



## The Worm Turned

Not much success are we having in organizing the "mild" and "gentle" workers. Our success has always been with those whose manhood asserts itself in outbursts of clear-cut action. Nevertheless, there are men in our organization whose complacency and modest demeanor would do credit to a minister of the gospel explaining the dearth of pug-nosed angels. But you can't always tell the depth of a well by the length of the pumphandle—and so it may be with these men: the look of unparalleled grief may hide a perpendicular or horizontal grin. But the bona fide-guaranteed-to-stand-unhitched-sort-of-worker seldom carries a card, so, at all times, it is a safe bet, when a worker says he has a card, that he also packs manhood with it.

Just the other day I met a relic of the system who inquired for a dime, saying he hadn't dined since yesterday. I guessed he wasn't a Wobbly, so I said, "Certainly, fellow worker, if you've got a card."

"Sure I've got a card," said he.

"What kind of a card?" I inquired.

"A red card," he replied.

"Let's see it."

"Can't. It's in my shoe."

"What's the matter, ain't you got no 'socks' or are the nails sticking through the soles?"

"Oh, dry up," he said, as we parted. Somehow, I admired his spunk and wished I had given him the dime. For lo, and verily so, I had that much right on my person—but, it was in my shoe.

'Tisn't safe to carry money on your hip.

—T-Bone Slim.