



ad lib.

No waiting for money—may mean it's useless.

A colored man was working in a place where the lifting was heavy and often. Eftsoones he sent in a call for help. Upon the appearance of the boss the following conversation ensued:

"Say, boss, Ah's got to hab some 'sistance wid dis yeah job."

"Why, Snowball," says the boss, "the man who had this job before you did all that work alone, and had plenty of time foolin' around doing nothing."

"Say, Mister Boss, where am dat man now?"

"Oh, he's in the hospital. He got—"

"Dar ye go; dar y'go again," interrupted the colored man. "Ebery time Ah hears about a good man he's either dade or in the hospital."

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"Among the gifts made by the Rockefeller Foundation is one of \$3,500,000 for rebuilding medical institutions in Brussels. Five universities in Central Europe received at the same time \$50,000 for apparatus and supplies. This is an excellent piece of humanitarianism, and one to which every American may feel he contributed."—*Omaha Bee*.

You betcha, my dear Bee, we do feel it; and we will feel it for some time to come.

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"William Hornblower, young California legislator, has introduced an anti-gland operation bill in the California legislature."

This begins to look like another slap at Labor (in that labor-slapping state). It is believed that to graft a slave's glands onto a parasite might weaken his determination in regards to the performance of work. A little caution now will save the parasite many a heartache.

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Imagine a Harvester King outfitted with T-Bone Slim's "set of glands" throwing off 50 tons of coal on the first day. A little caution now will save the parasite many a backache.

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"... Trying to decipher the job signs a sweet-faced child in knee pants was found wandering up and down the slave market in Minneapolis. That the child had been out of work some time was borne out by his shabby appearance and tender hands. . . ."

Why this condition of affairs is permitted is more than I (with my profound knowledge of human equations) know, but it is an established fact that children are lawfully laborers in this country.

Was jest wondering what effect a pair of horse glands would have on these infants in the way of making them jump into the collar a little harder.

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"Cashmere, Wash.—Willis Bell is the champion apple-box maker of the Northwest. Six hundred is an ordinary day's work for him, with a little extra effort he can raise the ante up to 800 of these wooden containers. At La Grande, Ore., Willis turned out 7,000 boxes in 10 days of 6 hours each. There are 32 nails to a box and from five to seven boards to handle. Bell never gives a nail more than a single blow. Bell receives 2 to 2½ cents per box."—(Clipping.)

Coming as this does from Washington there is no reason to believe anybody of being a champion liar, but still, the suspicion persists a box-maker may be the next champion witness against the I. W. W.

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Red Wing, Minn.: "Red Wing Builds Tourist Kitchen."—(Headline.) "The work is authorized by the chamber of commerce while Kiwanis Club will raise the necessary funds."

Red Wing is a hard place to raise money in. I tried it last winter and am constrained to believe the kitchen should have been built elsewhere, more in line with travel. I would suggest that the last winter's Minneapolis soup kitchen be elaborated upon, with a gasoline line, for the poverty stricken motorists.