
A COUPLE FROM T-BONE

Scissor: (sharply) I tell you it can't be done! They'll sell out. Every man has his price!

Wobbly: (impressively) That's right! They'll sell out—for the full product of their toil. Nothing less.

Brakeman: (in high dungeon) What! You haven't a union card? And you've got the nerve to ride this train! Get off—UNLOAD!—Yes, both of you. Why you're worse off than a ship without a rudder!

First Hobo: (as they are going) Wot did he say, a stiff without a brother?

Second Hobo: (peevd) Naw, he said a ship without a rudder—darn him!

First Hobo: (thinking) Well, I guess he's right. We don't seem to be getting anywhere.