

IN TRANSIT

By T-BONE SLIM

Pretty Near Time To Put John D.,
On a Pension.

"Hoover To Speak At Gettysburg,
Then Go Fishing."

What more of a cue do the good citizens want? What's the sense of starving, go fishing? There's the Calumet creek lined up with anglers (going to it by lantern light) and Johnny trudging homeward with seven clubs and two sunfish—starvation displaced for another day.

New York fishermen tied-up at Staten Island waiting for moonless night and market—moonless for the purpose of being able to see the schools of fish, phosphorescent or electrical not visible in moon or daylight—markets not visible day or night and fishermen must therefore cook their catch in original juices (Atlantic) or bum the salt.

World war veterans now claim they can't make a living selling poppies—even with the help of future war mothers.

Sounds reasonable—but, then, almost every other business is suffering a "recess" just now. Possibly one-third of Chicago's stores are vacant (including the shops in the new and noble Stadium where Porat knocked out Gagnon—preserved the honor and prestige of Norsk mutton and herring.)

No applause, please—were talking about empty business places and poppies.

The veterans should try fishing, like Hoover—"a bite" is the equivalent of a mouthful and a few mouthfuls approximate a living in our mild climate.

Our pestiferous author himself, veteran of dozens of wars against bosses, finds it hard sledding in Chicago and at present is packing up his belongings (toothbrush, foot powders and a spool of thread) for flight to New York City . . . By the way, on my way west recently the Pennsylvania R. R. kindly fired 3,000 bulls so as to make sure no stealing is perpetrated while I'm in transit, an appreciation, but I must protest insofar as the throwing of 3,000 bulls out of work swells the army of unemployed same as wet alfalfa a fence jumping heifer and we must after all give some classification to bulls since they, like some of us, must live on what they earn and what they steal, yclept.

Further the laying-off of the bulls is unnecessary for the protection of my reputation because everybody knows that I steal with extreme moderation—why I won't even ride a fruit train except when afflicted with creosote poisoning—fruit trains, you know are strongly alkali and neutralize the most violent of creosotes . . .

But, Mr. Atterbury, if you've still got 'em "bumming lumps," keep them at it until I get back to the Tenting grounds of Tammany—they might thoughtlessly delay my passage—and don't let your conscience bother you, the bulls will steal enough the first week after they get back to make up for all lost time.

Fraternally, T-B. S.