



NO NEED TO HOLD A GUN ON 'EM

(Finest sarcasm I ever saw.)

"How's business since they paved the highway past your store, Si?"

"Why, these blame automobileelists have near ruind me. Bought up dern near all my stock the first week and I ain't got nothing to sell.—"

Isn't that the truth, New York American? These here "automobileelists" just will not pass a store— They always stop and buy up all the stock, from store to store . . . We ought to build them some more roads (free) so they can visit other stores, and load up on merchandise. They're "buying fools!" That's what they are, American!

Pssst! American, lookit all the cats and dogs and hens and hogs whose lives are saved by having the automobileelist slow down to make a landing at a store. My goodn . . . "I think the "step-on-'er"-problem can be solved by spotting our stores at strategical points; no store to be near railroad crossings (because the low grade quality of hootch, would have a tendency to rob the locomotive of her perfectly good victims) as it is, the death rate at the crossings is about the only bright and encouraging feature of our dull and drab existence. I mean, run a chain of stores along straightways and fairways of our bouncing boulevards, yust so far apart und no funder.

Buying fools! That's wot dey are—and there wasn't a word of propaganda in that gag; just pure, undiluted, deelightful sourcasm.

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The big butter and egg companies (Swift etc.) provide the grocers with egg containers that hold an even dozen. Heretofore, the grocers suffered terrific losses owing to getting muddled in the count and inserting as high as 13 and 14 eggs in a sack—many of them couldn't count up to 12, but pretended to, and went by guess. So, 'twas up to Swift to hand them a measure to go by—a crying need.

Now, the astute grocer rolls his sleeves up and drops an egg at a time in a paper slot until the box is full—all the while giving his competitor across the street dirty looks and nasty glances.

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'T's now established a crime wave is nothing but a grime wave.

Workingmen's children, and boys in Brooklyn, are the latest peice de exhibit in report of state board.

'T appears some of Albany's lws got busted—"the boys steal in order to get movie money.***"

By the eternal gods and seventeen Irish angels, I've noticed that myself! Ever since the pictures started moving I've had an almost irresistible desire to step out and steal sumpin'. Abolish the movies!

"Red Hook workingmen's sons and daughters spend their time in 105 pool rooms***" What! I thought you said they were thieves—and here they are in pool rooms? Fat chance of getting hold of movie money in a pool room!

Ah, but the board opines: "More burglaries among boys of sixteen to twenty-one are concocted in low pool rooms than in any other single places."

Low pool rooms?

Abolish them—make then concoct their burglaries in high pool rooms, or behind the warehouse.

"There are fifty-one churches" Abolish them. Move the lots close together, make a golf ground out of them so the lads can concoct their schemes same as financeers—what if they do steal the price of clubs to start off with—

"Red Hook housing conditions are wretched. None of the families boast bath tubs." (Patience, board—soon as the kid's get a chance to lift a Stillson's wrench they'll come home with a bath tub.) "The wash tub is used when necessary," adds the board.

Finally the board prints this homely philosophy: "When large numbers of children steal to enjoy illegal purchase of amusement, the odds are against the parent who is seeking to bring up children decently."—So it is,, so it is,—and when there are 105 pool rooms, 51 churches and only 6 playgrounds in this district the cause of stealing is apparent as a matter of "following suit or trumping." Concentration of people in one place, in order that they may be robbed the better, (circus style) is an example the young are quick to grasp. But, nevertheless, me thinks the board is unnecessarily exercised over the depredations of our future presidents. It seems to forget we are living, as LUCK would have it, under a thieving system.

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I see where the Chinese situation is getting worse than Herrin, Illinois—guerilla warfare and everything 'round Socony Hill (Standard Oil Company Of New York Hill)—our citizens, (nuts) after dallying 60 days 'round Nanking were shot full of holes—martyrs, bury 'em deep! Why they didn't dare come home, I know not. Embezzlement? Forgery? Rape? Breech of Promise? Mayhem? Mopery? Murder? Manslaughter? What!—I presume Socony provided the photos of Nanking Hill—if it didn't it's a frame-up.

I notice S. S. Preston defended Socony Hill—J. D. Rockefeller ought to get quite a "kick" out o' that . . . before he dies—which I hope will not be soon; or ever, for that matter.

T-b S.