

MY RESPECTS—APOLOGY

Introducing:

The disappearing Hips: Few workers know the cause of this phenomena . . . Phenomena is the name masters have given it—grease, or fat, is the proper pronunciamento among workers.

The "technical" disease is intelligence . . . One afflicted with this malady or sickness, acquires a distaste for manual labor.

The Boss is an example in point... embonpoint. One of the symptoms of intelligence is a 48 inch waist . . . made to order.

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The victim broadens, physically, until double doors become an absolute necessity.

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He narrows, mentally, and becomes sharp. This is called shrewdness . . . ability . . . Ability to live without working.

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Between me and my master, the struggle must go on until I'm heavier and he is lighter.

(P. S.—I have retained the image of God in my person.) (Except: hump on my back.)

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The master is not humpbacked, because of his habit of straightening himself in his endeavors to see over his stomach. (Dust, please note.)

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The coupon-clipper is forever telling us about work—how fine it is . . . how elevating . . . how noble,, honest, healthy . . . where did he ever come to know so much about it?

We know what work is . . . That is how we make our . . . and his living.

Ah, come on fellers, be sports; let the master have some . . . some work.

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Let him get a better idea of work. There is no reason he be denied that which, he says, he simply loves.

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As an organization we are not a "dual". We are it . . . the only bona fide, genuine of the workers of the world.

We are not (yet) endorsed by the boss or his newspapers—but, will be some day when boss sits patching his over-alls. Thank you.

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What man has made, is too expensive for man, to use. Has profiteering anything to do with this . . . Let's hope so . . . And if so? How can we afford to keep a profiteering system? We can't.

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Finlanders, at one time, were about to be classed mongolians. They were to be forbidden free entrance into this land of the brave.

But, thereupon, it was shown to the learned professors that among other things the Finns were able to pick up a shovel full of iron-ore.

Well, says the learned professors, if that's the case . . . that settles it.

Finns have ,ever since, in their humble, unassuming way been Caucasians. Necessity is the mama of invention.

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The suffering will be great next winter. The master (tenderhearted rascal) will not be able to bear sight of it. Oh, no. He will be on his private yacht—on the way to Bermuda and Cuba.

Either place is healthy during season when people holler for bread.

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Now is the time to start thinking about that snow shoveling job.

T-bone Slim.