

# EXCEPTIONS

By T-BONE SLIM

Meal hours should be lengthened. Some of the speediest panhandlers tell me it takes them more than an hour to raise the price—to say nothing about eating.

Romance was no the driving force of Eugene O'Neill's trip abroad—Gene simply could not write with all those radios blaring.

"No Beggars, Agents or Salesmen Allowed." Now, what has the beggar done to be thus classified?

Who's Who? Ten thousand newspapers say we've got prosperity. Ten million men call them liars.

"For God's sake, advertise during dull periods." Singing the same tune, are they not?

Readers may now read my ravings with perfect safety—I've passed the psychopathic test in Bellevue hospital, and was not straight-jacketed. Inadvertently I went there to find out what will dissolve creosote—they took my measurements but I made my escape . . . It follows, my writings are law.

N. Y. C.—Woolworth sells the best ten cent sock in the city.

Horn and Hardart put out the best five cent coffee.

Horn and Hardart also provides the best silverware for the coal barges.

A railroad man is tangled up in the phrase, "history is his-story."—Hiss that off—and he's gonna stick to it. I couldn't untie him.

Gus explains how to succeed in an extra gang: "When they tell me, I pick it up; when they tell me to lay it down, I lay it down." S'posing they forget to tell you to lay it down, Gus, what then?

I tremble at the thought what havoc the ravages of time will have on Gus' trousers.

"Three Gansters Shot." Those are not "gang-murders," they're merely a violent form of traffic relief. An imbecile rolls his car to block the "between the lines" walk; an exasperated pedestrian pulls out his rod and puts a hole in the congestion that stays put—an opening that can be used for years.

How cities go broke?

This is very easy to grasp. The "good old town" spends too much of its money to buy disguises for its plainclothes men, such as thin soled shoes, boutonnières, Boston garters and silk underwear . . .

The impending revolution is about all that keeps the boys from severing diplomatic relations with life and pinocle—last word should not be confused with pig-knuckles tho' spelling has a resemblance most appetizing.

The statement "it's gonna take a pile of entertainments to overthrow the capitalist system" is a pretty snotty observation and minus all premise.

Entertainments, dances, social gatherings serve as a phase in education, the upbuilding of speakers of the future and as contact-points in the more monotonous moments. I do not dance myself, (girls, make a note of that). I know only one dance—gandy-dance. (Note: statement was one of my own, sour reflections.) (Let that pass.)

The workers' commonwealth is not so far away as it looks, the visibility is low. It is almost here.

The parasites themselves are most thoroly disgusted with the capitalist system and are furtively blinking sideways for a way out. And, like the great American scissorbill, are waiting for somebody to reserve them from their own "catastrophe," as some of them say.

Things being what they are, all it takes is a little organization on the part of the workers and the plutes themselves will get up and say, "Boys, go as far as you like, we're sick and tired of this phoney game."

—T-b S.