



### THE ARMOUR NECK STEW

Time: Anytime.

Place: Office of the Armour News.

The eminent Mr. John Hommes is seated at his desk, a five cent cigar in his mouth and his feet propped up on the polished surface of the expensive near-mahogany desk. A gentle wind is blowing in the window, catching his beautiful curly red hair, waving it around like so many red streamers. As he sits there, lovingly fondling the numerous keys on his watch chain and wondering how he will be able to obtain some more of the pretty little brass trinkets, huge clouds of deep blue smoke come from his "ring the bell" rope. Every now and then he expectorates halfway across the room into a large brass gagoon, lifted from one of the cheaper hotels on the South side (for men only). The door bursts open and in rushes a reporter.

"Hi, Chief. Here is some great news."

"Spring it."

"A new Dean has been selected."

"That's not news," shouts the editor, jumping to his feet and throwing a paper weight at the cringing reporter. "Get out and get me some real news or there will be trouble."

Hommes then paces the floor, chewing violently at the stub of his now almost forgotten cigar. He had nearly swallowed it, but the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," causing his hair to stand up and bringing his mind back to his smoking. The door opens on his Advertising Manager.

"Chief, we are short some ads this time and it is almost time to go to press. What is your Royal Highness' opinion?"

"Never let our public know we are not successful; run some anyway."

Exit the A. M. Enter the Business Manager (commonly called "The Senator.") He walks languidly to a chair, places his four-year-old black hat on the desk and hoists his feet to a position somewhat above his head, balancing on two legs of his chair.

"Chief," he drawls lazily, "It might interest you to know that George Sinclair Allison has purchased a ten-year subscription to the News."

All fall dead.

Curtain.