



LIKE MICRO-METERS —

The suburbs of New York City, just a least bit jealous of the appendix of Chicago, (Cicero) staged a real machinegun-hold-up. The affair, so far, was a success from the viewpoint of the promoters.

A Thompson gun (subautomatic) was used, strange to say (insofar as the "Thompsons" are manufactured for banks and payroll guards.) But, maybe, after all, the lifting of the \$167,000 was merely for the purpose of testing the gun.

If so, the gun most certainly is all that's claimed for it.

Should Cicero burst forth in more ambitious fashion, our author is confident that this unassuming neighborhood will hold its own even if it has to resort to aerotorpedoes, or chemical-zephyrs— (stench). Who would have thought that the lawless — element would have the **STUBBORNDINATION** to use the very things intended to put the fear of Christ into their bosom?

That they would have the temerity to reciprocate, sauce for sauce—like for like?

If this keeps on, America will have to go in for heavier **HARMAMENTS**—and I fear, the powers that be may yet feel fully justified in loosening up on wages — a little.

Shortage of blue berry pie and strained muscles is considered the main cause of these periodical outbreaks of independence.

Prohibition is blameless!

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P. S.

It's only a short time now when we can say our prayers by machinery. "Machine-made" appears to be the motto more and more—this being so, the people cannot be blamed for being deeply interested in robberies engineered with mechanical appliances and uncanny precision.

(Prayerwheels has been a "respected utility for centuries, in Thibet.)

—T. B. S.

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In a recent election hereabouts, in the heart of the "milk issue" and wet and dry controversy, it was given out that "vote for Al" and your wet dreams will come true." Naturally Al won, and verily, there is a certain dampness to our favorite nightmare.

I see where, "Chicago Clubs Urge Women Police Force."

Well, well, well! At last!

At last the **STUFF IS OFF** with those bandits.

— T. B. S.