

# T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

## AT RANDOM

According to the most careful estimates every lumberjack's pack-sack, weighs three quarters of a ton.

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I see where Roger Babson (not Rogers that slings the lariat for Bulls Mixture) has begotten an idea that owing to prohibition "more people are buying houses and lots."

I believe it Bab—and it's the blindpiggers that are buying them. And cars. And Heatrolas. And...

Not only houses, but porterhouses

Otherwise, regular amounts of sorrow are being drowned every day—of course, fewer men are able to find the ol' swimming hole but, believe me, they sure make up in enthusiasm what they lack in quorum and decorum—and ordinary r'rum.

Taking turns, sort of.

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As we all know, I do not like to prohibit the other fellow—nothing bossy about me—yet I will order myself around in a most absolute auto-cratie manner and disposition—still I will say in justice, that prohibition is not all bad.

"It has its fine points?"

Take for instance the Jack rabbits: Since prohibition came the rabbits have multiplied and added and multiplied themselves ENORMOUSLY. Just like that.

Look under any bush and there would be, and is, two rabbits studying arithmetic. . . . Whereas in the wet days rabbits were rapidly becoming extinct—the farmers had them clubbed, shot, cooked and eaten to death. But now since prohibition came—since farmers started selling their crops by the gallon instead of by the bushel—rabbits have grown so thickly settled that a timber cruiser hardly can find a place to rest his ankle.

As to its bad effects, no words of mine can ease the agony. . . .

Brighter days are yet to come.

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Speaking about intelligence:

After careful perusal of capitalist papers (which I do periodically—as often as the periodicals do us I've come to the opinion that those papers consider us a good deal crazier than we really are—in view of the stuff they feed us. Forty-eight pages of bed-time jokes. Note: The craziness in conceded and conceited. But, let me say, we're not as crazy as all that.

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Weather February 16.

"Good morning." Fine day.

"Yes it is—quite a change from yesterday. "It must be at least 20 below!"

Weather is an issue that can be dodged no longer and our author hastens to align himself with "the other great authors" upon this burning question:

In buying underclothes use judgment.

If you are size 38 get size 44—they'll shrink. Next consider the time of year—on July 4th it is strictly proper and good taste to buy 100 karat cotton, depending on the country you live in.

Should it be December according to reliable almanacs and up-to-date calendars, unroll \$84 from your roll and buy a suit (of underwear) 100 proof wool—good for two presidential terms.

In January watch yourself—you can save \$70 by paying \$14 only for a suit 66 2-3 per cent wool.

Note: After freezing all of December it wouldn't be right to let go \$84, all of a sudden.

In February use caution. Get a suit 33 1-3 per cent wool, you pay \$2.98 for it.

Use it the balance of February and overture of March. By that time, the wool has followed gravity and is bunched up in between your toes—you can poke it loose with an extra chair rung which you should carry for that purpose in your tool-kit.

You can see, yourself, that, by the time warm weather sets in your 33 1-3 per cent will be less than 1-10 of 1 per cent—an absolutely harmless garment.

It's just a matter of using sound logic in clothing your apparatus.

In closing let me point out you have no excuse: I've told what to buy, the I. W. W. preamble tells you how to get the price and, I suppose, the capitalist press already has informed you that the winter is over—and the coal-strike ended, strikers tied for five years—Ghod, sposing the rent goes up—or mebbe, you noticed these things yourself.—T. B. S.