



FAMOUS ALIBIS (WITH SAUCE)

EDITOR'S NOTE: T-Bone hasn't been with us for a long time; we hope it will not be so long till the next time.

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"I don't belong to no union because I'm an anarchist and conscientious objector to paying dues."

You ain't no anarchist, comrade; you're "tight."

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"I won't marry a girl that colors her lips vermillion."

Naturally. You have no sense of art. She'll probably marry a poet and live unhappy (and hungry) forever after. You'll marry an un-varnished one (if you can find one that wants a work-ox) become thoroughly domesticated, if not subjugated, live long, happy, and die poor, honest—and thin.

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Slim says to the Editor: We have a new one: some of the ladies, not satisfied with painting their lips, have enameled the inside of their substantial and capacious mouths red, as far back as the throat—and how much further only "she-god" knows—and now the enchanted orifice and cavern looks as beautiful as the bulkheads within a coalbarque cabin—red. Trank God.)

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The bare headed men galloping our thoroughfares are not bare for the purpose of ventilating their scalp. They prepare themselves that way in order to be unencumbered against the hour (woe is me) when they accidentally pick up another man's hat.—Darn capitalism, anyhow! Not enough hats to go around and no place for the kids to take a swim. Business! Commerce! Merchandizing!—Insanity!

New York City would be money ahead if it junked half its obsolete piers, hoists, ferries, warehouses, including municipal paraphernalia, modernized the remaining half, and leave the kids room to wash off a little dirt. Yes, the city would be doing a great public good, in addition, if it hung a ladder from the pier so the kids could climb out without going through the formality of reproduction, — being fished out, run through a wringer, or completely rebuilt.

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An impression has gone forth that England is "a nation of butlers," that our parasites employ them as menials—or something—just as if "butlering" possibly could be menial to strutting-parasiticism!

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Things are kind o' dull in the labor market; and labor, himself, is not the sharpest thing about it; he's too weary to organize and put an edge on the market.

Oh well, a feller needs a rest. A good long rest. An eternal rest, may I say.

Tired! Exhausted! Pass him cushions, please.