



AN AWFUL APOLOGUE

Only recently the "original" of Whittier's "Barefoot Boy" caught a severe cold, pneumonia, mumps or something, and thus it all came out. (It all comes out).

Now, many people who have been religiously reading my modest interpretations of thought pressure at the nozzle, do not know that I am the "original," perpendicular, six foot shelf of all worthwhile, and necessary, knowledge. Yessir! Eliot will bear me out—on a stretcher—at least he would like to if he isn't entirely too dead.

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Once we admit "evolution," we've got to admit "dissolution", too. Irratiocinational! Why, we might have to go as far as to say salt dissolves in water and butter melts in our mouths. Impossible! Its oleomargarine. How could butter melt if it wasn't there?

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Headline: "Boy, 17, Wins \$25,000 Channel Prize." That means that the kid is less than a hundred years old and that he probably was given some money—17, you know, is a handy figure (like Shrudly) the printers use when they can't think of "the" word. Had the kid been over a hundred years old the papers certainly would have mentioned it.—"Child Four Hundred Years Old Swims into Truck Load of Lincoln Pennies"—just like that.

Hysterical press!

"When Caillaux Speaks, the World Listens." When I speak, the INHABITANTS dodge—so does the cat.

Japan approves another disarmament conference . . . "Japan Wants Arms Cut and 5-5-3 Navy, Too,"—headline. (Fellow Workers: Let's stay out of this conference—it won't be an arms cut, it'll be our throat, too).

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Ida M. Tarbell, who at one time came near grabbing the literary laurels away from Sam Langford, the Boston tar-baby, has a gripping yarn in the Collier' Nation, entitled, "Lincoln Kissed Him."

Beautiful Dear Ida: If you really want to pry us offen center, tell us a tale something like this: "Rockefeller Kissed Her Though the Steel-Trust." (It is now 3.30 A. M. and Lincoln's going to bed).

"I reckon they would, said Mr. Lincoln,"—Ida, Ida, isn't it strange that a great debater, like Lincoln, a rail-splinterer, was so fond of using sentences containing the word would?

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May I propose, as a mathew-matt tishum, that Arthur Brisbane is not a great writer—he's a great reader. Thanks, Art, don't call it intuition! (I'M moved to these remarks because I see some one has built a fire under Art,—Sure, Editor, go ahead and print it!)

If United States (Hearst or any other annex) owns any part of Mexico, president Coolidge's "NO", in regards to "confiscation," is equivalent to the justly famous tinker's damn.

'Tis too early for another war! We're somebody, too—seeing as how ultimately, we've got to do the fighting. Of course, if Hearst or Whizbrain wants to declare war, well and good—we'll put on our other pants and attend the funeral.

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"Has mind power over matter?"—That's all settled. It has and it hasn't.

The new question is, Has aim power over force? It has—else, how can we account for the fact that nine times out of ten I hit the dge of the slop pail when I spit? As I essayed before, When I speak the inhabitants dodge.

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Lives there a man so intelligent that he can give a believable "motive" to show that Mooney and Billings committed that Preparedness Day explosion? Is there a man who can explain what Mooney and Billings possibly stood to gain by the deed—(Imagination won't do.) Isn't there a single man in the United States with brains enough to plausibly explain why they did it?

They're not crazy. They must have had a reason.

Did somebody else do it?

If so, what was "their" motive?

Well, sir, it strikes me, the only possible motive was to get Mooney and Billings into the penitentiary. That is believable!

Willingly I staump to the head of the class. That is sarcasm.