

# T-BONE SLIM

## Discusses THE SIDE SHOWS

Says the Times:

"Liptons Four Challenges Cost \$10,000,000; Ready to Spend Another Million to Get Cup."—Hm. Cost of cups must be coming down! He just for four challenges (\$2,500,000 spent 10,000,000 American rubles a piece)—and got nothing.

Now he's ready to spend another million to get the cup.

If we let the cup out of our hands (just the empty cup) for a cent less than \$13,000,000 dollars my faith in American arithmetic will never regain its composure.

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You can't fight booze, boss and your fellow worker at one time... Those are three separate wars! So, if you sincerely desire to take a fall out of those three you should time the engagements to occur at different periods.—Else you have a majority against you—your power split in three parts. If you decide to hold the wars at different times, and intend to fight booze first, I ask you to use caution and restraint. Under no circumstances begin "the hostilities" at a prohibition banquet. Give booze a fair show—or booze will claim your allies licked him. Now, when you tackle the boss, don't make the mistake of fighting him in a grocery store or a butcher shop—he's liable to throw a cleaver at you or bounce an 11 cent can of condensed codfish off your catacomb.—Well! Now that booze is licked and the boss is tricked, now is the time to have it out with your fellow worker. I've always argued that the best time to fight him is after the boss has capitulated.

The war is over.

\* \* \*

Extremes: Some ladies are so cleanly about the house that the Lord and Master "has no Home;" so cleanly that the aforesaid King and Knute retreats, takes on a few braces (to steady his nerves and "unsteady" his legs) and retires With the Pigs. Averages are thus kept up.

Moral: Kind lady, clean-up the house, from top to bottom; enclose the whole in a **an airtight package**, and "move in" with your husband in his new found Deliria...

You've stuck together  
thru many a row,  
Dont let a scrubbrush  
part you now!

I do not mean that if your husband drops a speck of dust on the floor, you should not pick it up if you feel like bending your aristocratic back—I mean that even if he drops a peck of dust, even on the best burlap, you should not make a speech over it over two hours long and six horse-horse-powers strong. Don't use your husband for an audience! Rent a hall, and hire a select applaudience to start the clapping. Unless you are an extraordinarily great orator, you should never address a small audience—and never, never lecture a lone man except when he is securely fenced in behind iron-bars.

Your finest bits of verbal-sauce  
May never, never get across—  
Your well meant spiel may prove  
a loss—

He hears such stuff from every boss!  
Alass! Here I am, as Adam said  
when the Lord was poking the brush-

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