



Young Man's Fancy Turns---

By T-BONE SLIM

Judge: "Why did you hit this man?"

Prisoner: "Well Jedge, its a long story— all last winter I was on the bum . . . going from one soup-line to another—trying to 'get by' the best I could—there was no work to be had.—But last week prosperity hit me in the form of a job and living wages so I started eating in restaurants. Well, to make a long story short, I went into this mans place, not thinking of fighting or nothing . . . when this man came to take my order he asked me if I wanted soup—so I hit him."

Judge "Six months on bread and water— when you get out keep away from lakes and bakeries," he added.

That's how dangerous souplines are. They change the whole trend of a mans life.

The Federal Reserve system came in for its share of attention when the boys were wrapping newspapers around their toes this morning. The absence of socks was passed over without notice.

"Hitch your wagon to a star"—a horse should be beneath your notice. It is children only that tie their sled to material things. A five-pointed star revolving between the "thills" of your buggy would more than scratch up the dirt. "Cork" shoes ain't in it, with a star, in pulling heavy loads. . . That's "some load you've got."

MID THE WOES OF SNOWMANS LAND

(Air: There's a Rose . . .)

I've seen some beautiful posies,
High on the Alger Line;*
Beautiful evergreen roses—
Natives would call them pine:
Still all this scent cannot be meant
For the "windbreak" of mine.

Chorus

There's a rose that's froze in snowmans land,
Tis a glazier of pain;
Though it's frozen white,
Still its quite a sight
For the folks of loggers lane;
Tis a Matterhorn,
Of a frosty morn—
By the wintry breezes fanned—
Of his earnings fleeced
Stands a timberbeast,
Mid the woes of snowmans land.

* Alger Line—a logging road in the hot sprinbs country of Minnesota.

MILEAGE

(Air: You're a Million Miles From Nowhere
When You're One Little Mile From Home)
Though you travel the whole world o'er;
See the ends of the earth and more—
Far in the ambient air—
You've never yet been anywhere.

Chorus

You're a million miles from nowhere
When you haven't a Wobbly card;
If you'll look—and see—you'll find
You're a trillion years behind.
You have "left the gates of reason"
When you pass up this great reward—
You're a million miles from nowhere
When you haven't a Wobbly card.

As you travel this vale of tears,
In the shadow of unknown fears,
Freedom's as far as a star—
You've never yet been very far.