

COUNT THE SHOCKS

Harvest is here—we have arrived.

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The good old face, of the time honor'd and respected Barley Beard, is in multitudinous evidence—excuse the profanity.

* * *

Those who wish to study the barley beard, from intimate personal-contact-point, of feel, should go into the harvest business.

* * *

But—if you do not feel equal to riding the rods, you can obtain similar exhilaration—by discarding your underwear, and filling all your pockets with high grade carpet tacks—put a few in your shoes.

* * *

Barley Beards are of two kinds—both kinds are very ferocious, and will attack man almost any place—on the street or on the shoulder blade—makes no difference.

* * *

The Home Guard-Beard is stationary, and digs into one place—while, the Boomer-Beard runs up and down the seams and attacks man in the most unexpected places.

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The very viciousness of the Barley Beards was the cause of legislation being passed against beer; thus, almost, killing two birds with one stone—you might say—as and, and, and—capitalism. There you have it.

* * *

Again the restive spirit of the 400 of old is roaming the “stubble”—again the farmer drives his pigs out of the pen to make room for the harvest hands—(to sleep in). Again the “board” is poor. Again the banker sets the wages, and the farmer sets the hen.—Again the noble, unterrified, A. W. I. U. No. 110, nonchalantly, sucks the eggs—and swipes the cream... only thereafter, to get together, and sing—“Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!”

* * *

Keep the bull-wheels turning

For the grain is “burning”—

Keep the boys out in the field

'Till the sun goes down.

There's a silver lining

To the farmer shining

In long hours... and poor pay,

When the wheels go round.

This song was written while I was

delirious.—I wrote it left-handed.—

One-Ten—please “keep to the right.”

* * *

Do not swipe cream—it belongs to

you and the farmer who works with

you.

* * *

Canadian thistles and American I.

W. W.'s are the two principal (im-

mediate) troubles of the great Amer-

ican farm—good farming will destroy

the thistle—nothing will destroy the

I. W. W.

* * *

The A. W. I. U., is in existence to-

day because of rotten conditions on

the farm.

Ameliorate them conditions and

you still have the I. W. W.

* * *

I. W. W. is here—here it stays

until capitalism is thoroughly weaned

—until the sensuous lips of capitalism

shall have relaxed their grip on the

“teat” of Agriculture.

* * *

I'm going to draw a picture right

here:

On this side we will have a picture

of a machine with a hopper. It shall

be called “Capitalism”—it is a com-

bined suction and blower machine...

On this other side is an intelligent

looking farm-hand caught in the act

of sucking an egg.

The farmer is caught by the coat-

tails in the maw of the Combine. The

machine is running. Ye God's, the

farmer is being sucked into it. There

he is, half way down... hind end

first. And—wonder of wonders, he

is shaking his fist at the hired man

sucking an egg—!!!

He's a bright one—

* * *

Well, slaves, the weather is pretty

hot—beautifully hot.—Aren't you

afraid of sunstroke (making all them

strokes per second).

Don't get excited—cool down.

Let the boss get excited, it does

him good. Remember, that, he ex-

pects you to do six days work in ten

hours—would you work six days for

one day's pay—? Most certainly not;

unless your boss should—happen—

to be a poor widow woman.—That's

different.—

* * *

Be exact, like the farmer is.

Count the shocks.

T-bone Slim.