

As Seen in Perspective by T-Bone Slim

GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

God! How I hate to call it "the Capitalists' System." No system at all—everybody grab all he can—the rest (what is left) is distributed UN-equally among the SLAVES.

A half million German microbes can now be bought for a nickel—spot cash. The microbes are being further micrometerized to the disadvantage of that once healthy insect—next the Germans will plaster the vaterland with "liberty-mortgages;" democratize that republic, and try to support the world in peace and plenty.

Ah, did I say liberty-mortgages? Beg your parole—liberty and mortgage doesn't hitch. Beg your pardon.

Who ever heard of a heavenly-hell; a bitter-sweet; a cold-chinook; a warm zero; a free-slave; a male-woman; a rich-pauper; a harmless-exploitation—ever hear of em? And did you ever hear of a string of other "oiled-waters," catch-phrases, just as ridiculous as liberty-mortgages, or liberty-sandwiches; liberty-ball and chain or liberty-handcuffs?—Liberty and mortgage doesn't hitch, and the "Dutch" will be quick to notice it.

People should be a little more explicit in their language, which reminds me: Jesus rode into Jerusalem on a "colt of a Jack-ass" Jinny—that's plain. The "colt" was of the "Jinny" not of the "Jack." The bible makes it so plain that many people have been persuaded to ride a similar hobby—on a colt of the dam of a Jack... one can't be too particular in the use of type.

"Well, they're drunk again."—I look up in surprise—interested. Before me stood a hoosier—I'm sitting in a farm house—(they have houses)—at Rising Sun, Iowa. Who's drunk?—Where do they get it? Is there a blind pig around here? What kind of stuff is it...?

Hold on Slim, you don't understand—it's the bees who are drunk—Oh! said I, I see. (But I didn't)—"Yass, continued the farmer—everytime it rains the bees get 'soused,' gloriously drunk, stagger around and buzz and buzz—just like human beings, and that's the best time to take their honey away from them.

While they are in that shape they won't sting you; but, oh, on the morning after, they are vicious. During a rainy spell—of course—they get drunk a good deal oftener than is necessary for my purposes—that is, the product of their toil doesn't warrant "cleaning up on them" every time it "sprinkles." A bee is just like a man—he can be robbed only of the products of his toil, the honey; and if it rains and rains and he's drunk and drunk, there's no use visiting 'the hive—the factory-home of the bee.

Well John, says I, how do you make it out? Do the bees get drunk because it rains? Because they can't work? Do they kill their sorrow 'for the rain? Do they celebrate their "idleness," or do they mourn the last bunch of honey you swiped? "That I don't... Hey, you, get out of my house," says John!—(T-bone Slim).

SIX HUNDRED THIRTEEN

(a flash)

Jobs are scarce—unemployment only is plentiful. Besides the regular never-works, we now have many use-to-works out of work. We've pretty near got to eat from the employer's hand—and those that can't read and write will soon have to put their front feet into the trough...

Humiliated at every turn a man soon wears out and says: Make it out. Then comes more humiliation—red tape—about getting money.

The bookkeeper drills you through with a searching stare—and you feel naked in-



deed in his presence. After cross-examining you thoroughly he pulls some hokum; looks over his shoulder seven times at the moon; assumes a very mysterious air; crosses himself fourteen times; uncrosses his legs ten times (as if in great agony) squirms and twists and then: gives you a piece of paper to take over to another acrobat—and the same proceedings is gone through again—only this gentleman doesn't uncross his legs because in the late years his stomach has prevented him crossing them—to make up for this, he insults you three and a half times. Finally—finally comes the happy moment. The cashier hands you your pay; six dollars and thirteen cents for ten years of labor.

MARK OF INTELLIGENCE

No. It's not her loveliness,
Winning smile or golden tress;
No, it's not her lovely form that I adore.
No. It's something sweeter far—
Than the charms of angels are;
It's the little Wobble button that she wore.

When most everything is wrong
And my fears grow big and strong;
And the wolf is barking, snarling at my door—

I regard it as a "hint,"
And I take another squint,
At the little three star emblem that she wore.

Came a day my stuff was raw
And I ran into the Law,
And he put me in this cage to think it o'er;
So—I layed upon a cot
And I thought and thought and thought
Of the Rebel Wobble button that she wore.

When my heart is filled with pain,
And my coffee tastes like rain,
And my tears splash down upon the prison floor;

Oh—I cannot sleep a wink,
I just lie there and I think
Of the little Red-Button that she wore.

When the sands of Time is run,
And my journey is begun,
To the "joyful shed" upon the gilded shore;
I'd give all my worldly pile
If they'd let me gaze a while
At the Grand, Distinctive Emblem that she wore.

P. S.—If you're going to sing this at all,
sing it to the tune: "Down on the Farm."

FLASHES

"Ja vi har ej bananer,
Vi har ej bananer I dag;
Vi har appen, pärlja,
Snus, och sadant;
Potatis och sill vt-handlar
Kontant—
Ja vi har ej bananer
Vi har ej bananer I dag."

The famous American marching song has taken possession of Sweden, and deeply do they grieve (over there) because we have no binnanos (over here).

They are sending over extra copies of "lutefisk" to take the place of the bereaved binnanos—and, the Norwegians too are canvassing their country for the benefit of the starving Americans.

Shortage of binnanos is a calamity—the like of which the world has never seen. The binnano famine in North America causes the world to stand aghast—too overcome to speak... next:

If they would send us a few ankavis or Kaffel-bitar, with a boat load of Knackebrod we could make out till spring or until we could get a little doppa i grytan of our own.

MR. HI GUSTAVE LIVIN'

(a flash)

"I'll hold 'em while you hit 'em" is a form of co-operation practiced by our neighbors, the capitalists. Of course, it is unfair but it brings "elaborate" results—sometimes. The man that is being held is practically helpless while his economic face is luppumelled. His very helplessness is ludicrous to the audience and gives rise to shouts of exhalilation—the joke is appreciated by all—I laughed myself sick once, when I saw a workman trying to bite a fist that was playing a merry tattoo upon his face. But I must tell you:

I recognized both the man doing the holding and the man doing the hitting—but I must tell you: The man doing the holding was a young reprobate, of a respectable family, by the name of Mr. Contract. The scalawag doing the hitting was Mr. Hi Gustave Living—and the man trying to eat the fist was our old friend Mr. Scissorbill. Oh, but I laughed.