

Pauper's Philosophy

Its not the wealth they take from us that hurts. No. But, when they get right up and make a display of it, and brag about it, then our dander begins to rise.—The American people, the working people and the jobless people, have lost all track of the wealth John D. got away with.—Let's see, the last time I figured it up, John was pretty "stakey." He had his winter supplies all in (such as coal, spuds and rutabagas, etc.) and yet he had something like fifty million twenty-dollar bills salted away for a rainy day.

John has a good job, I surmise.

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Gee, I wish I had a tewnty-dollar bill—(it's clouding up) 'twill be three years next since I saw one...

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By the way, the Duchess of Marlborough turned to—and worked an hour, just the other day, picking spuds. Yeah, it's a fact. By and by, she will work eight hours, and when her muscles get hardened, she will, no doubt, agree to work sixteen...

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Wonder if the kaiser is still working at that wood pile. Must be... Lumber jacks tell me there's no demand for cord wood. Must be... One bum arm, too.

Fellow workers delegates, how about lining up Scissor Wilhelm Hohenzollern?

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He would be great, let him do something (not somebody). Take the Kingdom of Heaven away from the few and hand it over to the slaves. That would be a good beginning.

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When the slave springs from bed, at 8:30 A. M., in the Commonwealth of Toil, let there be Brussels carpets ankle deep on the floor to act as shock absorbers.

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"The devil finds work for idle hands"; guess that's a headline, too. The daily papers are trying to discourage the devil by putting smile and cheer coupons into the idle hands of the unemployed. Great scheme, this, it keeps the boys occupied.—Meal-times come an pass unnoticed.

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Seems to me (on the fence) our capitalist sheets are usurping the prerogatives of his Satanical Majesty.

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I'm all agog, expectant, as to what special inducement the devil will put forth. I anticipate it will be something great.

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'Woods—Dolasu, 20 to 26.' Sounds like Greek, doesn't it? Well, it isn't! It's pure skid-pond-English. It means you will get 76c. per day for your work in logging camps. Here's a job for the big, husky ex-service man. Company will furnish fresh air and opportunity—Jehovah will furnish every-

thing else. 76 cents per day! One hundred cents worth of overalls wear out in the brush per day, per man. "Wood, Dolasu!" Perdition.

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"Price Normalcy May Be Reached Within 13 Years," headline. In other words it's going to take thirteen years to wheedle away (from us) the money we are supposed to have—13, for you, dear master.

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We are arrived at "dormantcy"—pull your belts up tighter, brothers.

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"Bryan Drinks Gin (By Mistake)," headline.

Many lesser lights have made same mistake. Here's the Trib's story: "It was an innocent looking water glass." (Paper states not how Bryan looked.) While Bryan was looking elsewhere the waiter filled it with gin cocktail, permissible, of course, on the premises of the foreign envoy.

It seems from this that, when the Washingtonians wish to get drunk, they go over to the foreign envoy. That the foreign envoy is a blind pigger is not true, and cannot be proven so, whereas no charge is made for drinks.

"When in Rome do as the Romans do."

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Yep. We will have to make some concessions to these foreign drunks. Some day we will have to come right out in the open with our gin jugs... so as to square these diplomaniacs and foreign envoys, and Bryan, with the custom of this glorious prohibitionary country.

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Ideals of today are realities of tomorrow.

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In 1920 it was: No beer—no work! Today we have both: No work and no beer. Pretty soon, fellow workers, pretty soon! Organize!

T-bone Slim.

P. S. Line o' swipes or three?