

1913

Mutt & Jeff Divorced

Clarence M. Jones

Irene Cooke

Leo Friedman

E. Clinton Keithley, 1880-1955;

Burnett Wilkie

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MUTT & JEFF

Divorced

A
**GUS
HILL**
PRODUCTION



**BUD FISHER'S
MUSICAL
CARTOON COMEDY
SUCCESS**



PRICE 25¢

HAROLD ROSSITER MUSIC COMPANY
Chicago — New York — U. S. A.

COMING SOON - GUS HILL'S ^{BIG CITY} MINSTRELS

GREATEST MINSTREL PRODUCTION OF THE AGE

RED-HOT JOKES—JUST OFF THE FIRE

"I am connected with the company."
"Yes, my mother was married by a woman
in that city."

"Have you ever changed?"
"Look at my hair."
"I notice you've had your hair cut.
What's your barber's name?"
"You like his work, city?"
"No, I want to work my friends against
him."



"You'd better laugh before you get mar-
ried."
"Why?"
"Because you don't get a chance after-
ward."
"You don't say so."
"It's the truth. Do you know that
father only laughed once after he mar-
ried mother?"
"When was that?"
"When she caught her tongue in the
writer."

"I had you in my power at the
beginning of the book."
"What did he have to say?"
"O, life away to the post."

"How many make a million?"
"Very few."

"I've got a horse that can go to beat
the best."
"When the head must be on feet."

"I have you were in a fight today."
"I had a fight, but I wasn't in it."

"You say your mother has the mumps;
you want to look out—mumps are con-
tagious."
"Who's my stepmother—she wouldn't
give me anything."

"The man who was run over by the
carriage the other day is now out of danger."
"That's good."
"He died this morning."

"My, that is a small suit. You're a
credit to your tailor."
"You're wrong. Now that I've got the
suit I'm a credit to my tailor."

"I see they're getting shabby down,
pretty shabby."
"Yes, but they're still having lots of
trouble getting them up."

"Why doesn't your brother get the book
you wrote?"
"Why didn't I write."

"What is next to an oyster?"
"The shell."

"I have a suit of clothes for every day
in the week."

"Where are they?"
"This is it I have on."

"Chicago is a beautiful city. Would
you believe it, today was the first time I
ever saw a patrol wagon."
"How did you like it?"
"Why, I was carried away with it."

"What is the difference between an
elephant and a mosquito?"
"What is the difference?"
"The sleep."

"How did you lose your hair?"
"Wavy."
"What did you worry about?"
"About losing my hair."

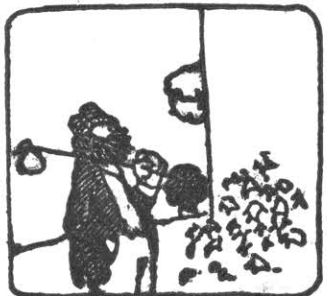
"Did you ever take a horse trip?"
"Once."
"Where did you go?"
"Straight over on my neck."

"What do you do for a living?"
"O, I have a flock of trained mos-
quitoes."
"Trained mosquitoes?"
"Certainly. One of them, Little Mike, is
especially handy down. He's like Rocky-
Holla."

"What do you mean?"
"He'll sting you in the ear."
"O, let me see him."
"I can't, he's home."
"Little Mike—home? No?"
"Yes."
"But how?"
"It's this way. One mosquito lives on
a horse's ear, one lives on a postman, one
on a nigger's ear, and—"

"Yes, yes; go on."
"And Little Mike always stung on an
almond, and last night, last night he—"
"O!"
"He went off his nut."
"I suppose your Brilliance will be im-
paired now?"

"O, no, I am an author."
"You say?"
"Yes, I do."
"I remember now—I saw a picture in
the Sympar!"
"O, you think me?"
"Aw, you think me first."



"Do you know anything about me?"
"O, yes, I know you!"

"What does your father do?"
"Father is a traveling man."
"I'll bet your mother's jealous of him."
"She is; father is in wrong for life."
"No!"
"Yes. It happened thus: Father was
going from Chicago to St. Paul and he
found that the sleeper was crowded and
thought himself lucky to have a berth.
In the car was a poor old lady almost 80.
Father never could see a lady stand, so
he gave up his sleeping car bed to her, in-
tending to take the next train."
"Well, what was there in that to make
a wife jealous?"

"Why, then he went out and sent this
telegram to his wife: 'Won't be home
until later; gave berth to an old lady.'"



"Have you ever seen any races?"
"Many of them."
"What was the dearest race you ever
saw?"
"The Scotch."

Sometimes I feel lonely, so to while
away the hours I've been saying tobacco
coupons. For three thousand coupons I
can get either a husband or a carpet
sweeper. I think I'll take a husband, be-
cause I can wipe up the floor with him
instead.

Men get on this because they were
ground first. But they consider it a
great experiment always failures. Then
again, woman has been accused of mak-
ing a fool out of men. Well, if she did
she found her task half completed be-
fore she ever began.

Some men consider a husband neces-
sary to their happiness. But let me tell
you one thing, girls. If any of you should
get disappointed in having some poor
grape horse's a good substitute. Get a dog
that growls all morning, a parrot that
screams all afternoon, and a cat that stings
all night and you'll know exactly
what married life is.

"Are you fond of a joke?"
"Why, I hardly know you."
"I mean a joke that you laugh at."
"You're the funniest thing I've seen
 lately."
"You don't know what an impres-
sion you've made on me."
"And you don't know what an impres-
sion my big brother will make on you
when I tell him you've been trying to
do with me."
"Your big brother had better be care-
ful. I'm somewhat of a boxer."
"What boxing have you ever done?"
"I used to box signs for a tobacco
company."

The other day I met a lady on the
street and she said: "Excuse me, but
don't you Oscar Fryd? Do you know
from your pictures I supposed you were
a whole lot bigger than you are. Some-
how I could never love a short man."
"What?" I said. "It's better to have
been a tall man that never to have
been a short man that never to have
been a tall man."

I just met a Boston "highbrow." He
said: "You should have your hair
adornment removed from your counte-
nance." I said: "Come again, please."
He said: "Here's a nickel; get a shave."
So I went into a 5-cent barber shop. The
barber shaved me so fast I thought he
was trying to break a record. So I
says to him: "What's your hurry?" He
said: "I must get finished before the
boss gets back. He doesn't allow me to
shave customers yet." And I bars it.

After plying a razor over my face with
the same delicacy of touch that a stone-
cutter would use in chiseling out a tomb-
stone, the amateur barber said to me:
"And what will you have on your face
after I finish shaving you?" I said:
"I'll be lucky if I still have my lips and
ears on my face."

On account of the fashionable cut of
my garments I am sometimes mistaken
for a millionaire. Only the other day a
spinster of uncertain age approached me
and said: "We're getting up a raffie
for a poor tramp. Won't you take a
ticket?" "No, mum," says I; "I wouldn't
know what to do with a poor tramp if
I won him."

And yet I manage to extract a great
deal of fun out of life. The other evening
I was at a surprise party, and we played
"Puss in the corner." Somebody slapped
me in the "puss" and I lay in the "cor-
ner" all night.

The party was given by the "Friendly
Sons of St. Patrick." I supposed to think
what might have happened if they had
been unfriendly. Still, I'm accustomed
to ups and downs; I used to be an actor.
I once appeared in a play called "The
Seaman's Bride, or Warm Hearts but
Cold Feet." I was supposed to elope with
the bride, whereupon the husband-shooes
me. But the woman who played the
bride was so excessively homely that in-
stead of shooting me the husband should
have rewarded me. He was supposed to
shoot me in the third act. But one night
the audience beat him to it and tried to
shoot me in the first act. So I gave up
beforehand.



"Don't you find New Yorkers hard on
a fellow from the country?"

"Not much. City folks can't stick a
spike. It's only on the stage that such
things happen. Why I have made my
cupcakes every day I've been in New York
selling eggs."

"How do you do that?"

"Well, you see, I buy 'em for 25 cents
a dozen at any old store and then I ped-
dle them about and sell them as strictly
fresh eggs I have brought in from the
farm. City folks always know I'm from
the country, so I thought that I might
make some money off their 'know it all
idea."

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HAROLD ROSSITER'S POPULAR COLLECTION OF

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

2

THAT BASEBALL RAG

Words by
DAVE WOLFF

Music by
CLARENCE JONES

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, featuring a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

VAMP section with piano accompaniment. The right hand has a rhythmic pattern, and the left hand provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: "Oh Mis-ter Fan Oh Mis-ter Fan Oh, what's the use Oh, what's the use".

Main vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Let's be on our way To the game to-day Oh Mis-ter man Of a wor-ried frown When a game's in town A good ex-cuse".

Final vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Oh Mis-ter man Could-n't miss my grand-ma's fun-er-al A good ex-cuse Is to be a base-ball man-i-ac".

HAROLD ROSSITER'S POPULAR COLLECTION OF

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

I've got the price I've got the price Of a bleacher seat I will stand the tree
 Just tell the boss Just tell the boss. You must see the "Doc" Sharp at three o'clock

To the big league ball game Let's go out and hol - ler with the fans
 Beat it to the ball park Get in line and hol - ler with the fans

CHORUS

Oh Oh that Glid - in' Base Ball Rag (See the pitcher throwing

(Spoken)

p - f

Strike 'em out you've got 'em going) Oh, Oh that Slid - in' Base Ball

HAROLD ROSSITER'S POPULAR COLLECTION OF

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

(Spoken)

Drag (Don't you be a quitter Show 'em you're a heavy hitter.) Some clas - sy

curves the pitch-er's twir-ling Go on Kid send one out a whirl-ling

Hey! Soak it out soak it out Make a home run Ball strike (Crack) Safe Mt

(Spoken)

First base make second you're a bird (Keep a going sonny, Make me win a lot of money)

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SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

(Spoken.)

Don't stop un - til you're touch-ing third (You're a holy terror Center fielder made an error)

Slide, slide, you've made a good be-gin-ning For you know that your team

al-ways makes a win-ning When you play ball and sing that Base Ball

Rag. Rag.

HAROLD ROSSITER'S POPULAR COLLECTION OF

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

Because I Love You Truly.

Poem by
BETH SLATER WHITSON.

Music by
IRENE COOKE.

Be - cause I love you tru - ly, Sweet-heart, the ros - es bloom, Through
 all the drear - y win - ter, And sun - light scat - ters gloom. The
 goid - en glow of sun - set, It seems, is bright - er too, And
 all the world is fair - er To m' be - cause of you. . . . re -
 cause I love you tru - ly, The shad - ows fade a - way, . . . My
 cares and sor - rows van - ish, As night be - fore the day; And
 through the chang - ing sea - sons My all you'll ev - er be, Be -
 cause I love you tru - ly And know that you love me.

p *acc.* *rall.* *a tempo.* *cresc.* *dim.* *rit.* *mf* *rall.* *a tempo.* *rall.* *ten.* *poco* *rall* *e - dim.*

HAROLD ROSSITER'S POPULAR COLLECTION OF

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

Somewhere a Heart is Breaking

And Calling Me Back to You.

Words by
MILTON WEIL.
Moderato.

Music by
LEO FRIEDMAN.

Come to me in my dream - ing, Come back to me once
If you knew I were lone - ly, Would you come back to

more..... Come with the love - light gleam - ing, Just as in
me?..... You were my one and on - - ly, In days that

days.... of yore..... I won - der if you want
used.... to be..... Ab - sence makes my heart fond - -

me, And if your heart is true,..... In dreams, your
er, Is it the same with you?..... Are you still

voice will haunt me, Till I come back to you.....
true, I won - der, And are you lone - some too?.....

CHORUS.

Some - where a heart is break - ing, And call - ing me back to you,.....

Fond mem - o - ries a - wak - ing Each hap - py hour we knew....

I hear a voice so ten - der, Mak - ing my dreams' come true;... Some-where a

heart is break - ing, And call - ing me back to you..... you.....

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Complete sheet music of this song sent upon receipt of 15 cents. Also published for mixed and male quartette at 15 cents per copy. Address orders to Harold Rossiter Music Co., 217, 219, 221 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

HAROLD ROSSITER'S POPULAR COLLECTION OF

SONG HITS OF THE DAY

BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

"From Here to Shanghai"

Parody by Glen Snelgrove

I always do a sneak,
The end of every week,
To the home of Li Chang Chor.
He has the finest "coke";
That's where I take my smoke,
And dream I sail the whole world o'er.

Chorus

I start for Shanghai in old China Town,
Where the queues hang down
All over the ground.
I'll sail through Egypt on the river Nile
In oriental style,
And woo the damsels fair,
And I'll see Scotland, France and the dear old Emerald
Isle,
And all the other countries will pass by all the while.
I'd sail to Heaven; knock at Peter's gate,
But my "coke's" all gone,
So I'll have to wait (another week).

"Huckleberry Finn"

Parody by Glen Snelgrove

There was a good cook in the town where I came from,
And she could cook the greatest pies,
And they would bring tears to your eyes.
She made for me once a Huckleberry Pie:
Oh, gee! 'twas good—it was "regular" food.
How I wish I could get more of that pie.

Chorus

Huckleberry Pie, I love my Huckleberry Pie,
I'd do most anything for some of that same pie.
I'd always sneak out in the kitchen
When the cook was not about
And grab my Huckleberry Pie.
Oh, how I love my Huckleberry Pie,
Without it I would surely die.
And if I didn't find it I would heave a sigh.
I wouldn't eat another thing; I'd simply starve myself
Till I could find another pie upon the shelf.
Oh, my dear Huckleberry Pie.

"Indiana"

Parody by Glen Snelgrove

I have always been a boozier,
Whisky, gin and beer,
Never take a drink of water,
It makes me feel so queer,
And when I am that way
The people always say:

Chorus

He's drunk again in Indiana,
He's as drunk as drunk can be.
The gleaming street lamps bright, guide him at night;
Each one looks like two or three.
The copper comes and he's arrested,
Through the streets he'll no more roam,
And he'll dream about the booze down on the Wabash,
In the jail of his Indiana home.

"Hawaiian Butterfly"

Parody by Glen Snelgrove

Somewhere in the city
I'm writing this "ditty"
To someone looking there for me
Among the robbers and crooked jobbers.
They think they've got me,
But they're too slow, so I'll go where they'll never
know.

Chorus

Those sleepy coppers—in their dreamy police stations,
They've searched over all the nation
To catch this coon, coon.
But I'm far too cute for them;
I'll out-wit their brightest men;
They seem to be fast asleep,
Waiting and dreaming in their old police stations.
Some time I am going to pay a call there,
With the police and captains all there;
Say "How'd you do," and wake them up, and then I'll
shake them,
And perhaps some day they'll find a way to catch this
Colored Butterfly.

"If You Ever Get Lonely"

Parody by Glen Snelgrove

I feel loney—I don't care;
I'm a crazy jay—I rave and tear my hair.
I have just escaped from out the "Bughouse";
I'm worth a million dollars in my mind,
But my mind is gone, so I'm broke.

Chorus

Don't you ever get loney?
Don't you ever act the fool?
Don't you ever think you're wealthy,
Think you've tons of cash, when you're mind's gone
smash?
Gee! it's great to be crazy, then you never feel blue.
They're on to me, I've got to flee, for you can see how
bad 'twould be,
But if you ever get loney
Remember I'm in the Bughouse, too.

"For Me and My Gal"

Parody by Glen Snelgrove

What a beautiful way,
To spoil a Perfect Day,
Mother-in-law's come to stay
For the month of May;
She weighs about a ton,
Tries to boss everyone—
She'll have us on the run
For the month of May.

Chorus

There'll be some swearing at me and my gal,
Black crepe we'll be wearing, both me and my gal.
Mother-in-law's been "knocking"
Something terrible and shocking,
And the climax was locking
Me out from my Sal.
She's for segregating both me and my gal—
Divorce court's waiting for me and my gal,
But maybe I will just pull a little stunt or two,
She'll wish she'd never monkeyed between us,
'Twixt me and my gal.

"Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Oh"

Parody by Glen Snelgrove

All the girls are crazy 'bout a certain little fad,
Altho' it's very, very bad,
They could be, oh, so good if they wanted to.
But they all, well understood 'bout looks and other
things.

Chorus

Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Oh, how they dress.
Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, they wear less and less.
They cut their waists low at the neck
And cut their skirts way up to—
Well, it's the limit. But, say, Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny,
It sure is great; it makes my heart just glow.
And while brains they have nix,
They are on to love's tricks,
And the men surely fall, Johnny, Oh.

"Goodbye Broadway: Hello, France"

Parody by Glen Snelgrove

Good-bye New York town, good-bye to old Broadway,
Your lights on cafes make the nights as light as day;
Ev'ry other person is learning to dance,
One steps and fox-trots have them entranced.
We were dancing all day,
But I at last must say,

Chorus

Good-bye Broadway, good-bye dane,
I sure had some time
Dancing all the live long day.
I surely did get mine:
All the boys would pick me out;
They seemed to like my style,
But good-bye Broadway, good-bye dance,
I won't forget you for a while.

"Poor Butterfly"

Parody by Glen Snelgrove

There's a story told of a little hotel man,
Sitting so quietly in his office every day.
He never liked to work,
A real old-style loafer he surely was,
Till a real live traveling-man came his way,
To his hotel came.
He asked for the best room that the hotel had,
And the way he punished food made the hotel man mad
The food was so high, the hotel man cried;
But the traveling-man simply wouldn't go away.

Chorus

How the butter would fly, and the beefsteak, too,
He made the butter fly, also oyster stew.
The traveler hollered for more,
The hotelkeeper got sore
And threw him out of the door,
And swore some, too.
He called him every name he could think of
And told him not to come back again;
But the traveler came right back,
Hit the keeper a whack,
And started to eat
And make the butter fly.

"In the Sweet Long Ago"

Parody by Glen Snelgrove

I'm getting tired of the up-to-date styles,
Everyone smiles—show more all the while.
Other girls think I am awful queer
'Cause I don't want to dress the new-fashioned way.

Chorus

Can't you bring back the old-style dresses,
The curly tresses of long ago;
Stop the fresh flirts, bring back the hook-skirts
Mother and daddy used to know.
If they still make the dresses shorter, they think they
ought to;
But I don't know.
But why should we grieve;
They are copying Mother Eye—
Eve wore less in the Sweet Long Ago.

"A Perfect Day"

Parody by Glen Snelgrove

When you've come to the end of a rainy day,
And you sit alone in your camp,
And the rain still pours and the lightning's flash
And your clothes are nice and damp,
Do you think what the joys of the "simple life"
Can mean to the city man?
You swear you are through with the camping stuff
And will return as soon as you can.

Well, this was the start of the "Perfect Day,"
Getting close to nature, too;
But it makes me sick just to think of it.
Gee, whiz, but I was blue.
The food turned bad and the milk was sour,
No matches to light my fire.
When the next man describes the joys of camping life
I shall tell him he's a —

"Joan of Arc"

Parody by Glen Snelgrove

I had a watch dog, a mangy watch dog,
I named him Jonah for a lark.
His look was savage, head like a cabbage,
He was afraid of the dark.
All the neighbors cursed him,
Barking every night,
The racket he made was a fright.

Chorus

Jonah's bark, Jonah's bark,
Every sound he would drown with his bark;
He would bark at everything he saw,
He would bark at his food whether cooked or raw.
Jonah's bark, Jonah's bark,
Kept it up from dawn till dark,
But the neighbors one night brought some dynamite,
And they stopped poor Jonah's bark.

POPULAR SONG HITS OF "MUTT AND JEFF DIVORCED"

OPENING CHORUS

Copyright, 1917, by Gus Hill, New York City.
Isn't it great in the country,
Isn't it great I say,
So many things that can be done,
Too awfully short is a day.
One thing we do, that's improve our health,
And the air builds one up, you feel fine.
And without your health, what good is your wealth,
Or women, or song, or wine.

There's beating and fishing and bathing, lawn-tennis,
Then there is golfing too,
You're surprised at the things you will do,
In the evening, Tuxedo for dinner,
If you don't you'll get many a glance,
For the real, real smart set,
Why they never forget
Etiquette; let me add there's the dance.

Let's be jolly, lets be gay,
All be happy, while we may.
Do not think about tomorrow,
Live your whole life today.
Laugh, the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone,
Cheer, the world will cheer with you,
Sink, you'll go down like a stone,
Cheer and the world will cheer with you,
Sink, down you'll go like a stone.

I'M A TWELVE O'CLOCK FELLOW

Copyright, 1917, by Harry Von Tilzer Music Co.,
New York City.

I have lived in this town for a good many years,
But I've always had Broadway ideas,
And I guess I was born to be a spot,
I worked two weeks in a summer resort,
I was just fifteen when I learned how to cuss,
I learned it driving the hotel bus,
I oughtn't to live in a town this size,
And I ain't ashamed to tell you that I'm too darned wise.

I'm a twelve o'clock fellow in a nine o'clock town,
And I don't wake up till the sun goes down,
I copy my clothes from Rogers Peet,
And I'm going to make a Broadway out of our
main street.
My Pa and Ma raised an awful howl,
'Cause all the rubes all nicknamed me, the owl,
There is nothing gets by me from the post office
down.

I'm a wide-awake fellow in a nine o'clock town.
Now they can't give a party, less'n I recite,
Got to have me if they want things right,
When it comes to dance, I ain't no fool,
I took twelve lessons from a correspondence school,
Licked the town constable took him down a peg,
You bet your life that I'm one bad egg,
The deacon won't speak and it makes me laugh,
Well, I ain't a bean to church in 'bout a week and a half.

I'm a twelve o'clock fellow in a nine o'clock town,
And there ain't nothin' stirring when I ain't around,
I don't chew much, but I smoke cigarettes,
I can play upon the organ and I sing quartets,
I wish there was, but I guess there ain't,
Just a couple of gals that powder and paint,
If the girls just saw me, they'd flock all around,
I'm a twelve o'clock fellow in a nine o'clock town.

WHEN I DO THIS, WHEN I DO THAT

Copyright, 1917, by Gus Hill, New York City.

It's funny when you're young and small,
How habit will mature;
'Tis seldom tee in after year,
That habit you can cure.
I'm no exception to this rule,
My habits beyond reach;
To break it how they tried at school,
That habit is a peach.
It never had a name,
But, it, I will explain.

CHORUS

When I do like this I mean it,
When I do like this I don't;
They say it's all effectiveness,
I could stop it, but I won't.
Doctor's said they'd cure me,
They would try, then leave me flat;
So when I do like this I mean it,
And I don't when I go like that.

If boys would want to hug and kiss,
Ma say don't you dare try,
Remember I'm a grown-up miss,
Then make believe I'd cry,
Boys knew my habit very well,
As grown-ups know it now;
So what's the use in breaking it,
And starting up a row;
I'm satisfied with it,
With some it makes a hit.

MISSISSIPPI

Copyright, 1917, by Wm. Jerome Music Pub. Co.,
New York City.

When I was seven years of age, I used to go to school,
And when it came to spelling, I was awful as a rule;
I couldn't spell a single word where S's were con-
cerned,
I've tried to overcome my lisp and success came in
return;
Now that word Mississippi was awful hard to spell,
But now I will convince you, that I can spell it well.

CHORUS

MISSISSIPPI;
That used to be so hard to spell,
It used to make me cry,
But since I've studied spelling,
It's just like pumpkin pie;
MISSISSIPPI.

A lot of words would puzzle me, banana was no cinch,
Sasaparilla—that was hard, though I'd spell it in a
pinch;
But words like Cincinnati, psychological and such,
Gee, when it came to spelling those I surely was in
Dutch;
I can't spell Cinderella, and sausages, that's tough,
But I can spell Mississippi and believe me that's
enough.

FINALE (One Act)

Copyright, 1917, by Gus Hill, New York City.

What's the matter, what's the matter,
Why this noise, so loud;
Why the clatter, why the clatter,
It brought in all this crowd,
We heard you argue, heard you fight,
We wish to know what is your plight;
So tell us quickly, then we'll go,
What is the matter, we must know.

They have found their dear little babies,
We have found our dear little babies,
They are Mother's pride and joy,
Come to us you little darlings,
You are Mother's only boy;
We have found you and now we're happy,
No more from us you will stray,
We love you tho' e'en you're scrappy,
We're thankful we've found you today,
We love you tho' e'en you're scrappy,
We're thankful we've found you today.

THERE'S ONLY ONE LITTLE GIRL

Copyright, 1917, by Gus Hill, New York City.

There's an old time song I know,
That I heard long ago,
There's only one little girl;
That's the song, I love it so,
I never could forget that song,
It's traveled with me right along,
There's only one little girl;
In my heart it goes ding dong,
I never knew how really true,
That little song would be to me,
Until a girl came with a whirl—
And captured all my sympathy.
The other night I sat up rather late,
And brought that old time ditty up-to-date.

CHORUS

There's only one little girl,
Beneath the sun, little girl;
I've never fallen for any one girlie before,
And I'll bet, that I've met
A million or more;
There's only one little girl;
Look what you've done, little girl—just see
You've turned my life into a Shakespeare show,
You've got me acting like a Romeo,
And it's breaking my heart,
Because it's all reality;
There's only one girl, one little girl for me.

As a boy I sure was strong
For that good old fashioned song,
There's only one little girl;
I could sing it all day long,
Oh, how I loved that melody,
It was an awful hit with me,
There's only one little girl;
In my mind, 'twill ever be—
The songs we know may come and go,
These ditties of the street,
Since the days of ninety-four
No song has been so sweet,
The other night while sitting all alone,
I wrote this little version of my own.

COTTON PICKIN' TIME IN ALABAMA

Copyright, 1917, by Wm. Jerome Music Pub. Co.,
New York City.

Hear those whistles blowing
Out on Mobile bay,
Everybody's going
Down to Alabama today;
Here comes the train
That will bring me back again—
Sammy.

CHORUS

When those southern bands begin to play,
You'll see those darkies running down the quay, say
Here comes old Mose and Mammy holdin' on to little
Sammy,
Actin' like they're two years old today;
Just you watch them comin' down the line,
How that good old southern moon will shine,
And when the darkies start a comin' in,
From puttin' all the cotton in the cotton gin,
Shootin' seven, come eleven, all the darkies' goin' to
heaven,
When the band starts playin' Dixie,
It's cotten pickin' time in Alabama.

Hear that engine poundin';
It sounds mighty grand;
Every curve it's roundin'
Draws nearer to the promised land;
There's going to be
One ragtime jubilee.

CHORUS

ALADDIN

Copyright, 1917, by G. Schirmer, New York City.

You must have heard the story of Aladdin—
He had a wonderful lamp,
Miracles were nothing for Aladdin,
He could make a millionaire of any tramp;
He could get most anything he wanted—
Diamonds and rubies galore,
And all kinds of pearls to give to all the girls,
And then when he wanted, some more.

CHORUS

He would rub, rub, rub his little lamp,
He would rub, rub, rub his little lamp,
He never went out fishing, his time was spent in
wishing,
He'd wish and wish and wish until his poor brain
got a cramp;
And then he'd rub, rub, rub his little lamp,
He could get most any beauty in the camp;
If he met a girl that pleased him
And she worried him and teased him,
He would rub, rub, rub his little lamp.

He must have been a gay young lad, Aladdin,
He lived a wonderful life,
Everything was peaches for Aladdin,
He was never hecked by a jealous wife;
Women did not then marcel their tresses,
They never knew how to knit,
Girls didn't then wear transparent dresses,
But that didn't phase him a bit.

CHORUS

OPENING CHORUS (Act Two)

Copyright, 1917, by Gus Hill, New York City.

Boys and girls—
Hurray, hurray, give joy full sway,
We're members of the Hotel staff;
When guests they kick, are sore and sick,
We give them all the merry, merry laugh;
They order us up, they order us down,
If they could, they would order us all over town,
But we do not care, we will do and will dare—
We belong to the Hotel squad.

We have plenty to do,
Cleaning clothes, old and new,
Making beds, dusting 'round, sweep the floor,
And when that we have done,
We're again on the run,
To answer a call right next door.

Here, froat, six or eight,
Can't you see this new guest's late,
Take him up to his room, he is tired;
If we're not on the move,
We immediately prove,
We're too slow and at once we get fired.

But we're a happy, scrappy lot,
We never take a bluff,
We do all things right on the dot,
But sometimes it is tough
To slave and work from morn till night,
And seldom there's a tip in sight,
That is our clue to start a fight—
The charge of the light brigade.

POPULAR SONG HITS OF "MUTT AND JEFF DIVORCED"

BACK AMONG THE POTS AND PANS AGAIN

Copyright, 1917, by Gus Hill, New York City.

When Bridget Houlihan McCann
Saw Alice Joyce and Kerrigan,
She quit the kitchen right away,
To be a movie queen;
She got a job with Miss Surratt,
But got into an awful spat,
Together they went to the mat—
A scene you couldn't screen.

CHORUS

Bridget McCann wasn't made for moving picture shows,
Her face, it wouldn't fit upon the screen,
Sure, her head, it was too fat, to wear Mary Pickford's hat,
Every time she posed she broke a new machine,
Bridget McCann had a fight with her director, get mad,
And whipped a dozen picture men;
Some one threw a custard pie,
And it struck her in the eye,
Now she's back among the pots and pans again.

They took her to a robber's den,
Among a lot of brutal men,
Who kicked her till she hollered when,
Begorra, I've enough;
Before poor Bridget got a sack,
They led her to a railroad track,
And dropped a freight train upon her back,
They dropped her from a bluff.

CATCH LINES

Some one pushed her in a tank,
Kept her there till she sank;

And a half a dozen carts
Took her home in seven parts;

Then they tied her to a tree,
Right beside a bumble bee;

From a roof she had to jump,
Gee, her bustle got a bump;

Once they caught her in a chase,
And kicked her in a public place.

GHOST OF HE

Copyright, 1917, by Gus Hill, New York City.

When the night is dark and dreary,
You feel blue, are all alone,
Suddenly, the children screaming,
Then you hear a dismal moan—
There it is again, yet nothing,
On such nights, your eye can see,
Only one good explanation,
It must be the ghost of he.
So—

CHORUS

Oh, that was him, the ghost of he,
He's after you and after me,
If often you your hubby nag,
He'll get you, put you in his bag.

Should hubby drink and stay out late,
I can tell you hubby's fate,
Ghost of he will make him toil,
Then burn him up in hot sweet oil.

Yes, that was him, the ghost of he,
Watches you and watches me,
That was him, the ghost of he,
He is after you and me.

If wifey's Maw jaws son-in-law,
Do not worry, he gets her,
He is here and he is there,
The ghost of he is everywhere.

Once I tried a safe to rob,
Ghost of he gave way the job;
Once a cow I tried to pull,
Ghost of he made her a bull.

Brother has a nice black eye,
Ghost of he, he knows just why;
Au-to-mo-bile tire flat,
Ghost of he said he did that.

Gasoline tank, it is broke,
Ghost did it just for a joke;
If I wish to have a smoke,
Ghost of he, theta makes me choke.

You are happy, laugh with glee,
Wait till ghost of he, you see,
When you go, you'll rave and rant,
This is all; go on I can't.

Moral of this song, you see,
Is lookout, lookout, for the ghost of he.

WE LOVE THE OLD RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Copyright, 1917, by Gus Hill, New York City.

Yankee land, now too, is in it,
They will fight without delay,
And old Yankee land means all of U. S. A.
We are in it, and we'll show them
We are fighters tried and true;
On to victory, we will once more hear them say,
We can now repay the debt, that we owe to Lafayette,
And we'll pay it back with int'rest, never fear,
Woodrow Wilson's in the chair, we are proud to have
him there,
And for him we'll do and dare, give a cheer.

CHORUS

We love the old red, white and blue,
There is not a thing on earth we will not do,
We are now put to the test,
And we'll show we love our flag the best,
We will cross the open seas all
For defense of Glory and old liberty,
We'll show courage we don't lack,
We will fight and not come back,
Till our flag in victory waves and all are free.

There's our army, there's our navy,
Plenty men to volunteer,
They are coming from the North, East, South and
West,

They will gladly sacrifice their lives,
For death they do not fear;
Till the enemies are beaten,
They'll not rest,
How they'll make that Kaiser frown,
Hell go way back and sit down,
For no more he'll wear a crown,
When we're through.

He will think it rather queer, when they whisper
in his ear,
"On to Berlin," with a cheer, this time.

WE ARE LITTLE CHINESE MAIDS

Copyright, 1917, by Gus Hill, New York City.

We are little chinee maids,
Wear our hair in chinee braids,
Come from China, 'cross the sea,
In big boat to this country,
Dance and sing American song,
We are happy all day long,
Try to learn American way,
Till we do right here we stay.

CHORUS

We eat rice and we drink tea,
We can cook you Chop Suey,
We can paint, can sew on silk,
Bee give honey, cow give milk,
We know two and two makes four,
D and double o-r spells door.
Ching, ching, ching,
Chow, chow, chow,
Chinee girlie not so slow.

We just love to go to school,
We no likes be z fool,
After we have studied all,
Back to China, we will call,
Mother, Father, proud will be,
That we've learned so rapidly,
We will once more say to you,
What we learned in school today.

SOMETIME

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New York City.

Lovers nowadays are so dramatic,
Some are very clever, some are not,
Some are polished, wise and diplomatic;
Every love affair must have a plot—
When Juliet says, it's all over Jack,
A song like this will always bring her back.

CHORUS

Sometime I'll kiss your tears all away,
Sometime I'll make those years seem a day,
And maybe we'll find a land that's far, far, far away,
Where we can live dear, forget and give dear;
Sometime we'll gather roses and dream my dearie,
Daytime will be playtime, to scheme,
Oh, honey, that time,
Will be a glad time;
We'll be sweethearts sometime,
Little (Girl) or (Boy) sometime.

When she says I'm going back to Mother,
You must take the center of the stage,
Yell Ha, ha, ha, you have another,
Swear a swear, and tear your hair with rage,
And when she cries the world and you are wrong,
It's just a cue for you to sing this song.

FINALE (Act Two)

Copyright, 1917, by Gus Hill, New York City.

ALL

What's happened, what's happened,
Elevator ran away?
If Mutt and Jeff are killed, it is
The ending of this play.

It can not be, it can not be,
Please say it is not true.

If our poor Jeffie's really dead,
I won't know what to do.

Hurry, hurry, get a doctor,
Are you in a trance?

You hold them a minute,
I'll phone for an ambulance.

We're in it now, we've done it now,
There'll be the deuce to pay.

You little shrimp of a sardine,
Let's make our get-away.

It's terrible, it's awful,
Is this the way it ends?
To think that this should happen
To such good and noble friends.

For they were jolly good fellows,
Were always of good cheer;
They did no one a bit of harm,
For they were friends sincere.
If this is the finale,
The last of Mutt and Jeff,
Don't ever mention their names to us—
In our sorrow our ears will be deaf,
Don't ever mention their names to us,
In sorrow our ears will be deaf.

POLICE SONG

Copyright, 1917, by Gus Hill, New York City.

On review we present to you,
Members of the police force;
We do and dare, most everywhere,
And never fear the boss,
Assist the weak, subdue the strong,
Are always right and never wrong,
On good excuses we are long,
We're the finest ever seen.

We rule the traffic, run the town,
Of auto drivers make a clown,
We make you go back and sit down,
Don't disobey commands;
We stop all dancing prompt at one,
When we come around we dampen fun,
Our duty's hard, but must be done,
List to our reprimands.

There's always something we must do,
And when we think all's over,
A fire or a riot starts,
Which takes us out of clover;
We hardly get a wink of sleep,
Not one moment are we still,
Another order, "All right, Cap,"
Come on boys, "New the drill."

Eyes right, eyes front, hey, you get in line,
Isn't it a glorious sight, the "Finest of the Fine";
Keep in step there number eight, and you too num-
ber nine,

Listen to that police band, it sure sounds mighty
fine.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
They look great, you hear them all exclaim,
We're in uniform array,
Give three cheers, Hip, hip, hurray,
For the Finest of the Fine.

QUEENS OF FASHION

Copyright, 1917, by Gus Hill, New York City.

Queens, queens, queens of fashion,
Each and ev'ry single one;
Dresses, dresses, that's our passion,
Morning, noon, till day is done.
We create for winter, summer,
And again for spring and fall,
Gowns and frocks each one a hummer,
Queens of fashies, short and tall,
Queens of fashion,
Queens of fashion,
Set the styles for all.

HAROLD ROSSITER'S POPULAR COLLECTION OF
SONG HITS OF THE DAY
 BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

That's What You Mean to Me.

Words by J. Will Callahan.

Music by E. Clinton Keitnley.

p Moderato.



You won - der why my heart's sad and lone - ly, You won - der why I
 Some-how it seems when - ev - er you're near me, Life blooms a - new, you



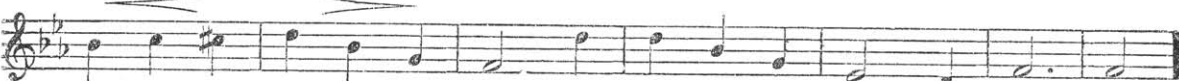
long for you on - ly, You want to know, dear, the rea - son I'm blue, And
 smiles al - ways cheer me. In - to my heart then the sun shines a - gain, And



miss you when you're a - way; . . . I can't ex - plain but I sure - ly
 skies turn from gray to blue. . . . Each crim - son rose, a mes - sage is

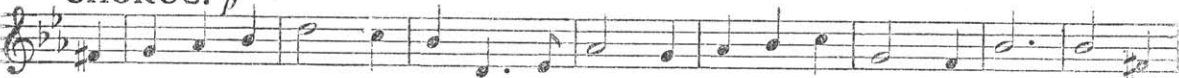


know, dear, What you may do, or where you may go, dear, My love goes
 bring - ing, Each hap - py bird a love - song is sing - ing, Sing - ing a -

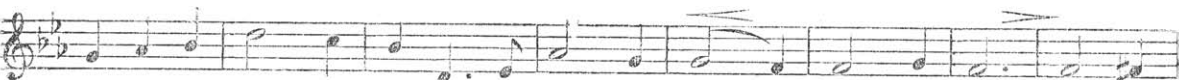


too, and my heart fol - lows you, And calls for you night and day. . . .
 gain to that ten - der re - frain, That I long to sing to you. . . .

CHORUS. *p*



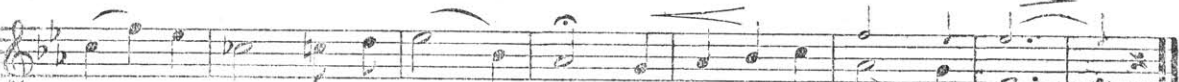
You know what the sun - shine means to the day, When clouds fade a - way at dawn, You



know what the moon - light means to the night, When sun - set's glow has gone . . . You



know what the show - ers mean to the rose, What blossoms mean to the bee, . . . What a



kind word means to an ach - ing heart, Well, that's what you mean to me. . . .

HAROLD ROSSITER'S POPULAR COLLECTION OF
SONG HITS OF THE DAY
 BY THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

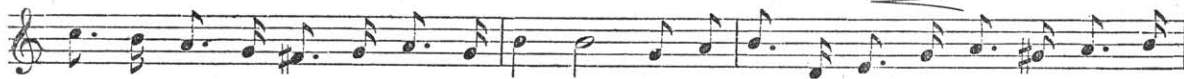
You've Got a
Million Dollar Smile.

Words by
BILLY BASKETTE.
 Writer of "Hawaiian Butterfly."
Moderato.

Music by
BURNETTE WILKIE.



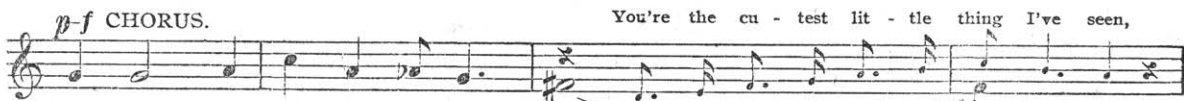
I'm going to ask you some-thing, hon - ey, Where did you get that wealth-y smile? When
 If you should ev - er take a no - tion, To take a trip a - cross the sea,.. Your



I'm a - round you make me feel so fun - ny, And I've got to give you cred - it for your
 smile would make them hap - py 'cross the o - cean, Ev - 'ry - one would be as hap - py as could



style;.. You make Wall street mil - lion - aires,.. Lose con - trol of their af - fairs.
 be;.... Ev - 'ry King would come for miles,.. Just to see one of your smiles.



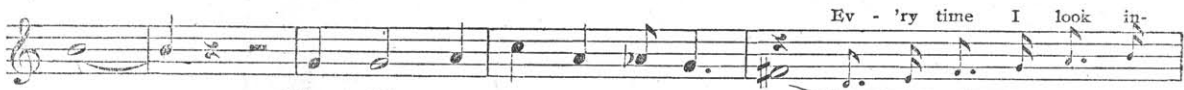
p-f CHORUS. You're the cu - test lit - tle thing I've seen,
 You've got a mil - lion dol - lar smile,.....



Just ex - act - ly like a mov - ie queen,
 And with your eight - een car - at style,.....



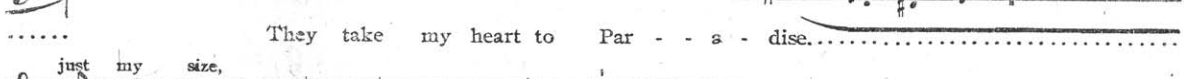
You taught me things I nev - er knew..... The things I do, I blame on



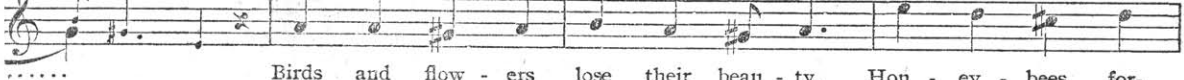
Ev - 'ry time I look in -
 you;..... Where did you get that pair of eyes?.....



to your eyes, Gee, I'm glad that you are



..... They take my heart to Par - - a - dise.....



just my size,
 Birds and flow - ers lose their beau - ty, Hon - ey - bees for -



get their du - ty, When they see your "Mil - lion Dol - lar Smile".. Smile."..

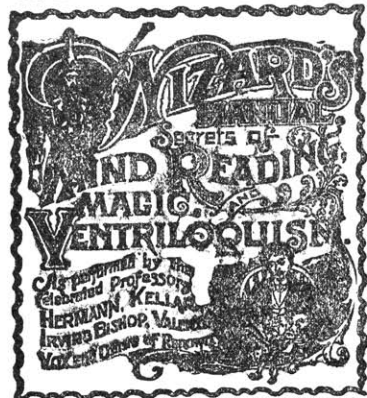
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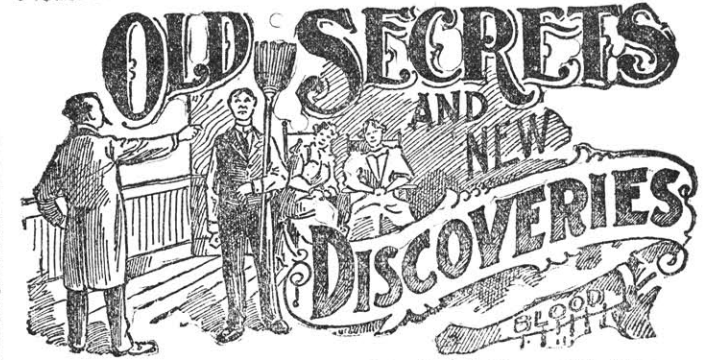
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