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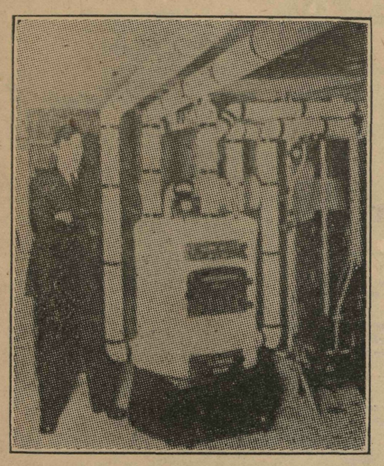

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JUST OUR JAG

Uncle Jake Partook Of Too Much Prune Juice And Was Affected.

HOLY MOSES! Ever since yer Uncle Jake partook of some of that there prune juice what ole Silas Runhouseer, ther distinguished and ancient chief bootlegger of Gobbler's Knob gave him er couple dozen weeks ago, he ain't had no peace er mind a-tall. This yer counts fer ther absence of yer Uncle Jake's articles in this gol durn ole humdinger fer nigh 'bout two months. After ther first gulp of ther durn concockshun what ole Silas makes, yer Uncle Jake began ter git dizzy; his couple stray hairs on his head stood up straight, his eyes batted and then there was er perade er green elephants and pink snakes what marched before him in grand review. This yer happened on November 26 and it was jest ther day before yesterday that yer Uncle Jake was able ter distinguish Mame's sweet, raspin' voice chirping er Christmas carol, and incidently my optic visions beheld her juggling er rolling pin, and at this yer sicilogical moment yer Uncle Jake got renewed ambition, and her wear and tear of ther bootlegger's jag seems ter disappear immediately.

CEAZER'S GHOST! Being kinda gol durn anxious ter see ther Jeff's community Christmas tree, yer Uncle Jake hitched up ther ole gray mule what's name is Maud and what's been in ther family fer er couple dozen or more of years, and proceeded ter Towsontown, but bout 'round Lutherville Maud hesitated, and then begun ter walk backward, and she wasn't er durn bit careful where she was er going either, and when yer Uncle Jake looked back, durn if ole Maud wasn't backing right up on ther honorable Jedge Duncan's front porch, and gittin out, yer Uncle Jake snuck through Shea's woods ter brother Gill Smith's place and borrowed er bucket er oats and er pitch-fork and then snuck back, and when he got there durn if Maud wasn't gone, but ther buggy was still on ther Jedge's porch. Creeping up to ther house cautiously, yer Uncle Jake peered through the windows and nigh bout fell into er fit when he spied Maud, sitting in the Jedge's favorite Morris chair and in deep mule conversation with ther Jedge's ole colored man. Jest what ther two were saying ter each other could not be learned, but from ther actions of ther Jedge's faithful ole servant, he was arguing with Maud 'bout clearing out, and Maud was equally determined that she wouldn't. Yer Uncle Jake ain't no fool by a durn sight, so he put ther bucket er oats in ther window so's Maud could see it, and durn if she didn't too, 'cause she arose jest like a nice lady mule and pranced to the outside, and then's when yer Uncle Jake remonstrated, er something like that, with her. Finally I got her hitched up ergain, and durn if she'd move till I fooled her, and how yer Uncle Jake laffed. I took ther pitch-fork and tied ther bucket er oats what I borrowed from my ole friend Gill Smith to ther end and got up in the buggy, holding ther oats in front of Maud jest far enough so's she could'nt reach them, and in er jiffy she was off, and believe me I never saw that gol durn critter run so fast before in all my life. Going at there rate of 3000 killofellers er minute we pulled up in front of ther Jeff's offis and, hitching Maud to ther strongest tree yer Uncle Jake could find, he skidded inter ther place ter see ther famous tree, and my, but wasn't I gol durn mad, cause ther place was so packed that I couldn't git any father than the door, but yer Uncle Jake wasn't satisfied with that, so he jest got down on all fours and crawled between them men and women's legs ter ther front line and got er fine vew of ther 'fair. When that little gol blame engine came er rushing out of ther tunnel it was headed direct fer yer Uncle Jake's feet, and ter git out of its way he made er grand rush fer ther door, and in the stampede er couple dozen people got hurt, 'cause when yer Uncle makes up his pesky ole mind ter do something, ther's going ter be something doing er somebody's goner git hurt. Towsontown didn't have ther Christmas air that it used ter have, cause all ther rum mills were shut up tight and ter drink plain water on er cold night ain't very pleasant, even if er yap has got er high temperature. Why, even ther town guards seemed ter be normal, and this yer is somethin' unusual fer them critters. Jedging from ther appearance of ther two it looked like hey spent all Christmas Eve in shining up ther buttons on their gol durn ole coats with solarine er something else jest as good.

YE GODS! This yer season ain't what it used ter be by er hell of er sight. There used ter be er time when yer could go from house ter house and git plenty of egg-nog, but this yer year all yer'll git is ther egg, cause ther government has taken erway ther nog. If er yap wants er git on er quiet little jag he's either got ter guzzle hair tonic, liver remedy, peruna, essence er raisins er shoe polish, and if none of ther aforesaid concockshuns kin be got, yer Uncle Jake would suggest er little tincture er paint with er drop er two of rough-on-rats pitched in ter give it er exciting flavor. If anybody ever comes up to yer Uncle Jake and sez Happy New Year, with conditions as they are, he'll be blame sure ter git er stiff punch in ther nose.

CEAZER'S GHOST! Carl Weimaster, what served in ther war between ther Junited States and ther Hungarian, heathen government er Germany starts off on er another battle terday cause he got married this morning ther Towsontown Methodist Chur and the ancient and honorable reverend gentleman, Mr. Koontz, ther kkot so gol durn tight that ain't no use fer Carl ter even break erway.

They ain't so many folks but yer Uncle Jake was Ca man, and ter look ther par ter Baltimoretown ter h dress suit, and believe ladies sed that yer Uncl ther best looking thing only trouble was that loaned me ther suit fe lars must have thoug git fat on ther way ther atmosphere wo 'cause when I slip back er Harry Bu put it on, here pants legs and th ed Queen Alexa length, but as Uncle Jake wa ain't like so they compla never stop t have brains how, after dozen minu ed in roll tucking ther top well, church sunris durn Uncle ther ther n peopl yer thou gro sio ta U tr im th lo di ha pl mi

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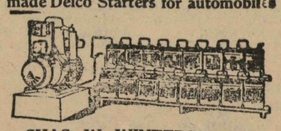

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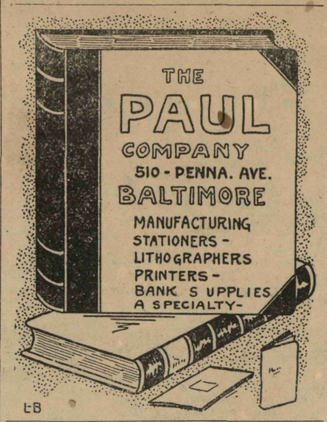

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United States, State and City Depository

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Deposits, - - -	2,000,000

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OH, CLEOPATRICK! Turkeys are roostin' so blame high that ther average hungry man'll have ter be content with pig and sauer krout. Don't yer know that ther last time yer Uncle Jake stuffer sauer krout in his stomach that ther durn stuff rebounded and got wedged in his ears, and some feller on ther street cused him of being er Dutchman and sed he was positive that yer Uncle was one, cause he had sauer krout growing out of his ears, and that there's been 60 odd years ago. I ain't touched none since. Fermented er roten cabbage never tempted yer Uncle Jake no how, no place.

BLOOMIN' IDIOTS! It's nigh about 12 o'clock X. M. and as yer Uncle Jake has got ter fill Mame's socks with something, maybe gravel, fer Christmas, he'd better durn sight git busy, cause Mame's one of them there women what yer can't tamper with, let erlone argue with. Whq that dame kin chuck er dish straighter than any gal I know, and as fer wielding er rolling pin so's it'll never miss its mark she ain't got no equal. Lan sakes, I done heard her dainty tread on ther stairs now. Out with ther light, bottle up ther ink pot and inter bed yer Uncle Jake'll fly, cause there's madness in ther air, by golly, and I kin smell it.

Anonymous Letter Published In Baltimore Paper Arouses Indignation.

(Continued from Page 1)

skilled physician in times of sickness, and are allowed to do pretty much as they please.

A representative of The Jeffersonian recently went through the almshouse and interviewed some of the inmates. Everyone seemed satisfied and contented. No dissatisfaction of any kind was evident. The rooms were warm and comforable, the inmates were clean and apparently well fed, and the general surroundings were homelike. In fact several of the inmates asserted that they could not wish for a better home.

A number of public-spirited ladies in the county have in recent years taken an active interest in the welfare of the almshouse, and their ideas were largely adopted by the County Commissioners in the improvements recently made. A committee, representing these ladies, makes periodical visits to the almshouse and they have found nothing in the way the home is conducted to warrant criticism.

How anyone could conceive the idea that "those of the inmates whom the rats do not eat will die of starvation" is inconceivable. Let the writer of this communication come out in the open, give his or her full name and address, and the name of the supposed physician quoted in the communication, so that the people of the county may know the truth. If the conditions at the almshouse are anything like as bad as pictured, the officials and the people of the county want to know it, so that steps may be taken at once to remedy the situation. If the conditions are not as pictured, they want this unjust aspersion upon the institution retracted.

Mrs. Marguerite E. Harrison, of Baltimore City, a daughter of Bernard N. Baker, and a sister-in-law of Governor Ritchie, is held a prisoner by the "Reds" in Russia, to force recognition by the U. S.

The trial of Guy L. Thompson, who is charged with dynamiting the hom of James Bolton, killing the fath and two children, will be heard Rockville on December 29.

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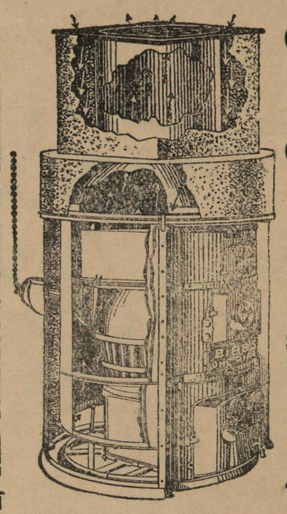

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