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T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

HOW DO THEY DO IT—

I would like to know how these "self-made men" managed to do it without parents—how they managed to make themselves—without first aid from the stork.

I should imagine that making one's self purely by one's own effort would be rather a lonesome job and subject to many a "fizzle."

Even after the strike is settled, "the mills will probably be operated on a very curtailed schedule for several months," says the Passaic Chamber of Commerce—and adds, "the time is now so short for Fall orders that only a portion of the usual deliveries can be made under the best of circumstances."

Working "part time" evidently is expected to increase the output, speed up the deliveries and rectify the circumstances.

Sort of cool off the shirt and warm up the hide affair—powerful stuff, that!

One consolation: "the self-made male" that employs 50,000 men has not made any of his employees.

Rumor has it that we are taxed—coming and going: toll tax, poll tax, soul tax, troll (fishing) tax, etc.

Bog tax, dog tax, log (culls) tax, grog tax, etc. Carpet tax, shoe tax, syntax, dues tax, etc.

We are taxed from one end to the other. Hear a speaker—tax; write a letter—tax; get a job—tax. It's nothing but tax, tax, tax. Yellow tax, checker tax, bus tax, marriage tax, church tax, school tax, campaign tax. Tax as far as the eye can see. They don't seem to know how much we owe. They certainly don't know how much they need. And know less as to how much they'll get. They know only that all they get will be spent.

That's capitalist civilization. Get a little here, a little there, and more elsewhere.

A man fills his pipe. Hurrah! Revenue. He lights a cigarette. Hip! Hip!—Tariff. Sees a show. Hosana! War—Debt. Scratches his neck. —(Free of duty). Spits on the floor. Attaboy! \$5 and costs.

Dear Reader, the editor hollers "Enough" (of that stuff)—so I will conclude my earnest remarks by putting out a "defy" for the tax makers to make another, single, original tax. And, also, let me indicate that although our very move is measured, counted and priced—and taxed—I'm happy in the conviction that never, never, so long as we live, will we have to pay a tax for sweating.—Except in a bathhouse.

Darn the luck!

J. Christ, Jr., runs a place of business on Smith St., Perth Amboy, N. J. —His friends call him "Joe" for short.

The healthfulness of walking is generally conceded without question. But we, after giving the matter thorough consideration, must say that "it all depends. . . ."

In fact we will say that the reverse is true quite often.

We attribute our silvery old age, not to the fact that we walked, but to the fact that we ran when a bear wanted to get in bed with us.

Ridiculous, of course—but, then, walking would have been just as ridiculous, without the advantage of healthfulness.

Standing our ground — I mean, holding our bunk — would have been heavenly in more senses than one.

So, we must toss our vote in favor of running as the most healthful exercise. We would not be alive today had we not ran.

A full-blooded cad is the thorough-breed that calls a "mulatto" halfbred.

(Excuse me). And refers to redskins (Americans) as quarterbreds—he is the very last word in in-bred frailty and witless pride.

In the olden days when the slaves got to talking on "the subject" or "issue"—whatever it was—the powers that was was hardprest for ways and means how to distract their minds from the matter before the house. In those days they couldn't hire a man to pound a piano, and prevent the slaves thinking—because they didn't have a piano. They couldn't turn on the radio to drive the slaves' cares away—because they did not have a radio.

The best they could do in such cases, when the slaves were in order, was to trot out the court clown to make faces at the debaters.

What could HE do!

Some irreverent listener would hit him in the eye with an over-ripe camel's egg and destroy the "spell."

Even great court jesters like Kneebone Flim were spending half their time digging scrambled drommedary eggs from their ears—absolute fizzes.

Something had to be done.

So the Great King Holyfarthing called a general convention of all the slick rascals of HIS ranchdom, and put the matter up to them squarely.

"Leave it to me, O Royal Reprobate," says Hippo Krit, the official "Alibier" of the realm—"leave it to me—tomorrow night by this time I'll have the slaves eating out of your hand."

"Go to it, Kid," says the king, "organize a brass band, a carnival or something—anything that will make a racket—and, remembaww! If you fail! your life insurance will go to The Society For the Prevention of Employment To Parasites."

"Aye, aye, Sir," retorts Krit, giving his trousers a hitch, "Thy will be done."

Now, fellow workers, being a historianeer, I don't want to make statements that I can't prove—not being a resurrectioneer—but this much I will say:

When Hippo left the prescience of Holyfarthing, there wasn't a preacher in the whole Reprobatedom. Next day there was one on every street corner, and two in front of Moses Lipalit's pawnshop—and the funny part of it was, they took their gosbull so seriously that they were calling each other fakers and misbelievers.

The slaves heard so much about Had'em and Heave, Hebrewham, Pilate, Nicodemus, Sampson, Solomon, Saul, etc.—in a nice, gossipy way—that they couldn't concentrate their thoughts on short rations, short change and short measure—with the result that that night they were all at the Royal Manger wanting to kiss the king's "number twelves."

That's what publicity will do.

But today we have publicity in a more perfected form, such as: Magazines, newspapers (one outfit alone has 80,000 men trying to weed out the news) radios, etc.—quite an improvement on the old way of doing 'em.—T-Bone Slim.

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