



"BY A HAIR"

An inconsistency:
'Tis said there is no such thing as
"CAN'T"—everything "CAN"—just "Try
and try again."

I believe it!

But civilization doesn't believe it! The
hangman's noose and the electric "throne"
go far to prove that Civilization believes
it "CAN'T", and follows the line of no
resistance. And jails—are they a solu-
tion? Or are they just a sample of
Civilization's delightful way of "passing
the bunch?"

Heartily have I laughed over Civiliza-
tion's drowsy antics—she must not be
bothered.

Is there so much difference between
jailing, hanging, (lynching) electrocution
and the old American Indian's custom of
lifting the scalp?—origin of present day
custom of having one's half-o'-one-per-
cent-face lifted. True, the Redman wasn't
always a lifter: It has been recited, with
great gusto, as how when the pale skins
first came Noble John dropped on his
belly and kissed the corns of the "new
gods" (till he found out WHO they were),
and got kicked in the nozzle for his pains;
in dishing up mis-directed, superimposed
reverence.—'Twas then John held a heap
big pow-wow and reluctantly decided to
hoist a few scalps in defense of old gods,
wigwams and hunting grounds—so I was
taught in school.

Of course, hunting grounds may mean
economic grounds; wigwam may mean
"bread and butter," and old gods may be
a deep joke about freedom. We can't
say.

But white-man, instead of "lifting the
scalp," lifts his eyebrows and throws you
in jail—how quaint! I wonder does he
do that on economic grounds, for god
and country?—Are his biscuits in danger?

He ties a rope around your neck and
spares you the pain of watching his fu-
ture performances. He sits you in an
electric chair and burns you, after the
manner of mic'micing the sanctified witch
burners—a great improvement on being
"toasted" on a stake.

Ah, gentlemen, the Civilized white men
are great people—their culture includes
all.

But did the Injun do right in picking
scalps?

Shrinking Violets

Old fashioned girls used to point with
pride, "I have nothing to wear."

Now they don't point; they simply live
the part. (A sign of independence, I
think—either that or contempt of es-
court.)

The old fashioned girl, tho gifted, never
used to "swear in public"—but Christ, how
she could curse when unobserved

Now they use slang, "BANANNA"—
carramba!—and are all in all less foul

mouthed. (The second next issue of
posterity should show a decided improve-
ment over the past generations born of
two-faced goddesses.)

What kind of girls has Slim been ob-
serving?—

I took them as they came: Old-fashion-
ed, sheathe-gown, slit-skirt, bloomer-girl,
hobble-skirt, trouser-queen and present day
Quarter-Dress "Flapper." I glimpsed, too,
the Bustle Girl (1885) but the Hoop Skirt
Girl has been denied my soulful eyes.

The flapper is an improvement on all
this. Straightforward and unbandaged—
'twill never be said of her "She swears
like a trooper"—as was said of her sisters
ere they broke through the armor of
hardshell convention.

Truth stings; I'm sorry ladies!

The old-fashioned girl, helpless,—could
but weep and swear. Her only defense
and compensation. Came a day when
she resorted to poisons and fire arms.
Now, they Organize!

Through their organization they can
right all wrongs under which they may
be suffering—even unto correcting miss-
placed confidence. Lone girl can do noth-
ing, but a "bunch of girls" can make any
man back his signature.

Organization means more money in the
envelope. Bigger paydays—shorter work-
days.

Recently a New York newspaper con-
ducted a poll among college men (kids-
and they rejected the flapper in favor of
the old-fashioned girl.

Now, let me point out to these studes
(dudes) that if they want an old-fashioned
girl they'll have to date up a mummy—
not a mammy—because old fashioned girls
do not exist. Their vision of "the baker,"
washerwoman, tailor, (seemstress) cook, is
an illusion—"Bond" bakes the bread,
laundries wash the clothes, cafeterias cook
the food, Hart-Marx and Shafner sells the
clothes. Sox are no longer washed under
a water-fawcett—except in Princeton.

Nicholas Murray Butler: Send those
kids back to grammar school.

And Kids: If you feel you can't afford
to live in "accepted" style, don't commit
suicide, don't lean on the ladies—wait
till you get sense—then join the I. W. W.

You'd be surprised what a little organiz-
ation will do.

T.-b S. d