



T-Bone Slim

"Freedom For The Black Belt"—there is too much freedom between the belt and belly now.

But if that quote means freedom for our negro fellow workers, the mention of which is a distinction in itself, sorry to say, they can establish freedom for themselves by organizing in the industry they prefer, in the Industrial Workers of the World (I. W. W.) an up and coming organization.

They are not wagslaves because of their color—they are wagslaves because they are unorganized—and unemployed, consequently.

The paleface is not a slave because he is pale—he is pale because he is slave; unorganized and unemployed consequently and disorganized ultimately—want, misery, suffering and death tearing-up his vitals.

(I omit disease, illness as insignificant, for a very good reason, in full possession of all my damned faculties—Fletcher, please note: Consider hard-times java snowwater bath (not necessarily cold) alkali soap, no towels; epsom-salts, no oils—bedding 14 thickmeats of (pure) newspapers obtained in regular manner—especially for pillow (no bull) . . . pure lard rub, if not too weak.)—One thing I like about a negro fellow worker, "when he worries he falls asleep."

In the olden day he too had to build a shack for himself as does the proud Nordic of today.

Sometimes his shack, too, was low and the negro had to crawl in on all fours—if his then worries would get the best of him and he would burst into plaintive song:

"I'm going to build me a chimney higher; to keep those there longlegged gals from putting out my fire."—His worry?

Nothing per day worries a working man.

Twenty-percent of three dollars a day worries a garageman.

Five dollars a day worries a doctor.

Fifty dollars a day worries a businessman.

Five-hundred dollars a day worries a

merchant prince—rich man's son, ditto.

Five-thousand dollars a day worries a

politician—gangster, ditto. (five-grand).

Fifty-thousand dollars a day worries a

millionaire (Livermore gets gray hairs

when he don't make twenty-million be-

tween meals).—

Thus it is we all can enjoy worry in

this best of all worlds, (a specked-apple

they call globe) under a provident system

called capitalism (see Seegar's cartoon,

King throwing a fit of worries—olive-oil

or somedumbdly holding his head.)

Now, to settle an argument—just to

settle a dispute—the I. W. W., after it's

dead, will live on the strength of its name,

Industrial Workers of the World.

New Word:

Stool-expigeonage. (Jack Dempsey, on

the up and up, please note: It is now

believed Ernie Shaaf relieved his death

blow in training or in dressing room—

Carnero threw away one million bucks,

not knowing.)—

TECHNOCRACY AND HAZE

Technocracy itself will go far, for the

world is coming out of a haze—(in other

words, it has clicked.) Considering the

ten-thousand years of fog of which the

poet said, "Ten thousand years is a long,

long time to wait for your dreams to

come true", it is almost unbelievable

that an adding machine puts the essence

of victory into Labors hands. Alway, al-

ways a battle for justice and always, al-

ways the new yoke only less irritating

than the old—along comes a set of

mathematicians, impervious to all senti-

ment, and dissect the Industrial World in

cold blood; render their verdict "like Ken-

neddy, the cook "there she is boys, that's

all of it—if you want more ask the

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trial world, is coming out of the haze so

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