



Still believe the Eighteenth Amendment is a myth—show me the book.

I was run over by a roly-poly, lady yesterday, on a straight sidewalk. She appeared to be in hilarious sorrow . . .

It's terrible—it's terrible how drunk roly-poly ladies can get in these hard, hard times—on such soft, refreshments.

. . .

The population of Newark, N. J. has almost doubled since New York City began driving out her unemployed's, petty thieves and chronic bums the competition of whom, in the begging line, made it impossible for bashful burglars and radiant robbers to make a decent living on the Great White Way".

. . .

Hoboken, N. J.

One hour and ten minutes after N. Y. City drive started, the free lunches in Hobokens' sumptuous refreshment parlors gave out. Every effort is being made on the Jersey side to start a metropolis with New York's discards—but the city fathers insist that if Manhattan was really sincere she wou'd send over the jails, too.

Strange!—Jails are first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of our councilmen.

T-B. S.