

T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES

"WHAT THEY SAY"

We have a headache this morning: Now, there is, and can be, only one cause for headache—modesty prevents our mentioning it. Anyway, we shall write and see what kind of an article is lodged in there—not knowing beforehand, we know we shall get a tremendous kick from it—because, this is no ordinary headache.

Says the Minneapolis Daily Star, in a headline;

I. W. W. BEHIND YEGGS,

BANKERS LEARN

And to think, I thought we were way ahead of 'em.—What's Star trying to do, cast reflections against our "ability to travel"?

According to this latest mouthpiece of special-privilege the **BANKERS LEARN** all about it, from a special-agent, who, himself, is not yet implicated in any of the robberies that stirreth Minnesota. No charges have been made. No evidence is offered. No one has been arrested. So, it must be the I. W. W.? So they say—and proceed to hold court on the front page of the **SLIPPING** Star of Minneapolis.

—Somebody is to be framed.

We hear that the wobblies "did this" and "done that"—an ambitious bunch!

An idiot rides a "front end" of an oil-tank, with his feet on the box-car ahead, the engineer jerks-up the slack, on a heavy-grade; our hero, the idiot, drops gracefully to the tracks—two legs off.—**I. W. W. DID THAT**, he says so himself. And the doctor said: "The abrasions indicate that he was pushed by an I Won't Work—thrown off the train because, the noble patriot he is, he wood knot take out a **CURSED UR'R'RED CARD**."

A game-warden takes a string of german-carp from a kid, par-boils them, and raises his family with 'em. It is given out that "the I. W. W. started taking over industry by confiscating the toothsome aristocrat of the inland waters."

Town kids in (. . .) capture a stray pig and pen him in a coal-shed (for a pet). **I. W. W. done that**—it's their murderous doctrine "the working class and the employing class have nothing in common," and it's reflex the working man and the workman have everything in common that is the cause of it. The pig is traced 57 miles to a jungle—where the "boys" are eating turtle-soup, cauliflower, peas, spuds, celery, onion-salt, bread, butter, coffee and commercial-topplings—our author foundered himself—no other pig put in an appearance.

The law took pity on the author's plight and arrested nobody.

The kids inform me they got a dollar from the preacher, for the pig.

The hind tire picks up a nail, who's to blame? **I. W. W.**

The lightning strikes a hay-stack, whose fault? **I. W. W.'s**.

Out of date saw-mill burns carrying handsome insurance, who's guilty? **I. W. W.**

They are accused of everything that happens and many things that don't happen—and the only time they have failed was in the last war. "They failed to lose the war. Strange, isn't it, that an outfit so uniformly successful in all kinds of deviltry should fail at its most ambitious undertaking," it is said.—If we had lost, what a perfect alibi! **I. W. W.'s!**

They do it all.

One legged man at the back door: "Kind lady, could ye 'elp a poor man wot has lost his leg w'en he was t'run off the train by a bunch of **I. W. W.'s**?"

"—Come right in my poor man, tell me about it." (He didn't lose his leg, he wore it out dodging work.) It's getting so that the Spanish-American War veteran gag won't work—at Chicauga he steps on a rusty nail—so he brings it up-to-date by saying "**I. W.'s**, Kind lady,". "Holy Frights" . . . Pierce!

A train jumps the track—**I. W. W.'s**

Fish! The wonder is not that the train jumps the track, the wonder is that it stays on. Come again.

An ocean liner tries to attack the Statue of Liberty in broad daylight, who's responsible? **I. W. W.** pilot.

A flivver goes dead—"Damn them

I. W. W.'s," cusses the driver.

Old Dobbin kicks the bucket; after eating straw wobbles had slept on. Ye gods ain't there no way to stop 'em?

The most elaborate stories are told about their activities—cruelties. Only the other day I heard that they eat scissorbills. Yes, when the bullheads don't bite and when liver, (for the mud-turtles) won't stay on the hook; when hard pressed for food, they grab a scissorbill and cut themselves a ham from it. Yes indeed, that's what I heard. And they seem to prefer young and tender scissorbills. That's natural, too, I s'pose. One naturally would. It sounds reasonable too—'longside of the other tales.

"It wouldn't be so bad if they used up the whole scissorbill," my informant avers, "but they take only the ham—and throw the rest away."

If this is true, fellow workers, it looks like a deliberate attempt to waste the nation's resources; a malicious attempt to rock the very foundations of our liberty. Restaurant business, too, suffers because of this, so you see, it comes purty near being sabotage.

Is it any wonder close tabs are kept, and **BANKERS LEARN** their location and tell the Minneapolis Daily Star—(why don't they call it the Daily Constellation, I don't know) "**I. W. W. BEHIND YEGGS**"? Huh! **STAR BEHIND TIES**? Uh!

Let Minneapolis Scandinavians repudiate present bunch of political crooks and **STAR** will come out in double headlines "**I. W. W. LEADS THE WORLD**"—**FASTEST THING ON EARTH!!!**

The **STAR** feels safe nowadays—a wash wouldn't hurt it.

Yes, we hear the wobblies are a terrible lot, and they may be, but I don't think so. They are a quiet, gray eyed bunch of serious minded working men with heavy hands and heavy hearts; thoroughly disgusted and weary of life's hypocrisies—

The Star is sadly in need of an editor. The present editor seems to have nothing to put in it; else, his scissors are dull.—"Wobs **EAT SCISSOR-BILLS**," how's that for a headline, ye brainy **STAR**—in your next mis-carriage?—**T-b. S.**