

ers abolished—cause: war is over.
Debs still in "can"—cause: war isn't
over. Public policy—oleomargarine!

Generally, when capital and labor
get together, there is a cut in wages—
when labor gets together, alone—
there will be a cut in profits.

Ever notice: When a bunch of
"bolsheviks" go into a factory to
work, the "masters press" calls them
"A fine lot of law-abiding citizens."
But, when they come out, out on
strike, the press calls them "lawless
element, outlaws, roughnecks; and
calls upon the "bulls" to "sap" the
mob—some policy. Join the Solidar-
ity.—

The literary prostitutes of sub-
sidized press say—"The I. W. W. is
"ditched" by its leader." Its a lie—
no ditch or leader big enough.

Red cards are selling @ \$3.00 a
throw. Market is firm, in spite of
small flurry, created by "bulls".
Supply and demand steady.

Personal: Just because a man
"gets" uneasy—is no sign he is ner-
vous, temperamentally. It might be
"cooties". Let's have more action.—

A "sky scraper" is only a "mine"
upside down. Slaves work in mines,
also.

Is there a panic? No.—Unemploy-
ment? No. Bless your heart, no.
T'is only a slight "industrial disloca-
tion"—and we thought it serious.

And in the meantime the intel-
ligent minority is dilating on the
"emptiness of space" instead of the
Fullness of the Face. The rank and
raw, handicapped with a second hand
chew of snus, is discreetly silent.
Minority, minority, minority, wins.
Heads up—and stand from under!

* Down comes the etpitalist system.
T bone Slim.

- "BRIQUETS"

Sex, race, creed and color—is
Opposed to
Rex, grace, greed and \$.

- "Eat not, work not—work not, eat
naught". This reminds me: Most of
the "self made" men you meet on
the street, "look" as if they had been
working overtime on that stomach
of theirs. Also, they must have put in
a few extra hours on that double
chin on the back of their necks.

I threw away my toothpicks to-
day—won't need them.

I'm hanging onto my false teeth
a while longer to "grit" with.

Ah slaves, only 3 years and 6
months more—to next election—to
exercise our franchise. When do we
exercise our brain?

"Servants of the People" often
prove unreliable.

People trust their servants—

I'm sorry dear, I'm sorry dear,
I'm sor'—

Want a thing well done? Do it
yourself.

Public policy is to civic welfare
what oleomargarine is to a banquet.

Are you still "hooverizing"? Good,
hip, hip, hurrah!

Only 4,999,997 men unemployed.—
Three of the boys "got" jobs this
morning.

Right now we ought to send a note
to Japan—3 notes, a night letter,
and seven ultimatums to Mexico.—
Let's be diplomatic, if it takes the
last man.

To prevent war—"have war to
prevent war". How simple! are we
not simple?

National agreement with RR work-