



JOHN'S DOLLAR

The farmer's dollar is now worth 78 cents—depending upon where he spends it—but John, unfortunately, ain't got the dollar. He says so himself. He ought to know.

So John's dollar (if he has one) is worth 78 cents. That's better.

We'll take his word for it, *he hasn't got it*, and we'll recall that when we pointed out to him that his butter has jumped from 14 cents in 1895 to 76 cents in 1925 that he threw up his hands in stark dismay and protested, "I ain't getting it."

Mebbe he ain't.

However, that ain't the question. The question is WHY ain't he getting it? Darn these apologies, anyway!

I ain't getting it?

Now, according to my way of thinking, he should have got it and, consequently, he's "guilty" because the 76 cents certainly was got. We ain't got it.

There seems to be a mystery about that 76 cents. We should have it—the farmer didn't get it, but should have (he's out a pound of butter) and we're out 76 cents.

I think we better go no further in this matter and return to the question: "Why didn't the farmer get the 76 cents?"

Do I have to answer this question?

He Didn't Get It Because He's An Un-

organized Farmer.

Kind Reader: Feel in your pocket for that 76 cents, and, if it isn't there, go and have your soul fumigated.

P. S.—Our author has not time to finish this article because he's busy inventing a new device for handling unsanitary money. I don't mind saying that my invention will take the form of pliers or tongs and rubber gloves and will be very antiseptic in every direction.

There's a crying need for this invention because it is now established that lumber-jacks have a habit of dropping great fortunes down their drawer leg re the fine ladies get a chance to kiss the bills good bye for a bob that looks like the straggling end of a retreating sheep.

At first our author was going to request that all money be made of steel and that a magnet be used for transporting it from place to place, but being prejudiced against pickpockets he had to give up that idea.

Patience, gentlemen—and, in the meantime use your toenail scissors in picking up funds—our author will succeed. We are determined. For what would be the sense of having individual drinking cups if we must *dirty our fingers with filthy lucre?*

This condition shall not prevail. Our fingers must remain clean—else—how can we pick our nose? Am thinking of inventing a scraper for that purpose!

Patience!

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"Why do wages in the harvest field go up every time it rains?"

We will have to consult our intellect for an answer to that problem. It isn't a question that can be answered from the wealth of our knowledge because the problem being new, our varied, and harrowing experiences has recorded no rule that applies to that phenomena.

There! I hope I'm plain—that is a way I have in making "heap big talk" without saying anything.

We are now in touch with our intellect and it says, "Slim, contrary to the general belief that wages jump-up in rainy weather trying to keep its feet dry, we find that wages go up because farmers board their men in town during the rainy spell—the men pay their own board—and, since the town board is of a higher quality and of fancier figure the men feel that the farmer would be offended if not allowed to pay for that excellent board, indirectly, in the form of higher pay. Am I plain?"

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Threshing hands, as well as the harvest help, are hired according to the size of the foot, nowadays. The rubber tramp sits in his Chewterbacker Six and places his foot against the windshield where the farmers can see it as they pass along in single file—line forms at the right.

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The human family is composed of two parts: rable and Honorable.

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The first fruiterers were Adam and Eve.

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SPIRITUALISM:

Contrary to general doctrine, I am now in a position to say spirits don't "rap," or "knock"—they ring.

Some people mistake the ringing for catarrh and argue that spirits whistle . . . sounds reasonable . . . but, as an experienced medium and sensitive recorder of spiritualist phenomena, I can assure the anxious public that the spirit world has no traffic officers or steam boilers (despite the far-reaching opinion about hot air). The spirits, when they wish to address anybody, always "ring up the party" in an up-to-date manner instead of whistling like a man would to a dog or thresher. . . . Undoubtedly spirits exist—else how can we account for Johannes Barleycorn—spirit of food?

We have evidence on all hand, from men who have seen spirits—pink ones, blue ones, speckled—and held communion with them—and were chased by them—spirits! I'll say so—I've seen 'em myself!