

INLET OR OUTLET?

T BONE SLIM

"The Vent", is a paper published monthly in the interest of the Gilbert and Barker Manufacturing Company, Springfield, Mass. Its aim is to aid in the promotion and maintenance of a strong and healthy company spirit among the "employees"—slaves. Incidentally, the company coins "this" spirit into dollars and greenbacks—toadskins, if you please.—Here is one of their poems, written by Selected, who ever he is—(a woman wouldn't write it).

— MY JOB —

It isn't as big as the other chaps,
With the flaming sign,
It isn't as marked as yours, perhaps,
But it's mine.
Just my own little job to hold down tight,
Freeze to and stand to
With mans strength and might.
It doesn't go down to the golden way,
Sunkissed and alight,
It isn't all laughter and cloudless days,
But it's mine all right;
My own little job that I have to do
Earnestly, faithfully, fearlessly too.

—Selected.

— THAT JOB —

That "my little job", is a toil-permit
Which a slave secures—
Else, why do you have to beg for it,
If it's yours?
Just "my own little job" to held down flat—
Freeze at and starve at?
There's something to that—
It doesn't go down to the "golden" way
(I'm "bumped" by a brat)
It doesn't bear much of the light of day
(And the boss grows fat)
"My own little job" (sob) excuse me, I blush;
I blush very easy on Selected's mush.
My own little job is to "kill" such slush!

P. S.—I don't believe Selected ever had a job—he seems to know more about B. S.

Slim.

(Editor's note: "Bumped by a brat" means, to give up your job to a child.)