



T-Bone Slim

Every fellow workers knows that I'm just a big-hearted sap and that my heart is soft as much. But they do not know that I have violent crying spells when my big heart fairly folds up in grief.

I had such a crying spell in Freeport, Ill., just the other day and I'm telling my old time fellow workers all about it in Dixon, Ill.

"What did you cry for this time, Slim?"

sez he politely. I looked at him hard,

"Can it be", sez I, "you haven't read the bible where it says man cannot live by bread alone?"

"Ah", sez he, "I see; you were crying for boloney."—"You don't see nothing

of the kind, I was crying for coffee.

(Note reader, this is a custom in U. S.—

you need shoes, you go to a shoeler

and cry (not a horse-shoeler)—you need

snus, you squirt tears; you need sox, you

weep etc.—this all comes under the head

of weeping and wailing and gnashing of

teeth, if you know what I mean. The

democrats and republicans are all doing

it and I met a socialist in Freeport, a

damn fine lad, who looked as if he had

sold his marshmallows and didn't get any

money—it's terrible! I feel I'm going to

cry—editor, fetch me a bucket.)

I was crying for coffee and finally I

ran into a place that looked made to

order—I unwound my sad tale (a good

one) I won't tell it here because I may

want to use it again).

Instantly the young man said in self-

defense, "we have no coffee."—

"Young man", sez I, "thing hard, think

as you never thought before—can't you

see I'm dying for the want of a drink

of coffee—would you see me perish right

here in front of your eyes—I'm three-

quarter dead right now." (the young

man trembled all over and his curly hair

stood on end like hair on a porcupine.)

I felt sorry for him.

Up speaks a girl from the confection

side," I believe there's old coffee in the

urn—give him that".—"Just the thing",

sez I, "and you needn't put milk or sugar

into it"—I added, hopefully.

The young man shakes out a quart milk

bottle and tilts the urn.

I was just rubbing my belly and try-

ing to look gratified—when the bottle's

bottom fell out. There was my coffee

on the floor. An omen, what?

You can't put hot hope into cold in-

dustry!

Souso's March:

Now the goodly lion tamers are as

tame as lions they tamed; tarattataa, ta-

ratta taa, taa, taa (repeat).

Oh, You Scissorbill!

"I'd like to see every worker get the

same wages as in 1921."

This cannot be because the employers

of labor have not got it. They have put

the money into over-expansion. Besides,

you only "wish"—why didn't you wish

before the boss had sunk the "difference".

Why didn't you "keep" the same wages

as you had in 1921? Isn't it kind a late

in the day to wish for it now when it

is past wishing for? Join a real union!

Now the employers of labor (as rail-

roads) wish the people would take the

properties off their hands: The railroads

are one-part value and three-parts over

expansion (not counting trucks). That

three-parts over-expansion represents the

blunders of the rail-executives. So now

the railroads "wish" the people would

buy their properties. That's all right but

they (railroads) "also wish" that the

people buy (also) their "blunders", the

overexpansion and leave them unhurt).

Isn't it kind a late in the day to wish

for it now when the peoples buying—

power is sunk in the "blunders". Now,

no kidding, isn't it? (The same holds true

in all things).

What does this all mean? It means that

the employer of labor no longer qualifies

to act as autocrat. Never did! Never will!

And needs not only to be relieved of his

responsibilities but also a gun.

Primary function of political state is to

throw hay and sand in front of the sleigh

to keep industry from going too fast, and

snow and green-wood to keep it from

stalling. These it must do before the

sleigh has passed. It is not the function

of state to institute logging operations.

In addition it is the office of state to

remove all foreign matter from the ice-

road and tell funny stories to the working-

boss and four-horse skimmers. Political

state shall welcome all camp-inspectors

and give them immediate and temporary

relief, such as chew of snus or pipeful of

Union Leader and Peerless.

The time is not yet come when the

road-monkeys shall take charge of the

camp.

The time is now come though when the

crew must take charge of the camp—too

many of our big-sleighs have gone into

the ditch.