

WE HAVE WITH US TODAY

BY GRANTLAND EISE AND M. D. DINGUS



I find a tax on all I make —
a tax on all I hold;
A tax on every thought I have
(provided it is sold.)
And paying taxes up and down
at such abounding length
Has taxed my patience, and besides
has taxed my waining strength
And yet if I should fade away
to duck this wretched fate
It's very likely find a tax
at good St Peter's Gate.



IF YOU ARE POOR YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO EVEN OWN A COAT AND IF YOU ARE A MILLIONAIRE THE TAXES GET YOUR GOAT

NO MATTER WHICH ONE YOU MAY BE OR WHAT YOUR LITTLE GAME, AND RICH OR POOR OR IN BETWEEN THEY NAIL YOU JUST THE SAME

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LIVE! UNLESS YOU ARE A SLAVE, AND IF YOU DIE YOU CAN'T AFFORD A COFFIN OR A GRAVE!

HEY-DIDDLE-DIDDLE
A STEAK OR
A FIDDLE
THE PRICE HAS JUMPED OVER THE MOON

BYE-LO BABY BUNTING—
PAPA'S GONE A HUNTING—
TO GET A LITTLE RABBIT-SKIN
TO WRAP UP BABY BUNTING IN.
(THE REASON FOR IT I CONFESS
IS 'CAUSE WE CAN'T AFFORD
A DRESS.)

I GOES INTO A TOGGERY TO PURCHASE ME A SHIRT
THE MERCHANT THERE HE UPS AND SAYS "HERE'S ONE AS CHEAP AS DIRT—
IT'S ONLY 7 BUCKS AND WHEN I TOPPLES AT HIS FEET
HE CALLS THE BLOOMIN' PORTER IN WHO SWEEPS ME TO THE STREET.
OH, IT'S MONEY THIS AND MONEY THAT—FOR ALL THAT'S IN THE POT
AND WHEN YOU ASK THE PRICE OF THINGS IT'S "HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT?"
IT'S "HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT?" OLD KID, IT'S "HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT?"
AND SOME DAYS YOU CAN'T SAVE A DIME & OTHERS YOU CANNOT.

WITH THE COIN THAT YOU ONCE BOUGHT A HOUSE AND A FARM
TODAY YOU CAN'T PURCHASE A SPOON!

"ANY ICE TODAY?"
THE ICEMAN CRIED
"AND 'CAUSE THE SEASON'S LATE
I'LL LET YOU HAVE A NICKELS WORTH
FOR SEVEN-NINETY-EIGHT"

There was an old woman
who lived in a shoe



When the landlord was finished
what else *COULD* she do?