

T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES

DISTRIBUTION

Editor, you know me—wherever injustice abounds there am I, like flies around a swill barrel of a cook-car—you know me: Just now, editor, I am concerned with a deep injustice that is being perpetrated right in our midst—no sir, no sir, editor, I am not referring to stomach, no sirree—if you jumped to such conclusions, editor, you don't know me—a deep injustice right in our midst is being perpetrated. It wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't perpetrated—you know perpetrated injustice is worse than premeditated injustice—I believe I'd as soon be castigated as suffer perpetrated injustice. Yes, I would—and I don't blame some of these parasites for beginning to howl—no I don't. You'd howl yourself editor, yes you would, if you were a victim of perpetrated injustice, in your midst, and neighborhood—sure you would, wouldn't you?

Now wouldn't you?

Yes sir editor, the parasites themselves are beginning to protest, yes they are—it seems that a few of them are getting as high as \$2,000,000 per annum while the rest of 'em 'sgot to content themselves with 1-4 million dollars apiece, 'taint right fellow worker editor, 'taint right, is it? Of course it isn't, is it?

I should think they'd have the manners to divide the loot more equitably 'mongst their numbers (it wouldn't cost us more) do you follow me editor, I mean that they should split the pot evenly 'mongst all those that can prove they are bona fide parasites . . . without further ado editor, I demand justice be here done—even as we have been done—and I demand that a check-rein be put on those \$2,000,000 prize beauties—make 'em whack-up with their less unfortunate compatriots and fraternal "fungi."

Editor: There's where the millenium's got to commence! We've got to rush to the aid of those under-hogs! I raise my voice, editor, in behalf of those under-hogs, yes I do. I demand justice for those under-hogs.

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Once we have arranged for justice for those birds, hogs I mean—the rest will be easy. Next we can take up the railroad payroll:

The president (who does next to nothing) gets . . . \$200,000.

The vice-president (who works a little) gets . . . \$125,000.

The superintendent (who works 4 hrs.) gets . . . \$25,000.

The road-master (who works 6 hrs.) gets . . . \$5,000.

The section-hand (who works 8 hrs.) gets . . . \$1200.

The crossing-guard (who works 12 hrs.) gets . . . \$480.

No sir, no sir, the moral is not "quit work," no sir. The moral is organize (I put it here because we ain't coming back).

The president receives almost as much in one day as a section man gets in one year. Is it any wonder that section men have to chase lumber companies' pigs onto the right of way to the end, and in hopes, that an ore-jimmy (train) will run over them, which happens often enough to serve all purposes and suit all ends??

Providentially, a section man is there, to cut the pig's throat, after train has passed—and report same to Lbr. Co.

Often as not—often enough—the Lbr. Co. says, "We don't want it."

"All right," agrees section man, "then I'll bury it."

He does. He buries it in a barrel of salt. A decidedly precarious way of obtaining a livelihood—what would Jesus think of it?

I think we had better organize, I say. I think we had better organize. How about it, fellow worker editor, how about it? I put it squarely up to you editor. Are you in position to light-out after those privileged parasites? with both barrels, two columns wide, three-deep head—say:

ROYAL ROBBERS RAID RAVEN'S ROOST—put plenty of R's in it—

RAVENS REVOLT RAVENOUSLY —on the other hand—PARASITES

PLAN POGROM—would not that be correct journalism?—I leave the case with you. I have every confidence in your sense of justice. My cry for justice (for parasites) shall not go unheeded—I want 'em all used alike—

no special favors to any. This custom of giving one parasite \$2,000,000 per year and another a measly \$500,000 's got to stop. I say, it's got to stop.