



T-Bone Slim Takes A Look at the Show

By T-BONE SLIM

I was snoring so loud that they kicked me out of the movie house. It never occurs to them to put on a show to keep the patrons awake. But no, after the damage is done, after the man is dead to the world, snoring his mightiest, they kick him out.

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I wonder what Peggy Joyce was doing when Walley ran away with Canterbury's goat?

And—this new king they stuck in looks to me like a Social Relief guard.

All the old cats are invited to do their meowing, and the Court of St. James looks like the Metropolitan Opera (N. Y. C.) under new management.

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Dear me, I forget, whenever there is nothing doing, labor falls asleep and begins to snore.

Therefore it is up to the unions to put on a show that the bosses will tell their grandchildren about.

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That highest paid journalist, Arthur Brisbane, is dead.

My head is kind of sluggish this morning, and I can remember only one thing he ever said: "Real Estate is a good buy."

He was a real estate operator.

I can remember only one thing he ever did: He built the Ritz Towers, New York's first skyscraper "compartment house."

Outstanding incident of his life was the time he almost fell overboard when he went down to the bay to meet an ocean greyhound and returning relatives. He was a bad sailor a regular Santa Fe addict. (Grover Whalen could do better; he'd stand for hours shaking the hand of European rakes who came over to have their picture taken to send back home to show the folks how nuts we went over them and never flicker the well known Grover eyelid.) All his life he felt bound, hand and foot by environment. Poor Arthur!

Now Buggs Baer . . . O hell, he can speak for himself.

Oh yes, Arthur's last message to the world was: "Peace on earth and good will among men will surely come."

It will not.

It must be brought.

It must be carried.

Let's go after it.

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As Fellow Worker Gladstone would say if he were still alive: The A. F. of L. is going through the process of "disestablishmentarianism."

That's a terrible disease, worse than disintegration and dissolution. It's a malady that attacks every labor movement that refuses to move.

I regret very much to see this, for it must be admitted that the federation was a labor movement, although it traveled in circles—sponging pie for the aristocratic one-tenth of the working class at the expense of the nine-tenths—and are doing so today. (Want the details?)

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Radio should be brought up to date. Today the radio funhour blares: "Oh, I was just thinking of my salary that comes Saturday night."

Saturday night? Why don't you take your salary when you quit Saturday noon? Nobody that amounts to anything works after noon on Saturday—so, if you do, keep it a secret, and don't put in on the air.

The trouble though is I fear, the gentleman has been away from the point of production so long that he thinks the boys are still working 365 days in the year as we did forty years ago.

I'm in favor of going fifty-fifty with the boss, work three days and rest three days every week—Sunday to remain anybody's.

* * *

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Internes (embryonic doctors) get \$15 a month in New York City Hospitals. Surely the city doesn't expect much service for four bits a day! White collar scissor-bills, yes—(I spose the girl friend starches them free of cost.) But all is not lost—the doctors can take the fo' bits, bum a dime on the stem, and take in a cheap show. Oh! Oh! I quite forgot, you can't bum a dime in New York . . . Nossir, nossirree! I tell you brudders, and irresistible sisters, the dime is not present. They're all working for \$15 a month, and there is no use us bums bumming each other. Give the city fathers another pension. Yes, two pensions—give 'em, sez I, three pensions.

\$15 a month? For semi-scientific work listening to the "ailing" rasp their last

rattle? I wonder if ten times fifteen dollars a week would be too much . . . and let the last rasp be a vote of confidence in your abilities.

Nay, brothers, you do not reach affluence after you are practiced. You lay the foundations for your future here and now, and, if it's \$15—a park bench awaits you.

I don't believe I could die gracefully if I knew a fifteen dollar doctor was looking after my interests—and I would be right. That \$15 spells intestinal frailty.—T-bs.