



PERPETUAL PEACE

By T-BONE SLIM

Ever hear of Ogle-Thorpe Uni-Versity? No?

Poor dumb brutes!—

Wellsir, William RANDOLPH hearst made there his "tbacca-laureate address," I hear—and was handed "the HONORARY degree of Doctor of Laws."

(That's K. O. with me, but I think the laws have been doctored too much already.)

He now comes under the terms of a beautiful accolade that sounds something like this: "Counsellor of millionaires—" No, no, no—that isn't it. "Counsellor of millions." (Ah, of dollars, I s'pose.) "Lover of America—".

(Now that's awful nice of Randolph to thus announce the "engagement"—I hope his intentions are honorable—that he will prove a true lothario.)

"Exponent of a perpetual peace entente among the English speaking peoples of the world."

Good! So far.

H'm.

Why only English speaking peoples?

Why not all peoples?

Why not the Irish?

Why not the Polish?

Why not the French?

Why not!—

Supposing some despised Turk, an Italian, or a "Wily" Jap, gets up before a dillapitated Phenolph-Thalien University, makes a snuff-a-laureate address and proposes an entente for "perpetual peace"—perpetual, I said—among all those peoples that don't speak English—(What becomes then of our vacationing "haitches"? we might have to talk Turkey, Crawish, (crawfish) or eat crow.) Phenolph-Thalien would accolade our foreign two-legged "Hague" as: Counsellor of Latins, lover of India, exponent of peace eternal as between all peoples outside of English speakers. The WAR would be ON! The peace-prize would go to Hearst!—and, hush! the Phenolph-Thalien University would lasso the lover of India and pin the Honorary Law of Doctor of Degrees and entire pharmacopeia (including sundry shots of spirits-fermentus) upon his humane embonpoint. (Pronounce, embung-bang—bosom.)

Inthymeantime: Our humble T-Bone Slim would spit out his chew, address the clinic of Horse-Sense, take on a few accolades or other refreshments, such as Camels or sermons or onions, become famous instead of famished and be hailed counsellor of counsellors, friend of everybody except liars (deceivers), and exponent of perpetual "show-down" until the day when white and yellow and labor has other things to do "besides" fighting the battles of curley-nosed schemers.

One country, one tongue, does not alter the conditions of our servitude in the least.

The only thing that can do that is a union of all slaves and a continual show-down.

The I. W. W. fits that description!