

ANOTHER EARFULL

By T'bone Slim.

Jewelry of his mind—

It is aellged, that the alleged heavy artillery alleged to be in the alleged possession of the alleged *Industrial Workers of the World* and else where, consists mainly of mental-skyrockets and intellectual T. N. T.—Great Jehowasa Fat, 'sposin' the stuff explodes—!?!—()

Rumor has it that there is considerable unemployment in these so called united states of America (less, in Russia). Also, it is alleged that there is some starvation floating around in the same neighborhood. Hw can this be?

There is no excuse, for "being hungry." The granaries are full—I, myself, harvested enough (last summer) to feed 100,000 non-union men.

Therefore, sweet scissorbill and scissorette.—If you are hungry, eat—if you are tired, rest. This is a free country.

"But, I haven't anything to eat," you whine. To be sure you haven't—what do you want me to do—go and get it for you? Didn't I just tell you there's plenty of chewable food in this land of the brave—?

Please do not starve, its against the law. Besides, how is a man going to starve, with any degree of comfort, this time of the year when the cold winds are distracting his attention from the business at hand.

Even the slaves are "hollering" for work.—There must be something to it the parasites have overlooked—

When you become weary of "keeping" a boss—tired of "supporting" a master, then you will also quit hollering for work.

Work will come to you—

Take the full product of your toil.

After I had build Chicago, the city hired "bulls" to tell me to "get out of town."

That which I received (as payment) for work done, is now no more—

That which I gave, stands as a monument looking down at working class ignorance.

I think, fellow workers, the masters have been foolin' us.—And we're so smart too!

Fellow workers, if you should meet a wild eyed man who wants to educate you, pay no attention to him, he is "affected" with "congestion" of the Ego—nerve! He wants to be a worker and with the workers be, but, he is afraid of work, so, he's goin' to rule or ruin and thus bring about the dictatorship of the proletariat.—He'll ruin.

Proletariat is a rope, which western cowpunchers use, to trip us fourlegged animals.

Today I was offered a job.—I was so overcome with joy that I fainted on the spot.—It took two doctors three hours to revive me; when I came to—the boss had made his escape, closely persuaded by mob.

Funny, ain't it, how this last siege of unemployment hit the upper class first.—It started with the crowned heads of Europe, czars, kaisers and kings, and so on down the line to the man with the shovel.

It is to be hoped that the uncrowned kings of America will not "lose their heads" in this our greatest trial—unemployment.

Here is a sample of conversation between two busiess men in Chicago:

"Good morning, have you been robbed today?"

"No, thanks, not yet—they haven't got dow nthis far—but I hear firing up the street."

"Ain't it a shame, after all the trouble a business man has, to get it away from somebody? Then, along comes some irresponsible person and takes it away from him. That ain't right. The man who gets it—should be allowed to keep it.

I hope I made myself clear.

War is over. Once again, custard pie can be bartered for—in the loop. There's many a loop 'twixt lip and the soup.

Hardly had war ceased when people went back to their hamburger and onions. Where is their patriotism?

Why did they not stick to porter-house and sirloin?

It is well understood by all intelligent railroad men that there is little help for the present mismanagement of the railroads as long as they are controlled by a class of men—bankers—who know as little about railroad management as railroad men know about banking.