



ADAM AND EVE

Once the cooties got on Adam,
Though he didn't know he had 'em,
And he said to Eve, "O Madam,
I'm a-feelin' mighty quare;
There is somethin' in my britches,
An' it might be lice or witches,
But it's awful how it itches,
An' it's more than I can bear."

Eve said, "Adam, I was hopin'
When with you I went elopin',
That you'd never take to dopin'
Nor to drinkin' ruddy wine.
But I see you've been a-boozin'
Till your reason you are loosin'.
Oh, I did some sorry choosin';
I'm ashamed that you are mine."

Adam said, "I'm not a-drinkin',
As you seem to be a-thinkin',
An' there's been no glass a-clinkin'
Underneath my Roman nose.
Stop your base insinuat'in',
And begin investigatin'
To discover what old Satan
Has been puttin' in my clothes."

Eve said, "Adam go to strippin';
Peel your shirt an' shed your
hippin'."
"If you hadn't eat that pippin,"
Said old Adam to his mate,
"We'd have had no nasty garments
Catchin' dirt an' breedin' varments,
An' nobody preachin' sarments
All about our fallen state."

"There you go," said Eve a-grinnin',
"Blamin' me with all the sinnin'.
Don't I spin and weave the linen
That conceals your ugly frame?
If I'd left that apple stickin'
When I saw it needed pickin',
You'd be feathered like a chicken,
An' you'd say I was to blame."

Adam said—no, Adam never,
For his wife was very clever,
And he knew she would endeavor
To speak last, as women will;
So he hushed an' went to clawin'
Where he felt them lice a-gnawin',
And his sons who need the coin—
They are here a-clawin' still.

—James Larkin Pearson.

There is still a chance for Al
Smith to be a famous wise-
cracker like his friend Jimmy
Walker. In his final admission
of defeat he tearfully remarked,
"It behoovers me——." That
was a plum good wise-crack.
There is no longer any doubt that
Al was behoovered.

THE STORY OF THE FLOOD

Do you remember about Noah
and his successful and well-
known Flood, and how he got the
laugh on all them folks who did-
not think it was going to rain?

Well, now, I been thinking
some about that-thar Flood here
lately, and sorter comparing it
to the recent inundation of
Hoover votes that just about
buried everything that couldn't
swim.

Now Alcohol Smith and John-
ny Raskob was two bad boys
that didn't think it was going to
rain very many Hoover votes,
and they thought they could
stay in New York and keep out
of the shower all right. And
they thought if it DID get seri-
ous they could climb some of the
New York skyscrapers and save
their mutton.

But, by golly, when it did be-
gin to rain Hoover votes it look-
ed like it was never going to quit.
It didn't rain forty days like
Captain Noah's Flood did, but it
rained enough in one day to do
for forty. And before it was
over, I be sarn-taked if it didn't
bury New York, both state and
city, plum out of sight. It would
have taken a deep-sea diver to
find the top of the Woolworth
Tower. And anybody that was
flying over the city in a Zeppelin
could see Smith Democrats bob-
bing up and down on the waves
like the corks from a thousand
beer bottles, and waving their
arms and praying to the pope to
make it quit raining Hoover
votes.

And what had become of Alco-
hol Smith and Johnny Raskob in
the time of it? Bless your nice
little gizzard, honey, that's just
what I was going to tell you.
Them guys had heard the story
about Captain Noah, and when
they saw that it really was go-
ing to be a Flood they went to
work and made them a raft out
of booze-barrels, and they got on
it and floated around trying to
find some high Democratic land
wasn't covered up. Finally they
saw South Carolina, Georgia and
Mississippi sticking up out of the
waves, and they used their shirt-
tails for sails and navigated off
toward the South. It was just
a pitiful little remnant of the old
Solid South that they found, but

it looked a heap better to them
than Ararat did to Noah, and
so—

They tied their boat to a cypress knee,
And waded ashore from the Hoover
sea,
And called for a drink of old corn tea,
And went to playing golf.
And now they are down in Mississip,
Where Democrats still hold their grip,
And there, with a bottle on each hip,
They're still a-playing golf.

Awful Prosperous

Your uncle Arthur Brisbane,
you know, has got the name of
being a great editorial writer.
Compared with us little fellers,
he is so big that he looks like a
brick hotel with legs to it. But
still he does pull some glorious
boners in the course of a day's
work. As a sample of what he
can do, I respectfully invite your
attention to the following two
paragraphs which I find in the
same column and not two inches
apart:

"The late Harry Payne Whitney
left a fortune of \$200,000,000, and was
not one of the country's very rich men.
Any one of a dozen men in New York
could buy all he had without missing
the money. This is a prosperous
country.

Next:

"Trinity Church Corporation of New
York, owns the beautiful old church
and grave yard at the top of Wall
Street. In a deal involving more than
\$20,000,000, Trinity Church has pur-
chased more real estate on Seventh
Avenue. If the founder of Christian-
ity lived in New York with its East
Side slums and its porverty and suf-
fering, and if he had twenty million
dollars, would he buy more real estate
with it, or what would he do?"

Seems to me like them two
squibs don't hardly match up as
well as they ought to. Do you
see anything wrong?

If imitation sealskin is so
much like mink that you can't
tell it from rabbit, why does a
grubworm crawl on its back?

I reckon Bill Berah's consci-
ence has got so tough that it
don't hurt him any more. I see
he has changed his notion about
re-paying that hush-money that
Sinclair dropped into the 1924
campaign hat. Well, a politi-
an's conscience is sorter like a
piece of old boot-leg, anyhow.

Hello, South America!

Hello, South America! There
comes our Quaker who won't
fight. His middle name is Diplo-
macy, and he has the dove skin-
ned a mile as an emblem of peace.

This Quaker had a chance to
travel to your country in great
style on one of our great battle-
ships, but he refused the honor
and went in a little row-boat
about the size of a pig-trough.
You folks may call it a battle-
ship when you see it, but it ain't
nothing of the sort. It is just a
common row-boat like the boys
of Main Street take out on half-
holiday fishing trips down Po-
dunk River. If you were to see
one of our real battleships it
would scare you to death so quick
you wouldn't have time to say
good-bye.

Why, honey chile, our real
fighting ships are as big as one
end of the Blue Ridge, and when
they launch one of them they
have to take all the other ships
off the sea, and the whales have
to crawl out on the shore and go
flopping along on the sand like
some new sort of a grub worm
learning how to walk.

It would take all the powder
you've got in South America to
load one of our big guns, and
you could cram every soldier and
sailor you've got into it at one
time and shoot them plum tuther
side of the South Pole. We've
got soldiers up here so big that
it takes two bull-hides to make
'em a pair of shoes, and so high
that they have to pay tax in the
mon.

Shucks, you South American
Rubes don't know nothin'. Our
Quaker's visit into your wild bull
ranch—will teach you a few
things, but you can't learn from
him anything about how us
Yankees can fight. He has just
come to swap pocket-knives, ask
for a chaw of terbacker, and feed
his face at some of your hot-dog
joints.

But I say, South America,
don't try to start nuthin with our
Quaker. He won't fight and he
ain't got nuthin there to fight
with, but he MIGHT happen to
send back home for one of our
real battleships, and then you
would wish your mammy had
pinched your head off the day
you were born.