

# Bone-Mots

By T-BONE SLIM

Farming is specialization, and is not a diversified endeavor.—I will offer in proof just one phrase:

"He feeds the world."

Thus it can be seen a farm isn't a brewery, a boiler works or a steel furnace—it isn't a steamship line or a railroad—and, therefore, if the prodiversificationists' argument is O. K., the farmer may as well take over the capitalist system, go the whole hog, raise the crop, haul it, transport it, mill it, bake it, sell it, bank it, be the banker, financier, judge, jury, verdict, congressman, senator, president, president's adviser, House, supreme court and ambassador to foreign squirts—that's diversification. I, of course, know that a farmer is a specialist (but he doesn't know it) and, further, I think it would be well for him to further specialize on the selling end of the deal same as Labor who organizes a One Big Union for the purpose not to trade his labor power for a living but to secure the full product of his toils—or an ever increasing volume of wealth to the point of parasites' starvation. In other words, labor specializes in the sale of labor power; and, to more efficiently do so, he organizes a union—the I. W. W.—which, further, serves to protect him from interference of all kinds and irresponsible assault.

He selects the I. W. W. because the I. W. W. is the only pure-blooded union in America—its record is perfect.

It's historic mission is to put capitalism in a "cooler" where it can do no harm!

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## Market Report:

Labor power at Langdon, N. D., is selling at 50 cents an hour—Scissorwilliams are getting 45 cents.

Early slump South when wages dropped to \$2.50 was the cause of temporary shortage of men north, and caused northern wages to jump to \$5.50—in this state.

That shows urgent need of minimum wage (and no maximum limit) to prevent Wahpeton partisans from cutting Cavalier's throat.

NOTE: Men who are of the opinion that minimum wage benefits the working class may now revise their opinion and consider well the advantages of economic power as opposed to political side-stepping.

The numerous North Dakota "stores" are selling shoes that startlingly resemble the shoes sold by the so-called "despicable" mail-order houses.

Huge joke, what!

They TELL their customers not to patronize "mail order" and then they sell 'em a shoe for \$3.50 that is a twin to the \$1.98 shoe of the mail-order house.

Question: How much profit do they get on the shoes they buy elsewhere? —\$2? mebbe \$3? a pair?

Haw, haw, haw!

If that ain't a joke, I'm slipping.

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A second hand Ford "For Sale", \$34.98—"Stem Winder."

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## FLIRTING WITH EGGSPLLOSIVES

A story is afloat that a considerate farmer fed eggs to his crew. On the face of it, no matter how practical, such munificence seems improbable. The story continues that "when the eggs made their appearance, it was discovered there was exactly one apiece."

The farmer slid one of them on his plate; Axel, the noble Swede, took one—and I, the lustrous T-bone Slim, dug into the other two (my partner don't eat albuminous foods—his stomach pines for luminous foods like corn-wafers).

By this time Axel gets jealous because I'm making advances to two eggs and, in a hoarse voice calls for more eggs. "Katie—KATIE!" yells the farmer, "cook this man ANOTHER EGG—let him b'bust hisself."

NOTE: This story is worse than the worst story I ever heard.