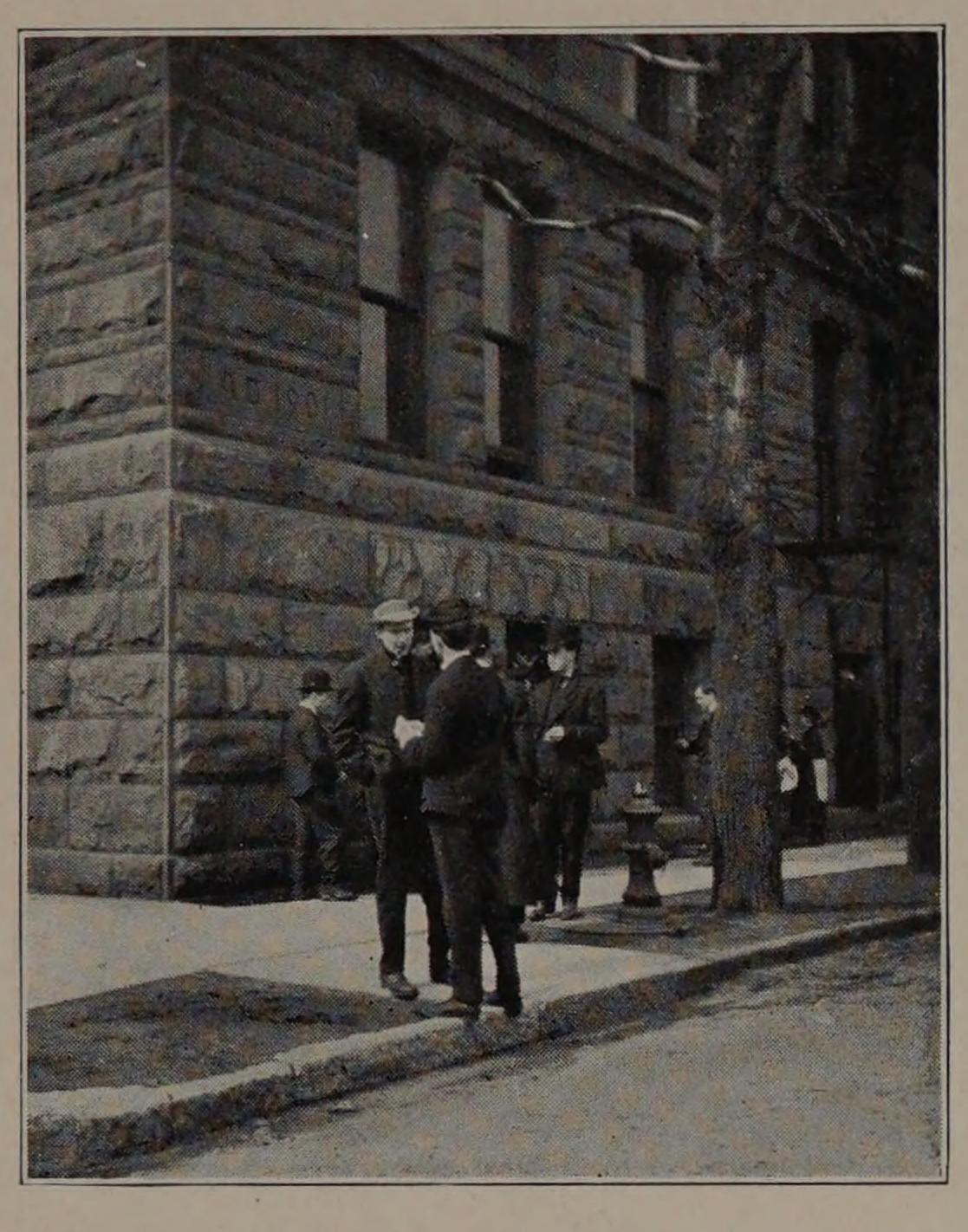
THEINTEGRAL



JONES GIVES SOME DOPE ON AUTOS

Five and Costs

"Dijever get roped into one o' them Justice Courts?" says Brown, and then pauses while some of us admit that we never have and Smithy denies that he ever has. 'Well, when I was called I goes down, and when I gets into d' room I don't see anybody at d' desk fer a w'ile, 'n then about two minutes 'fore time's called, a geezer in a long black coat and a stovepipe, with the three lower buttons ov his vest unbutton'd, swaggers in 'sif he owned the hull side o' the street. He hems and haws a bit 'n then he sings out suth'n 'o which I can't make out nuthin' but some guy's name. (The guy that's first is the lucky man, 'cause 's long's you're roped in, it saves time to git fin'd first an' pay up 'n git out.) Well, anyway he fin'lly sings out suthin' more with Brown tacked onto the end, so I santers up t' him 'n says

'Mornin' 'sif I'd just been studyin' up the perceedure.

'Yourname Brown?' says he.

'Check,' says I, and he looks over th' tops 'v his glasses t' see if I wore any dimonds. 'Brown,' says he, 'you are summoned t' 'pear here on this day fer drivin' above the speed limit on Mich'gan Avenoo near Thirty-first Street, at Eleven-fifty-five P. M., on the

night of Friday,' etc., etc.

'Wrong,' says I. 'Didn't leave Thirty-ninth and Indiana 'til Twelve-ten.'

'Where was ye goin' at that time?' says he.

'Comin' back frum Jackson Park,' says I.

'Where'd you bin 'fore that?' says he.

'Evanston,' says I.

'What time 'dye reach Evanston?' says he.

'Dunno,' says I.

'What time 'dye leave Evanston?' says he.

'Dunno,' says I.

'I'll jest rap ye five on that t' quicken yer mem'ry,' says he, and I thinks t' meself that that's a pretty good ad fer a Justice

Court.

"Well, he hemmed an' hawed and fin'lly he hands me 'five and' and tells me to skidoo. I waltzes over t' git me check, and Holy Cow! I'm handed \$9.65 C.O.D. fer costs. Mebbe that's th' candy allright allright, but I'm bettin' five to one that that extra fifteen cents was the price ov a segar for th' Justice. Me fer the Chemistry and shop fees. They're a lunch compared to these Justice Courts."



CROSBY WINDS UP A THIRD STRIKE