

Paralysis Of Ideas —

Seige Of The Surrendered —

Sorghamscribed Mirth —

By T-BONE SLIM

PASTOR PLACES WAR'S BLAME ON 'MOB SPIRIT'.—head- line.

Seems to me "mob spirit" and "war" are identical and neither can be blamed for creating the other, neither is selfmade; Are Siamese twins, both are one, a case of two joined together equals one . . .

Business jealousies, commercial rivalries, mercantile suspicions, crooked deals, betrayal of confidences, graft, greed and general gambling for the goods of the other, are singly or all together the cause of any first class war or mob spirit.

If not, then craving the other's land settles the question—but it generally takes the form of beating him out of it according to established commercial rules, business ethics, orthodox graft; the more genteel form of unconscionable thievery.

But the pastor is right, in a way —The cause of tight shoes is big feet, just like that.

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Most things are of off color, of the most startling hues and overpowering tints; yellow and crimson predominating, with scarlet leading the grand panorama of moral turpitude as understood, aye, even in the salons and "proscenium" halls of the smug aristocracy of our depraved world—a turpitude that at times causes Rome itself to unbuckle and rush to relieve the strain on high tension matrimonial ties and con-nubial knots.

Is it then any wonder that a bevy of girls enjoying the full flush of blissful singleness appeared in night court and were charged by the good, Christian court, with the heinous crime of peddling their attractions and charms at popular prices muchly to the lasting sorrow of the virtuous court—so virtuous, indeed, that it wouldn't steal even under the guise of graft (no matter how tempting) nor accept dirty tokens of appreciation or gratitude for services rendered in the past. The girls one after another plead "not guilty" and each explained her occupation as being "dressmaker and fancy cake baker".

His Honor was in a desperate fix but did rise to the occasion and deal out justice by the throatful—"seventy-five dollars or thirty days".

The seventy-five in hope of bolstering the city's shrinking opulence . . . Some of the more skillful dress-goods workers and high-grade bakers did blushinglly request privacy so that they might explore the recesses of they stockings to find out if by any chance the required tribute to law and order snuggled therein. Finally came the last lady, bleary eyed, none too sober and apparently one of the original dowagers of the American Revolution — Civil War veteran, at least.

"I s'pose you're a dressmaker, too," suggest "his honor", sourly.

"No, your honor, I'm just a plain prostitute," she snaps out, bitingly, "so many of the girls went into the dressmaking and baking business, that us older needle artists can't make a living no more."

The judge gasped!

"You're discharged," he murmured sweetly when he regained his breath. —

WELL!—what's my text?

Ah, brethern and sistern, so many millionaires went into congress that us workers can not find any nourishment in politics, no more.

But, like the girls of easy virtue that nursed the fond dream, mirage, "cake-mechanic" and "architect of gowns" (in preference to recognizing the realities of life) we, too, are inclined to place our faith in abstract powers—and powerless powers.

But when we get hungry we go to the boss—somehow we are able to decipher that he controls our living—It must be intuition! Where he got such rights, is a problem for further deciphering unless we desire to be ciphers all our lives.

Like the last jane that recognised the saturating point in dress making and jelly-roll moulding, it is up to us to size up the possibilities of politics as a remedy for poverty; consider the adaptability of million-aioredom as a present help or succor for a sucker in distress.

Doubts may rise.

Is million dollars a qualification to represent people in congress? If so, congressional requirements are very inostentatious — and people might be tempted to jar the million-aire loose from his vanity and exchange him for his office boy who, at present, is taking care of his vast interests.

That's that.