

*Gus the Bus*

which he always recognizes through its resemblance to a *pousse café*.

"Bus" is a contraction of "omnibus," and the significance of the name lies in its description of our hero's speed. He is the superannuated boy of vacant visage who serves your fork, knife, napkin, and water. He is not trusted to handle other vintages more priceless than the sluggish blood of his own veins, so he stumbles along on water and rarely gets even a smell of the grape. He is, then, a *bhisti*, but his Kipling has not yet arisen to pronounce him a better man than the brother he serves.

The bus is a figure that fiction has rarely known, the stage abjures, and the world neglects. The commissary department is not the picturesque end of the daily war, and busing is one matter of soldiering that lends little to literature. Therefore, let us discover the bus and let us name him Gus, for rhyme is the sister of laughter and everybody laughs at him anyway, when any one thinks of him at all.

Gus came from Schleswig-Holstein, which is noted for its output of butter, uhlans, and busboys. How he came nobody knows, and why he came nobody cares.