

CAN'T IS CANT

By T-BONE SLIM

Not so long ago leading humorists told us government is incapable of running railroads.

So? IS our U. S. A. so DUMB!

I do not wish to doubt their "word," but tell me—wot's to prevent railroads constituting themselves government and run all three—roads, state and US? **Can or no can is all the same.**

All the capital stock of the Canadian National (R. R.) a matter of 23,000 miles, is owned by the government of Dominion of Canada. Huh! Can't, hey? I'm not nosey—but U. S. A. couldn't hire brains same as coupon clipping imbeciles do?

No?

Well then, we'll acknowledge the corn!

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A monoxide:

Prohibition, unfortunately, has not yet made its appearance in our beloved land.

Some say, "she came, she was, she died—tread softly;" "flee as a bird." True, drinking now kills and eliminates drinkers—well and good—but, true, also, **more drink now because they mustn't.** And thus averages keep going strong.

Our National Aroma:

It's hard to tell, just by the breath, whether your friend is a man or an automobile.

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The reason Slimberg didn't take that cat along, to Paree: He didn't want to drown it, unnecessarily.

Thanks, Colonel! Very few would be so considerate.

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Ah, the world is going to diss-arm! "United States is going to scrap 62,000 tons of cruisers."

How nice! Only trouble is, they were scrapped long ago by subs and airships.

5—5—3 arrangement on battle-ships to remain—something for airships to shoot at.

Johannes Bull goes a bit further and proposes limiting size of battle-ships to "less than 30,000 tons"—no sense in having "sunk" anything bigger. Good idea, bah jove. John is getting wittier every day. Submarines Not to Be Scrapped Under Plan. Why should they? Them's not obsolete.

Poison Gas stays. Hip, hip!

Bombs will be hung onto. Hurrah!

Airships? More of 'em!

That conference sure is up to snuff—everything goes that can't be used. Bright boys!

I wonder who pays their board?

The next war will be a dandy!

o o o

Still decorated:

Well. At last Sir Charles A. Lindborough, the great British flier, is back home and New York is decorated from Garrison Ave. to the other side of Perth Amboy—I mean **decorated**, almost to the last nose. Children are out selling tags and damaged flappers are shaking paper cans in your face exposing cute little slots thereon—on the head of said can.

They are “so tickled” that Herr Karl Augustus Limburger, the grosse German airman is back home.

Bet you the hero, Herra Kalle Aukusti Lindperi, the now famous “Flying Finn,” won’t get a cent out of those cans and tags!

Further: I’ll bet all I win, that important and aristocratic “madams” will help the poor with a **SHARE OF THE MONEY** collected in his name.

Word comes from Vermont: “Rutland and Bellevue Falls are all lit up in honor of Calvin Angus Lynchspragh, famed New England puddle-hopper.” Ten chauffeurs celebrating Brigadier-General Lindsprague’s hop had their licenses revoked in Montpelier, for three years—that being considered a period sufficient to wind-up e’en a most extended jag. . . .

"All the crack writers" in the parasites' press are "having a baby" about the "remarkable steersmanship" of transatlantic fliers. "Fogs, Sleet, Rain," they shout. Huh! No sunlight? No moonshine? Huh!—D'ever occur to those overbaked "brainpans" that a compass was invented a few days ago? Huh! That works in all kinds of weather? That it's easier to "lay a course" mile a minute, or two miles a minute, than 20 knots an hour?

Example: Drunken man can't steer standing still. He steers better walking. Start him running his curves are longer and straighter. Put him on a bicycle he'll follow a chalk line or cross a creek on six inch board. Give him a Ford (speed 25 miles) and he'll squeeze through

opening one-quarter inch narrower than car. Boost him in cockpit of airplane he'll fly across Atlantic, upside down, backwards, and poke the tailboard of his "plane" through King George's bedroom window after all lights are out, on a cloudy night. Huh! Not the hootch, brother the speed.

The speed—the compass.

I hope you ain't hurt!

Some more sarcasm.

This here now Lindbergh didn't have three helpers to fly him to Yur-rup; he didn't pick soft places to land on—like swamps—or the British channels.

He started for LaBelle Bourget and damn me if he didn't land right there—quite a coincident—a **sorghumstance** that can not be overlooked in our records. He went after bacon, and brought bacon!

Brought home the goods!

At's wot we all like gaze at—the goods. Laying down and bungling are synonymous—and a sinonerous, to boot.