



## POWER; SPEED

Confound the capitalist press!

Along comes a man with a tin can (a racing car) "200 miles an hour" yells the press in exclamation points, on the point of losing the mind it never had. If that's all it'll make, I'll walk! 200 miles an hour, huh!

Did you ever stop to figure that an hour has about 3,600 seconds! Good lord almighty, if that car won't make at least 600 miles, put her on the junk pile!

S'posing you was going somewhere?

I'll tell you boys, life is too short for us to be frittering away our fat in a car puffing and pounding practically on one spot.

Take it away—hitch a team onto it!

By the way: that car is supposed to have 1,000 horsepower. Now let's see—the speed of one horse is 6 miles per hour; hundred horses 600 miles per hour, and thousand horses 6,000 miles per hour—"hold her Newt;" Let's see—that car makes 200 miles on 1,000 horse power. Sir! What became of those 5,800 miles? Sir, don't try to get away with all that mileage. Come across, sir!

I ask you, how came you to lose so much horse power? On wheels, too! Mercy! Gosh!

200 miles an hour! For goodness sake! Get some legs under that car!

(I can use exclamation points, too!)

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It develops Gloria Swanson, screen-laboreress, is to be permitted to keep her husband, Henri de la Falaise, Frenchman, another six months according to U. S. ruling—that is, in this country.

Considerate, I'm sure, of Sam to let a husband and wife both stay in the country at one time. Hands across the sea may work all right but when you try to put anything more than that across you're apt to run into hard sledding.

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J. P. Morgan, jack-shuffler, gives \$200,000 for study of sleeping sickness.

Nice indeed, Morg.—unfortunately, we haven't sleeping sickness; the trouble with us—is—we can't sleep.

Calm yourself, Mr. Morgan; nobody's ever sleeping nowadays and these nights—So, as I was going to say, how's chances to get you to loosen-up a few dollars for sleeping powders? You know, a good night's sleep would put us in shape for a hard day's work—that's what you're after, ain't it?

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More Taffy:

"A cut in Taxes" now appears as often as Jack Dempsey's picture in the papers; so often, in fact, that I've got suspicious—trusting soul that I am.

Secretary Mellon gets his praise as often as he gets his ham and eggs—right to his face—they won't wait till he dies.

I wonder what's the big idea? Be what it may, good man or bad, I suggest cut no taxes till the debts are paid—pay off those interest grabbers first. Once you pay them off you will shortly be in a position to cut off a bigger chunk of taxes with one lick—to hell with this slicing and slicing and slicing; for verily no meat shows up in the sandwich.

A bunch of "divines" was in Albany the other day, doing their durndest to help clean up the New York City stage—John Roach Stratton armed with his trusty bible.

That reminds me: The actors would be doing a graceful deed indeed if they would help the pastors to clean up the bible. One good turn deserves another.

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Epidemic of suicide among the "intellectuals" is laid to the study of philosophy and behavioristic psychology. Debatable!

Cure: Give the boys a pork chop apiece—or raw hamburger.

The poor boys are starved out 57 different ways—pink pop included. Salt-peter! Formaldehyde! Suicide! Cyanide!