

## *But it even flushes toilets*



BY AMOS  
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Poor, sweet, lovable Amos Arthur Holmes.

This morning, at breakfast, my wife pointed her finger at me, and said, "Amos, you simply must stop spending so much money."

I just sat there, hanging my head, and my wife continued, "You buy everything you come across and your spending is getting us in a hole I don't think we'll be able to get out of. We are up to our necks in debt. So... if you spend one more penny I'm going to pick up a bottle and slam it down on your empty head."

JoLoyce went on to work and I sat there feeling sorry for myself. I wasn't upset with my wife. Hell! She was absolutely right. I couldn't, or wouldn't, refuse a bargain. I wasted too much money, and I was getting my family into pretty desperate straits. I remember how infuriated my wife was last week when I came home with the stuffed owl. That owl cost me \$56.00. It was a beautiful bird but was owning a stuffed owl absolutely essential? My wife didn't think so. She even got mad when I bought the pet possum. She stood, with hands

on hips, and snarled, "YOU ACTUALLY PAID \$200.00 FOR A POSSUM?" Gee! I had thought the possum was just darling. I could see people in town, saying, "Look at that cute old man with that cute old possum." The whole thing could have been rewarding, and yet I understood my wife's anger. Two hundred dollars WAS a bit steep.

I sat in the dining room and I promised myself that I would not spend any more money. It was foolish and irresponsible, and I was very quickly dissolving a pretty good marriage.

At two o'clock in the afternoon there was a knock at the door. When I answered the knock I was greeted by a young man with two vacuum cleaners in his hand.

"I DON'T WANT ANY," I screamed.

The young man laughed. "Mr. Holmes, I'm not here to sell these vacuum cleaners. These are special models that couldn't be bought at any price. I simply wanted to show you how fantastically the vacuum cleaner industry has progressed. May I come in?"

"NO," I screamed.

The young man pushed past me, went into my living room, and plugged in his two

vacuum cleaners.

"Mr. Holmes, I want you to pay attention as I throw this trash all over your new rug."

I was slightly alarmed as the fellow threw scads of debris on my pretty blue rug. He then turned on the vacuum cleaners... and... WHOOOSSSHHH... the debris was gone.

Marvelous! I was really impressed. That vacuum cleaner was a miracle. But I gritted my teeth and sat there shaking my head negatively.

The salesman looked at me intently, and then said, "I'VE GOT IT."

"Got what?" I inquired.

"I've been wondering," said the salesman, "Who you remind me of. Now I've got it. You look exactly like Gregory Peck."

I giggled. Wasn't that something? I knew that I was quite handsome... but I never dreamed I looked like Gregory Peck. This salesman had remarkable eyes. He was honest and observant and... by golly... his merchandise must be everything he said it was.

"Buddy," I said, "Did you say these vacuum cleaners were not for sale?"

The salesman smiles, and replied, "Mr. Holmes, that's exactly what I said. These are

special models. But sir... because you are a fine citizen... and because you look like Gregory Peck... I am going to let you have both of these vacuum cleaners for \$600.000."

"WOW" I bellowed, "ISN'T THAT PRETTY DAMN EXPENSIVE?"

The salesman shook his head. "Mr. Holmes, this isn't just a vacuum cleaner. This is the most fantastic machine ever invented. It not only cleans rugs but it brushes teeth... massages backs... acts as a fire extinguisher... and flushes toilets."

Wasn't that remarkable? How could a family get along without one of these fine machines? And if I were very quick... and very wise... I could have two of these splendid vacuum cleaners for only \$600.00. I whipped out my checkbook and gave the salesman a check for the full amount.

When the salesman had gone I put the two vacuum cleaners with the three vacuum cleaners we already have.

Now I sit here with five vacuum cleaners, a checkbook that is \$600.00 lighter, and my wife will be home in 15 minutes.

I think I'll kill myself.