



## T-Bone Slim

### ECCLESIA SANCTI BASILLII!

That guy you see up there is not the regular guy that writes this column. He's only taking a man's place for a few years till the other guy gets his darts sharpened.

Yef he has been accused of saying one and the same thing too many times. Pooh, phooh! What is that—the I. W. W. preamble said the same thing fifty-two times last year and is going to do it again this year. Pooh! Phooh! Black is black as long as it is black and I ain't going to call it any other shade of darkness. Didn't a Chicago man tell his wife "you're too fat," didn't she fire six bullets at him from her .44 and didn't he turn right around and say "you're too fat to shoot straight".—Of course we must say the same thing too often or they won't believe us.

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"We're sunk!" screams an excited California rancher pulling out a fit full of clay-colored hair, "we're sunk".

"Well then," soothes 'the valley cut-up,'" let us call our products sunk-ist lemons and oranges."

(Note: Chi. Trib., circulatin, oh my gosh, calls Calif. a "painted lady").

Mooney is still in the can—so's Britt Smith.

California-canned goods are rotten—so's Washington's.

Chicago Tribune's mournfulness rises from the fact that, always patriotic, it suspects California hornswoggled Uncle Sam out of \$156,000,000 for the Boulder dam and now wants to bleed Samuel for an additional \$220,000,000 to hook-up that \$156,000,000 to Los Angeles water-mains.—

That's a habit in Cal. S. F. has a sink-hole in the Hetch-Hetchy (Hocus-Pokus) in which it tossed a handful of millions and, just because, say, \$120,000,000, are tossed in already, Frisco feels the urge of tossing in more millions now and again, at regular intervals—as the politicians need it. It would have been cheaper to buy her water from Waukesha Wis.—good water, too. Straight from Lake Michigan.

The Six Companies now has a chance to use good judgement—any flaw in their department will cause a general "chit-out" as the logger expressed it.

Hiram, you tell 'em—you're righ there. You know what happened to Brookhart for just one innocent error. (Reader, note the enthusiasm—I say "any flaw",

I mean "one more flaw," in the midst of many).

Those veterans either are entitled to the bonus or they are not; the distance from which they do their praying is not at issue—just so they don't kneel 'on Hoovers corns (if the president wears corns). They should be highly praised for coming great distances so's to spare the congressmen ear-strain.

Please do not tell 'em about the empty treasury—they don't understand taxation—explain to them rather why the war-debt has tripped in times of peace. Pretty expensive peace, ain't it?

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Mebbe I have been too severe with our head-taxmen.

This should not be. Our taxmen are supposed to be impervious to blandishment, wile or attack. But lest I have offended, I do hereby wish to encourage them:

Just because I am broke, Jones is busted and Smith in the poorhouse is no reason for them to throw their hands in the air and say "taxing ability has broken down".

No such a thing—we have 60,000 millionaires. What's the matter with taxing them one-million dollars a piece—that will give the government \$60,000,000,000 (sixty billion dollars).

Take that sixty-billion and serve eight course meals to unemployed workers, beginning from now and continuing indefinitely of until such a time as the millionaires recover their sanity.

A country cannot at one and same time be bot hrichest and poorest, wealthy or busted—it is either one or the other. Which is it?

Roadwork in Indiana (Delphi and Napanese) is paying 20 cents per hour—this helps to prolong the depression.

Deflates the worker; inflates the contractor.

Politicans and their press is starting to raise Helifex about it—it will be remedied when I. W. W. raises two Helifex about it. Not before!

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WET: The Prohibition Act was an act to lower the standard of drinking. Let us stay by facts—it did just that. To all intents and purposes it served as a grudge-instrument against the American people—or I don't know poison when I see it? The people have been pretty thoroughly saturated with extracts, anti-freeze, body-rub and brass-polish, etc.

Well then, for heavens sake, what is repent?

It is a blessing poured over the lowered standard of drinking; a sanctification showered over liquor's inferiority-complex—why, did you think they would give you a drink of good liquor? My, you're gullible!

You'll get a good drink of liquor when you're organized. Not before!

They, the guardians of our appetites, figure "rot-gut is good enough" for scissorbills—I was going to say, "soda."

But, really, I don't think so. I wouldn't wish rot-gut on my best enemy!

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