

"-WITH VERY LITTLE DRESSING"

By T. BONE SLIM.

Everybody thinks we need action. So do I—But how to act? Not knowing, myself, I asked a Foreigner—He enlightened me: "The way to act,—is—to act."

An I. W. W. can do no wrong—The very strength of the I. W. W. lies in its weaknesses—It has a "weakness" for treading on the masters most active corn

The beauty of unemployment is—you don't loose any time, when it rains.

Slaves have, from time to time, opened their hearts and "called" this unemployment, everything from Hellena to Gehenna.

Slaves never would think of vacation, did not the master bring it to their notice with enforced idleness.

Now, that the radicals are "rested up" the bos is figuring on ways and means, how to introduce "him" to a gob.

The master being "rested up" from the vicissitude of the I. W. W.—On with the dance!

Lets all go to work—Printers are complaining the I's and W's wear out faster than any other letter—

They'll wear out faster still, when our writers get the war bread worked out from their suffering systems.

There seems to be an agitation on foot to substitute bran for bread in certain parts of America—

The department of injustice should instantly start persecution against these malesfactors.

Just because a childs healthy young stomach is able to—and does digest anything from grape nuts to shore-sand, is no reason why we should feed it stuff that would cause a revolution in the stomach of a freight-handler—

Here is a list of the names a slave calls the master:

Parasite, Plutocrat, Slaves-Driver, Stomack-Robber, plain Robber — (Censored by Ed. T. Bone Slim should know stuff like that won't go thru the mails.)

The master class lives by the sweat of our brow—

The middle class lives by the sweat of our brow — and a little of their own.

The working class lives by the swet of his own brow—

The lower class lives by the collective sweat of all these brows — indirectly, workers sweat.

The man who, on last election day, laughed at unions, and looked "wise"—is beginning to look twice as wise, now. All you can get out of him is: "Lets organize — for the love of Pete, lets organize"

A little touch of hunger makes the whole world thin—

Crime—Unemployment should be supprest—suppress the latter and and you'll have less trouble with the former—

A man with a full stomach is unable to steal—(and get away with it.) "Feed the brute" --- Moral: Eat and be honest.

"Labor-power is no commodity," the masters say.—"Are you ready for the question?"

Commodities, in this country, are protected by law.—Is labor?

Commodities are private property, even so, as are the wage-slaves. One of these two is protected—They do not steal each the others slave

Slaves are supposed to protect themselves, but, "wont".

What are you goin' to do about it?

"Hungry soldiers walk the street" says capitalist "Journal"—Just as if surprised that a few of them are still able to walk.

Is this "pay" for value received? Walk the street in the country they----saved?

Is that all a country is worth—Pretty low wages, pretty low—

Some of the boys seem to be in favor of starting, right now, to wean the capitalist class.—Sort of reconcile them to the loss—I have my opinions about this, but I shall refrain from comment—

I am credibly informed: Some I. W. W:s are in the "can" for trying to put an empty nose-bag on the parasites—This begins to look worse, right along.

Rumor has it, that, leading bankers were called into consultation by President"—

It is also thought, leading spiker and fastest bark-peelers will be next—

—T. Bone Slim.