

T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES

HOW DO THEY DO IT?

(Read 'em "und" weep)

Each day he did his humble "stunts"
with carelessness; and slow—
As if his every effort was a siege of
direst woe.

His work was very urgent work, but
not exactly fun—

And so, he loafed and loafed and
loafed—his work was never done.

—A dream of calm tranquillity "was
settling on his chest."

And all the while he longed to pull
the stunt that's known as "rest."

II

The slightest effort seemed to wrench
his manly soul apart;

And, as to work, that gentle kid, he
didn't have the heart—

But, still and all, he did excel in
gazing at the clock;

And he was extra good in keeping two
eyes on the boss.

Whatever he was told to do, he would-
n't do it right.

And bosses swore that man and boy,
"he isn't extry bright."

III

He disappeared, for several years—
How memories will cling?

When he returned—we learned he
was a Great Industrial King!

—In school he was a dumbbell— in
college just a nut—

—In workshops "just a nuisance"; for
every joke a butt—

He died at last, in middle age, too
soft to longer wave—

And all the local liars gathered on the
poor man's grave.

—T-b S.