



## Turn to the Left

You—to the right:

There isn't much sense to the cry for the "doing away with the dangerous grade crossings," at this time. None whatever.

It would be decidedly most unreasonable to disfigure our Sheridan Roads by tunneling under those alleged railroad crossings—Just for the sake of a few months the railways have left to run.

At one time it may have been highly appropriate to lower our highways in honor of the rails. But that time, egad—is past. It would be a shame to countersink the glorious "sight" of Lincoln highway wending its smooth and level way across the twin streaks of rust and scrap iron—yes 'twould.

Imagine those thoughtless critters depressing the velvet-purple of the Jesse James rollway and the shiney giltlike Gen. Custer trail.

Conjure up the scene of foul hands being laid on pick and shovel to make an "open pit" of the beautiful Benedict Arnold Ave. No "sunken road of Cain," for me. Won't have it!

No sense at all—lest they figure on filling up the holes just as soon as the railroads are successful in busting themselves. Besides, what would they do with all the dirt? pile it in rings and make cellars?

As I was saying, it will be only a few weeks to the time when railroads will cease to exist and exhaust—why, only the other day I saw a cow climb on the track and gaze inquiringly down the track wondering why it wasn't getting its customary shower of cinders.

That is why I am convinced that it is too late to remedy the railways' malady—management—and, with reason, too, for when the lower animals take cognizance of a condition it is time for us immortals to scratch our ear.

Ever since I can remember, the travelling publicans have received no consideration at the feet of the railroads. They have been packed and huddled double up doubled-up and squeezed in seats 3 inches too narrow, 4 inches too short—even with one passenger in a coach, he was crowded . . . He absolutely could not squirm into a comfortable position except by hanging his feet "out the window."

Yet, the roads were too tender hearted to torture the fare-payer too severely. So they turned him over to a sleeping car company with the result that before he regained his reason, the next day, he was an owner of a commodious Ford.

The railroads didn't have the guts either to furnish wholesome food or charge triple prices for 1-3 sandwiches—so, in that case, travellers got no consideration good or ill and many of them bought \$12 grips—to carry lunches in—and posed as drummers; even a few smutty yarns. Naturally the travellers took to riding Fords, ice-boxes and puddle-jumpers.

—o—

Upon one occasion I was mistaken for a railroad man, on account of my intelligent aspect and do you know the railway eating house charged me less, that way. What would you call that? Would you call that Rebait? Is that making pie of one and pickle of another? *I pass.*

The railroads built houses for their section bosses; then built a shack along side of each house—a dwelling for the crew—So as to impress the "King Snipe" with the glories of his manse—and, then, constructed a pig-pen as a contrast to the shack.

Consideration—as full of it as my empty snuff box.

I have here cheerfully related instances that indicate the trend of the railways heralded superior management—and its result, partial and probable. . . . Although it is too late to regain the "public's" confidence, the railroads need not be entirely without hope—they will now and again get a passenger whenever a former victim gets the cushion cramps worked out of his legs.

Turn to the left!—(T-Bone Slim).

P. S.—At first I thought that the sign Railroad Crossing is "the name of the town"—how dumb I am—later I found out that it was put up as mark to distinguish the railroad from an ordinary cow lane.

—o—

According to Escanaba Press, in Michigan intends to carry the Wisconsin boundary "dispute" to the supreme court. The danger that Wisconsin will give Hurley to the Upper Peninsula has not yet passed.

What with Escanaba, Ontonagon and Watersmeet, Michigan has troubles enough of her own.

This, too, just as Wisconsin goes on butter diet and turns its face on Holy-o-margarine.

Its doubtful if Hurley could bring herself to countenance genuine butter.

Pass the butter. "Henry" Detroit in 1923 decided "eating" is not a No. 1 problem. Service comes first—uh huh, right after dinner. . . .

Consider meals, but do not confuse meals mealtimes; mathematics show that meals can be distinguished from mealtimes by the simple expedient of calculus (count them on your fingers)—it will be found that mealtimes outnumber the meals.