

# Am I Right?

By T-BONE SLIM

Bragging is one of the finest forms of truth—it goes over big.

We may despise a braggart and all that but gentlemen we quite forget to disbelieve him, or even doubt his message—of such great horsepower is his horse-sense based on fact. He may embellish the account somewhat for art's dear sake but nevertheless his oration carries with it conviction and overwhelms our believing apparatus. Is there another form of truth that can stand up unaided without proofs? I thought not!

All other truths require additional testimony by the yard—"I solemnly swear by the whiskers of Abraham, Ike, and Jake" and so on—and exhibits A. B. and Z. indorsements, witnesses, experts, evidence upon evidence, direct and circumstantial and, finally, the whole yarn turns out to be a—False Alarm. Let us have something to brag about.

Hear! Hear!

"Business On Sound Basis, Hoover Says."—Yea? Lots of sound, eh—same as the talkies? And senate? And New York's election? I s'pose accoustics are good, else the heavenly harmonies would not have reached the presidential ear, or ears—if he can hear with both of em—if he has ear or ears? Wall St. twanged the tuning fork and Livermore made 30 million bucks—nice afternoon's work—just like that.

Now when Jesse James was in business—what was I gonna say? Demmit, it's done clean slipped my mind—I'm getting aged.

Alimony should be paid at the rate of time and a half extra for all overtime and straight time for daylight saving time—except when man is on night shift. In such a case daylight saving time shall constitute overtime, visa viscera.

I was just thinking about the mudpacks the unfairer sex are in the habit of plastering over their "mush" in a last desperate effort to grow whiskers like us men, and it came to me in a flash...

In so far as our baldheaded neighbors are in error in smearing precious craniums with various greases, oils and tonics in earnest effort to re-hirsute the clearings and great open spaces over their noble brows, I got to thinking they could out-strip the ladies in this hair race by using a manure-pack. Stands to reason, too: if manure will make grass grow, it will do the same for hair—what's the odds if it comes out green, so long as it covers.

That was that—

Baldness: beforehanded age—a stolen march!

Gann and Alice get first and second helping of the presidential board, but good old Hiram Johnson doesn't get a smell—if I was Hiram I'd quit my job on the grounds of hunger—not a tap of a senatoring would I do until the pigs' knuckles were placed before me.

Hoover's getting tighter than Coolidge ever was or knew how.

It's a great life if you don't awaken—but once you stir an eyelid the stuffing falls out of your dreams like the entrails of a butchered hog and you begin to feel as hollow as the very "horn of plenty" itself—or a bushel of ciphers—empty-figures—optimism or hope—sleep on.

Have another little nap—you won't feel better in the morning. Mornings are for mournings—the parade starts after dinner. No dinner; no parade—man cannot walk on rubber heels alone.—T-b S.