

GION BONE-YARD

By T-BONE SLIM

Bright Sayings of Children

A railroad man's two-year-old, not feeling equal to making a speech, fell down a flight of stairs . . . and still had "nothing to say." Wonderful.

(Probably takes after his mother).

The "old man" himself finds plenty of "inspiration" even in the slightest occurrences—such as stale coffee in R. R. eating house or break-in-two of a small train of 175 cars—a very commonplace occurrence. Engineer Savage turned bright red-headed just in one night.

Great Northern needs heavier couplers or lighter "yardmasters."

Saying not so bright.

"Nan Paterson" hats have made their appearance in Duluth . . . on the heads of young men.

Our author, though he would concede that long may they wear, opines that on or about December 21st those hats will come down off the perch and relinquish their seats to the lowly Scotch cap. . . . Logger, toss your eye over that fact and don't go around telling that I didn't say so.

Over in Hansboro, N. D., when the rubber tramps made their appearance, one morning 6:30 A. M., in their MAD, cross country race for the gold fields of grain at St. John, N. D., the wages dropped from 50 cents per hour to \$4.50 per 12 hours.

Great credit is due the farmers for this noble act—they knew those "birds" were not "used to" big money, so they voluntarily lowered the rate. (Can't please everybody, so, naturally, it will be found, many took exceptions. . . . I hope the lumber companies will not be compelled to adjust the wages to suit these same desperate workers fleeing starvation, on wheels — I wonder, could they be organized.

I think so. Of course they can.

Nothing has happened, except the harvest labor shedding its skin.

Behold the new-skinned harvester thoroughly sophisticated — already versed in misery and introduced to box-cars!

Next year?

We have a habit of saying "Summoned by Death"—when we mean Discarded (scrapped) by Life). — (Thanks).

Excuse me: Death doesn't summon—death is dead.

Life does all the summoning in my neighborhood. (Thank you again).

"Germany now has a large surplus of women between the ages of 18 and 45."

We too have a large surplus, but they're all bathing beauties.

"Eleven policewomen of the Washington, D. C., police force resigned recently to be married."

Job probably too tame.

"Miss Helen Barnaby, aged 19 years, of North Danville, N. H., recently defeated 11 men in a hay mowing contest."

I'll bet the same Helen could defeat the same 11 men at the supper table—in a corn beef and cabbage contest.

A harvest hand, with an eye for business arrived in North Dakota—Langdon is in North Dakota—a few years ago with thirty cents in his pocket. He invested the whole sum in hamburger steak and started a restaurant—don't know where he got the biscuits.

A man came in and wanted donuts and coffee.

"Sorry, just now sold the last donut in the house, but we have fine hamburger sandwiches. . . ."

That's how it started—the coffee he had in his pocket when he came.

When he went away a few weeks later he had \$1,500.

That's how it ended.

Ended because wealth is hard to take. The first \$1,000 is hardest.

But, after practicing on \$10,000 and \$100,000, "a million" is relatively easy—and by and by \$1,000,000,000 goes down without a sign of distress.

"Despite the fact that footbinding has been condemned by the Chinese Government, 85 per cent of the women have small feet."

Although I have unbounding faith in bandageless pedals, I believe quicker results could be had by transplanting some of our "finest" traffic cops in the "Heavenly Kingdom."