



The Last Chord

Five o'clock in the morning,
That's when they "toot" the horn;
To give the loggers "fair warning"
Mankind is born to morn

It's just a safety-first "measure,"
Not a blow "mean and wrong"—
The company fears "they would RUIN their
kidneys,"
By sleeping long.

CHORUS:

"Ding Dang, Ding Dang—Dang it, my in-
soles are gone!
Ding Dang, Ding Dang—waiting for break-
fast—and d-a-w-n.
Ding Dang, Ding Dang—Dang it, they've
stolen my brawn!
Ding Dang, m'lousy check will be for ging-
seng drawn.

Note—An error in the first line, can you
find it?

Wha'at! You can't?

Come with me, I'll show you: "Five
o'clock" comes only in the afternoon (days)
and after midnight (nights)—never in the
morning; excepting when the clock is slow.
Morning is the first half of day, not the last
half of night. Watch that!

It is important that labor become well
founded on this phase of chronology—look
at your "Ingersol"—don't watch the clock
. . . (reason given in another article).

All right, professor:

Eight o'clock in the evening
That's when the lights grow dim—
Just like the "masters young thieveling."
"Jacks," are abed—tucked in.
It's not a saving of coal-oil,
Nor e'en a deed of hate—
The company fears "they will RUIN their
eyesight"—
By Reading Late.

CHORUS:

Ding Dang, Ding Dang—Dang it, the lights
are gone!
Ding Dang, Ding Dang—Nothing to do but
yawn.
Ding Dang, Dang Dang—Dang it, they've
stolen by brawn!
Ding Dang, m'lousy check will be for ging-
seng d;awn.

Note—First line of second verse is proper
Irish—it's "Eight o'clock in the evening,"
not eight o'clock in the afternoon (as the
bosses would have us believe). Eight o'clock
comes in the forenoon (days) and in the
evening (nights)—never before supper—if
supper has not been delayed, or estrayed—
estranged.

Labor should make it a point to study
these philosophies: work a little days, enjoy
evenings and sleep nights—don't mixed 'em
up. Remember, night is a part of the "day-
before," hence, there is no sense in getting
up yesterday to do today's work—today will
be early enough—getting up last night to
tackle today's breakfast is like borrowing
from the past. Live in the present. Die in
the future.

Last Note—Note, since so many boiler-
makers, molders, fishermen, firemen and
bartenders undertook to cook and since they
are not buglers from overseas, the horn
doesn't sound "ta tatata ta, the tatata traa"
—it goes: "Ding Dang, Ding Dang—Dang
it . . ." (Altogether!) "Ding" . . .
(Everybody!!) Let's sing!