



## CONCESSIONAIRES?

The I. W. W. has no use for concessions, tributes, bribes or (despite looks) pensions—allowance.

To say we have the power to obtain concessions is the truth, one third truth, nothing else but—poetry—and means nothing insofar as concession is the act of conceding, a grant, an allowance; and, as it happens, we have the "power to obtain" the objects of our desires as a matter of precise justice, with out strings, and not have anything "wished" on us.

To say we have the power to obtain concessions is a frightened glance in the direction of things we feel we're not entitled to, and to accept concessions is to admit we are not entitled to them—the sentence is equivalent to a bill of sale to the powers that be that swiped our baby's milk. Keep the concession and hand us wages, hours and conditions—unconditionally.

### HANDS:

How well I remember the time about thirty years back when farmers were short of hands, shops were short of hands, factories were short of hands—especially lathe hands and planer hands—;general shortage of hands all around—sufficient hands could not be found except on alarm clocks. Desperation stared us in the face—parasites turned pale—captains of industry, impotent, in this intricate imbroglio, deplored, implored, importuned Immanuel to send them hands;—nobody seemed to know how, where and when to get hands.

And then John Phillip Sousa, March King, sat down and struck a happy note: "Hands Across the Sea."

Who but John Phillip would have thought of it?

We haven't been shorthanded since!

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I've been reliably informed that kissing is bad, dangerous, for the lips, health, brain and stomach—because of the germs, toilet-powder, "tarkish"-red and nicotine.

Of course I had to investigate this and will say that at first blush it did seem that the kisses were kind of sloppy, slippery and slimey and might have been the hatching place of worms or microbes—but upon second thought I made up my mind "it can't be true"; else less people would be dying of hootch amendment.

Then again, grey-haired or hairless gentlemen, before doddering into office, kiss the bible. (And I always kiss Harry Acton on the "forehead" before submerging my perspicacity in his "On the Gang-plank"—)

Now, if kissing the old calfskin puts new life into those shaky gentlemen, a scotch from a real hectic "mollie-kiss" would make new men of them—and the people would have to rescind their "election."

What! If a one-sided kiss, minus reciprocity and spit, implanted on a finger-printed bible-cover (misplaced shoe-leather) benefits the statesmen and the nation, a double-action osculation, as a rebuke to imitational one-sided exercises would put the nation back on its feet.

Sir, kissing a book or a shirt or a garbage can is just like single handed love in a cottage and is not as beneficial as the split responsibility—"two heads are better as one."

T-b S.