

THE BY- PRODUCT
Watch your turn--Who's Next?

BY T-BONE SLIM

As you are, lad, so once was I--
I, too, did wipe the glasses dry;
As I am now, so you shall come--
Some day you, too, shall be a bum.

Not many juveniles escape
The sad estate of this poor skate;
Not many fossils at my age
Survive the system's brutal rage.

I, too, was wise when of your size--
Disdained to think or organize,
And made of one good, kindly me--
A vassal to the powers that be.

As I am now, so you shall be--
Subservient to necessity;
But while my lot is easy had,
I never can be like you, lad.

For one can ne'er regain his youth
And nurse an aching wisdom tooth:
As once did I, as you do now--
A dunce foredoomed to scrape and
bow.

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THE CAUSE OF LABOR IS

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.