



LOOKING THINGS OVER

The greatest laugh in this country is the cry "our communists are imported from Russia."

Poppycock!

Russia isn't shipping out any communists, she needs all she's got; in fact she's in the market for more—caviar is what she exports—and anthracite.

I'm reminded in this connection of a motto I beheld in a "gentlemen's rest room"—in Texas longhorn country: "step up close; don't kid yourself."

Uncle Samuel may as well quit kidding himself and herald it to the world at large that he's the father of those "commies"; they're his children, his very own, strictly home-made and that they'll outgrow their foaming propensities.

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Jim Reed, ex-senator, possibility for something or t'other, goes to Europe—

To be perfumed, fumigated or merely fumed—the papers don't say.

The same trip has been taken by Hiram Johnson and several others in the past, with compelling results. Why not have the job done right here?

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Spanish-American war veterans exchanged a 1½ billion dollar war for 9 billion dollars worth of real-estate—now they are to be denied a few million dollars hero-bait. It can hardly be said the brave boys are on a percentage basis—50-50 they do not expect.

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"When in Rome do as the Romans do." Uncle Sam, the United States, thru its government, should now start in the bootleg industry and put those petty bootseise out of business—make it unanimous.

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"The exxemthraorthie myxxxigger of the Linotype" failed to function for a while this week."—Rexford News.

Was he drunk, again?

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Big Business tries to "Hornswoggle" the kids: Ottawa, Kan.—Bounty on crow's eggs is one cent each; crows' head brings ten cents. Some of the county's enterprising youngsters, with an eye to business, have been incubating crows' eggs and collecting the extra nine cents—all that extra labor.

O, when will governments learn to pay fair wages?

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It is said that men get cross,
Their temper fairly bristles,
When they miss their daily sauce
And due "layout" of gristles?

Then, again, those burly men
Those selfsame hungry "bandits"
Sing as sweet as any wren
On just a hot-beef sandwich.

Here, again, we need some light,
To chase away our quandries—
Jack Dempsey hasn't won a fight
Since patronizing laundries.

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Pay no attention to my ravings its merely a way I have of saving the lives of the parasites—ungrateful rogues they are. I don't want to see them killed—I'd rather see them nursing a ball and chain across

the landscape—and were I not to write these cheerful items from time to time the good people would lose their minds and the carnage would be terrific—something I can't bear. This other way we can hope they will maintain their well known equanimity and dress the parasites in hobbles, or tether them out in the pastures.

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A fellow worker here tells me evolution is revolution with inflammatory rheumatism in both hips. As to that I cannot say, it being a delicate laboratory question requiring much experimental work, I would rather view evolution as an armless man with a seven-year itch—not a hopeless condition, for did they not erect scratching posts in Scotland in the grim past, for the convenience of the travelers, mile or so apart. And did not many a wayfarer heave a sigh of relief and murmur: "God Bless the Duke of Argyle!"

Thus, you see, evolution can stop every mile or so and scratch, even the armless, at each post or any one post for seven years—or duration of the itch.

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ELLIS, Kan.—A bunch of scissors here got a job from a farmer at \$5 a day, in a header barge; another bunch of scissors caught the farmer in town next day and talked him into firing the \$5 men and took the job for \$4—doesn't look good, does it?

Well, that's how it looks in print.

Why not organize?

Had this bunch of men been organized the five dollar men would not have lost their job and the others would not have had to work for one dollar less—organization is a matter of dollars and cents, the difference between money and poverty.