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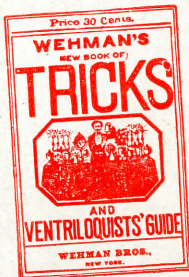
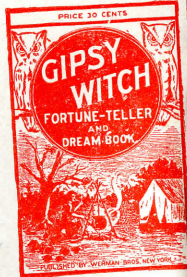
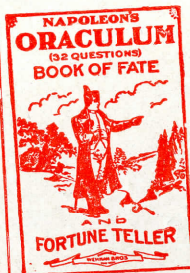
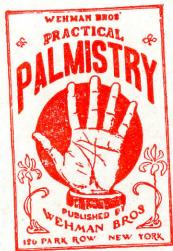
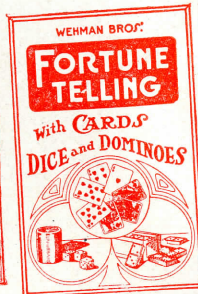
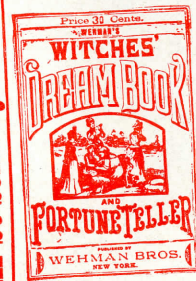
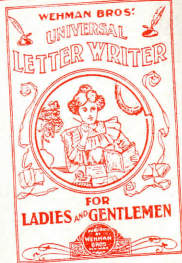
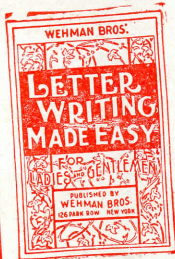
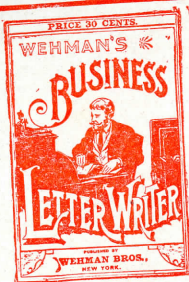
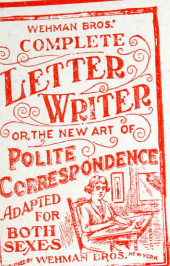
COOPER'S
YANKEE HEBREW
and
ITALIAN



DIALECT
Readings & Recitations

PUBLISHED BY
WEHMAN BROS.,
NEW YORK.

Dream Books, Letter-Writers, Trick Books, 30 Cents Each.



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COOPER'S YANKEE, ITALIAN and HEBREW DIALECT Readings and Recitations

COMPILED AND ARRANGED
By GEORGE COOPER.

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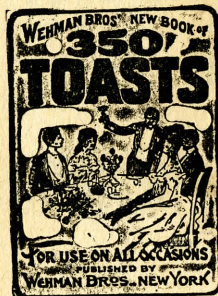
350 TOASTS, No. 1

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

HEY, MEN! HEY, BOYS! (and GIRLS on the "Q. T.")

In order to be in the swim, you must be able to toast any person, male or female, or to respond to any sentiment announced by the toastmaster, and as very few persons are prepared to do this on the spur of the moment, we have gotten up this book to help them to obviate their shortcomings in that respect when attending dinners, suppers, banquets, parties, feasts, festivals, stages, carousals, or, in fact, any kind of entertainment where toasts are in order. Better send 20 cents and get No. 2 also. See the announcement of No. 2 below.

The following specimen toasts were extracted from this book:



Here's health to the girl
Who will drink when she can:
Here's health to the girl
Who will "rush the tin can,"
And health to the girl
Who can dance the can-can—
'Tis the canny toast
Of an uncanny man.

Here's to a bird, a bottle
And an open-work stocking.
There's nothing in this
That's so very shocking.
The bird came from Jersey,
The bottle from France,
The open-work stocking
Was seen at a dance.

350 TOASTS, No. 2

PRICE, 10 CENTS, POST-PAID.

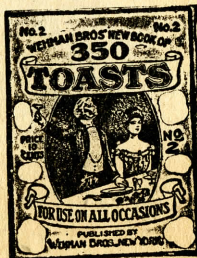
What we have said about Toast Book No. 1, above, applies equally as well to Toast Book No. 2. This book contains 350 toasts entirely different from those contained in No. 1, but equally as good. Better send 20 cents and get Nos. 1 and 2. See the announcement of No. 1 above.

The following specimen toasts were extracted from this book:

Give me a brook, a summer night,
A shady nook by moon's soft light;
A girl who's sweet and fair to see—
And you can leave the rest to me.

Here's to girls of every station,
Throughout our Yankee nation.

Here's to the breeze that blows the skirt
Of girl, revealing ankles pert,
Here's to angels in the skies,
That blow the dust in bad man's eyes.



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COOPER'S YANKEE, ITALIAN AND HEBREW

DIALECT

Readings and Recitations.

The Country Store.

You may vaunt your snug tap-rooms in Winter,
Your saloons and clubhouses galore,
But, for solid, good old fast toned loafing,
There's no place like the old country store.
Sizz, sizzle and sizz on the stove base!
The chowers the smokers outrag;
Crops, politics, peanuts and twaddle,
With a joke from the privileged wag;
Till a cold draught alone from the window or door,
Can the sitters disturb in the ould country store.

Dry wit, if wet boots, must come with you,
If you'd corruscate here, let me say,
For, if 'chop logic rules for a minute,
Horse sense up and down's come to stay.
Creak, creakity-creak! Rustle, rustle!
The boss talker's wriggling his chair.
Drop newspapers, almanacs, handbills,
There's hair-splitting speech in the air,
Oh, there's lots to make intellect skim, dive or soar
Round the cylinder stove of the old country store!

"Jeff, whack in some coal! Want to freeze us?
What did Miss Martin want with them tacks?
She haint got a new carpet, hez she?
An' the shoemakin' bizness so lax?"
Puff, puff! and smoke rings by the dozens.
Have the smokers the chowers outstripped?
"The Widow Brown's speckled hen's droopin',
An' Lizzy White's feller hez skipped.
An' they do say"—"Leave that to the wimmin, Sam Moore;
Scand'lin' don't suit the crowd in this here country store."

"Who's scand'lin', jedge? Ain't you partic'lar?
By the way, did you hear that Smith's Matt—"
"He'd run off with Snyder's Mariar?
By gum! I knowed it'd be that
When I seed 'em so sneaky all Summer
A grindstunnin' spoons to a edge.
An' they do say Matt's fond of his cider—"
"Who's scand'lin' now, 'want to know, jedge?"
So the rig's on the rigger, and, all in a roar,
Wisdom's sandwiched with mirth in the old country store.

Train time! a shrill blast in the distance,
Meaning letters from "York" coming in.
Half the chairs, as by magic, deserted,
And the postmaster busy as sin.
"What ails that ere mail pouch, Erastus?
Hez a ellerphunt stepped on it, think?"
"Roads blocked an' no through train expected."
"Wall, fetch some coal, quick as a wink!"
Oh, there's never a place to be bored and to bore
For your money's full worth like the old country store.

NATHAN D. URNET.

A Bootblack Describes a Play.

Two small boys were looking at the large black and red posters on the boards in front of a Bowery variety theatre. The larger of the boys wore a man's overcoat, the sleeves of which had been shortened by rolling them up till his red and grimy hands protruded. The big coat was open in front, revealing a considerable expanse of cotton shirt. His hands were thrust in his trousers' pockets. The visor of his heavy wool cap had come loose, except at the ends, and it rested on his nose. His smaller companion wore a jacket and trousers that were much too small even for him. His hat was of black felt and of the shape of a sugar loaf. His eyes were round with wonder at the story his friend in the big overcoat was telling him. It seemed to be a synopsis of the play, scenes in which were pictured on the boards.

"This duffer," said the boy, taking one hand from his pockets and pointing to the picture of a genteel man with a heavy black mustache, "is the vill'n. It begins wid him comin' on the stage, and sayin':

"What, ho! Not here yet!"

"Then an Eyetalian wid big whiskers—he's the vill'n's pal—comes on, and the vill'n tells him the girl mus' be did away wid, so he can get the boodle.

"How mucha you giv-a?" says the Eyetalian.

"Five thousand dollars," says the vill'n, and they makes the bargain. The Eyetalian is goin' to make b'lieve that the

girl is his'n, git her away f'm her friends, and kill her. While they is makin' the bargain a Dutchman comes out, an' says he:
"Maybe yer don't vas tink I haf heard sometings, don't it? I vill safe dot girl!"

"The next scene is in a big, fine house. An' old woman all dressed up swell is tellin' a young feller that the girl is heir to fifty thousand dollars, an' dey don't know who her fader and mudder was. The young feller tells his mudder that he don't care who her folks was, an' that he'll marry her anyway, even if she is blind. The ole woman goes out, and a be-youtiful girl comes in, pawin' the air 'cause she's blind and can't see, and says she to the young chap:

"It can't never be!"

"The feller don't b'lieve her, and tells her she's given' him guff. After a lot of coaxin'she owns up that she is, an' he spreads out his fins and hollers:

"Then you do love me, Marie?" and she tumbles.

"Then an ole man wid a white wig comes in—he's the doctor—an' he looks at the girl's eye an' says that he can cure 'em, but it may kill her. He takes out two bottles and says:

"In this is sump'n that'll put yer into a sleep. Will yer risk it?"

"Be this me answer," said the girl, an' she swallows the bottle an' tips over on the lounge.

"Just before the doctor is goin' to fix her eyes, the Eyetalian jumps in an' says:

"Where is mai poor childa?" an' he won't let the doctor do anythin'. There is a big row, an' the Dutchman comes in an' says:

"She don't vas his child."

"But the Eyetalian lugs her off, an' the vill'n—he turns out to be her cousin—gets all the money.

"The next scene is in the street. The Eyetalian an' the be-youtiful girl all dressed in rags comes along, and she says:

"I'm s-o-o tired."

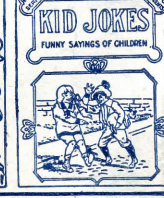
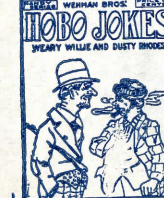
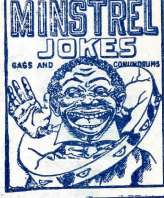
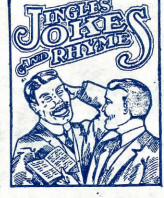
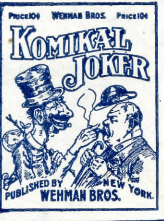
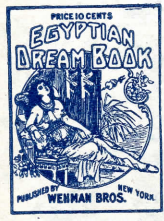
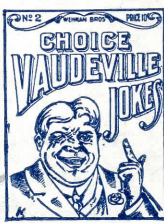
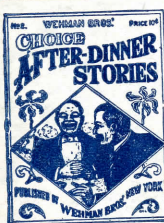
"How mucha money you gotta?" says the Eyetalian, an' she says she haint got no money. Then he goes to kill her, an' the Dutchman hops out an' yells:

"You macaroni dago, an' the Eyetalian lights out.

"The Dutchman he takes the girl into his house, an' comes out into the street. The girl's feller comes along, an' while they is talkin' the Eyetalian sneaks back and steals the girl away. But the Dutchman's dog follows him and shows the way to the cop an' the Dutchman when they finds out that the girl is gone. They find her in a place where lots of Eyetalians is playin' poker. There's a big row agin, an' the girl is took out and carried back to her home. In the row the Eyetalian gets all chawed up by the Dutchman's dog, the cop lugs him off, an' he's sent up for ten years.

"In the last act the girl's eyes has been fixed, an' she's sittin' on the piizzer. The papers has been found an' the vill'n

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