



## BAD ETIQUETTE

In the good old days when the farmers in the Shredded Wheat belt had "Larned" (Kansas) to pay \$6 per day, a farmer espied my manly form among the hundreds of harvest workers and approached me:

"Fine weather," he observed, touchingly. "It is," I agreed noncommittant-like. Then he lifted his *eyebrowns* and inquired how I would like to take advantage of this fine weather and help him to do some work (threshing) on his beautiful estate.

"Nothing could be fairer," exclaims I heartily, "in fact," says I, "I'm farily itching to go out and perform glorious deeds at the end of a pitchfork. Certainly I'll go out—for \$7 a day."

He walked away. My jaw dropped—but, thanks God—my wages didn't!

Pretty soon (24 minutes) the farmer came back.

"Well, you going out," he smiles snake-like. You see, I knew he would come back—he could no more stay away from me than a murderer from the scene of his crime—me sitting there with my sides fairly welling with muscle; efficiency fairly sticking out all over me—in fact, I'm so rampageous a worker that I feel guilty if I don't get a dollar more than the others—guilty on two counts—I feel that I'm giving too much and he's getting too much; and he's giving too little and I'm getting too little—so, if a farmer wants to use my terrific powers of production he's simply got to come prepared to bid for it.

That's why I took that stand.

Certainly, I'll go out for \$7 a day and prayers with the meals—before or after—five times a day with the understanding that if prayers are given both before and after meals there shall be ten prayers a day, at least—and the usual, "now, or me'ow I lay me down to sleep. . . ." The farmer was uneasy—his mind wouldn't stay on the subject.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," sez he, "I'll GIVE you the SEVEN DOLLARS—if you will agree to do as much work as the others."

Nothing doing! I'll agree to no such a thing! Imagine him, a big burly four feet wide and two yards long, misdoubting my output! No sir, I'll agree to do no such a thing—but, I'll tell you what I will do—I'll guarantee to do as much as you.

"Fair enough," shouts the farmer, slapping me on my sunburnt shoulder. He saw the point!

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In 1895 locomotives hauled 6 cars up hill, 15 cars on level and threw terrific clouds of smoke and cinders. . . . Wages blocked.

In 1900 they hauled 30 cars on "level"—business increased so much that less than one-half the traincrews took jobs in phonograph foundries. . . . Wages flagged.

In 1920 locomotives hauled 60 cars. Business having picked up, necessitating additional trainmen—half of these, now, headed for Detroit, on the strength of their Brotherhood, having heard of the horseless FORD . . . . Wages swung Down.

In 1915 they hauled only 75 cars, twice as big. Business is good. Half of traincrews are considering taking part in the World War, then beginning to attract attention—some among them seem to favor the airship industry as the surest way of ending their trouble. . . . Wages still in the hole. So, too, are the men!

In 1920 locomotives hauled 90 cars—getting right close to tonnage. Again half of the increased crews, after consulting the MISSUS in regards the available supply of onions and "Pittsburg lump," accepted positions in the radio industry—and prohibition industry. . . . Wages still on the siding.

In 1925, 120 cars. Some think the limit has been "attained;" that if we have longer trains, we'll have to have a wider country.

Not so at all, at all—why, right now, they can triple the tonnage of a train without stretching the train one inch. They also can triple the length without busting a knuckle.

Right now the trains are long and far apart—almost pays to lay a new road for every train. I know not how the crews manage to live—on so few trains!

Something should be done. This condition works a terrible hardship on people—especially hard on the hoboes that wish to travel and have no Oldsmobile.

Thirty years ago the train crews were made up as follows: Greaser, Flagman, Brakeman, Assistant Brakeman, Conductor, Fireman and Engineer, a total of seven men. Today, with trains 30 times as heavy and three times as long; there is only five men to a crew—safety first!

And wages still are still on the blind-siding.

P. S.—Beg your pardon. Cars are now over 40 feet long instead of less than 30 feet. That makes the present day 90-car train FOUR times as long as the 30-card train of 30 years ago—my mistake! I ain't as young as I used to be!

What a subject for a song. Boy! Page Irving Berlin.

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## THE GREEN MONSTER

When you see a fellow worker step up to the boss and talk to him LIKE A MAN, ain't you just a little bit jealous of him? Do you not wish that you, too, could stand on your legs and be sure of your ground. Do you not wish that you could step up and back him up instead of hesitating and stepping back that one little half a step that gives the boss so much courage?

I agree with you. You are jealous of him.

You wish you were as manly as he is.

I agree with you—but I'm surprised and

deeply touched!