

JINGLING JOHNSON HITS A SUCCESSFUL STRIDE ON THE STAGE

YOU AWAKE IN THE ATTIC AT MORNING, WITH WIND WHISTLING THROUGH EVERY CRACK. THE SNOWS DRIFTED OVER THE BLANKETS, AND SOME OF IT'S GONE DOWN YOUR BACK. THROUGH THE CRACKS IN THE FLOOR COMES THE ODORS OF BACON AND EGGS IN THE PAN. FOR MOTHER IS DOWN IN THE KITCHEN, COOKING BREAKFAST FOR YOUR INNER MAN.

I RENTED THAT DRESS SUIT!

GEE, IT'S COLD!

CHALK

THERE IS ICE IN THE RUSTY TIN BASIN. TO THE PUMP IN THE BARNYARD YOU GO. YOU FIND THAT THE PUMP, TOO, IS FROZEN, YOU PERFORM YOUR ABLUTIONS IN SNOW. ON YOUR CHEEKS THE COLD SNOW PAINTS SOME ROSES. THE COLD BITING AIR NIPS YOUR EARS. YOU GO IN AND SIT DOWN TO THE TABLE. AND GEE, HOW THE GRUB DISAPPEARS!

I GIT HALF OF WHAT WE MAKE CAUSE I PAID FOR THE DRESS SUIT!

GOSH! I'LL HAVE TO WASH IN SNOW!

CHALK

YOU THEN GET THE OLD WOODEN SHOVEL, THROUGH SNOW DRIFTS A PASSAGE YOU CLEAR. OLD BILLY, THE HORSE NEIGHS A WELCOME, AND A WELCOME FROM SIR CHANTICLEER. THE BREATH OF OLD BOSSY IS STEAMING. WITH HUNGER THE LITTLE PIGS SQUEAL. THE GESE AND THE DUCKS ARE A-QUACKING, AND WAITING FOR THEIR MORNING MEAL.

GEE, THAT LOOKS COLD!

COCK-A-DOODLE DO!

BOO, COLD!

CHALK

THEN PA HITCHES UP OLD WHITE BILLY, AND ALLOWS HE'LL RIDE DOWN TO THE FORK. THEN OLD MRS. GRUMMET COMES OVER, AND BORROWS A POUND OF SALT PORK. THE CHORES BEING DONE, YOU'RE AT LEISURE, AND GET OUT THE FOUR-RUNNER SLED. MADE OUT OF A COUPLE OF BARRELS, AND FOOTBOARD OF GRANNY'S OLD BED.

HEY? SQUEE!

CHALK

AFTER SUPPER YOU DRAW NEAR THE FIRESIDE, AND GRANDPAP HIS OLD CORN COB SMOKES. THEN SISTER'S BEST BEAU CALLS UPON HER, AND GETS OFF SOME TIME HONORED JOKES. THEN JUICY RED APPLES AND CIDER, OR MAYBE WE ALL POP SOME CORN. AND THE FIRST THING YOU KNOW IT IS BED TIME, FOR WE MUST RISE EARLY AT MORN.

EATS TRIBE PUDDIN!

HA HO HUM

GOOD NIGHT MISS JONES!

CHALK

SUCCESS IS LIKE A BUTTON WHICH DOES ROLL BENEATH THE BED. YOU LOOK IN EVERY CREVICE AND YOU STAND UPON YOUR HEAD. YOU GIVE IT UP- YOU SAY IT'S LOST. LO AND BEHOLD, SOME DAY, OUT WALKS YOUR COLLAR BUTTON AND SAYS 'I AM HERE TO STAY!'

AH, NOBLE SIR, NOBLE SIR!

COME BACK ANY TIME, I WILL PUT YOU ON THE BILL!

STAGE ENTRANCE

Bradford

MUGGSY SENDS MULLIGAN A NEW-FANGLED VALENTINE

COSTUMES

VALENTINES

STATIONERY

COSTUMES TO HIRE. ONE FLIGHT UP - CLOWNS, MESSENGER BOYS, INDIANS, ETC.

IF I BOUGHT ONE OF DEM VALENTINES, I WONDER COULD I GIT A DISGUISE UP STAIRS TO FOOL MULLIGAN?

QUIT YER KIDNIN' MULLIGAN!

DOMISTAN OFFICER MEWLIKAN LIVE HEAH SUH?

THAT'S MR MULLIGAN OVER THERE!

YOU'RE PLAYIN' IN LUCK MULLIGAN!

DAR WUZ ER LADY GIMME DIS YEAR BOX FO YO MISTAN MEWLIKAN!

ALL RIGHT BOY!

SH-H-H, SARGE, THAT'S MUGGSY!

THAT'S A SWELL VALENTINE MULLIGAN!

PIPE DE LITTLE CUPID MULLIGAN!

PAT'S GREAT, AINT IT?

LOOK OUT GAB, IT MIGHT BE LOADED!

LOOK OUT BOYS! DAT WASN'T NO COON, IT WAS MUGGSY!

I'LL BET PAT'S ONE OF MUGGSY'S TRICKS!

PULL THE OTHER STRING MULLIGAN!

I KNOW'D IT!

SO LONG MULLIGAN!

1909