
 JONES—"Git out! Wha's the good ob such trash to a man who's got 'is 'ed corked up with hay fever all the year round?"



"THERE'S A NIGGER IN"  
Cleveland's Free Trade Message has been received in England with

ude!



**"GGER IN THE WOOD-PILE!"**  
 and in England with great enthusiasm both by the Press and the People.

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO CO. N.Y.

THE DIAMOND EDITION DREADFUL'S NEW YEAR'S.

Say'n if a feller's gone an' had the mumps a Christmas an' couldn't chew taffy, hadn't he oughter have a jim dandy New-year's? I don't. I don't have nuthin' slick but lickin's at school an' wallopin's at hum. I'm sick of hum, I am, an' I wante skip, I do. But I don't skip. Why don't I skip? Cause I got a sister what's got a feller who wears a green necktie, an' I'm jess a layin' shady fur that green tie, I am. But 'bout this New-year's biz. Let me give you a pointer. Things hain't what they seem, leastwise not in my case by a long shot. I wante turn over a new leaf. I wante be a good boy, but them Sunday school teachers don't wante let me do the grand flop. They would sorter peyunk out for powder, you see, if they didn't have me to point out as a bad boy example. Well, I made up my mind I'd go for 'em jist once an' be an alfred good boy to spite 'em. What'd I do? Found out where the Sunday-school lesson was a week 'fore Laud, an' went at it like sixty. I laid off on slidin', and didn't even fire a friz snowball at the poor ole apple woman what's got a cripple son who can make the boss tisser paper berloons. I got that lesson, I got them verses down so fine that you couldn't stick a pin in nary a word but what I could say it back'ards or for'ards. I spun them bible verses out to the tune of "Sally in our Alley" and "Pop's Hoofsteps." I was dead perfect on that lesson, an' laid myself out to make a splurge in Sunday school. Say, 'n' I wante tell you all 'bout it so 't you can write it up and let folks know what a teeny show a bad boy has now. days for bein' good. Ma greased my hair an' pa give me a nickel to put in the box. Then I waltzed down to the church with my book under my arm an' a big idear under my hat to make a show. Did I? Say, 'n' I wante tell you how 't came out. There wasn't no class for me. I was sot ail 'lone by myself under the organ what kept wheezin' out "Hark from the Dismal Tombs." Then the sup'tendent :ot up an' said he was glad the lost sheep had come back. I knowed he meant me, an' I got sick an' sneaked out an' changed my nickel for cents an' played *ante*. Why 'n dernashun can't a feller do the grand on New-year's without sumbody pokin' mean things at him?

H. S. KELLER.

WHY THEY DO IT.

"What makes you men always swear off about this time of the year and promise your wives to turn over a new leaf?" asked Mrs. Cobwigger. "I suppose," replied Cobwigger, "it is because they are apt to have such a big head the day after New Year."



HORSE, CART AND HIMSELF RULED OUT.

FARMER GIDNEY (who has sold a load of hay to a neighbor)—"Some folks might call it cheatin' ter weigh in th' pitchfork, but, by gum! I'm goin' ter git that five-cent piece back, hook or crook."



NOT EXACTLY IN ACCORD.

McKENZIE—"What a delightful thing it would be if some one would invent a new figure for the german." MISS LAKER (from Cincinnati)—"Wouldn't it? They're so awfully stout, as a race."

NEW YEAR PHILOSOPHY.

Santa Claus doesn't call on New Year.  
 A diary soon becomes a troublesome friend  
 The diary contains many an unfinished story.  
 This is the time when the gobbler gets gob bled up.  
 Jack Frost never forgets to give us one and all a call.  
 It doesn't take long to outlive the best of resolutions.  
 We are apt to forget the things we should be thankful for.  
 The people who are the least thankful often have the biggest turkey.  
 The greedy boy sometimes gets sick just before the New Year dinner.  
 The postman's compliments of the season are not free from suspicion.  
 This is the season when the darky likes to kill two birds with one stone.  
 As we grow older we find it more difficult to get a new leaf to turn over.  
 The convivial caller finds the ground grow ing more slippery after each call.  
 One has to be a good customer to get a free drink from the barkeeper on New Year.  
 The promiscuous caller finds himself in a great many places where he is not wanted.  
 The man with a poor appetite cannot appreciate this auspicious season at its full worth.  
 In turning over a new leaf we find ourselves swearing off the same things year after year.  
 It is hard luck when the late caller, who climbs up a slippery stoop with maudlin step, finds only a basket to welcome him.

JAMES JAY O'CONNELL.

JUDGE AND THE PLAY.

A misnomer—How can the boy be a musical or any other kind of prodigy when he is hawf man? Eh!

Lilian Russell says she drinks glycerine and beef tea to improve her voice. Lilian has an oily tongue.

Lilian Olcott took the first prize at a western cattle show last week.—It is but proper to remark that Lilian is the name of a cow belonging to one of the Michigan exhibitors.

Young Hofmann, whose claim to the title of boss prodigy has been further demonstrated by his ability to write on the typewriter in three languages, has failed signally to pound out the word "damn" fast enough after the bell has rung and he discovers that he has been writing on the same line for ten minutes. It is only the impetuous American youth who can get away with time and the language on such occasions.

Talking about prodigies, Mr. J. M. Hill, the good-natured manager of the Union-square theatre, has discovered one in a boy recently engaged by him for office work. Mr. Hill put an advertisement in one of the morning papers for a boy, and among the answers thereto received the following:

"Im twelve years old and im a orfan. I haint got no father and i haint got no mother. Im a a boy. I haint got no brother and i haint got nothin. Im all alone and I got to hustle. Beats h— how hard times is."

It is needless to say that the writer secured the job.

What JUDGE's readers should see—"In the Fashion" at Wallack's, "Elaine" at the Madison-square, "A Run of Luck" at Niblo's, the minstrels at Dockstader's, "Madelon" at the Casino, the Booth-Barrett company at the Academy, "The Corsair" at the Bijou, "Pete" at the Park, Richard Mansfield at the Fifth-avenue, and "The Henrietta" at the Union-square.

Mr. J. N. Donnelly has started in on a career as an impresario, and thus far has been eminently successful in catering to the public taste in the general quality of his Sunday evening concerts.

"Pete" is Edward Harrigan's best play, and the author's acting in it, especially in the second act, is a genuine poem. The music of the piece is full of fun and sentiment, and the song "The Old Barn Fun" is of itself worth a walk of five miles over a corduroy road to hear. If Mr. Howells ever sees "Pete" he will congratulate himself on having diagnosed Mr. Harrigan's Dickensism more correctly than he imagined.

The advertising agency of Mr. S. R. Niles, Boston, has been in existence under one style longer than any other house in this line in America, Mr Niles having personally conducted it for over twenty-five years. His excellent judgment and business methods have proved of the highest value to his clients, and his engagements have always been promptly met in full. Such an honorable record deserves remark, and we take pleasure in testifying to the cordial relations existing between this agency and the newspaper publishers of America.

Every married woman gets so accustomed to being accused of mislaying any article that her husband cannot immediately put his hands on that she would not be surprised, should the house be annihilated by a cyclone, to hear him ask, "What have you done with it?"—*Boston Journal of Education.*

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BALTIMORE MD., 7 N. Charles Street.

THE CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

The Christmas JUDGE is an issue that will sell in large quantities. The splendid work of art that accompanies it is alone worth the price asked. Besides this it has many good things, making it a literary feast worthy of the event this number inaugurates.—*The Newsman.*

Those who have the good fortune to see the Christmas number of our hilarious contemporary, the JUDGE, will be sure of good cheer whether they get any other presents or not.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

The Christmas number of the JUDGE is an extra fine one. In addition to its usual amount of witty sayings, hard hits and good take offs, it is handsomely and appropriately illustrated. Price 25 cents—and it is well worth the money.—*Norwalk (Ohio) Reflector.*

We are in receipt of the Christmas JUDGE, with its six pages of colored illustrations. It is a beautiful and artistic piece of work and reflects great credit upon its enterprising publishers.—*Amsterdam (N. Y.) Recorder.*

The Christmas JUDGE, with its six colored cartoons and double the quantity of illustrations and reading matter, is the finest thing ever issued in this country in the way of comic literature. The addition of a handsome copy of framing of Rosa Bonheur's celebrated painting, the "Horse Fair," which is given to each purchaser of this number, leaves little to be desired.—*Candlen (N. Y.) Advance-Journal.*

The Christmas number of the JUDGE is bright and sparkling, and has already met with a large sale. It is just such a publication as the people want, and reflects great credit upon its able manager, Mr. William J. Arkell. The JUDGE of to-day is very different from that of a few years ago, due entirely to a progressive and wide-awake management. Its corps of artists, headed by that excellent manipulator of the crayon, Gillam, has no superior in this country, and its letterpress matter, over which Editor Gregory presides, is first-class in every respect. The JUDGE deserves all the prosperity it is meeting with.—*Albany Argus.*

The Christmas number of the JUDGE is a feast of good things. There are some capital examples of Irish and negro fun. The cover is a handsome picture in itself, and the colored cartoons are tastefully done. The special feature of this number is a reproduction in colors of Rosa Bonheur's great painting of the "Horse Fair," which Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This is in style and size adapted for framing.—*Milford (Mass.) Gazette.*

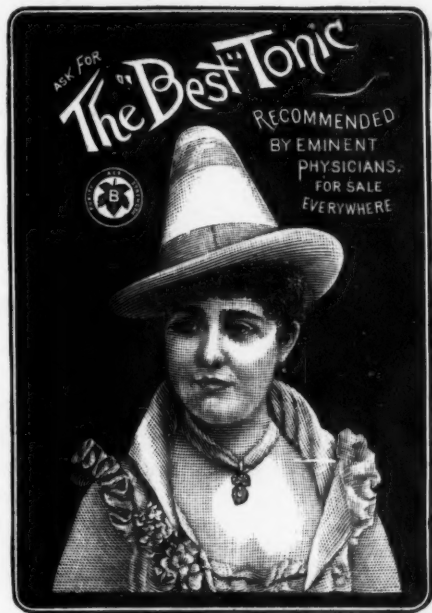
America can justly take a pride in her weekly illustrated periodicals that mainly confine their energies to portraying the amusing things of life. In England, France and Germany the public are reminded far in advance that special efforts will be made for their delectation in the holiday issues, and they prepare to pucker. Here in America the true idea of wit is exemplified in the nature of a surprise and not overwrought expectation stated by lengthy advance diagnosings. The Christmas issues of JUDGE, Puck and Life, it may be said without fear of dispute, will easily out- rival any similar transatlantic publications. JUDGE has a striking title-page in dark-blue wintry tint, with a roseate vignette of Santa Claus. Every page is filled with pictures, poetry and miscellany, and several full-page color-tints illustrate humorous episodes.—*Chicago In-ter-Ocean.*

To paraphrase a good divine's famous remark about the strawberry, doubtless a publisher could get out a more attractive humorous paper than the Christmas JUDGE, but doubtless a publisher never did. If past issues hadn't been so uniformly good one might believe the JUDGE people had saved up all their brightest things for this number. It is of extra size, is filled with very clever things, has a beautiful cover, and costs only 25 cents, which would be a low price for the excellent lithograph of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," given with the number.—*Buffalo Express.*

The Christmas number of JUDGE is out, and you will want a copy. It contains forty pages of humorous prose and verse, handsomely illustrated, and has as a supplement a fac-simile in colors of the famous "Horse Fair" by Rosa Bonheur. All newsdealers have it at 25 cents.—*Tonkers Gazette.*

Publisher Arkell has kindly remembered his brethren of the press with the Christmas number of his inimitable JUDGE. Brother Arkell has reason to be proud of this number, for it contains the finest specimens of chromo-lithography ever seen in any paper in this country. The illustrations are superb specimens of artistic design and typothetic workmanship, while the letter-press, under the manipulation of the mischievous Gregory, is as brilliant, sparkling and wicked as ever. The JUDGE, under the magic wand of Mr. Arkell, has proven a veritable bonanza. Who can fail to appreciate its saucy pictures, even if they do sometimes cross our political grain?—*Syracuse Courier.*

The Christmas JUDGE is a very handsome holiday number.—*Troy Budget.*



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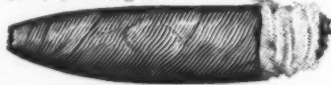
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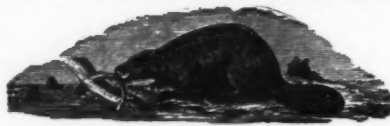
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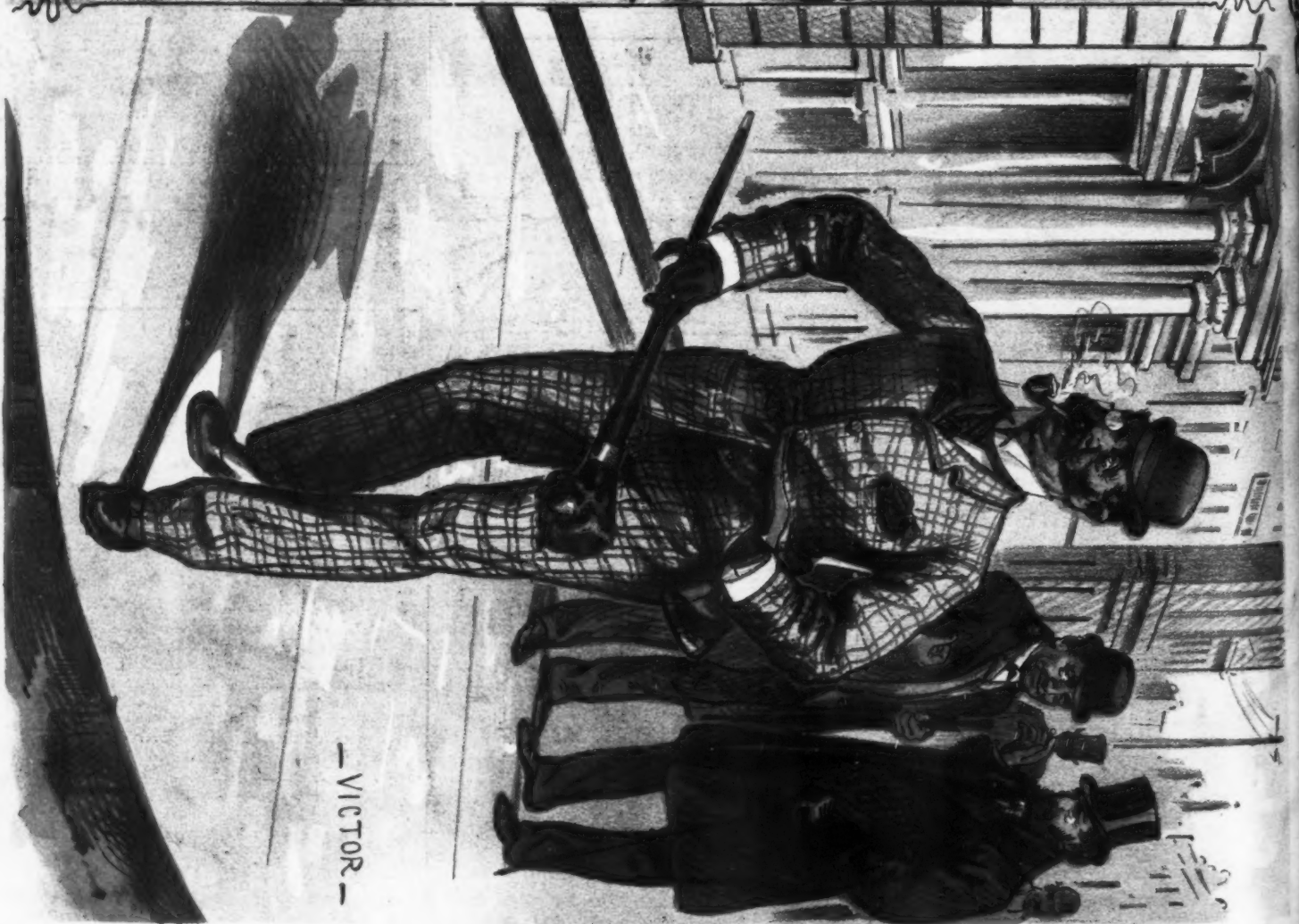
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