



T-Bone Slim

'Tis not so, the workers do not eat with knives—they eat with a spoon.
They are the only spoon fed people in the world.

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Headlines from Scotland indicate Wilhelm Der Grosse will soon have a sawing-pardner. To date Bill has been bucking alone.

One time there I thought Alphonso would be the man to trade strokes with Bill, but no, Al ducks under the barbwire and goes ranching. Nothing like keeping the old saw in the family.

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MATTEUCCI & VANNUCCI CO., Inc.
(Established in 1881)

Those gentlemen are importers and wholesale grocers—that part is allright and bothers me none—but they were established and doing business before the average reader was born; when the average reader was as next to nothing; when he was so small he could pass thru the eye of a needle crosswise . . .

Why then should the "late arrivals" demand and have special privilege?

First come, first sit down.

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Railroad probably are the most chronic bums we have—I am reminded in this connection of the many tales written by our alleged great writers about beggars, brought to police stations, searched and found to have thousands if not millions of dollars sewn in their underwear or ragged prince-alberts . . . etc. Even the great Walter Windshield slipped one over; when he had nothing to write about . . .

Usually the tale winds up happily for society and the ragged-one is given sixty days on the island.—Recently the railroads appeared before the Interstate Commerce Sec. and bummed that August body for permission to increase freight rates:

When questioned 'what's that bulging in your pockets?' the "roads" were numbscrubbed for a moment but managed to pull themselves together and put over the plea almost as well as if they had not been caught with the goods on their person. The pointing out to them that Norfolk and Western has several truckloads of excess profits that must be returned to Samuel did not seem to faze the railroads a bit.

That's what I calls good bumming.

But this is not my criticism. If they desire to follow that avocation, it is their privilege. My criticism has to do with the railroads habit high-hatting the other bums—they show no fellow feeling. I must step out and bum me a pair of sox, excuse me. (Stop the press, editor, till I return.)

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California has been celebrating Admission to the Union Day—a matter of eighty years ago—and tore loose with no little eulogizing of the pioneers who came and saw. The forty-niners got mentioned rather sparingly, a big share of the praise going to the lighting-performers that eventually put the state on the bum. The Chinese and Japs, that pulled the state out of its self-dug grave, got no mention at all. (Frisco will have public baths when the Orientals put them up.) Little or no public conveniences, drinking fountains equal Portland's roses—seven and half, five and half on the bush and two in the gutter.

Horses have twenty, official, S.P. C. A. troughs.

Politics are in a bad way in Frisco, it now takes five candidates running for "mare" to properly split the votes in favor of the machine. —

P. G. and E. (pure, good and elegant) is on the defensive—its feet are clay. (Mooney Defense, please note.)—

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"Employment committees suggest jobs instead of charity." — Charity is impossible; the needy are the creditor class—As for jobs, tell me, how can jobs cure overproduction, they prate about? Do they mean non-useful labor, I wonder? A treadmill grinding no grain? Methinks the committee talks like a fish and thinks we too are suckers—what the needy want, is the balance of their pay for creating that overproduction; so they can buy what they already produced (that ain't charity)—pay them and then watch what happens to overproduction, so called. It will turn out to be a miserable insufficiency not measuring no where near "almost enough" or under-supply.

Why suffer from overproduction when you can pay it off?

(How Dry I Am:)

They love their coin!

They love their coin!

To part with it.

Would tear their groin —

No gleam of light or hope they see,

So long as they withhold the fee —

They love their coin!

(They love their groin!)

And gayly join, more to purloin.

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Dinner hour always was my "big moment." "The big moment approached!" The hour had struck!

"Factory whistles welcomed the twin-sandwiches!

"Worries of the world were laid aside, in this hour of our orphan-joy, and the time dedicated to the sacred pleasure of feeding the face."—

There ain't no bigger moments than these!

Guard your moments, years will take care of themselves.

The I. W. W. has never made what might be termed a full-blooded mistake. Never in all her varied career has it been necessary for the I. W. W. to reverse its attitude. Never did she trim her sails to the wind, she runs on her own power. From the start she was for industrial unionism, is so today and shall be tomorrow. She has only one remedy for our ills—one big union of the workers. Always the same—same today, same yesterday, same forever.

It doesn't experiment.

Many of her proposals that seemed fantastic half-dozen years ago are being put out by stuck-in-the-mud unions as brain-children of their own today. People see them, with the reactionary stamp upon them, and imagine something good is going to happen—nothing like that will happen. Reactionary unions are fighting for their existence and must of needs indorse progressive programs to gain support . . .

If the workers are carried away with those promises, they deserve to lose—shorter workday, shorter week, increased pay and adult-labor come not from pages or legislative halls—they come from UNION HALLS, don't kid yourself.