



T-Bone Slim

Both Better Reform:—"Big Shot" in bad.—

"Get Right With God."—That's the first intimation I have had that "the old boy" is in Dutch again with the Christians.

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If all the world is crazy, co-operation as between nations will produce startling results. If all are afflicted with the same disease, co-operation will produce a healthy condition? Better cure yourself first and co-operate afterwards.

Note: Different stage of development in the various nations absolutely prevents the whole-hearted co-operation, at the top—so when they holler, "co-operate" they are crying for the moon.

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In a world that produces too much everything, equal pay would be more than any worker gets now—hence it is, the brainy proletarian, who thinks he should get more than other workers, is simply wishing away a part of his own pay. He won't get any support this side of hell!

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In 1894-5 piece-work pay averaged \$7 to \$8—no automatic machinery; so called later. Today same class of work, piece or day, ranges from \$2 to \$4—more under two than over four. Modern machinery thus not only displaced millions of workers but cut the wages of these remaining to one third—adding insult to injury, and got by with it. (Now that third is cut in two).

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Artificial pie-filler did not come out until 1910—the same year it was discovered a pie has seven pieces and the pie-tins were found oversize. That is now corrected. Custard pie was off the market the year 1915 to '20—it's now back—full o' corn-starch.

Eat brussels—sprouts to rebuild your resistance—if they weren't so expensive, 19 cents a quart-basket, I'd be in favor of having the I. W. W. buy a few car-loads for the A. F. of L.—(Green, please, note.) A goodwill gesture.

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George Bernard Shaw is hereby invited to visit the Centralia boys, Walla Walla, Wash.—so that the boys may pay him their respects. I take this opportunity to glad hand you.

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I see where the goodly Claude G. Eowers, Hearst's best, is busy telling us how good the new cabinet folks have been and will be.

Oh for an unfettered Mencken to tell us how rotten they'll turn out to be—sex's we could have our cry over with.

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After twenty-six years of married life Mrs. Edgar A. Guest still thinks her husband writes poetry.

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Did I dream it last night or did I read it in one of Hearst's old faithful gushers that this here now Perkins who bumps Mitchell of the National City Bank is just about the last word in the finesse of virtue? (I blush for my own infirmities.) (Pass the salt, please.)

Now, is this the same Perkins that tried to negotiate Ford's plant away from him, just before the screws were put on and almost had Henry babbling like Tennyson's brook? (I like to keep the record straight.)—

Damn me if those songs of virtue didn't finally get on my nerves—me a musicker too

And they sing a song of virtue
And they land him to the skies:
'Here's a man that cannot hurt you,
He's so pure, he draws no flies,
For a fact, he is a wonder,
Friend of all, to none a foe;
His is not a pile of plunder—
Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-si-dough!
(Note: slur doremifaso.)—[e, s'law si dough)—