

T-BONE SLIM SAYS

MONEY COUNTS

Evolution of woman, beginning in a mulberry bush: Now (first) it may be that mulberry trees came from the "rib."

"Silk-worm came from mulberry tree; silk came from worm; (dress came from silk) and woman came from silk; took to punching a cash register, became hard and brazenly fingered the typewriter, joined the drill-press, core-making and roustabout gang—drew her pay, \$16, bought a silk dress, and took out a card with the Imperious Slaves of Freedom. But it was the typewriter that most aided and sanctified the finding of her level.

It would be hell, indeed, if a man was to die and leave behind him a full box of snuff—for the relatives to fight over.

Mistake me not, I'm not tryin to insinuate that it ain't all right to die with your dues paid up ahead. Don't misunderstand me—snuss and dues are by nature different by God! One of them is private property.

The street car rates in Minneapolis have **RISEN**—from 6 to 8 cents—and citizens are leaving the town in **DROVES** and box cars, thus turning down the long, magnificent hikes, pro and corn, of the City Beautiful, deserting the resplendent village. . . . After rassing with the problem June and July the court was finally convinced that the people have the money—no such a thing.

Also the court was convinced that the street-car company would be able to spend the money once they did get it. Nothing like trying to get it anyway—**How about higher wages all around, so's to be in style,—everything seems to be going up.**

Fortunately, the court put off the increased fare until Aug. 1; thus giving the people's relatives in the harvest fields a chance to "ship in" some carfares. I tell you, it's a shame to build a town this away and then desert it on account of 2 cents—a crying shame. 'Tis.

The Industrial Workers of the World.

I feel it is a part of my duty to apologize to the fellow workers for not working in the harvest fields this year. The farmers expect me to work 11 hours a day, at triple speed, 8 to 12 days per month (very special work) ordinary, damnable wages—\$3.50; 32 cents per hour, spuds, corn and punk.

I can do better in extra-gaog. I can make 27 cents per hour, **SINGLE SPEED**—and veal-stew—26 days per month.

NOTE.—27 cents (single speed) amounts to 81 cents per hour compared to John's triple speed 32 cents—I simply can't afford to throw money or labor away—I'm a poor man—I'm a weak man . . .

Why, I'd bankrupt myself!

Provoking ain't it?

P. S.—If it wasn't for the A. W. I. U. 110 you have to pay the farmer for letting you exercise.—T-b. S.