



## T-Bone Slim

### Slim Gets All Het Up

(Coldest California in 54 Years)

Rafts of vicious, fluent liars  
Oscillate our ancient spires,  
Vibrate our revered shires,  
Dampen down our jungle fires;  
Therefore, tune your amplifiers  
With a faith that shames our sires  
To the wind-producing criers  
And the sanctimonious friars:

(Sotto voce:)

"World is rid of morbid sighers;  
Merchants laugh with happy buyers;  
Once again the bossman hires;  
The depression—Scat!—retires."

No one doubts those gifted guyers;  
Each his private wish admires—  
Reaches out and naught acquires  
But a bunch of prickly briars.  
Shakespeare said, "What jokes be diers—  
Slaves to brats of their desires."  
(Got that crack hot off the wires—  
Hand me, please, the chest-nut pliers.)

"What is this," the wight inquires,  
"Are those burrs celestial fliers  
For to rouse my dormant ires?  
Or to prove my soul aspires  
Even so as regal squires  
For to sing in vested choirs?"  
Pardon me, most meek of tryers,  
Power stirs the world's suppliers.

Kindle, then, your fires higher  
That ye need not draw up nigher  
And escape the winter dire.  
This is not a funeral pyre  
And ye need not fret. Require  
Wood whose nature is the drier.

See! Contempt serenely mires,  
Doubt, suspicion, spite expires—  
Once more judgment fails, misfires:  
"Kerosene!"—the stick perspires.  
Strike up, then, your luted lyre!  
Oil-skaked wood doth so inspire.  
Ailing coals once more conspire  
And we have a roaring fire.

Two working men hate each other be-  
cause they both are robbed by the big  
boys.

Big boys hate one another because there  
are not enough little fellows to be robbed.

Getting so now a man must hide his  
razor and wrap a log-chain around his  
neck before he goes to bed . . .

Japan kept popping away at the "ban-  
dits" till China got mad and declared war.

(China gets mad awful easy).

Still and all I don't know, I think I'd  
get mad myself if a fellow shot at me  
sixty days and dropped pineapples on my  
quilt sixty nights.

As to additional territory, let me say,  
the demand for it is deceptive, is crooked  
and is conceived in crookedness—con-  
drums sell for "dollar a dozen", and last  
a life-time.

If you ain't got room for 'em, don't  
make 'em.

You wouldn't put a piano in a bird  
cage, wouldcha? Neither would I, unless  
the cage was a big one or the piano real  
small.

Houseful of kids is all right but when  
the house gets so thickly populated the  
old man must sleep on the window ledge  
it is time to place your trust in Akron's  
ingenious innerseals. Not only for the  
comfort side, but also profit—an invest-  
ment of ten cents at this time repays  
thousandfold (it costs \$600 to raise a kid  
even on horse feed—oats are so high—  
besides dozen years is a long time to be  
stretched out on the sill).

But what became of that war we had a  
moment ago? Where the Fordulac back-  
fired in China and American missionaries  
or mercenaries dropped down on their  
knees and thought the Japs had tossed a  
bomb?

We ain't talking about that war, it's  
old. The new war which is now on tap  
and will get the front pages cannot be  
deferred into another month—which goes  
to show it is not entirely idle for diplo-  
mats to fix up wars so long as nations re-  
fuse to pay their gambling bills—France  
has never been known to crawfish, most  
of the swearing will be done in good old  
Polish language.

War is not of hate or love  
Or insane urge for pelf;  
World is simply holding of  
A quarrel with itself.

Were I to drop down under a railroad  
trestle and proceed to quarrel with my-  
self (nobody else near), the passing "nuts"  
would have me arrested and locked up in  
a booby-hatch—so senseless is a quarrel  
of that kind. Yet, the world seems to be  
getting by with it? (All quarrels are  
senseless, with or without a partner—in  
the sense that idiocy predominates and  
adulterates whatever half baked reason is  
present.)

Rugged individualism and devil take the  
hindmost mean much about the same thing.

According to Lost Angel's plan,

You simply do not eat—

Unless you have the congressman,  
Jim Beck, for talking beat.

No viands shall approach "your pan"

Nor sidle down your neck—

Unless you are a superman

And out-talk James M. Beck.

An impossibility, of course.

You may equal Mr. Beck who comes  
from Pennsylvania, if his initials are cor-  
rect, but you can never, never surpass  
him. Therefore, if you want to eat, I'd  
advise you to go to Pasadena where ora-  
tory is classed in the same category with  
all other bull and fertilizer.

Einstein is up on Mt. Wilson squinting  
at the stars; other scientists are back of  
the Hotel Raymond squinting into coffee  
cans and analyzing liverwurst—one tenth  
of one per cent liver 99 and nine tenth  
suet and the rest transparent rubber.

Red Hynes has given his hearty dis-  
approval of the communists and the com-  
munists disapprove of the Hine's dicta-  
torship—they'll be forming a mutual admira-  
tion society next.

Bums object to visitors in their camps  
because they crave privacy when they  
peel-out the bacon rind and powdered  
bread—I don't blame them.

They should be left alone until they  
get the green mold scraped off the smoked  
pigskin and get their second or third gen-  
eration of coffee simmering—I always  
throw my eye out and see to it that they  
have broken their fast before I approach  
them—then I hobble up and respectfully  
listen to the glowing tales of the wonder-  
ful repast. "Ha-a!" the bum will belch,  
"I just downed seven porkchops and a  
gallon of pure, vita-fresh Maxwell House."

I refrain mentioning the foot square  
piece sow-hide I saw him devour—instead  
I tell him a couple dirty stories and a  
good time is had by all. Sleeping any-  
where and covered with a handkerchief  
won't work in sunny California this win-  
ter, Feb. 2. San Brunette mountains are  
San Blonde this morning.