



"PARA GRABHS"

What's in a name?

Sherman without the "S" spells Herman;
Herman hyphenated registers Her-man;
without the "r", Her-man spells He-man;
bring back the "s" and she's a She-man;
give him both "s" and "r" and he's Sherman.

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"The bride-elect was presented with a lovely polychrome plaque. . ."

What's polychrome plaque, a seamless sleeping-bag or a fluffy cur?—not fur!

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"Vultures have the highest (up) developed sense of smell of most all birds," some people rumor "they will scent carrion for 40 miles . . ."

That will do—now I know its a lie. No vultures hover over the Chicago restaurants, besides, vultures circle and circle and circle—not over one spot—until their eye lights on a carrion. They do not "trail" smells. They stumble!

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Organization will produce results!

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Some people are like blotters—they soak up "things" BACKWARDS. So do mirrors. Mebbe things are kinda AXE-END-TO?

You know it!

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For instance, most all action and undertaking is impromptu—ill-considered, considered CURSORARILY (curses-o-rar-ly)—considered, but considered not like you would consider a program from which no deviation can be tolerated—we are inclined to function in the IMMATERIALS.

Well—guess we'll go over to the Greek's for a cup of coffee—I know not what he makes it from but I do know the others are trying to make it from nothing—even begrudging me the cup of "solid" water, lukewarm. They must think I'm going to wash a flannel shirt in it. Fie!

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You may laugh all you want to (for all I care) at the patches on my overalls. At least, I am in tune with the capitalist system; I can camouflage nary a gosh darn bit—or bib!

Behold the patches IN the depot platform, Soo Line, at Garrison, N. D.; D. S. S. & A. at Newberry, Mich.

I'm in tune!

Behold the "patches" on capitalism:

Republican party;

Democratic party;

Behold the patches on patches:

Red Cross, Legion, Klux, etc.

All patches! And, gentlemenn, the goods in the patches is better material than the garment! Vote for patches—but darn your sox!

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OUR DAILY BREAD

"The Lord's Last Supper" on the wall!

Hangs thereby too a tale—

It seems the food is rather small—

The menu rather frail.

It-ill-befits that Jesus' should

Sit by so scant a board;

When with His word that hombre could

Have grabbed it by the cord.

So darkling thoughts disturb me now:

'Tis propaganda, sure—

(The absence of a steaming cow)

To reconcile the poor.

"That frugal board is ordered so

By System's mighty voice;

To keep the living standard low—

The artist had no choice?"

Alas for doughnuts! And musings quaint!

And verdicts quick and mean!

How could the starving artist paint

A thing he's never seen?

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Ed.—We miss you, T-Bone Slim; and your copy isn't "coming" like it uster—You know the story of the "Little Brown Hen?"