

THIS AND THAT

By T-BONE SLIM

"Doak Finds Upawing in Trade Has Begun."—Forget it, Mr. Doak, trade will have a relapse next fall.

The nastiest cut of all—N. Y. Times points out it was Mr. Kerensky who in the winter of 1916-17 staked his life to overthrow the Romanoffs and succeeded.

Well, what did the Bolsheviks overthrow? They overthrew the trustful Kerensky. Such things happen only once in a lifetime and waiting for the other guy to haul the chestnuts out of the fire may keep one on soup diet indefinitely.

A burnt child fears . . . etc., and George is not running around demanding "let me do it." No, George hints broadly "if you're fond of nuts there's the rake—help yourself."

That is the condition, sad or savory, and it smells to me the chestnuts will go through a terrific baking.

Supreme Court Denies Jersey's Plea and Allows New York a Drink of Water (Delaware River Water)—440,000,000 gallons.

The prohibiting of prohibition evidently did not appeal to that august body.

'Twas raining! 'Twas raining hard; soft rain water. A colored lady (fast color) stopped a while to bawl out her help-meet for not waking her the sooner. . . .

Passing us by we saw her dilapidated parasol was vainly trying to do the duties of an umbrella and friendly streams of rain trickled down her neck. . . .

Did she complain?

No, the "Kansas-Eyed" lady looked upon us calmly and remarked: "I'm glad I'm a Baptist."

Still they say, "no comforts in religion." Note: Kansas-Eyed eyes are bigger than shoe-buttons—and frank.

"Why, I can't christen him Frank, call him Francis."—

"No, I want him called Frank."—

"But there is no such a name as St. Frank, it's St. Francis."—

"True enough, but how in hell do you expect there ever will be a St. Frank if you don't christen one?"

The same way with the dearth of industrial unionists, there never will be any if you do not line 'em up.

Many persons are begrudgeful of the sixteen dollars a day the bricklayer is getting, and put forth the opinion "we've got to get down to reasonable wages."

"We," meaning "they"—not themselves. Those persons never have tried to lay brick, perhaps never even tried to shy a brick at their favorite enemy and, in the latter case, if they threw the brick and followed the dictates of their conscience they would crack their arm.

A brick is heavy.

Bricklaying isn't like shaving a lead pencil into a hole and grinding off the surplus cedar. Nor is it like tossing a can of sardines on the counter or wrapping up a pair of Rockford Sox.

And yet the lesser business man feels the day lost when he doesn't clear \$75 (\$125 on Saturdays and holidays)—\$2.00 on candy alone.

Why pick on the bricklayer who is happy in getting fairer wages than his fellow artisans? Why not organize industrially and jack up your own disgraceful figures? Henry Ford split \$44,000,000 with his wife and child last year—\$120,000 per day.