

T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

KAPUSHTA - -

It is well known what a valiant trencherman I am, therefor it seems unnecessary to testify further, and, I would not were it not for that a time came when I was horrified to find myself overfed—I had been over-eating. I was in a desperate fix!

I knew hardly what to do—and the queer part of it was I was broke and therefore unable to consult a physician.

Deep study, too, on a full belly, isn't the easiest thing in the world (not desiring to make a martyr of myself, I'll let it go at that and mention not the dire suffering mental and material that I negotiated).

But just as I was in the midst of a twinge—amidst my midst—a happy thought came to me:

What's the matter with shipping out to the Connors Lumber Co., at Thomaston, Mich., and get away from all this food?

Capital! Eureka! Here I am! As you know, Robert Connors bought a lot of timber-bearing land here and paid so much for it that he hasn't been able to buy potatoes since—except two sacks that the Stratfordite-Marshfieldian flunkies devoured raw and complete.

Not a spud on the table—so you can imagine my surprise, in the bunkhouse, when the workers were agreed that the "starchy-tubers were pretty small"—small is right. Having no magnifying glass, I won't state the exact size.



Health Bulletin: (Direct from the table-side of the potato eaters). Rumor has it that a carload of frost-smitten spuds awaits our pleasure at the switch (the switch is on its way from South Chicago; track isn't laid).—Chart shows the fever (spud-fever) took a jump from 43 degrees to 147 bullcook and barn supervisor are convinced that if switch and spuds get no nearer the fever will continue to mount to \$4 a bushel.

Another rumor has it that the envelope containing the potatoes was lost in the mails. Fever went up 27 degrees on the strength of the possibility—of—recovery of the spuds—from the Dead Leather Office.

Kapushta! Oh, Cabbage!

T-bone Slim.