



ON THE WARPATH:

Sometimes happens that a man cannot get in a word edgewise because of Roberts Rules of Order. Whenever that happens it is imperative to go back to new business or jump to new business and revise Roberts "dictums" so that we can hear what the man has to say. All men may be created equal but they're not all lawyers—that's one relief.

Robot's rules have precedence over everything—or should have!

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Whenever the print gets too weak to stand Kerosene lights, it is not necessary to bespectacle the working class.

Just throw in another tubful of ink, fire the printer or scrap the press . . .

Some men work days, read nights; other men work nights and read by sunshine.

Did I hear you say use electric lights?

Can't be did. Got to see the print first. Take over the plants afterwards.

T-b S.

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NOT SO GOOD

Break:

The New York World prints the pictures of "outstanding champions" for 1928 but fails to include the "map" of Neal O'Hara. What's the use—I give up!

Questionnaire:

How you going to make the country dry as long as there is alcohol in the radiators?

You'll have a bunch of frozen radiators and an army of thawed-out citizens—that's what.

Just had two drinks of cold water, consequently don't know if next point will sting—ah, if those two drinks had been anything else but water—ah, indeed! They tell me there's whiskey in government warehouses. How come?

If whiskey's as bad as the government says, what's the gigantic idea of storing it? What's that you say? That it's for medicinal purposes? Is that so?

And medicine is good for a feller?

Hm.—Well! That's a horse of two colors. (Damn them two drinks of water, I'm stuck.) — Then, whiskey ain't as bad as you say, and Volstead has been picking on a poor innocent germ killer?

Anyhow, Sam, as long as you keep the "cursed stuff" stored up the people will have an idea that it's good; and, if it's good, they'll want some of it—as sure as Christ made green apples!

I would suggest the government hold a reunion of all the bluenose reformers, issue them drills and augers, turn em loose in the whiskey warehouses and let 'em bore "gimlets" in every last one of the barrels. (When they come out drunk, singing, "You have made me what I am today," arrest 'em and give 'em hundred years apiece. A reformer that sings is a traitor to his country.)

There's no excuse for holding it any longer, and it would be a crime even to give it away, to foreign countries—the manhood of our fair land would follow it and then come back raising hell in this great moral country (to say nothing about chorus girls.)

Why Florenz Ziegfeld would be left flat, Earl Carroll would be on his uppers and the Coco Cola market would be saturated—voters, that remained, would grow violent and elect their congressmen to stay home (where they could be watched and carried to bed.) The country would be in a heluva fix.

Let us sing:

Then cave the tops of barrels in
And turn 'em bottom up!
In arid grief, let's wipe our chin
And smash the last gay cup.

Cho.:

We've rescued! We're rescued!
Let's open up our vent.
We're rescued! We're rescued!
By Act of Gov—ern—ment.