

Sunstein—Speyer

Rittenhouse

Thursday, January Nine

Nineteen Thirteen



At great expense and after careful research of old archives, including the Wheeling Daily Jail Record and the Yiddish Schmooser, we have discovered that

The hero
is born.



Alexander Crail Speyer was born in August, 1884, at a very early age, on the site now occupied by Schenk's magnificent abbatoir.

Hesitatingly opening his beautiful blue eyes, and emitting childish squawks, he immediately decided this country was built for him. The town was too small for such a promising youth, and at the mature age of five he

He likes the
country and
decides to
stick around
awhile.

settled in old Allegheny, on the world-renowned Sheffield Street.

For the next five years he attended the Fifth Ward Public School, where he gained fame, not only as a student, but also as a pugilist.

He starts
to school.

About this time, Tillie picked Nora and Abe as her parents.

Having cleaned up all the available talent in his district, he (like Cæsar) "yearned for new worlds to conquer," and attended Kiskiminetas Springs School.



The birth of
Queen Til.

Historians Mark Soloman, Elias Sunstein, Cyrus K.

Weiler, Cass Sunstein and Abe Feuchtwanger are remarkably unanimous in vouching for his pugilistic honors and amiable disposition while attending there.

He is re-
nowned in
history.

Tillie acquires
an education.

In 1895, Tillie started to the famous Fifth Ward School. Cyrus King Weiler still takes great delight in telling how he started her to school. However,

pictures of Mr. Weiler taken at this time show long curls and short kilties, and the writers doubt very much whether Pauline and Manny allowed him to go out alone.

Here our gentle hero bemoaned his fate. Gloomy days followed. We will draw the curtain over this portion of his education, as his pugilistic downfall is too sad to relate.



At Kenyon.

A ray of
Sunshine

But— when he returned home, proudly does he exhibit medals won in Tennis. Upon research, 'tis found in the book of Esther, that he had but two opponents, one of whom lacked an eye and the other was shy a limb.

He becomes
a Clubman.

Now he becomes one of the organizers and leading lights of the immortal Lincoln Club. The Lotto story, probably his greatest histrionic effort, was perpetrated and assigned its place in the Hall of Fame. Many are the anecdotes told of this period, among which we mention: "I told my C— that she could go to dies



Happy Days.

Hero and
heroine meet.

one, but dies one ist die letzt one." "You too, Al." "1900." This date is very important, as the first dance of the Lincoln Club of Kishineff fame was held

at Tillie's house (she was invited) and Al, after Uncle Putz's famous declaration, "Till is not such a lemon," consented to take the fourth extra. He had charge of the program; only three extras were danced.

About this time, the shot, which was the property of the Lincoln Club, disappeared, and Speyer moved to Squirrel Hill. We do not say, or even insinuate, that there is any connection between these incidents, but there were many rumors afloat, and the mystery is still unsolved.

Soon after the exodus, Allie went to Cornell University, where he sojourned a year. Here he played the ponies extensively, Horace and Livy being his favorites.

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(P. S.—The chronicles were not bribed.)

At this time, Tillie attended Thurston Preparatory School, where she won high honors in walking and Kosher Kooking.

His ambition being too great, he returned to Pittsburgh, to accept the important and remunerative position of Assistant Office Boy with the New York Life.

For various social reasons, we find him using the alias of Dr. Williams during this period. "Who broke the vase," and "Are either of youn's boys Jews," recall fond recollections of this epoch.

"Owing to her dignified bearing and majestic mien, her friends bowed down and dubbed her queen."—(Poetry.)



The shot is lost.

More education.

He hits the high spots.

Tillie develops.

Early business experience.

He is re-christened.

The coronation.

Advancement.

His application for President of the New York Life being refused, he shuns life, and goes back to the mines, so we now find him engaged in the coal business.

Friendship ripens

He is dubbed the Duke of Moreland, and has entree to royal society. Thus he became more closely acquainted with Queen Til, whose company he was often seen in at dances, parties, souries, thereby furnishing much ammunition for the "Kaffee-Klatsches."

Business is good.

Little did they know (as usual) that the pugnacious youth of Wheelingtoun would some day conquer the heart of the redoubtable Queen Til. Ardently he wooed, also persistently. The course of true love never runs smooth, and so it runs here.

Enter—Gloom

We find Japan the goal of the Duke's ambition, business was to be abandoned; the queen sails to Europe; the duke is in despair and in Pittsburgh. Casting the cares of business behind, he tours into foreign lands, visiting Cleveland and Buffalo.

The Queen returns.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Parted, their love reached its culmination. From the ends of the earth the loving hearts rushed together. They met.

Cupid wins.

"Queen!"
"Duke!"

The curtain falls.

'Twas all over, and to-night is the answer.



(Tune—"That's How I Need You.")

Like Florence needs her Putsey,
Like Fritzie needs his Dais,
Like Gertie needs her Lazzie,
Like Nora needs her Abe.
Like de Mammy needs de Poppy,
Like de Jackey needs his beer,
'Cause Tillie loves her Alley,
That's why we are here.

(Tune—"Rocking the baby to sleep.")

Al always walked with Tillie, with Tillie, with Tillie,
Weather warm or chilly,
That story old, they each one to the other told,
"Who is going to ask de Pappie, de Pappie, Pappie,
To their golden wedding,
Life's lane treading,
May they always happy be.

(Tune—"Sumurun.")

Al and Til, Al and Til,
When he said, "Would you Mrs. be",
She said "Ask and you'll quickly see".
Al and Til, Al and Til,
When he looked into her eyes,
He saw at once he'd gained a prize.
Oh, you queen, oh, you queen,
You are to him the one supreme,
You don't have to dress up in diamonds and a crown,
You're the best that ever struck this little smoky town,
You're to be the boss of Al's domain.

(Tune—"Alma Mater.")

Far above Ohio's waters,
With its waves of mud,
Raised her head in proudest grandeur,
Pittsburgh's fairest bud;
Praise her virtues, tell her good points,
While the bumpers fill,
Here's to thee our royal leader,
Hail, all hail, Queen 'Til.

'Mid the marts of busy traffic,
Where the big men meet,
Sits enthroned the Duke of Moreland,
Shipping out the peat.
Sing his prowess, laud his victories,
Toast in sparkling wine,
Here's to thee, our old friend Speyer,
Hail, all hail, Duke Dan.

AL'S LULLABY.

(Tune—Chorus of "I Don't Care for Violets.")

I don't care for the dizzy blondes,
Or the girl with the baby stare,
For the gushing kind
With the society talk
I never could care;
The only right square kind of girl
Is the girl just like my wife,
She means what she says,
And she says what she means,
And she'll stick through life.

ALEXANDER'S OLD TIME BAND.

(Tune—"Alexander's Rag Time Band.")

Oh, my Tilly,
Oh, my Tilly,
Better hurry and let's meander;
Ain't you goin',
Ain't you goin',
To the Speyer man,
Do or die'er man;
Oh, my Tillie,
Oh, my Tillie,
Let me take you to Alexander's old time fine band,
Better hurry along,

CHORUS.

Come on and hear,
Come on and hear,
About Alexander's old time band,
Come on and hear,
Come on and hear,
About the best band in the land;
When Dinky Weiler talks you can hear for blocks or more,
Read Korney's signs on the optician's door,
If it's fun you want see Kid and Ches,
They are the best;
It's ten o'clock,
It's ten o'clock,
There goes Sammy down to work,
See Putzie dance,
As in a trance,
He whirls round like a Turk;
And if you don't want Laz to enter an injunction,
Stand up and cheer,
Stand up and cheer,
Alexander's old time band.