

"Pony" Profanity.

After looking over the myriads of miniature golf courses I came to the conclusion that what this country needs more than anything else is a miniature golf "curse" — something that could be turned loose without knocking down all the bunkers.

Present maledictions are entirely too rangey for that allotment of territory and many an enthusiast, rather than chance an oath, bites his tongue.

One such enclosure, conscious of its limitations, warns its patrons "No Loud Talking Or Profanity After 4 P. M."

Backyard, backyard do not cry:

You'll be a golf-course by and by.

But first we must uncover milder malediction, less eruptive expletives and serenely acrimony — backyard fences will never stand regulation cuss words.

Empty lots, formerly an eye-sore, laden with skins of the squeezed-grape, are now a thing of beauty paved with colorful shells of cotton seed dyed an emerald hue. "Hot Dog! Dammit" — swearing is all alone in the alley.

Blasphemy is getting to be a lost art and a certain subdued irreverence graces the land.

The cost of the midget golf course cannot be computed in dollars and sense, but it is enormous and will further aggravate the pauperism present. It is not the cause of future, additional "bums" but contributes in no small way to that end and makes for more men canvassing the hostelrys and eating houses for handouts, meals and other concomitants of civilized existence.

Before we go any farther, let it be distinctly understood it is strictly cross-wise to the law to promote a meal for yourself without laying down sufficient capital to cover the cost of production, materials, delicacies, service and a certain amount over and above that to establish an old age fund for the benefit of the restaurateur (as the case may be, or beint), against the day when he is old and feeble; his legs frail and shakey.

How ever proper and worthy and legal it may be to promote the lands and chattels and vittles away from a trusting widow, it is contrary to good usage and accepted intercourse to come into possession of a square meal without exercising currency of the realm in the transaction.

It is the law!!!

No need to point out that peculiarity (among the many almost unbelievable marvels) to the sophisticated union man — he already knows or suspects that such is the case and that we are living under a capitalist system under whose rules of etiquette it is considered bad manners verging on piracy to acquire such food without contributing to the upkeep of the host. But there are men, non-union men, who do not know this — and whose livelihood depends wholly upon such promoted meals; 't is for their benefit 't I launch myself on this literary excursion.

Leaving aside such questions as "a hungry gut has no conscience," (especially the scissorbill's, which is straight: one and hungry all the time) the enforceability of that law, flexible as it is and practically unbreakable, the preference (shown by

some people) to bust bigger laws and better laws and such other interrogation that try to grab space in our publication — leaving all those aside we must hasten to the assistance of the scissor . . . but before we go let it be recorded the I. W. W. is to be congratulated for its consideration in sacrificing the services of T-bone Slim, myself, in person, one of the world's keenest observers, to the task of ferreting out the mystifying details of the "profession":

When a hungry man, his gut straighter than ever, turns into a restaurant during rush hour, "the place is too busy" to feed him. He waits two hours and goes in between two rush hours — alas, the boss isn't in and he is out of luck.

A problem, to be sure—just when is this poor man gonna eat?

He will eat at any time when one or more customers are present if he makes his desires known in clear, distinct English language and loud enough to be heard across the street — the whispering campaign is passe.

As an observer I must admit, tho I decry it, an average scissorbill can not put sufficient weight to his sentences to cause a restaurant manager to pop out from a sugar barrel and issue orders for a meal gratis and, as a result, he is dropping off by the wayside.

Once he gets enough emphasis to his remarks the necessity to promote meals will vanish, he will qualify as a union man and talk the bread question over with the employer — a far better and surer way.

Mayor Thompson's storm and strife was robbed of crown jewels recently — the mayor took to the warpath right away and woe be unto any crook that runs afoul of his honor.

The Eagles (BPOE?) conscious of the fact man can hardly survive the years between 45, when "he should be chloroformed," and 70 when he gets a pension, have succeeded in having an old age pension law passed in eleven states — Alaska, where the citizens decided that no old-timer should on account of old age suffer for the lack of "reasonable comfort," considers 65 old enough. Hip, hip! REASONABLE comfort!

What's UNreasonable comfort?

There appears to be such a thing as too much comfort and Alaska, always cautious, wants to be entirely reasonable in such matters — nothing like being careful!

France has no unemployment — her army of unemployed, 2,000,000 of 'em, was demolished in the late lamented war.

I never did hear how much France got paid a piece for those men.

"France has not only no unemployment, but is obliged to call into the country Poles and Italians and Spaniards and Czechoslovakians to help in its production."

No record of Russians being called into France, none came voluntarily; but they may be on their way—few, few Russ-Americans are leaving for Volga and U. S. A. style of unemployment appears to be an improvement over the Russian—given transportation, France can get all the "scissor-bills" she wants right here in the states and a written guarantee they'll test as high as any Yankee she ever saw, not counting Franklin or Lindbergh.