



Extra! T. B. Slim's Golden Discovery Cures Everything!

Did you see where the girls of Rockwood, Tenn., returned the tear-bombs to the chivalrous cops and had the cops weeping like a lawyer over a grocery bill? Girls have changed. Years ago they returned nothing but kisses . . .

Thinking of this, and having to do my own patching—both sleeves—I took to wondering, mind you I'm not in favor of sterilization (a fellow can wonder, can't he?) I took to wondering if sterilization of politicians would help the country in the long run. Understand me, I'm not trying to undermine the rights of crazy people. Under no circumstances would I endorse such a ticket—I consider a man off his base is entitled to every protection the same as us sensible people—and not have other maniacs using a pair of scissors on him, snipping a chunk off here and there. (Or do they use a stump-puller or a barbed-wire stretcher? They're crazy enough for that.)

But every little while some politician feels the asinine urge to save the working class. No other class ever gets a look in. It's always the working class. The working class has now been saved so many times in the last 4000 years that I lost count. Almost every minute up jumps a lunatic and says: "Keep your eye on me, I'm going to save the working class. Stand still, toilers," he squeals, "I'm going to emancipate you. Watch me closely. I've got nothing in my sleeves, hand or head—not even calouses. I'm going to take this nothing I'm holding in my right hand, and I'm going to put it in my left hand—thank you—and now if you will go home and examine your dinner bucket you will find an ostrich in it."

So I took to wondering—you see we once had a dog that wouldn't stay home, and, conversely visited the neighbors far and near. Now, it happened that the dog's visits were not altogether friendly visits, or good will gestures, and the neighbors began to miss chunks of meat from the most out of the way places. So one day several of the youngsters took to petting the dog, and when the dog wasn't looking one of the made a swift pass behind the dog's back, and, do you know that dog came right home, downcast-like, and crawled under the porch and staid there. Never again did it go around wagging its tail in the next ward . . . It turned out to be a good watch-dog.

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So I set to figuring on a remedy for our maladies myself.

The trouble with the workers is: They get too much nothing, and not enough

something. (Whatever that something is I leave to proletarian imagination).

"Sarcastic again?" Who? Me? I'm not sarcastic . . . just a little blunt.

All right, since too much nothing and not enough something won't do it, it occurred to me to reverse them. I placed them in front of my plate glass mirror, in my laboratories, put on my two-bit spectacles, and sure enough, there she was, a remedy for the workers' ills—TBone Slim's Golden Discovery! I could hardly believe my spectacles.

In the mirror the worker is getting too much something and not enough nothing—could anything be more miraculous? He swells up in the middle and a pair of chins starts sprouting on his chest. I shook hands with myself. My mirror is one of those motion mirrors—you throw a dead cat in front of it and it shows the cat tearing up a live buzzard. Says I to myself: "Slim, your discovery transcends all human imagination . . . you have today not only rescued the human race, but you have prevented the destruction of the world!"

"Well and good—there's the remedy—but how do you apply it to the malady?"

"By joining the I.W.W."

Me sarcastic? . . . pooh, pooh . . . just a little blunt!