n. y.—i have met a grate many fellers who was all ways complaneing about there jobs and saying it was the tuffest job on urth, and sum times i spill a lot of langwidge like that my self, which i aint never going to do again .

you never know how soft your own job is until you try to takkle an other guy's lode

but the other day i herd of the gink who pulled down the tuffest proposishun in the hole u. s. of America in the way of work according to my noshun

he was hired by the town of franklin over in jersey where they have more foreners working in the mills than a pup has flees, and his dooty is to brake up fites between them foreners who start to fuss about the war, for which he yanks down 30 bucks a week, & beleev me that pore cop sertainly urns his pay

there is 57 kinds of austrians over in that town and there aint anny two that think the same way, for most of them aint austrians annyhow, they only used to have the same rooler over them, & how they can scrap, by golly they makes a haf duzzen cats in a empty barell sound like a def and domb institushun

& they are only a part of his job, for when that gang aint pasting eech other in the face the germans and englishers and french and italianers and greeks and russioners are after eech other.

it sure is sum job. aint it

LOONY LIMERICKS

A loafer outside a saloon
One evening starten to spoon;
When a maiden passed by
He blinked his north eye.
He'll be out of the hospital soon.

—o—o—
TODAY'S BELLRINGER
In a Maine township one of the old residents having died a funeral of some size was arranged. The line of vehicles was slowly proceeding down the main street when a 90-year-old citizen, slowly trudging along the sidewalk approached a bystander.

"What be this?" he asked.

"Joe Johnson's funeral," responded the bystander. The old man looked puzzled.

"Be Joe Johnson dead?" he asked.

"Sure—do ye think they're rehearsin' with him?" came the answer.

—o—o—
TAKEN AT HIS WORD
He (passionately)—I would go to the ends of the earth for you!

She (calmly)—Good-bye!—Judge.