

T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

ODDS AND ENDS

The lumber industry has been repeatedly criticized as a backwoods industry — an industry that hasn't progressed as much as other industries (like the Godwill Industries and American Legion Funds Driving Industries, etc.)

It has been pointed out that the lumber workers are working for as low as \$50 a month in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, and that they don't know enough to join the I. W. W. and get \$85.

It's a damned lie, they are I. W. W.'s and are right now considering a strike for that sum of money—the lumber companies may as well make suitable arrangements now — and avoid the Christmas rush.

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Box cars, insidings and out-of-way places, are frequently bumped violently without consideration for the weary United States American that has retired therein. And, now it's getting to be so that it isn't safe to use a submarine for a "flop."—Capt. Heinen has cleared himself with the whitewashers of the szippelin.

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A. Brisbane almost has an heir-apparent over the \$2,000,000 J. G. Shedd promises to "supply" to build the world's largest aquarium in Chicago.

He contiques, feelingly: "Thus, all over United States, men who have worked hard all their lives . . . give back the money to people among whom they earned it."

What exquisite humor!

Worked hard?—Ha ha haw!

(Must be some mistake about that—I've worked hard all my life and I'm hanging onto every cent). All my life? Ha ha haw! Ho ho whoa! LIFE IS SHORT! Ha ha haw!

Men who have worked hard all their—~~all their lives~~—(great applause).

Say, Art, why don't you get a job and do your writing before breakfast, like I do. Further, dear Art, is J. G. Shedd going to give, supply or collect that \$2,000,000?—I'm dumb.

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"Is the return address on the envelope?" politely inquires the U. S. Postoffice. What a foolish question.—Of course it isn't.

I don't want that letter to come; I want it to go—not to arrive—but to depart. Please, oh please, understand me!

Whenever I cash a hundred dollar bill at the bank—that is, "change" it—that is, if I happen to have that much money with me—that is, if I haven't left my billfold in the port-manteau or on the portecullis—that is, —oh, you know—when I'm not flat—the banker always unloads upon me all the cracked and patched-up one dollar bills he can find.

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Samuel Rea, president of the Penna. R. R., retires under the company's pension regulation.

There! Who said railroads have no conscience!

T-b. S.