

Harvest High Hallucinations

By T-BONE SLIM

"I wonder what's the matter with them two guys I sat down beside them and they walked across the street and sat down?"

"Well, mebbe the trouble is not with them, but you. Have you got halitosis?" I suggested, brokenly.

"Good Lord, no!" roared the desperate man. "I don't even know what this helvadose is."

Well, then, if your breath doesn't smell and you've religiously used Life Buoy soap—so as not to have body odors—it must be the two gentlemen have agreed among themselves upon a going wage and do not like to have anybody around when they hire out—mebbe ashamed of the low figure that appeals to their impoverished soul."

"By God, you're right," gasped the now mollified man (I blushed, appropriately and profusely).

"You've hit the nail on the head."

"That's nothing," says I, modestly. "I used to be head spiker on the Grand Trunk."

"Well, what can be done with such characters?"

Nothing much, just appoint a guardian for 'em and suffer it out.

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Somewhere in this neighborhood is a town and a farm where I got the start—I mean, the starving of my life. . . I dassent hire out to a young farmer without first ascertaining if he's married to a school marm—the older farmers are safe; you see, their schoolmistress has worn off her notions about angel cake and cream (corn starch) pie—halleluyah! The place, I don't know the name, had man, wife, child and Hudson—the Hudson and child were of different parents, of course. . .

I'm losing much work this year because many of the farmers are young and look as if susceptible to the blandishments of "marms" and party to a plot to dwarf our belly—man's object de glorification.

Leading politicians are averse to opening their mouth for fear of putting their foot in it.

Wash the foot, why not?

Besides, speech requires the exercising of 40 muscles (41, if French)—Can it be they're too lazy to use so much muscle to kill the frog in their silver toned chords—or it is hook worm?

Heaven forbid! .

Now this here Halbert H. Smythe ain't afraid of spitting it out—feet or no feet—but, then, mebbe his feet (and hands) are clean?

10,000,000 people has four times said that Halbert's feet are as clean as the driven snow—so it looks as if the nuptials of Colgate's son to Palm-Olive's daughter 'hain't gonna interest the favorite son of Halibut Row and East River.

Facts are unmanagable; not pliable; not malleable; not—not mixable with fancy . . . you say it—ed,—darn those flies, anyhow!

Nothing to say.—T.-B.-S.