



## T-Bone Slim

When LABOR use of POWER spurned  
And to the use of Pleas returned  
The Soul of Freeman **BURNED!**  
When not a wheel or swivel turned  
And no propeller water churned  
It irked the Thinkers, learned!  
When **NONE** the ray of Light discerned  
And congress in the night adjourned  
A Jackass stood and **YEARNED!**

No profits did accrue, unearned,  
To all the nuts herein concerned  
And all because of power spurned!

A moral herein ought to be  
If one could only — only see.

When none by wisdom was oppressed,  
But by fantastic lights caressed  
And by a row of haunts possessed,  
Activity lost zest.  
When many single soul was blessed  
With blue-prints that could stand a test  
And every thinking mortal guessed,  
Industry came to rest.  
Philosophers gazed down their vest  
And cleared their throats and scratched  
their crest.

Grandiloquently then confessed:  
"We believe it's for the best!"

And none conventions urge digressed,  
Nor dared the deadly scourge molest,  
Nor cared the monster to divest  
Of its fell will to jest.  
Then rose a modest wobbly man  
And opening his stately pan  
Said: Fellow Workers, here's a Plan  
That's guaranteed to free your "Nan".  
Remove from you the slavish tan  
And clear your ears of smut and bran:  
You take and **ORGANIZE AS ONE,**  
To live or die as **ALL** or **NONE;**  
You Do that, and the Thing is Done!  
Without the use of prayer or gun  
The master will have had his fun!  
The "blowless brawl" is lost and won!

The idiots thought otherwise,  
Refused point-blank to organize  
As every normal should;  
They much preferred high sounding lies  
And every busted dream that flies,  
From get-rich-quick Flossie's eyes—  
Oh Lord! O, what a brood!  
To **THEM** the outfit was "too good"  
**THEY** needed **NOTHING** in the hood—  
For they had **FAITH** in wood:  
A queer and quaint pernicious mood  
And very little understood;  
That fibre in the derby could  
Produce a row of wealth and food.

Just as we protest our unworthiness  
a lowbrowed wobbler suggests "mebbe  
Slim you were an innocent victim of  
general surveillance and the shadows mis-  
took you for another hoosier?"

He ruined my day—such impertinance!  
There isn't a spark of diplomacy in his  
battery.