



ROTTEN

"Listen to that radio, Slim across the way—does not it sound clear?"

It does, but it isn't a radio. It's just a drunken captain overhauling the miseries of his past life—and if he don't "pipe down" there'll be a bunch of brats (sneak thieves) working on him pretty soon.

But I don't blame you for thinking it was a radio—mistakes will happen. Why, only the other eve I was deceiving my hearing; I thought I was listening to a coloratura cow broadcasting her woes, in soprano—and, may I say, I was deeply mortified, may I say grossly embarrassed when my friend informed me that I had been listening to a leaky opera star (or leading opera star, did he say?) over the marcel-wave of the powerful station B. U. Z. Z.—JUNK!

• • •

I note by yesterday's paper that Roy K. Moulton, Ted Cook and Bugs Baer are no longer writing for the New York American. Strange!—Can it be possible this "holy trio" is one—with three complexes—with the result that when "one quits" they all quit "just like the I. W. W.?" Anyhow it saves me three cents a day and that's something to be sneezed at.

I'm deeply grateful to the American for this, that is, if she did it in good faith—but I fear the worst. Nothing less than that.

I fear, gentlemen, that this is a shrewd scheme to force my collective self to read Arthur Brisbane, under the principle: If you take his potatoes and pie and pabium away he'll eat oats.

The hell he will—three cents is money! U. S. coin! (Note: Owing to the "long waits" for I. W. W. papers I have been practically forced to read inferior products—purely as a matter of eye exercise.) I s'pose Quillen will be next—that will make the "American" an ideal spread when you stretch on the grasses of the coming year.

Grieved!

Horace Greely died too young.

• • •

An ugly thing can be made beautiful by emphasizing it.

Many have strove (striven) to say that and failed—else it took a column, or half a day, or a ton of words, it never has been said!

Thanks—I want no credit I'm a cash customer. I want no man burning incense under my pork chops! Thanks again—thank you, damn you.

• • •

Msars. Acosta, Chamberlin, flyers that broke all records, are to try a N. Y. C. to Paris flight—humph!

In the last flight they went "a day without food." An outfit that can't think fast enough to take a few sandwiches along better take out skippers license and sail the seas—else they might accidentally toss their gas supply overside, "thinking it a cigarette butt.

• • •

My fears confirmed:

Sacramental wine to the tune of \$250,000 was seized by United Sam yesterday in Brooklyn.

"Four Vats Fall in U. S. Net."—News.

A net?, A net! Something fishy there—Why didn't they get a tank to put in in?

I've often wondered where the word confirmed-drunk came from, but now I imagine its a descriptive term applied to dry agents on the morning after an all night inspection of sacramental evidence. And I'll say this much—such an agent, full of wine, faith, hope and charity—Christ, what not?—is apt to be full of snakes, too—even as you and meselluf.

This is serious that is if the wine was in good odor! And I see where the church will have to do something about this: Raids, of course, will continue; hence I deem it advisable for the church to lay its ropes in another direction.

Halelujah! Condensed milk points the way!

What's the matter with having consecrated milk, as a substitute for sacramental wine?

Long has the church confirmed and confirmed—now let it conform and be ONE with us poor devils that haven't had a toothful of decent garbage or threatful of refreshing exhilaration since Dr. Wiley was smoked out and Volstead yielded his self-control. Substitutions amendments, patches, half-soles, substitutions "something better" substitutions "just as good," substitutions.

Wouldn't it be a heluva note if Satan followed suit and turned on us an acetylene torch?