



OLD CLOTHES

— not a cough in a cartfull.

I'm not greatly concerned whether we have war with Eng'and, or not. And I'm still less concerned whether we get licked, or not . . . I reason that licking would kind o' break the monotony of this hand-to-mouth disease.

Of course, I know that we'll have war with England — I figure this out from the fact that we're already having war with England.

Now, to win this war, Sam better pick out a good reliable, man somewhere and start shaking hands with him. (I offer this advice to prove I'm a true blue — too blue yankee.) The present war with England, of course, is unnecessary — as are all wars.

This war, and all wars, can be ended very promptly and easily:

Just let the robbers sit down and divide the loot evenly — "two for me and one for you will never do; the rascals know their arithmetic too well.

(I've often wondered if "Peace" could not be best had by abolishing the arithmetic from the schools).

Editor: Of course you know that this essay is veiled in the cheese-clothes of sarcasm and satire — necessary to make my point jump.

My point is this:

I've been reliably informed that the Nobel Peace Prize peddlers have been unable to find a man big enough to wear Nobel's LEFT-OVERS, this year — or was it last year. Be that as it may, in view of the fact, as I said before — in view of the fact that I'm afflicted with the dread hand-to-mouth disease and can't make an honest living no more, I should think the "world sympathies" would dictate that I get the Nobel "duds" — for meritorious service in behalf of world and eternal peace. Hm, let me point out to the august commission: Search the world no further — right here is a man big enough to wear that suit! (I hope it isn't too tight for me — the last time I wore a second hand suit it took me two hours to "let out" the pants, at the back). But I'm willing — send 'em along.

T-B. S.

P. S. While we're waiting, why wardrobe wonton wastrels with warrior's wear?

Then shed those stolen pants, ye thief
And shiver in the breeze;
Too many ye have brought to grief—
It's your turn now to freeze.

It's your turn now to freeze, my lord
For ye have had your bun:
Ye revelled in the stolen board,
Forbidden fruits and fun.

It's your turn NOW to sober up—
(And tramp on no man's corns)
You know you've been a dirty pup,
A misanthrope with horns.

So ante up those stolen pants,
(Before I call a cop) —

IT IS your ONE and ONLY chance —
From now on wear a mop.

• • •

THE GAMUT

Many of our pulpiteers and scientists fancy they are prophets. And now, Lord help us, the financiers, industrial kings and politicians "have got the bug."

• • •

The other morning (5 A. M.), not thinking about anything, I started singing "Equal Rights" — in the cabin-by-the-sea.

The neighboring CAPTAIN roused in, thinking that I was being murdered—or was murdering. I FELT HURT! (So did the song.)

• • •

Must be getting near payday, so many of the brave Americans are broke?

'Bout 7,000,000 of 'em.

Pst! If we had 'em in the I. W. W.

they wouldn't be broke long!

• • •

"The preachers have gone into politics and are going to let the Lord go to Hell."

(I heard the above remark, on government property—never mind where.)

It's a damned outrage, too, for people to be making such raw cracks right before women and high school girls . . . had a good notion to land him one on the lug right there in the Post Office and I would have, too, only I had my Sunday clothes on—it takes restraint.

But, if his words fall within the truth, "collections" must be getting smaller—and the move may have an economic bend. Be that as it may, 'twas a raw, raw crack.

• • •

The tropical life of Americans is something to be "marvelled" at: All I hear in New York is "Hot dog, Warm baby, Red-Hot mama, Hectic papa, Steaming daddy, Sultry sister, Flaming boy-friend, Melting madam, Sweating swain, Burnt broker, Scorched chorine—and the Hudson River is full of ice flows and "cundrums" . . .

I could go on like this for some time, but I must stop right here and point out that California has nothing on New York for climate—Hollywood included in these figures of speech.