



## T-Bone Slim

### ROW OF SOUREASMS

(These 'casms range from size of barn to subtle).

Two nubs left out of my overrich Platform:

(Let there be no misunderstanding.)

The reason I selected Buggs Baer for running mate and vice-president of "the states" is as follows:

I want a master mind in the senate chamber, to kind of "oh yeah" the senators in case they get funny, wax-humorous or act strangely. There is no other excuse for the existence of vice-president.

I'll make short work of the panic; six hour day, to precise, No. 3.—It shall go kind of hard with democrats and republicans who disagree with my policies—I shall deport them, and not be very particular about the furnishings of the ship; first I'll give 'em a good six months starving-out, on "the Island." First opening on the supreme bench and in goes Al Capone if I have to declare armistice—excess fines shall be returned him. (I am just like Andrew Mellon). Old Andy and I are about the two best men that ever stept in spats—my spats were 12 inch Gold-Seal Rubber-Tops. In fact I'm going to appoint Andy secretary of treasury, as usual, and his duties under my administration shall be to prowle the white-house basement and see to it the president's medicine chest is well supplied with Old Overholt or Meadville Rye.

Andy will be in better company than before—besides, I may want to borrow a five till I get started working. The rest of my cabinet too, outside of Tex and Aimee, are living from hand to mouth and may want to tell Andy funny stories; so you see, yourself, that outside of his true and sterling worth we need Andy to balance the budget till payday.

I'd appoint him if he didn't have a cent so why hold it against him if he has a few billion—I only hope Heywood Brown wins that fight for "President's Personal Bouncer," from Mencken, not that I've got any grudge against Henry L., but, you see, I've got every confidence in Heywood's ability to climb the house-tops and explain to the people Andy Mellon's remarkable comeback—Henry might get up there, get dizzy and lose his temper, fall down maybe and break his neck and I'd lose two cabinet members with one crack—I tell you the country can't stand it. By that time Brown would be halfway over to Siam and half-seas over to boot and couldn't ketch my distress signals.

Nicholas Murray Butler will do all the popping off for the Butlers—he's right five times out of eight and we ain't going to hold three flat notes against any man—some singers hit the key only when the audience is absent—Smedley will pipe down pronto and wish he never laid down his sword.

The president will be the only blow-hard in the country and Buggs Baer will tell him what to say while Irvin Cobb writes a few pacifying notes to Abyssinia and Montenegro to stave off war till we get our house in order.

Mabel Willebrandt we shall hold in reserve for a pinch hitter in case Moriarty's arm doesn't improve fast enough. Tom Moorey shall be freed by presidential proclamation and be put in charge of the new federal prison that will be built especially for California politicians, and any of them that get lost in there—don't look for 'em.

Given under my hand and heel this twenty third day of August.

T-bone Slim,

Next President U. S. A. E. T. C.

Perfectly Armless;

Twenty Six Nations endorse Hoover's Arms-Cut.

So do I; both of 'em—at the shoulders, "Ten-Billion Arms Cut".

Ah! A job at last! Were they working in a sawmill or was it just a wild wedding?

What makes for sarcasm?

Dearth of planks on the shoulder and skip-stop pay-days. (If the unemployed would uphold the pay of the few that are working the "pay-off" would be bigger and reach further around).

If John D. Jr. supports "repeal" because he got a touch of acidosity then truly John is a humanitarian of first water. Because why? Because, always able to get the Scotch himself, if he needed it, he throws his influence to the rescue of those who can't get it.

The other side of the story is his cronies have been hard hit by the panic and they blame it on prohibition. Huh! Huh! Prohibition is only one of the smaller battles, and the pig in it didn't jump in the direction expected; leaving the cronies holding an empty bag.

The pig in the repeal ain't going to follow no rules in its expected jump—the only rule that holds any at all, is this: The Further it Goes, the Faster it Runs.

We cannot commit the sin of INTOLERANCE and expect to blossom out as an Angel of Mercy.

Transgressors we are (trespassers) and transgressors we stay—let us make no more breaks.

The end of intolerance is in plain sight—loosen your corsets.

Sour:

The "electric-eye" that translates black spots that cross its "rays" into finest Liberatori or Handel (music) will be just the thing next winter when black spots appear in front of your eyes because of eating too much onions and nothing else to change those spots into a ton of coal and chute it in the basement.

Am completely out of material.