

Mayor House of Topeka Wholly Original Character

Kansas Politician and Journalist So Different and Independent He Makes Fellow Citizens Fairly Squirm

That day last whose low descending sun lit up the faces of the organizers of the movement to war on existing conditions and established institutions.

Unless he is independent a man doesn't belong out there in Kansas. To be different is the badge of fellow-citizenship. It is the badge of all Kansas. Wherefore he may succeed in getting away with even his latest crime. For above all things else the true child of the Jayhawk State admires nerve.

Besides serving Topeka, a town of some 50,000 residents, as Mayor, House has also taken the job of sporting editor, dramatic critic and editorial columnist of the Topeka Capital. He vetoes ordinances and discharges police women between innings of baseball games, or while on the way from the Grand Opera House, the city's leading theater. The answer is that it is none of his business or ours. Until April at least [when the Mayor's first term expires] the standing of every member of the Topeka police force will be based upon his efficiency in the line of duty.

House has created a flock of creations of his fancy through whom he expresses his homely philosophy: "Eph Wiley says the palm beach suit is doing more to make winter popular than any other agency."

"Mrs. Tugg Watts, who invented a rich uncle some time ago, is now working on a revolutionary ancestor."

"Buck Kilby, who has returned from an Eastern trip, says he is mighty glad to get back to a town where a man can enjoy the privilege of going into a barber shop and hanging up his own hatle some time ago, is now working on a revolutionary ancestor."

"Capper, being Kansas born and bred, encourages a spirit of independence and gives his paragrapher the widest latitude in the expression of his convictions. On the same page of the same paper the Governor proposes and reads his own resolutions. He gets both sides of every question and, sometimes, form their own opinions in defiance of both officials."

When House ran for Mayor the first time the Capital opposed him in its leading editorials, but he supported the Mayor's campaign. He is now in the same paper. Naturally his arguments are as widely circulated as the owner's protests, and when the returns were counted it was found that the employee had whipped the boss.

When House ran for Mayor the first time the Capital opposed him in its leading editorials, but he supported the Mayor's campaign. He is now in the same paper. Naturally his arguments are as widely circulated as the owner's protests, and when the returns were counted it was found that the employee had whipped the boss.

When House ran for Mayor the first time the Capital opposed him in its leading editorials, but he supported the Mayor's campaign. He is now in the same paper. Naturally his arguments are as widely circulated as the owner's protests, and when the returns were counted it was found that the employee had whipped the boss.

Even as Mayor, House is different. "My campaigns and my office holding," he says, "have been superimposed on the theory that a man may hold office and still retain his self-respect. I have found, and it supports one of my pet theories, that it is not necessary for a public servant to grovel to the voters or to oscillate the people in public or in private. We are the only people in Topeka on the premise that good business for the good politics for the office holder. It has worked out first rate."

In his paragraphs the Mayor takes his constituents into his confidence with regard to some of the petty annoyances which attach to the place. For instance:

"This coin extends its hearty sympathy to Sir Charles Wakefield, who yesterday was elected Lord Mayor of London. Sir Charles shortly will make the acquaintance of every woman in London who has a grievance of any kind."

Again—and this was written at the risk of alienating the support of the school teachers:

"An anonymous contributor complains that certain Topeka policemen walk in the streets with their hands behind their backs. The answer is that it is none of his business or ours. Until April at least [when the Mayor's first term expires] the standing of every member of the Topeka police force will be based upon his efficiency in the line of duty."

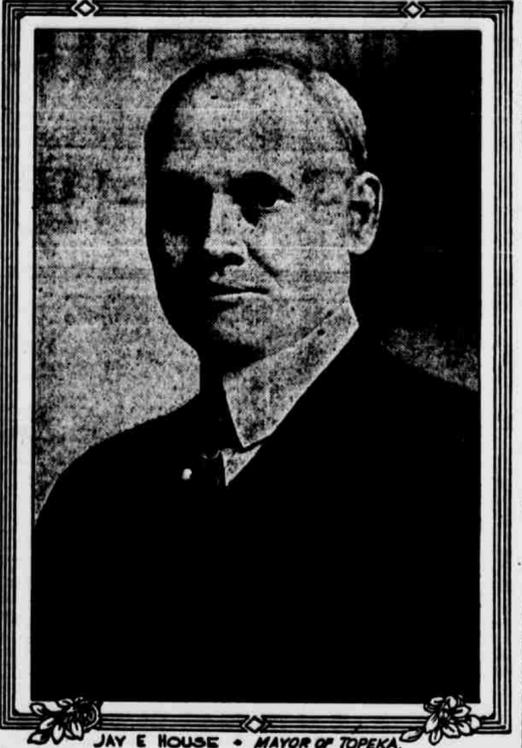
House has created a flock of creations of his fancy through whom he expresses his homely philosophy: "Eph Wiley says the palm beach suit is doing more to make winter popular than any other agency."

"Mrs. Tugg Watts, who invented a rich uncle some time ago, is now working on a revolutionary ancestor."

"Buck Kilby, who has returned from an Eastern trip, says he is mighty glad to get back to a town where a man can enjoy the privilege of going into a barber shop and hanging up his own hatle some time ago, is now working on a revolutionary ancestor."

"Capper, being Kansas born and bred, encourages a spirit of independence and gives his paragrapher the widest latitude in the expression of his convictions. On the same page of the same paper the Governor proposes and reads his own resolutions. He gets both sides of every question and, sometimes, form their own opinions in defiance of both officials."

When House ran for Mayor the first time the Capital opposed him in its leading editorials, but he supported the Mayor's campaign. He is now in the same paper. Naturally his arguments are as widely circulated as the owner's protests, and when the returns were counted it was found that the employee had whipped the boss.



JAY E. HOUSE - MAYOR OF TOPEKA.

man in the difficulty of concealing an elderly, dowdy and socially hopeless wife from the public.

"After a woman has led a man up to the point where he will let out of her hand she doesn't care to feed him."

Here are just a few general Houseisms:

"You cannot attract much attention by talking sense. If you desire to recruit a following you must talk folly."

"Carl Morris is back where he started, but the distance covered on the round trip was considerable. If you care for the moral, it is that cheese is a poor traveler."

"While it is true that New York makes the six day bicycle race possible, we do not appear to be captious. Topeka has on several occasions filled the auditorium in response to the announcement that Mr. Bryan would speak."

"George M. Cohen has decided not to attempt to write the popular war song. He suggests that his example be followed."

"Projects which can be financed with stage money are nearly always subscribed."

"Next to the old pipe the perfumed man is the most unpleasant odor."

"The trouble with the man who gets up early in the morning is that he considers it a virtue."

"After you have spent a Sunday in New York city you are unlikely to complain of the dullness of the community in which you reside."

How this one must have jarred the Kansas patriots:

"Eph Wiley and Buck Kilby were discussing a public man who had recently passed from view. 'What did he ever do, I ask, what did he ever do?' snorted Buck, who was conducting the case for the prosecution. 'Well,' Eph replied, 'he lived in Kansas forty years without once making a fool of himself, and that is a remarkable feat.'"

"The trouble with House," said a Topeka man to a visitor in the Kansas capital not long ago, "is that he shatters all our ideals."

"Then why do you keep on electing him?"

"Oh, he's made pretty good at it," came the reply. "Besides, we kinda like him for being different."

Salmagundi Club Moving But Retaining Traditions

Organization Nearly a Century Old to Have Get Together Dinner Next Friday in Its New Home

By JEANNE JUDSON.

DECEMBER 21 has been set as the day for the opening of the new home of the Salmagundi Club at 47 Fifth avenue. On that date will be the annual get-together dinner of the club, which usually occurs in September but this year has been delayed because of moving into the new home.

F. Ballard Williams, president of the club; R. F. Kilpatrick, chairman of the building committee; J. W. Dunsmuir, chairman of the committee on decorations and furnishings; and all of the six hundred members are confidently looking forward to this opening. Only Hugo Pollock, the steward, is less optimistic. Perhaps fifteen years of carving for the more material needs of the artistic temperament has made him sceptical, and while he is reasonably sure that the new clubhouse will be opened before New Year's he will not say that it will certainly open on the date set.

The Salmagundi Club was founded almost one hundred years ago, and since its inception has included among its members the best known painters and sculptors of the Western world, the president's chair having been occupied by George Inness, Jr., son of the great landscape painter, as recently as 1903, and by J. Scott Hartwell, the sculptor, who has been a member of the club twenty-five more than 60 per cent. of the members more so artists, thus keeping the lay membership in the minority and at the same time permitting of lovers and art patrons to belong.

In moving to this new home the club has moved its own members, furniture, paintings, books and club records, but has also transplanted the atmosphere of the old club.

The old home of the club was at 14 West Street in an early New York building, the best too small to accommodate the 600 members. But the artists hesitated to move because so many associations and memories gathered around the old house. Some of the members believe that the personalities of the great painters and sculptors who have lived in the club are actually impressed on the walls and columns, on books and hangings, and that the ghosts of these immortals inhabit the building and mingle with the living artists—a perpetual inspiration and incentive to good work. It is the task of transferring the atmosphere of the old club to the new work of moving so difficult. If they have not been seen by any of the members of the Civic Club who now occupy the house on Twelfth street it is only because the Salmagundians have been successful in their transplanting, not because the eyes of the new club members are not keen to see ghostly visitors.

In choosing the house at 47 Fifth avenue the club has found an excellent home for all traditions. It is a five story brownstone dwelling originally the home of William T. Park, a noted architect of early New York. It is almost exactly as it was when first built, and the club members are making as few changes as possible. The high stone steps fronting on the avenue have been left, and the general arrangement of the house has been preserved.

In the basement are the kitchens, wine cellars and storerooms; the first floor is to be the grill room, office and billiard room; the lounge and picture gallery are on the second floor, and the library is on the third floor. There are twenty-five rooms, and several private dining rooms, an accommodation which the old clubhouse did not provide.

On the opening night the old house will see more light and gaiety than it has known for the last fifty years. In the hall on the first floor will hang a 12,000 chandelier, presented to the club by the family of the late James A. Hearn, who was a member.

In the great double drawing room, which is to be the club lounge, the massive wooden pillars with their carved capitals have not been inartificially changed and painted. Instead they have been left as they were found, to preserve the atmosphere of age so dear to the hearts of artists. This room will be lighted with parchment

lamps in wrought iron frames designed by Frederick H. Price.

In the grill room the old roof beams have been scraped and left to show the natural beauty of the wood. This room contains two fireplaces with hand wrought copper hoods, and around the walls are side lights behind old fashioned perforated copper warming pan covers. Willing chairs complete the picture of comfort, which loses nothing vital from the fact that the room is not really dependent on the fireplaces for warmth, and that there are electric lights instead of candles behind the warming pan covers.

The billiard room is a pleasantly commodious, having five tables. On the walls of this room will be hung the collection of portrait cartoons of illustrious members painted by Leo Muziner.

The library is a long, high ceiled room with a row of bookshelves on the wall. It contains one of the most cherished possessions of the club—a library on period costumes, beginning with an accurate description of the fix leaf and coming on up to the present time, which has occupied years of collecting and research by costume experts. It contains information on costumes from all over the world to this library, which is one of the most complete in the world and is valued at \$150,000.

The clubhouse will have one of the few daylight picture galleries in New York in which will be given the annual Salmagundi exhibition, a club which daylight is always somewhat doubtful in New York city even under the most favorable conditions, the gallery has also been equipped with an artificial lighting system which is said to be nearer equal to daylight than any system previously known. The Salmagundi gallery is the first to be so equipped.

One oil, one water color, one thumb box and one black and white exhibition will be given annually. These exhibitions are always events in the art world because of the quality of work shown and because the large prizes offered. One of the most important is the Samuel T. Shaw prize. Mr. Shaw is an art connoisseur who has acquired an unusual collection of American paintings. He is now having reproductions of the prize paintings of years past made by the original artists, and these will be hung in the club.

"The tiles from the old mantels will be utilized in the new home. Another cherished possession that will have an honored place in the new home is the panel screen, each panel of which was painted by a different member of the club."

J. W. Dunsmuir, secretary of the club and chairman of the committee on decorations, is no less enthusiastic about the new home. He says that it will surely be opened on December 21, which date has been set for both the "get-together" dinner and for the opening of the annual water color exhibition.

"To give a list of distinguished members would be to give almost the entire membership of the club," he said. "Just now we are not as large as usual, for at least fifty of our members are in the service, and we expect them to win the same laurels on the field of battle as they have in their art."

The name Salmagundi is from the Spanish. It is the name of a dish into which is put almost everything that the animal and vegetable kingdom can provide that is good to eat. The significance is simple. The Salmagundi Club is composed of men who are the best in every branch of art, painting, sculpture and craftsmanship. The club has unusual foreign connections, having exchange privileges with the Arts and Letters Club in Amsterdam, the Savage Club in London, the Arts and Letters club in Toronto and at home the Cliff Dwellers in Chicago. It has no Berlin connection and it spells culture with a C instead of a K.

BULL JOHNSTONE, WITH BOWERY TALK, WINS

From Gamin, Pickpocket and Gambler to Evangelist Long Cry, but Reformed Dive Habitué Converts Down and Outs

By THOREAU CRONIN.

THE Bowery boy of Alger fiction did his bathing in the East River, slept in packing cases, sold papers, picked pockets, never switched on a pal, dodged the trunk officers, harried the police and eventually married the railroad president's daughter. The real Bowery boy, Bull Johnstone, did all this except the marrying part.

At the time when he should have been (vide any of the Alger books) revisiting the dear old scenes in his own barouche and extending a gracious, fur-gloved hand to the boys who persisted in hanging around the Five Points, he has frequently done the line of his training, had reached that stage of his development in which he was proud to serve as lookout for a gang of bank and post office robbers between periods of rustling for gambling houses and making the most of a natural deftness of tongue. He has been seen as a singing waiter in East Em' Up Jack's back room, McGurk's Suicide Hall, Mike Callahan's place or other roaring establishments of that era.

And now when the Bull goes back to the Bowery he is frequently doing what he visits the boys in the Jersey City jail, as he does every Monday, or when he enters the pulpit of a denominational church to astonish and inspire civilized congregations with his translations of the Word into the engaging vernacular of the old Bowery. He is now preaching from a small black covered book and from it preaches such sermons as were never heard on sea or land. Doubtless there have been real Bowery boys who trod the rosinate path of Alger's heroes, but the life of none of them viewed in relation to its climax, is more approach than that of Bull Johnstone, the singing evangelist.

The story of William H. Johnstone's conversion in the McAuley Water Street Mission and the celebration thereof of his eighteenth anniversary was told in THE SUN recently. A few days ago he was again at the home of Johnstone and persuaded him to tell more of his life and his manner of getting the attention of his prison audiences.

Crooks Hear the Gospel.

"Perhaps," said the ex-Bowery bouncer, "you'd like to hear a sermon of what I say to the boys in the Jersey City Jail. Having learned to read and write and made a great study of the Bible since I quit the old life eight years ago I can now talk pretty fair English, all things considered. But when I goes among the boys they don't hear me. They just look at me and when I speak most of 'em just look at the vernacular that I use. They don't understand. Blasphemous, some might call it, but properly viewed I don't think so."

Bull got out his little black Bible and rapped his ample thumb down on the second chapter of St. Mark, where in it is told how Christ revisited Capernaum and healing one sick of palsy said, "Arise, and take up thy bed and go thy way into thine house."

"If I read it the way it's written those boys over in the jail wouldn't understand," Bull explained. "So I takes my Bible and reads it this way: 'There was a guy in Capernaum and he was a wise guy. Jesus had been there before, and this guy know all about Him and gives Him an invite to come to his house. It's not a very big place, but it's crowded. Jesus comes in and gives this guy the once

over and sees just what we see in all gamin's of men listenin' to a wonderful preacher."

"But Christ could go deeper than other preachers. He could read the hearts of all these ginks. He knows they're all lookin' for Him to say one word that they could go out and switch on Him. Knowin' that, Jesus preaches the Word. He must 'a' preached something very straight from the shoulder, for in readin' over the chapter we finds four of these guys was converted."

"Well, they goes outside around the crowd and gets a poor pal that's layin' crippled up and can't help himself. They slips him into a sheet and each one cops a corner of it and they carries him to the house. There bein' a crowd outside, they can't get in, so they becomes housebreakers. One of 'em must 'a' been a cute one, for he sings out, 'Let's get him out of here!' They do that. They hoists the sick feller onto the top of the joint and drops him down, and behold, they lands this guy right at the feet of Jesus."

"Pick Up Your Flop."

"I like the way the next part of the story reads," Bull Johnstone proceeds. "Jesus never noticed the poor cripple at all, but certainly did look at them four guys that dropped him through the roof. Then turnin' to the cripple he says, 'All that's forgivin' is to be forgiven.' That in the part you men here in this jail gotta look at."

"When Jesus says this all them was ones stand around and begin crowdin' their brains with a whole lot of thought. They says, 'Say, who is this that's forgivin' all these things? There's only one person can do that, and he's God. Who is this feller?'"

"So Jesus turns around at 'em, and man! they must 'a' been shocked. Listen, man! He gives 'em all the once over and says, 'Why are you guys murmurin' with yourself? Gee! You must have money in the bank!' Well, you could knock 'em over with a feather, the whole crowd, for they see Jesus copped what they were thinkin'."

"And Jesus turns around to them again and says, 'Is it easier for me to say to this poor cripple, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' than to tell him, 'Pick up your flop and go?' And turnin' to the crippled feller Jesus says these words, 'I say unto you, pick up your flop and get along into your own house.'"

"Well, when these tough guys seen what was done they would 'a' creaked Christ if there'd been a chance. But when they seen this crippled pal, that couldn't move before, pick up his flop and screw his nut through the door, you know what they done then? They just shouted 'Hallelujah!' And when asked why, they says they never seen things done this way. That's the answer."

As Johnstone is in his way a feller of men and knows the special pulp wherein he fishes, who are we to question the sort of his uses? And for the benefit of possibly grieved souls the fact may be stated that he carries in an inside pocket a bundle of letters that clergymen of undoubted orthodoxy have written telling him how effective his message is.

In his forty-four years Johnstone

has had just four days of regular schooling. As a boy on Cherry Hill he was expelled from the Madison street public school, rightously, he believes, by a teacher known to him as Cook, eye Delaney. One day not long afterward he was nearly drowned while swimming off the foot of Dover street.

"An older pal pulled me out by my long hair," he says. "I looked at him as a god. To square what he done I goes to a market and cops a ham and a cabbage for him. It was the first time I stole, and it took me to the Oak street station and the Catholic Protectory."

"I beat it out of the Protectory, and the next time I landed in the House of Refuge. Every one there had a graft of his own, and I came out a finished croak. My work was goin' on."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a word until one day he says, 'Bull, if you don't get out I'll put something on you. I'm sick and tired of seein' you around. Gettin' standin' by the way, I life, I took to cleanin' up dumps that looked like easy pickin'. I copped clocks, crab jewelry, anything hockable, cashed in at a poke shop and tore up the tickets."

"That was the main idea—get rid of the tickets, have nothin' on your person if the cops grabbed you. None of 'em ever found anything on me, but there was one copper who used to stand lookin' at me and saying never a