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T-Bone Slim

Down for the Count

Christmas morning, will she say,
"I love you."
Or will she pant and hiss and bay
Above you.
"Get outta this house, you
Low-life rat;
I'm no longer your spouse. Go!
Get your hat."—

* * *

I don't blame her a gosh shang bit—if¹ was a woman I'd hate to be living in the same house with a scissorbill, one of those poor, helpless creatures that never quite had sense enough to join the I. W. W. So frail and brittle and fragile that he falls to pieces, when he sits down—if the quite ~~don't~~ happen to be one of those of "a thousand springs". He's so delicate he's got to have elastics to hold his pants up, or his chest, will cave in—no backbone and a straight gut, you know what I mean, the food falls right through him, nothing there to stop it—that's why he's always hungry.

You pretty near got to put him abed with rope and tackle, counterweights and plenty of paddling else his hide will tear or he will go all out of joint, and shape . . .

Was there anything more corruptly built than he? Of the poorest materials, hodgey manhood and imitation ambition? Always waiting for some one else to act in his behalf—I'll tell you frankly, editor, he's not an I. W. W. because he's so meek and humble and tame that fifty cents to him is a fortune, big money—he ain't seen much money for the same reasons, M" and "H" and "T". An initiation fee to him resembles a life-time income. He knows as well as anybody that I. W. W. is the place for him—but he just hasn't got good sense . . .

If the woman ever kicks him out, he's set. What could he do in this big cruel world if the woman wasn't there to build a fire under him every time his blood congeals and he feels like giving the boss a cold platter full of worlds?

I mean, a platter full of gold worlds.

* * *

Headline:

"Husbands and Wives to Have Equal Rights".

Fair enough! If men have no rights the women, too should be deprived of "theirs"—any mathematician will tell you (twice) that much—the score then would be 1 and 0—fair enough; neither has the edge . . . Ain't they ingenious! Why don't they come right out in the open and say, Women Too are to Lose teir Rights. Heh, he, Hee—and not try make them think they're getting something: take away their dress and say they were given a suit De Nude.—

Given? What do you mean? That ain't giving, that's taking away and my teacher told me taking away is subtraction—I'll leave it to Einstein.

I heard one about Adolph, or is his name Elmer Einstein: (I'm sure it isn't Isaac—only he will forstay): "His teeth were chattering, Pasadena, U. S. A., and his good frau, who loves to keep track of the professor, says: 'These laboratories are cold.'—

"Cold is right; laboratories is wrong—this is a Labradora."—(I could look up his name, the paper is right there in front of me but why go to all that trouble—you know the guy I mean).

Cold nothing, professor—that's the flu-hypodermic the medical sharks have been talking about, and don't let that woman mislead you.

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