

T-BONE SLIM ON WAYS AND MEANS

The Dupe Line: (as investigator extraordinary)—

When I was in the relief line back in 1937, it grieved me sorely to find all the front places taken and after it had grieved me sorely for the loss of privilege and position it started in and sorely grieved me from the angle of the backwardness of my place, way behind—the line. What to do? (I was blushing at my own inferiority complex).

So I went among the inmates and picking out a man here and there, I whispered as follows:

"Here, buddy, I've got a hot tip from the kitchen. They've going to give those communards in the front end of the line, a bellyache, today. I've been expecting this for several days and always hung well back in the line so I could see if they remained on their feet after eating."

That's all I said and do you know, editor, the next day there was plenty room up in front and nobody was in a hurry about eating—except our humble scribe.

"What's the matter with those guys?" inquired the kitchen force.

"Hell," says I politely, "the god damned cranks are talking of pulling a sitdown strike for better chuck."—So he tossed me another chunk of beef. But mark you, fellow worker, this is not the kind of "line-up" the roaming IWW delegate has been talking about. You've heard him but hardly had the delegate's words cooled in your ears, when the boss was right there telling you, "if you join up with them in the front you'll get a bellyache." "Yes," screams the press, "you'll get falling arches and falling hair." (They want the front place for themselves. That's all and they'll lie like hell to get it. Now I wouldn't lie . . . That's another matter and we won't discuss it.)

Politics work just thataway—deceit.

wlw

In Re Taxation:

Arthur Brisbane "kicked the bucket" last Christmas and today the State of New Jersey figures on getting \$9,000,000 in inheritance tax from the sorrowing estate. Arthur did all his heavy voting in Joisey, so it looks as if the empty treasury of the Mosquito State will get some heavy padding.

Arthur Brisbane made most of his jackpot in New York State and New York City, and the size of the pot indicates Arthur's overcharging the natives, for he was relatively young when he died—some say "in Knee-britches". (That last crack is probably sour grapes or sarcasm)—

Be that as it may, and inasmuch as the offended parties are not to enjoy any part of Art's acquisitiveness, I think the several states should enter in reciprocal agreements and divide the swag betwixt them. Covercharge is phooey.

Joyce Kilmer, Poet magnifique, is having breakfast. Breakfast consists of oatmeal or some other well known wood. Joyce visualized in his minds eye, the powdered timber, sawdust, wooddust and barkdust accumulating up and down and crosswise in his innards—for Joyce was a sarcastic man. "Board feet?" he ruminated. "Plankfeet?" he questioned himself, "or wooden seeds in crushed form?" "Dammit," sez he, "only God can make a tree."

New York City now wants to "pack the police force." How about packing the wheelbarrow gang? True it is though, kicking the jobless upstairs would tend to retard crime. Crime is caused by want in a topheavy world. Yes, murder, also.

100,000 gas masks per day are manufactured in England. It won't be long now till all the people of the world will be going through life in masks—a regular masque ball. (Give us another schottisch, Professor, the folks wanna dance. Crazy? Not at all professor, we always do

that before we fight)—Or, One Big Union, labor, that's said.

wlw

They couldn't put a price so they Jim it . . . Frustrated

Up till now the five-and-tens have escaped all pay boost beauty of organization is it carry along the weak sister value. The boss put those there expecting "to use the powder is all wet. *Belladies!*

Bosses never did have a—why those weaker sisters wreck his joint in almost This way it's better. He his joint just by turning loose cash.