

LISTENING IN--

T—BONE SLIM.

New models in religion are springing up every day. Conan Doyle puts one over that looks like an old one re-varnished—Oh well, we must have our mental-dissipation . . .

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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says heaven will include dogs, cats, sows, horses—in fact, “everything we loved on earth.”

Hurrah! Our pork chops are safe.

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And to think, Joe Hill, (the noblest Swede of them all), was shot for saying, “you’ll get pie in the sky when you die.”

The effects of the coal miners strike is felt in Chicago—“Twenty five tons of radical literature, seized during war frenzy, was burned in the furnace of federal building—” Its a wonder they wouldn’t buy their own fuel—price of paper so high, too.

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I suppose when the coal miners strike is over and the paper makers go out on theirs . . . the federal building will give aid and comfort to the paper Barons by writing injunctions on a piece of slate.

How it must tickle mine mules to get free board while the miners are striking for more board—According to reports the mules are getting so good natured that it is safe to walk by their business-end.—Who knows but mules, too, will go to heaven?—Doyle please answer.

To incur a job now days, one must be prepared to plank down \$3.00 for employment fee—You buy your misery.

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The masters voice on the job is as resonant as it ever was—“Hurry up, John”, is the order of the day—“Go and get your time” is another one.

We must have more over production?

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Strange isn’t it that a man working in connection with modern machinery has no time to sit down and smoke his pipe.

There’s a reason.

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The capitalist class is fighting today the battles of the future capitalists yet unborn—The oppressors of today are moving heaven and earth to keep the slaves servile for the few to come in some dim, distant, future. Unselfish? What!

’Tis said the operators do not advertise. Why should they? They the American people—a head lock, have an absolute strangle hold on half nelson, and a toe hold, (on the peoples’ pocket book.)

That isn’t all they’ve got.

They’ve got the first dollar the miners ever earned for ’em.

Why should they advertise?

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Its a hard, hard life . . . Can’t tell nowadays when you get a hold of a sausage whether its meat or bread. Milk is condensed and people grow shorter . . . And if packers take out any more meat from sausages we’ll have to build mail boxes lower.