

Velvet A La Bias

By T-BONE SLIM

As the country now stands (and 'tis a wonder it stands) we're short on millinery and long on military...

* * *

Wars from now on will be between two (2) most progressive nations—where doubt exists as to which nations are most progressive, the "leading powers" will fight it out severally—no jealousies will be countenanced.

* * *

Next to impossible to make a writer's face look intelligent—practically got to rebuild it. New York Telegram dug up Bill Hart's picture and tagged it Heywood Brown.

A little more publicity for "Lindboigh" and I would be tempted to marry her.

Lindboigh is not to blame—it's those journalistic morons of the parasites' press running true to form. O Lord! Stepping in character.

* * *

In 1958 pies, size of coffee saucers, will cost two and a half dollars. No question about it, except the size—you may get 'em on half shell...

How do I know this?

Greening-pies now cost 50 cent. In 1898 they cost 10 cents (3 for a quarter), size of a barrel-bottom. Four costs have been added since '98. Have you received four different kinds of wages? With which to purchase those pies?

No?

I thought so!

Well, sir, the pie merchant is just as good at addition today as he ever was—he'll see to it that the price grows five times its current size every thirty years. You don't see any "pie tossing" on the stage, do you? Anymore? Not at 50 cents a throw!

* * *

Now, I'm not very pious, never was, but still and all I feel a little pie now and then sort of takes the curse off of hamburger... Well and good, but why pi up the column thisaway?

Forgive me, I was just trying to make the point that we better take our single-layer wages and toss them in the river and starve like men—if we can't organize like men and get the other four parts...

I'm sorry I haven't two countries to give to my presidential candidates.

* * *

The slackwardness of individual initiative is somewhat emphasized by New York City subways:

It never occurred to I. R. T. or B. M. T. to dig the tunnels Oh no. But after the city dug them they were right there to sack up the nickels. Some enterprise, anyhow, eh?

At this time of the year, editor, when sox are getting kind of thin, it might not be remiss, how do you say it, to murmur a few words about baseball.

Are you listening, editor? I said, murmur a few words about baseball as a solution, or remedy, to the ills of mankind-apparent. Early in the game Ruppert, owner of the Nigh York "Yankees," saw he was not to be allowed to make Gotham drunk with his beer (God, how I hate to put that word in print, but must be is must be, and it was good beer, too), so he made 'em drunk with baseball and made 'em like it—gave Stevens a concession to shut off the drinking water under the bleachers and fill the "fans" with red pop and salted dogs.

All steamed-up and feverish the fans would roar their heads off everytime Babe Ruth made a home run—more boisterous roisterers never was. Not even in Hoboken.

Our troubles are solved!

T.-B. S.

* * *

Ed: "Z"ep IS a machine—first one for a long, long time.

T.-B. S.

P. S.—Lay to that! There'll be NO spills.

Be not deceived with its grandstand navigation—Germany is in a hole.

We know not, was she repaired (over the water), we only know the exhibit number one was attached to port horizontal when she got here—born there, or put there, we can't say—we must take their word for it.