



DOG-IN-MANGER-LAWS—

T. B. Slim

The blue-laws are so numerous that the very air is purple.

They were intended to drive the people into church—After the raving preachers drove them out! The laws didn't do no such a thing — they merely drove people to other forms of dissipation.

It's a shame, just think of it! After hypocritical preachers have made them uncomfortable, and they have gone to the trouble of inventing new ways of spending Sunday, along comes a bunch of "astute" Legislators and "cut-outs" their pleasure—they're going to drive the citizens into church?

Why, they couldn't drive a fly onto a gut-wagon!

Moral: Much of this advertising you see isn't advertising at all.

It's merely exposition of quarterwittedness — advertizers assume that we are as crazy as they.

T-B-S.

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THE AGED — MURDER

Fan. Hurst calls Mrs. Hall "SPHINX OF THE AGE" because the murdered reverend's widow doesn't jump right up and blurt out:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I did it with my little hand-axe."

Hurst, Hurst, since when has the Sphinx started answering as many questions as half-gotten gabby dextrous-lawyers can reel out?

I've never seen the like, or heard of similar — Here's a couple of true lovers, the better-half of one family and the modest-end of another household, get murdered in De Rosies Lane and everybody, when brought to trial, modestly refuses to take credit for putting a stop to such hectic proceedings — Damn me, if I was sure that I wasn't in a workhouse when that happened, I would step forth and let them pin the medals on my gallant chest.

Perjure myself I will not.

I'd rather be a sphinx.

By the way the trial is being held aboard a coal-barge as well as elsewhere.

But we captains cannot figure it out: A reverend preacher goes into a lane with another man's wife; the "coroner" brings in a verdict that he was murdered — Murdered nothing! He committed suicide — by straying into the lane—some trapper probably mistook him for a game-warden — Jersey is a wild country.

Had he stayed by the pulpit or "hard-road," he'd be alive today, praising God and goosing the congregation; 'stead of tormenting the harp.

Short and narrow way!

—T-bone Slim.

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SAYETH THE "SOUPRITANDER"

According to Sutp. Dr. Archibald R. Mansfield's sayso, in the N. Y. Sun, drugs, dope and narcotics" are being peddled in the Seamans Church Institute (on the sly):

That sets me to wondering if the "interview" was given to advertise the business or was it merely a bid to draw the patronage of the "needle-trade" artists-addicts, I mean? Further: "The modern seaman is different from the fellows I knew twenty-five years ago", confesses Dr. Mansfield. "He is more nervous and more susceptible to narcotics." Dr. Mansfield, you haven't been observing "Modern Seamen," you have been taking slants at modern hop heads that hang around your institute.

You say in 1912 the present building "was intended to provide lodging for 500 " — inmates, shall I say; "during the war and since it has been necessary for the institute to house 836"— "A \$750,000 annex has been built and the institute is trying to raise \$1,500,000 to complete it so that 1,500 men may be lodged nightly and thus protected from the new crimp—the dope peddling bootlegger."

I hope you get the 1½ million—the congestion of hop heads on 42nd. St. is simply unbearable.

You say you have a police force—ah! A police force to guard 836 men? Do you know, Dr. Mansfield, I know several hotels, as big as yours, that haven't a single officer.

Just what kind of a place are you running?

Alass, Dr. Mansfield, I believe you have spoken the truth—that your place abounds in dope-peddlers and bootleggers. Can't something be done about it?—

Can't you get dear ol' Gov. Al. to send a regiment or two of soldiers to throw de sailors out? Alass!

But, if it isn't true? It's a damn shame, religiously speaking, to term hootch-hounds and dope-friends "modern seamen."

It that's modern navigation, ashore goes my "shirt."

—T-Bone-Slim.