



## Today's Specials

Can't tell which is worse, earache or overwork—but breakfast is only a bait to get us up (in the morning) to go to work.

Again the parasites are hollering for "more production—" If they would save their wind, and go to work, there *would* be more production.

Put more men to work; shorten the day—man cannot work full speed and long day at same time—and what's more, he isn't going to do so.

The working class is not only doing *enough*, but is already doing *more* than its share of world's chores.

Labor is wealth—money makes a poor soup.

To be born under an unlucky star is to be born on a cloudy night. Be born in the day time and dodge misery.

Luck versus Power is Theory versus Fact.

Dear Reader: My stuff seems very jumbled, scrambled, so as to say—(so is the capitalist system). Us great writers must conform with prevailing aggravations.

The master's "press"—

It is to laugh!—If ever a party has been stung the capitalist party is *that one*.—Here they are dishing out perfectly good money to a bunch of brainless and hairless imbeciles in the hope that said incapables will be able to kid the workers a while longer.

Why, that stuff the capitalist press puts out is so transparent that a high school kid, with no education at all, is beginning to ask impertinent questions about it.

Ye gods! For the life of me I cannot see how the master permits himself to be swindled into buying a lot of third grade editorials, which tend to fool nobody and which make good workingclass propaganda seven days a week.

But, it may be that the "superior brain," of the parasite, is incapable of differentiating between a department store ad and an editorial—and I'm here to say that the ad is the better reading matter.

The A. W. I. U., No. 110, is holding a convention in Minneapolis—The No. 110 is one of the many very progressing industrial unions of the one and only I. W. W.

The business methods of A. W. I. U. has been such that this organization finds itself on easy street and well able to meet all demands made upon it (financially) in the line of prosecuting organization work in that industry—and when taken into consideration that this work is more than less *seasonal* it is remarkable the way half dollar dues pile up. Hurrah for the I. W. W.!

Rumor has it that T-Bone Slim starved to death on the "wheatline"—this isn't strictly true, in the sense given out by sympathizers. Any celebration in commemoration of the event is premature and should be discouraged from the start. No one is more disappointed than Slim.

The starving occur'd at Kenmare in the same restaurant where the railroad scabs were starved—Served Slim right; he should have inquired about the Lake View Inn.

Begins to look 'sif Bryan's going to stroll for presidency on the Presbyterian ticket—papers are full of his articles about Gabe and Mike, the two leading angels on *that foreign shore*.

Salvationists here assured Slim that his chest, swelling out between his shoulder blades, will be made straight as a surface plate in the next world—Death, where is thy sting?

Let it be noted, Slim got round shouldered looking for work. It's a wonder he didn't lose his eyesight. As it was, when he got back from Dakota the milk on the doorstep did appear to be blue.

For some time past society has failed to find work for its victims—still it expects us to live by work—still, it puts the onus, of finding work, on us.

The only way to beat us is let us win!  
T-BONE SLIM.

P. S.—Farmers are drowning their sorrow with liquor 'cause wobs wouldn't work for 35 cts. per hour.