



## T-Bone Slim

Wrinkles Are Caused By Wrangles

(What's the Relation?)

No more than a bunch of dirty necked kids arrive in Hollywood, and Major-General Benedict feeds 'em mutton and beans, instantly the journals of Los Angeles scream clear across the front "yard", CITY IS FULL OF EASTERN BUMS. People crawl under beds and hold their breath the better to hear the pineapples pop. Should a tire explode or an engine backfire sanitation under the bed would grow oppressive—I wonder what makes newspapers to jumpy.

Those kids by the way never saw Mississippi or any other river and probably dropt down from Sanluis Obispo to become cowboys in the movies. True enough the city is full of non-producers but the hotels are not fuller now than two years ago, four years ago, eight years ago, any figure you may mention, and new hotels have been built for that imaginary influx. San Francisco can show two to one in the soupline—verily Los Angeles is not caring for its unemployed, to say nothing about transient labor—who, by the way, are not cripples, can take care of themselves and WILL NOT CALL UPON LOS ANGELES ORGANIZED generosity.

Major Benedict puts out one meal per day—breakfast, luncheon and dinner all combined on a large sized saucer, cup of good coffee and one rotten orange—this happens after 11 a. m.—by that time a healthy bum has had several breakfasts and uses the good major's offering as an appetizer—the food is well cooked. Yee, Los Angeles is full of racketeers and sub-racketeers, with a liberal sprinkling of stool pigeons. All native sons and native bringing up—a very jealous tribe. It is idle to think Los can coax these to leave their native heath by underfeeding 'em and appointing seven fat cops to watch 'em eat—they are brothers under the uniform.

The affront insidious:

Lack of organization should be considered a personal insult; an attack against one's peace of mind and dignity of bearing; a condition that undermines one's wealth, prerequisites and prestige — dammit, a curse on its sinister impositions.

Credit were credit is due:

A drunken sailor could have done better in our foreign investments than all our smart boys put together. This, too, after being warned about foreign tanglefoot by Georgie De Wash . . .

(We use to think fly a sucker for lighting on the sticky stuff . . . )

\$815,000,000 S. American securities is now worth \$250,000,000. Oi, oi, oi! six-hundred million dollars tossed to the winds. Five dollars of everybody's money, oi, oi, oi!

They "give till it hurts". . .

'Tis more blissful to give than receive —specially other people's money. Oi, oi, oi! How it hurts. All right, all right, quit scratching your ear editor. I'll put a hind-end to that burn, although it really don't need it; nobody on the hi-way could see it's wide open at the back—same as you don't need a seat on your trousers when you're standing talking to a guy against the wind and the sun is shining behind you. But you wanted it.

The uncanniness of the half-seas-over sailor lies in the fact our smart boys had to bribe the South Americans to take the money, actually pay agents \$7,000, \$20,000, \$50,000 to swing the deal: \$815,000,000 for \$250,000,000—can you imagine? When I look back at the inebriated sailor I feel like going back and helping him out of the puddle—but, editor, we better let the sailor lay and see what the smart boys do. They unload the destined-to-be worthless stock upon the dear public—on the poor, innocent lambs—(I'd advise them to sell new whole they can get \$2.50 for \$8.15) think ye, o learnt editor, that a drunken sailor could pull one as fast as that?

There! our story is spoilt and our hero of the seven seas is just a very ordinary seaman that gives his OWN money away and bribes navy son of a gun to take it. Nohow can he be charged with treason toward his countrymen in the interest of our loving neighbors under the equator. \$815,000,000 for \$250,000,000 is equivalent to a handsome gift and is bound to help our foreign trade—the wonder of it is it didn't cost the bankers a cent. Generally when the sailor swings a deal he wakes up busted and in jail.

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