

As Bugs as the News or What The Wild Words Say

By T-BONE SLIM

Where, O where, can "a starchy" fella go—now that an earthquake rocked almost the whole—archipelago?

It develops (devil-ups) receiver-ships in N. Y. courts were mistaken for reservoirships (of graft.)

Paris hails the Yaller Bird stow-away an "imbecile", and no wonder: I have it straight from the hip that twenty seconds after the start when one of avigators pulled out his bandana he found this here now Schreiber coiled up in his pocket—or was it in a spectacle case.

Anyway, a fine alibi—unfortunately the figures do not back up the yarn. His weight, say 150 lbs., can not cause a shortage of 500 miles on 4000 mile hop. Let us recall, 150 lbs. is a very small fraction of the weight of plane and contents.

Schreiber may be an imbecile for all I know but, and I wish to serve notice on Paris, the rest of us AIN'T. (Personally, I think the gentlemen came down because they thought they had reached, at the least—Russia . . .)

The one and only Arthur is grown sour (sore) around the edges because Canadian Railway Co. can borrow 40,000,000 in New York at better terms than U. S. government.

Art, greatly puzzled, can not be aware the "Canadian Railways" has of late been exhibiting unmistakable signs of enduring sanity and not the slightest evidence of the lamentable "flightiness" so common on the dry side of our beloved border. Besides, it's a habit.

We send our best bacons (hams) to Southampton (Liverpool) and eat the "left overs" or liver and onions at a better price than Johannes Bull pays for the good ones. In fact, Mr. Bull (if he could think) could and would sell them back to us at a clear profit—about the only way we can get a mouthful of something really decent.

Our export cans are marked plainly—no doubt for the purpose of obviating errors and making sure the delicious contents disappear only into the whiskers of a foreigner. No wonder Art is groping in a maze, dazed!

So 'm I.

Puzzled? Puzzled, me eye! I'm completely flappergasedted—or shell-shocked and ready to blubber. Greater hopenality hath no samaritan!

Some people who imagine they are patriotic are merely pathetic . . .

Televox—all this blah, bläh, BLAB about "talking pictures" is hokey. Why, dammit, even the boisterous radio has not yet leart to talk—or ing . . . Other day I heard one of those coloradomaduro souppranos, howling—in a blindpig it was, more's the pity—over the radio. The drunks were deeply affected, crying and all that, for we felt the poor girl had, to say the least) lost her poodle uppy along with her voice and reserve—you just can't hold a good oman down . . .

What was I doing there?

I assure you my mission was strict-honorable, as usual . . .

Let that pass—when a manufacturer sells a car at a small margin profit, he really sells it on install-

ment plan—no magic to it—for instance, if you own a Fjord-car, your payments start when the car stops and you start buying Fjord parts.

Shiverlay parts won't fit a Fjord car lest the price stray into Mr. Shiverlei's "grouch-sack"—a calamity. That's why cars ain't standardized. A car that sells for 398 dollars and 79 cents, if bought piece at a time, to be assembled by yourself properly, will cost you about, let's see, how much is 3 times 398 dollars and 79 cents? Oh well, it's more than a working man will ever have at one time, unless he joins the I. W. W.

Manufacturers could afford to bribe us to use their cars, that is, offer us honorariums, but they can not be sure we would buy parts when we break down—the rascals think we would go to other manufacturers looking for more honorariums.

I'm not saying we wouldn't! We might.

They don't want much for that there, here, now, liverwurst nowadays, do they?

Only all you got, and if you haven't more the kindly butchers will wait till you step out and get it . . .

A fine hot weather dish it is, too, and, strangely, it's a cold weather dish also—about the only seasonable dish for morning, night and noon on off-years . . .

What do you think about it, editor? Doesn't it make your mouth water? Of course it does—But The Price!! (Does that make your eyes water?) How's a man gonna get started saving his first million unless those butchers use better judgement?

It must be that there is a bunch of low life stoolpigeons extant for verily, it seems, you no more than get a hold of a piece of jack than the butcher knows all about it. He ain't no mind reader—why, dammit, some of 'em can't read print—therefore it follows some sucker bears the information to him and bares, so as to say, your innermost secret. You walk into his bologny parlör unsuspectingly, trying to look as innocent as possible with all that wealth in your pocket . . .

In the course of humane events, he throws both hands on the scale—you throw both hands in the air: Seven pounds and a half in a chunk of liverwurst that could be bandaged with a torn cigarette papier!

Something should be done about this . . .

I propose that when the boss begins to show signs of tender heartedness as a result of hot weather or something and exposes an inclination to give us an increase in wages, that the butchers be thrown in jail and held incommunicado until the increase is consummated, refused, spent or, if necessary, until the maiden's prayer is answered . . .