

# HALF-AND-HALF

(BY T-BONE SLIM.)

Some of our prominent laborers are in the habit of getting drunk—because they are ashamed of themselves for supporting a bunch of worthless parasites.

Have heart, fellow workers! Somebody's got to support them. If we don't, they will starve and die by the thousand.

Then, if we leave them "lay" (out in the sun) they might begin to rot—and cause "bucolic plague."

It's easier to support them (with all this modern machinery) than to bury them "by hand."

Who wants to dig a grave for a parasite, anyway? I don't!

Little Johnny, the farmer's son, had been told by the farmer: "Now that you are hauling grain, Johnny, you are a working man, like the rest of the crew." Next day the crew went on strike—and the machine was stopped. Little Johnny was told to "go and haul the grain tank away from the straw stack." "Remember what you told me last night? Well, I'm on strike, like the rest of the men." Not so bad for a twelve-yearling.

Riga, Aug. 13.—"American efforts to save Russia's starving millions was expected to start today." Now, if Soviet Russia would put forward a similar effort to save America's starving millions, it would set a precedent in the world's history—yaas.

"Huh!" said Napoleon Bonusparte, "I make circumstances." The I. W. W. make conditions. The A. F. of L. had better re-roof their unionism. It looks as if it's going to blow.

If the Road to Heaven is "rough"—why do we bury our dead in their "stocking-feet."

Business must be poor. I notice business men take 15 to 30 minutes shaking a customer's hand. I went in to buy a box of snuff, and would you believe it?—he grabbed me by the hand and started to shake it. I was afraid he would accuse me of being his long-lost brother, such were the tears of joy streaming down his face. No, I didn't have the heart to hit him. I let him have the dime.

Karl Marx, one of our rising young authors, makes a statement that "Capitalism contains within itself the germs (?) of its own destruction." Karl, Karl! What did the I. W. W. ever do to you? Why should you call them germs—or seeds?

The Industrial Workers of the World (and elsewhere) have stood much, but if they withstand this latest character assassination, it will go a long way to prove Charlie Darwin's theory on the "survival of the fittest."

Some misguided men have been trying to coax the world's other great writer into this country. I'm referring to George Bernard Shaw. This country ain't big enough (nor broad enough) for both of us.

Were G. B. S. in this country, ducking around like T-B. S., trying to keep out of jail, someone would surely run across one of us. This is intended as a compliment to George. I'm naturally modest, I am!