



## BEGGING THE QUESTION

BUENOS AYRES.—A beggar on the streets of this capital can make \$1.25 in an hour. An unskilled laborer draws about \$2 for eight hours work. (play.) Board costs almost/nothing (hospitality).

Unfortunately, like Oscar Wildcat said, "the hours seem like years—and years worse than that."

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N. Y. American says: "Judges in all courts are shamefully underpaid."

I'm surprised!

The judges that I've met, if they get a cent are subsidized beyond all dreams of avarice. "American" carelessly omits to mention the size of their pay—not that we care a hoot.

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### THREE THIRDS

Some time ago we were startled beyond expression over the safety of our country because it came to our ears the landlords are in favor of chopping the year into thirteen months.

THIRTEEN! Can you IMAGINE!

I rushed to the nearest blind pig and told the Pig, "I don't care what becomes of me now; give me a coca-cola."

"What's the matter?" inquires the Pig.

"Matter? Don't you know they're going to make us pay rent for thirteen months a year! Fill 'er up again."

"Oh dats noddin'," laughs the Pig, heartily; "work py der month; I'll trust you till day pay."

"Yes, that's all right; but how about the thirteen—I'd rather pay rent for fourteen months."

A great light came over the Pig; his eyes began to curdle prettily; all color left his school-boy complexion, and with one mighty yell he clutched at his heart and fell dead.

I got way—

As I was going to say, speaking about figures and time and relationship between employe and employer—in view of the various efforts to "reform" existing arrangements: How about putting into practice the great natural law of one third time to work, one third time to pitch horse shoes, and one third time to "hit the hay," hey?—Breakfast and supper time to be reduced from work time, hey?

The boss of course will try to tell you that instead of wasting time tossing horse shoes, (heavy things) you ought to spend it pitching rivets.

Thell with that noise, hey?

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The other day one of Neuvo Yorrick's greatest papers (nothing much, but greater than nothing at all, nevertheless) printed Tyrus Cobb's picture marked Herb Pennock, and Pennock's picture labelled Ty Cobb.

Nobody suspected the substitution.

Such is fame. Such is interesteaneer. Such is memorie—

Now, I would suggest to ye papers that when short of a Chinese "generals" picture don't go over to Chinatown and snap a laundryman—just print Wayne B. Wheeler's picture, once more.

Nobody'll know the difference.

Ditto: E. W. Latchem called it "One Bib Union" o' Bosses—a full dress affair, likely—

Sucklings, 'stead o' parasites, eh!