



DEAD O' WINTER

Napoleon was successful in crossing the Alps (winter?) because he "Wouldn't believe that it couldn't be done."

How intriguing!

Professor Tacitus, historian, 2,000 years ago, tells about a cuss by the name of Honey Ball, or Hannibal, that crossed the Alps in that early date, and how it was done—Napoleon was one of the world's best mimics.

Come to think of it, 'twas Pliny who tells about.—

Our parasitic press better look up its history before grovelling before Bonaparte—to encourage the young—; she backfires, gents, and makes you worse than liars—ignorant.

Man would soon kiss the world good-bye if insects (bugs) quit eating each other; so, too, the parasites if working men stopped fighting each other.

(EDITOIS NOTE: Slim probably refers to two kinds of parasites.)

My humble self gathers from the "papers," by using "yust a leetle rewerse English," that the statement "Russia is behind the Chop-Suey Trouble" is nothing but a bunch of smoke screen.

• • •

Havn't so far read the fatal words of Borah-Butler—"Batting-'em-out" on Hic'teenth Commandment but will say nevertheless, the best way to settle the question forever—run both for president, put a 'stick' in Borah's bath and dilute Butler's beverage (benzene)—neither one can say a word!

Had I been there, I'd have went wet, not only to the point of a heluva jag, but completely a-wash—a wet-wash—saloons and houses of ill-repute, inc. Hand me the reins, gents—not the rains—the reigns, I mean (I'm wet enough, so it is!)

Will Jennings Bryan, rest his soul—first he was bimetal, 16 to 1; then he was grape-juice, 16-plus; then he got religious, fundamentally,—came near proving Darwin was right—and "cashed-in."

I wonder if Brother Borah has "got" his orders?

• • •

Morgan—Corsair sail for Bermuda.

J. Pierpont Morgan is on his-way to Bermuda for a vacation aboard his yacht, the Corsair. Evidently J. P. is fond of onions born in Bermuda. Shucks! He could get them right here on the sidewalks of New York—Bermuda is wet.

R. (Reuben) Overalls Jones is not going this year, owing to pressing business and not being-fond of "liver-and"—besides his yacht, the Aching Void, lies belly-up awaiting its usual yearly coat of tin-ware and Woolworth's paint.

Mr. Morgan has had a hard year and it began to tell on him to the extent that he started giving away huge sums of money to this or that outfit.—I presume his legal advisers told him "you better take a vacation else there'll be nothing

• • •

left for us."

Anent that Snyder murder, T-bone Slim earnestly hopes the trial judge Scudder will not be found guilty should Gray and Ruth escape—and it looks as if they will, even if they have to hang the jury. "They did it for love," 'tis said; illicit, but love just the same! Oh well—all's fair in love and murder—even a window-weight.

• • •

Now, as to those hi-grade prize fights engineered by Tex Rickard, I would suggest the trouble with them is referees afflicted with unsuperiority-complex.

Therefore, Tex, let me urge you to get Judge Rosalski, a man of greatest acumen and clearest insight (and sight) to referee the next battle. Let Max D. Stuer stand up for one or both ferocious malcontents.

• • •

May it please the ladies: The doctors now say that short skirts, with the attendant habit of crossing the legs, is cause for women's diseases; nervousness, lumbago, sciatica, ptica and other ills, etc.

— Unfortunately, I must disagree with the learned gentlemen. Again they have mal-diagnosed the symptoms.

Short skirts—bare-knees and crossed legs are the "effect," not the "cause"—in fact a symptom! And indicates sexual starvation, if you please—and that, in turn, causes lumbago.

T-b S.