

# Why Kings Don't Wear Overalls

By T-BONE SLIM



Naturally kings cannot wear overalls and preserve their prestige, and there are those in Harrisburg that sarcastically opine: "The only reason royalty wears admirals' uniforms is to spare themselves the shock of being mistaken for bums."

Sour grapes, I call it, for it is well-known we ourselves love to wear velvet pants. All right, boy, my slip-pers.

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Advertisements are to newspapers what politics are to a labor union, what . . . a siren is to moral turpitude. I'm getting thin-skinned, the word spells prostitution.

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Control yourself! I do not swallow goldfish. It's alligators.

In USA a "jobless study" has been started to determine the cause of the economic aberration of the past dozen years (13) and bakers have already solved the dingus (excuse the Latin) by covering overburned cakes with the most delicious silvery frosting; a raisin on each end of the cake qualifies it for the rank of fruit cake. It is known as "landmark cake" (owing to the two (2) raisins), but the more synical call it mile-post cake—two bits.

It seems American business had made a most cruel, ruthless, bitter attack against itself (unmitigated jackass that it always was) and people had to rush in and save business from itself.

Business is still under observation and alibis it was attacked by Government.

I find both bees and wasps build combs but wasps, suspicious of the predatory class, omit the honey.

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Gentlemanly Sirovich, New York, has proposed a law in Washington to include the marine worker (the most forgotten man) in social security and unemployment insurance or relief.

Inasmuch as the marine workers have a habit of dumping the apple cart with each change of the moon, it is figured Sirovich's noble plan is a form of "appeasement." Another thing that might help: Register all vessels not now registered so that sailors upon them may avail themselves of U. S. merchant marine hospital service, now denied, or blanket-qualify ALL seafaring men and harbor boatmen.

Think of the apple cart and get sense.

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Dammit anyhow! The Parasites Guild now wants labor to rattle before they strike—they want advance notice. Hm. Why even rattlesnakes don't always ring the bell—that is, "before they strike."

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Five hundred leaders in business and finance gathered together in Hotel Astor (of all places) became filled with Banquo's ghost and predicted it's going to be tough titty for wage earners unless government ceases deficit spending.

See how they worry about us (not themselves), many of them getting less than \$1,000 a day.

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Lendable surpluses in banks not moving may as well be interned in Kentucky. Had these surpluses been dished out to workers or left in the pockets of consumers, they would be out in the world doing yeoman service as buying power.

Cost of maintaining two million employers in the style they expect would support all of Europe's paupers nations in grand style and Zog could raise his family in the grateful shade of the throne. Some of our big-shot wage earners get \$300,000 a year.

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Baron Rothschild, a likely lad, is in Paris resting from the shock of handing Herr Hitler \$21,000,000 to square himself for the failure of his bank in Vienna. It is said the baron is almost penniless; left with only \$50,000,000.

It is also said England was looking after Baron Rothschild's interest and good old Chamberlain almost forgot his umbrella, jumping across the Rhine.

Hom haw, money makes the mare go!

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Ever since railroads began using acid to keep the grass from growing in their hayfields, their (?) valued properties lost much of their attraction as sleeping quarters; even unto those who are allergic to bedbugs and other household vermin.

Origin of railroads was a combination of blackmail, bribery, subsidy, and simple thievery. Many times the states gave them land and other treasures—practically built the railroads cost free for the "empire builders"—a Christmas present—and now, in this period of adversity, railroads resent the slumbers of sovereign citizens upon their (?) properties.

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Simultaneously, when the WPA took a sleeping powder, the railroad bulls came out of their slumbers and marveled at the number of men on the road.

Chicken cars are being watched with painstaking care on the New York Central and the colored fraternity say, "that ain't all the balls do." But I understand the boys are living on mushrooms, dandelions and spring water.