

light burn. Don't the rules say the first man to the pot may take any side he likes?

Sambo: Yes, Sir, Cap'n; and I done tuk de outside.

Darky (at First Aid): Doctor, Ah's done got burnt in de Pot Room.

Doctor Oliver: Well, Snowball; on what part of your anatomy is that?

Snowball: Yes, sir, Boss; dat's back yere whar I sets down.

Bill Kitchin of the Rodding Room is worried about his job. He was spieling off a big spiel about doing away with carbons and carving furniture. Why so, Bill? Why all this excitement?

"Say! Uncle Eben, are you drawing any bonus now?"

"Naw Sir, Boss. I works on de clamp pile, and de white folks ain't tapped de clamp pile yet."

Rastus (just knocked down by a metal truck): Oh! Lawsy, but dese yere white folks am sure in a powerful hurry to git dis yere good metal outen dese Pot Rooms.

George Ward had his hat burned up. We don't know whether it was a boy or girl; but that doesn't make any difference; it will be a Pot Puncher just the same.

Mr. Young, formerly Carbon Plant Young, has succeeded Mr. Swagerty as Pot Room Superintendent. Welcome to the Pot Rooms, Mr. Young.

Standard instructions say that Potmen must come to work properly clothed. For decency's sake, let us hope they do.

Why so much attraction around the Postoffice for Jimmy Council?

Won't somebody let the Cranemen double?

Three cheers for Starkey Burns' new job!

So long! Heck.

#### Mah Bonus Bones

I drew mah pay dis mornin', an' goes up on de hill,

I ort o' tuk mah bonus then an paid de grocery bill.

Instead I tuk a part of it and buyed mahself some booze,

When I ort o' tuk an' spent it for to get de kid some shoes.

I stops for jus' a minute at a gambling place I know

Where everybody rolls dem bones an calls for "Little Joe."

I tuk dem bones and rolled 'em out and said a little prayer,  
And cast my eye upon the pile of money they wuz there.

I rolled 'em out upon the groun' and ast 'em for a seven,  
But jus' de same I wouldn't kered if dey'd a bin a 'leven.

Instead I rolls out box cars, an' they gathered in my mon';

My cash was surely slipping 'way, my luck had not begun.

I rolled dem out onct more, and gets down on my knee,

But when dose bones cum to a rest I knew I'd throwed a three.

They tuck away the bones from me and tuck mah bonus too,

And then I sidled long towards home—whut could a feller do?

My wife and kid wuz hungry, my money wuz all spent,

I dug aroun' in all my cloze and couldn't fin' a cent.

Mah wife was waiting' for me with somethin' in her han'—

They's lots of things a lady can do with a fryin' pan.

That thing shore taught me a lesson that I never will forget!

Next time I get my bonus I'll go straight home, you bet.

—L. W. GABRIEL.

### Electrical Sparks

#### Falls Notes

Cheer up you bachelors! It's hard to believe, but nevertheless, it's true. Barnette has really furnished the three-room house, and upon his return from a two weeks' vacation "they" will occupy it.

Miss Beatrice Jackson has returned home to Great Falls, S. C., after spending a month with her sisters, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Shoemaker.

Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker and son Lester spent last Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Beckman, on Falls Road.

The members of the Falls Sewing Club will be entertained at the next meeting by Mrs. Williams.

Tom Jackson is all smiles again. He has just returned from home, where he spent a few days.

Inez and Harry Steele Mintz are well again after a slight case of influenza and pneumonia.

Mr. I. L. Roberts' sister and brother, from Mayworth, were recent visitors here.

Mrs. Jones, from Fort Mill, is expected next week to visit her son R. E. Jones.

Little Robert Craver is well again, after being very sick with colitis.

Mr. C. W. Williams made a business trip to Charlotte this week.

Little Nancy Lee Hoagland is right sick this week with cold.

#### Electric Shop

Just say Experimental Pot, and you have said enough. It took the entire force from the Electric Shop, the line-man's crew, horses, an immense array of pulley blocks, rope, etc., and one whole day's time to get a motor from the machine shop to building No. 19 for this little Experimental Pot. And to think this Experimental Pot is just about the size of one of Uncle Sam's chow pots.

Ask Mr. C. Ritchie about the pay and thanks he received for all the trouble he went to on election day in order that one or two might vote. Isn't that gratitude? And to think they were on the winning side, too.

We will miss the visits (they often cause us trouble anyway) of Mr. Earle M. Morgan for the next few days, as he is leaving tomorrow for Cheraw, S. C., for a short vacation.

Mr. C. C. Smith happened to a near serious accident a few days ago. While splitting wood, he accidentally split his hand. The doctor used eight stitches to sew up the wound.

The election is a thing of the past, and now we have nothing to start an argument over. What are we going to do for the next three and-a-half years to keep ourselves amused?

Mr. T. O. Maynard was called to Maxton a few days ago, on account of the illness of his father.

#### Narrows Power House

It would seem that our friend "Shorty," alias W. H. Clark, has at last found his affinity. He recently purchased a piano of a certain party in Albemarle, and we have it upon certain authority that "Shorty" found it necessary to make six trips to our County Seat before the deal was put through. The dealer, on delivering the instrument, very thoughtfully forgot to bring along a bench. This gave Mr. Clark the desired oppor-