



PIE TO HIRAMS



The battle, between Hiram and his Help, rages on apace. In Carrington, Hiram continues to hire 'em for fifty cents. He raised the ante an extra nickle out of consideration for the "automobile tramps" who are sadly in need of gas-currency. Labor, you know, this year, is not on foot. Indeed not! Labor is progressive and takes advantage of all modern inventions, hence, today, we find him blocking all available parking space with his "nervous lizzie." It is proper, too, and just that Hiram bear part of the gas-bill when it is considered that Hiram himself sports a heavier than flivver type—a Hudson Speedster. Not only motor-gas but he should provide canned heat for those of his assistants that still cling to the old fashioned way of travel—cash and carry.

Labor is on wheels; kinda shaky, o'course, and Wobbly to boot, but wheels nevertheless. Labor's inherent modesty, shines forth from these rattle traps and gas-inhalers—satisfaction! always satisfied with Less-Than . . . (minus.)

From the days of rent-a-bike to rent-a-Ford he has revelled in the luxuriousness of cast-off garments (or renovated) or second hand machinery and, really, I cannot see how any man with pink blood in his veins can stand and wait for hours for delayed freight trains when he can maneuver into possession of a Ford, twist its tail, and be off to parts well known—stands to reason, too. The man with a Ford can interview First the employer who has all the help he requires for his Upkeep.

(Let Henry Ford do the "right thing," for this ad.) I know not what others may want but, as for me:

Give me Fiverty or 'Lizabeth.

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Everybody knows of the colored man's fondness for pie—especially for raisin pie. He will march into a restaurant and demand to know "wha' kind pie you all got?"

Apple, peach, rhubarb, custard, blueberry, pumpkin, cream, lem. . .

"Ahs'll hab some raisin," he'd interrupt—"Some raisin pie—pie." Invariably it would be raisin. But, now, since California turned traitor to reason and started serving Capitalism in the capacity of a National-Jailor of Labor, "Rastus" mourns the loss of his favorite dish and refuses to be comforted. He is boycotting all pie, so as to be on the safe side of the Hoof and Mouth Disease and its Aftermath.—They say the Aftermath is worse than the disease itself.

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Much is said about the one-ten, as a midwife or mother of the other I. U's—anything for an issue—it doesn't pay. All industrial unions, including one-ten, were the off-spring of voluntary effort of earnest men. But if we admit that one-ten mothered one-twenty then let us also admit that the Devils Lake Logger was one-ten's star boarder in those spirited times.—Only Christ was born of virgin. All else comes into being for cause and because of it.

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Necessity is the mother of invention.

After carefully leading up to it, it reminds me:

Two bums (let us say bums) after walking 14 miles chanced upon a house, (out of twenty, the last one) being broke and hungry (starving and staggering, the kind lady (the last one) took pity on them and told them to go in the shed and chop some wood (a barreelfull). Here was a dilemma (a barreelfull of it).

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Both men were physically unable (and mentally disinclined) to chop so much wood. They were "all in" as the saying goes. Starving! But just when things seems the darkest, the mother of invention came to their aid. Blackie turned the barrel up side down and piled a few sticks (already cut) on top the bottom declaring the barrel full and the job finished. The kind lady verified this and gave them a hearty meal.

It is the looks of the things, gentlemen! We are easily misled, despite every "evidence."

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Carrington, N. D., has a near boycott on a mediocre restaurant in favor of combination prairie dog's nest and slum dump. Who started it? WHO!

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"A warden of an Ontario jail claims that he can feed prisoners at a cost of three cents a meal."—The daily Province, B. C. Canada. (Farmers please note). We know he can but does he do it. Does He Do It?

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To call the British Empire "brutish empire" is a grade of cheap wit, however true it may be.—We would like to hear from the "three-cent meal" prisoners; what's their opinion, and what kind of meal or swill is served. Give us the warden's name and the name he is called by his neighbors.