

SKANDINAPOLIS

Where Bill Bailey Was Pinched.

The semi-parasites, who do the bidding and the dirty work for the parasites of the city of Minneapolis, arrested our fellow worker, the old warhorse, William Bailey. They requested Bill cease selling literature in this city, and confine his future activities to other localities.—They ordered him out of town.

The result of this has been—our literature is all sold out. You see, Bill is getting well along in years and is very hard of hearing.

Bill wishes me to state for him that great praise is due to the "dicks" for grabbing the 7 or 8 papers he had left—as this indicates a desire for knowledge—Bill claims, "desire for knowledge is knowledge."

Also: If other communities desire to boost the sales of I. W. W. literature (including the profound articles by the illustrious T bone Slim) they may wire Mr. William Bailey, care of 14 So. 1st St., Minneapolis. Thereupon, Bill will proceed to the disputed area.

For the information of those who are not enjoying the acquaintanceship of fellow worker Bailey, I will state, he is not the "Bill Bailey," referred to in song—and who was locked outdoors one night by an unscrupulous woman. Bill says he classes women among his best customers—and that he never has been locked out. "They always lock me in," he says, referring, no doubt, to "bulls."

T bone Slim.