

BONEYARD

By T-BONE SLIM

THE way of all fish—the highly polished and, overly educated sweet pickles, editors of our dear masters' press, have made the astounding discovery that they cannot hide the I. W. W. on the back page. Nossir! I'm not callin' 'em names—I'm tryin' to describe the scribes.

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Lost time is never around again—yes, yes, but Stop, Look and Listen. No, no, no, for he who hesitates is lost (and he's lost if he doesn't hesitate). That makes it even.

Look before you leap—Why, you haven't time to admire the scenery—If you toss a glance or two, you won't have to leap—a ten-ton truck will start you off to your new address. Leap before you look? Ah, a Ford grinds you up. Darn the luck. Fine advice! Pulp!

Better far had you gone and fought to free Cuba so that our Sugar-Kings would have something to put in their coffee.

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Did you ever stop to figure what would happen if a drowsy barber would drop an open razor on your jugular?

Now, quit your shivering—be a hope-timist, not a pest-timist.

Think you not, O learnt reader, if the old saw came down teeth first it would stop your hiccoughs?

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If there's anything more dangerous than a women with an umbrella, it's a man. The other day it rained. I was hemmed in on all sides by himstichers and umbrellas. I begged for mercy. "Kill me if you will but don't cripple me," I warns 'em. "Madam, will you pull that parachute out of my eye," I coaxed. The only way I saved my life was by suggesting to a lady, who was making poor execution with her "weapon," sweat creature, "let me help you tame that contrary balloon"—and together we breasted the surging tide of the murderous throng.

"The hussy," you say—Hussy nothing, for be it understood she gave me no . . . anchorage-ment.

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Accidentally, I placed a can of Sheffield "Sealect" Evaporated Milk on the neck of a cockroach—Now I can imagine how labor feels under the iron heel. (The can was over half-full, too!) And I can imagine, how the bourgeoisie would feel under Labor's "left, left—I had a good home and I left!"

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Leadership too often is a vicious form of loafership and the suggesting of that which is obvious to the dumbest-tyro is not even loafership—nor does it make for activity.

The day is fast approaching when we will have to drag our leaders by a leash . . . Will individuality then perish? No! It cannot perish before it comes to life.

In the meantime, we'll have to do the best we can as a loaferless body.

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Avast! A split threatens the Church of England over the delicious question of evolution and communion. Mebbe they ought to split the pot more diffidently differently?

Questions, lord lift us, are more devastating than rakers on a militant cootie . . . Half of my black eyes got just from raising a question on the wrong dot.

Questions are also carnivorous. And carnal.

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The Supreme court states Brother Albert (Prince) Fall is a "faithless-servant," and called him all kinds of names beside—But the court didn't call him a thief or swindler . . . At least, didn't sentence him to jail. He was merely faithless, and still being foot-loose, it would seem unfaithfulness is one o' the inalienable rights and perfectly legal?

The ways of politics are unscrew-able!

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Reading from left to right "... he recently lectured before the Alppian Scientific Society and declared the analogy between American unionism and Swiss cheese, is close."

So it is, so it is, professor—both are full of holes.

We've got only about 27 organized men out of a 1,000 . . .

We don't hang together any better than the venerable cheese referred to . . .

Gosh! Let my eyes pop! S'posin' the Dutchman compares us with Limberger?—there'll be war—

there'll be war if we get killed for it. A matter of principle, etc., etc.

It is high time that American labor use some of the sense the Lord, Almighty, took the trouble to give him—and organize!