

## PRICKLY HEAT

How much farther is it—to normalcy? We've gone back quite a stretch, already. Isn't normalcy a bit indefinite—how are we going to know it, when we see it?

Some of the boys claim they are missing on all three... meals.

Remember that pair of pants you had in times of abnormalcy—which were a little light (at the collar)—which you gave away to a dyspeptic.—Don't you wish you had them now?

Ah, gentlemen, and workingmen!—Driving a pack of wolves away from my door, I followed them on, to the main "stem." Ah, this is touching—I can hardly write it: While passing an undertaking-taking-establishment, three Funeral Directors rush out "after me," expecting, no doubt, to see me gathered unto my fathers—to see me disintegrate, right before their very eyes. Herein, I disappointed them. I am rapidly gaining my buoyant composure and less buoyant avoirdupois. Hungry wolves of hunger bother me not.

The master has a "way" about him.—

When the master demands a thing—the thing appears...

—To lower street car fares; club together; buy enough "tin lizzies" to choke the street.—When Mrs. Master's limousine fails to get through... street car fares will drop. There's a reason—so easy.

The remedy for Bolshevism is Pork Chops.

That indefinable something, called P. O. W. E. R., is derived of industry.—Also: Co-operation (not corporation) is the key to success.

The master has, evidently, inherited an antipathy toward physical exertion—can't hardly blame him (with slaves hollering for overtime).

Our starched-civilization is wilting.—

### O B U Spells

Education—Organization—Emancipation.

Economic pressure will direct master's violence into proper channels.

Note: My meaning is a bit hazy, intentionally. No one-body can do your thinking for you—you must do it yourself.

Oh ye slaves, you respectable slaves! Can you... forget how much better you are than your fellow worker? Forget it—until we get the master off your back? Can you? As long as you camouflage your condition to yourself, so long will we all be slaves and work for wages.

You are fooling nobody—your "ape"ing of the master, makes him laugh, its enough to make the gods weep.—Are you really too good to associate with wobblies. Your boss will not associate with us. But, before we are through you and your boss will have dealings with the Industrial Workers of the World.

I said: You are fooling nobody.—I mean it. You are neither slave, nor master—you are fooling yourself! Come out of it.

T-bone Slim.