

GENTLE GESTURE

We have been accused of being "too sarcastic" by the leading authorities on sarcasm. They are mistaken. We're the other guy. My sarcasm is just sour enough, and carefully compounded like felony or prescriptions. And if I make it less sarcastic, my sarcastic readers will sour "on my efforts" and start wondering if the editor has lost his mind for printing it.

The other day, when, sicker than usual, we hies ourself over to a clinic, to be tuned up. The doctor sat us in a chair and made soundings and took observations—murmured something about "symptoms indicate" to his sweet looking apprentices who profoundly nodded in perfect comprehension. . . . I was given a nickel's worth of throat gargle for 50 cents, plus 25 cents admission—and was told to take five drops with a glass of water three times a day.

Well sir, the three glasses of water have failed to cure me.

Now, I don't know but the doctor knows what is the matter with me, and I believe that he truthfully told his apprentices what is the matter with me—now they know—but why in the name of blazes didn't he hand me the cure?

As an "experiment" I was a perfect success—

and I would have made an ideal "object lesson" for the rest of the summer.

Unfortunately I'm very sensitive even to most delicate swindling. . . . "Ah," they say, "you've been getting sick 50 years—it will take a long time to cure you."

Indeed! Well, in that case, I'd hate to have you repairing an electric light system—we'd have to stay in darkness too long.

Do you call that sarcasm?

—T-Bone Slim.