

Dirty Finger

By T-BONE SLIM

Reform is but skin deep.

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War is a form of birth-control. I'm reminded: you are permitted to grow up (with certain restrictions) then you are "wiped off the books" with a great big eraser—might as well be born not at all . . .

Wouldn't it be better to use a small eraser—and do it before you got in so many days of hard work? Now, wouldn't it—I ast you?

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One thing I don't like about elections: If one is elected, another is rejected—that's two things—and if election is a great honor, rejection must of needs be a terrible disgrace—that's a bunch of things—

If rejection isn't a disgrace, then where's the honor?

Honor, mebbe, has a weak case and, it may be the victorious candidate in addition to buttering his bread is but doing the country a favor, if not a service—by taking the job.

Still and all, some people do not like to crowd a wheelbarrow.

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Mankind is harrassed by six lives. Count 'em: Civil life, political life, domestic life, commercial life, industrial life and dog's life.

But, as Honest Abe truthfully said—some people are troubled with all kinds of life, all people worry along with some kind of life, but all people cannot suffer from all kinds of liver trouble.

Then there's the organized life that hinges on one or all lives—whole life. THAT IS THE LIFE!

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IS DOT SO—

Dreiser Ready to Defend Woman's Plagiarism Charge.—World.

I'm afraid that trial is gonna be dry, sir . . .

Nevertheless, when two authors begin throwing bouquets at each other the spectators better take to cover.

Example: "John Gahan, I confess I've lifted all the meat out of your editorials."—

"Slim, you're a liar, you're a liar by the clock—you ain't that kind of a man—besides: you ain't got nothing on me, I've been grafting on your pearls of wisdom something scoundrellous, yes I have."—

"John, what are you giving me? Are you trying to act as character witness for Ananias, and ruin his reputation? I don't believe a word you say. Where'd you ever learn to graft?"

And so on down the column . . .

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It seems Dorothy and Theodore describe one and the same thing in almost identical language—but Dorothy says she saw it first.

Well, now, that's all right, and if she described it truthfully and he described it truthfully, naturally the tales must fibe.

But of course, if she drew on her imagination and he drew on her imagination it proves merely that Theodore was too much of a gentleman to contradict her, and no one is hurt except the reader—he's betrayed.

The accusation is an admission!

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Now, John and I go about it differently.

We pull straws. The one that flashes the shortest straw, throws the first brick.—John never did learn to pinch his straw in two before the count—too darned honest, that's what he is—and I stand elected. My only sorrow is, my stuff is so rotten no one will admit I stole it—I've got to blame it on the dead ones. Karl Marks or Oscar Wilde . . .

Editor, do you think Theodore Dreiser and Dorothy Thompson have been leaning against any of my stuff?—I'm worried. T. B. S.