



IT DO SEEM SO—

"No man is wiser for his learning. Wit and wisdom are born with a man."—Seldon.
Oh what a bitter pill, Mr. Seldon!

A scissorbill packs his head with learning, only to find himself a scissorbill still!
Oh what a wallop! Mercy! Help! Police!!

I cannot agree with Mr. Seldon right off the bat on that proposition because of the accepted interpretation given to wit and wisdom in the late years.

But then, again, once we admit that environment is a factor in learning we must conclude the present day wise heads learnt to live without labor right on their mother's breast and are following that line of endeavor throughout their life.

I don't know what this country is coming to—what with Heywood Broun running for congress and Henrik L. Mencken getting married—but its going to be something terrible, TERRIBLE. Will Rogers had better make no bones about it but announce his forthcoming suicide right away.

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What this country needs is more rowboats for the kids to steal—as I understand it there is an unwritten law that gives them inalienable rights to haul off with any man's rowboat that suits their purpose.

And, unless I'm mistaken, they also have certain constitutional privileges in that direction, too.

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I've been counting noses.

There are 36,000,000 unorganized men in good ol' U. S. A.—

Inside of five years they will be either in the poorhouse or palace.

If they choose to remain unorganized, they will be served eggs once a year, by the county, on easter morn.

It may be, a lot of organized men will be keeping them company, reading Brewsters Millions and True Confessions and telling the unorganized all about Karl Marx and Professor Deepskin—I can actually see some of the shy-rebel chins rattling in the wind, with the egg of last year's feast still upon them.

But should the 36,000,000 choose to organize they will . . . I cannot tell that—leadpencils costing what they do, and me a great whittler.

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It would do Jim Hill's heart good, up in heaven, could he but see his old firemen (Big G) trying to keep the "hot-shots" warm on sand and gravel—and to think, coal miners are starving.

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Native sons at last are getting "a break." The other day I was sorely in need of a job to get the kinks out of my muscles. I made judicious inquiries in that direction and rolled up my sleeves for all the world to see . . .

"Do you live around here?" inquires the employer, beaming all over, his eye glued to my bulging muscles.

Like a damned fool I blurted out, "No." (I should have invited him up to the house to meet the missus.)

"I'm awful, awful sorry," he assured me, "we are hiring only home grown talent."

My jaw drops.

Damnit, I had to walk out, way out, to the cemetery and read the headlines till I found a name that had been dead just about long enough to fit me.

When I came back I was a different man. A farmer hired me right away and said he was well acquainted with my folks—what he didn't know I told him.

I tell you a little walk like that benefits not only the health but financial standing. Even if it is to the graveyard.

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The poor, poor Belgians!—around Marshall, Minn.

The Belgian farmers around Marshall are, to quote an eyewitness, "trying to put this country (cottonwood) on the bum."

They are trying to hire AMERICAN CITIZENS for \$1.50, \$2.50, anything, little or nothing. (Hoover, give a look.)

The Lord Almighty, grieved and disgusted, sent a big wind down that way last sabbath and blew off roofs, chicken-coops—even the poor innocent Great Northern R. R. lost a few box cars and has sent tracers after them—and piled most all the shacks into ditches.

I tell you sinfulness doesn't pay—Me, a virtuous man? Why, I never even woke up.

The Lord ain't gonna stand for monkeying around with those wages too much . . . I most earnestly beg the Belgians to mend their ways, regret their sins and ask forgiveness—not all of them are sinful of course; it can be seen from the fact that the Lord kept the wind south of Marshall as much as possible—they were the boys he was after—they better reform right now or dig into cyclone cellars! Tracy and Ivanhoe are already busy with their Psalms and Prayers Books and offer \$4 a day and five meals.

Those people are truly good Christians.

This idea of cutting the harvesters' wages and then praying for a shower to save the corn crop looks like too darn much hoggishness in the eyes of the Lord and his answer may have a very high velocity—or he may take a notion to send a dry shower.

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Farmers are determined to give away their crop this year as usual—and there is no way to stop them it seems. Stubborn gentlemen! This is no heresay, I've seen them hauling it into town with my own eyes and heard them make the presentation speech with my own ears—they are simply

determined to get the crop off their hands—and in the face of a rising market, too, darn it.

Last week the market rose 5 points, this week it will rise 3, 4 points, next week it will rise 5 points and so on until, say, September 20—in spite of all those presents. Because why?

Because of an underconsumption (National Fast) that looks like an over-production (National Dementia.)

Ho hum.

Mr. Legge, of the farm board, has been legging it thru the farm states and estates, tears streaming down his ample chest, his Adam's apple revolving like a "universal joint", begging, pleading with the farmers not to donate any more to those well-to-do corporations—all to no avail.

No more than Legge would get thru talking and dry his tears with his shirt-sleeve the farmer would shovel 140 bu. into a Dodge speed wagon and off to town he would go to subscribe his bit to the happiness of the grain speculators.

I said "there is no way to stop him it seems."

I meant it.

It seems so—only seems.

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Farmers are asking harvest hands to donate their services to this noble cause; that of enriching a few millionaires and providing mosaic and mezzanine floors for the new skyscrapers in New York City. Well sir, in view of that fact, the harvest hands are justified in refusing to "chip in" any part of their wages for that purpose and further they are justified in refusing to perform any of that work that makes it possible for John to scatter seeds of sunshine like a steamed-up seaman on shore leave.

Furthermore if the harvesthands do not thresh the wheat John cannot give it away it seems.

It does seem so.

Speculators are foxy. They don't want any present with work attached, and I don't blame them for threshing in 100 to 200 degrees of "Fair" and "Heat" is nothing like bouncing a baby bathing beauty on your knee in the sequestered seclusion of a private yacht.

Thank you.