

JOBS

(Written after city election)

I wonder who this T-bone Slim is—yes, you are justified in wondering . . . to a very limited extent. Where you to start wondering what a T-bone Steak looks like, we would (all) be better off.

• • •

O. b. u. is the correct way to spell J. o. b.

• • •

Jobs are getting more plentiful, every day.

Countries are putting on more soldiers.—

States are hiring more, Cossacks.—

Counties are employing more, Deputies.—

Cities are enlisting more, Officers.—

Railroads are tripling their force of bulls.—

Five "bulls" flourinsh where one grew before.

• • •

Scarcity of J. o. b's.? I should say not.—The only thing scarce is work!

• • •

Railroads issue following instructions to their bulls: Do not steal freight yourself. And—let nobody else steal any.

• • •

Who knows, but, we may become so virtuous, in the course of time, that, we will sing for our soup, in some of these religious open shop—missions.

• • •

It is rumored that: Demosthenes, the great Greek orator, acquired his skill, as public speaker, by begging for "lumps" from the aristocracy of Athens, Greece.

These Greeks must be harder to "beg" than the Civic and Commerce Ass'n of Minneapolis.

• • •

By the way: City election is over with.—Now, I do not wish to gloat over the discomfiture of the disillusioned "political banders" and "vote fetchers," but—. Has Anybody Anywhere Anytime Ever heard of Anybody getting Anything . . . by voting for it—? Neither have I.

• • •

If they can count your money away from you, they certainly (and fluetly) must be able to count your votes.—Ha!—Haw!—Hee! Another victory for the I. W. W.

• • •

Here is a political procedure: A "preliminary" is held—(to let the boss know how strong you are . . .)

Then: A Registration Day (conveniently) follows the preliminary—to give the boss a chance to register enough votes to beat you. Then the glorious election day arrives—with its morning after; mourning after, is correct.

Why not vote the I. W. W. ticket next time?

• • •

We, of the Industrial Workers of the World, do not hold any preliminary election to inform our self-appointed, alleged, masters how strong we are.

• • •

And indications are, that the master will be forced to concede the logic of logic. And fall in love with us! He's human — — —

• • •

It's tough, it's tough, fellow voters,—and you have my most heartfelt sympathy—now, don't get mad—you stood it about 150 years—you'll come out all right; and in another two years, the boss will let you vote, again, for a "worker's candy date."

Don't forget the date.—

• • •

If you can't win, voting, try the missions.

• • •

The boss loves you, o, ye, Labor—your quiet dignified mien—your simple ways have completely won his heart.

T-bone Slim.

Second thoughts: The more you vote, the more money the master must put up.—The more money he puts up, the harder you must work to produce it—(for him).

If you continue along these lines, you will have us all in the poor house.

Get yourself a cheap rattle to play with.

• • •

Dear Ed, I couldn't not help it—forgive me—the weather is hot and the after-election-gloom is great.

T-b. S.