



MEN ARE STUBBORN

Sometimes it is too cold—or too hot—in the lumber camps. Too hot, so as to make it feel like the next world as much as possible.

When you go out to the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company's camps don't forget to take along a package of bedbug powder.

When a lawyer says "*gentlemen of the jury*," his fingers are crossed. When I say "*fellow worker*," I mean it. I recognize you have earned all you get, or got—even if you haven't got it now.

• • •

A Woodsman had found a fine fur glove and was showing "his good fortune" to a bunch of lumberjacks:

"It's too bad you didn't find the mate to it," remarked one.

"Well, I would *of*, but the man was sitting on it!" How truthful! Such downright, out and out, solid honesty!

• • •

I'm reminded that, having nothing else to do, I took a trip to Tripoli—to investigate the story about the Riffians. It's all boah!

I found no Riffians and I found no mattresses on the beds.

• • •

In the town boarding house I was escorted to a virtuous iron bed and upon rearranging the "*blanket and a half*," espied upon the corner of the blanket what appeared to be a strong squirt of tobacco juice.

My critics will say . . . "To hell with the critics!" *The time is now to be franker than ever—"the hell with 'em."* The lumberjacks will back me up. We want the *exact ghastly whole truth—the unbutted truth.*

I found no Riffians—but a Swede told me I should have gone to Morocco. Now, where is Morocco? It must be on the Bradley Line between Tomahawk and Spirit Lake. I know of no Morocco or Mecca in Wisconsin, but I do know of Marengo, and Rubicon, Michigan.

As I was saying, the Bissel has one camp out of Tripoli—and four jobbers. Nelson is the most active jobber. Bissel's board leaves much to be desired.

• • •

The company camp, 120 men, fits "kind of tight" around the full crew: In passing out one must step over the knees of the suffering victims. Some men have grown quite skillful in this—the younger men through the practice of walking on the "*one-cornered ties*;" the older men through the practice of straddling the same railroad ties.

• • •

My critics will say "*there are no one-cornered ties.*" Huh! What's a round tie? Is that all corners? Ever walk on 'em? When they're bridged way up in the air? Just walk on 'em, and when your foot slips you'll know there's no other corner.

That's how Bissel's workers get so skillful in passing over knees of their compatriots.

• • •

Pass this paper on and buy another one just like it—and pass that on.

• • •

As per usual, the *members* of the Industrial Workers of the World have been lax in their organization work in the woods, especially the L. W. I. U. 120 in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, by God. . . .

• • •

The drive for unionizing the woods must start (on the dot) on the first day of October—that is, when the industry starts! We must start with it! **THE GRIEF SETS IN MUCH LATER.**

When the grief sets in, in order for us to be fully successful, our work must have progressed to such an extent that we can swing the rest. As it is we can do what we can, and the unorganized can help us by organizing. Don't wait for somebody to ask you—**DO IT YOURSELF!**

• • •

PUBLIC PROPERTY—Wheat has about a dozen different properties, or quantities. About three of them get into the bread—that's why some breads are called wheat-bread, i. e., some wheat in it. It would be too long a name to call it *Minority Report of the Wheat Properties, or By-Product of the Whole Wheat*—you can see for yourself. The "*scientists*" saw it first! That's what comes of **ISOLATING** the atom—they sure isolated (coralled) and then hid them!—*Hide'solated* is the proper word.

• • •

MURDER!
He came into an eating-sty
And when the waitresses gathered nigh,
He murmured with a ghastly sigh,
"T-bone smothered."

Just like a soul born but to lose
He gazed downcastly at his shoes
And once again he broke the news:
"T-bone smothered."

The waiting-girls took up the cry—
(Theirs not to question how or why—
Theirs but to raise their voices high)
"T-bone smothered."

Six customers fell off the stools
Six sturdy hearts on T-bone cools
And all because Time's record rules:
"T-bone smothered."