

# T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES



## THE HOT-CAKE PANIC

"Nothing is too good for you when you get back."—Please note: That is not a promise. That is merely a statement as to the quality of your power "to discriminate." The men (press) that made that crack, knew when they made it, that you would get nothing and that nothing is too good for you—and, now you know it.—The sentiment is not mine, nor am I laughing over the deception—you'll get what you organize to get or you will have the supreme pleasure of hearing "some tall 'let-me-explains.'"

The author of this ensuing musical comedy has come into full possession of a full package of large sized needles, suitable for horny fingers. He will, upon sufficient proof, donate one each to the deserving poor, so they can mend their clothes—the "eyes" are large and (s)holeful; will take grocery string.

"Det var satan vad jag mor illa har," writes a lonesome lumberjack on the depot wall at Winchester, Wisconsin.—I asked Pete Ekman, what does it mean?

"Oh," says Pete, "that's only a tender sentiment about the flowers that bloom in springtime."—34 below zero, oh, Mabel—Home sweet carbox depot! at Sylvania, Mich., in the year of our lord and northwestern railroad 1925—and no fire in the stove at Marenisco . . . The revolution can start anytime, anytime.

I have absolutely nothing to say, editor (no evidence against me) I'm simply drained dry. Positively nothing is happening. . . Write we must, (to kill time, and joy) so we will return to the "good old days" when "Charlie" Stange's employes bought Charles a 700 dollar overcoat for Xmas present. Yes, the mill hands at Merrill. . . Chas. gazed proudly at the coat for one solid week, then a thought struck him . . . he ordered a cut in wages for his beloved crew. . . Star Lake has again cut the wages of those (this time) that cut the logs. And I'm asking Karl Stange, through the medium of our press, what did the crew buy you this time—a diamond pin mebbe or a carload of rutabagas?—First in garbage, first in hounding and first in slashing of wages, The Stange Lumber Co.—Karl is rated at \$80,000,000.

Scientists are outstripped again. For years they have been "cudgeling" their brains to discover a way whereby man can live without eating—all that, now, is a thing of the past. The lumber companies have solved the problem; and it was very simple indeed, when we look at the way it's done:

They simply put up a cryptic legend beside the dining room door, McALS 35 cts., and the thing was done—The "Jacks" had no 35 cts. Isn't it simple?—Keith's Siding.

On the other hand I notice Armour Company delivers, and piles right at the door of "jacks" shelter, "smoked meats" in large quantities—I didn't look at the address but I 'spose it's for the hungry "jacks" that wayfare this way—That is a graceful deed, for such a powerful company to take notice of us poor lumberjacks and our pitiful plight. Thanks.

Prohibition law gave us moonshine; one "buck" law killed-off the "doe's"; individual-towels-law abolished face washing—few more laws and they—the legislators—will wreck the wre-public.

While in Hurley I and my sawing partner couldn't get a cheap flop, in the scratch houses, so we went to a respectable hotel—"What can I do for you," inquires the lady clerk (evidently a society leader temporarily porced to the point of production). "We'd like to get a room," apologizes my partner.

"I'm awful sorry boys," says the elegant creature, "there's only one girl left . . ."

"Hold on there, madam—hold your leaders," says John, "we don't want to dance; we want to sleep—a bed, madam; a B-E-D."

"Oh," gasps the fair clerk, "Number 11—two dollars, please."

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