



T-Bone Slim

Time-lock:

Foresooth, the banks begin to balk,
Abbreviate their hours small;
They used to open at nine o'clock
And now they won't open at all.

"Broadcloth shirts, 49 cents."

Little consolation in that—our 48 cents will drop faster than the shirts.

Soon as the Fed. Farm Board heard I had succeeded in shaking down the Munsingwear (good underclothes) for two suits of underwear, it advised that one-third of the cotton crop be destroyed. Ged! I didn't think I displaced so much cotton. Who's the other two guys?

The organization of the Boulder Dam must have appeared a bit too intricate for the "In-law" unions—even the "commies" dassent go so far away from a soupline. The G. C. W. I. U. 310, healthy part of the I. W. W., not only went and saw but came within an ace of conquering.

They are just like that. They can go places and do things.

Were it not for the I. W. W. the dam would have been built of cement, sand and soup. Now they'll cut out soup and substitute cash.

Contrary to accepted belief, the working class does not now need the assistance of the mastering class, never did and never will. The working class is the creditor class and if all the monies owing to it were paid today, it would roll in wealth. — Now I hate like the dickens to be writing these dunning letters on their behalf; therefore, (I hope for the last time), I respectfully request the master class to straighten out their board bill—we need the money.

The godly Metropolitan Life Insurance Company undertakes to tell the people what and how much to eat: "Most families need to spend from one-quarter to one-third of their income for food." Sounds alright.

Now I have no income—it follows that I must spend one-third of my time (working time) for food. In other words, I should be able to rustle enough in two hours to keep me a day—is that it?—and that my food and income shall be of a piece, identical, indivisible.—(It's O. K. with me.)

Now if Henry Ford spent one-third of his income for rolled oats, what a pile of mush that would make! Henry ain't gonna do no such a thing—in fact, he's Scotch enough to get himself invited out.

All the facts of the Centralia Case are not out, by a heluva long shot. Another man, not heretofore mentioned, was murdered and done away with under cover of darkness. Another chapter to the already long list of lawlessness and villainy of the Centralia business element. Another crime hardly less repulsive than the torture and final lynching of Wesley Everest. A crime so dastardly it fits the same picture. A crime that has been hushed by its perpetrators to the point where, on the streets of Centralia they are able to smile at one another—on the street that is now known by lumber workers under the name: "Murderer's Row"—and prance around as free men.

And to think men of high moral standing, and understanding, must suffer at the hands of the state of Washington for an imaginary crime—this too under the testimony of a man frightened witless—a man who would have equally readily "confessed" that it was he (Morgan) that assassinated Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley (the mutilated Wesley Everest was dragged before his eyes and he read the business men's capabilities correctly). It is this picture the business men hope to forget and to have forgotten.

It's not gonna forget worth a damn!

The "extra" murder forbids.