



NEW LEADERSHIP IS URGED FOR INDUSTRY

"Plea for a new leadership in industry was made by Sam A. Lewisohn, vice-president of the Miami Copper Company, at the annual dinner of the League for Industrial Democracy at the Fifth Avenue Restaurant last night.

Mr. Lewisohn suggested as a means to a broader spirited leadership a more adequate training in public schools."

What do you know about that?

Guess that's rubbing it in!

(Remember how we used to hate to go to school?)

Aside from that, I think it an outrage to insinuate that our industrial leaders should know something or go back to their lessons.

What with Forbes and Hinman telling 'em where to get off at!

Fie!!

Only today I gave two shivering boys playing hooky a handful of matches so they could start a fire to keep warm till school lets out.

If they burn up the town, it will go hard with me but I'm entirely willing to become a martyr for a good cause. I shall tell his honor that altho I've made mistakes in my life I'm perfectly satisfied with the operations of my noodle.

"What do you mean by noodle?"

I'm glad you ask me, judge, it goes to show the court hasn't studied his dictionary and that knowledge is knowledge no matter where found.

I see two boys, precious darlings caught tween the horns of a dilemma and winter and gradually perishing of frost, am I gonna stand there squeezing a mit full of matches.

I should say not! Bring on the executioner — I die like a true patriot.

* * *

"Russia to sell Czarist Crowns." — I wonder if there's any chance to buy his shoes — I d' like to get a pair of 'em — mine are dropping off.

* * *

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Our life has become so pure and holy, 99 37/100 per cent, that we have nothing to swear off. We can't swear off drinking, the country is dry. Hold on there, if you think I'm gonna enumerate all my failings, sins and vices you better swear off "thinking."

As I said before, I have nothing to swear off — so, I'm thinking I better swear on a few faults, flaws, flounces, frowns and folly.

New Year without swearing is only a continuation of the old, damn it. Having nothing to swear off. I'll swear something on — so, if you hear "So help me God" in my neighborhood, you may rest assured that T-bone Slim is turning over a new leaf—backward.

Stationary he will not remain!

* * *

The reason men don't rise in this world is because—because someone is standing on their neck.

Those availing themselves of that standing-room should, as a matter of fellow-feeling, use rubber heels. Note: Above pasteurized picture is the birthplace of the word "sore-head."

* * *

Drama:

The boy stood on the burning deck,
His neck as white as snow
And everywhere the vessel went
The neck was sure to go.
No. That went do.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
His feet as cold as ice,
And washed his dirty little neck —
Now ain't that awful nice!

Above immortal words are about as dramatic as the situation of a serious gentleman picking breakfast real-estate from his eyes and rumbling "good morning". The same to you, sir, the same to you.

* * *

Me too, Carl—we regret to announce there was no Sandy Claws.

Almanac's all we got—unless we keep the five-spot we borrowed.

* * *

The most famous man in U. S. is not Coolidge, Ourself, Ford, Fall or Cobb. Indeed no.

His name is Volstead—no need of me telling you; everybody knows it. I don't know his first name—why, I don't even know has he got one . . .

In this he is like Borah and Hoover—although at times Hoover is touchingly referred to as "Herbie".