



Buck Up, Lad, Don't Let Your Ears Droop

By T-BONE SLIM

One thing Americans should realize is that they are just as good as the next man and that no man is better—this goes for plutocrats, professors, proprietors, producers, peons, paupers and—"punks," as they call them—and none of them should scrape and grovel. If any of them grovel and let their ears droop, the enchantment of the lay-out is ruined.

It is useless to argue with me that a robin or dove gets nice treatment from the human race "because their ears don't stick out." How about the shad, the mackerel and oyster—no ears at all, to speak of? (They eat them and spit out the bones.) There is no reason whatsoever why the American working man should today to any man, because they do not come that great.

There is no reason why the worker should lowrate his requirements and take second best, third best or worst; for he has furnished plenty for all and over-abundance of the best.

Other layers of the social strata—even the parasites, whom I forgot to mention before—are the best in the world.

America has as fine a bunch of parasites as ever lit the light of admiration in human eye. They neither toil nor spin and yet they wear the finest of cloth (no burlaps for them!), eat the finest juciest of plank-steaks, escort the oomphiest of glamor girls, worship at the shrine of mental incest in night clubs and sleep all day.

Perfect! I says perfect—and if I am wrong, then a crap game is a religious performance.

After the war, when chaos shall have been created over much of the Western World, there will be a few nations, crippled but not mortally wounded. It will then be evident that the nations that had sense enough not to throw their all into the cauldron of hate are in position to recuperate; thus limiting the almost universal wail, "Oh what a donkey I was!"

In the meantime governments maintain their positions within striking distance of labor organizations; herding, nursing, chiding, chastening, purifying—only stopping for breath long enough to debate which arm of law shall perform as master of ceremonies, police, courts, army, legislation or administration.

However, the various commissions are seining only the "killies" (small fry) and must of needs toss them back into the sea of worriment . . .

Slim Reviews the War News

General George Swashbucklinson, the great military expert, reports from South Amboy, N. J. that a great sea battle is raging in Scattercat; Heinies made 57 air raids and Limies lost one canalbarge and two dories. (The joke of it is the Heinies thought they were battle-

ships—can you imagine lowrating the Royal Navy that way?)

General Swashbucklinson was promptly chased out of town, citizens went on a bender and Perth Amboy declared her righteous neutrality. Last seen of the doughty General he was drifting up the Raritan (with the incoming tide) on a raft. He shook his fist at South Amboy and yelled "It is not only power in Norway." Spiteful, hey?

Upon highest authority, word reached Oomphalala Battuala in darkest Africa that the Irish Navy grabbed Greenland on the grounds, as Gen. O'Toole of the Bowery insists, "it is practically a suburb of Eire, the only civilized country within striking distance." (This is the first time Greenland has been grabbed within 603 years and those that already were there couldn't get away.)

Last minute radio news reports, "Luxumburg has set up a submarine base at the North Pole and is figuring on putting up some hamburger stands. Experts point out "this is a shrewd move to flank Russia."

North Pole has its advantages in the event of a strategic retreat—they can go in any direction; don't even have to look. But "this is going to hash the detail," says a paid-up barge captain, "because the Swiss have been casting longing glances at the beloved Pole with a view to setting up a cheese factory and saving on refrigeration, to say nothing of chiseling in on British concessions.

Perkins Corner, Minn. reports, "Germany has surrendered to Swedish punch and is completely knocked out."

"It's a lie," roars Trockbottom, "it was the Royal Air Force and the British Navy that put the fear of hell and love of Christ into the hearts of the nutsies."

Milwaukee, Wis. reports, "Britain has pensioned off all her colonies and moved her parliament to Johannesburg, wildly waving an olive branch and shouting the paeon of new-found freedom."

Otherwise there is nothing to report on the various fronts and a swell time is being had by all. Read this column and get the final score. In the midst of a mass of lies, this column tells nothing but the simple truth.

Backbiting over a real or fancied wrong is not a paying proposition, it makes for war. That is why Mr. Carter invented those little liver pills.

After backbiting for a while both sides find their reputations in a terrible shape and declare open warfare, just as if that was startling news.

Bless you, my dear children, they have been at war ever since they wore knee-britches and don't know enough to change the system that is putting their livers on the bum and their body in a poorhouse. Gentlemen, I laugh at you.