

BONE-MOTS -

By T-BONE SLIM

Thompson Cafeterias have discovered a new lump of sugar; it is of glossy smooth surface and three of them more than equal in quantity one of the old ones—this is going to make millions and millions of dollars for Thompson, that is, provided the customers don't use their prerogatives and sink five lumps into their coffee—perish the thought.

But if it so do happen that the greedy customers make concessions to their sweet tooth, Mr. Thompson can recover in a measure by making his coffee of a nature more reciprocative toward sugar—and thus discourage the tendency of extreme lavishness, liberality, ill-considered and utter freedom of the public paws in Thompson's sugar box.

Be it noted the lumps of sugar have been reduced in size in strict accordance with the timber—as we all know timber has been getting smaller and smaller year by year.

Great God! Can it be possible? Can it be possible that presidential timber has suffered a similar shrinkage? That it is running less and less scale along with logs and sugar cubes?

Well, if so, we'll simply have to put more sticks into office.

This cannot be; Calvin Coolidge is a decided improvement on the usual type of presidents.

He ain't paying me a darned cent—but I presume that if I was to ask him, in a careless way, he would send me as an ambassador to Bronx or Coney Island—or any other foreign country. Really, we ought to hire Cal for another 4 years and tell the boarding missis to fill the dinnerpail, full.

You will excuse me for throwing a few apprehensions on account of the shrinkage of timber and sugar—us great writers must make careful historical records of all such things and, if it so happens that Cal don't want to hire out for four years more, I hereby nominate Thompson's Cafeteria for president—he's a man that most certainly isn't dodging the issue. Neither am I!

Yes, I'll run for vice-president.

CUT THE CARDS—

"Some of our great men started from the bottom and got so used to it they simply cannot learn to deal from the top."—Cut the cards.

Our bathing beauties and dried beauties, are properly named. Anybody, even with a glass eye or half-view, can see that much. All of them look better than a wheelbarrow—I play no favorites. Most of them surpass John D.'s oil barrels in beauty, and equal them in capacity—any way you take it.

Great credit is due the maudling press for printing their likenesses in imperishable gravure and genial Art—the papers may have fallen down on everything else, but in reproducing these magnificent creatures they most certainly have upheld the noble traditions of "American" journalism.

Lives there a man with sight so weak,
Who to himself did never speak:
Those legs, sublime, are just like ours.

Minneapolis Daily Star, in its Sports, Market and Comic Section tells how the patient is handled after "he" arrives at General hospital (I suppose all the "shes" are buried without "further ado," medically speaking). —

Naturally the Star neglects to mention the "hard times board" dish-ed out to the workers in this institution; by the "student nurses"—in the diet laboratory—"deciding how many calories" each worker must have.

Star didn't say whether a change in the management, shortly, would be advisable.

We "MUST" not. Enough said.
We don't have to "must"—we hold the trumps—it is WE that is going to make the other fellow "must"; or quit. I wonder where some fellow workers get so much "must"—I've used (with my inalienable rights) the word "must" only 12½ times, and, I was drunk both times.

Just a smile, that "cracks the fun-line,"
Cures an avalanche of pain;
Just a glimpse of blessed sunshine
After seven weeks of rain.

The word "must" has killed more co-operation than a church-full-o'-polecats.

Pay no attention to it; we must not!

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