



T-Bone Slim

With the Last Gallon of Gas:

In these driving days the affable son-in-law pries the aged father-in-law loose from his easy-chair, loads him in a "chevy" with his dear wife and heir-apparent and drives him down to the freight-house to shake hands with the foreman, an old crony of step-dad's. The old pair shake hands over the iron-fence, the young wife shows the foreman all her beautiful teeth in a gorgeous smile, little Rudolph blushes appropriately at the gallant foreman's praise and shrinks modestly out of the picture . . .

Why yes, Mr. Soandso, you can come to work tomorrow morning; I'm firing a couple of 'harp.' . . . (Curtains)—If you have no father-in-law and your wife has great protruding teeth and your darling child is just a "sassy-kid" there is just one thing left for you to do: Join the I. W. W.

I have prayed for wisdom—Solomon did, and it worked—you see, I figured on being another Solomon, or two—but, I'm sorry to say, editor, it didn't ketch—I had the right idea allright—a little wisdom, or much, or most, wouldn't hurt me a gosh shang bit. I've got right down on my marrow bones and groaned:

"T-bone Slim! may he always be right; but right or wrong, T-bone Slim!"

Editor, do you think a trip to Work People's College, in Duluth, would do my block any good—or is it too late, or am I too far gone . . . I am in a desperate fix—I am, as you know, the most desperate writer the world has ever known and the end is not yet, the worst is yet to come. Wholly and totally incapable of distinguishing the difference between right and wrong I have written great tomes and left it to the natives to be my judge; I have every confidence in them and they think me a crook . . . how nearly right they are . . . a pause (that refreshes).

Editor, do you know what that mean?

It means the reader is trying to cast reflexions upon my spotless obrobrium . . . (Did that last word land right side up?) and is it sufficiently spelled—you want to watch those, editor, because in the frame of mind I am in I'm liable to toss

Henry Comes Out Second Best

In Detroit they tell a story about Henry Ford and a colored caretaker at Ford's

out words sprawling here and there—set 'em back on their feet, if you have to lean 'em against the inkwellcover).

But let us not despair. Today when I threatened to quit writing and let somebody else ruin good print paper, a fellow worker jumps up and says: "Silence!—it isn't true!"

"I remember", says he, "way back in 1918 you wrote two articles that were right in every respect."

There you are, editor, I told you, there you are, and I've got a witness to prove it. I was once right twice in just one year and God only knows how many times since . . .

Editor, do you consider, there are men who never were right in all their life and here I run a **streak of right** that that covers two articles, in a single year, not leap-year at that!—If it was only one article, "pooh! pooh! its an accident!" would be good logic, but its **TWO**. Lightning don't hit twice in the same place.

Why all this profundity?

I'll tell you: I want a sticker drawn of a streak of lightning; that streak of lightning shall have saw teeth filed on lower edge and shall have (buckers) handle on one end (with or without empty glove—"letters "I. W. W." can be formed by minor disturbance in background (no stars) preferably no words upon the whole.—Eloquent silence.

Your views are just as good as mine—To put it terse:

Indeed, they may be **FAR MORE Fine**—But never worse.

My views are only views of one
And yours count up as heavy;
Yet anything **thaps EVER** done
Is done by views of many.

P. S.

There's no debate; that view is considered and properly emphasized.

Instance: (but-end-first) the so-called "new thought" came from "a seed" and looks just like its father.

If the truth be known, it has a long pedigree of thought behind it and is an issue of same, in successive edition—new, never.

Some have that thought is law—maybe it is—but I think thought operates under a law same as smell, fear, feel, taste and hearing. The main thing however is:

Your thought is just as good as mine, possibly better—worse, never!

A fragment: (A matter of record).—In Russia, after Kerensky had stooped to blow, the Tsar had been dumped and dunked in his own blood for a change, the first step in revolution had taken place, **three wise men of the west** stepped to the front and tied revolution hand and foot. Why, if the first step was good, did they not let the child walk?

It looks fishy and doesn't smell like attar.

I call for a new deal—the old deck will do.

Moral: Watch the dealer.

—T-b-S.