



T-Bone Says Dip Cured Cook; Try It On Capitalist

Stewardship is the only alibi the industrial overlords have for the possession of billions worth of our wealth, and they admit it..... But their stewardship resulted in a depression..... it made our belts too long.

"What do they do to a bad cook, Slim?"

Well, actions vary. Over at Crooked Lake, the lumberjacks took the cook out on the ice and dunked him in the water-hole.

(Note 1: After he dried himself, the pie was better and the jacks had fewer potatoes to peel. Note 2: Only new potatoes cook well in tights; old potatoes are criminal offenses.)

But it is not necessary to dunk a cook. Just show him this clipping, and his conscience will guide him aright. In fact I do not believe in dunking the cook unless he actually needs a bath.

There is such a thing as a cook getting torpid—like stewards in the second generation. But there are lumberjacks that like to paddle around among the ice cakes, and they can be excused for hitting upon the scheme of dunking a cook, for their motive was wholly pure and sacred..... and who am I to pass upon this problem, for majority rules?

We can well see that "our employers" are becoming torpid and are not hiring to capacity, or to the requirements of the nation, and so they are leaving many spuds unpeeled, and many pies unbaked. I hardly know what to do about it, for I am so naïf that I believe they can be cured, so liberal am I—but as I said before there are those that love to paddle around ice-bbergs, and they may feel it to be their duty to dunk the faithless stewards and try to save them from their own sloth and aberration.

Workers should not under any circumstances accept the designation "lower class", because it is not so, and acceptance

doesn't make it so. No debate here is necessary. Suffice it to say: *Nothing can be lower than the parasite class.*

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ELECTION NOTE:

"The election of a manly, intelligent Congress in November, will be a saving action by the American voters, no matter who becomes president." So says the Erie Dispatch Herald.

Impossible! No manly or intelligent person will be running.

But I have a remedy (Jim Farley, give a look.) How about a nice *womanly*, hand-painted Congress, and running the Goddess of Liberty for president?

Methinks all these election sweats are premature and uncalled-for—no new way has been discovered to extract blood from turnips.

The thing to do is to forget election day and remember pay-day. Let 'em pull sticks for office—they all belong to the same lodge.