

T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

HARD READING

Owing to eye-strain our author has been compelled to limit his reading to bill of fares.—Even that seems too hazardous owing to the surplus of ex-orbitant figures—got to read too long before you arrive at right size print.

"Prime Tenderlion . . . 85 cents," is matter that never should be printed in a respectable bill of fare—its entirely too suggestive and may not only ruin the eyesight but cause honest men to turn criminal-idealist.

In recent storms S. S. Laleham sent out SOS (save our souls) message, 480 miles from shore horizontally and 2 miles perpendicularly. S. S. Mauretania 180 miles away picked up the message, and newspapers report touchingly that, "Mauretania is going full speed ahead to the rescue."

Tears welled in my headlights!

I'm always deeply touched when a ship runs to the assistance of another ship "that is almost on its beam ends" instead of on its stanchions.

Then it occurred to me that mebbe the "Laleham disaster" was directly in the path of the Mauretania 180 miles away and that Mauretania simply continued its "full speed ahead" instead of reversing her engines, throwing her helm, or otherwise dodging her duty—or ignoring the S O S of the Laleham.

So I wiped the tears from my searchlights and weatherboard, and wrung my handkerchief dry.

Laleham is probably an English ship, insofar as the last syllable "ham" indicates—as in Nottingham, Hamlet, Birmingham etc.—The British are very fond, also, of Cudahyham, Swiftham and Pockinghamham.

Were the ship Dutch, she would have been named Damsterdam, Rudderdam, Tinkerdam, Ubedam or I'LLBEDAM—or some "dam" like Givadam.

(Note: the author did not steal the dam names. His memory is too poor to do that. He simply had to reproduce them—on the principle "you must be born agin.")

When is a man drunk?

Some will say, "When he's full of bona fide liquor."

Some will suggest, "On pay-day."

That's dodging the issue!

Our author has studied this question from every angle, curve, position, skid, stagger, stumble, crawl, nod and nightmare—and finds for the defendant:

No man is drunk when he knows he's got enough.

Hence: A man is drunk when he has all he can carry and thinks he could "tote" just one more.

Whether he gets "one more" or not, if he thinks he can chaperon one more when he shouldn't he is drunk—and, if gets one more, when he shouldn't, he's more than drunk. He's drunk, plus—the cuss!

Phila. Bulletin suspicions that "Health" brew may not displace home brew!—

(Even so as saloon brawl didn't eclipse home brawl).

As between brews and brawls our author refused to pick a candidate altho he is conscious that healthbrew, homebrew, nearbrew, pigbrew and other brews have a niche of their own in the hearts of their countrymen; as well as has the various brawls—but this he will say, the various brews from bockbrew to stockbrew will never displace the hebrew and that saloon brawls, house brawls, senate brawls, religious brawls, home brawls, union brawls, insane brawls and intellectual brawls all put together cannot drown out the DRY BRAWL—she simply will not sink.

I hope I haven't touched anybody's pet brawl or private brew—really, I'm not drunk. No bruise from any brawl.

Still, being desperately sick with old age, several roomers have gone forth to the anxious public.

One of them reads, "T-b. S. not expected to live."—

Of course not. Why even I, myself don't expect to live—not on such biscuits. Another one:

"T-b S. drawing his last breath in Philadelphia."—

They thought that I was on my way to Harrisburg, Pa.—I missed my train and had to call for another stack of breaths.

Indoor-shipping is carrying on a lively ocean traffic and the Sesquicentennial Fair is taking on Fine Arts Form.

Picked up Valparaiso (Chile) paper "La Voz Del Mar," Organo Del Transporte Maritimo De La I. W. W. —Must be that I. W. W. is as popular down that way as here.—T-b. S.