

# PORE LIL MOSE

HIS LETTERS to his MAMMY



Deer Mammy New York  
I thank you for sending  
back my letters; I have had  
them bound in a book  
and take pleasure  
in sending you  
here-with a copy  
for your self.  
Lovingly Your Son  
Pore lil Mose

Mrs Pryor  
Cottonville Ga

R. F. Outcault







## PORE LIL MOSE, Introduced by the Author.



IT IS WITH INTENSE PRIDE that the author presents Pore lil Mose thus, in book form. The author was standing at Broadway and 36th Street, one evening, when Pore lil Mose presented himself. The first rhyme was composed and committed to memory then and there, because neither pencil nor paper were at hand. After the first appearance of Pore lil Mose in the Herald, his kind disposition won for him many friends, among whom was the Managing Editor. Scores of children and many adults soon wrote letters addressed to him containing expressions of kind wishes. He soon gathered up his little group of friends and they started for New York where they have been ever since. Each week he has written to his Mammy and for all we know she has written to him. He doesn't seem to be afflicted with homesickness, although he left behind him a sweetheart,

"Happy lil Sal."

Dars a leettle colored gal, an' dey calls her Happy Sal,  
Case she sings an' laughs fum mawnin' until night;  
But no wonder dat she's gay—she ain't got no time ter play,  
For she got ter work an' scrub with all her might,—etc.

I wish to thank the kind and indulgent public for the long life of Pore lil Mose.

R. F. OUTCAULT.

*To the gentle readers of the New York Herald  
this book is affectionately dedicated  
R. F. Outcault*

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# A TRUE GHOST STORY

BY PORE LIL' MOSE



WE AINT AFRAID OB GHOSTS

A Coon came runnin' into town one night, all out ob bref.  
 An swore he seen a ghos', wif horns, wot skeered him half ter def.  
 About a dozen gallus coons got guns an volunteered  
 Ter go an capture Marssa Ghos'; dey swore dey was n't skeered.  
 So off dey started each prepared ter do his little share.  
 Ter find dat sassy spook, an den, ter chase him ter his lair.  
 Dey finally reached a lonesome spot right close ter Squire McGee's.  
 Whar at de lurnin ob de road its lined wif big oak trees.  
 As quick as greasy lightning, right up fum out de groun'.  
 A big white thing jumped in de air ten feet in jes' a boun'.  
 Dem coons let loose a squawk er two dat simply tore de sky.  
 An dus' an gravel filled de air, yo ought ter seen 'em fly.  
 Dey nearly set de road on fire a bowlin' back ter town.  
 When one coon stumbled on a rock what stuck up fum de groun',  
 Dat bunch ob braves wuz neck an neck, an all fell in a lump.  
 An each one grabbed de yuther an dey came down wif a bump.  
 Yo'd think dey shorely broke dere necks, de way dem idiots fell  
 "OH! Marssa Hant, dont take dis chile", I heard one darkey yell.

We'll dey got back ter town dat night dere clothes all ripped an tore,  
 An now dey is mos' awful 'shamed, an cut, an bruised, an sore.  
 De part wot makes 'em mad is dis—some traitor—went an tol  
 Dat it wuz only Squire McGee, a bed-sheet, an a pole.  
 An dar he sat beside de road, until dey got up close.  
 So when he raised de pole, ob course dey thought it wuz de ghos'.

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R. F. Outcault.





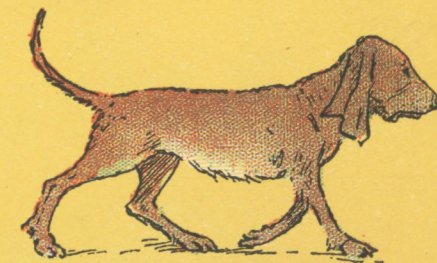


# DE BURGLAR BRIGADE

AS TOLD BY

## POOR LIL' MOSE

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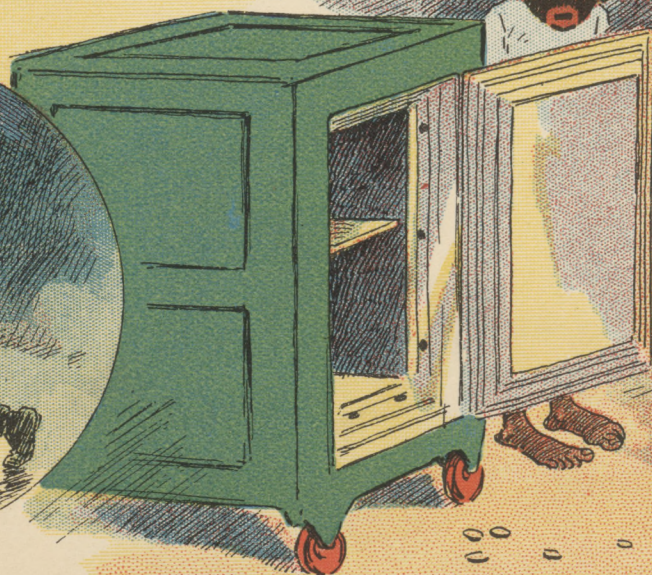
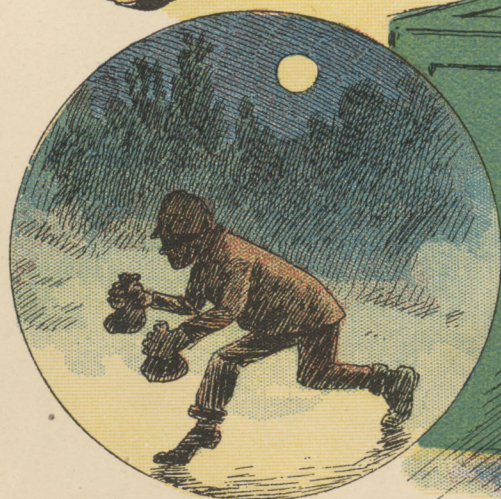


De big hotel in Cottonville is called de Colonade.  
De lan'lord tried ter organize a Burg-u-lar Brigade.  
He got de help togedder, from de bell boys to de clerk,  
An he give us each a weapon an he put us all ter work.  
He made us drill like sojers preparin' fer de fray  
So's if a tief got in de house - we'd frighten him away  
De Cottonville militia - pshaw, we put 'em in de shade  
Yo' ought ter see how fine we looked when out on dress parade.  
Ole uncle Sam de porter an Rasmus White de clerk  
Was armed wif razors, guns an knifes enough to skeer a turk.  
An every day we drilled an drilled an sometimes drilled at night  
We got so good we wouldn't flinch in any kin' ob fight  
Ole Tom de blood houn' had de job ob gibbin' de alarm  
To wake us up so we cud march an do dat burglar harm.  
Las' Sunday night was moonlight - de fros' was on de groun',  
An big large chunks of lonesomeness was every where aroun'.  
An every one was sleepin, tucked in his lil' bed.  
Wen yaller Lig de chamber maid, yelled fit ter wake de dead.  
De Burglar Ban' was soon on han', an all armed ter de teef.  
We formed in line an started troo de house ter ketch de tief.  
At las' we reached de office an entered wif a dash.  
De safe was open, burglar gone, an -so was all de cash.  
Ole Tom got so excited at all de noise an fuss,  
He started in ter bite dem coons an made a orful muss.  
De lan'lord was so orful mad he fired de help next days  
An had new lockus put on de doors an gave ole Tom away

R.F Outcault



NOTICE  
BURGLARS WILL  
NOT BE ALLOWED  
IN THIS HOTEL  
UNLESS THEY  
HAVE  
REGISTERED





# EF I WUZ A MILLIONAIRE



**Ef** I was jest a millionaire, I tell yo wot I'd do;  
 Id put ma money in a heap an' count it, would nt you?  
 I would nt haf ter hire a man to hang aroun' all day  
 An' tell me how ter spend it - pshaw! I guess I knows - go way;  
 Id buy ma pa an over coat come clean down ter de groun'  
 All made ob seal skin inside out, an all de way aroun.  
 An Mammy'd git a diamon' ring most bigger dan her fis.  
 An bracelets made ob precious stones, knee deep upon her wris'.  
 An Id wear seal skin under-clothes an' socks ob persian lamb,  
 Id hab a closet all filled up wif every kin' ob jam.  
 De Auto-mobile I would hab would go ter beat de ban'  
 Id fill it full ob money an' Id trabble round de lan'.  
 Say! Id hab a storage ware house all full ob tings ter eat  
 Lawd, - water melyuns, honey, hush!! all juicy ripe an sweet.  
 Id hab a sparklin collar made of gems an' jewels fine.  
 An hab a chain ob gold fer Tige dat yaller dawg ob mine.



Ef I was only a millionaire  
 Jes' think wot I cud do  
 Wif never a worry er trubble er care  
 Wif chicken ter eat an clothes te wear  
 An money te trabble mos' every where  
 But ——— I hab nt got a sou.  
 R.F. Outcault



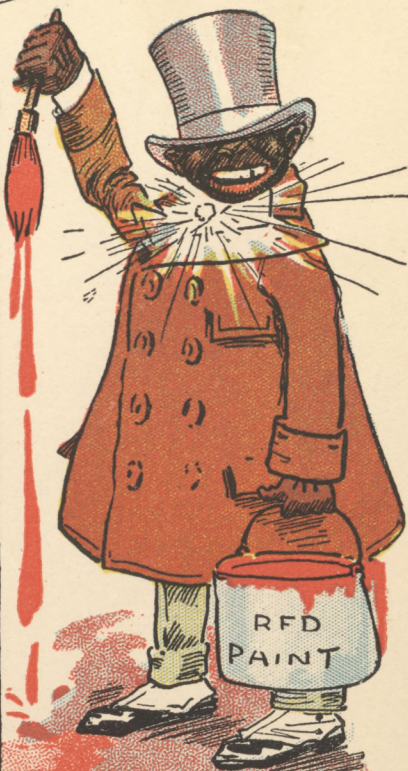
♦ ♣ MY DADDY ♠ ♥



THE FIRST  
 AUTO-MOBILE  
 IN  
 COON TOWN



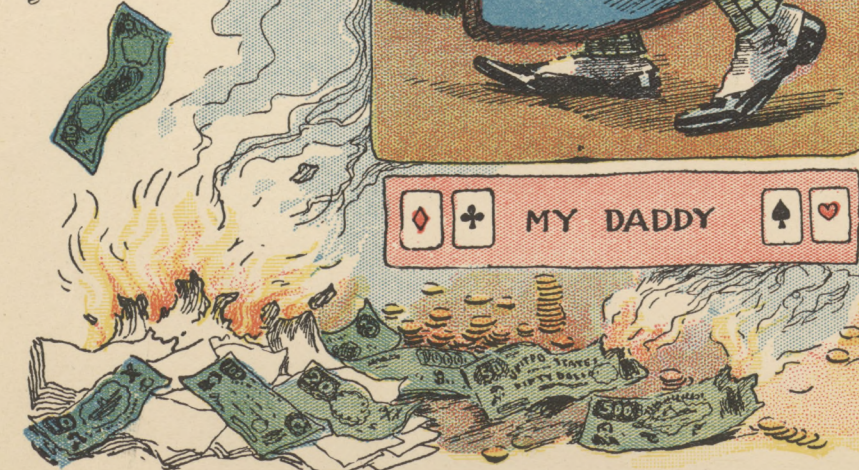
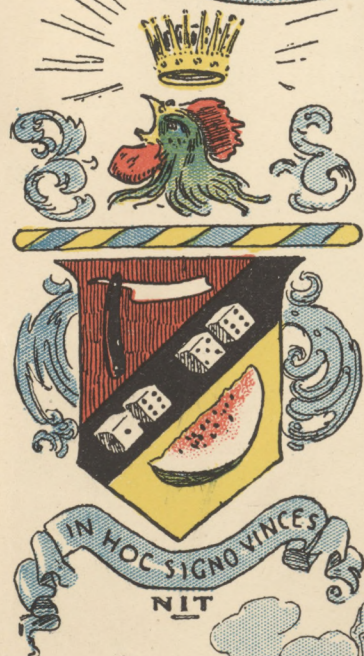
4-11-44 MY MAMMY



\$1,000,000.00 NEW YORK Jan 1-51  
 THE BANK OF THE WABASH  
 FAR AWAY  
 PAY TO THE ORDER OF Poor lil' more  
 NO. 11. One Million ——— DOLLARS  
 R.F. Outcault



TIGE





# POOR LIL' MOSE ON THE 7 AGES

De seben ages ober man wot Shakespeare wrote erbout  
 Yo'll fin' em' all in Cottonville, ob dat dar aint no doubt.  
 Dars tiny picaninnies - an den dars uncle Hi.  
 Who's lived so long dat now he say he aint nebbber gwine ter die.  
 Dars school boys - an dars lovers - dem shif'less lazy makes,  
 Wot nebbber does a lick ob work, but jes' lives on dere folks.  
 Dars sol'jer coons in uniforms, an judges wif er frown,  
 An gran pas wif dere crutch an cane, a totterin' aroun  
 But ole Bill Shakespeare mus' fergot, er did nt hab de space  
 Ter write de seben ages ob de woman in de case.

SAFE AT LAST

HERE LIES  
UNCLE  
JOE

1  
At first the infant

(THIS IS MY BABY BROTHER)

2  
Then the  
whining  
Schoolboy

POOR LIL' MOSE

HELP  
YO-SELF  
TO  
WATER  
MELLYUNS

3  
Then  
The  
Lover

4  
Then a  
Soldier

5  
And  
Then  
The Justice

(THIS IS MY UNCLE MOSE)

7  
Sans  
Everything

(THIS IS MY GRANDPA)

6  
The lean  
and  
slipperd  
pantaloon

R.F. Outcault.

(THIS IS MY UNCLE JIM)



# WHY POOR LIL MOSE LEFT SCHOOL POOR LIL MOSE

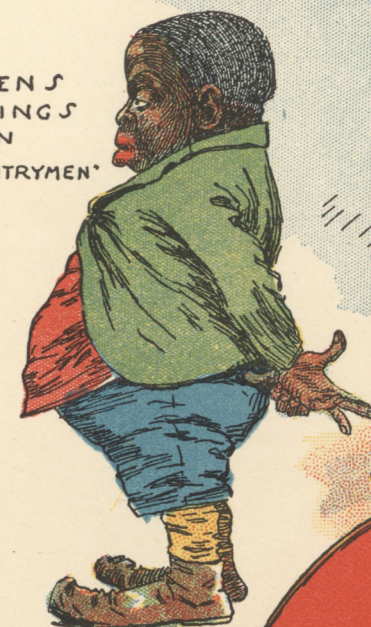
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK  
ON THY COLD...  
GRAY STONES  
OH! SEA



About er mile fum Cottonville dar stands a distric school  
Whar all de colored chillun goes; de teacher am a fool.  
Ma daddy gwine ter take me out an put me on a farm  
He say de foolishness I learns it simply do me harm.  
He say de stuff dey teaches 'bout effects ob alcohol,  
It jes' ter keep poor folks fum hab in any fun at all.  
An every Friday afternoon we allus got ter speak.  
My pa he say how kiner coon learn sumfin every week.  
But speak we does an Lordy sakes yo certeny wud die,  
Ter hear de high-toned pieces dat dem coons git up, an try.  
Fust Susie Smith she up an speaks erbout de res less sea,  
Den Rastus White he rattles off "Ter be er not ter be",  
An after dat Sam Jackson comes an stan's up on de floor,  
An bows an chokes an stammers out about Excelsior.  
De boy stood on de burnin deck" comes next by Mosey Small  
He's spoke dat piece so often dat he mos' fergot it 'all  
Well some speak prose an some o'dem speak blankety-blank verse  
An some speak poetry an some reads essays wich is worse  
An den de teacher calls on me when all de rest was froo  
An I speaks one I wrote myself de bes' wot I kin do.

'FREN'S  
ROMINGS  
AN  
COUNTRYMEN'

IT IS MORE BLESSED  
TO GIVE THAN TO  
RECEIVE  
AND IT IS MORE BLESSED  
TO GIVE THAN TO LOSE THE  
THINGS OR HAVE THEM  
STOLEN



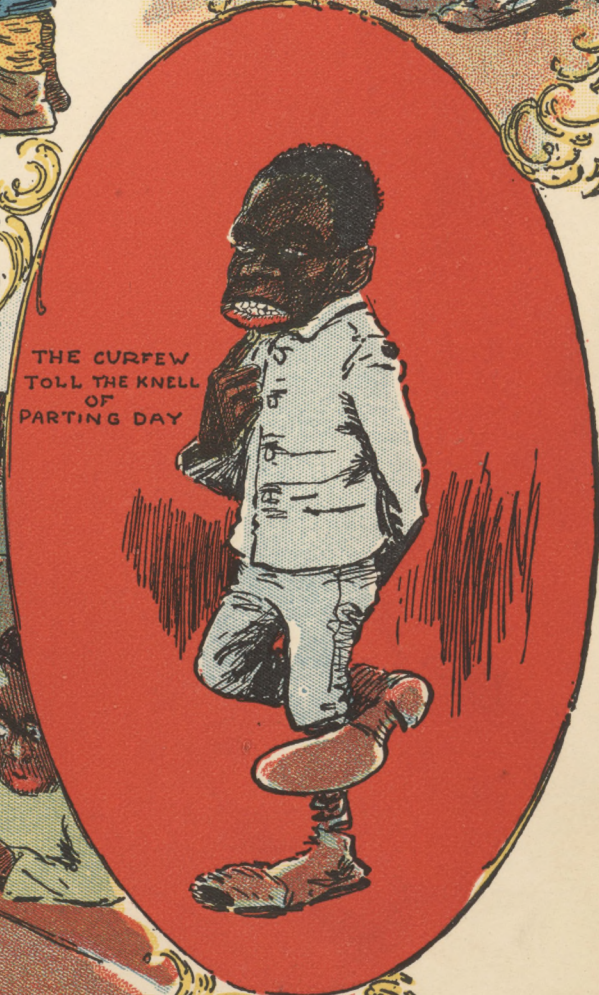
TER BE  
ER NOT  
TER BE "



My piece  
Fum Greenlan s icy mountains ter Patagonia lan  
De great almighty dollar cuts ice ter beat de ban'  
De teacher tuck an called me down and said 'at dat was slang  
An I says go an chase yo self, I didn't care a hang.  
An den de teacher jump on me an hit me such a whack  
Dat now my pa's as mad as hops-an I aint gwine back.



THE CURFEW  
TOLL THE KNELL  
OF  
PARTING DAY



THE BOY STOOD  
ON THE BURNING  
DECK "



R.F. Outcault

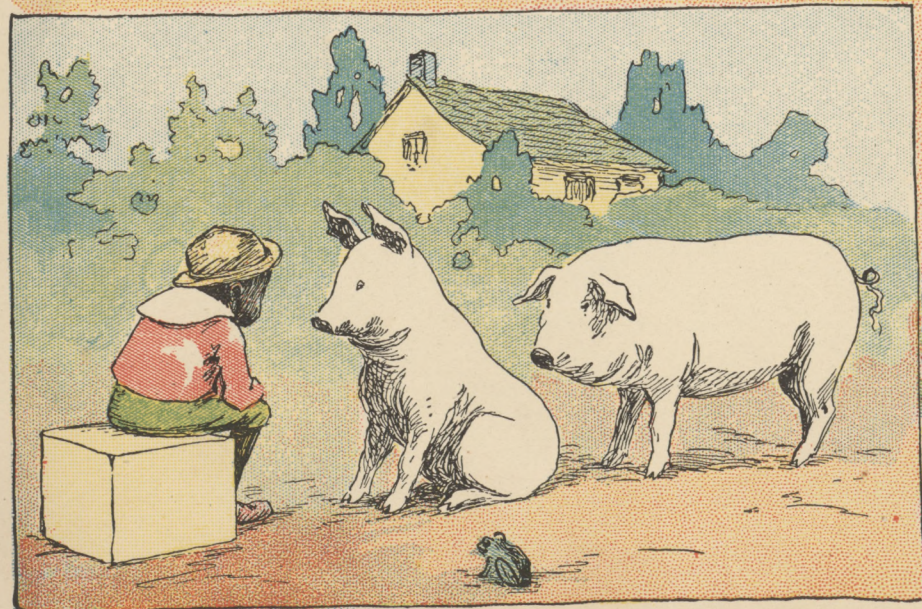
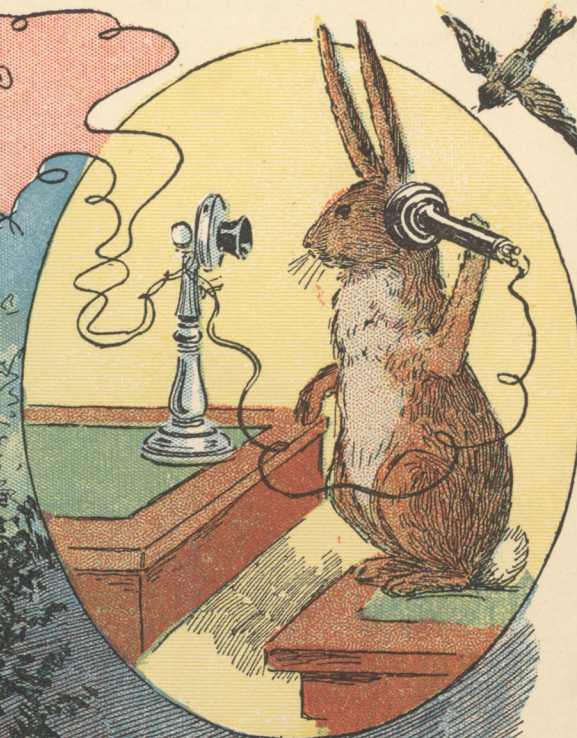


# PORE LIL MOSE TALKS to the ANIMALS

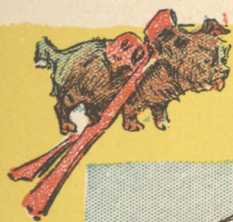


Since I kin talk ter animals, an know jes' wot dey say,  
I have long conversations wif 'em nearly every day.  
Dey mos'ly always tell de troof, dat's mo' dan some folks do.  
An all de animals I knows is mos'ly good an true.  
I met ole Marsa Fox las' night out by de apple tree,  
Jit down yere lil Mose, he says, an talk a while wif me.  
He say a fox don't like ter steal, he would n't lie nor cheat,  
But foxes is like folks he says, dey certain'y mus' eat.  
An folks don't never send him geese nor any kin' ob game,  
So he's got ter go an git it an a coon is jes' de same.  
An our ole mule he said ter me a mule wont never balk,  
Ef folks 'ud only give him jes' a hones' game ob talk,  
Instead ob pickin up a club which certain'y is wrong,  
Says, a mule was never stubborn fore a nigger come erlong.  
I was talkin ter a pig one night wot b'longs ter uncle Sam,  
He says he dont see why er coon's so orful fond ob ham.  
He says dars other things ter eat, like vegetables er pie.  
Dars aint no use in killin' hogs jes' wait until dey die.  
De otter an de chip-munk, de possum an de coon,  
Am all partic'lar fren's ob mine, an' often when de moon  
Am shinin' brightly overhead we meets down by de mill.  
Wif marsa rabbit, marsa squirrel, de owl an whippowill,  
An have a pleasant evenin' in a quiet sort o' way,  
Discussin' all important books an topics ob de day.

R. F. Outcault.







# Lil' Mose's Dog - Pore Lil' Dog



## LIL' MOSE'S MOUSE HOUN'

One day a man gimme a dowe, de fines' dowe ob all,  
 A Mouse-houn's wot he said he was. dat's why he was so small.  
 He says deys orful hard ter git, an orful, orful skeerce,  
 An when deys doin watch dowe work dey certain'y is fierce.  
 My pa he named him Caesar - he got dat in a book -  
 He named him dat because hes got a wise commandin' look.  
 One day my mammy yells ter me, come Mosey bring yer houn',  
 A Mouse is on de kitchen floo' a runnin' roun' an roun'  
 I fotch my dowe as quick 's I kin an drap im on de floo'  
 An den we 'low we never gwine ter see dat mouse no mo'.  
 But marsa mouse he walk straight up ter whar de puppy sat,  
 An smelt him on de nose ter see ef he knows whar he's at.  
 De puppy drawed hisself all up an kin'er looked aroun'  
 An gave a yell an turned his tail, an started wif a boun'.  
 Dat skeered my mammy mos' ter def - my Lordy! how she flew,  
 An lil' sister Sal jined in - an me - well I ran too.  
 Pa's changed de name ob dat fool pup - his other was too slow.  
 We calls him Great Scott now, because, Great Scott how he kin go.

R.F. Outcault.





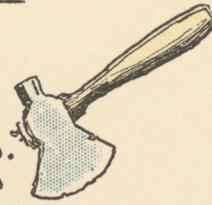
# POOR LIL' MOSE AND HIS HATCHET

## POOR LIL MOSE

YES FATHER  
I CANNOT  
TELL A LIE

Geo. Washington's ole daddy was different fum my pa,  
I reckon dad's de strangest man yo' mos'ly ever saw.  
When George went out an tuck his axe an smashed de cherry tree;  
You knows de story, all by heart, I reckon, well as me.  
I tried it on my daddy in a nuther kin' ob way.  
Ef I lives ter be a hundred yeahs, I wont fergit dat day.  
My pa had got a lot ob wood, for work, fum Cunnel Small,  
An he dumped it by de wood shed, but it was n't cut at all.  
So I tuck my saw an hatchet-an ter show wot I cud do,  
I started in on dat yar wood an cut a cord er two.  
I piled it all up nice an neat, it luck me mos' all day,  
An waited roun' fer daddy, jes' ter see wot he 'ud say.  
Nex' mawnin' daddy called me out, an says, look heah, Mose Pryor,  
Doan say yo' didn't cut dat wood, yo' knows yo' is a —  
An I says yas deah father, I kin-not tell a lie,  
I done it wif my hatchet, an I looked him in de eye.  
I'll never tell de truth agin, cause I knows better now,  
I never b'lieved dat foolish hatchet story any how.  
Pa grabbed me by de collar an he used me mighty rough.  
An he handed me a spankin' wich wuz certain'y enough.  
He said dat choppin' fire wood wuz his mos' favorite fad.  
Now wot wud Washington have done ef he'd had sich a dad?

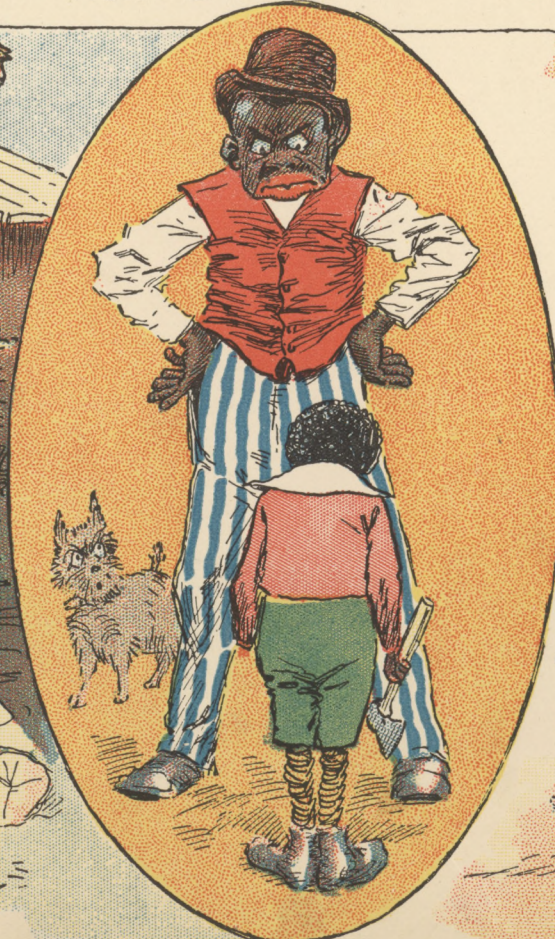
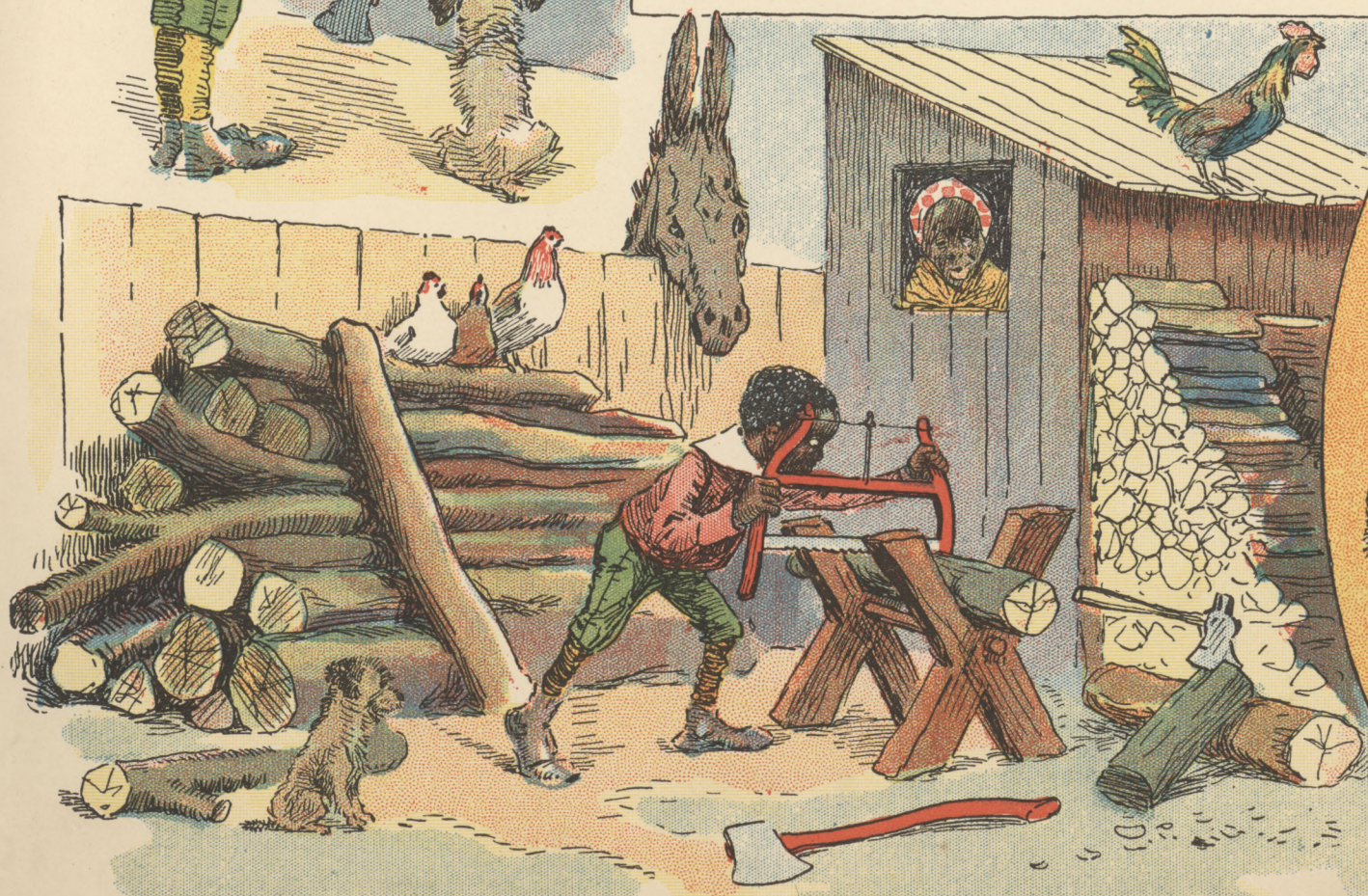
R.F. Outcault.



HOW DARE YOU  
HIT DAT CHILE



I WANTED TO CUT  
DAT WOOD MYSELF





# PORE LIL MOSE SENDS HIS PA A VALENTINE

Sal I lubs yo'  
'deed I does  
you're de sweetest  
ever wuz.  
wont yo' be  
my bestest gal  
be my happy  
lil' Sal.

Miss Sally Sunbeam  
No 1 Gazy Street  
Cottonville Ga.

Mose Pryor Sr.  
Cottonville Ga.

Moses Pryor shif' less come  
quit his job de first of June  
never works again till fall  
hates to ever work at all  
Moses Pryor

I tuck an sent er valentine ter Happy lil' Sal.  
Caze she de one I dearly lubs, my very bestest gal.  
I made de valentine myself an wrote de verses too,  
An she was jes' so tickled dat she doan know what ter do.  
But some folks jes' sends valentines ter make de pusson mad;  
An dats de kin' wot some one tuck an sented ter my dad.  
It had a grea' big picture ob a slippery lookin' coon  
A sneakin' roun' de corner, a dodgin' fum de moon.  
An down below de picture was a little verse wot sayed  
Git out! yo' chicken stealin' moke we wish dat yo' was daid.  
When my pa seen dat valentine de kink all lef' his hair.  
An Lordy, say, he wus so mad yo ought to hear him swear.  
My mam my went behind his back, an' laughed like she wud die  
But I was 'fraid ter laugh, because — you know de reason why.  
An pa he turn aroun' right quick an looked right straight at me.  
An says, I knows who sent dat thing — my finish, I cud see.  
I made a flyin' lep right straight out troo de kitchen doo.  
An pa fell over our ole eat an' lit upon de floo'.  
An I'se been visitin' since dat out heah wif uncle Jack  
A waitin' fer pa's feelin's ter cool off 'fore I go back.  
Pore lil' Mose.



PA'S VALENTINE

NOTICE  
I KIN LICK DE  
MAN WOT CALLED  
DEM THINGS  
COMIC VALENTINE

UNCLE JACK



R.F. Outcault



# HAPPY LIL' SAL AS the QUEEN of the MAY



May parties is the thing jes' now an almos' every day  
Yo'll see a bunch ob chillun marchin' out wif colors gay  
Las' week we had de nicest one I think I eber seen  
An Happy lil' Sal, ob couse wuz elected as de queen  
We started out as happy as a lot ob coons kin be  
De day wuz fine, de birds dey sang in almost ebery tree  
But while we danced an played at games all gathered in a bunch  
Some coon, er animal, er thief sneaked off wif all de lunch  
An whilst we hunted 'roun' among de hedges an de cane  
Some big black clouds done got ter work an started in terrain.  
De win' it blew an blew so hard it almost tuck my bref  
It growed so dark it had dem coons jes' well nigh skeered ter def  
Dem picaninnies scattered an dey started off fer town.  
But de rain came down in torrents an some wuz nearly drown.  
An me an happy lil' Sal wuz soaked clean t' rough an t' rough.  
An she wuz jes so hoppin' mad she doan know what ter do.  
She say she wouldn't min' ter be a January Queen  
But May's de meanes' month she say she mos'ly eber seen  
Yo starts out in de mawnin' in all your summer clothes,  
An when yo reaches home at night yo purty nearly froze.  
I're sorry now we ever had dat party any way.  
An June's de month I dearly loves—I hate de month ob May.  
But I wonder, an I wonder till my heart grows sick an' sad.  
What ever did become ob all dat lovely lunch we had.  
Pore lil' Mose.



R. F. Outcault

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# PORE LIL' MOSE ENTERTAINS A VISITOR



Dat funny lil Bounce Bear bin visitin' heah a week  
De day he came my ma's so skeered she natchully caint speak  
Cause Mistah Bear, de daddy ob de funny lil' bear,  
He brought him down ter our back yard ter leave him in my care  
An ma ob course doan know a bear is my particular fren'  
An when she see him comin' - well - she 'low dats 'bout de en'  
Cause she is skeered so bad she simply almos los her wits  
An pa came out ter see wots up an frew a dozen fits.  
Dey shet an bolted all de do's an den peeped out ter see  
Jes' wot dat Mistah daddy bear wuz gwine ter do ter me  
Ole Mistah Bear he say "good bye" an soon wuz out ob sight  
An lef' his lil boy wif me ter spend a day an night  
An so I luk him to de house ter meet my pa an ma.  
An den's de funnies' sight I 'bieve I mos'ly eber saw.  
De Mause-houn' fell into a fit - ma fainted on de floo' -  
De cat turned fifty somersalts, pa vanished frough de do'  
De only one wot showed good sense an acted like a man.  
Was Monkey - cause he made a bow-an shook him by de han'.  
But now he's here an Gracious sakes dere aint bin nuffin done,  
Except a workin' over time a habin' lots ob fun

R.F.O.



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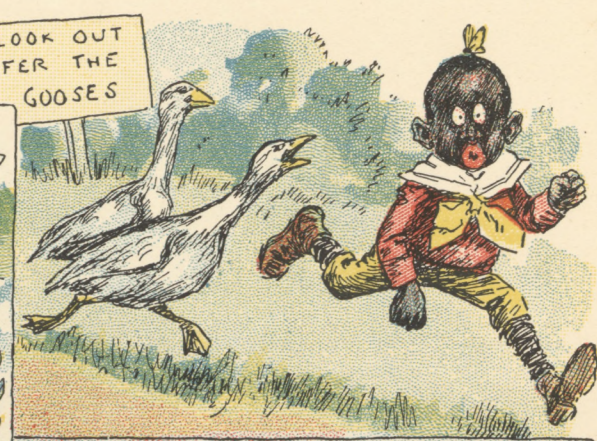


## PORE LIL MOSE

### HE SPENDS A WEEK ON THE FARM

Well we'se bin habin moster fun out on de farm dis week  
 Jes' a playin' in de hay mow an a fishin' in de creek  
 My uncle he dont run his farm in dat ole fashioned way  
 Ob sleepin' in de night time an a workin' in de day  
 No sir, he does his farmin' in denight time, dont yo see  
 Nex' day he drinks mint juleps in de shade ob some big tree  
 On moonlight nights he lets his stock sit up an watch de moon  
 Den in de mawnin' lets 'em sleep till 'tween de hours ob noon  
 He's got a 'larm clock in de barn to waken up de sheep  
 Caze deys such lazy loafers dat dey always want ter sleep  
 My uncle's got some sausage trees an pork chop bushes too  
 An eat, an eat, is jes' about de only thing dey do  
 My uncle Jack he says to us go do jes wot yo please  
 Jes make yoselfs to home an play wif any thing yo sees  
 We went ter bed at dark dat night an got up wif de sun  
 An after eatin' breakfas' why we started in fer fun  
 An golly! wot a lot o things we foun' out we could do  
 We dug up lots ob merriment an lots ob trouble too  
 We had a lot ob nice fresh milk picked right fresh fum de cow  
 De hens all laid us nice fresh eggs- den cackled - wot a row  
 My uncle Jacks got honey bees a livin on his place  
 An what dey did to Billy Bear left freckles on his face  
 Well after bein stung by bees an fallin' in de creek  
 An eatin' everything in sight till every one was sick  
 My aunt Priscilla took us an she put us all to bed  
 Wif poultices an bandages an rags aroun de head  
 Wif catnip tea an castor oil an linament galore  
 Nex' week I guess we'll be all right jes like we wuz before

Pore lil Mose



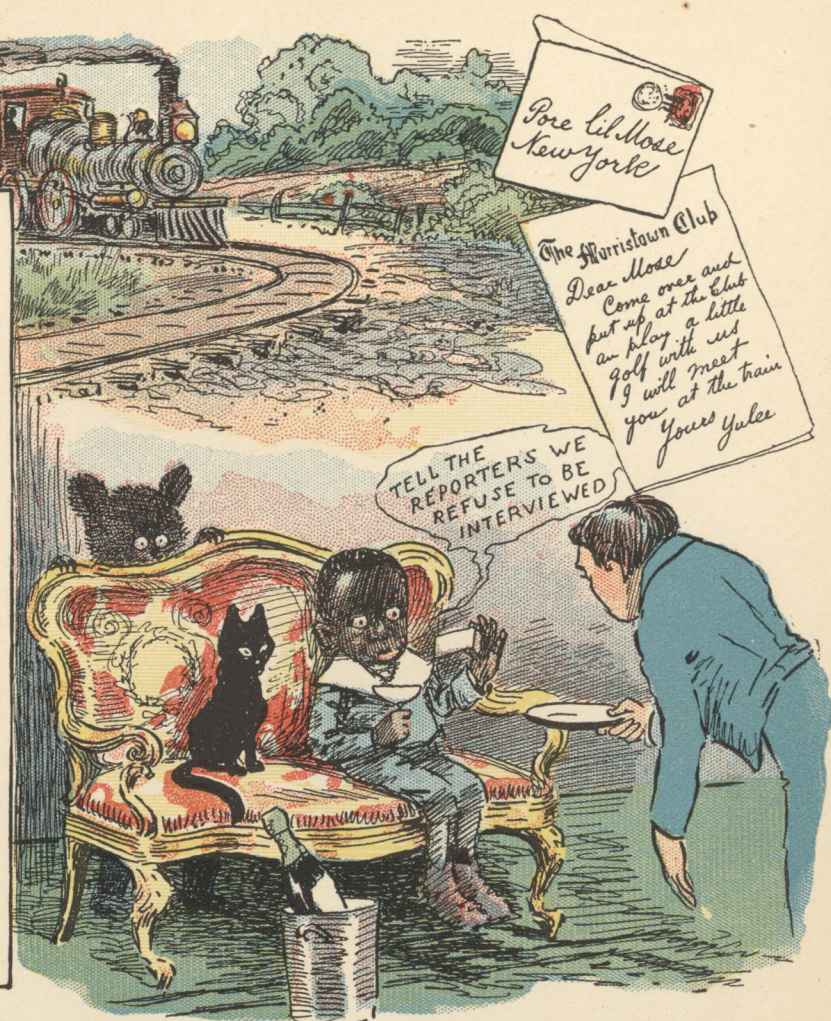
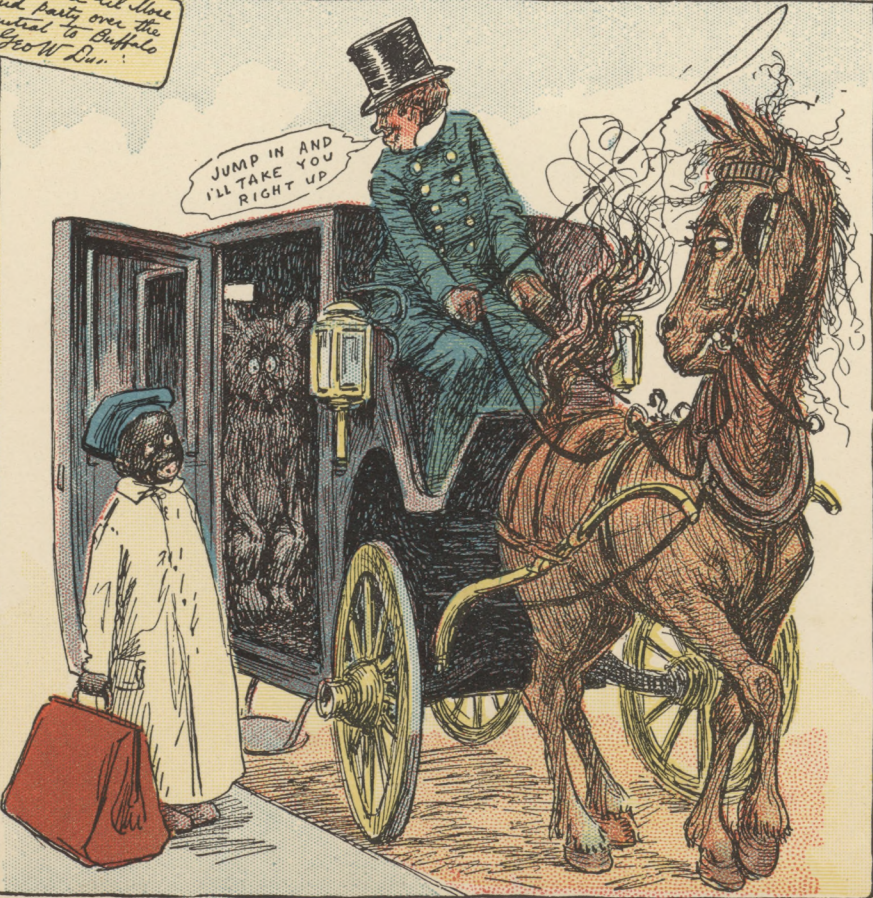
R. F. Outcault  
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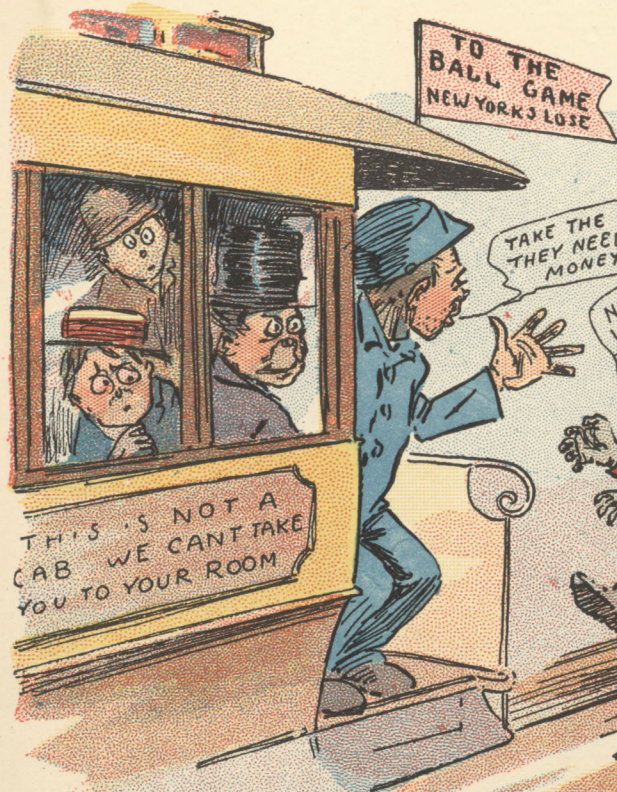


**PORE LIL MOSE**  
HE COMES TO NEW YORK

I telegraphed de Railroad, an I axed 'em ef dey'd mind  
Ter let us hab a private-car, ef dey wud be so kind.  
Because we'd like ter take a trip an did n't care ter go  
On ordinary coaches like de rabble does, yo know.  
So we waited on de station fer de train ter come along  
But dar was'n't any private car - I think 'at dat wuz wrong  
Dey had fixed de ole cow ketcher so dat we cud ride ahead;  
"You kin hab it nice an private dar," de big conductor said.  
Don' talk about excitement - why it skeered us mos' ter def.  
De way dat engine flew along hit simply tuk our bref,  
De dining car wuz crowded, so we could n't get a seat  
An we had n't any money, so decided not t'eat.  
We didn't hab our berths made up, fer we jes love moonlight,  
An we thought we'd watch de scenery, so we jes sat up all night.  
We saw an ole cow up de track an saw her finish, too.  
Cause when de engine got to her it simply went on froo  
I tells yo I wuz powerful glad when dat conductor sayerd  
"De nex' stops gwine ter be New York" - cause I wuz nearly daid.  
I reckon dat dis gay New York's a little bigger town  
Dan Cottonville er Possumville er any place aroun'.  
I've learned one thing since I've bin here, Yo dont cut no ice  
Wid out police pertection — (But you've got ter have de price.)  
R.F. Outcault







# PORE LIL MOSE HE TAKES A RIDE ON THE CAR

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR SOME KIND OF HAIR TONIC MAKES HAIR GROW IN THE GARDEN OR ANYPLACE

TAKE A CAMERA WITH YOU TO TRY YOUR PATIENCE TO BERMUDA AND STAY THERE

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New York this week 1901.

Deer Ma  
De yuther day we tuk a car, ter go mos' any place,  
But street cars nebbber stops, an so, we gave dat car a chase.  
An when we got aboard it, why we made things simply hum;  
We put a crimp in everything, an put it on de bum.  
New Yorkers are a lot of jays, you ought ter see 'em stare,  
An gather roun' an gap, at me, an lil Billie Bear.  
You ought ter see de funny ads dey hab in all de cars,  
'bout things in packages an cans, in boxes an in jars.  
Deres "Fifty seben Vaudevilles" an "Folks ob Speckled Town",  
An some ones "Bestest Chocolate" ob berry great renown,  
An things to make de blind ter hear, an make de lame ter talk  
An make de bald ter see an make de def an dum ter walk.  
De monkey climbed up on de straps ter git a better view,  
He saw de register, an tried ter see wot it wud do...  
An when he found de bell wud ring, ter register de fare,  
He rang up fifty dollars worth, but pahaw, "De man don care".  
Say ma we're habin mostest luck - why just de other day,  
A feller said he'd take us out ter Europe all de way,  
An see we always had de best ob everything while dere,  
An all we've got ter do is just ter pay, an pay his fare.  
P.S. I'm glad de man don't care. Good by Ma Mose



EXTRA  
GREAT EXCITEMENT  
ANOTHER ARTIST  
PAID HIS RENT.

HERES WHERE  
THE MONKEY RANG  
UP A FEW FARES  
TO HELP THE POOR  
CONDUCTOR

A SCENE ON CHERRY ST

R. F. Outcault.



# PORE LIL MOSE AT CENTRAL PARK

New York Saturday 1901.

Dear Mammy  
I've got to write an tell yo how we re gittin on up here.  
An tell yo dat I'm well an strong an happy, never fear,  
Fer I'll be back in Cottonville wif lots of things to tell  
About my trables in New York an Buffalo as well  
At present we are in New York — we re makin quite a stay  
A takin in de tiayters, de Bowery an Broadway  
Deys got a place called Central Park an in it is a Zoo,  
Wif bears an elephants an birds an dogs an Monkeys too.  
Well, we went dar one day las' week an talk about a lark  
I bet dey nebbes saw such fun up dar in Central Park  
De monkey met a fren of his — he knew him long ago  
When he wuz trabin aroun wif Mr. Barnum's show  
An Billie Bear he found de cage whar all de bears is kep  
An dar he foun his Aunt Mariar. She was so glad she wif  
De lion saw us watchin him an he let loose a squawk  
Wot skered de mouse houn mos to def so he kun hardly  
De animals got so up sot an acted up so bad

De keeper los his balance an he got mos awful mad  
We had nit tipped de coppers, cause dey wanted too much pay  
So de keeper called a copper an he chased us all away

Your loving sun Mose

R.F.O

P.S. The mouse hound did n't have any fun.

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NOTICE  
DONT MONKEY  
WITH THE APES OR  
APE THE MONKEYS.  
DONT FEED OR ANNOY  
YOURSELVES

IT IS TO  
LAUGH

R.F. Outen



# PORE LIL MOSE

## HE TREATS HIS FRIENDS TO SODA WATER

Deer Mammmy

New York.

We went into a soda water store de yuther day,  
But over looked de fact dat dey expected us ter pay.  
I clean fergot I had n't any money in my close.  
So we lined up befo' de bar where soda water grows.  
It tasted awful beautiful, had ice-cream in it too;  
He did n't say a word about de pay till we got froo.  
Am den I foun' I did n' hab a penny to my name  
So I commenced ter hum dat song "aint dat a measly shame"  
De man was jes' a quine ter send a call fer de police.  
When some kind lady paid de bill and settled it in peace  
P. S Please send some money. Your loving Son  
Mose

**SODA WATER  
& DRUG STORE**  
DOTES AND ANTIDOTES  
SOAP, SALVE & SOOTHING SYRUP

**FUMES  
&  
PERFUMES  
PASTE  
PILLS  
&  
PLASTERS  
POWDERS  
FOR  
FACE  
HEADACHE  
SLEEP  
GUN OR  
BUGS**

STRAWBERRY  
AND  
CREAM  
5¢

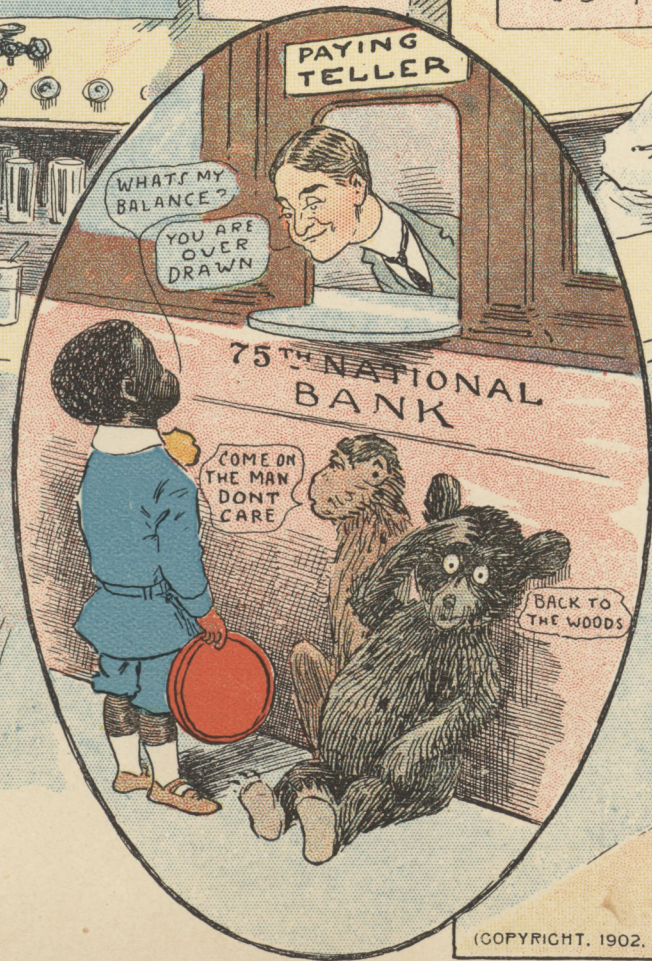
JUNIPER  
JUICE &  
BITTERS  
10¢

PHOSPHATE  
OF  
SODA  
AND  
KNOCK OUT  
DROPS

WINK  
&  
SODA  
15¢

LEMON ADE  
ORANGE ADE  
& GEORGE ADE  
10¢

MILK  
30¢



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R. F. Outcault



# PORE LIL MOSE

## HE GOES BATHING

Bay Shore 1901

Deer Mammy  
 Since las' time dat I wrote yo we has bin break at de bay  
 A settin on de pier an ketchin fish mos' ebery day  
 An ebery afternoon we allus goes in fer a swim.  
 De monkey made me git a lil bathin suit fer him.  
 Den lil Billie Bear he say he's got ter hab one too.  
 So I got de cat a red one an de mouse houn' his is blue  
 We got upon de spring board an went sailin throo de air  
 An lit among de bathers all aroun' mos' ebery where  
 When lil Billie Bear came up, his head all soakin wet,  
 A fat ole fairy's funny face wus first thing dat he met  
 I wish I had a fotograf of dat ole woman's squawk;  
 She went home in a ambulance, because she could n' walk.  
 A Shiney bald head wus de place whar mistah monkey lit.  
 De ole man b'longin' to de head he fell inter a fit.  
 An when de yuther people seen de mouse houn' an de cat,  
 Dey all commenced ter scream an yell an wonder whar deys at.  
 De people on de pier began ter holler laff an shout.  
 Ter see de bathers flounder roun' an scramble ter git out.  
 But when dey seen de cat an dog, de monkey an de bear,  
 Wus all ob dem real animals dey did n't seem ter care.  
 Dey knowed dey did n't "hab 'em" an den wot do yo's pose.  
 Dey tuk up a collection fo' Yoor Son Pore lil Mose.  
 P. S. it wus \$ 1.98 cents

NOTICE  
 THIS IS ONE  
 DIVE THAT ISN'T  
 PROTECTED BY  
 TAMMANY HALL

BILLIE BEAR FLOATS

PENNYROYAL

HELP



# PORE LIL' MOSE

## AT Coney Island

We'se binter Coney Island an we se splattered in de sea;  
An lil' Billie Bear wuz jes' as happy as kin be  
He had nebber seen de ocean an it simply made a hit  
An when dem breakers hit him why he warnt skeered a bit.  
I did n't think de cat wud go so lef' her on de beach  
But soon I saw her on a wave — Jay, pussy is a peach  
Den de mouse houn' an de monkey came an joined de bathin' ban'  
An about a million people gathered 'round upon de san'  
I'd often heard ob'rubber nex' but since I'se reached dis place  
De way de common people gap you'd think dey'd break dere face.  
We finally lef' de water an we went some place to eat,  
An we filled ourselves wif chowder fum de neck down ter de feet  
An den we tuk in all de sights dere are on Coney Isle  
An waded froo humanily an fakes about a mile.  
We had our pictures taken an den we shot de shoots,  
We'd like to have shot de barkers dey're a lot ob squawkin brutes.  
I dont like Coney Island, cause its stupid an its bad.  
An its hot an cheap an noisey, an it makes me awful sad.  
An as soon as dey is ready fer me up at Buffalo  
I'll go up an look em over an see how I like de show.

Pore lil' Mose

RFO.

NOTICE  
THE WAVES ARE FOR  
THE EXCLUSIVE USE  
OF BATHERS WHO WISH  
TO GO INTO THE WATER.  
DONT LOITER ON THE  
DEEP

YOU SE DE FIRST  
PICKANINNY MERMAID  
I'SE EBER SEEN

COME ON  
MOSE

WELL NEVER  
GET HOME

OUCH! THE OLD  
OCEAN HURTS

DRAWN  
BY  
SARGE

1st HOLE  
P. T. Outcault

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# PORE LIL MOSE

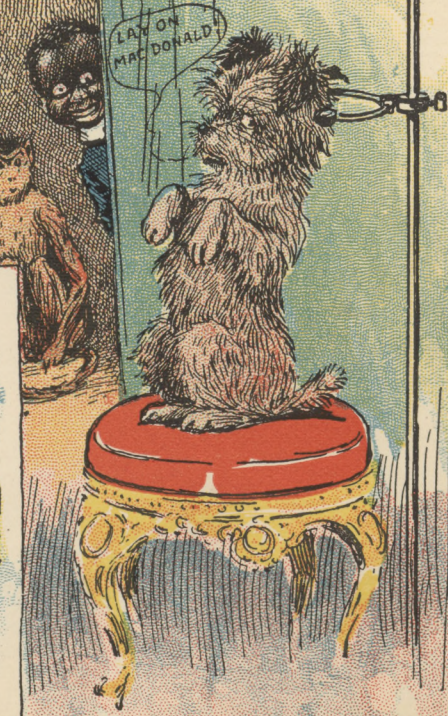
## STILL IN NEW YORK

writes his weekly letter

Five  
Walden  
Avenue  
Mrs. Pryor  
Cottonville  
Georgia

Deer Mammy  
Dars allus sumfin funny fer yer son to write about.  
We runs accross some new surprise whenever we goes out.  
We foun' a place de yuther day where dey does everything  
From pullin' teeth an cuttin' hair to teachin yo' to sing.  
An Billie Bear he said he'd like to have his nails shampooed  
Say Mammy he has got to be a reg'lar lil dude.  
An' pussy had a wisdom tooth extracted wif-out pain.  
De monkey had a corn removed (he wont do dat again)  
De mouse houn' had his picture took to send it to his gal  
An I had mine to send to you an "Happy lil Sul"  
An now I se got to close because I se got to go to bed.  
Besides dars nuffin lef' to say dat I has lef' unsaid.  
Your luring son  
Mose

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THE MOUSE HOUND HAD HIS PICTURE EXTRACTED

R. Foutcault

PUSSY HAD HER TOOTH TAKEN



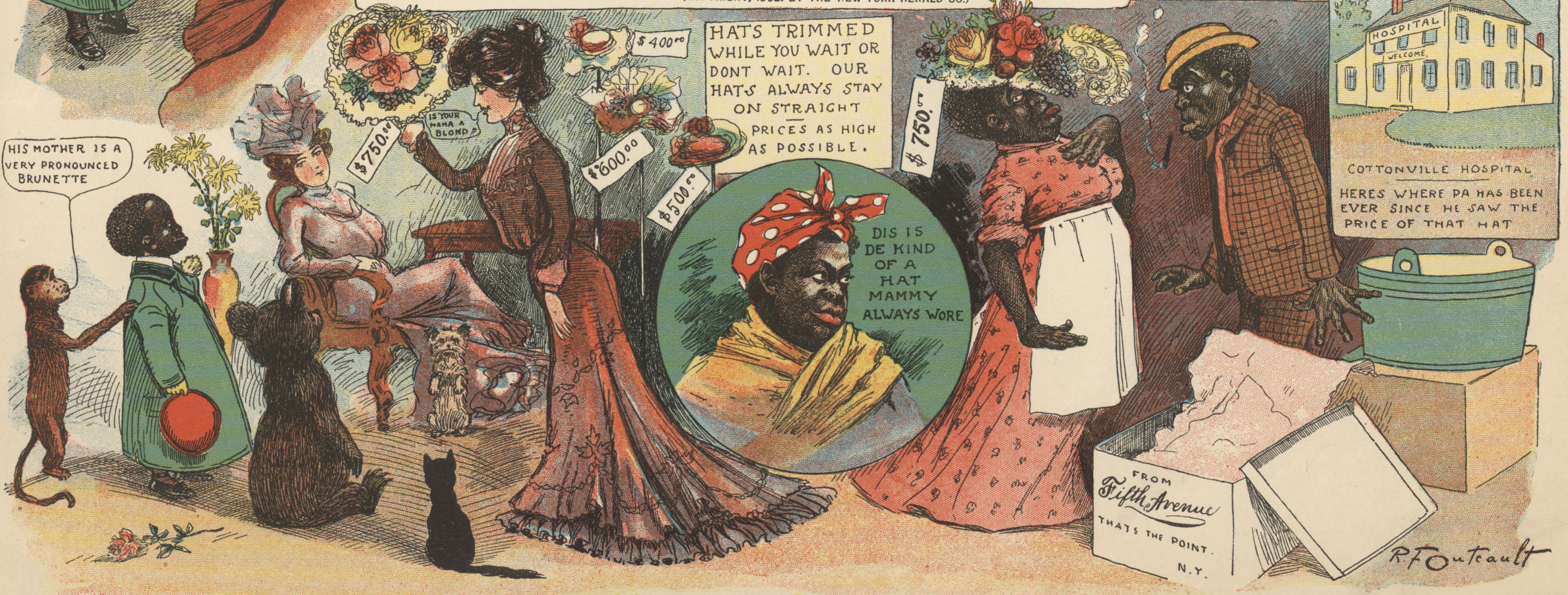


# PORE LIL MOSE HE BUYS his MAMMY a HAT

New York 1900 an 2

Deer Mammy  
We took a walk de yuther day on ole Fifth Avenue.  
An bought a lovely present mammy darling, jes' fer you.  
I knows yo allus wears a plain bandana roun' yo head.  
An dat yo neber cares fo' style-yo berry often said.  
But when I saw doze lovely hats wif ribbons flowers an lace  
I says to Billie Bear how nice dey'd look on mammys face.  
I had a lot of money-an I'se got a bundle yet.  
A horse had finished in a race de way dat I had bet.  
An so we went into de shop ob Madame Caroline.  
An looked at hats ob ebery style-imported 'cross de brine.  
De one dat I picked out fer yo I know yo'll think its sweet.  
It looks as though it might be almost good enuff to eat.  
P.S. Billie Bear sent one  
to his mother  
Your Son  
Mose.

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R. Fontcault



CLOTHING

# PORE LIL MOSE

## HE VISITS BAXTER STREET

You're often heard ob Baxter street—well, ev'y thing yo heard  
About dem second-han clothes men, is true, upon my word  
Well we went down de yuther day, ter kin' ob look aroun'.  
An Say!! dat is de foolishhest an worstest place in town.  
A feller grabbed me by de arm an pulled me in his sto'.  
An had a new suit on my back befo' yo cud count fo'.  
An Billie Bear was all rigged out in clothes ter beat de ban'.  
De sassiest bunch ob happy rags dat ever struck dis lan'.  
De Monkey won an out-fit—well, I guess I'll have ter stop.  
I cant do any thing but laugh an laugh until I drop.  
To think how funny we all looked in dem redic'lous clothes.  
An now I'll haf ter say good bye

Your Son  
Pore lil Mose

Dear Harry  
If you want  
to give a  
funny party  
just invite  
us, yours  
Pore lil Mose

WILLIE  
STOP IT—  
COME BACK  
HERE

THAT KID  
HAS THE  
DROPSY

TO LET  
BEAUTIFUL  
APARTMENT  
WITH PARROT  
& RUBBER PLANT

HEY COME BACK  
UND PAY ME

OUCH

IF YOU DONT BELIEVE  
THAT THE CLOTHES MAKE  
THE MAN—JUST BUY  
A SUIT FROM US AND  
SEE HOW SOON EVERY  
BODY WILL GET NEXT  
IF YOU ARE A REAL GENT  
YOU MUST WEAR THE  
CLOTHES TO PROVE  
IT

IT FITS YOU LIKE  
DER PAPER ON  
DER VALL

NOTICE  
THE  
GLASS  
IS ON  
THE  
OTHER  
SIDE

YOU'RE A  
SIGHT

R. F. O'Connell

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# PORE LIL MOSE

HIS PET MONKEY MEETS  
AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.  
POOR LIL MONKEY.

104 In the shade 1901

Dear Ma

We passed a house de yuther day, an in de window sill,  
Dar sat a big bird, in a cage, a talkin wid his bill.  
We stopped an looked an listened ter his funny game of talk  
De monkey got up close ter him an he let out a squawk  
De monkey said he knew him cause he said when he was small,  
He knew him in de jungle an he said his name was Poll.  
De monkey said dat Parrots is a cross an noisy lot.  
De parrot said a thing er two which made de monkey hot.  
De monkey los' his temper an he jumped fer Polly's cage,  
But Polly got him by de tail which put him in a rage.  
De cage fell down into de street de monkey yelled wid pain  
But Polly held on tight an bit poor monkey's tail again  
We started on a gallop, me an lil Billie Bear,  
De cat an pup an monkey, too, but Polly still was dere.  
We plunged froo crooked alleys till we struck a vacant lot,  
Wif a yellin' crowd behin' us, jes a comin' on a trot.  
De fat ole girl whose parrot had de monkey by de tail,  
Came up a puffin, out o' tref, an she began ter wail.  
She turned around an blubbered to a man a standin' there  
But dried her tears when Polly said "dont fret, the man dont care"  
Yours Mose.

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R. Foutcault



# PORE LIL MOSE

*He takes a sail*

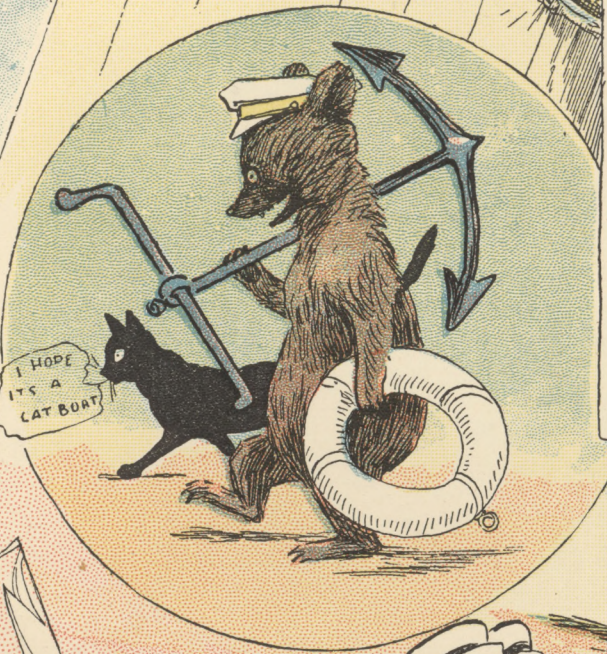
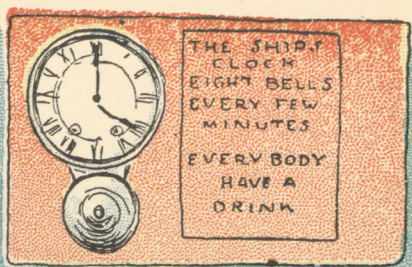
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Bayshore L. I.

Deer Mammy

A fren' of mine has got a boat its down at Great South Bay  
He tuck us all a sailin on it jes de yuther day.  
De good ship Berkeley is her name, she's got a gallant crew  
Consistin of de cap'n an a keg of rum er two.  
We started in de mawnin an de sun wuz shinin bright.  
But mercy wot a orful time we had befo' de night.  
As we wuz jes a glidin' long upon de wind'ard tack,  
A big black squall sneaked up an hit de sea a orful smack.  
Our boat got skeered so bad she jumped an turned right up side down  
An dar is whar I thought de bunch wud shorely all be drown.  
De cap'n hollered to us, an he tole us all ter swim,  
An not ter lose our heads but jes' ter keep our eye on him  
We kep our eye upon him till a big wave came his way,  
An "put him out of business" as our minister wud say.  
I was such a long way ter de lan across a briney foam  
We called a auto-mobile cab ter take us all back home  
An now I'm back on land again as happy as kin be  
I'll nebbber take another sail upon deep blue sea

Pore lil Mose



R. T. O. F. Smith



# PORE LIL MOSE

## HE BUILDS AN AIRSHIP

DEER MAMMY

Has yo read in all de papers 'bout a feller out some where  
 Wots got a airship sho enough an sails 'roun in de air  
 It aint like dem ole fool balloons yo sees at county fairs.  
 Wot dont go any place at all, an comes down any wheres.  
 No sir, he's got it down so fine he steers it like a ship  
 An when he gits before de wind he goes a lively clip  
 Well billie Bear has los' his head a hearin' 'bout dat man.  
 An now we's got our own balloon made on dat feller's plan.  
 We made a trial trip one day an sailed up to de sky  
 I didn't know dat height could be so orful, orful high  
 Ef de giants wusn't playin sich a orful game ob ball  
 We'd sail aroun an see de game an nebber pay at all  
 When we comes back ter Cottonville we'll come in our balloon  
 Which maybe wont be very long an maybe not so soon  
 Your luvving SUN Mose

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GO! TO HALTER'S  
FOR GENTLEMEN HORSES'  
FURNISHING GOODS 8 & 8.

# PORE LIL MOSE ON THE SPEEDWAY

I WISH I HAD A RUBBER  
NECK I WOULD WIN

I BET I CAN  
PASS HIM

ON IT'S A CINCH

I CALL HIM ANARCHY  
BECAUSE HE'S GOT  
TO GO

New York

P.S. A cracking whip seldom cuts

Dear Mammy

We visited de speedway an we're almost out of bref  
De way dey hustle things up dere wud scare you mos' ter def.  
De minute dat yo strikes de place yo feel it comin' on  
De feelin' dat yo' want ter go - an in a minute yo is gone.  
De horses aint de only things what goes a lively pace.  
Deres de Harlem River wif it's boats, wots also in de race  
An right across de river, every minute in de day.  
A screechin' Railroad Train er two are on dere merry way.  
But right dere at de Speedway is de New York Base ball groun  
Where de slower' game ob ball in all de country kin be foun

Yours Mose

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P.S. I hav'nt touched de pipe since

## RULES OF THE SPEEDWAY

- 1<sup>st</sup> YOU'VE SIMPLY GOT TO GO.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> KEEP IN AN EVEN GAIT, DONT BREAK. LOTS OF THE DRIVERS ARE BROKE.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> "THE PACE THAT KILLS" IS NOT BARRED, BUT IF THATS YOUR GAIT BETTER TRY. THE TENDERLOIN
- 4<sup>th</sup> DONT GO SO FAST YOU CANT STOP YOU MIGHT- OH! YES, FUNERALS ARE NOT ALLOWED ON THE SPEEDW

HURRY UP

HELLO JOE O'BRIEN

DAT WOT WE ARE COMIN'  
TO IF DLY GOLF CRAZE  
KEEPS ON

R. F. Outcault



# PORE LIL MOSE

HE HAS A TOUCH OF HOME SICKNESS  
PORE LIL MOSE

Dear Mammy

I heard a phonograph one day, an' mammy, on my word.  
It wus de sweetest singin' dat I mos'ly eber heard.  
Yo ought ter hear de lubly songs dat phonograph kin sing.  
When it commenced, I didn't want ter do a single thing  
But jes' come back ter Cottonville, de place whar I wus born.  
An' spen' my life amongst de coons, de cotton an' de corn.  
We drapped a nickel in de slot an' "Ole Kaintuckey Home"  
Wus fust upon de program—my eyes commenced ter foam.  
An' den a nudder nickel an' dar came de sweetes' tune—  
"Cahy me back ter ole Virginny": (sounded like a homesick coon.)  
But Billie Bear he borrowed my handkerchief, an' he cried,  
When it sung de "Suwanee River" an' we wep' dar side by side.  
But when it struck up "Dixey lan'" we all commence ter swing.  
An' dance de "hoe down", "pass-ma-la", an' "cut de pidgeon wing".  
A crowd began ter gather an' dey passed de hat aroun'.  
But a p'liceman got it, hat an' all, an' now he can't be foun'.  
Your loving son, Mose.

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## DRUG STORE

24 STAMPS FOR 3 cents  
every thing else at the same  
reduction

TO WALL ST



PHONOGRAPHS TO  
LET WITH THE NEW  
LULLABY ATTACHMENT  
HAVE IT SING THE  
BABY TO SLEEP  
ALSO THE NEW  
SCOLDING ATTACHMENT  
FOR TONGUE TIED  
WIVES

SONGS OF THE SOUTH  
NEGRO MELODIES AND  
HUMOROUS SONGS  
GET THE ATMOSPHERE  
OF FRIED CHICKEN,  
CORN BREAD AND  
WATER MELON  
DROP A NICKEL IN  
THE SLOT AN' TAKE  
COTTON OUT OF YOUR  
EARS

GO AWAY  
BACK AND  
SIT DOWN



R. T. Outcault



LET US PAINT YOUR  
SIGN WE WILL MAKE  
A NAME FOR YOU

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# PORE LIL MOSE

HE GETS MIXED UP WITH  
A PAINTER

I'M GOING TO BE  
WASHED AND  
IRONED

LAUNDRY

PORTRAITS  
AND  
BARBER POLES  
A SPECIALTY

PAINT  
SHOP

WE PAINT ALL KINDS  
OF SIGNS GOOD OR BAD  
SIGNS OF THE TIMES  
Etc Etc

LET'S GO IN AN  
LET HIM SIGN  
A CHECK

LET'S  
WORRY  
HIM

WE'RE GOING  
IN THERE FOR  
FUN

PORTRAITS  
AND  
BARBER POLES  
A SPECIALTY

PAINT  
SHOP

WE PAINT ALL KINDS  
OF SIGNS GOOD OR BAD  
SIGNS OF THE TIMES  
Etc Etc

RED  
&  
BLACK  
THE  
BLUE  
&  
THE  
GRAY  
THE  
WEARIN  
OF THE  
GREEN  
ALL  
THE  
NEW  
SHADES  
AND  
THE  
OLD  
RED  
WHITE  
&  
BLUE

THE FUN'S  
OVER

I'VE GOT  
THE  
BLUES

R. T. Outcault

Deer Mammy When I lef' home, ob cose yo knows I wuz a colored boy  
But My! yo ought to see me now twud fill yo heart wif joy  
We went into a painter's shop de yuther after noon,  
But came a flyin' out agin most mighty orful soon

De meanes' man I eber see wuz dat ole painter man  
He los' his temper cause de cat up wif a red paint can  
An now we haf ter go an buy a bran new set ob clothes  
Cause we is yaller, red an blue — Your Son, Pore lil Mose.



POST OFFICE



# PORE LIL MOSE

THIS TIME HE IS TOO BUSY TO WRITE TO HIS MAMMY



DAR'S NUFFIN FROM MOSE

HAS YD BIN TO DE POST OFFICE



## LOST

A GOOD DURABLE  
MONKEY  
COMPARATIVELY  
NEW  
AND  
IN GOOD WORKING  
ORDER.

LIBERAL REWARD

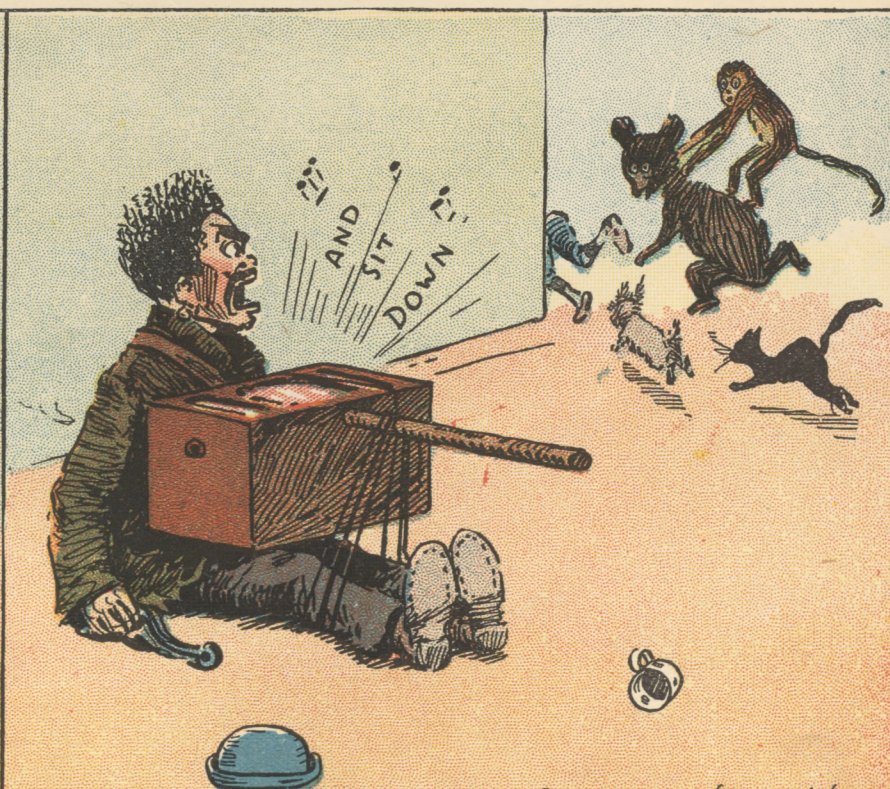
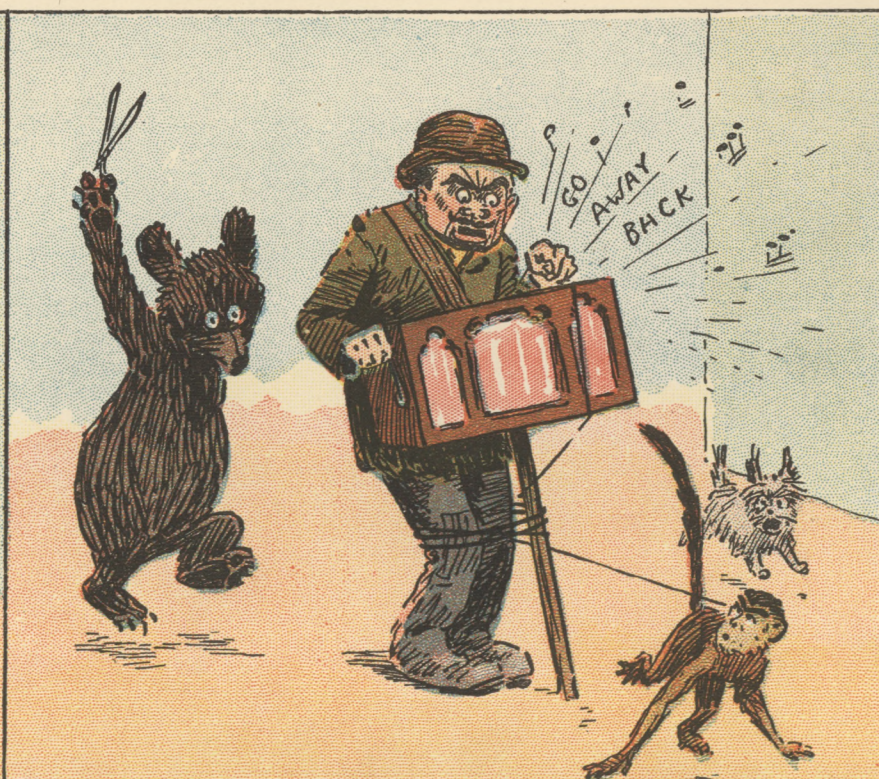
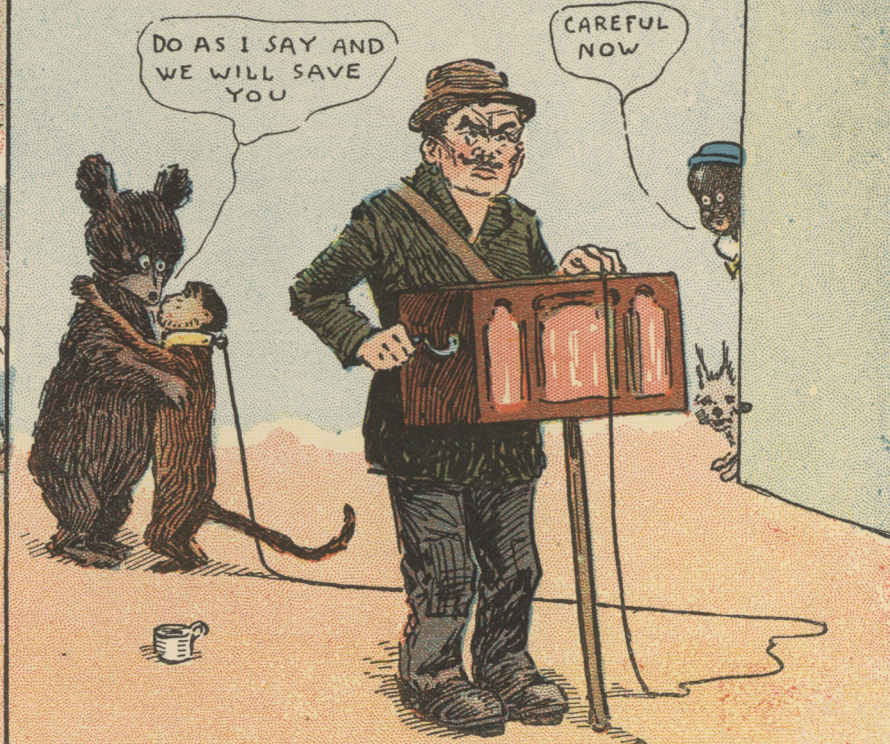
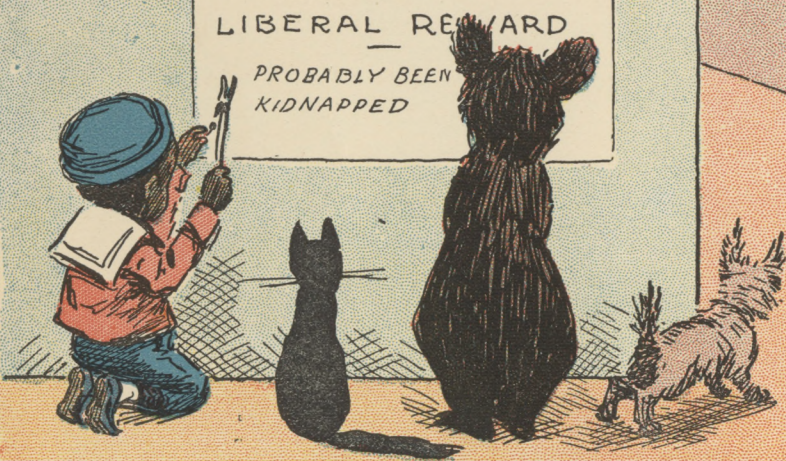
PROBABLY BEEN  
KIDNAPPED

NOTICE  
NO KIDNAPPING  
ALLOWED ON  
THIS STREET

AT LAST WE HAVE  
FOUND OUR POOR  
MONKEY - NOW TO  
RESCUE HIM

DO AS I SAY AND  
WE WILL SAVE  
YOU

CAREFUL  
NOW







# PO' LIL MOSE

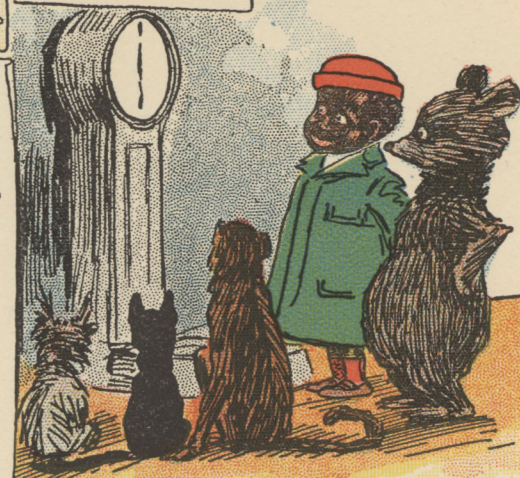
## HE VISITS THE WAX WORKS.

We se bin ter see de wax works, an de mouse-houn' an de cat  
 Think dats de mos' ridic'ous place dat dey wuz ever at.  
 Dey's got all kinds ob dummies dere dressed up in different clothes.  
 Ter look like different kings an folks ob royal rank I spose.  
 Yo' caint tell which is really folks aroun' dat crazy place:  
 Dere clothes is jes like other clothes an so's dere han's an face.  
 Dey had a great big hollow man- (a real man wuz inside)  
 Wot played at chess an checkers wif any one who tried  
 Ob couse he allus beats 'em jes like any yuther game  
 De man wot runs it has to beat, or John Dough aint his name.  
 Dey've got a orful spookey place, we only peeped in dere.  
 De "Chamber ob de horrors" an it handed us a scare.  
 De mouse-houn' wuz so terrified he aint quit runnin' yet.  
 He sees doze horrors in his dreams an simply caint forget.

Mose

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TRY THE NEW  
ELECTRIC  
WEIGHING



THE  
WORLD  
IN  
WAX -  
HORRID  
HORRORS  
TO  
HORRIFY  
THE  
MOST  
HORRIBLE  
-  
MURDERS,  
EXECUTIONS,  
WOMEN'S  
CLUBS  
IN  
SESSION  
&c

THE  
CHAMBER  
OF  
HORRORS



R.F. Outcault



## VAKE & LOTTZ

REAL AND UNREAL ESTATE  
HOUSES, FLATS, STORES &c.  
FOR SALE, TO LET, BORROW  
BEG OR STEAL WE WILL  
INSURE YOUR LIFE, OR YOUR  
HOUSE, TAKE YOUR PICTURE  
LEND YOU MONEY OR BUY  
YOU A DRINK, A NICE  
BUNCH OF FRESH LOTS  
JUST FRESH FROM THE  
FARM.

## PORE LIL MOSE

### HE VISITS the HARLEM HEIGHTS

ALL THE BIG ATTRACTIONS GO TO HARLEM.

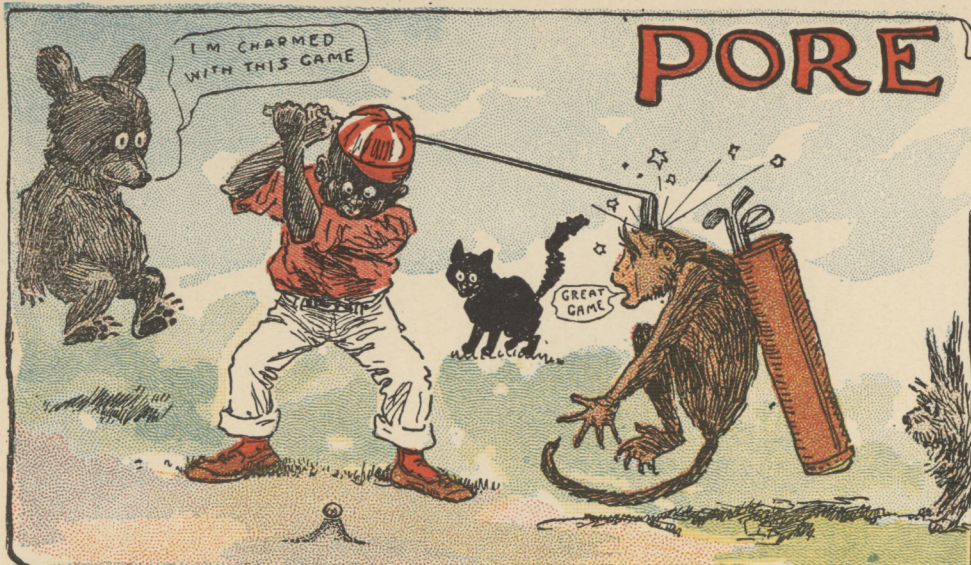
New York

Deer Mammy

We've bin ter Harlem; Mercy Sakes! but dats a busy place.  
Wif sceeckin' dagos, wavin' flags-you'd tink it was a race.  
An rocks an rubbish every place a flyin' froo de air,  
Police patrols an ambulances rushin every where.  
An Billy goats an flats, an flats, to let, to let, to let.  
Oh Harlem is de busies' place dat we has bin to yet  
Your Son. Mose  
P. So Harlemites like it an dey are de ones to please







# PORE LIL MOSE

HE PLAYS GOLF

NOTICE  
BUY THE NEW BOOK —  
THE ART OF PLAYING  
GOLF IN A HALL BED  
ROOM FOR SALE  
BY ALL DEALERS

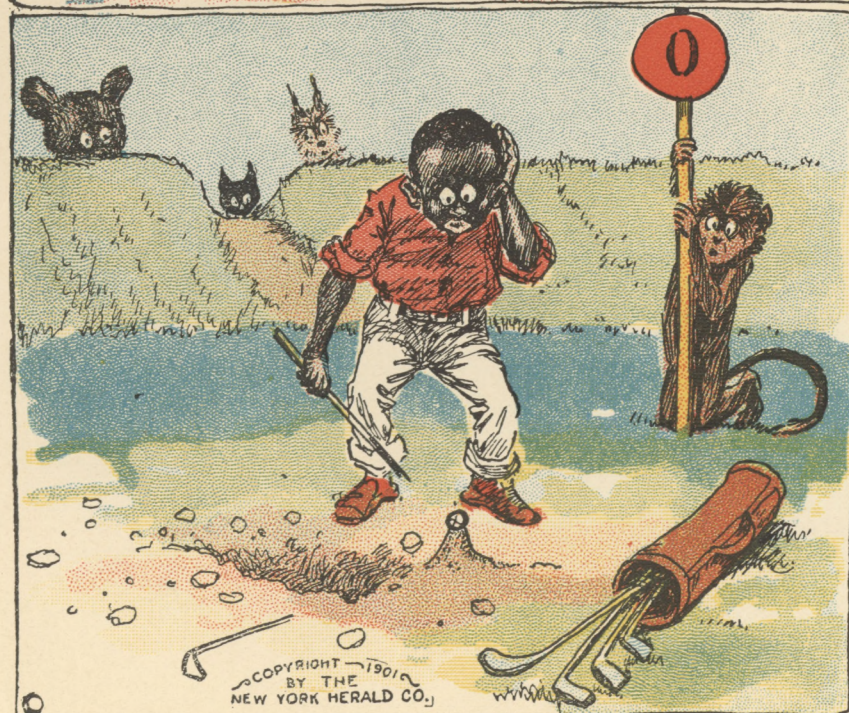


New York Sunday 1901

Deer Mammy  
When I gets back ter Cottonville I'll teach dem coons a trick  
A lil game, dey calls it golf, dey plays it wif a stick.  
I learned to play it yuther day an now I se stiff an sore.  
But Billie Bear he said he never had such fun before.  
Its jes a funny lil game, its easy nuff ter play.  
You play it wif a shinney but its sumfin like croquet.  
I'll tell you how I played it; first I tuk de lil ball.  
I tuk a club an struck at it, but never hit at all.  
I dug a hole wif dat yar stick, an tore up all de groun;  
An splattered dirt an gravel fer a half a mile aroun.  
Well den I struck wif all my might but missed dat ball agin;  
An den I said some lil things wot may be was a sin.  
Well when I found I missed agin I felt jes like a dunce  
An den I finally hit it an made all de holes at once  
De Caddie is de lil chap wot does 'n't play at all.  
But totes de sticks 'aroun', an laffs each time you miss de ball.  
Well jes' as I wuz gittin good, an so dat I cud play,  
why some ole foolish geezer got his bald head in de way  
P.S. Gee! how dat ole geezer kin run - golf is good exercise.  
Tell Happy lil Sal I misses her smiling face  
Good Buy Your loving son  
Pore lil Mose



NO HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT  
OUR IMPROVED GOLF LINKS  
FIT ANY FLAT WARRANTED  
NOT TO SHRINK A GREAT GAME  
FOR THE SERVANTS KEEPS THEM  
HOME AND BUSY



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NEW YORK HERALD CO.



R Fontenault





# LIL' MOSE'S PET CHICKEN



Las' Wednesday was de wedding ob de belle ob dis yere town.  
 An dats Miss Sarah Toga, sweetest gal fer miles aroun',  
 She married Henery Cooper, a big tall stylish coon,  
 An de family gave a party fer ter start de honey-moon.  
 While all de guests wuz busy an' de fambly offdere guard,  
 Pa made hisself a present ob a chicken in dere yard  
 He brought him home, an' he's a bird-almos' as big as me,  
 So sassy an' so full ob fight its beautiful ter see.  
 I put a collar on him, an' I fixed him like a clown;  
 He was so proud yo ought ter see dat chicken strut aroun'.  
 De mouse houn' barked an' ran at him an' made a fearful bluff;  
 But what dat chicken handed him wuz certain'y enough.  
 Our cat has licked most every-thing that ever came her way,  
 But when he reached her with a twister she decided not ter stay.  
 I dont know where dat chicken ever learned to box so slick,  
 But when he passes out his dukes he does it mighty quick.  
 I done fergot ter tell yo dat our monkey he came back.  
 De rooster ketch'd a sight ob him an' soon wuz on his track.  
 De monkey took a go at him but didn't las' a roun'  
 Cause some ob dem quick upper cuts jes put him on de groun'.  
 An den he started after maw' yo ought ter seen de fun.  
 My Pa is layin fer him now wif his ole musket gun.

R.F. Outcault







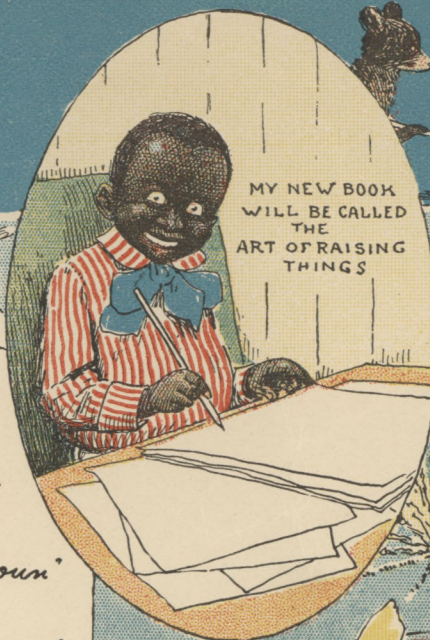
# PORE LIL MOSE HE MAKES A GARDEN

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New York



Deer Mammy  
De weather's gittin' lubly and de sun am shinin' hot  
An we are plantin' garden in a nudder feller's lot  
He said 'at we might plant some seeds ter see wot we can grow  
He gave us spades an water pots an shovel rake an hoe  
So now we're makin' garden wif all our might an main  
An waitin' fer de warm sun shine an den de gentle rain  
De monkey says if I should plant some water in de groun'  
A water melon vine 'ud grow an spread itself aroun'  
If dats de case I thinks I'll plant some sunbeams by de wall  
An see if sunflowers wont come up an grow all nice an tall  
Well if our garden turns out well an things are growing there  
I'll send you some to take de prize at de Cotton County Fair.  
P's Our egg plant did n' turn out well  
the eggs were not good.  
Your Son Mose



NOTICE  
TO BIRDS  
DONT STEAL THE  
STRAWBERRIES  
UNTIL THEY ARE  
RIPE

KEEP OFF DE WALL  
YOU REMEMBER  
HUMPTY DUMPTY

PUNKIN  
PY  
A SAMPLE



R.F. Outcault



# PORE LIL MOSE

HE TELLS HIS MAMMY ABOUT THE FOOT-BALL GAME

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New York Oct

NOTICE  
LOOK OUT FOR TICKET  
SCALPERS THEY WILL  
SCALP ANY BODY- THEY  
EVEN CHARGE DOUBLE  
FOR PASSES

Deer Mammy  
I'se gwine ter tell yo' how we went ter see de foot ball game.  
An how de monkey acted bad- it's certain'y a shame.  
We tuk de elevated cars wot runs up in de air  
Because dey goes lots faster an we knew wedsoon be dere  
We climbed de elevated steps an den we looked aroun'  
An tried ter see if any ticket scalpers could be foun'.  
(Cause ev'y place yo' wants ter go, an trys to get a seat,  
Yo' find de ticket scalper has de bes ones, on de street.  
An he charges double prices an he tells yo' wif a frown  
"Ef you don' want dese tickets," jes go way back an set down"  
Your loving Son Mose  
P. S. Some times yo go way back an stand up.

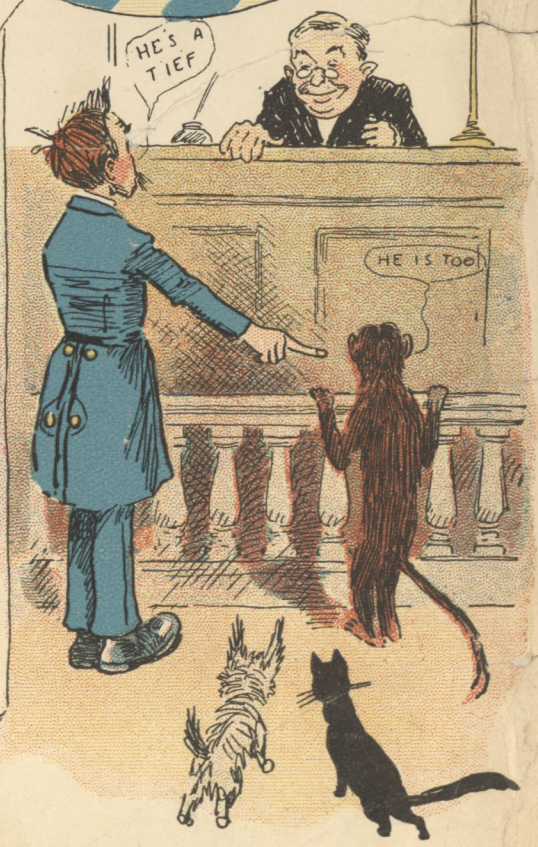


TICKETS



R. F. Outcault

ALL THE LATEST BOOKS  
EVEN SHAKESPEARE AND  
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN  
BUY A BOOK AND READ  
IT JUST TO KEEP IN  
PRACTICE. 25 cents  
ALL NEWS DEALERS





SHAN LEE  
CHOP SUEY HOUSE

CHOP  
SUEY  
UP  
STAIRS

FAN  
TAN  
UP STAIRS  
POLICE  
PROTECTION

HIM ALL SAMEY  
BABY LIKE-A  
ME

MOSE

PORE

LD

IN

CHINA

TOWN

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS

HOP NUR  
HABERDASHER  
PAJAMAS &  
PAJAMAS &  
PAJAMAS

Deer Ma - we've bin ter Chinatown an visited de Chings  
An hit de pipe, an eaten rice, an lots ob other things  
An seen de man wot runs de place de Chinatown big boss  
His name aint Platt nor Croker but dey calls him Mr. Joss  
We went into a restaurant ter git some chineese food  
De Monkey would'n't eat de grub but acted like a dude  
An got us in more trouble - course we're allus in a mess,  
Ef he don' quit his foolishness I'll leave him home I guess  
For Billie Bear he allus acts jes like a lil' man.  
An den de Cat an Mouse houn' too, acts pretty as dey can  
But every time we ever try ter go a single place  
De monkey acts so awful bad he gets us in disgrace.

Yours Mose.

IF YOU DONT WANT  
TO BUY OUR FOOD  
WHY RENT IT -  
ITS GOOD CHINEESE  
GRUB - WE LIKE IT  
EVERY THING ON THE  
BILL OF FARE  
COMES OUT OF THE  
SAME KETTLE



THE MOUSE HOUND  
HIT THE PIPE

COME  
ONE  
COME  
ALL

WELL HERE  
I GO  
AGAIN



EDISON'S  
LABORATORY  
PUSH THE  
BUTTON

# PORE LIL MOSE HE CALLS ON EDISON

Deer Mammy

I called on Mr Edison the yuther afternoon.  
I'll neber call on him agin, at least not bery soon.  
When we got dere to his front gate an jes about to knock,  
I reckon something mus hab slipped, we got a orful shock.  
A Cross eyed man came to de gate an says "come right in Mose  
Am bring yo frens, an set right down", an den, wot do yo spose  
Dat bench wus loaded. mercy sakes! I feel dat current now  
An aen a feller came along an made a lurly bow  
An says jes step along wif me I'll take yo to de boss  
An dar upon a dynamo he sat a lookin cross  
But smiled when he seen Billie bear an offered us his han.  
An dats de time we got a shock dat hurt to beat de ban.  
Your son Mose

KEEP OUT OF THIS  
ROOM, IT IS FULL OF  
NEW INVENTIONS  
AN HONEST POLITICIAN  
(JUST THINK)  
A MODEST ACTOR (GEE)  
CHEAP GAS. (HEAVENS)  
EDISON'S NEW TIRELESS  
TELEPATHY FOR TIPPING  
DIVE KEEPERS & THINGS

IF YOU GET LONELY  
JUST GRAB A COUPLE  
OF LIVE WIRES AND  
THEY WILL ENTERTAIN  
YOU FOR A WHILE  
AND THE MAN DONT  
CARE

PRIVATE

BEWARE OF THE  
CHAINED LIGHTNING  
IT MIGHT BREAK ITS  
CHAINS AND STRIKE AT  
SOMETHING AND HIT SOME-  
THING THAT IS WORTH SOMETHING  
WHICH WOULD BE SOMETHING  
AWFUL

GEE - IT  
TICKLES

THE SHOCK ROOM  
FULL OF SHOCKING  
THINGS TO SHOCK  
OLD WOMEN OF BOTH  
SEXES - EVEN CORN  
SHOCKS. DONT GET  
THE SHOCKING HABIT  
ITS EXPENSIVE

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE - THATS  
WHAT MAKES A LIVE WIRE  
BUT IT DONT MAKE AN  
ELECTRICAL EXECUTION

STAGE DOOR

DONT  
GO  
YOU HAVN'T  
SEEN IT  
ALL YET

GOOD BYE. WE SE  
HAD A LOVELY  
TIME

P. F. Ourcay







# PORE LIL' MOSE

## AND HIS FRIENDS

### Have Fun in Cottonville and New York

---

#### A LIST OF THEIR ADVENTURES

A TRUE GHOST STORY  
DE BURGLAR BRIGADE  
EF I WUZ A MILLIONAIRE  
THE SEVEN AGES

WHY PORE LIL' MOSE LEFT SCHOOL  
PORE LIL' MOSE TALKS TO THE  
ANIMALS

LIL' MOSE'S DOG—PORE LIL' DOG  
PORE LIL' MOSE AND HIS HATCHET  
PORE LIL' MOSE SENDS HIS PA A  
VALENTINE

HAPPY LIL' SAL AS QUEEN OF THE  
MAY

LIL' MOSE'S PET CHICKEN

PORE LIL' MOSE ENTERTAINS A  
VISITOR

HE SPENDS A WEEK ON THE FARM  
HE COMES TO NEW YORK

HE TAKES A RIDE ON THE CAR  
AT CENTRAL PARK

HE TREATS HIS FRIENDS TO SODA  
WATER

HE GOES BATHING

AT CONEY ISLAND

PORE LIL' MOSE, STILL IN NEW YORK,  
WRITES HIS WEEKLY LETTER

HE BUYS HIS MAMMY A HAT

HE VISITS BAXTER STREET

HIS PET MONKEY MEETS AN OLD  
ACQUAINTANCE

HE TAKES A SAIL

HE BUILDS AN AIRSHIP  
ON THE SPEEDWAY

HE HAS A TOUCH OF HOMESICK-  
NESS

HE GETS MIXED UP WITH A PAINTER  
TOO BUSY TO WRITE TO HIS  
MAMMY

HE VISITS THE WAX WORKS

HE VISITS THE HARLEM HEIGHTS

HE PLAYS GOLF

HE MAKES A GARDEN

HE TELLS HIS MAMMY ABOUT THE  
FOOTBALL GAME

IN CHINATOWN

HE CALLS ON EDISON