

It Was This Way

By T-BONE SLIM

Well I see where the Pope is popping off to Mussolini—let us wait with mien humble and meek till they both pop at once.

(Probably money matters.)

Really, we ought to have a Yankee Pope and Herbert Hoover, president of United States and California, should appoint one right away—any one of the vagrant lame ducks will do—or Mabel—just so they know how to pop off.

wIw

Farmers will get no relief unless said relief can be hooked up to something that relieves the hardpressed (came near saying hardboiled) multi-billionaires.

wIw

Instead of efficiency, enforcement is analgalousy to effrontery—or enforcement.

wIw

Men with their hands in their pockets, feel but the emptiness of it all—but men with their hands in other people's pockets, seem to have better luck.

wIw

To tell the truth, I'm not sure that whiskey right now would conserve me the short "remainder" of my "unnatural" life.

wIw

Be that as it may, I feel great consolation-in-faith that saloons in heaven are running full blast—and all available reformers are going to hell. "A Lyons (Kansas) man dropt a bundle of laundry on the pavement and broke both bottles"—a wet-wash, so's to say.

wIw

I'm flooded with titles, here's one: "It Won't Be Long Now."

It's not new, but it's pure Anglo-American—a language I did not invent.

Anybody want to use it?

wIw

Hard to tell whether the shooting of that business man near International Falls was staged by the liquor interests to bolster their waning prestige or done by prohibition agents, upon their own initiative, in the spirit of fun. Be that as it may, we can not help but feel the U. S. government would be doing a square deed if it declared war against the people formally—instead of having them shot from ambush—and give the folks a chance to mobilize. I'm sure such a move would be beneficial to the country; in so far as, though, we would lose many good citizens, a bunch of pimps, stool pigeons and sanctimonious hypocrites would bite the turf in defense of the "noble" hyperphobia.

wIw

"Taft Plans To Leave For Canada Today."—That's gonna take a big load off the states—'esides Canada is wet.

wIw

Times haven't changed much. Years ago, long ago, they used to shoot men because they wouldn't swallow a certain brand of religion. Now they bump off citizens for swallowing certain liquors banned by the "better than thou". Better than thou? Humph! I wouldn't waste powder on 'em—less the powder was no good.

When the United States Supreme Court moves to Canada it's time said U. S. rescind its former foolishness.

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Instead of having their face lifted the ladies should try to raise their own looks—grow 'em.

wIw

Purchased beauty is a delusion; girls should remember men can buy the same "attractions" at drug stores unattached to usual vocabulary.

Powder and rouge, in the pure form, never nags . . .

Likewise the gardener of natural beauty never scowls.

wIw

As a rule paint and powder are a substitute for bad health, lost looks and abandoned disposition—and necessary in proportion to the infractions of nature's rules negotiated and accomplished.

Now girls, I see where the U. S. Supreme Court has denied citizenship to Rosika Schwimmer because she said she "would not take up arms personally".

Now, if I'm not entirely sterile in my deductions, that can mean but two things.

First, women must wear arms.

Second, they may be used to supplant the trousered "valiants".

The court decision in Rosika Schwimmer's case carries with it, in addition to precedent set, not only an obligation to fight but removes for all time the age old, unwritten disability privileges of the frailest sex.

That is the law, or I'm "dumb" right.

Who knows but we'll live to see the kind ladies doing all our fighting for us and we (men) can either sit back as penny patriots, cheer them on or join the Red Cross and carry off the corpses. But they'll have to fight without doughnuts for as Sholiman said:

Who in hell's gonna tote "sinkers" midst shot and shell?

The sum, substance, alpha, acme and omigosh of wisdom—Eat the rotten egg last.

(It might ruin your appetite.)

But wisdom splits in twain—a pair:

Eat That Suspicious Egg First—it might come up. You don't want to throw up eleven or five good eggs with one bad one—besides, you can hold it down better on an empty stomach—I reason your stomach must be empty or you couldn't have eggs and, having eggs, you may have been innocently instrumental in wrecking the fond hopes of a setting hen. If not, then you can't afford to throw up nary egg, good, bad or indifferent.—Save your money. It don't take much of this stuff, does it, editor?