

THE LUMBER JACK'S PRAYER

I pray dear Lord for Jesus' sake,
Give us this day a T-Bone Steak,
Hallowed be thy Holy name,
But don't forget to send the
same.

Oh, hear my humble cry, Oh
Lord,
And send us down some decent
board,
Brown gravy and some German
fried,
With sliced tomatoes on the side.

Observe me on my bended legs,
I'm asking you for Ham and
Eggs
And if thou have's custard pies,
I like, dear Lord, the largest size.

Oh, hear my cry, All Mighty
Host,
I quite forgot the Quail on Toast,
—Let your kindly heart be
stirred,
And stuff some oysters in that
bird.

Dear Lord, we know your Holy
wish,
On Friday we must have a fish,
Our flesh is weak and spirit
stale,
You better make that fish a
whale.

Oh, hear me Lord, remove
these "Dogs",
These sausages of powder'd logs,
Your bull beef hash and bearded
Snouts,
Take them to hell or there-
abouts.

With Alum bread and Pressed-
Beef butts,
Dear Lord you damn near
ruin'd my guts,
Your white-wash milk and
Oleorine,
I wish to Christ I'd never seen.
Oh, hear me Lord, I am praying
still,
But if you won't our union will,
Put pork shops on the bill of
fare,
And starve no workers anywhere.

ANSWER TO THE PRAYER

I am happy to say this prayer
has been answered — by the
"old man" himself. He tells me
He has furnished — plenty for
all — and that if I am not get-
ting mine it's because I am not
organized SUFFICIENTLY strong
to force the master to loosen up.

He tells me he has no know-
ledge on Dogs, Pressed Beef
Butts, etc., and that they prob-
ably are products of the Devil.
He further informs me the Cap-
italists are children of Hisn —
and that He absolutely refuses to
participate in any children's
squabbles. He believes in letting
us fight it out along the lines
of Industrial Unionism.

Yours in faith

T-BONE SLIM.

NOTE—What you give goes in
the jail-box relief fund No. 310
951 W. Madison St.