

Watch him and sent her Brother for a Cop. Then She Lectured him. After a while They whistled. The Youth asked for Ma again (this was the thirty-first time) and Faded.

The next time he called he got the Icy Nit thru the Speaking Tube.

*Moral:* A cop can't tell a Drunk from a Goat.

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### The fable of the Man who would Have been All Right if he had amounted to Anything

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There was once an Abbreviated Specimen who undertook to be an Instructor of Youth. He was a Willing Performer, all right enough, and never scratched an Entry except for a Sudden Drop of one Sort or another. The Students were the ones who turned up Missing.

He gave long Histories of the Subjects the catalogue said he Taught, dating them Before or After his advent as Instructor. He would Waste fifty-five minutes out of every Recitation Hour. (The Class came five minutes late.) He told a Literary Member that he, the Instructor, was at Heart a Poet and an Idealist. This Member had been connected with The Fulcrum, so he took this Guff and never Batted an Eye. He said it Stuck Out all Over and said it was Ice not to be allowed to Follow one's own Pace.

But even now they Look at him with Mistrust. They seem to think that all his Thoughts aren't Milk and Honey from their end of the Wire.

*Moral:* Poets are born, and not made of somewhat sandy clay.