



STARTING OFF-SIDE

"Conan Doyle's Dogs In Trouble,"—my heart goes out to Conan—Yes, it does; I know what it means to have sore feet.

What can you expect—what, with all those prison made shoes and plastered together socks!

Doyle, thank god! soon we can go bare-footed, that is—we'll hafta. As it is, I have two pair of shoes that need half-soling—how are you editor?*

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Leadership?

There appears to be a great difference of opinion about this pompous question. Some of the boys, gifted with enormous brains, argues that "the 'only way to save labor is to put up a halter on his head;—while others (of monstrous intellect) politely suggest, "Nay, nay, brother; the true and correct way is to put a bridle over his ears and pound him on the back"—(must think we're jackasses, hey!)

I would urge:

Ride 'um, cow boy—and use the horns—use the horns—plenty.

Save yourself, first—before collecting salvage for the derelict class.

The way to save labor is Organize it—whether they follow or flee, tarry or be driven they are safe once they are organized—and forever thereafter. Yessiree, this here leadership question is amomenchevous issue! But who's gwine to credential himself to git the slave's name in the book?

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The capitalist system just will not fit. The suit is altogether too small for our skinny, but growing, civilization. The bakers that use strictly fresh eggs making sponge cake cannot compete with those that use rotten eggs—because rotten eggs are cheaper (even if they leave out the sponges!) Gosh!—what's the result?

They all use rotten eggs and compete and compete . . .

Now in order to kind o' keep our bakers from exceeding this rotten egg limit, capitalism maintains a government and appoints sniffers, watchers and inspectors to keep an eye, ear and nose on the egg from the time the hen delivers it until its sunk in the cake mixture—or mixer—one inspectre for each egg.

He blinks once, in goes a rotten egg—so rotten that the cake will have to be sold as meat pie—for a better price.

As I was saying, the capitalist system just will not fit—just like that—it takes too many inspectors to keep the eggs pure and wholesome—. Then, again, 'sposing the inspectors and eggs both get rotten?

God forbid!

That's the system's "programme," Number ONE.

But there's another way to protect yourself against those eggs and flourrie-yeggs: Quit eating cake.

(God forbid!)

Once you quit eating the bakers will soon go bankbroke and will be forced to eat their own stuff with the result that they'll git the cholera and croak. . .

You'll have to bury 'em—some more expense—but fellow workers, it's better to bury 'em than having 'em crying at your own funeral.

That's two ways out.

I'm chuck full of ways and means and remedies and cake this morning, editor,** but cramped for space, so I will just recite one more short cut out of our dilimbo:

In order for us cake-eaters to be successful in inducing the bakers to take a mouthful of their own baking, we got to quit as one—suddenly—and in order for us to be able to quit as one "we got to be organized"—organized "all in one big union"—Well!—

so long as we've got to belong to one big union we may as well put the myriads of craft-union officials on a cake diet, too—and take a day off to bury 'em.

Red cards, gentlemen; and don't let any one tell you that "gentlemen prefer blondes."

T-Bone Slim.

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P. S.

I've went and done it! In above spasm I've honored the baking companies by calling them bakers. They're no more bakers than I'm a bathing-heifer—that's that! The real baker has to use what the Baking Powder Gods provide—or try bootlegging for a change.

T-b S.

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* You are "twict" as "blest" as the Editor, T-Bone; if the Editor had one pair of half-soles and another pair of good uppers, and could get the two put together, he would have one good pair of shoes.

** Is that all you are full of—so early in the morning?

Anyway, the Editor gets your point on "leadership" and "education" (in a previous issue) He hasn't graduated and is still getting his education.

The Editor.