Carrie Bell - 1900

"It's the Latest Gag."

"HE'S TALKING THRO' HIS HAT"

14

Send for the following "Hits" at once:

"HE NEVER CAME BACK."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

WILLIAM JEROME.

"I AM NOT BABY MCKEE."

"I'M 17 TO-DAY."

"PARODY ON COMRADES."

"NORA MALONE."

"LITTLE SWEETHEART."

"I'M NOT OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW."

"NEVER IN A THOUSAND YEARS." "TURN DOWN THE CAS." "SWEET ADALAINE."
"REMEMBER BOYS MAKE MEN." "WHEN THE ROBIN SINGS AND FLUTTERS."

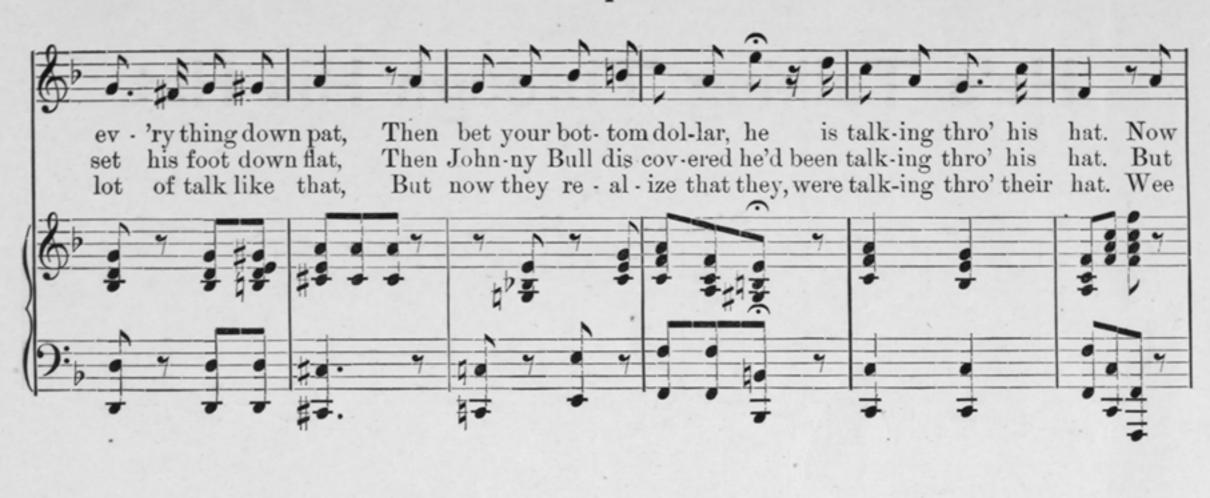
and "JENNY AND JOE," by the anthor of "Mary and John."

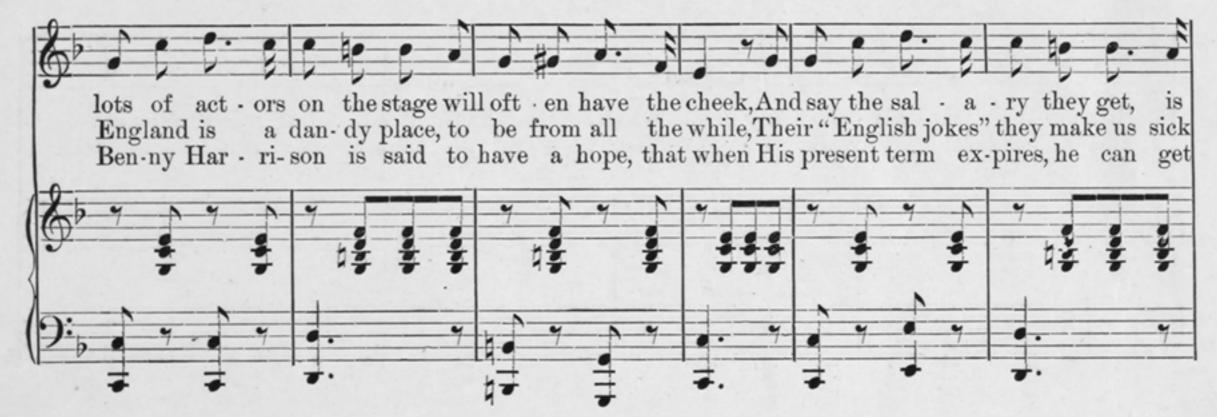
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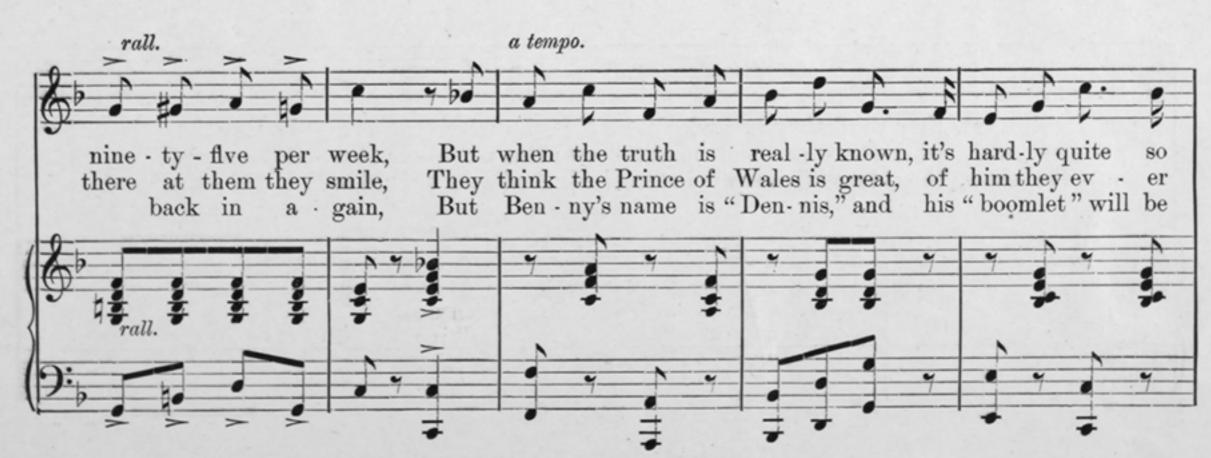
He's Talking Through His Hat.



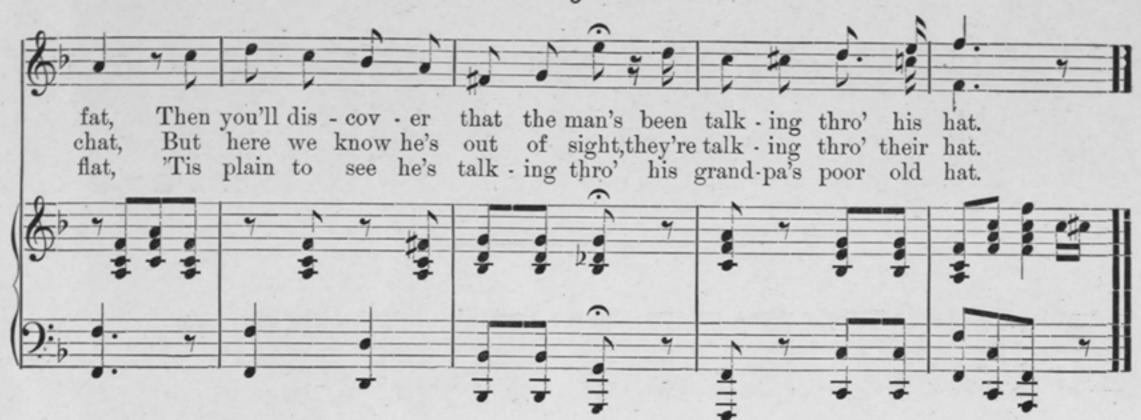
Send for "NORA MALONE" at once.







He's Talking Through His Hat. 3. Send at once for "IM 17 TO-DAY."



- 4 Now if perchance you rent is due, for cash you are pinched tight, A better way by far there is, than moving out at night, The landlord comes to get his dust, the door he'll gently tap, Just tell him through the keyhole, that he's talking through his hat. 'Tis nice to have a loving wife, as all the wide world knows, Such lots of fun to spend your "mun" to buy her winter clothes, When with her arms around your neck, she wants a seal-skin saque, Then softly whisper in her ear, "you're talking through your hat."
- Now maybe you are married, but you lead a jolly life,
 You roll home pretty early in the morning to your wife;
 Of course you talk; you feel so gay, you don't know what you're at,
 And if you did you'd swear that you'd been talking through your hat.
 Your wife gets up next morning, and asks you to explain
 About the one last night you called, your own sweet "Mary Jane;"
 You make a bluff, and tell her not to notice things like that,
 She ought to know by this time you were talking through your hat.
- 6 You introduce a game of cards to pass the time away,
 So with the boys at Poker, for an hour or two you play,
 Somebody says he'll raise the Pot, you look and then stand pat,
 Of course you think the fellow must be talking through his hat;
 You hug four kings in both your hands, and sit there quite content,
 Somebody says he'll raise the Pot, a dollar to a cent,
 You show four kings; to your surprise, four aces he's got pat,
 You kick yourself and say that you've been \(\) talking \(\) through your hat.
 \(\) playing \(\)
- A man declares the Tariff Bill's a blessing to the land,
 He tries to make the working man his meaning understand,
 He stands upon the platform, he's got his speech down pat,
 Some Democrat shouts out, "Me boy, you're talking your hat."
 He swears John Wanamaker is as honest as the light,
 The trouble in the Keystone bank, he still declares is right,
 But until Wanamaker gives us proof, of this peculiar fact,
 We'll still maintain "his highness" is talking through his hat.