



## Sympathize Here!

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The inauguration of T-Bone Slim to the swanpercy of the Mellen Lumber Co., on March 4 was a "tame affair:" Being very democratic, though republican by birth, Slim eschewes (God! I hope that word is right) eschewed all display and pomp. His inaugural address "of acceptance" was the shortest on record, just two words: "Whad-dayer Payin."—in this he is much like Calvin Coolidge inaugurated to the presidency of North America on the same date—Careful Cal he is called (affectionately) by those whose axe needs grinding.

But insofar as my inauguration, like Pul-huskey (Pulaski) Slim's vaccination, dinna ketch; and insofar as I was compulsorily divorced from that job already—I feel I should have (from the wreckage) at least, the soubriquet—Silent Slim.

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### Evolution:

I disremember just now who it was that invented evolution—It may be one of my earlier discoveries and then, again—I'm inclined to the belief that it was discovered by a bunch of ex-wobblers while "waiting for the harvest," way back in—in . . . when they weren't ex—But this, I remember: It has not been fully explained to the "masses," as our competitors would say. Therefore, I shall proceed to explain it—you will please note I have nothing in either sleeve—and I shall use no confusing verbiage—and I shall explain it with just one word: GEORGE.

George Evolution is the full name—you all know George, surely—the guy that does —NAWTHING. Gnawthing!

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Famous "firsts:" I was the first fool to break trail (after the blizzard) from State Line to Star Lake—others may follow—Time: 24 hours, 30 minutes; distance 18 miles—can be made in 11½ miles—doubled miles 7, 8, 9.

Little knowledge is quickly told. Yes.

Each new day brings new knowledge. Hence, if you last the day out (without interrupted flow) your knowledge is beyond computation. But, much knowledge is beyond computation. But, much knowledge is not always a credit to a man; in fact, some form of knowledge, much or little, is a "debit."

There are three kinds of knowledge: Wise, vain and foolish.

Little knowledge, if it be wisdom, (though quickly told) is worth more than the eternal prattle of vain platitudes and foolish sophistry. The despatch with which a thing is said, does not prove the quality of the knowledge imparted. Ex: It takes as long to say "two and two make four" as to state "all wealth belongs to labor"—yet both statements are knowledge.

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*Full many an electric light is destined to,*

*bloom unseen*

*And waste its radiance upon the drying*

*sex. g*

—Spokespierre.

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In the "beautiful No. 6," camp of the Stange Lumber Co., I am trying to write this historical record, in semi darkness—necessarily it will be short—I have no flashlight. And I notice, a flashlight is no plaything—a letter, (with its aid) can be written, but it takes two men, one to hold the light.

You can't see to read; you can't see to write and, alas, you can see to take a few "tucks" with the needle, alas.

About the only thing you can see to do is play the mouth organ—so don't be surprised if this camp turns out scores of musicians—this winter.

Whatever possess Charlie Stange to run those light-wires down the middle of the bunkhouse, I don't know? In his model camp, too?

And how in the world, did he get upwards of \$80,000,000 ahead of the game?

*Full many an electric light is destined to bloom unseen . . . and no washhouse in "beautiful No. 6."*

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The eventual downfall of capitalism will be caused by empty Ketch-up bottles. How Come?

The labels on the empty bottles read thus forth: Not Colored Artificially; Contains No Poisons; Not Made From Rags, Rats, Mice, Lice and Vermin—and Filth—No Benzoate of Soda—No Arsenic—Not a Coffin in Gross, etc.

But the tin can from which they are re-filled carries no labels—alas. We need another law, alas. The capitalist system, as it becomes more concentrated, will depend more and more upon law to guide "our" every move, incarcerating us and exterminating us, in a mad effort to maintain its equilibrium—the more laws, the more enemies it will have; and it wouldn't surprise me in the least if some humorously inclined citizen one day would lean against it mischievously—not intending harm, gosh no—just to see the splash.

Empty Ketchup bottles will be the determining factor.