



H U M O R

THIRTY-THIRD STREET IMPROVEMENT

They took a little gravel,
And they took a little tar,
With various ingredients
Imported from afar.
They hammered it and rolled it,
And then they went away—
They said they had a pavement
That would last many a day.
But they came with picks and smote it,
To lay a water main,
And in time they called the workmen
To put it back again.
To run a railway cable
They took it up once more,
And, later, put it back again
Just where it was before.
They took it up for conduits
To run the telephone,
And then they put it back again,
As hard as any stone.
They took it up for wires
To feed the 'lectric light,
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than right.
Oh, the pavement's full of furrows—
There are patches everywhere—
You'd like to ride upon it,
But it's seldom that you dare.
It's a very handsome pavement—
A credit to the town;
They're always digging it up
Or putting it down.

The following took place at a large manufacturing plant between the superintendent and an applicant for a position:

"Are you a machinist?"

"I am."

"How long have you worked at your trade?"

"Three and a half years."

"Where have you been employed?"

"At the ——— Motor Co."

"What did you do there?"

"I inserted bolt No. 19."