

LETS HAVE IT!

T-BONE SLIM.

What is that power that jails its betters;
Its men of brawn—its men of letters?
What is that power?

What is that power that starves its young,
Whos' praises then the pulpits sung—
At whos' behest brave men are hung—
What is that power?

What is that power—insidious power —
That would arrest springs joyous shower—
And trample down life's fairest flower?
What is that power?
