

"AN EARFULL"

By T. Bone Slim
(Jewelry of His Mind)

God is good—He made winter—to save the great American scissorbill—from "sweating" to death.
He made summer, to save the slow-moving wobbler from freezing. Selah!

An I. W. W. is no fur-bearing animal—he is (rather) a forbearing animal (long suffering).

A groan means Hallelujah—in the language of the poor! What you can't see it? Well, keep on looking until all of the people exhale that one big groan.

It has been discovered that a person (by bending his back) may arrest the functioning of his brain! This practice, if persisted in, will eventually do away with all traces of bolshevism.

Among the "ideals" of the American lumber "barons" are these three: Haywire, Gunnysack and Tarpaper.

Slave, you are framed by honey'd lips—
Sweat of thy brow, thy shirttail drips—

Some must bear the brunt of riches;
Bravely breed "Blue Ribbon" pups.
Chosen few, along the ditches,
Spear the rare Havana butts.

You may wonder at my "awfull" intelligence—wonder no longer, I will explain; I went through confirmation school in a cord wood camp.

Bed bugs, lice, filth, mice, near beer, near booze, near foods, near beds, near clothes, "sawsage," oleo-margarine, and bull beef—these are merely evidences of the influences of civilization. This standard of living is one of the 57 varieties, in fact it is No. 56.

The lumber co's do not "permit" the cleaning of horses in the daytime. So, the skimmers sneak out early in the morning, while the Co. is still in bed, and surreptitiously "curry" their steeds, with tufts of hay or a piece of burlap. Also, in the evening, when the Boss is retired, you can see dark forms flitting toward the barn, with a noble resolve and a smoky lantern.

A skinner works 320 hrs per mo. for \$65.
A swamper works 260 hrs. per mo. for \$60.

Even the masters say, "Where's your pride?" Quite rightly, Mister Boss. A 30 cent sport (with pride) is "easier" to exploit.

If I ever marry, I'm going to raise pool tables. Pool tables earn 40 cents per hour. Moral—what's the use of raising pool "sharks" to work an hour for two bits?

The "kid" was "next": A newsboy in Hibbing says, "I'd rather be in the woods than go to school."

"What," says the lumberjack, "would you rather be a timber beast than a scholar?"

"Yes; what's the use of being wise—they'll only put you in jail?" replied the future rebel.

Some of the brave Americans who have not heard (yet) that our Gene, good old Debs, is safely under lock and key, might be (by judicious coaxing) induced to crawl out from their cyclone cellars.—Yes, I said crawl.

Today, sure enough, the groundhog did come out and tried to throw a shadow—

Great heavens, has the High Cost of Living struck the dumb brute as well as "dumb" people?

P. S.—The groundhog failed to register—but, you should have seen the profiteer throw a shadow on Main Street.

They call the Jews, "Christ Killers." But—allow me to inform you, the Jews didn't drag him behind an automobile (like Frank Little was dragged) with a rope around his neck. Let us forget!

Charity! I've always suspected there is something wrong with it—now I know it—the employing class has exploited us no long that they are beginning to think they support us. "Ain't" it hell, fellow workers, to receive "charity" from those who never produce anything? I wonder whose stuff they are passing out! Let's get in the soup-line—or line up in defense.

We must get together; this condition shall not be allowed to prevail—Why, some of the workers seem to believe we are being robbed at the point of consumption; some think we're robbed at the point of produc-

tion—but, isn't it barely possible that we are robbed at the point of a bayonet.

Let us be fair: Give the employer all he produces and nothing but what he produces.

Finns, Swedes, Dutch, Irish, Slavs and Dagos built America. These damn foreigners—Yaps, Simps and Scissorbills; Hicks and Hoosiers are the ruination of our beloved country!

Industrial unionism suits the migratory worker—And if Brother Harding ever "gets" his "normalcy" to working we'll all be migratory workers (pretty soon). Normalcy means —4,321,567 unemployed trying to get your job.

The world do move—A dozen years ago a packer being weary of his better half ground her up and made sausage—but now, God only knows what is in those airtights. The packers won't tell; and judging from the taste—it is just as well.

Most packers advertise thusly: "We do not use artificial coloring (poison) or other preservatives." How very, very considerate of them!—no benzene of soda, no formaldehyde, no saltpeter, alum, strychnine or arsenic—Glory be, our lives are (at last) secure in the lily-white hands of the packers.

"Made from (carefully selected) tomatoes" may mean that great care was used to prevent any good tomatoes slipping into the grinder. Carefully selected is right—who's the goat?

The workers do the "praying"—the masters do the "preying". These two words are pronounced alike—No. 1, means asking for something you will not "git." No. 2, "gitting" something without asking. Personally, I am of the opinion that the masters have the most effective method—A "prayer," often, goes unanswered to the second and third generation; whereas, "preying" (as a general rule) is found delightfully profitable (to the preyer).

"Preyer" may also be pronounced "profiteer", if you are addicted to the use of mild words.

The next democratic platform (if I have a say so in writing it, will contain these scientific provisions (that is the only way we can bring the provisions home to the consumer).

No. 1. Compulsory "illiterary" training: (preparedness for the next peace).

No. 2. Vociferous universal praying: (while off duty; gov't to furnish burlap and cinders).

No. 3. Absolute, automatic thought control: (If they can't think—they can't talk; simpleton.)

No. 4. Free labor (to the captains of industry). The workmen shall make no charges whatsoever, but labor freely and often—making it possible for us to compete with cheap labor, foreign. What more do we need?

No. 5. Preying shall be left to the voluntary initiative of our best people; and as this is a matter that requires handling without gloves, the plutocrats, with their pink fingers, are best suited for the job.

No. 6. Prohibition: (even if we have to start making glass eyes for Pussy-foot Johnson).

Under prohibition shall be included everything that is not already prohibited, such as whiskey, beer, bitters, pancakes and butter. Also, small thieves are prohibited from stealing from the great Big Thieves—unless they show very, very great aptitude.

No. 7. Recognizing Russia: I'm dead set against this; it would give us too much work; too much trade; too much money, and, with too much money running around loose the workers might get a hold on some of it and become independent. I believe in recognizing the soup-line! Why, even now, the workers are getting cheery, and would rather steal than eat "our" delicious soup—the other day I met a workingman, and would believe it—he actually had on his feet a pair of shoes—yes, he did! So, if we recognize Russia, he's liable to buy himself a suit of clothes, and then we could not distinguish him from the distinguished people.

Yes, you have a chance to become a president. But—you have a far better chance of becoming a lumberjack.

I've always wanted to be president, (since the good old schooldays when the teacher told me "I had a chance") unsuccessfully thus far, but, I am progressing. By my own diligent effort, I have raised myself to the position of a swamper in the woods. This shows what would happen, were I, the noble T. Bone Slim, to enter the political "corral", either as a bull moose, demojackass, or an elephant—or any other animal of the political herd—All this, in spite of the fact

that a fortune teller once told me I was too honest to succeed.

I've heard, the "Irish" pay four bucks per capita, for the privilege of "cussing" the British government. The "Irish" are very extravagant people. I wouldn't pay (over) four cents per year, to be governed by J. Bull.

For not a despot bites the dirt,
Nor yet a "kinglet" dies,
But people in their undershirt—
Rise up to praise the skies.

Grammar is not taught (tached) in these lumber camps (this accounts for my flowing style) in fact: only the teamsters are trusted with the use of it—and they do use it—and good grammar—with terrible effect and efficiency (when they become exasperated with the horses).

Our "punctuation exercises" consist of drawing a black mark (with a piece of burnt wood) on the end of a log—we count the logs.

Our spelling may be "overly-done" in places, but no question of its veracity must be raised—140' of the brightest lumberjacks aided me in assembling these letters into their proper stalls—This puts it up to the editor—will he have the nerve to get up and say that he knows more than 140 lumberjacks, or, even, 100 lumberjacks? If he has, and does say so—well, all I've "got" to say—He knows something!

Your Humble T bone Slim
(plainer slim during war.)

P. S.—During these times of unemployment I am reaching out for a more suitable name.

A Chinaman would solve my dilemma by driving a T. bone into a piece of liver and eating it in semi-darkness.

Remember April 13—Amnesty Day!

FORN BORN WORKERS

are o

I

W.

mont

Unio

Pion

orga

ans,

efits

ian

in 1

fact

ized

(Th

to it

I

Spr

in J

M

mar

assi

had

met

poli

such

nat

time

tere

that

illeg

I

dis

the

and

hal

om

nor

pos

bot

sid

an

pla

tri

lot

ity

dis

use

air

ins