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The my department might be improved upon and not be relegated to the honor-seat alongside the forgotten man and at the sepulchre of the unknown swamper.

Americans of Italian persuasion seem trifle anxious to get hold of their "language paper"—a sign that Italy is on the verge of entering war. Reasonably they are more interested in that than in the market quotations of artichokes. Possibly only compensation in war is the schooling "difficult readers" get in deciphering war news.

The working class is centrifugal, so as to say, if, may be so bold; unresponsive rather than expellant. Liver and onions has been banned, corn beef and cabbage has the hex sign on it, spareribs and sauerkraut is verboten, even ham and eggs has fallen in evil ways and the worker is subsisting on orange-juice, tomato juice and a few flakes of fodder and birdseeds.

The calouses in his swallowing apparatus (esophagus) has peeled off and he has ulcerated stomach and arthritis—/ tremble just to think what would happen if he were to be attacked by an enemy—from-without that had been fed on goat milk and red horse. Attack may be the better part of valor but, when you are on light diet, retreat is the best policy; put your best foot forward and change them often.

When the restaurants give you a short cup of coffee do not think them of having unworthy ideas; that they fear you might spill some of it on the marble-top counter—you know how your hand shakes—and they would have to mop it up.

What they fear is that you might spill down your throat. As for that short cup you can make it swell up to the plimsol line, by ladling 18 tea-spoons of sugar into it and passing off few bright remarks to the gorgeous waitress. (She'll want to marry you on the spot for she sees you can't be outgeneraled.)