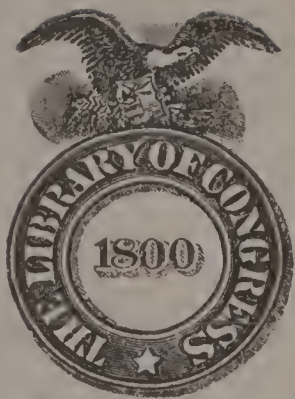


PN 6281
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SLIPS AND SLIPPERS



HARRY WILLIAM KING



Class PN6281

Book 153

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Slips and Slippers

By
HARRY WILLIAM KING



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To Thee,
"RED CARNATION"

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CHAPTER I

BEAUTY OF THOUGHT

The beauty of the song depends upon the listening heart.
* * *

The sightless eye senses the beauty that we never see.
* * *

The blindness of love *views with invisible sight*.
* * *

The sight of those blinded by love *brightens* the eyes of others.
* * *

Dreamland is peopled with the queerest folk, yet *none are strangers there*.
* * *

The eloquence of a heart found true, will steal your breath away.
* * *

The fetters of love lighten the step. 'Tis time goes dragging by.
* * *

We crush the flowers and waste the hours that mean so much to us.
* * *

The musty smell of withered flowers reminds one of *loves* long gone.
* * *

In the garden of your heart you will find her *puttering* around.
* * *

Thank *God* for an earthly angel for *she comes from Paradise*.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

The golden moments of life are *few* and *far* between.

* * *

Her first "Good Night!" became his *Life's Bright Dawn-*
ing.

* * *

You can judge happiness by the tone, and not by the
emotions suppressed.

* * *

Happiness is ours for a season, to return *nevermore.*

CHAPTER II

COMPARATIVE-DESCRIPTIVE

The state of marriage is not necessarily that of *acquiescence*.

* * *

Though we are here but a little while, we *act* as though it were forever.

* * *

The faltering step of age hastens slowly to the tomb.

* * *

Better to be *alive* at sixty than to have *died* at twenty-four.

* * *

Some who *seek favors*, refuse alms to the blind.

* * *

There comes a time when *all things* are to be considered; and there is a time when we *consider* all things.

* * *

There is more potency in well chosen words than in any *aphrodesiac*.

* * *

Democratize art as you will, it is still nobility.

* * *

A cannibal won't eat *baby* food unless he is in a hurry.

* * *

Beauty lies not in stark nakedness; even truth must be veiled.

* * *

The fox was luckier than he knew, for the sweetest grapes make a *bitter wine*.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

The Boy Scout is *forgotten knighthood in the bud*.

* * *

Braggart Caesar was wrong; *subjugated* is the better word.

* * *

The *brave* blanch at the prick of a pin.

* * *

If she is happy because of you, you're nearer *Heaven* than you know.

* * *

The kicking of an unborn babe is a *knocking* at Heaven's door.

* * *

The light of Heaven was in her eyes as she closed her lids *to sleep*.

* * *

Once in a while you see a *man* that all the world could love.

* * *

Romance fares the better when the *stars are the candle lights*.

* * *

The pot of gold lies within her heart, *for there* is rainbow's end.

* * *

The shade of night was in her hair, though her heart *was stilled* in sleep.

* * *

There comes to me those might-have-beens,
And things that never were.
Though we strived and thought our best,—
'Twas not for me nor her.

* * *

Were all the world to pray
With heart and lip or song,

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

There would never be another day
To prove the night so long.

* * *

If you humble yourself by actually kneeling, and kiss the hem of *her garment*, your cleansed soul will reach undreamed heights.

* * *

The budding leaves of spring
Bring back the thought to me—
Of all the *years*—that I have spent,—
Those days can never be.

* * *

To thee, in the keeping of Time,
I give her thy soul to rest;
And though you were mine for the asking,
To deny you—was both—for us best.

* * *

The bread of the Poor, however fresh, *tastes mouldy*.

* * *

Spending the bridal night *just talking* will pay the best dividends.

* * *

The carpenter makes a mighty poor brick-layer.

* * *

If you are in bad company, you don't care *until you're caught*.

* * *

The nectar of *chastity* is as sweet as Virtue's wine.

* * *

The chances are he is no *company* to his accompanist.

* * *

Children are whipped frequently,—*seldom for correction*.

* * *

The branded child *knows* the cross of shame.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Neighbors listen eagerly to the prattle of your child, if you are *not* around.

* * *

Instead of *a closet*, the dead prefer the tomb.

* * *

The person who works to buy clothes *alone* is ever ragged.

* * *

Quality is more easily discernible to men of the *common stamp*.

* * *

The first coo of the baby is the voice of an angel; after that, the *mistake* is discovered.

* * *

The sight of an honest man would make *cowards* of us all.

* * *

Curiosity, once satisfied, remains *curious* ever still.

* * *

The city's dead is the hurrying throng that pass the windows by.

* * *

Within the hollow of the crown, *the dust of the dead has gathered*.

* * *

The purple cloak of kings is *Death's Mantle Royale*.

* * *

The measured step of Death *re-echoes* throughout the years.

* * *

The living dead is greeted by *Death* reproachfully.

* * *

The death's head at the feast was *not* MacGregor!

* * *

Man's delinquency taints the air as spewed gall.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

There is a type that sue for little; *that*, granted, *demand more*.

* * *

People resent your happiness to the point of *destruction*.

* * *

The keystone in the arch of character is *disposition*.

* * *

Being anxious to get it done, doesn't mean *you* will do it.

* * *

If you *start out to do or die*, you alone will do your dying.

* * *

If you were sincere, drinking makes you remember the more.

* * *

It's the fear bruised heel that crushes Truth.

* * *

The dogs of Fear snap at the heels of Want.

* * *

The salt of a man's good deeds is the presence of *hidden fear*.

* * *

The chain of circumstance *fetters* our step.

* * *

Withered flowers *may rise afreshed* as at *Easter tide*.

* * *

Economics: a single word to cover *dire need*.

* * *

It's not the socks that smell, it's the feet in them.

* * *

Let them circle around you but *not like flies*.

* * *

The foxes in their holes *think not* of other foxes.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

We use our friends, that's why they *are*.

* * *

When you trust a friend, *you* mortgage yourself.

* * *

The tick of the clock at the head of the stairs is Death's quiet *funeral toll*.

* * *

Were there *gentlemen*, the need for them would not be felt.

* * *

They *give* as you can pay, *yet ever take away*.

* * *

They are good when it is *good and quiet*.

* * *

They tell your last lie for you *at the grave*.

* * *

The childless couple sleep in *weed covered graves*.

* * *

Wishing for death is a *misguided groan* for life.

* * *

When they ask *the question*, they have *guessed* the answer.

* * *

The guest is an itinerant of another station.

* * *

We stand accused by *those more guilty*.

* * *

Shaded hair casts a shadow.

* * *

Sensible hands make crazy quilts.

* * *

The happiness of a friend depends on memories.

* * *

If thou hast searched the world for happiness and found it not, *plumb thy heart* to its arcane depths.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

It's the impassive face whose heart writhes in torture.

* * *

The only hurt the giver has is a *mild head-ache*.

* * *

However desirous they are of getting to *Heaven*, they take their own sweet *time*.

* * *

Heroism is the *precipitate* of fear.

* * *

The hitch-hiker *isn't worth much* on the hoof.

* * *

Home and a garden is now wheels on a highway.
The door bell is no more. They *honk* and get away with it.

* * *

Those who hope need help; they who despair refuse it.

* * *

Take heed for there is *so much to husbandry*.

* * *

A hypocrite *needs a book* on how to keep the friends he has made.

* * *

Indifference and *Reserve* are step-sisters, mothered by *Ignorance*.

* * *

Being ignorant shows the nature of his birth.

* * *

Better to be indulgent with your daughter than to *indulge* your son.

* * *

If they can't get you any other way, *they'll try to sell you insurance*.

* * *

They sometimes tell you to do the impossible just to see if *it* can be done.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Just because you have a sense of humor doesn't mean *it's* all a joke.

* * *

The *ineffectual* labor of the moralist dates from the Lemurian Swamps.

* * *

The jobless man is the civic leper.

* * *

Kings and Hosts are different grades though the felt hat crown *has made* them one.

* * *

The inactive person labors *mightily*.

* * *

The pointed finger is the threat of *the lash*, and seldom the sense of direction.

* * *

The pack destroys the *faltering leader* and *all else* that lies in its path.

* * *

Lie is alibi.

* * *

You may fend *one* lie successfully.

* * *

Lies *lodge* in truthful ears.

* * *

The lie given is frequently by *the liar said*.

* * *

Those who have never *lived* sing, "To Live Again" the *lustiest*.

* * *

Living but well leaves them *pretty sick*.

* * *

Perfect love *cannot stand the strain*. Consider Abelard and Heloise.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Love's tournament field has become a battle ground.

* * *

Love expressed in flowers, *may die* with the gift bouquet.

* * *

Whatever bad luck may be good *for*, we *don't* want it.

* * *

Fail *not* to glance upon the bier, for there lies *Majesty*.

* * *

Making the five-and-ten *keeps you out* of the dollar-and-more.

* * *

Kings and common men alike bow to *Manners*, Royal.

* * *

Those that are a lot of fun may think marriage is *funny* too.

* * *

Experience discolors the lacquered mask and frightens youth away.

* * *

The doleful tone of the lover's song has the *hint* of a mating call.

* * *

The whistle past the grave yard soon becomes a *mating* call.

* * *

Being as mean as he is won't even things up. You simply goad to greater fury.

* * *

Life's *Miserere*, to the one accursed, is a *haunting* melody.

* * *

If you flatter them, you are talking to *your mirror*.

* * *

The hope of yester-years returns *to mock us* still.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Few men without the price of coffee *ever had more* than that.

* * *

There is little cheese for man *or mouse* in many a workman's home.

* * *

Many endeavors hold little promise, the least of which is the music profession.

* * *

People who can say nice things *never* keep it up.

* * *

'Tis folly to woo impetuously,—*and* also very *nice*.

* * *

Your promise to be good is good for *nothing*.

* * *

New friends are made at the expense of *old*.

* * *

No pain can equal that of love gone forever.

* * *

The tears of the poor are those of *pangs*.

* * *

'Tis the pauper who enters the grave *quietly*.

* * *

The patent of nobility has a *stain* upon its shield.

* * *

Throughout the world, every day, the *patent* of nobility is granted *by* the clerk and the servant.

* * *

It's the *patient* who views his nurse *impatiently*.

* * *

Commercialized honesty is the best policy,—*while it pays*.

* * *

House to house peddling is not genteel beggary.

* * *

Were there peers, the phrase would not be mouthed.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Persecution feeds on excuses.

* * *

Your thoughts and your profession *indelibly* stamp themselves where all the world can see.

* * *

To the boys who didn't make it, the *Professor* is a piano player.

* * *

Some get up in the middle of the night *proving* they own the place.

* * *

To the child, the adult is of *questioned* worth.

* * *

If you must hunt, be well prepared; they *may not be rabbits*.

* * *

Radio announcers, ladies like men, frequently dramatize *needlessly*.

* * *

The poor never dream of *from rags to rags* again.

* * *

This old world doesn't stop to reason, and *won't* take time to read.

* * *

If they don't care, there is *little reason why* they should.

* * *

If thou hast the strength to *renounce*, shed *then* thy tears of remorse.

* * *

The resignation of the poor *is* sickening.

* * *

He who seeks revenge lives a miserable life.

* * *

However right minority may be, the majority pays no heed.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Right, however right may be, *depends on might* for recognition.

* * *

It takes *everything* to make *one* thing right.

* * *

“*Room for rent*,” are but nests of the birds *on flight*.

* * *

However well done the work, you can't feed your family from the purse of *self-satisfaction*.

* * *

When they speak of love, *service* never never enters the mind.

* * *

When the *sick* are no longer ill, they can't see where there was need of a doctor.

* * *

The drunkard's yarn may be of someone's *silk*.

* * *

The silver spoon in the baby's mouth is a story told *no more*.

* * *

Slaves become freemen, while their masters *remain* ever bound.

* * *

The *smile of a friend* is never forgotten.

* * *

Sticking your chin out *doesn't make sense*. Even the turtle draws in his head.

* * *

Fanatics *brand their shame* upon *defenceless breasts*.

* * *

With the chains about his feet, he carried another's shame.

* * *

Simplicity is Virtue's name, her home a citadel.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

The virtue of grieving not, becomes the cancer of the *cankered soul*.

* * *

If you tempt them to steal, *you* are the greater thief.

* * *

There comes a time when *no man* should *study* more.

* * *

Little of man's time is spent *on the square*.

* * *

They know you know nothing about them, which inspires *them* to surprise you the more.

* * *

Having been *there* doesn't mean others will follow.

* * *

Costly *thoughts* bring but a penny in the open market.

* * *

A mad man's *thoughts* are *tossed* like angry waves.

* * *

If you are not given a chance to explain, *they* have tired.

* * *

Threadneedle Street *ignores* the threadbare man.

* * *

They say you are an old foggy when you *tire* of pretense and pretending.

* * *

A starving mouse looks with wondering eyes at *thieves* who rob a Church.

* * *

Truth, like woman, has been taken too much for granted.

* * *

Inverted truth becomes the corpse upon which buzzards feed.

* * *

Where men are unafraid, they are heedless.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

When the *unguarded hour strikes*, pray to God that you are alone.

* * *

There is no virtue in being virtuous for *Virtue's sake alone*.

* * *

As we reflect our vices, *Virtue hides her face* for us in shame.

* * *

If you expect or demand favors of those beneath your station, *you* are a bankrupt in principle and morals.

* * *

The tumble weed of the desert is not the house to house peddler.

* * *

The lingering melody ends in a *wistful sigh*.

* * *

Your best work comes with freedom of action, and abandonment of the spirit, letting the mind soar where it will.

* * *

An honest^c suitor sickens at his *worthlessness*.

* * *

As young as they may be, *they* are not so *young* as you may think they are.

* * *

If you use a hammer, you may strike yourself.

CHAPTER III

HUMOR

From soup to nuts and now it's the *alphabet*.

* * *

The Colonel's lady won't admit *it*.

* * *

The shortest distance between two points is *back to Mother again*.

* * *

The thought of *cabbages and kings* troubles men no more; it's *potatoes* and how to get them.

* * *

If they can't, cawn't, or cahn't, give them another chance.

* * *

While you're chasing around, run fast, for *someone* is chasing you.

* * *

Don't let them fool you; the pomp of circumstance *isn't* so bad.

* * *

Simon Lagree alarmed. *Your clock* does the same.

* * *

Her stalking prowess discovered a *coat trail*.

* * *

The epitome of Dante's literary life started with *sex* and ended in the *Inferno*.

* * *

The dentist with little influence may have a lot of *pull*.

* * *

Directions for burial *never include* an asbestos shroud.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

If you love her *faults*, you're a hound for punishment.

* * *

You *can't* fool them; *they* fool themselves.

* * *

The time to let go is *when it's fun to hang on*.

* * *

A genius is a fellow who gets his work done *first*, and then spends the rest of his time *belittling* your efforts.

* * *

Though the Greeks have a word for it, it will still be *Greek*.

* * *

When a woman starts *fixing* your tie, it's the hang-man *adjusting a noose*.

* * *

Some hens cackle *that* don't lay eggs.

* * *

By the time a husband is "*broke in*," he is usually broken *down*.

* * *

Men are weakies. They won't howl about burnt toast in a restaurant.

* * *

There is *nothing nice* about pants, however much they shine.

* * *

You can always find sympathy—in the Dictionary.

* * *

The scratches of a hen leave *no thoughts* behind.

* * *

A daub of nail polish is *Time's timely stitch*.

* * *

They *won't stay weaned*.

* * *

They are beginning to wonder *why you have it*.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

The tobacco worm doesn't smoke, nor does the book worm read.

* * *

The most valuable etchings *aren't worth the worry.*

* * *

Exchanging Xmas gifts seems like pearls *were cast before.*

CHAPTER IV

INTELLIGENTSIA

Much can be done with a book on the shelf besides *dusting* it.

* * *

Darting thoughts should create some light.

* * *

Though many refer to it, *but one* in ten thousand studies the Dictionary.

* * *

The fullest knowledge comes only to one who *has hungered*.

* * *

The erudite are a *hazy* lot.

* * *

The seed of idle thought plants itself in *fallow* ground.

* * *

High Schooled ignorance develops *after school*.

* * *

The *weed of ignorance* grows in every man's garden.

* * *

The Intelligentsia has read one book too many, *and yet* one book not enough.

* * *

The liberal minded are short in purse.

* * *

Our mental garb is patched with the thoughts of other men.

* * *

You may imprison a man, but his mind can wander *at will*.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Do not mention the foreign languages until you can *lyre-ly* speak your own.

* * *

The mental gnat knows all the authors and *little of the stuff* they wrote.

* * *

The stumbling block of thought is an *as you will*.

* * *

The teacher becomes an unwilling student.

* * *

Many give, but few produce thought, and *less take heed*.

* * *

Thought upon thought produces *more thinking*.

* * *

Having *twisted thoughts* doesn't mean you have a sense of rythm.

* * *

The up-curve at school proves *little* in after life.

* * *

Shaded words are not born of shaded thoughts.

CHAPTER V

MAN

There are but two classes of men, and none but *God* knows how to classify them.

* * *

Boys will be boys and the old boys *tire*.

* * *

Men with *clean* habits live longer.

* * *

Man is tied to the apron strings of *habit*.

* * *

Little men have big ideas about *themselves*.

* * *

A mean man drinks *gall* and *likes it*.

* * *

The man who gives thought of himself is *cloaked* with insidious desires.

* * *

A bad man's good dream is *no good to others*.

* * *

When men get good, they are just about *through*.

* * *

There is something wrong with the *stainless man*.

* * *

Heedless men are *headless*.

* * *

If you must *play*, play for *keepers*.

* * *

When men tire of bragging, *they bray*.

* * *

When men speak rashly, they are *fevered*.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Wild men with good jobs are soon *caged*.

* * *

Ruined men are not necessarily married.

* * *

Hounded men are of the *mongrel* breed.

* * *

Men without shame wear the most clothes.

* * *

The *metallic tang* about a man is seldom iron.

* * *

Every man is good for something, though he *seldom* finds it out.

* * *

Men produce good deeds only after *agonized effort*.

* * *

No one is so helpless as the man who is *being helped*.

* * *

When men are down, they are out of the *running*.

* * *

The punctual man is usually the fellow *without a job*.

* * *

He slept his life away, dreaming not he had *so little* time.

* * *

If a man *could control* his sex impulse, he wouldn't.

* * *

There isn't much to a man who makes a lot over women.

* * *

A man of many hearts acts *heartlessly*.

* * *

Men, as *botanists*, are failures. Consider the soiled lilies.

* * *

Men and mice are now content *to nibble*.

* * *

Wilful men become *wistful* fools.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

If a man keeps a laundry bag, you may *safely* marry him.

* * *

Men are too lazy to wipe dishes, yet a dog is not above licking his *plate*.

* * *

They are not all country bumpkins who wear their hats in the house.

* * *

It's the paunchy boys who toss the medicine ball.

* * *

If two are calling and they find it out, *both will* drift away.

* * *

If you linger awhile, you'll stay *too long*.

* * *

Fathers tell their sons nothing, and yet *he* knows it all.

* * *

It's rather serious when they start *fooling*.

* * *

Don't make a pal of your boy, he *resents* it.

* * *

You won't get to stay long if you stopped along the way.

* * *

Hair oil is used principally by *slickers*.

* * *

Within his heart was a funeral urn *where a shrine* might have been.

* * *

A man of *cryptic* utterance is not in love.

* * *

She stopped, *he looked*, and is still listening.

* * *

She can shake you out of your boots at the *lightest* touch.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Your magnetic personality depends on *how lonely she is*.

* * *

You do not have to *stroke her skin* to make her purr.
The link of her arm in his was the *roweling spur* in his side.

* * *

There are times when you can live without her, *but it is hard to say when*.

* * *

A woman thinks you are sensible if you are *idiotic* over her.

* * *

The loftiest can be taken down *by a woman*.

* * *

He called her "The Lovliest One," *yet he lied* in his teeth.

* * *

His ideal and that ideal of hers will *strangers ever be*.

* * *

If you pursue the widow, you'll run short of breath.

* * *

If she is quiet, you will *talk* yourself out.

* * *

Highest heights known to man: *Fool's Hill* at seventeen;
Fool's Paradise when he marries.

* * *

The ring upon her finger was the *yoke* around his neck.

* * *

While the bride is being kissed, the groom's senses return *tardily*.

* * *

The drunken groom on a bridal night, will always have *a sober thought*.

* * *

A man in love thinks of his and "his'n."

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

A new husband's indifference toward women borders on insolence.

* * *

As *lasting* as the promise of a new father's fear.

* * *

Men are *brutal* toward women unless they are of the poet's mind.

* * *

The weight of marriage makes *baggy knees*.

* * *

The only future for a man is his wife, and she becomes his *past* and all of his *prescience*.

* * *

A wife makes a fool of the husband who is *wise* enough to listen.

* * *

As he gets steamed up, the wife's *esteem* lessens.

* * *

A married man is a sputtering fuse *stamped out*.

* * *

God help the man whose wife is disdainful.

* * *

Try to be *what you are* and you wife will see that you're not.

* * *

No husband should allow his wife to stay up past midnight.

* * *

The seed of *marital delinquency* is planted by the husband.

* * *

Your *object* and her *object* may prove *objective*.

* * *

If all men had jobs, *the worries* of some husbands would lessen.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

When *they* start worrying you, get ready for *other* worries.

* * *

Far better to die than to marry an unloved woman.

* * *

The Big Bruiser's little woman is glad he has *weak* knees.

* * *

You should know they hate you at home, if *she* is back on their hands again.

* * *

Because of you, she will look worse than her mother at fifty.

* * *

Acting the warden in a home forces many a wife to escape.

CHAPTER VI
AND OTHERS

It's the careless incidents that lead to a *care worn episode*.

* * *

The place of the courtesan and courtier is at court, yet they flitter amongst us at will.

* * *

The correspondent may not be a person of *letters*.

* * *

Much good goes into a dance hall, but *none* leaves it.

* * *

When you tell a dirty story, you are *snitching* on yourself.

* * *

The man with a dirty story respects himself not, and *you less*.

* * *

It's no sign he thinks of horses when he gives a *friendly* slap.

* * *

With sagging shoulders and leadened feet,
The girl of the street dragged by;
While behind her, with curious gait,
Stalked a man not fit to die.

* * *

The queen of tub thirteen is *eagerly sought* where all are king.

* * *

The kiss is a *stepping stone* on the Primrose Path.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

A *bad Jill* has a Jack with a pint.

* * *

The difference between a dancing wife and the dancing girl is the *Jumping Jack*.

* * *

Beware of the three witches: *Liberty, License, Licentiousness*.

* * *

The flesh pots of Egypt are the *night clubs now*.

* * *

Long noses sniff more dirt.

* * *

Scum from the gutter *leaves slime behind*.

* * *

A perfumed man is a *skunk* on the trail.

* * *

A kiss on the sly is a *sly* request.

* * *

Under fifty, the *swish of silk* is electrifying.

* * *

Bad wives seldom breed.

CHAPTER VII
PHILOSOPHICAL

People with cultural attainments *are seldom from ancestral halls.*

* * *

Apartments are but catacombs for the *living* dead.

* * *

The one who gets around *seldom* gets there.

* * *

Autobiography is *white-wash* self-applied.

* * *

The awarded ribbon won't purchase a slice of bread, for *its value is known to but few.*

* * *

Something *bad* doesn't smell, it stinks.

* * *

Goods on the shelf *are not* bargains.

* * *

Only the very, *very blind* depend on the sense of touch.

* * *

Many *business* men have no business keeping a business.

* * *

You have to drive the other fellow's car as well as *your* own.

* * *

'Tis *ever the same* with the *careless.*

* * *

Careless people have *careless* ways.

* * *

Experience is the hill and vale within the *compass* of one's life.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

There is no *cross* in the itchy palm.

* * *

We do well to let the dead *die*.

* * *

To the unafraid, Death is *most kind*.

* * *

Ships that never come in make *derelicts* on the Sea of
Despair.

* * *

It is the desperate who are *foolishly hasty*.

* * *

Contrary to belief, man *disposes*.

* * *

The same dog that barks at the moon, will run from a
cat.

* * *

Never forget that a bad dog with a good name *is still* a
dog.

* * *

Helping the blind is duty done; there's wrong in being
blindly led.

* * *

Dogs that bite, snarl first; humans *never*.

* * *

The hurt of doing without *never lessens*.

* * *

A hypocrite is the *glass of fashion*.

* * *

The driven snow *drifts*.

* * *

The rotted ground bears gallows fruit.

* * *

If it gripes, it's gripping.

* * *

An empty hand is forever *reaching*.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

A tin horn may be a tin horn tooter.

* * *

Your foot print on the sands of Time may be *but an epitaph.*

* * *

The eye gladdened *is not* the *glad* eye.

* * *

Some are *finished* before they start.

* * *

It's the *flash in the pan* that sets the fire.

* * *

If you must gamble, gamble all and have done.

* * *

The good *have to prove* it.

* * *

The polish of a rolling stone has the *glaze of a sophisticate.*

* * *

Few attempt to grow old *gracefully.*

* * *

Haggling makes *you* cheaper than the goods.

* * *

For every "Hello!" there is a "Good-bye."

* * *

The Satanic heritage of man is to be unloved.

* * *

Do not look for a hole in the bucket if it holds water.

* * *

Few dare to be humble.

* * *

Thou doing likewise is *just imitation.*

* * *

Be curtly interesting.

* * *

A hot iron needs waxing.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

It's the *jack-ass* who goes to see a man about a horse.

* * *

It's the know-nots who scoff.

* * *

No one *yet* ever stood on the ladder's top rung.

* * *

The *last laugh* affords *little* merriment.

* * *

The Beggar of Life, and Life's Beggar, make a pair.

* * *

The one who has nothing to lose is out for *yours* to gain.

* * *

If you argue with yourself, *you lose*.

* * *

Even a *louse* is lousy.

* * *

The spark of love can kindle a consuming flame.

* * *

Love reckons not the cost.

* * *

Man should be *made* to listen.

* * *

Life's magnetic needle points toward *the setting sun*.

* * *

Bought milk leaves the taste of many cows.

* * *

Tilted minds take a different slant.

* * *

A soldier of Fortune is *Misfortune's* companion.

* * *

The better mouse trap *is carried* from door to door.

* * *

Long eared *mules* and *people* have this in common,—
they *can be driven*.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Nature ripens in the full of the moon.

* * *

Off with the old, on with the new, gets the *neverlastingly* same results.

* * *

As *out of place* as a toad in a gold fish bowl!

* * *

The philosophy of the beaten is to *philosophize*.

* * *

PIGS are like pigs,—they eat to live to eat again.

* * *

Pride's bed is one of *thorns*.

* * *

The rainy day is close at hand when *greying* clouds appear.

* * *

The rainbow of hope is shaded with *blue*.

* * *

A letter of recommendation is a sad *commentary*.

* * *

An ill timed remark can destroy the labor of a life time.

* * *

Satisfaction comes with *relaxing* and not with relaxation.

* * *

Sack-cloth is *last year's dress*.

* * *

The drying spring leaves *blistering sands*.

* * *

If you want to be *seen*, don't turn your head to see who's there.

* * *

The sunshine of a *smile* may dispel cloudy thoughts.

* * *

It's an empty heart without a song.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Not even a fool finds the *songless* worthy.

* * *

The *solitaire* *tears away*.

* * *

Even those on stilts *step down*.

* * *

Just because the eagle swerves for his prey is no reason why men should *stoop to conquer*.

* * *

The early bird's worm is a *sucker*.

* * *

There is no difference between unlike peas. *They taste the same*.

* * *

No two tear drops are the same size.

* * *

The flood of tears is *Sorrow's tide*.

* * *

You have less time to get it done *than ever* before.

* * *

You will *never get there* being a tortoise.

* * *

Thinking won't help. It's the doing that does.

* * *

The common touch is *lightly* felt.

* * *

The *uneasy seat* is the student's chair.

* * *

The up-keep *keeps up*.

* * *

The timbre of the voice sounds the structure of the soul.

* * *

Wait if you must, but wait *not long*.

* * *

We are but dust on the *silent walls* of Time.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Wayward ways mean *wasteful* years.

* * *

It isn't *what you know*; it's *who knows you*.

* * *

The wheel within the wheel could be a *bee in the bonnet*.

* * *

Magic words, like shifting sands, are *wind blown*.

* * *

Wisdom is the greatest burden.

* * *

Burning the candle at both ends is *working and keep-
ing house*.

* * *

Consider the wren; she scorns the nest where eggs were
laid before.

* * *

At best, we are but worm food.

CHAPTER VIII

POLITICAL

The example of clean government was set when Christ *cleared* the temple.

* * *

Heaven has set *no pattern* for Democracy.

* * *

Autocracy is the saddle of Democracy when conflict threatens.

* * *

Democracy brooks no question of Caesar's due.

* * *

Democracy is the chess board of the lesser gods using nations for the pawn.

* * *

There is little Democracy in *conscription*.

* * *

Democracy's foundation trembles when men become mad or mice-y.

* * *

The pillars of Democracy's temple are the lamp posts for the *political drunk*.

* * *

When dictators have their way, *mice* have peculiar thoughts, for men no longer are.

* * *

All dictators are common men. Make of *it* what you will.

* * *

In the laboratory of politics, *experimentation* is both costly and dangerous.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Freedom's chalice has been filled *with the bitter wine* of regemented Democracy.

* * *

Few men with *jobs* ever strive for political office.

* * *

The heart of a king maker has the mind of a fox.

* * *

"*At Law*" is an honorable profession, and yet most politicians are lawyers.

* * *

All liars are not politicians.

* * *

There is no liberty where She is ever ready to *drop heads* with *dropped stitches*.

* * *

Men, before and since Pilate's day, have found their hands blood stained.

* * *

There is little of neuter in neutrality. The dead of those it affects are of definite sex, and as definitely dead.

* * *

They wouldn't be representatives if they were denied the privilege of naming their price with *none to bid them nay*.

* * *

The mud bricks of slander are made with political straws.

* * *

The mighty are not to be trusted. Even the eagle has *bloody talons*.

* * *

The tax collector is Caesar's own, and *all you have* is theirs.

* * *

Bread lines, relief, public works, and taxes mean but one thing,—*the wolves are eating sheep*.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Three pea shells: *relief, relieved, RELIEVED.*
* * *

There is no reason to believe a *woman* can make a better jurist.

CHAPTER IX

QUIPS AND QUIPPERS

All is told when you saucer your coffee, *yet little is said.*

* * *

Apologies are offered with tongue in cheek.

* * *

Obituaries are read with pleasure *by those* who have not the assassin's courage.

* * *

Competition employs the assassin's *stealthy* approach.

* * *

Instinctiveness *gloves* the murderer's hand.

* * *

When King and Death pass by, *Laugh, Beggar, Laugh!*
It's your turn next.

* * *

All birds will light sooner or later, but *not* in the same place.

* * *

To the defendant, the jurors are frequently as *many buzzards.*

* * *

Though they tend flowers, they also raise *cain.*

* * *

Honors and tricks in cards and in life, go hand in hand.

* * *

Strip poker is seldom played. Shuffling the cards takes too much *time.*

* * *

The art of finesse attains a *high degree* when employed by the habituate.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

You can be too clever.

* * *

The chamber maid of the tomb is the most active of all servants.

* * *

There is something wrong somewhere when the jilted lover *commits suicide*.

* * *

Monthly bills is the screw in the rack.

* * *

The industrial slave chain is made of many links, among which is the *charge account*.

* * *

Grocery bills are hard to collect. None care to pay for *the meat on their bones*.

* * *

No one ever caught a *crowing hen* laying eggs.

* * *

It's a shifty dealer who handles *cats* and *dogs*.

* * *

The dealer who gives you a new deal, can still deal the *bottom card*.

* * *

The decorator thinks himself *greater* than the awarded one.

* * *

Dynamic personalities are dynamite, and should be carefully *avoided*.

* * *

The victor's wreath about the brow is the circle of *false pretense*.

* * *

More likely bright eyes mean *fever*.

* * *

Many a fine covered head has *little* in it.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

A big head may have water on the brain.

* * *

Talking to hear your head roar is no guarantee it will ring in *other ears*.

* * *

Dancing feet have jumpy *hearts*.

* * *

Man's heritage of Judas is *abrogate, invalidate, and repudiate*.

* * *

Judas did it with a kiss,—an example *men continue to follow*.

* * *

Not all who kiss are *favorites*.

* * *

The limpid hand clasp is the grip of a spineless mortal.

* * *

Insurance is a tax on the living for the privilege to *die*.

* * *

Limbs are displayed *un-nature-ed-ly*.

* * *

You cannot possibly love her *afterwards*, if you loved her not *before*.

* * *

Mighty gods of the yester-year now *appear at the masquerade*.

* * *

A man will jump at the telephone's call, and yet ignore the cry of his brother.

* * *

There are no milk maids along the milk man's route.

* * *

The nightingale may become the croaking frog.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

The rift between couples is widened by friends' *none well wishing*.

* * *

A stubby nose may be very long.

* * *

The wart on the end of our nose is most attractive to those who look *not beyond*.

* * *

A nation once cut *paper dolls*,—which afforded the gods a laugh.

* * *

A person of details is a *penny pincher*.

* * *

The difference between a male and a female secretary is oft' times a *polygamous fool*.

* * *

The loan shark prey is the *poor pay*.

* * *

The *fetidness* of *possessive airs* blasts careers.

* * *

Suspects to the police department are *prospects* to the business man.

* * *

Pulling the forelock of years ago, is *punching the clock* today.

* * *

There are no contented people unless it's the *reliefers*.

* * *

Broad minded saints are *self canonized*.

* * *

However lucky he may be, *she* is luckier still.

* * *

Those who flatter loudest, *slander sneakingly*.

* * *

There's a *difference* between a country soprano and a trained soloist.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

The contemptuous laugh is from a hollow soul.

* * *

A human clothes horse has a *niggardly* soul.

* * *

The stock salesman seldom takes his commission in the stock *he* sells.

* * *

If they have money, *they* cling to their young ideas.

* * *

If you *do them* first, they will be done with you.

* * *

If they think a little, *they* may; if they think a lot, *they* won't.

* * *

If they say they don't mind, 'tis then they mind the most.

* * *

If they think about mental equality, it affords *them* a quiet laugh.

* * *

They are being a little devilish when they say they are human.

* * *

The difference between well kept nails and sharpened claws is *paint*.

* * *

They are not on the war path when smeared with paint.

* * *

They call it mischief in her eyes, but *it* has another name.

* * *

They *can* be confectionary.

* * *

They don't want to hear a word about it when they ask, "What do you know?"

* * *

They make *it* plain enough without mentioning a name.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

They may wish they hadn't said it, but count on it, they *will* say it again.

* * *

They who have the *common touch*, touch with the finger tip.

* * *

When they pray you do, *they* hope you won't.

* * *

When they feel *it* coming on, they throw out their chests.

* * *

When they say they are sorry, they care *not over much*.

* * *

We rust if *they* don't feed us the oil.

* * *

They don't want the *truth*; they *want* compliments.

* * *

There is a tincture of something in it, when *they tell* the unvarnished truth.

* * *

Some think so much of themselves, they *use up all* the time.

* * *

Whatever you do don't shoot, *but think* of narrow escapes.

* * *

The third estaters are the great unwashed.

* * *

Cold looks heat a firey tongue.

* * *

Cruel mouths harbor acid tongues.

* * *

The short, quick tongue of the liar has the *strike of the rattle snake*.

* * *

The slanderous tongue is coated with venom.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Slanderous tongues are *hissingly strange*, yet known to all.

* * *

A sharp tongue cuts one's *own* throat.

* * *

Tattler and Rattler sound much the same, and are *deadly* in tongue and fang.

* * *

Those who trip the light fantastic, frequently trip themselves with their tongue.

* * *

Bitter thoughts use *honeyed* words.

* * *

A *sourcrastic* mouth drools vinegar.

* * *

Hope the wrinkles will be with you a *long time*, for they have come to *stay*.

* * *

Some animals eat *their young*; humans *leave theirs* on door-steps.

* * *

It's the trickster that uses for his trade the *whereofs* and the *where-ases*.

* * *

Women *make good husbands*.

* * *

Woman *refines* cruelty.

CHAPTER X

RELIGIOUS

Where there is a good choir, the *sermon is entirely too short*.

* * *

Few stand by the Church, but *many* sleep by it.

* * *

Dosing them with hell, fire, and water makes them vomit when they catch sight of *black cloth*.

* * *

Men cannot emulate God, and continual goodness *never enters* their mind.

* * *

Men who fear their fellow man, take no *thought* of God.

* * *

If they have a fortune, they will need their *God* more than ever.

* * *

A Greater Light outshines the sun.

* * *

To those who read slowly and think carefully, the *Greater Light* dawns.

* * *

None believed Jeremiah *then*, nor would they believe him now.

* * *

We must return to Mother's knee before we can enter the *house of our Fathers*'.

* * *

Some men just have sense enough to go to the *One Physician* when they are sick of themselves.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Paganism crucified Christ, not Jewry.

* * *

When we are upon our knees, *we reach the heights sublime.*

* * *

It is better to kneel at the altar than to go wondering by.

* * *

It won't beggar you to thank your *God* for some little thing *each day.*

* * *

Many make a business of offering the Lord's Prayer once a week *for pay.*

* * *

The part left out of a prayer is like the *uncut leaves* of a book.

* * *

Only the weak test the strength of prayer; the strong are afraid.

* * *

The strength of *prayer* overcomes the weakness to whimper.

* * *

The prayer of an honest man should be that *all* men *pray.*

* * *

There is no *seductiveness* to prayer.

* * *

We beg a lot and give *little* thanks.

* * *

The organ sounds the Heavenly tones, yet *none think* to say A-men.

* * *

Protest not in prayer.

* * *

Reincarnation is thought *expressed.*

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Sacrifice, humility, and contrition, once a creed, are *but meaningless words today.*

* * *

The *sermonized* and the *sermonate* look coldly past the passing plate.

* * *

Though we walk through the shadowed valley, but few assay the hill.

CHAPTER XI

WOMAN

When a man is preparing for Heaven, God sends an angel
to *show him the way*.

* * *

To worship is not wrong, though she prefers to be
adored.

* * *

Bidding her to *your bidding* gives her a chance to de-
mand.

* * *

The well made breast that ne'er gave milk
To still a baby's cry,
Is but a useless ornament
That *dulls* the glancing eye.

* * *

Lucky is the bride that has an *honest* groom.

* * *

The cackle of the crone is no *barn-yard fantasy*.

* * *

The child's cheeriness proves the wife *once smiled*.

* * *

The crown of glory was her crown of thorns *studded* by
a *baby's cry*.

* * *

Daughters exemplify *loyalty*.

* * *

The convict's daughter goes it *alone*.

* * *

The smile of a dizzy blond sometimes *dizzies*.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Endearing young charms become *dear* enough.

* * *

The evening gown is an *unfurled battle flag*.

* * *

The "Fairest of the Fair" becomes the *farer of your fare*.

* * *

You have her fooled if she keeps smiling.

* * *

The hidden charm may be the perfume *behind her ear*.

* * *

Feed her *ego* and she will eat from your hand.

* * *

She will cost you a fortune anyway you take *it*.

* * *

If she gets *fat*, it's your fault.

* * *

Her dewy freshness became the withering frost.

* * *

The star dust on her hair was a promise of the *frost to come*.

* * *

Her graciousness creates your stature.

* * *

Into her keeping was given a heart which she *nastily* placed on display.

* * *

Her lecture hall is frequently where he hopes to *sleep*.

* * *

She fingered the beads as she softly tread,
While her lips were moved in prayer;
Yet her thoughts were of the long ago
And of him who sent her there.

* * *

Her heart was shrouded with the damnable lie of his *lust*.

* * *

Nice mothers are plainly beautiful.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Look for the mother your children will see.

* * *

Mother knows best,—if she is still *young enough*.

* * *

No mother ever told a daughter *everything*.

* * *

A step-mother has a lot of ideas that *don't* include children.

* * *

A mother-in-law *out mothers* a mother any time.

* * *

Nature's inevitability is best expressed in woman.

* * *

A social butterfly may become a *night* moth.

* * *

The posey in her hair *meant* just what it *meant*.

* * *

The sparkle in her eyes was *but a light* o'er the moor.

* * *

The star-light was in her eyes, but it was *no longer May time*.

* * *

The jewel upon her finger is the star-light of *a night*.

* * *

Interested stenographers are *interestingly helpless*.

* * *

If you feed her syrup, you'll find her *sticky*.

* * *

She acts wisely bent, yet *ignorantly* turns.

* * *

Though beyond reproach, she *is not above it*.

* * *

In her set smile was a *set of teeth*.

* * *

If *they* help you they want to *socialize*.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Beneath the rose,
There is a thorn.
Behind her eyes,
The tears are *bourne*.

* * *

The trick in the lilt of her voice was more *than a catch*
in her throat.

* * *

There is but one way to select a wife,—let her *elect*.

* * *

The widow's *mite* is not the *might* of a widow.

* * *

The willowy type is not the weeping *widow*.

* * *

On his knees,
Without thought of shame,
He offered his life,—
She refused his name.

* * *

Pandora *was a woman*.

* * *

A woman is more intoxicating than any spirituous liquor.

* * *

There is but *one* beautiful woman in all the world.

* * *

The *beauty* of a pretty good woman is *never stressed*.

* * *

Fashion ideals as you may, it takes a woman to *clothe*
them.

* * *

Woman's *carelessness* is deliberately planned.

* * *

Taking a woman into your confidence will only excite
her insatiable curiosity.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

Men face a mirror and hope. Women *look backward* and are sure.

* * *

Knock-kneed, bow-legged women should wear skirts a *trifle longer*.

* * *

Few make over a woman who is always *making up*.

* * *

Opening your heart to a woman *is like inviting a camel into your tent*.

* * *

Women admit man's superiority *unflatteringly*.

* * *

All women, somewhere in their lives, were once Delilah, yet never a man was Samson.

* * *

Whatever her faults, *Woman's name is not Iscariot*.

* * *

Women are very forgiving when there is *nothing* to forgive.

* * *

Women *do not forgive* as men so easily do.

* * *

Whatever his value since time began, woman has paid but *one price*.

* * *

A woman, like an oil painting, should be viewed *from a distance*.

* * *

A woman *secretly longs* for a younger man, when she tells the old boy he is *distinguished looking*.

* * *

Women are sensible enough to quit *affairs* where there is no future.

SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

From the scrub woman to the Grande Dame, they're handy with the *brush*.

* * *

A woman who spends all day in town *shopping* for a thimble, would divorce a husband in two minutes.

* * *

A woman despises a sissy, yet she will take him for *lack* of a better.

* * *

The *siren* in a woman is her *sigh-wren-i-ty*.

* * *

The life of the party becomes a *twittering old woman*.

* * *

The whistling woman may have an *open* mind.

* * *

When you have won your woman, she will be disappointed in *her winnings*.

* * *

Do not ask that friends be discarded. She could have said "Yes" to someone else.

* * *

Just because *you* mean it, doesn't mean she cares; but *she will* if you don't.

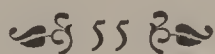
* * *

Her features remind one of *old wall paper*.

* * *

THERE IS ETERNITY

The restless shades of we who were
Would amongst you rest awhile,
To muse of life long since gone,
And of sins that had beguiled.



SLIPS AND SLIPPERS

We, too, once had the breath of life,
And sang the songs you know.
Those lays of then were bitter sweet,
And, in death, you'll find them so.

Our days were spent in useless bent,
No care of God gave we—;
Oh heedless one, take heed, this thought—
There is *Eternity*.

—HARRY WILLIAM KING

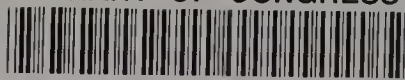
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