



"ERSKINE TAKES THE CAKE"

The New York American prints the picture of "the 300-pound cake" between Chief Pastry Cook Laird and the president of the Studebaker Corporation. They stand 2½ feet apart and the cake reaches from hips to shoulder, in pyramid fashion, a matter of 2 feet and 4 inches high.

Now, be it far from me to insinuate that the "American" is a liar about the weight of that cake, I much prefer to think a typographical error has caused an extra cipher to creep into the figures to keep company with the goose-eggs—that the cake weighed 30 pounds—either that or the cake held slugs—. I hardly know what to think, but I do know if the cake really weighed 300 pounds I better eat crackers.

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(Automobile) "Makers Listen to Salesman" speaking.

Quite properly.

I contend that if anybody the makers should be given first chance, always, to find out something about their CARS—else how in the world can they realize the full significance of their glorious 'chievement?

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T-Bone Slim, tho a fool for punishment, was injured today while he had his head in Bugs Baer's grouch bag; when he noticed the architects of the 'sgracefpl sheet had omitted the best part of Senor Baer's message—his picture (Neat, eh, Buggs?)

Should the Industrial Worker omit my picture just once, I fear the worst—my lopsided heart wouldn't stand the jar.

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All my chores done, I just sit and wonder. I wonder if the oil interests in Mexico are using the Roman Faith to blast wells? If so, the gain for the church will not be lasting—never lasting everlasting. Typothetical Question: Was Mexico going after a can of kerosene and did the church get in amongst Mexico's feet and "got stepped on," or did Mexico attack the Church and got hit over the head with the oil-can?

Which came first?

I wonder!

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Brisbane throws a few broad hints in favor of vaccination. Well and good, Art, WE IS WILLING—provided the doctors are vaccinated first—all of 'em.

We firmly believe, without apparent reason, that un-vaccinated doctors are the cause of periodic epidemics of small-pox.

Let them all be vaccinated first—even if we have to hold their heads. Then, when our doubts are laid to rest, we will bare our arm and "innoculate" the lifegiving qualities of Cow-pox. Otherwise we refuse to be milked.

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Scientists inform us gravely that the sea floor of the Atlantic is gradually rising.

Now you see what prohibition does!

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Doctors have discovered a way to make diabetes—virus—and, papers say, "that leaves an opening for finding a cure for the disease" — So it does, so it does—but why bother about the cure, s'long's they can hand us the disease?

I would respectfully submit that the discovery of the virus leaves an opening to our pocketbook.

Isn'tit strange the way doctors work! First they learn how to give you a disease, then they "peer" into an "opening" far away to cure it. Long and longingly they gaze into the aperature for the elusive apparition of remedy.

O' who's got a piece of rope!

* * *

But one there was,

Whose feet were sore

And couldn't run for help—

Who peeled off all the clothes he wore

And saved the sassy whelp.

IL ENNUI: While saving "de che-ild" someone stole his coat and shoes.

MORAL: Never take off weight when entering de aqua-infirma.

—T-B-S.