

# U. S. History

By T-BONE SLIM

My real life began in the public schools, when I was a presidential possibility; before that, my time was occupied in stealing watermelons, bananas, grapes, and short-changing my dear mother as an errand boy.

After learning of my presidential possibilities I quit stealing altogether and, although my early efforts showed considerable promise and originality, I resolved to lead a moral life; as befits a person destined for so great an office. Now before we go any further in this last will and testament, and I don't want anybody to think I've run out of snuff, it would seem to me that IF it is sanitary and proper to ride "used cars," used cigars are equally in taste and proper.

Why is it then that a person who has a "used car" is a plutocrat and the fancier of "used cigars" is only a bum? Personally, John, I think them all bums, including ourself, John—but why the distinction? What is there about a "used car" that makes it more respectable than a used cigar? Not a living soul can answer that question—but I have a solution: Combine the two; ride one and chew the other. Who's gonna know different but that car came to you right off the display blocks and that cigar butt is a wad of genuine, strictly fresh Copenhagen snuff, and no second-hand stuff?

As I was saying my possibilities in the presidential line got to weighing quite heavily on my shoulders—in fact I attribute my rounded shoulders to presidential worries.

How I worried!

I was afraid they'd elect me before I had mastered my grammar—some of which you see right in front of you, and I hope you discern off-hand that it is I and not the grammar that is here master of ceremonies. Of course there were slanderous people who said I get round shouldered stealing coal for my dear parents in the course of a few severe winters. Again, other misguided folks opined I got that way from being all humped up delving into the literary mysteries of Nick Carter, Diamond Dick and Jesse James—well, what of it? didn't I just now tell you presidential worries had me on a run and I was stampeded into seeking knowledge wherever I could lay my hands on it, and in a hurry—I didn't know what minute they'd shove in into the chair—the presidential chair—not the chair you're thinking about—and I didn't want to be caught short, like some of those others, and sit there dizzy for four years.

I studied hard. There wasn't much that happened that I didn't know something about it, and sometimes people thought that I was the sole or chief authority on the miraculous happenings in the neighborhood; although never directly accused of being instigator or creator of those wonders that caused people to marvel and itch to spill blood. After months and months of preparation I feel fit for the great job. I hid my school books in a lumberyard and stepped out to listen for the call of my country—republicans all over the country were my witnesses that the then present democratic incumbent in the chair was nothing more than a downright incubus and an outrageous fake, if not an actual imbecile. And the democrats, in turn, accused the republicans of hauling all their presidential timber from asylums and infirmaries.

Here was my chance. I'll run as a Mormon or a Holy Roller—neither of those outfits have ever before been ruined—they're my meat; especially in view of the fact that the then present incubus, who went in as a great feeder and distributor of nourishing viands and victuals, refused pointblankety blank to take credit for the streak of lean he ran into his people—I'm a Christian from now on and will announce my platform in due time.

T-b S.

P. S. Hope to continue these articles from time to time as history develops—readers should bear in mind: The history of the United States is the history of yours truly—no more, no less and nothing else.

And not so darn "hot"!

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