

BIG UNION



"For Safety First Join the I.W.W.!" Says T-Bone Slim

Railroads are showing more consideration day by day. Now over here in Highland Park, Illinois, where the natives have lots of nickles, and swear workers have done well by 'em, the railroad was considerate enough to leave an opening sixteen inches under the enclosure to their "pay as you enter" toilets—just in case a man gets caught short and hasn't the exact change. One of these cases where a five dollar bill would be worse than worthless. "Rather lose the nickle", say the railroads, "than compromise the public." But even so a man is running an awful risk in his bowels are anyway at all active. There's two toilets. Wouldn't think much income in just two and I got to thinking if the railroad would but spot a few more in the waiting room, in strategical positions, railroad transportation might be brought up to the high level lord almighty intended. Aren't they petty penny snatchers? No

wonder railroad men can't get a cent out of 'em and have to work to the last gasp—right out of the engine into a hearse. Now if the railroad men were organized industrially, in a one big union, they might get somewhere—nowhere as a craft. Right now they are benefitted only to the extent of curbed cost of living (an economical law) and are chiselled out of some of that even.

I hear the wobbles calling,
For a crew to make a run
For to moderate highballing
And to cut down on the ton.

Safety First—and two springbolts in all frogs. (you get one now and when it breaks there is none.) And when that "one" breaks and sidelurch splits the frog the hoggers widow counts the insurance and is ready for another siege of holy matrimony—these wrecks never get the missus, yet there she stands at the open grave, weeping he was such a good pal".—

Surely I've got a kick coming! I've got to ride those trains. The only difference is: when the hogger piles up I pile up on top of him—except on rare cases where engine plays skip frog a top of gasoline tanks in a hole..... and the office sends four bits worth of flowers. Yes there he stands, the brass hat of the Slackwater Gasolene Company, gazing into a big hole. He knocks a tear or dust from his eye and moans: "What in blue blazes became of my storage tanks? 250,000 gallons of high test shot to hell!" for he is a very profane man. He neglects to point out the tanks were almost empty but swears by his illustrious forbears and their pallbearers that he will make the "railroad pay in blood and tears, in blood and tears"—he's getting roiled-up. All that moaning and weeping can be eliminated by putting one more bolt in the frog, and the hogger and his lovely missus can finish their natural days scrapping and scrapping like a pair of turtle doves very much in love. But best of all, the railroads wont have to pay and, besides, instead of decorating biers spend the four bits for a half dozens cans of beer.

I am not much of a mechanic and modesty almost prevented the mention of these sad short-comings and I can't see for the life of me how railroad mechanics reputed to read the scale down as low as one-thirty-second of an inch, ever let those frogs out of the hatchery with only one spring bolt. Investigate the wreck before—not after.

We out to have a law against leaving razor blades at a mud-puddle after shaving. Some kid might come along and drop a toe.

C. and N. W. has named its crack north shore train in honor of the old "400"; 110 please note; and live accordingly.

Did it ever occur to you how the parasites press can afford to give you 15 cents worth of newsprint paper for 2 cents? No? Sure enough? Heck! it's like this: they get a rake off on the axe-grinding. (Our axe don't need grinding.)—T-bs.