

Printers' Pie

A Page of Press Opinion, Wit and Humor

THE DEMAND FOR SMALL COINS.

(New York Herald.)

No gold was coined by the United States mints during the fiscal year 1918 for the first time since enactment of the coinage laws of 1873. The mints, however, worked twenty-four hours a day to meet the demand for subsidiary silver coins, of which the unprecedented amount of \$35,000,000 was produced—an unflinching evidence of active retail trade.

AN INSPIRATION FOR POETS.

(Buffalo Commercial.)

Cooties are said to have been the most deadly insect in the war zone and are estimated to have accounted for at least a million deaths. And, in passing, it may be asserted that not since Robert Burns have the poets sung so sweetly of the little pest.

THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS.

(Quebec Telegraph.)

We are fain to hope that the German people have found a change of heart since the revolution ended the Prussian system of Government. But to-day we read that a squad of Spartacans endeavored to pass Government troops in Berlin by flying a Red Cross on a motor car, and declaring that they wanted to bring the dead and wounded out of a besieged building. On searching the car the Government forces found the occupants armed with revolvers, while the car contained hand grenades.

Same old Huns! Same old violation of the Red Cross! Same old Kultur!

POETIC VENDORS.

News vendors are not the only ones whose wits have been sharpened on the whetstone of war, remarks the London Chronicle. Traders of all kinds are making the holograph proclamations subserve the purpose of mild amusement. In the window of a vendor of cat's meat in the vicinity of Westminster we caught sight of this stanza:

We are not dead,
Or fast asleep;
But gone to Brighton
For a week.

LAUDER'S POWER.

(Christian Science Monitor.)

It is the plaint of many a humorist that he is never taken seriously, no matter what he may say, and that his gravest utterances are likely to be greeted with a laugh. Harry Lauder is proving himself an exception to the rule. When he gives an earnest, first-hand report on war-time conditions as he found them, the listener forgets the comedian and feels that he is listening to a first-class journalist, or perhaps a barrister who has forsaken his briefs at humanity's call.

THE FREE TRADE ARGUMENT.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

The whole argument for free trade is based on raw materials and their occurrence. Central America cannot hope to manufacture artificial ice and undersell Greenland in a neutral or other market, nor can Alaska hope to produce bananas and undersell any of the tropical countries. Nature has distributed her favors in such fashion as to make international trade an absolute necessity and anything that interferes with the freedom of that exchange of goods is artificial and injurious. We do not require equality of raw materials; what we do need is to develop our natural and native resources and exchange the products of these for the products of other countries where such goods can be made cheaper than we can manufacture them because of the occurrence in such countries of the necessary raw materials. All other manufacturing growth is of the hot-house variety and the plants are truly parasitical.

DEMAND FOR INVESTMENT FUNDS.

(New York Journal of Commerce.)

According to figures for the last quarter's operations in Great Britain, there was an increase of more than 75 per cent in the applications for permission to issue new securities, as compared with the corresponding period a year ago. The total amount asked for was about \$1,800,000,000, as against less than \$1,100,000,000 in the last quarter of 1917. Tendencies thus exhibited are substantially parallel with those observed in the United States, and in both countries represent the disposition of business to embark upon new lines of effort now that peace is again here.

The effort to expand and broaden the field of private business activity is to be encouraged and recognized, if we wish to keep labor employed and commerce up to its full level.

PROFIT SHARING.

(Christian Science Monitor.)

Who knows but that the most important industrial happening of the past year was the reported increase in the number of employers who share profits with their employees? Nothing else so far suggested to interest men in their daily work succeeds quite so well as giving each man a share in a growing profit derived from their individual and collective labor. Thus the old saying that the laborer is worthy of his hire takes on a new meaning; and the occasional discontent of the workman who feels that his own income remains fixed while his employer's income is increasing ceases to supply a motive for trying to give the minimum of work and get the maximum of wage for it. Business is not sentimental, yet what shall one say when an industry finds it worth while to advertise in popular publications that it shares profits with its working force?

ONCE A HUN ALWAYS A HUN.

(Kingston Standard.)

It is only right that the London Stock Exchange has passed a new rule under which no member shall without the special permission of the committee, employ in any capacity any person of German, Austrian, Hungarian, Bulgarian or Turkish birth or any former member who has been expelled and whose application for re-election has been rejected.

PREVENTION.

(Buffalo Commercial.)

While deportation of Bolsheviks and other anarchists is being discussed, it might be profitable to do something worth while with our immigration laws so as to prevent the entrance of more undesirable.

LAWYER'S HUMOR.

(Collier's Weekly.)

Mr. Hohenzollern says he prefers not to think of his exit from Germany as a "flight." While we would like to agree with William, we cannot help thinking of a phrase that occurs in real estate leases. When a tenant is thrown out for not paying his rent or for abusing the premises the lawyers call it "an amicable action in ejectment."

ANOTHER HOAX DISCOVERED.

(Quebec Telegraph.)

Montreal prisoner was arrested with eight dozen safety razor blades on his person. Perhaps he was a "medium" prepared to be roped up in a box for a seance.

NORMAL AGAIN.

(Quebec Telegraph.)

"Deadly riots in Buenos Aires." It is reassuring to find that South America has returned to normal now that the war is over.

BILLY SUNDAY AGAIN.

Even the most prudish in language will hardly find fault with the following gem from one of Billy Sunday's sermons: "The Kaiser has sunk so low that he will have to take an aeroplane to get to Hades."

MOBILE DEMOBILIZATION.

Said the colored lad as he was being mustered out, on being asked what train he was going to take for home: "Boss, I ain't gonna take no train. I lives two hundred miles away, and I's gonna run the first eighteen, just to make sure they don't change their minds befo' I leave camp."—Camp Dix Times.

NO LOST TIME.

"Hello, Rummell, I hear your watch has been stolen."

"Yes, but the thief has already been arrested. Only fancy, the stupid fellow took it to the pawnshop! There it was at once recognized as mine and the thief was locked up."—Pearson's Weekly.

JUST HOW IT WAS.

Counsel—"Then you think he struck you with malice aforethought?"

Witness (indignantly)—"You can't mix me up like that. I've told you twice he hit me with a brick. There wasn't no mallets nor nothin' of the kind about it."

THE STRUGGLE.

Maybe it was tough chicken they served at this function mentioned by the Macombe Journal, which reports: "The Ladies' Aid of the Second Baptist colored church will give an entertainment on Tuesday, consisting of chicken and refreshments. Come one, come all, and help us in the great, titanic struggle."

EMBARRASSING.

A Georgian from up in the mountains came to town on his yearly visit with a wagonload of corn, sweet potatoes and other produce to exchange for groceries. As he approached the city limits he saw a sign: "Speed Limit 15 miles an Hour."

Poking his oxen frantically with his stick he muttered: "By golly! I don't believe we'll make it."

THE WRONG LIMIT.

Mrs. Blank could find only two isle seats—one behind the other. Wishing to have her sister beside her, she turned and cautiously surveyed the man in the next-seat. Finally she leaned over and timidly addressed him.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but are you alone?"

The man, without turning his head in the slightest, but twisting his mouth to an alarming degree, and shielding it with his hand, muttered:

"Cut it out kid—cut it out! My wife's with me."

NOTHING TO LAUGH AT.

The village photographer was losing patience with his lady patron. "Just a little smile, please," he said, dwelling somewhat on the last word. "A smile adds much to the artistic effect."

The lady shook her head.

"Of course, if you'd rather," commenced the artist.

"I would not," came from the direction of the headrest. "Our one layin' 'en died this mornin', bacon's gone up tuppence a pound, mother's had a couple o' fits, my boy George has just broken a plate-glass window, and my husband is in a military hospital with four or five pounds o' lead inside him. If you think I'm goin' to grin like a Cheshire cat when I'm up against that shower o' blessin's you're scratchin' the wrong pig. You git on with it, natural mister."