

nothing happened

Child's Stool Great For Use in Garden

Blackwell Cutter fertilized his lawn with 300 lbs. of stool saved over last year, expecting it to produce lush grass. Instead, he ended up with 2000 tomato plants and random stalks of popping corn.

"We've even got four or five watermelons and pumpkin vines in with them," Cutter said, adding, "cherry tomatoes, regular ones, one kind I'm not sure of, cotton, and a kind of hardy

flower with a delightful perfume."

Asked how the stool produced its miracle crops, Cutter said, "Well, I don't quite know how you say it politely. The American, I may say, is the progeny of the dozen men of different characters from different climes. As a result, he doesn't digest seeds. They just pass through, instead. Ergo, the unintended garden."

Village burning said illegal

After several hoboos have been accumulated, they are marched to the public square. They are lined up there. The town marshal, holding a rawhide whip, tells them that the corporate limits of the town are one mile away. At a signal, they are off, the understanding being that the hobo whose tat-

tered coat tail last flutters across the ditch will be burned in the village square.

Harding Village's cure for the hobo habit worked -- until yesterday. Woody Hockaday, latest loser in the footrace, afire, broke loose and ignited the Village's (contd.)

Bilke Nets a Thon Boy

Characterizing as "brutal in the extreme" the act of a thon boy in attempting to throw his blind father out of a third story window, Magistrate Bilke sentenced Robert Ragged to serve six months on Wall's Island yesterday.

Arthur Ragged, the father, is past seventy. The younger

Ragged, returning home from an operation in which his arm was nailed to his shoulder to make it useful after a recent bout with polio, drove members of the family out of the flat and attacked the father.

Thanks to the nailing operation, Ragged can now put his hand in his pocket and throw a baseball overhand.

Bankrupt ass in poor shape

A bankrupt army mule, left to wander in the slums of this country, may find its ass in a can labeled "Ideal Food for You," if it isn't slyer than its reputation would have it.

The American canneries are as hungry as dogs to can ass for a meat-starved populace. The inference is that human beings

are able to consume this meat with no injurious effects. It has been demonstrated that a pound of dehydrated ass contains more nourishment than a native of India.

Does the thought of eating ass disturb you? We have some on our desks. We've eaten it. It's as foul as Tut's breath.

Shouting Match Ends

What's all the shouting about? Physicians say that art monkeys suffering the ravages of "swiss cheese heart" can now be buttoned up, using

nylon and lucite buttons. They fit together something like a snap hook. They are made slightly larger than the hole to be closed. What say, pessimists?

RUBBLE YIELDS TROLL

Pappy Ragsdale's eyes widened at the sight of the fourteen foot troll thrashing against his nets. He had wanted the jawbones of such a creature as a souvenir for a long time. He lifted the struggling, four-hundred pound

troll onto the deck of his boat Wednesday and killed it. He laid the troll down, stroked its belly along the sternum until it slumbered peacefully, then cut the jawbones out. N.B. -- Rubble yields these trolls. The meat is inedible.

The dead were wed

Yesterday, in Union City, Square Dink Stover was wed. This morning, on Wall's Island, Dink was dead. The sergeant-in-charge applied the rope, held

out a disk of rice paper and blew a white analgesic powder into Dink's face, and slid home the knot. The crime: wedding a neutrodyne.



on tour of night schools

- About the standard Americans these points may be stated:
- 1) They believe everything they see in print.
 - 2) All of them have the same opinions and use the same "snappy sayings."
 - 3) They grin all day long.
 - 4) All of them chew gum and reserve one cavity (or acquire one) in which the gum occasionally finds a resting place.
 - 5) All of them wear Ingersoll watches (standard price, \$1.50).
 - 6) All of them eat griddlecakes with syrup and grapefruit for breakfast.
 - 7) All of them bluff. That is, they try to feign a higher standard of living than they actually possess.
 - 8) They always are in a terrible, insane haste and rush to the office at a speed of 40 mph. Having arrived there, they stare out of the window for three quarters of an hour or tell each other stories, mostly about girls, jazz queens or new cocktail recipes.

The American regards himself as the crown of creation. His pride borders on the divine. Wherever he sits, there is the roof of the world. ("I'm sitting on top of the world," you can hear every day.) He always speaks to the entire world. ("I'll tell the cockeyed world.")

The American baby knows, even before he learns how to walk, that he marches at the head of civilization. America has the highest mountains, trees and buildings, and the biggest apples, potatoes and grasshoppers. America has the noblest and most upright people on earth, and it has the most crooks and the most outrageous robberies. It has the greatest human inventions, the most numerous murders per year and per head of population—and an American is deeply offended if you doubt one of his claims—that the U.S. is "God's own country!"

The average American absolutely lacks any sort of moral feeling. From childhood on, he has been weaned on tough, bloody stories of the wild West and on gangster tales. Accordingly, he knows no compassion. The true American nature consists of such hard-heartedness and lack of consideration as we just cannot comprehend.

As soon as Americans get to know each other, that is, the instant they have been introduced, they yell at each other by their first names and, if possible, by a nickname. On this occasion four out of five Americans will slap the other fellow on the shoulder with the palm of his hand, as if with a carpet beater.

When an American is introduced to a young lady for the first time, he acts in the very same manner, only he slaps her shoulder somewhat less vigorously—lest he beat a hole in her blouse before the evening has even begun.

If you ask the host how many guests he has invited, he says: "Two Dicks, one Harry, three Toms, one Willie, one Mabel and two Susies will drop in tonight."

There was something about this precocious kid that gave everyone the creeps.

