

BONEYARD

(By T. BONE SLIM)

Considering we have imitation sausages, creamless ice cream, wooden (excelsior) pillows and knowledgeless colleges, it gets my goat when we can find no lawn of artificial grass—we must be losing our grip.

Brace up, gents, something phony will crop up!

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The revolution will have to be postponed on account of the baseball fans rooting for the home team.

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Civilization has now reached the stage where we can dispense with the services of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty To Animals.

Why even the jingoes in Congress are so peaceful that it is a disgrace.

—L. W. W. hasn't been on the front page since seven weeks tomorrow.

Further: The S. P. C. A. is laying down on its duties.

I demand to know what the S. P. C. A. is going to do about those constipated dogs in Brooklyn.

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You have nothing to lose but your chains and "change".

A broken chain; right through its weakest link—for be it remembered: A hose is no longer than its weakest link.

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I had no doubt about George Washington praying at Valley Forge until I saw the "Seagui" picture of G. W. "imploing divine aid" for American troops.

Methinks the "intolerants" are overdoing it—with the result that the harsh Washington is made to appear scared. Making him appear scared—makes it appear that George would tell a lie in a "pinch," on one hand; and other other hand, it destroys the "belief" that he never told the truth—all and all, making him appear as a very ordinary father of his country —

I protest!

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"I speak but the truth" is a lie, insofar as one can speak the truth only "to the best of his knowledge."

"I believe I speak the truth" is another fib—people don't believe—they know—I think, or know, that I speak the truth in conformity with the ~~best of my~~ and thinking ability that I have or haven't!

That's a sweet way to put it!

Suspicion is but a condition of incomplete knowledge—a word prostitute.

Doubt and belief belong to the same family.

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Much undeserved criticism is tossed at the bull for his habit of chasing citizens "off his pasture" and reservation. This, too, in the face of the fact (as a Chicago paper has shown) when a bull chases a man, he is only helping him to "break in" a pair of new shoes.

I have every regard for the bull (except his steak)—especially do I honor him for swearing off cow's milk; in this he is superior to man—for, verily I do "believe," a man with his face buried in a glass of milk resembles a calf. "But, milk is a good food."

So it is, so it is—for babips.

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SHE'S "HUNG UP"

One of the main reasons why labor finds itself in financial difficulties, from time to time, is the machine. The reason for this lies in the fact that the machine is not the "same" tomorrow, today and yesterday.

The machine changes from worse to "fair" and "not so worse" to better—in other words, the machine is a growing institution and not a fixed-standard.

If it was a fixed-standard, labor could very easily adjust the wages so that there would be no shortage of shekels among the honey-fingered subjects of the alarm-clock.

Indeed, he might even grow so careless as to forget to wind the thing and 'sequently forget to wake up e'en for the romantic spurtposes ordained by the self-manufactured overseers and . . .

What's the moral to this?

The moral is just like this:

The working class is too-much inclined to remain a fixed-standard and not a growing institution. The result of that is that it finds itself on the scrap-pile all too soon—a bystander on the outskirts of progress.

Where's the moral?

Dam me if I didn't quite forget the moral!

Read the I. W. W. papers and progress with the crowd.

Being as how it is now summer according to reliable reports mebbe—mebbe you can spare the price for one year's subscription—mebbe.