



## T-Bone Slim

### Four More Years—

Angel William H. Gabriel, the famous solo-bassoonist of the heavenly choir, had been nominated for president of United Cigar Store States . . . "I'll fix the nation's sore toe," he screams into the mike and has his smile photographed from ear to ear. "I'll take the depreciated taeler and make it buy as much as a vigorous taeler would buy. I'll—I'll . . ." "Where you going to get the taeler?" heckles one of the imps of saturnalia.

"That's so," says Gabe, "we ain't got no taeler, we can't buy the baby cigarettes. All right then, we'll buck the powder-trust and make them quit charging four bits for three cents worth of corn starch." "We'll make them toe the scratch, I'm tellin' yuh, and they'll have to come down to forty-five cents—it's an outrage! and the populi is getting so it can't pay its taxis and taxes."—

"Supposing the powder-trust tells you to go and jump into the sulphuric swimmin' hole?" suggests the saturnine fiend, "where'll you then be?"

"I won't do it, I'll have them investigated, reprimanded and severely censured, I'm jumping in no sulphur lake, not even with an asbestos diving suit, I'll show 'em where I stand—and if congress offers them the corn producing states, as a compromise, to quiet 'em, I'll veto the bill and make them be satisfied with couple soapstone states—I'm going to conserve the nation's resources."

"Well, how about the Seaburro investigation?"

"I had nothing to do with it, I was drafted", my friend Mr. Horst of the Horst publications writes Mr. Bloke of the Bloke publications a letter and Mr. Bloke of the Bloke publications writes Mr. Horst of the Horst publications a letter and then they goes and has them printed side by side to kind a convince the people they never forgot their spelling; then Mr. Bloke of the Bloke publications goes out walking in the rain with his baby boy and the baby boy starts crying. "Now wot's eating you?" growls Mr. Bloke, who is kind-hearted as hell, "wot are you beefing about?"

"It's about Shamus Hoofer, the mayor of Knickerbockersburgh, he ain't getting enough money," whines the baby boy.

Mr. Bloke busts out crying and the pair of 'em outdid the rain. Then Mr. Bloke goes home and starts the mill grinding grist for mayor Hoofer—there's the gist of it an! there's nothing dirty about it and Mr. Bloke ain't Mr. Horts's man Friday or any other day.

"How about the Seaburro investigation?" jortles the imp of darkness.

The Seaburro investigation was for the purpose of discovering crookedness in the high places. It was carried on for over a year and about million words of testimony (that sounded like Poes wildest dreams) was taken . . .

"In other words," butts in the infernal missionary, "Seaburro drew a year's pay for finding out what his friend Mr. Bloke could have told him in two minutes and a correspondence-school gum-shoe could have found out in a five-day week, and don't tell me he "bummed his lumps".— "As to that I can't say."

"And what economic hold did you have on Mr. Aylesmith?"

"I refuse to answer."

"And this is open and above board?" wails the imp of hades, "a mayor political party in the hands of fixers?," he groans, "I may as well go and join the Y. M. C. A." — Angel Gabriel turned pale but with a mighty effort he pushed out a new pair of white-wings and had his smile photographed from ear to ear.

And end the grasping power of those men of work affairs?"

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