



T-Bone Slim

HEAVY FOG—

Automobiles, at 2,000 ft., according my eyesight, (and mine is long-distance) do not approximate the speed of an ant. My!, what an ant could do were it on wheels!

Now you brag one.

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For to say a dictator can shower the folks with blessings is to say you can throw your fishline in the air and catch sunbass—for one thing you'd have to cut the sinker off and tie a zeppelin on.

I'm afraid you'd fish a long, long time—million years mebbe. Besides, dictators are not that wide between the eyes.

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One of the best arguments to the end that blessings flow from bottom is that nobody exploits the upper class—why, fellow sinners, have you noticed, it is the lower jaw that does all the work.

(Note also, the lower jaw is well cared for by the body because did it not do so it soon would be nobody.)

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The premise in those two paragraphs is assumed—there is nothing to prove labor is lower class except the unmerciful exploitation to which he is subjected. I could on them grounds argue labor is the upper class and his exploiters have no class at all.

Laber's record can stand inspection.
His patience is marvelous.

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Beware of practical men. They dream only of that what can be, not of what should be.

They compromise.

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Special to Industrial Worker.

The amount of chuck on the table indicates it is the Lord's last supper.—Those days if a gent got his claw on a chunk of punk he immediately threw a party—bread was such a scarce article.

Now-days we have even dog biscuits.
Happy das are here but the people are crying.

One cannot help but wonder at Mahatma Gandhi's intestinal fortitude: people all over the world are crying for bread and mahatma says, "nawthing doing! not a tooth will I sink into goats milk until the untouchables are rubbing elbows with the untouched." — — — —

International Bright Boys are to hold an economic conference to discuss trade terms.

I think they are figuring on trading soupbones.