



# T-Bone Slim

## When Both Are Wrong—

Yesterday an ageing man remarked with  
sober face,  
"The trouble in this country isn't very  
hard to place;  
"Too many fawning foreigners our noble  
laid disgrace,  
"They should be driven from our shore to  
some far distant base."

"Oh yeah," chimes in the humorist, "so  
that would end your cares  
And help the feeding of the sixty-thou-  
sand millionaires?  
That that would serve to dissipate the low  
of soul-despairs  
And Undoubtedly they'd take the loss—I  
hope I make it plain:  
Your sturdy home-grown ankles would  
still oscillate a chain.

Your remedy is not so good—except in  
this respect  
The fewer left behind could not support  
that grasping sect  
The gods of greed would straight way  
"load of hate" in them inject  
And cause the worthy millionaires each  
other to disset.

There's not so much percentage in your  
deportation plan,  
The trick is how to get the bacon, for to  
grease the pan.  
Perhaps we better organize with yonder  
foreign man  
And put on pay-roll thieves a "closed for  
alterations" ban.

It sounds like Knights of Araby, "the six-  
ty-thousand thieves",  
Enough to give a trusting soul a case  
virgin heaves  
And if you should deport them all but  
one—that action leaves  
Sufficient able plutocrats to gather in the  
sheaves.

If you get yours, you worry not about the  
gifted crooks;  
So long as you get caviar, you chase not  
after cooks;  
So long as you have mountain trout, you  
wade not in the brooks—  
And these you'll get when organized, and  
not by wistful looks.

Now, brother, with the foreigner agone, I  
think you'd find  
The coining of those millions would still  
constitute a grind;  
The coining of new platitudes would still  
your vision blind  
And the shackles of your servitude would  
still your ankles bind.

Regardless of how many starve, how many  
faint or fall!  
Regardless of how many work, how many  
hit the ball!  
Those birds are in it not for health or  
contributions small;  
Their objective is ease and wealth, their  
aim to grab it all.

So, if your foreigner was gone beyond the  
bounding main,  
The much or little you produced would be  
the 'bosses' gain.  
Moral: Join the I. W. W.

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