

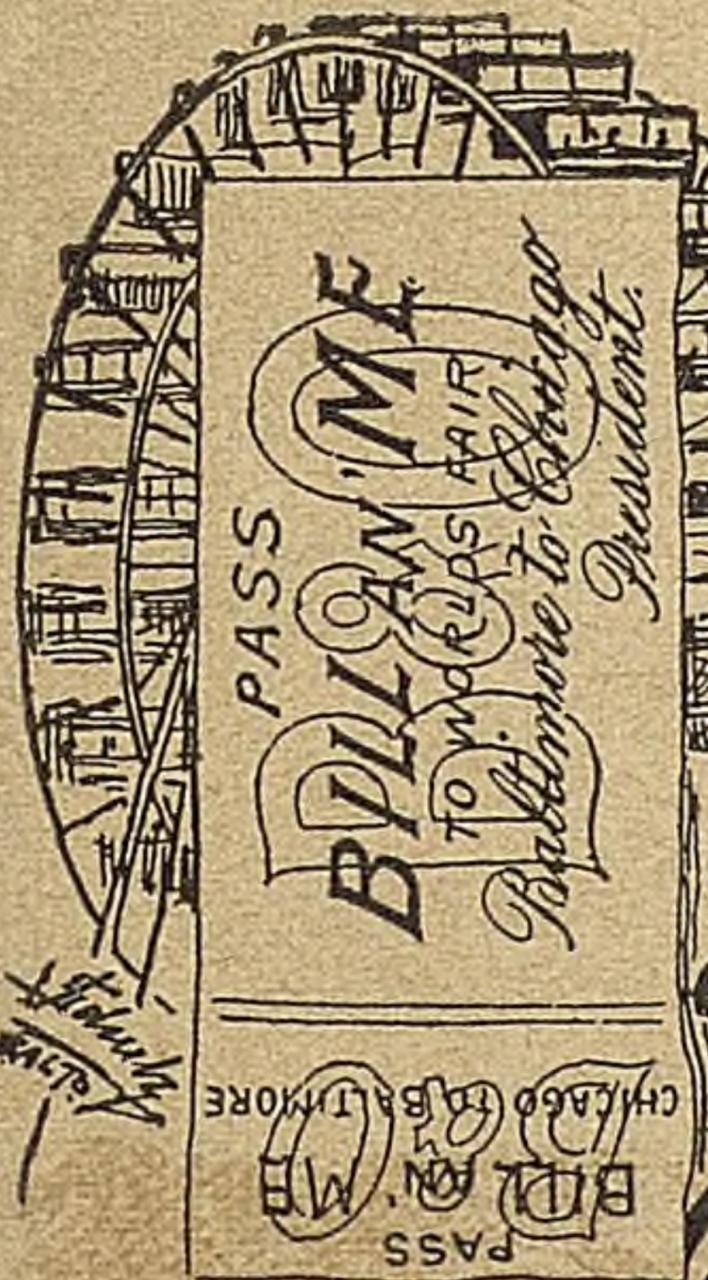
# "BILL AN' ME."

SUM OV OUR



ADVENTERS IN DE

"Midway Plaisance."



PASS  
BILL AN' ME  
TO WHEELS FAIR  
Baltimore to Chicago  
President.

PASS  
BILL AN' ME  
CHICAGO TO BALTIMORE

W. L. GALT

The Baldwin Library

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of  
Florida

## PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.



The manuscript of this interesting little book was found on the Bowery in New York, August 30, 1883.

The demand for the first edition of a half million copies was so great the publishers feel disposed to remunerate the genius who wrote it. We therefore offer one hundred dollars in gold to the youngster who can substantiate his claim to its authorship.

THE PUBLISHERS.



## “BILL AN’ ME.”

**F**ANNYBODY who went to de World’s Fair won’t forgit it in a hurry. I’m one. Bill Bossit he’s anuder. Bill an’ me went togedder. Bill’s fader he’s a porter on one ov de Pulman tranes wot runs to Chicago, an’ he got Bill an’ me a free pass on de rode. I don’t no ware he got it an’ I don’t care. Mebbe de man wasn’t lookin’ wen he tuk it. But Bill an’ me we got on de trane an’ tuk a feedin’ bottle wid us full ov rye wiskey. Bill he got de fust drink an’ i had to go thirsty. Dere was an awful lot ov fellers wid bottles on de trane, but wun man in frunt ov us he had a little bottle full ov white powder an’ he got sum ice water wunce or twice an’ put some ov the stuff in, an’ it biled up just like a gin-fizz. He sed it kept hed-ake away. Wen we got ter Chicago Bill an’ me had a wash an’ made a bee-line fer de Fair grounds. Sich crowds I never did see. We ast ware de mostest fun was, an’ one ov dem fellers dey calls Columbus’s Gards he sez, sez he: “Youse fellers want ter go to de Midway Plaisance over dere!” “Anythink in it?” ast Bill. “Bet yure sweetlife,” sed de Gard, just as nateral as if he warn’t



a forriner. Sumboddy sed he warn't a forriner neether. We went in a place an' had sum beer fust, an' dere was a feller inside wot had just cum back from a sale on de laik, an' he was sikker n' a dog from C-sickness. His pal had sum ov de stuff wot he tuk a dose ov it, the sik chap wanted to set 'em up for de hole de fust place we went in-wot dey call "Old Vien-an imitation ov de capital lukked very well, better, de people wot was lukk'n whizz! De names ov de an' nearly all ov de at-man, but it was an elly-de prittiest gals I ever out ov de quante lukkin' so bad while we was in ded away. Dey sed it an' as soon as she cum was wid her, she puld out gin-fizz stuff, an' mixt up a dose for her frend. We tuk notis dat she was sune awl rite agen after.



de feller had on de trane, an' wen kinder braced up, an' he larfed an' house. We let him du it. Wel,

ter on de Midway was na," an' dey sed it was ov Ostria in Yurope. It in fact, den menny ov at it. Sich crowds! Gee places broke me all up; tendants dey spoke jergant show, an' sum ov see were goin' in an' bildins. Der crush was dat a yung lady fainted was nervus excitement, two, anuder lady wot a bottle ov dat same We tuk notis dat she was

To ennyboddy who thawt that Ireland was chefely noted fer its pollytishuns an' perleecemen, de Irish Villige was a revylashun, an' sum people sed it warn't Irish at awl, cos dere was never enny fitin' goin' on dere. But dere was sum swete-lukkin' "colleens,"

dey cawld 'em, makin' the butifullest lace an' linen you ever did see. An' den dere was de Blarney Stone, wot fellers kiss wen

dey want ter lie suksessfuly to dere best

gals. I kissed it. So did Bill. It was de coldest kiss I ever had, an' I woodnt giv 2 sents a duzzen fer' em. Neether wud Bill. Wun ov de gals wot was makin' de lace had de newralagy thet bad she didn't no ware she was, an' I saw her tek sum ov that gin-fizz powder, an' git well quiker n'er a wink.



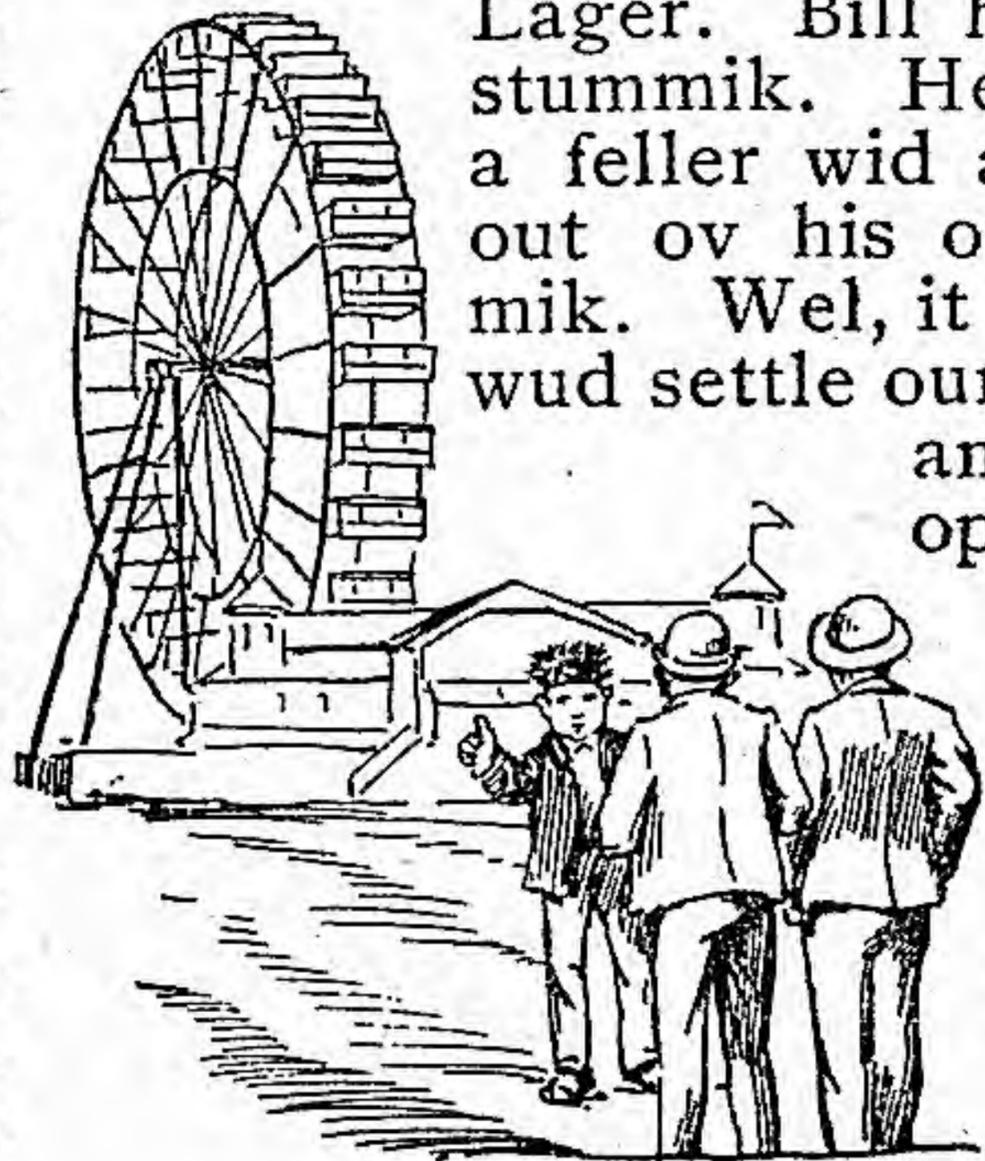


were just as subjec to hed-akes as Amerikans, only more so, an' dey all seamed to hav de same kind ov a kure—dat little blew bottle ov white “gin-fizz” powder.

DE “Strete ov Kiro,” wich dey spell C-A-I-R-O, but I don't no wy, was a dandy spot an' no diskownt. It is de boss sity ov Egypt, an' was stud on de banks ov de Nile before dey fetched it here fer fokes ter luk at. Egypshuns don't hussle like Yankees dew, an thare idee ain't quite so noo. - Neether is thare wimin so fresh as ours, but dey hav niser kompleckshuns an' use more ov it den laidies in dis kuntry. But sumhow, bote de Egypshun men an' wimin in de strete ov Kiro hed cort, on ter Yankey ways wen we was dere. Dey



Bill Bossit, he's half-jerman, an' de oder half ov him is lo dutch. Wen we got ter de Jerman Villige he saw so menny pritty frauleins he didn't want ter cum away. He sed it was just like home to him, but he never was nearer Jermany den Noo York, only he has a kuzen jerman, an' once had sum holland winder shades at his lojins. The Jerman Villige is a picteresk moddle ov a Tootonik hamlet. We got so tootonik ourselves dat we had to take a tonik too. It was gote, an' was reel sik to his inserreksshun in his inside, an' him a dose ov the fizzin' stuff He sed it wood settle his stummik so quick we wisht it wise. De nawsea left him, wanted was a gud blow in de "Awl rite, cum outside an' I'll but Bill he sed that warn't de ment. A little kid wid a hairy git a ride on de Ferris wheel, wud be de best chantz Bill an' ov gittin' neer heven, so we a peace an sot in de car. Gee we started movin' Bill an' me



Lager. Bill he got fullern' a stummik. He sed he had an a feller wid a long pipe gev out ov his own blew bottle. mik. Wel, it did settle Bill's wud settle our uther bills like-an' he sed all he open are. I sed, punch yer noz," kinder blow he cap told us to an' I thawt it me'd ever hav pade fifty sents whizz! De minit was sorry we



hadn't staid on de erth. Bill sed wen we was at de top, dat he cud see de hole ov de United Staits, but I gess he lied. We both got as dizzy as spinnin' tops, an' I felt as if thare was a three-ring sirkus in my hed. I kep my ise open as long's I dared, but we we got nere de top, an' it seemed like ridin' threw nowhare on nothin', I jest shet my ise tite, an' brethed hard. It warn't long afore de big wheel got round to de erth agen an' we got out, but I staggered like a bote-horse, an' jest wanted ter lay down sum-ware an' let my hed git level agen. Jest den,

up cums a gud samariten an' he sez to me, sez he, "Feel bad?" sez he. "Yew bet," sez I, "I don't no wether I'm standin' on my hed or on my heels." "Wate till I mix yew a dose," sez he. So he gits a tumbler ov water'n a tea spoon, an' pulls out ov his poket a little blew bottle. Out cums de effervessin' powder. "Grate Scot!" sez I, "that stuff 's awl over de world, it seams!" "So it orter be," sez he. Wel, sir, I tuk de glass in my hand, an' he put in a heapin' spoonful ov de stuff an' it sizzled away in grate shape. "Drink it orf!" sez he, an' I downed it wid my ise klosed, same's if 'twar fizzik. Den I likt my lips an' didn't wunder everyboddy used der stuff. It was nice tastin', but I soon felt its gud

effeks on my hed. It kleered de kobwebs away in a few minits an' I felt as spry as ever. But fergot to ask de man wot de stuff was.

Anoder day we went inter de Turkish Quarter ter see de sites. Bill an' me had ter larf at de Turks. Dere de lasiest cusses yew ever see, an' dere cheef bizness is smokin an' makin' salams, wich is wot dey call makin' a kertsey to der grownd wid dere long arms.

Awl de wimin has dare faces kuvver'd awl over exsept de ise, jest like hosses wot shies to wun side. Sum sez it is dun to prevent frekkles, an' sum sez its dun to prevent dudes mashin' 'em—de wimin, not de frekkles.

De averige Turkeyman is jenerally verry much marrid. At enny rate he has enuf ov wives tew sho fer it. Dey

call thare rume de "harem," an' de wimin we saw lukt a harum-skarum lot. If awl his wives are allowed tew chatter at wunse, I gess de poor Turk offen nedes sum ov dat hed-ake stuff. Too averige wimin kan tork a man intew a nerly grave, so de Lord noze wot ten or a duzzen kin dew wid a feller. Stil, sum ov de Turkey wimin was so shape-ly, an' thare ise shined so britely threw thare blinkers, dat Bill an' me we kinder envid dem Turkeymen.





Den yew shud jest see sum ov dem wimin dance ! Yewd think dey wos maid ov elastik. An' dey was de dandiest hie-kickers yew ever did see ! Dey'd jest as soon kik a hole in de seelin' or nok de roof ouden a fellers' hat wid dare tose, as luk at yew. I don't think dey hev enny jints at awl, an' I'll gamble pennies dey never hev no roomatism. A feller sot besides me 1 night, wen dey was tryin' tew kik de stuffin' out ov de atmesfear, an' he sed he gessed dem gals was spry enuf tew no a thing er too.



“Dey aint takin' no chantzes wid der roomatiz,” he sed. “I'll bet dem gals take a dose ov this tew or tree times a day,” an' he shoed me one ov dem little blew bottles ov powder. I began tew think that every modders' son wot wos at de Fair had cottoned ter that remmedi. Der big fellers wot wos runnin' de show—mannyjers dey kawl 'em—dey awl carrid dere little blew bottles an' yused ter take a “fizz” every now an agen, but chefely now. Dey sed it yused ter inviggerate tierd branes, an'

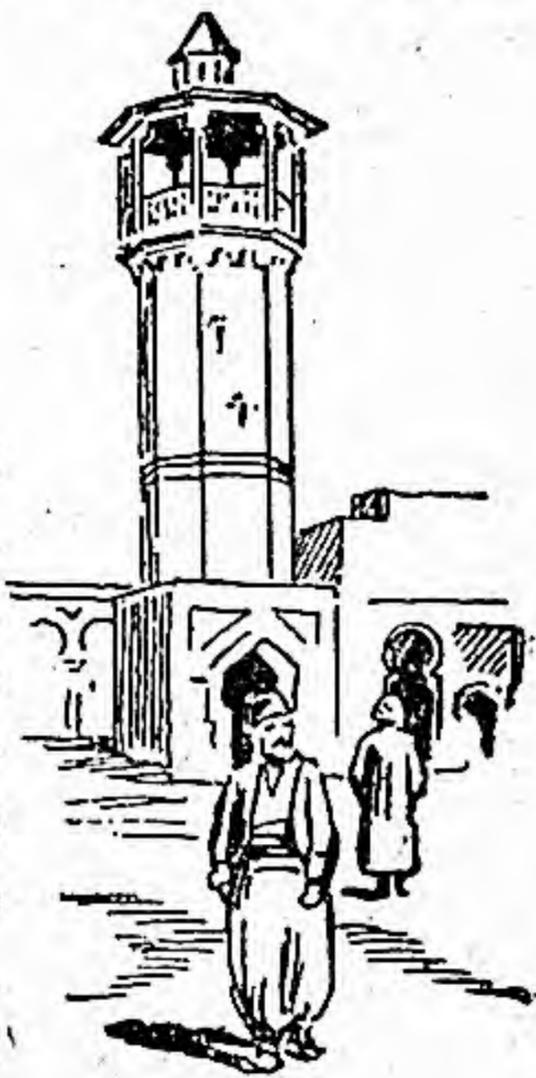


Wen we was a grate de Fair, an' we uster reed never seed sich splendor. The Moors was awl moored inside der Mosks, an' der gals was a heep prittier nor de men, as gals awlways is wen yew luk klose. Der moor we saw ov 'em de better we liked 'em. (I tride dat joke on Bill an' he nerely dide larfin, an' den he went all 'round

freshen up dere think tanks wen dey got rusty and overwirkt. Wun ov de felers toled Bill an' me dat wen he felt awl tierd out at nites after de show wos over, he yused ter take a good dose ov der stuff an' it wud make him slepe like a hummin' top. Anuder feller sed dat wen he cudn't ete nothin,' an' felt as billyus as a biled lobster, a gud drink ov it wud settle his stummik rite away. Bill sed it was nerely as gud a settler as de averige emigrant is in de west, but Bill he don't no nothin,' 'cept how ter lie.

went inter de Moorish Pallas it site. 'Twarnt like anythink els in it reminded Bill an' me ov a buk kawled de "Arabyan Nites."

We



crakkin' de same joke an' makin' beleeve it was his own.) Yew orter see dem Moorish madens dans, an' watch 'em make dere skirts fli. It seams sum of de Lady mannyjers began kikken' 'cos dey sed de gals in de Eypshun an' Indyan, an' Moorish villiges kikked two much. I don't no. I think I has as much rite tew kik as anuder, only dese gals luk better doin' it. Bill an' me didn't kik agen it,—not much we didn't.

The place wot doods an' oder awl nashuns, wos It wos like gettin' key lunsh ter get the pritty gals wos ler's hed rite round Bill an' me yused wink at de wimin in Thare was gals under de sun, an' dem kem from hev-didn't luk quiet seemed ter draw well, but menny ov 'em painted a gud deel better'n dey cud draw. Dey had a ruddy, helthy glo on thare cheeks that dey cud put off an' on as dey liked. We never nu wot ajes dey wos and me and Bill



attracted de most kinds ov men ov de BUTY show. nere a free Turinside thare, an' enuf ter turn a felon his sholders. ter go there an' thare own langwidge. thare from every nashun Bill sed he thort sum ov en. I didn't think so. Dey enuf to be anjels. Dey

didn't like to be two inkwitative. Sum 'ov 'em lukt as if dey cud get reel mad widout enny pertikler trubble.

Bill an' me met sum wimin fokes wot kem from our place. Dey was in de Midway nite an' da fer a hole weak, an' dey seamed ter stand it pritty gud. One ov 'em sed she liked it better'n shoppin', but I didn't beleeeve that. Bill an' me ast her if awl de rush an' noise didn't make her nervus. She sed she didn't kare, as she'd found sumthin' thet jest nokt awl de spots orf ov nervusness enny da, an' she opened her satchil an' shode us thet everlastin' little blew bottle. Sez I, "If I've sene dat stuff wunce I've sene it fifty times sinse I cum to de Fair." "Its de best thing out fur to releeve de hed an' nerves" sez she.

I git the gratest releef frum it." "I was thinking of applyin' fer releef sune myself," sez Bill, "fer I've jest changed my last bill." Wen the wimin herd that dey shuk us, 'cos I think dey wanted us to set up de ice-kreme for 'em.

Wen Bill an' me fust found de beer-tunnel on de Midway we were jest tikkled ter deth, an' we made visits thare two noomerus ter menshun. We

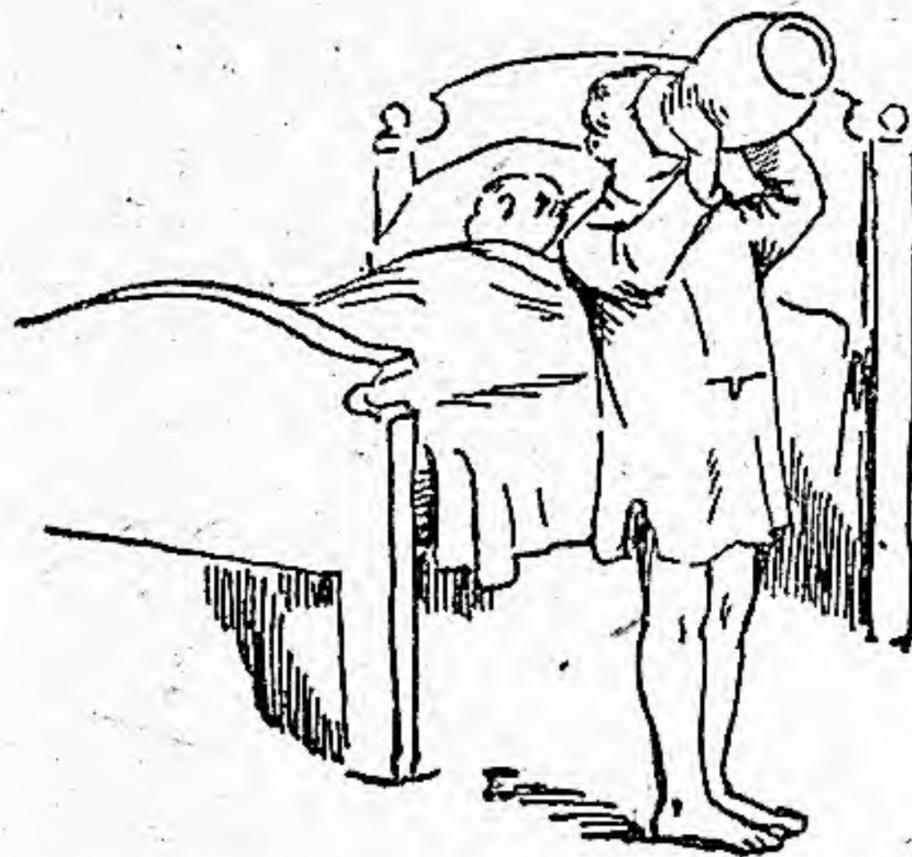


was nevver lonely thare neether. Dere was allwaze sumboddy or odder droppin in ter sea about sumthin'. It was a gud place ter studdy jags, 'an the diffrent waze dey affex peeple. We saw men thare wid fitin' jags, weepin' jags, larffn' jags, mellenkoly jags, an' quiet "stills." That's the funnyest kind ov a jag to everyboddy but the "jagee." Den dere was sum wid singin' jags an' most were singin' "After de Bawl." I remember de korus was



After de ball is over,  
Wen you have drunk enuff,  
Just as you feel in klover  
Then cums the head so tuff,  
The worst hed you ever felt, sir,  
But you won't have it at awl,  
By taking a Bromo-Seltzer  
After the Bawl."

Bill an' me awlwaze uster kall at the beer-tunnel last thing at nite. We wos so stuck on the beer thare that we cud'nt keep away, but mebbe we didn't have time ter regret it nex' mornin'! Yew never saw sich heds in awl yure born daze. They was like two fresh punkins but they uster feel like mush. I don't no wether yew ever got a hed ov that kind, but if yew did yew no



wot it is like. Seem'd ter me's if I'd been beeten wid a thik stik, an' awl I wanted waz ter lay down an' dye. Bill he suffered sumthin' awful. He wud git up in de middle ov de nite an' drink awl de water we had ter wash ourselves wid. An sich water! Yew had ter klose yer ise wen yer wanted ter drink. Yew kin bet thare's more in Shikargo water ner peeples think. Yes, a lot more, an' ye don't like the luks ov wots in it ether. Bill an' me didn't.

Wel, after Bill an' me had de big hed fer about 4 daze in konkushun I wos tellin' a feller wot slept in de same ranch what an awful bad time we had gettin' over de effex ov de nites fun. "Yure a pare ov fules!" sez he. "No nuze in that," sez I, "we wos both borne so." But yew orter no better," sez he. "We no that," sez I, "but that don't mend our heds." "But wy in thunder don't yew take sumthin' fer it?" sez he. "So we du," I anserd, kinder skornful, "take awl we kin hold





the nite afore. Wot more d'ye want!" "Yer don't ketch on," sez he, an' he tuk a little blew bottle from his stern poket. "D'ye see that?" sez he. "I do," sez I, "an' I've seen it, or wun jest like it, wid nerely everyboddy I have met at de fare. Wot d'ye kawl it ennyway?" Der feller he luks at me kontemtuous-like an' he sez, sez he, "That's BROMO-SELTZER," sez he. "Wel, Grate Scot!" sez I, "everyboddy I've sene yuse it has spoke wel ov it, but wot gud is it fer a big hed?" "Jest yew try it," sez he, "an' yew won't no wot a big hed is!" Wel, you kin bet neether Bill nor me ever had a sore hed anuder mawnin', fer we uster kepe a little blew bottle bi the side ov de bed, an'

wen we felt it cummin' on we'd mix a dose an' down it. Bill, he swares bi it. So do I. An' I've toled everyboddy wot don't no it alreddy, that dere aint ennything on dis erth that kures a hed-ake ov enny kind, or soothes the nervs quikker'n it will. Bill an' me are awlwaze goin' ter keep a bottle bi us, 'cos we never no wen we need it—speshally Bill—even tho' we aint in

"DE MIDWAY PLAISANCE."



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