



T-Bone Slim

Need I again say the worker is always right and employer is crazy; no matter how wrong he is? (This must be evident to the most unsophisticat, even the sometimes gruesome socialists.)

It is now demonstrated beyond all cavil that the employer is erratic and without the realm of reason. Hence, it follows, any action taken by the worker is correct; in the light of the fact the necessity for the action, whatever it is, is determined and given life by the mental condition of the employer. Now if the mental fortitude of the employer is such as I have here discribed, it follows the matching of wits with such a condition causes the workers noble efforts to appear as if depraved, much to his disadvantage in a world of halfwits and political imbeciles. (I've lost the nub; it hinges on catarrh and halfwits.)

The remedy for this is a set of skids for the boss.—The apology magnanimous entails the pointing out to him that: in full possession of all his mental machinery he would be a unacceptable to runherd on fres-born American workers and the ones so chosen to do so do not qualify insofar as their prestige hinges on the mental aberations of a demented employer and that in view of his past and present mental infirmaties it grieves us sorely to hand him his walking papers.

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One thing wrong with the Largest Sheep Barn in U. S. A., Capacity 75,000 (Burlington Route, Aurora, Ill.), there are no sheep in it. The nearest thing to a sheep I saw in that neighborhood is a goat, and that was on the other side of the tracks where a woman was weeding a flower bed, a dirty beanpot in her hand.

(The doing of her dishes had temporarily escaped her mind as she gave first-aid and comfort to the rhododendrons and morning glories).

Women are like that; they have an artistic soul, and I do not know what they would do if the everpresent man wasn't there to politely inquire "Ophelia, where did you go after you washed this spoon—to a bridge party?" and cause her to rub some of the tomato juice off on the Chicago Tribune.

That sheep barn, which cost a pretty penny and a few ugly dollars, was made possible by C. B. & I. gandy dancers working for 3½ cents less per hour, and eating less expensive swill to make up for it—and the barns, themselves, were a great aid to the packers in their manipulations of the mutton market on the buying side: sheep could be held in this concentration camp indefinitely or until the slaughter houses were ready to accept them.

All that is now past and the "Largest in U. S. A." stands a monument to the gullibility of a most conservative road and the humbleness of its dehornes.