



STRUGGLE DOWN THE PAGE

Caught short.

The Mexican revolution was a gott-send to American newspapers—they had almost nothing else to lie about.

See where Calvin's gonna write for N. Y. American—it develops, then, that he's a writer.

Had I known that our last president was a writer, I wouldn't of slept a wink during his incumbency—I thought all along his only weakness was that of being a Jockey to "ellum hosses."

I hope president Hoover don't know how to write—or read, for that matter—but I s'pose he'll blossom out as a sculptor, cherubim or sporano before he gets out of the public eye.

When a public servant says "I'm gonna follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor," don't take it to heart.

That is a form of hokey they must gargle no matter how the predecessor's shoes are befouled.

If anything a working man is inclined to be too vivacious—a little more dignity would help a lot.

Fawning is a poor substitute for "earnesty."

Time changes things and "dings"—but the change is not always satisfactory. Better make the changes personally and live happy ever after—wotever you're after.

Grammar lesson: (free) It is not proper to say "I don't know how near right I am?"—you wouldn't say I don't know how near wrong I am, wouldcha?

That settles that—the figures (statistics) are "right" there.

Tis "okso" a question which is the better word, pretty or purty—my support goes to purty (it sounds less like an explosion).

Tammany is pawing over an assortment of heads in fond hopes of selecting one for itself—the record, as reported by the daily press, sounds like an Irish election.

What's the matter with the Jews—an "inspection of heads" in full progress and not a Roman nose in the showcase? Are they one of the backward nations? It's high time Tammany start yoddlng "sidewalks of New York" in yiddish.

Anent the passing of rights, liberties, freedom and etcetera, may I bravely submit the following "episode"—to sustain the no longer tenable theories of our proficient optimists—and to, for the time being, assuage all doubts and revivify the inherent faith of man in registering a series defeats by saying "All is not yet lost."

A couple of "bohunks", as the parasites call them, worked long and faithfully for the Lehigh Valley R. R., and when the time came for them to go into Jersey City to get their horn scraped, as they say at Walla Walla, they felt as all men would feel that so long as the Lehigh was going into Jersey City it could square itself by offering them a lift . . .

Upon application, a thirty cent pool-sport, a representative of the great "BLACK DIAMOND," Lehigh, gave both workmen the following certificate:

"This is to certify the bearer is entitled to walk to Jersey City."

I had quite a time to translate the word "walk," but finally they understood—when I suggested that a train goes "around 1 o'clock," and gets there quicker than the bus or street car, they gave me a dirty look and headed for a blindpig.

The above proves that we still retain the right to walk to Jersey City—as to any other towns, I have no data. No doubt, those two men, (one of them with a suitcase) eventually used a street car (30 miles) to arrive at their beloved Jersey City.

Not me!

I would have walked.

Along the Lehigh tracks.

And I would have made careful note of all the low joints, rotten ties and locations of all unrotted ties piled along the right-of-way waiting for mortification to set in—and when I got thru the Lehigh would rediscover her hospitality.