



A Restaurant Is No Stronger Than Its Weakest Coffee

The harvest workers on the Wheat Line are complaining "the hot-cakes are no bigger than a silver dollar." If this be true, it is additional proof that the circumference of the dollar is too small—

It has always been my contention that the dollar should be limited only by the size of pocket—a squeezing fit—then it couldn't fall through the holes!

Let the skinning game proceed.

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Yesterday, while eating I had the misfortune to spill half of my potatoes on the floor. You see, I had them balanced on a fork instead of "bayoneted." A sudden jar, from weakness, and lo, the house-dog (leaping nine feet and four inches) had them gobbled up before I could rescue them.

Poor dog!

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The Wheat-Line belongs to the I. W. W.

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I take pleasure in informing the discouraged members that I, T-bone Slim, am the inventor of that great doctrine "What's The Use"—and the Heartfelt SIGH that goes along with it. I invented it from my own head and intended it for my own use—and I defy any man to use it as something original of theirs. I'm going to have it copyrighted just as soon as the payroll begins to erupt.

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I care not who makes the nation's laws, but let the Frenchman cook the coffee!

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What did you scare that dog for and make him drop that bone—he probably worked two hours this morning to find it?

"Cowardly dog—oh well, he couldn't get anything out of that bone—its bare."

True. But its a right, and a habit for a dog to gather property.

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A harvest worker mourns the expenditure of \$80 (so far) and opines that he'll have to look at a hole-card quite a few times before he regains his former glory. I sure believe it!

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"HALF FARE RATES GRANTED FOR LEGION CONVENTION"

Good Lord, has it come to this? A "12-year" limit! Twelve? Garsh! and likewise Oddsplush! I thought all along that it was only the intelligence-test that registered 12 and less!

Editor, may I swear—may I?

Just once, editor—that's a good fellow.

C'Kin-eye?

Thanks.

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The crops in North Dakota are—shall I say it—NO GOOD.

Jackrabbits will ketch hell this fall. Fishermen: consider well before you throw the small bullheads back.

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Notice to the Public

Methinks there is too darn much of this "Notice to the Public." Every place I go the depot is plastered with placards "Notice to the Public." Look! Listen! Learn! — Just like that.

What do they think we are, a bunch of school kids? For Heaven's sake, why don't they address us properly, sirs and sisters, misters and hers? Why?

There's a traffic department notice.

There's a freight tariff notice.

A motion picture film notice.

Notice! Notice!! Notice!!!

Notice to the public, Baggage service.

Notice to the Public, Safeguard Your

Baggage.

Notice to Public, Transportation of Dogs

in Baggage Cars.

Public Notice!

Notice!—Notice!—All kinds of 'em. Some

of 'em framed.

I noticed 'em!

And I noticed that there was no fire in

the stove so I wondered why they hadn't put

up a notice to that effect.

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Into the Gloom

The old gentleman himself, our heavenly Hughie, sat on the golden fence surrounding the palace of re-inforced jasper. He was kidding St. Pete about a big pickerel Pete was supposed to have caught in the sea of Galilea—"Well," sez he, looking at his twenty-three jeweled Bum-Special and changing the subject, "it's purtty near time to turn on daylight for the world—it's now quarter of 6 a. m. and as you know, Pete, it's purty dark down there—sometimes"—shading his eyes, he started down into the gloom. "Holy Mackerel! he ejaculated, "Quick, Peter, switch on the sun; Gabriel blow the horn—let the dead arise to witness—there goes Foster and Latimer's crew out to work—blow your horn, Gabriel, blow your horn, I say . . ."

Unfortunately, Gabe's horn was busted—kids had been playing with it—Gabe says it will take a thousand years to fix it, at rate of speed the mechanics work "up here." You'd almost think they were here for an eternal rest instead of "eternal life." My,

but he was peeved!