

The Great And Near-Great

By T-BONE SLIM

Man wants but little bit here below. A slice of souse and a place 'o go . . . ahem:

But they will not put souse on the table, a sorry spectacle, in view of the close affinity as between great thoughts and good food.

Every one o' 'em appear to be in the business of repelling the boarders; or by them be repelled. Instance: Sayeth the cook to the retiring gandy dancer. "I'm making up lunch for tomorrow and you'll have to pay for that."

"You only think so," murmured the gandy, sweetly.

"Well then," confides the cook, "you'll get no supper."

"Better still!" exclaims the gandy.

"I'll have more money coming. — I can go out and bum my supper—what do you think I am? — do you think I'm gonna put on a nose-bag to go to town?"

A great light enveloped the cook. Supper was had, and the not-to-be-eaten breakfast was unpaid for.

Sayeth the captain of the coal barque, Calamity:

"I want you to stay off this boat." — "What you want and what you'll get is two different things," murmured the neighborly visitor.

The captain went back, aft, and laid his head in his wife's arms.

Isn't it strange, editor, how everything turns out for the best and with so little steering?

Einstein (One Schooner) is sure good with a pencil—he'll yet prove that an atom is a gila monster and an electron is an elephant . . . Already he speaks touchingly about the energy relation between an electron and its nucleus, indicating the pair of 'em are animals of some kind—I do hope the nucleus has more solid matter than the nucleus in a lumberjack's energy relation upon an evening after a greasy supper—we don't want an electron dreaming a nucleus; it's got to be there.

Now what is energy? Can a man use energy to dream—can't he dream without energy? Can he energize a dream—recharge it same as a dead battery?

Bring a dead dream to life? Did I hear some one say he can?

Well, if he can, I'd like to see him try to awaken a slumbering Wobbly—for a starter; after that, put a kick in the corpse of a dream and, finally, raise the dead taxpayer (for revenue only) and hell in general and particular.

After that . . . oh shucks.

PARAGRAPHS

Out of about 36,000,000 voters in the latest election—in the major parties, yes—20,000,000 were citizens of U. S. by Treaty—"paper citizens"—citizens on paper only—"aliens by birth"—foreigners by superstition—and a slinking of "citizens by protest" . . .

"Mass Production" is the art of having the masses produce great masses of goods without any pay except board, bandages and bedding—and a little bull Durham, mebba.

The democrats and republicans, every last one of 'em a foreigner by direct descent or inclination, are reconciled to their fate and will stick to this country and see what they can get out of it—as long as the "grub" remains fair to middling—unless forced by unforeseen sorgh-umstances to flee across the border.

According to latest published pictures in the public prints, Col. Lindbergh, old time friend of mine from Little Falls, Minn., (The town that "Jacks" built) is about to marry six different girls—all of 'em beautiful.

Note, editor, when Lindbergh was in Little Falls the town was no good, St

when I was there it was no good, it isn't any better now and, I despair, never will be.

What makes those Finns (Nurmi and Purje) go fast on their feet,—is—"the practice" their forefathers got fighting the Turks for Russia.

What's the matter, has the N. Y. World no ink, or is the editorial page so bad that it dare not show it?

I have no telescope!

I aint blind!

My lights are good!

The lamp is clean!

If you see me wearing cheaters, make up your mind I'VE Bitten!

Give back my gold!!

Gentlemen do not prefer blonde newspapers.

Pertness:

In these days of experts this and experts that we get to wondering what has become of all the good, old time OX-perts—Hush, s-sh, pst—can it be the present day experts are pouding their thumb with a hammer with their left hoof in their loud-speaker—up to the ankle?

"The British King is better, strong enough to feed himself."—Now isn't that nice? Heretofore it has taken 40,000,000 Englishmen to feed him.

Let us sing:

"All King's horses and all

King's men..."

"God save the King!"

I have nothing against Clarence Darrow but his first name—O, why wasn't it Pete!

(A Clarence in South Dakota got so sore at his parents that he called himself "Dusty").

Darrow is correct, of course, and can't go wrong lest his foundation moves from under him, but how in the world is it possible for a "Clarence" to be on such solid footing?

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness"—I s'pose that's why the great American working man is clean—day before pay day. Tut, tut!

T-b S.