

BORROWED GLORY

By T-BONE-SLIM

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The confirmed Pharisees, some-
times referred to as "reformers",
are having their day in N. Y. C.

wlw

Prohibitionists, no different, are
clowning the whole attention just
at present. — "Legitimate" show
boats are bowing to the "circus"
and going on ice.

wlw

Prohibition, itself, according to
late scientific discoveries, is the pro-
duct of militant "meddlers" various-
ly described—"Hypocrites" being the
popular title.

They can be identified, it is said,
by a certain "narrowness of the air-
gap between the eyes."

wlw

Look in the mirror—you may be
a "reformer" yourself.

If your fears prove to be sound
and you find your eyes sparkle kind
o knock-kneed, don't become para-
lyzed at the horror of it—see a good
doctor (if any) right away. If you
have no mirror, you can determine
your social status spiritually: if you
feel a distinct swelling in the neigh-
borhood of you ego, you're a re-
former pure and simple—very pure
and simple. In such a case, you'll
never need "blindners" to keep you
in the rut.

wlw

Needless to say reformers accom-
plish nothing that is beneficial to
the human race—their output con-
sists of "programs" (that no one
follows) a situation wherein they
bask in the artificial light of borrow-
ed glory without paying "interest"
(Last statement is inspired.)

wlw

All right. As I was saying, this
country was "reformed" of its wet
habits during the period when 2,000-
000 of our heavier fisted citizens
were in France arguing it out with
the "beer guzzling" Fritz and Hans
and Herman.

It was safe for the reformers at
that time to put the country in a
hole that it will never get out of.
A broad statement, eh? (Note: I'm
not saying "our boys" were sober
"over there".)

Yes, we're in a hole to stay.

I'm reminded in this connection
of a friend of mine—a collie dog:
From time to time he would come
home in the gloomiest of spirits.
Despondency, shame, fairly stuck
out on him . . . from afar I con-
cluded the rabbit got away...

But upon closer study, I had to re-
vise my views: the dog was down-
cast because he had just been re-
formed by a skunk.

In an "uncautious" moment he
had got within range of the pole-
cat's "appendment".

You know the stench sticks. Well
sir, do you know, by the time the
dog wore off most of the perfume,
he would saunter in again "perfum-
igated" to the nozzle—he could al-
ways step out and find another
skunk—generally the skunk found
him first.

But this hath nothing to do with
my subject.

Years ago the kings, instead of
saying thou "shalt not" let things
pass by simply saying "Thou Shalt!"
For instance, they didn't say, "Bud-
dy, your god is a fake, ye shouldn't
worship him." No, they came out
flatfooted and roared: "Get down on
your knees, varmint, and give a
crawl to the divine oiler"—and
sure enough, in those days, the
kings were greasy enuff to satisfy
the most lubrigatingest god. They,
the kings, didn't criticize your style
of worship. No, they said, "Hey, ye
halfwit, do it this-a-way"—if you
fell down, off rolled your head.

That was the reason given out for
a great exodus of worshipers from
Merrie England—and many a redskin
bit the dust—Now they PROHIBIT
—what's the difference? No more
"do like a dis; do like a dat." It's
just "DON'T" with three exclama-
tion points and Maybelle Wille-
brandt behind it.

What's the difference?

What difference does it make
whether you are Pushed or Pulled
—you get there just the same, dont-
cha?

Anyhow, it's better than finding
your place just ahead of a series of
kicks upon the after-protuberance.

Keep your shirt on! I'm busting
in two this article with the modest
philosophy: we are aided and abetted
in doing the will of others—which,
same, keeps us busy the whole of
our docile life and peradventure
causes many to cast jealous eyes
upon the worm that turned. No
use talking, editor, the good folks
appear to be absinthe-minded or
something . . .

wlw

A National Problem.

It has puzzled many a brave
merican—this prosperity that is
tant and running around
throughout our fair land—and
are those of delicate faith that
right out and say that it do
exist . . .

Well, now, although I confe-
never personally met up
prosperity, I can say with a
heart that it lives and is one of
fundamental principles broad-
during electioneering periods
the "I Got MINE" boys and "I
MINE TO GET" editors—it's
the cut-rate editors are you
"prosperity" to bolster their ev-
rating courage, a condition wh-
in, as a natural phenomenon, t
mouthings are bound to be so
what gaseous . . .

An editor under financial str-
gency never should try to y
"prosperity"—he should confine
musings to "IT MIGHT
WORSE."

That would sound more reason-
and people might once again, d
fully bend an ear to the press—
MORNING TISSUE AND HERA
IMAGINER.

After election, of course, pr-
perity is a dead issue save for
once-a-month assurance "it's
around the corner"—on such oc-
sions the suffering multitudes t
heart and try to drag themselves
the favored locale, intersection
"Poorhouse Rd. and Gold Co
Drive".—And—When
They—Get—There:

It's just around the corner—
next corner — in Mr. Gotgelc
palace.

Has It Come to This?

"A professor employs 800 le
soldiers to teach maneuvers . .
"Cambridge, Mass., April 10
Yessir. Telegram."

"An army of 800 lead soldie
(not tin) assists the faculty of Ma
Institute of Technology in giving
structions in history and kindr
subjects . . ."

No doubt the professor gets qui
a thrill marshalling all those pewt
warriors in battle array and killin
the hated enemy by the carload . .
I, in prison, didn't think the pr
fessors had yet graduated out of t
alfabet-class that plays with woode
blocks (no insidious insinuation her
—if I meant wooden-blocs I woul
have had the courtesy to say so.

Still and all, I have my doubts a
to this higher learning, and, whe
you realize that I am writing this a
2.30 a. m., by the time of the clock
you will understand that I entertain
great fear as to the advisability o
deserting the good, old, reliabl
blocks, right in the middle of
crisis—in fact, I feel, this advance
study will wreck the delicate archi-
tecture of the student brain-pan
cause the crown-sheet of their
masticating cavern to drop on the
sibillating annunciator and arrest or
destroy its usefulness as it unsu-
pectingly shuttles to and fro between
mouthfuls—mebbe choke 'em—meb-
be start a new crime wave—a per-
manent wave.

Verily I do believe the students
should be allowed nothing more ex-
hilarating or exciting than Star
Spangled Banner as an outlet for
their pent up patriotism and draw
poker as a medium of inculcating
in their hearts the finer elements
of attack and strategy.

wlw

Let's fosget it.

Nicholas Murray Butler, noted
evangelist of things educational,
High Mogul of Princeton or Colum-
bia, is on the flat of his back with
a mysterious sickness. Even the most
luscid newspapers of New York
City, heretofore disseminators of
knowledge in all things from social
registerites pyjama parties to world
courts and cancer cures, are unable
at this moment to name the disease
that attacked the doughty "profes-
sor".

The people will hold their breath
till we find out whether he is ac-
cursed with ingrowing toe nails or
falling of the hair.

The doctors appear to be tickled
pink—"his condition is satisfactory",
as they say. Almost like "good
enough for him".

I s'pose the sawbones don't know
more about his malady than I know
about health—which all sums up to
and including—nothing.

Drop that.

It now develops a multum-mil-
lionaire can be jailed—at least for
"sassing" the senate.

But, brethern, it took five years
and couple administrations to do it.
No use talking, it's a laborious pro-