



Contents of Garret



Sometimes, for the *peace-of-mind* of some leading *pillar-of-society*, it is necessary to get the actgitor out-of-town in a hurry: That's when there's hustlings and bustlings! . . . and parasites that have never been known to hurry will then raise a sweat that flushes their purple jowls. The sheriff, the deputy, the marshal are interviewed.—the prosecutor is consulted.

All the legal machinery is started with the sole idea of ridding this or that industry of a man cursed with brains—a dangerous RED. But haste makes waste. In a hurry, the fine points of Inter-civilian-Trade are overlooked and, (as it happened in this case) the sheriff heavily armed, "Will and Testament" signed, has been persuaded to hand the violent Red his "Time" in the form of a "check" (ready-to-wear) along with the compliments of Consolidated Haywire Company, and best wishes for a pleasant long journey. Yes.

Unfortunately, a hurrying man is never in the full possession of his faculties. Red, of course, was in no hurry, but the other participants all were up-in-the-air, so's to say. So when Red looked at his check he was horrified to find the bookkeeper had added the "board" to his check instead of subtracting it therefrom. They had paid him for eating the meals. "How wonderful just," some would say. "Not at all," says Red, "it was worth \$48 to eat four weeks

of that boarding—and more," he adds in a dreamy way.

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A farmer had two sons, the fool
He worked them both to death;
Bohunkus worked with hand and tool,
Josephus with his breath.

When these two sons had left the place,
Oh, how the farmer roared—
Bohunkus ran a goodly race,
Josephus stole a Ford.

The farmer cranked his Overland
And cranked his shot-gun too—
Bohunkus bit the burning sand,
Josephus he pulled through.

Bohunkus up to heaven went—
At least, he "ain't been seen;
Josephus was a sinful gent
And went to Aberdeen.

Now these two sons are dead and gone
(And they have done their best—)
Josephus of poor whiskey died,
Bohunkus by request.

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The farmers "home" has been broken up, not by free-lovers, but by free-haters and free-booters of the business world. Nellie is near-sighted down in the red-light. Reuben and Edgar are beating box-cars. Emil is only waiting for long pants. "Shep" took to the road and was last seen at Marquette, Kansas. The home has been broken into, ransacked, broken up and, now, the politicians assure the farmer that it will not be again "done."

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We are reminded by the Ex-Left Wing, Ex-Wobblies, in the Liberator, and elsewhere, that they have ceased to pay dues, and bewail, (because of that fact) that our organization (for that reason) is lop-sided.

So long's we don't get lop-eared we hope to please the discriminating world. But, just the same, we can't help pointing out the difference between a dues paying member and a non-paying has-been: The dues

payer has Back-Pay coming to him, the ex. has been "paid in full." The ex-member feels he should cross no bridges until he comes to them, and having no back-pay due for past performances, he doesn't feel justified in paying such great sums, as 50 cents per month, merely to help others "drag down" what belongs to them. Hence no alleged left-wing or left-lung . . . farmer says, the "I. W. W. is all right but those alleged I. W. W. are holy frights." Compose yourself, comrade, alleged Wobblies are never railroaded into the can. Its the bona fide fellow workers that beard the lions of capital. . . . But, seeing as it is you George, I will point out a thing you might start working on—might be great possibilities in it. Thus: "The parasites themselves aren't so bad, but those would-be parasites are holy frights." Les' go!

"Survival of the fittest" has been recited—I won't take sides—I will merely go on record that I believe in the survival of the fittest, provided—they behave; and up to that point. Surely George doesn't repudiate old Charley Darwin.

But if the "survivors" misbehave they're going to be "predecessors" so fast that they'll wonder are they to be carried past their station.

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"Dutch" was on the defensive in the jungles (hotels were full-up). Some one suggested that Dutch get on the point of exploitation. Germany explodes: "V'at! me get on the boint of exzloi-bloi-shition? I shust com' from the boint—v'at you call him—exbloi-exbloiment. Hort Mal Zu! Listen! When I was deborted over to Germany, you know v'at they toldt me over there? They toldt me that if they all vork like-I vork they wouldt soon all be out od vork und they toldt me 'you besser go back to Amerika and let 'em debort you till you get a liddle sense in your headt.' That's shust the trouble, when I get on the boint of exbloi-exbloi-exbloishition."