



## HARKING BACK

Remember the time way back in—let's see—way back in (it seems like an age) in 1924, when we were in the harvest field?

Remember it?

What? You don't? Good Lord! Is it that long ago? Well! Well! Well! So you have forgotten it? How time flies!

When T-bone Slim pulled \$4.50, a full day's product for a full day's work, from his pocket—and you accused him of being a hi-jack (bent on bankrupting the farmers) and you argued that "any man who has more than 35 cents is dishonest"—have you forgotten that already?

When you low-rated my purrenality down to the very lowest stratum of piracy on seas of golden grain—only the grain wasn't waving anymore, it was shocked; and I had the \$4.50 to prove it, as I remember it. Do you remember those pork chops and eggs? Wha-at? You don't? With the white meat, slightly spotted with ashes like milady's neck—unavoidable, let me assure you, as was the scorching on one side—and those eggs? Ah, rebels! How could you forget those eggs? Those eggs—those beautiful eggs? With their great big brown eyes looking at you in restful wonderment? In the pau?

Remember, how we gazed into the depths of those eyes and how peaceful and pure we felt afterwards—our soul distended to the utmost . . . (maximum) my mistake . . . we felt like going uptown and kissing the marshal on the ear.

And when that \$4.50 "gave out"—and other 4.50's—and a great gloom spread over the republic—remember it? How short your memory is?

When I went to the butcher? And the butcher said, "Peace, peace, Slim, you break me all up with your rendition of your rending tale," and when I tried to thank him he said, "that's all right, Slim, we gotter help one another—the granger will pay for this, Slim—and Slim," he added dreamily, "tell the boys to remember me when they get on the job—tell 'em to be militant and demand lots of meat, Slim—we've all gotter eat, Slim—we've all gotter live, Slim"—and he wiped away the tears and wrapped up a rosey ring of boloney—Remember it? And the sky clouded up again and it began to rain? And the old-heads all got the rheumatism—alas—that ain't all they got (the blow was a hard one) they got a notion in their heads that, in their old age, they can compete with the sheiks in the industries of our fair democracy . . . let us hope so, but we tremble . . . we tremble . . . we tremble . . . it can't be done. Don't withdraw your experience! If you do, it will "bounce" right back at you. Don't admit, or alibi, that you've been wrong all these years.

The berries are almost ripe.

Press wails that agricultural colleges are in need—of students. And proceeds to explain—why.

Now let me explain:

Farmer boys go to college only in "the draft age." (The slump in attendance was first noticed when the "dutchman" began shooting). They never returned to finish their course. And since then, in the absence of Reuben and Napoleon, it is necessary to keep Willie and Clarence "to home"—farm having been "adjusted"—to absorb the efforts of "several" people. And it seems (over there) if there was a farmer in the regiment, a bullet was sure to hit him (Wisconsin; Minnesota and North Dakota statistics).

What queer pranks bullets will play.

Ben Reitman says, "Figures may lie, but statistics never." He ought to know, he's got a lead pencil n'everything.

So, if you stay away from the harvest field the folks will think you're a crippled-soldier. Get a car . . . uh, huh. The granger will pay.