



T-Bone Slim

Phoney Idol

Tho he possesses "all the wealth of Croesus!"

Mansions grand and loads of mouldy lucre,
Tho he pretend all the faith of Jesus—
Still and all he's a pauper.

All things his, not a thing is denied him,
His is proverbial Luck of Lucky Luckner,
In all creation no creature defied him—
Still and all he's a pauper.

"Wealth of Croesus" is wealth bestowed
him,

That is why it gets the exclamation;
Something the Toil-Gods never, never
owned him,

Substance, Goods of the Nation.

I do not tell you be respectable—I tell
you be respectful.

* * *

"Americans, once in danger of going
nomad, are discovering the charms of that
ancient and honorable institution the
home."—Unfortunately, in culverts and
vacant lots.

* * *

The readers of this paper must know
almost everybody's writings but T-bone
Slim's went up in smoke in the New Ger-
many.

This means the others couldn't quite
ring the bell.

* * *

Mosquitos are now two weeks overdue
in New York. Weeds too are backward.
Yesterday a man tried to change twenty
dollar bill in Yorkville. There's an opti-
mist! (Leading robbery in Yorkville net-
ted \$37.13.)

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Employer of labor installs a new ma-
chine, lays off 37 men, keeps three and
then just to show how dirty he can be
he cuts the three men's wages in half.

He "can't afford to pay more", the
37 men's wages is jingling in his pocket.

* * *

Samuel got picked pretty clean the
last time he took a trip to Europe—he's
over there again. The poor people must
have missed some of the feathers last
time? Even the lowly Finland took Sam
for \$9,000,000 and few white chips. Sam
is hollering mightily for his plumage. I
believe Sam has a case of non-support
against them.

* * *

Rousing Needl Workers Industrial Un-
ion meeting in Union Square. Most meet-
ings here doesn't mean a thing; just air-
ing out of erring politicians. But this one
seemed to be different. Racketeering was
the piece de resistance. (Undercurrent of
this is handled by all metropolitan papers.)
Rank and file rule got "a ned". President
Hyman (I believe) out Becked the great
Beck, United States Congress.

Even cops could feel something drop-
ping—I covered my eyes.

Oh well, such is injustice when it comes
to a head.

"Hand off—Needle Workers Industrial
Union."

* * *

S. S. Leviathan is "out". Too big. Too
expensive to operate. 250 passengers can
be carried on smaller boat—or raft—or
let 'em swim.

Thus goes the pride that was—this
week the new, smaller, S. S. Washington
sailed and she in turn will be displaced
for there is no limit to mercantile insan-
ity in the destruction of nations substance
and the creation of over-expansion.

Mussolini's Conte Di Savoia and Rex,
that I have seen, are "up to minute". Rex,
I believe, the more seaworthy. Both a
workhouse.

I suggest Leviathan be put in Central
Park for flower pot.