

## LOVE IN "THE MOVIES"

Story by Johnny.

n. y., monday—policeman brady was walking along his beat up in harlem and wishing he had one where the salunes was not built so far apart

when he sees a crowd in front of a movie, gathered around a yung man that was makin a speech

brady busted into the crowd, and he says to the guy, well, what is it, young feller, booze or pills

neither, says the boob, i'm in love, and the lady of my dreams is inside there, and they won't let me in

dear me, says the cop, taking the rummy by the coat collar and stacking him up against a trolley pole, and what kind of a lady is she

oh, she is wonderful, hollers the feller, and there is yards and yards and yards of her

whoa, back up, says brady, what kind of talk is that, take that dope gun out of your pocket this instunt and give it to me, that's a nice little feller

she's flossie o'hannigan, the most wonderful acktriss on the screen today

and she is playing in there, in "the cowboy's sweetheart," and i just gotta see that film again

and what's more, by golly, soon as i get the price, ime goin out west and find that ranch where them picchers is took, and ask flossie to be mine

cheer up, says the bull, the ranch is in flatbush, and if you got a nickel a street car will take you there any day

now come along with me, you ain't got no permit for givin a show, and there's a friend of mine down where you see them green lights that wants you to write your name in his auto-graft album

so he went along, and the crowd went inside to see flossie

johnny



## FREE SPORT

A man was fishing contentedly in a stream near an asylum when one of the inmates appeared upon the scene. Sport had been poor, and the sportsman was overjoyed when at last he landed a beauty. He was gazing with pride at his catch when the visitor asked:

"Do you sell them fish, mister?"

"Sell 'em?" responded the man. "No fear. I'm a sportsman, not a fish-monger. I fish for the sport of catching 'em."

"Oh, you do, eh?" remarked the visitor, as he kicked the capture back into the water. "Well, now you can have come more sport catching that one again."

He—Do you love me, darling?  
She—Yes, Jack, dear. He—"Jack!"  
You mean "Harold," don't you? She—Of course! How absurd I am! I keep thinking today's Saturday.