

STORY BY JOHNY.

n. y., aug. 19.—all mrs. brooks needed was sumbody to hold the baby

she done the rest

mrs. brooks is a lady that dont like mashers

any woman that dont like mashers has a ruff time of it in n. y. they run about 6 to the block

mrs. brooks was riding in a subway trane with her baby when one of the grand army of lady killers set down next to her

my, what a pretty baby, he says, but it aint nearly as pretty as its ma

mrs. brooks she give him a look that ought to have s howed him he was backin into the wrong siding, but, shucks, them guys cant take a hint

they never can get it through their nut that any dame can help falling in love with them at first site

well, this boob he waited a cupple of minutes, so mrs. brooks could take him all in and see what a choice piece of goods he was, then he give her a nudge

you dont mind me talkin to you, do you, he says

mrs. brooks she didnt anser him. she says to a dame setting on the other side of her, please hold my baby for me

the dame took the baby, and mrs. brooks handed the gent a cupple of short arm jabs that was all to the bat nelson

well, he was closed for repairs till the trane got to 125 street and mrs. brooks got off

this guy got off also, and he

stepped up to her, and he says, you will strike me, will you, and he slapped her face

thats the kind of a guy a mash-er is. you get their number right there

please hold my baby for me, says mrs. brooks to the same woman that had been setting next to her in the trane

while the woman was taking the baby the guy beat it

mrs. brooks chased him 3 blocks, and she caught him, and when a cop come to his rescue she had busted her umbreller on him, and he looked like sumthing that fido had fished out of the garbidge can

then she went back and got the baby

the more mrs. brookes tha merrier, say i johny

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