



Minced Metaphors

By T-BONE SLIM

Begging is the same as suing for non-support—But piracy, at one time, was as popular as the employing of labor. On the other hand, organization is to the worker what suspenders are to pants—holds 'em up. Keeps 'em from creating a scene.

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"Here, as elsewhere, business dovetails into politics and politics into business," says Hinman under Seattle date.

We know, but which is it that befouls the whole?

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John R. Thompson's, the millionaire cafeteria owner's employees have just now completed the purchase of a valuable painting, "The Laughing Mandolin Player"—I believe it is—for \$250,000, and four other paintings, I'm told, totalling \$400,000; by proxy, of course.

John R. did the actual negotiating and rumor has it (in profound political circles) that John R. will also do the actual hanging of them. This purchase was made possible by John's habit of saving "on the wages" of his dishwashers, etc. I have it straight from one of them. Singly they could not have acquired one of these paintings, but by forming a jack-pot, in the care of John, they have succeeded in penetrating far into the mystic realm of art. That's what I call cooperation!

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Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who opens not his mortal head
To say, "This is my peanut stand."
That to himself did not impugn—
That with himself dare not commune,
"These are the products of my hand."

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The press is all excited as to who will be the next president. Calm yourself. The men who look after them things will let you know in good time. They always did before. Keep your shirt on. The lightning won't strike in the wrong place. In the meantime just keep on eliminating those who never had a look-in—'tis a good man who does as he is tolled.

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Our next president probably will be a poor farmer boy who was good to his mother and who owes money to some big-hearted politician—I'm not worrying about that. I'm wondering who will be the happy employer that next gets me for a sustainer.

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The word chronology (pronounced crow-knowledgy) comes to us . . . from Say, Editor, you better tell 'em. I ain't got no dictionary and I've got my shoes off. Tell 'em what it means—I've used it only once. Of course, I know what it means—but, I have some doubts I'd like quieted. Nothing like being sure. . . .

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And that word "impugn" in this column (I have an "idea what it means). It's a good word and should have a place in our literature.

Which is right foregone or forewent conclusions?

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"The U. S. Labor Board Again O. K.s Eight-Hour Day." Thus, one by one our radical ideas become conservative; the second time! The third time counts.

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The board is close on the heels of the I. W. W. Hadn't we better move up a notch? How about a six-hour day for the board to practice on?

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Irate Parent: "Since you attained your majority I have always allowed you \$22,000 annually for pin money. Here is a check for that sum; it is the last you will receive from me. Now go and tell your husband I said so."

Uumh! Looks like she'll have to use nails from now on to pin her, her—say, editor, what is pin money used for? You tell 'em.

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Twenty-two thousand bucks for pin money! Ketch me, fellows, I'm fainting! Her dad must be a bricklayer.

I wish I had that much bait money.

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My education has been neglected insofar as higher etiquette is concerned—the editor knows I ain't lying—I'm not supposed to know how the finer sex spend money, but I do know how they spend their time. For do I not read, "It is quite as much a social error to go dancing in a pair of moccasins—NO, not gandy dancing! Just plain dancing—as it is to play afternoon Ma Jong in a pair of morning shoes."

And don't I know that an up-to-date woman should change from bedside mules to morning sport shoes, according to the book of rules governing fashions? From these, if she goes in for golf, she will shift into a pair of alligator-trimmed, lizard link shoes. Next we will find her in a pair of colorful sport sandals, if the snow isn't deep, Chinese blue or shades of tuberculosis-gray will be her favorite colors.

From these she will change into afternoon dress shoes. For late afternoon wear she will slip into plain black patent leathers, while for early evening (1 a. m. to 4:30) she will wear suede trimmed satin slippers with the new wishbone front and rhinestone ornamentation—then she is ready for sleep.

No satisfactory footgear has been invented for to don when she hits the hay in the late evening and from 4:30 a. m. to 11:45 a. m. she has practically nothing to stick her feet in.

This is the shoe-changing tribe, the bare-footed working class is working eight intensive hours every day to support. No wonder we grow radical.

Every other store is a shoe store—and my beloved brogans are now in their 18th moth and going strong with automobile treads for half-soles; fastened with seven-eighths nails. Weight, right around 40 lbs.