



NURSE YOUR CUSTOMERS

By T-BONE SLIM

It has long been a mystery how the maintenance men are able to survive the terrible garbage fed them by ex-employment sharks masquerading as commissary companies. But now this mystery is about to be solved. Railroad companies have taken it upon themselves to "physically examine" these hardy people—probably with the view of finding a vulnerable spot in their armor.

Another thing, about these worthy brothers (that to our author seems peculiar) is the fact that many "moonshiners and bootleggers" are working on the tracks taking the places of the men they killed off with wood alcohol—rather a severe punishment to give a man merely for the crime of overestimating the STAMINA of a FEW heavy drinkers. Some of them have drank so long and so much that the burial services can be simplified, when they die—just pour them back in the bottle—and smash the bottle (if the law of our fair land makes it compulsory). I do not believe in destruction of property or bottles, etc., why, I wouldn't even smash a potato, I'd try to swallow it whole. But if the law says smash the bottle, I will back up the law with the last chunk of bologna in my veins. They can't call me a law buster—and get away with it. Anyway, I have no sympathy for the bootleggers; serves them right for killing their "trade." This'll learn 'em to nurse their customers.