WEHMAN BROS. 10 CTS. HANDY SERIES JOKES AND STORIES

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Hebrew Yarns, Jokes and Stories



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HEBREW YARNS.

INSULTED.

Jake-"I was shust insulted." Jake-"Oud vere I lif in Jersey I vas asked ter Meyer-"Vot vos id?" choin der fire debartment."

An Irishman, an Englishman and a Hebrew were telling of their strange experiences and how they were mistaken for great men.

"Would you baylave it," the Irishman said, "I was

mistaken for ex-President Roosevelt."

The Englishman turned to his fellow countryman. "That's nothing," he said, "I was once mistaken for President Wilson."

"Huh?" the Hebrew said. "I vas standing on the street corner the other day and a cop came along and said to me, 'Holy Moses, are you here again?' -Kramer and Kent.

THE BOWERY.

A Hebrew to a passerby said: "Right on the inside, mine frendt, und I vill sell sell you a very scheap gote."

"A what?" said the man.

"A suit of glose, a gote, or anything in de cloting line. Gom inside, mister. Dere is a gote you don't see every day. Lined and gerbined, of der best goods in der markid. Look at der fit! Dwelve toltars fur der gote! Dirdt scheap!"

"I'll give you three," said the customer.

"Dree tollar! Speak low, mine goot frendt, mine brudder Abie is in der back room, und he has der heart disease; do you vant to kill him? Rachel. glose der door !"

"This coat has a peculiar smell, it must be dyed." "Mine friend," confidentially whispered the He-

brew, "dot's me you schmell, not der gote!"

"I'll give you three dollars for the coat." "I couldn't do id."

"Well, then we can't trade."

"Take it for five tollar. Id's a pargain." "Give you three." (Leaving the store). "Come pack, mine friend, der gote is yours."

The purchaser puts on the coat and leaves the store. After he gets out on the pavement he finds that the garment is very much moth-eaten. He comes back in a hurry. The Hebrew meets him at the door and rubs his hands together.

"Ah, ha! mine friendt, you vos so pleased mit der gote dot you gome back to puy der resdt of der suit."

"No, I didn't," says the disgusted buyer. "This coat is full of moths."

"Vat ?"

"Full of moths—see? Look at these holes."

"You vos misdaken, mine dear friendt."

"No, I'm not; look at this; moths by the dozen." "Vell, mine dear friendt, vat did vou expect, did you expect ter find der gote full of mocking pirds for

dree tollars?"

Rothschild (seeing his son returning from school crying)-"Vhat's der matter, mein sohn?"

Son-"Der teacher shtruck me, fadder."

Rothschild (putting his hand in his pocket)-"For how much?"



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