

Four hundred years of peace in China until the noble white man came, first with his opium containers and missionaries and then with his oil-can — since then peace has been conspicuous by its absence.

In the early days, not so long ago, before the influence of white man's refreshments took hold, the noble Red Man in our own land lived to a grand old age — Chief John Smith, the last time I saw him in Benz or Bull Club, Minn., was 134 years old. I suppose he has gone to the happy hunting ground by now for that was 25 years ago.

My la grippe took one look at the sun today (Mch 31) and reduced itself to "grunt" stage.

You have social security; you pay income tax ^{to} the State and one to Washington; the HOLC is about to take over your house; your job at the plant is endangered by the quarrel between several dissipated unions (unsocial condition to be sure) and you have night sweats, wet around the collar — that's why some wisecracker said: "lower the halo six inches and it makes a nice noose."

What's the matter with that crack?

Nothing at all — the man had stubbed his toe on a great truth.

Enough of that, editor — opinions differ.

One witness says "the man tried to kick the complainant's teeth into his throat"; the other says "the complainant was trying to bite-off the defendant's toe."

So there you are — we hardly know what to believe.

But even so as swallowed teeth are good evidence (if they ^{actually} can be produced and you have a witness that "the cherry stones" came out" — or an able liar to that effect — or a missing toe with the additional testimony that the mayhemite seemed very well fed for these parlous times, so too an empty cupboard is positive proof the parasites have cleaned out our root cellars — and rats & killers