



## ROBBING THE NOTEBOOK

Carelessness, that's what!

Our neighbors die and we bury them with every respect, but we quite neglect to slip an extinguisher into the coffin—Supposing he doesn't go to heaven! He will be caught flat-footed without so much as a hand-grenade to squirt on the blaze.

Our faith in his ultimate destination is foolhardy.

Mr. Rockefeller isn't handing new dimes to the King of Egypt.

King Fuad has immortalized himself by rejecting a gift of \$10,000,000. I move that King Fuad be given a job as base ball jurist.

"Mr. John D. Jr., has withdrawn the offer of \$10,000,000 for a museum—"

They wouldn't take it. What could he do?

The N. Y. Sun wants to know where do they get Aldermen now that the s'loons are K'closed—(my throat is dry).

We have no reason to object if the working class "want to dress well." God knows, the imbeciles of the upper class are too conspicuous and "attirely" in need of more intelligent background.

Heywood Broun hasn't come across an intelligent horse in all his tempestuous career! Let this be a lesson to the 14th St. Tribe—place no faith in horses—hold no parley with them!

Heywood Broun evidently speaks not un-free from bitter experience.

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Begging your pardon, I am now in favor of having our "beer strength" the same "pro-scent" as American unionism—four per cent! Must be O'pen-SHOP hereabouts, wot?

"Baltimore's Whipping Post For Delinquent Husbands Moves Women to Laughter" asserts headline. A hysterical thrill shoots through their frame, dormant insanity awakens and exhausts itself on air in peals of giggles. Moral: Don't be delinquent!—the "nuts" will laugh at you. Pay your dues!

"I could whip the fellow myself," says Mrs. Ag. Butler.

If that be so, Smedley Butler better look to his laurels.

"It was fine; there ought to be more of it," voices another woman.

If this keeps on butcher shops will soon be charging admission.

You know heretofore I've wondered why the women spend so much time in the meat markets—the "dear things" just love to see Fritz cutting the meat. For real, hilarious performances *they ought to go to the stock-yards or slaughter houses*—get a job in an abattoir.

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It is easier to support a paper already in existence than it is to start a paper that isn't.

If the paper is "no good" it is because its support is stale; contagious disease that's wot!

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Rumor has it that God made man in His own likeness and told 'em: Thou shalt not construct a likeness of ME under PEN-ALTY of Barbecue.

What did man do?

He started a doll factory, building perfect likenesses of The Lord-in-His Youth.

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Speaking about birds:

"Condor Lays Another \$750 Egg For U. S. Zoo."

Ah, if the Condor would only lay 750 dollar eggs!—or 1,500 fifty cent eggs—and a little bacon! Ah, I'm nearly disfamished already!

Now that all the crooks are going to Philadelphia (to witness the Sesqui-Expo.) New York is putting on 3,000 new policemen.

Looks as if the city intends to prevent the "best people" from coming back home.

Saw a statue of naked man, dressed only in a leaf the wind had blown against him . . .

What about it?

Nothing much—only—I was wondering if the sun and rain and wind and weather did tan him WHITE or is it just another one of those Nordic *pleasuntries*?

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At the curbing in front of a fashionable store stood several handsome carriages, with stiff-backed, motionless coachmen in bottle-green livery (dungarees, etc.)—all of which plainly indicated the very, the very desirable patronage accorded the store. Sure did! So it set me wondering as to whether the store hires those coachmen by the month or by the day—in fact, I had half a mind to go into the store and ask for a job.

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N. Y. Times reports on May 12, under the head "THE WEATHER:"

"The disturbance that was over Nona Scotia has advanced to Western Newfoundland."

I believe if the Times will look closer it will find it was Nona herself that created all the disturbance—probably under the influence of denatured liquor and trying to shade the glory of Clowness Caskhart that was probably, also, another case of interrupted moral turpitude.

Long have I wondered where New Yorkers go for a drink of water. At last I found the fountain on corner of Chambers and B'way. Good! But when we remember that 7,000,000 people drink out of it—we can't very well blame the parched literati for licking up a bath-tub full of grape extract.