



T-Bone Slim

Simon:—"John Rockefeller is kind hearted. His Colorado Fuel and Iron Company has cut the price of coal \$2.85 per ton for Denver markets."—

Alex: "Yes, uhhuh. He could have obtained the same result by paying miners \$2.85 more per ton, but he didn't happen to think of it . . ."

"Rockefeller is under selling and underpaying the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company."

The "Rocky Mountain" is paying \$7 a day, "Rockefeller 'Coloratura' Fuel" \$6.52.

Johnny's cut of \$2.85 per ton indicates he still remembers how he used to put people out of business 40 years ago. Miss Josephine Roche, owner of the "Rocky Mountain", appears to be the pain in Rockefeller's side.

At this particular time Miss Roche is getting away with it on the strength of public opinion generated and on the strength of loyal Denver unionists who push the sale of Roche coal . . . note: union consumption of coal is a very insignificant item in the affairs of any company and Miss Roche's \$7 day hangs by a very slim thread.

Underselling will eventually snake in the works and Northern Colorado will experience the doubtful pleasure of working for Rockefeller's figure \$6.52—John is sore and that may cause him to feel "downcast" and cut the figures to \$5, like he already did this spring.

The Industrial commission's taking up of the matter whether or no John should be sent to the bughouse had no bearing on the cause of his dropping the \$5 idea—John is full of ideas.

Had John decided to go thru with the "five spot", the average wage would have amounted to about \$800 per year, working average 165 days—that is $\frac{1}{2}$ the amount required to support family of five, according to Bureau Statistics. Note: The \$7, which is Colorado "high", amounts to about \$1,100, for average 165 days work and that in turn is $\frac{1}{2}$ the amount required to support a family of five HUMAN beings.

The one hundred and sixty five work-days per year is an unintentional rebuke to our drivers and a living, powerful argument that a human being need not keep his nose against "the grindstone" 365 days a year in order to live—according to Rockefeller's figures (\$5) a man to support a family of five would have to work 495 days a year, including Sundays.

I wonder what has become all the other Colorado practical jokers—Rockefeller has the field all to himself. Wouldn't it be an awful joke on John if the diggers organized a One Big Union and impresst him with the serious side of life and cured him of his humorous ways.

In regards that \$2.85 cut in the price of coal for Denver markets, I wish to say: despite the fact it looks as if John had been pocketing \$2.85 per ton that he wasn't entitled to, prior to the cut, I want it distinctly understood I do not indorse that viewpoint—such things would hardly gibe with the soul-stirrings of a muchly "publicised" sabbath school teacher.

• • •

Six year old boy issues his ultimatum in restaurant: "I ain't gonna drink that water, I want pop."

He drank pop.

I suppose if the child had sent the pop back and called for champagne he would have had champagne or known the reason why; if "the why" proved weak a war would have been started (on the spot) between generations and wound-up in champagne for the boy. I like persistence—it brings results.

This "I'll go halfway with you" is too much like "not going at all"—if I can go the last half alone I can make the first half without help—in fact it's in the last half I may look around for a lad to give me a leg.

T-b-s

P. S. Michigan Central R. R. has no delusions about the prosperity just around corner and is not expecting to haul much of her freight—a big share of her locomotives are tied-up, killed, drained—all outside (water) plugs are out.

(They forgot to grease the threads.)

Automatic stoker doors set wide open for airing.

N. Y. C. R. R. also set for a long siege—strings and strings of box cars stored with both doors wide open—airing-out process, a very good idea even so are the longitudinal crossfrog-tie timbers, 12 by 20.

If the Honorable Prosperity desires to ride either of these "Centrals" it better quit hiding behind the the filling station and show itself.

Conditions, editor, are worse—society is nothing but a mere shell of itself former self—hardly enough shell left for any reconstruction.

You tell 'em!