



SPEED of the TONGUE

"You're a liar."

How often have we heard this expression of appreciation and admiration from our friends? Total strangers even, at times, have gazed trustingly in to our eyes, and have complimented us on our ability to 'laborate upon' truth or what is accepted (by shallow people) to be the truth.—(And then the fun began).

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People as a general rule do not like to have their accomplishments paraded in front of less fortunate mental performers (and fellow sufferers).

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George Washington, it has been stated, although the parent of his country, was one of the worst liars history has known—in fact, he was such a bad liar (in his day of good liars) that great writers (who were in no way given that way) have commented on it copiously and piously.

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Upon occasion, caught with a hatchet in his hand; chips of a cherry tree clinging to his "malones" did he dodge the issue, "Who chopped down that cherry tree?"

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No, by God, (I should say not) George, as small as he was, saw his limitations—eloquence would not explain away those chips hanging on his woolen pants.

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"I cannot tell a lie," he said, blushing like a railroad "bull" caught with his hand in the freight, "I did it with my little hatchet."

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Nevertheless, Washington was showered with honors many and manifest; spiritual and real. A great state on the West coast, an I. W. W. stronghold, was named in his honor; a city on the beautiful Potomac was dedicated a monument to his inability to lie in a pinch.

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Since then—the beautiful Potomac has been the gathering point for some of the world's greatest liars.—Diplomats of international fame, of resplendant renown, have here fore-gathered to pay homage to Janus; incidently to "horns woggle" each other to the everlasting sorrow of their constituents.

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Lying, today, is classed one of the arts—great universities now recognize its value (as an education) in salesmanship. Every "investigation" is held for the purpose of discovering if some man, or a set of men, has not acquired an extraordinary "power to lie."

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Lying, to be successful, doesn't necessarily have to be verbal or written.

Paper counters on leather shoes is a pretty good lie.

A dash of water in milk makes a fair prevarication.

Wooden pulp in a cotton shirt; and curled hemp in woolen pants makes a combination of falsehood hard to beat.

Phoney unionism is another way of evading the truth.

LET US ORGANIZE INTO, AND IN, THE I. W. W. (We are the poorest liars of the world!) Let us not depend on the speed of the tongue.

T-BONE SLIM.