



It's a National Shame to Work for Low Wages

By T-BONE SLIM

How hath the mighty fallen! Elsie Robnson seems to be the best man among the Hearst writers. I must keep my powder dry (Lest it be, Lest it be) and maintain the supremacy of the alibiing sex.

Ernest L. Myers of the Post peels the bark from Westbrook Pegler and the World-Telegram is in burlaps and ashes. Hearst puts in a demand for Hugo L. Black's pelt; so that gives Hugo a spotless bill of health. Labor isn't interested as to whether Hugo wore a night gown or a black hood and Hearst forgets he himself is walking around in other people's linen.

Mussolini was in town. He carries along with him two advisers. He O. K.'s one of our institutions: "Mickey Mouse". (Say, Hull, is that a dig?)

Longshoremen pulled a bone on the front page: "Where Are We Headed For?"—As Napoleon remarked over his borsht, "Salt Creek or Oblivion? Longshoremen should have looked at the chart seven years ago. The alligators are coming home to roost. Longshoremen are hungry. Labor has had the supreme satisfaction to win all its strikes lately—only trouble was there was nothing in the pay envelope. Discarded envelopes on West street read, 12.36, \$14.98, \$15.25.—(I got tired looking for 'em.)

The honor of winning strikes is of but little consolation. Working for less than a hundred dollars a month is a national disgrace. It puts us in a bad light with the European peons . . . It's treason. Strike till you get it—and then—

Status quo? (Pronounced, tatters quo). Since the matter has been left to me I must say the working class is not getting enough *quid pro quo*—even the marble cutters argue they could turn out more cornerstones if they got a little more fat on their ribs. Sounds logical.

Outside of that, the class struggle is proceeding along—I was going to say merrily—and picketing seems to generate the proper atmosphere for future events; for few, indeed, can picket in an impersonal manner.

"Help my dad win this strike," reads a sign of a barefoot boy, 'way down south in Georgia, suh.

Bumping-off in Russia is greatly magnified—merely psychologizing the natives, we believe. Mussolini's scowl is put on—he's two other guys. Hitler too must look mighty tough these days, like a bill collector or Lon Chaney at his best.

"Lived there a hombre, an ancient fool,

Who spent all his time a-toiling,
Who bowed to a somber and two-headed rule

And still for a ruler was spoiling.
He never knew just which of them was rightful god—

His sense of comprehension was a-gone;

He never knew just which one on his neck had trod—

He only knew he had been trod upon."

Note: The above touching lines were attributed to Mike Maki, the great historical poet of the midnight sun; others say, Tommy Manville, the equally great asbestos prince, wrote them in his few spare moments, in quite recent years. So what?

In Spain it's loyalists and royalists, workers and parasites.

News report: When all the Aryan pulchritude in Munich pranced in front of Ben Mussolini and Puffy Hitler, the great heftful fistieuffer, Herr Schmeling, stole the show. International complication was averted by quick action on the part of British Eden in clamping his teech shut and pretending not to notice it. What a contretemps!

Whatever became of the Mediterranean pie-rats?

(Note: Leaky old tubs sent into the war zone and when they sink every statesman in Europe has a baby. "Pie-rats," they cry at the top of their lungs to hide the facts of their miscarriage.) Pay them off, boys, they have done their full duty.

All this ballyhoo about the intelligence of the ape—chimpanzee and gorilla—can lead but to one thing: organizing of a new political party. That's how we were roped in years ago. "Smart," "bright," "intelligent," etc., *ad nauseum*—and the parasites made millions.

Taffy has gone out of style and the workers are beginning to look over the bill of fare.

There is power, there is power

In a band of workingmen;

When they stand, hand in hand,

It's the power, it's the power

That shall rule in every land—