



## T-Bone Slim

By-Law No. 371.

It is only in an industrial one big union that workers can, if they so desire, so regulate their sale of labor power as to leave a market for their fellow workers; work so as to permit the available work to reach all hands; that none shall be denied an opportunity to gain a livelihood; at the whim or caprice of a more or less demented boss—it being said:

The available work, little or much, equally divided, shall constitute a livelihood, plus, to all hands participating in the performance of that work; that, if through the machinations of the lily-fingered gentry, such livelihood is not present, it shall be made to be present, whether or no. At all times it shall be construed, the work to be performed represents the livelihood, plus, of the working class as a whole and no other cost shall be demanded of, or be paid by, the working class.

(Joker?)

But should it so happen a fellow worker desires to support one or more parasites for whatever reason or consideration, or in the event he cannot retain his health lest he be dripping wet with sweat he shall have the privilege of so doing subject to Rule 1 in by-law 372—but he must not infringe on work allotted to others or get in the way of any one that wants to work and he shall put in his application for the extra-men's work in the regular manner, subject to rule 39, by-law 372, that in the event he injures his health or strains a tendon doing said extra work he shall be put in a padded cell until such a time as he regains his health and mental equilibrium.

Note: I made these by-laws myself without any help from anybody except Karl Marx and Mark Twain representing the dead, and the Four Marx Brothers, the lives ones—ever see the Marx Bros. act? Drop everything! and see them right away, they are awful.—T-B.S.

### Exhibit A:

In the window of Grammas Kitchen, which is Portland's best, I saw a five gallon can full of lard or, shortening with bird's footprints on its fair surface—the birds may have divided their time between a manure pile and the lardpail, birds are like that; so to that I won't testify—my point is, there is no guarantee the birds washed their feet before parading on the lard; my hope is, the lard was used to grease stubborn hinges; my fear is, those imprints are now on the stomach-walls of my ailing compatriots.

### Must Use Lye?

Portland, Ore. (By Special Wire.) I make it "Ore," because then it doesn't look like a guinea-pig—blank behind.—

For some reason the Chinese mission here looks clean, the gathering looks clean—nothing like our own beloved missions.—But I suppose, after the holy ghost has fully descended upon our yellow brethren, their mission floors will need scrubbing as badly as ours.

To help the unemployment situation I think it would be a good idea for the money squeezing "Hallelujah-Boys" to set paid brooms at work on the Lord's Temple in the interest of sanitation—two way break. You know, a paid broom sweeps cleanest.

My teacher must have misquoted the bible when she said "the Chinese are half-civilized".

If all that cleanliness is half-civilized, what is that filth which is a part of the worship in our native missions, and churches? Is it quarter-civilized? No. Too much dirt. It's about one-sixteenth civilized. Attendance at the services has very naturally dropped off—and even I must confess that I would hesitate about bringing my new pair of pants to such a

place. Is it then any wonder that those who do go there take the precaution to adorn themselves in their worst rags; so as to be in harmony with their surrounding filth; in other words, the dress of the abnegates is no cleaner than the appointed place of their worship; worship to the KING, GOD SOUP—the trinity supreme. In the old, condemned warehouse; in the old, ramshackle barracks— isn't it strange how the Christian mind turns to rats, rot, ruin, rubbish to find relief, ye rescue, for those whom they pretend to aid. Sanitary places are yawning for occupancy, dozens of them and the impoverished workers exesconced in a dilapidated old stinkhole to the glory of God—a dirty tribe, less than one-sixteenth civilized according to their own figures. Admittedly this is a gruesome picture—I cannot help it; I did not make this picture. The so-called worshippers of the Star of Bethlehem drew that picture and draw my comment . . .

A collection for the purpose of buying super-rads, mops, dusters and brooms is now in order—and, fellow religionists, when you get your paws on that money slip me a tenspot, the place is clean enough . . .

In re unemployment elsewhere, I would suggest a peculiar remedy and right one: In view of the fact that so many efforts to create employment have worked just opposite, I suggest they try their hand at creating unemployment—it might turn out a row of jobs.

Ere this, I believe I have stated a matter of eight years ago and since at not infrequent intervals as I do here and now and shall again:

The Industrial Workers of the World are Indestructible.

It is here to stay until such a time as the mission for which it was created is fulfilled.

No power inside or outside can destroy it so long as misery and want abound—in this it is fool-proof.

Any feeble minded that thinks otherwise should go on a fish diet.

It was instituted among men by providence or by whatever power helps Hoover and Stimson run the world—don't you think so, editor?—in an wholly altruistic spirit.