

# Put A Head On It

By T-BONE SLIM

To become a governor of a state the first thing to do is get a street named after you (in the heart of the town) while still in your first childhood—where people will see it daily as they pass by to their various and many misdemeanors and capital offences.

A live cross-street is the best.

People will actually learn to love the name and, naturally, when you shove it in as a candidate they'll fall all over themselves electing you as next champion of the people.

People are that way—they'd elect a street to governorship—not that it makes a muckle difference—in fact, every minute I've been expecting Arizona to run the Grand Canyon for president of the United States—New York would grab the vice-presidency by nominating the good old Erie Canal.

As to New York City, there is nothing there that can beat "Jimmy" Walker until they get the Triboro Bridges and Narrows Tunnel (across the Atlantic) built—even a fusion ticket of Woolworth Tower, Central Park and Bronx Zoo would fall many millions short.

But, dear reader, we're getting nowhere this way so we may as well change the politics of our discussion: Being a shrewd politician, I've repeatedly been requested to define the magic terms "Conservative, Liberal and Radical"—well, now, altho I don't want to make a habit of this, I shall humor those nosey gentlemen for the once for the sake of the others that may get snooty on those problems.

But I shall must needs use an illustration—are you ready?

"Liberal" (being the hardest to define in so far as the Liberals themselves don't know what they are) shall come first—

A Liberal is a man of moderation. He believes that if an automobile hits you it should slow down a little, partly skin you and, of course, knock you down and askew on soft asphalt—not concrete because, as they say, "the coarse, rough surface of the concrete might remove too much of your complexion and force you to flash your birth-certificate to draw your pay"—if you've got anything coming. In other words, they want you scratched up just right—no more, no less—just the right number of bones broken and only a few teeth knocked out or in—they're not so bad.

Conservatives believe, "if we're in the business of knocking 'em down" we may as well do a good job of it and plaster their hide against the pearly gates with one wallop and put'em out of their misery with one operation—it has its merits.

But the radical, he of the low-pressure "Americanism", as they say, he doesn't believe in being hit by the car at all, at all—why, he doesn't want the car even to rub against his leg as it purrs by—he wants a clean miss. What's the matter with him!

Is he trying to take all the fun out of spins?—out of politics, I mean? What's the use of being in

politics if you ain't allowed to skin the other fellow or rub his fur the wrong way every so often?

No use at all.

Those several beliefs makes for disputes among the leading disputers of our fair land and to drown 'em out scientists got together and invented the radio, never thinking those cheerful windbags would grab it and use it for their foul and dastardly ends.

Anyhow, all that hellobulloo is extra punishment for our many and intricate sins of omission.—T-b S.