

## ALL THEY WANTED WAS THE CREDIT

By T-BONE SLIM

The socialist party has aided the Kentucky miners in their hour of gloom—not blindly as some people do but with their eyes open. Not only did they give but they took the trouble to trace their gift and found it in a communist office—heluva place for a needy miner to be?

The presence of the gift in possession of "comrades" does not only denote excessive acquisitiveness on the part of the commissars; it also indicates extensive lack of consideration, if not complete contempt, for the suffering miners.

I am not thanking the socialist party for their gift; my hosannas ring because of the timely consideration shown—may its "giving arm" grow stronger as it appears in the finer things of life.

(Mention of Kentucky miners is correct in even its many indirect positions.)

Perfection can not be demanded of the communist comrades, and nobody shall, but it can be expected that they shall deign to forego the pleasures of "capitalizing" on socialist generosity. Nobody shall say the "comrades" intended to steal the "old clothes" from the backs (practically) of the now shivering miners. No. They fully intended to give the clothes but they insisted—"the credit shall be ours".

Ill-consideration at that.

The name "New Era" (socialist publication, Los Angeles) does not have the horsepower of the revolutionary paperword—Milk and Water. The paper itself is good (recent issue) and deserves a better ending. Sometime back, W. W. Busick and "Ullman" got off on the wrong foot and the working class emerged from their hands slightly the worse for wear. I will not go so far as to say the great class (white as the drifting snow) was blackened beyond recognition. Nay, we must adhere to facts, the great class was only speckled, like a row of polka dots . . . Here's where the slave-driving propensities of the socialist party comes to the front—Busick and Ullman were overworked. The whole responsibility of launching the socialist movement was on their shoulders and they hardly knew what they were saying. (I get that way myself when the world on my shoulders begins to chafe.) The labor was not properly distributed. Since then a more equitable distribution of work has been accomplished and the paper, but for its name, looks like a going concern. I suggest its name be The Last Word—take it any way you like. Overcoming a self-selected handicap is the bunk. "Logic Of Today?"

Not necessary for any man with two legs in working order to perish for the want of drinking water—in Los Angeles. There is a fountain in front of Lohman Bros., Plumbing, Heating, Hardware, 232 S. Spring St., "No Leaks Since 1892".

There is a peculiarity about this fountain, it actually has water in it, and not like so many other fountains from which you must drink a bellyful of air to each spoonful of water—precious water and free air!

Nature never intended man's indigestion for a bellows or a breathing apparatus. Lucky Los! Lohman has an advertisement that IS.

It's a confounded lie! The American people don't chase the almighty dollar, it's a nickel. Where do they get that stuff—didn't Montana make the penny legal tender in order to permit her ranchers to do their "purchases"? Course she did, and civilization started functioning instant. Never mind; that roast quarter of beef is on the table all the time—yours for the having Montana says, "Come as you are."

It's the climate:

I  
Why give vent to said lament  
About hi-rents,  
When dos roscas con cafe  
Is but five cents.  
"What's an avocado?"  
You would think of it!  
When you get your estofado  
For a jit.

## II

Dos hojaldras con cafe  
Or frijoles  
For a buffalo nickel, SAY!  
In Los Ang'lees.  
"What's an avocado?"  
Dare you mention it?  
When the Irish estofado  
Is a jit.  
(Air from Merry Widow.)

Print had us reading the other day the main occupation of the I. W. W.'s is to burn barns, haystacks, henhouses, etc., that they are petty destructionists. Never is it said they burn homes, churches or schoolhouses—that's because to do so is to credit them with "grand arson", as the saying goes. They are also accused of starting forest fires that are, in many cases, a direct benefit to the lumber companies. Indicating they have a stinking love for the boss after all—Pfeuh! Another touching tale is "they burn lumber mills". A thrill to that tale (Chrysler please mark that word "thrill" on your notebook—I won't charge you for it) a mill going up the smoke like tinder. But isn't it strange, the mill never burns till the logging is

finished and is never rebuilt in the same locality?

Let us reason: At all times it has been within the power of the I. W. W.'s to destroy every lumber mill in the country, in one day. The lumber mills stand today an incontrovertible proof that I. W. W.'s are not that kind of men, and to say they "take it out" on the out-houses, haystacks, is to deny them the intelligence of a jackass; that the country's smartest men waste a match on a stack of rotten hay the farmer can't sell but which is insured and which burns only while lightning is playing.

Put a new record in your funny-graph!

(No man should be offended; the above is just one of our regular habits of killing a ghost. We have to do that once per annum whether it needs it or not—I've killed it now 15 times with my trusty leadpencil—it's a perennial.)

Russia has not sold a single ounce of goods to discomfit any country—her sales were purely a matter of economics: sell where she could for what she could get—love, hate or mischievousness had no power in the deals.

A business man doesn't sell you a pair of sox because he hates another merchant—no—his inspiration is "the fifteen cents in your pocket". He is not moved to dress your feet to prevent somebody else doing so—in fact, he doesn't care whether you wear sox or not. He isn't a bit sentimental about your feet—or his own feet, for that matter.

He has sox to sell and he so notifies the world—fifteen cents a throw, two pairs for a quarter.

When the cupboard is empty a man has four choices to replenish his larder. Two of them are illegal, one permissible when not impossible and one is practically compulsory, "a duty as well as a privilege". The man throws several sheep-eyes at the empty larder, tightens his belt and chooses:

Polls?

Hencoop? (It's after hours.)

Stem?

Job?

Does he rush to the ballot-box? Nay, brother, it is out of season—he can't wait till November—he goes in search for a boss. Failing in this he hits the stem. Failing on the stem he interviews the chickens. If he doesn't get shot and if the cupboard is still bare on election day he votes for a new set of politicians and closer beer . . . Thus it is we must revise our list of choices and put them in the order of their availability and, it will be noted, politics takes fourth position, just outside the money:

1. JOB—(Win)

2. STEM—(Place)

3. HEN-HOUSE—(Show)

4. ROLLS—

The pity of it all is the two "illegal-means" (Stem and Hen-Roost) have precedence over politics. I shall not nominate the fifth nag in the race.

Note: I may be out of time, but not out of tune—editor will tell you all about the fifth nag. T-B-S.