



THOU SHALT NOT STEAL

A traveling jeweler, a bourgeois of parts Minoequa, Wisc., and a likeable sort of a chap at that, visited with us at Camp No. 4 of the Strange Lumber Co. After business began to lag, being weary of packing two heavy cases, he stretched out in one of the bunks—even distaining to respect the possible lice therein, very democratically—and soon was sound asleep.

The swift thinkers of our organization will say, "T-Bone Slim is a confounded liar!" With them I have no quarrel—but wait!

My quarrel is with those fellow workers who say: "Remarkable confidence in one of business."

Confidence, nothing! He knew the kind of people he was amongst. If he had been amongst church goers, at that time, he wouldn't have slept; if he did, his sleep would have been troubled sleep, and if he did, the various congregations would have no need to go into market for watches and high-grade jewelry.

Another bunch will sarcastically remark: "What'd he do, hypnotize the crew? Must 'ave had Slim tied to a bunk, at least . . ."

Such remarks are decided pussillanamous and supereillious to a degree hardly expected in a rebelunary organization.

The fact of the matter is as I stated, and, when the migratory merchant awoke his socks were intact and three sales had been made subject to his awakening and sanction.

The left wingers, of course, will "suspect" the man was murdered in his bunk as he slept and the loot was divied "pro-rata" among the lumber workers of Vilas county. Let 'em suspect!

I'm here to uphold the glorious tradition—no, damn it, no, honesty isn't a tradition (among the lumberjacks) it's a living and breathing institution. It's been bred right into their bones with their mother's milk. It's as much a part of them as frozen toes, in the winter time—words fail me!

Their unimpeachable character blazes forth like the noon-day sun in Sioux City Iowa. And like soothing moonlight to a blistered neck, in June, in South St. Paul, their rugged integrity sticks forth and rebalms our faith in human nature. There!

When the merchant was gone—we all marveled at our marvelous honesty and self-control. No one had taken anything.

But wait!

A man who bought a comb complained that he hadn't seen anyone take the comb out of the case, leaving him an empty case . . . I wouldn't know the man that stole my lead pencil. No doubt, before morning the various purchases will have had changed hands, (like my partner's mitts). Petite larceny? Maybe, mebbe, but still and all, it's no worse than stealing the proverbial "straw" from the hands of a drowning man—the straw hardly would save him. If that's all he has . . . ?

THE MORAL? There ain't none! This is an UNmoral story.

"HOW'S THE RAILROADS—are they busy?" I inquired of a railroad worker in Jackson, Mich.

"I'll say they are! Busiest since the war," was the answer.

But it doesn't answer why the companies don't throw a chunk of coal in the stove.

(What of it if a "hobo" does breeze in and warm himself—you may be ON THE TRAMP some day yourself).

I'll place that railroad's laid in "proper" and placers are busy and making millions. Of course, railroads laid in places where a wheelbarrow would be about the "proper vehicle" are not making money. Railroads that saw the success of a genuine road and proceeded to imitate, hoping to lay their tongue on a bit of cream \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$! To illustrate: Mr. Oh Henry put out a candy bar chocolate coated and then bought a dozen 300-ton trucks to haul the *harvest of dimes* to the bank.

Hardly had the dimes been shovelled off the first truck, into the hoppers of the bank, when seventeen different kinds of chocolate bars appeared on the market—their owners tongues sticking out of their head a quarter of a foot reaching for the concentrated milk. Of course, they ain't making money!

They'll be HOLLERIN' for government help pretty soon and, when they do, put 'em in jail for trying to imitate that *delicious bar on an empty stummick* . . .

New York Central wouldn't be making any money if it was running excursion trains for old, rheumatic prospectors in the Death Valley or Oleomargarine Territory. Certainly not!

When a locomotive gets stuck on a hill it does so from three causes: Low steam, lack of sand, and insufficient momentum. Insufficient momentum carries with it an insinuation that the locomotive was lightweight and was trying to haul *heavyweight* freight.

Without a doubt, the locomotive has power, but, in this case, it amounts to weakness because the friction of the train is too great and the resistance of the grade is too BLUNT.

Now, a locomotive may get stuck on a hill for one or all three causes—or more causes—Just like a Labor Union—low steam

or lack of sand and insufficient momentum.

When a locomotive gets stuck on the hill too frequently they do one of two things: They either *trim down the resistance* and grease the friction or *get a bigger locomotive*.

What does a labor union do?
Does it get a bigger union?
NO!
IT LOSES ITS CHARTER!