



Judge Yourself And Be Found Not Guilty

By T-BONE SLIM

The United States Government may as well spare itself the trouble of having champion-economists get up and tell us a row of nothings. We already know there is a depression and that the United States is in the low pressure area. We know there are better than ten million unemployed and that some of them have gone months without bread—b-r-e-a-d—owing to superior intelligence of WPA horsebackers and grandiose wisdom of the relief. We know that the relief is parcel of the \$62,000,000,000 national income we produced this year.

What became of it?
Economists Sayeth Not

It makes no difference where the trouble lies, over-expansion, less foreign markets, dislocation of capital produced here, wierd finances or just plain, common, everyday idiocy, singly or all together. A little pressure by labor at this time will remedy the condition. (Money will be found in the strangest places.) Workers may as well cease following economic-physicians and make it impossible for the overlords to pull their daily boners and life-long knaveries. No matter what the trouble is, take out of their hands

the power to starve you at will.

Place no reliance upon their investigation—the answer will be “lily white.” They are investigating themselves, and their alibi is ever-ready, oily and full of parfum civet cat.

I
W W

“Bankers to weigh Eccle’s warning about short circuiting Government Expenditures.”—Should think they would weigh it, seeing as how they will get every cent of it—every straying buffalo nickel from as far away as Maiden, Montana and Giltedge. And the old pump will start whining for priming:

“How dry I am, how dry I am?
The bankers know how dry I am.

My suction pump is full of holes,

My foot-valve needs some new half soles.

How dry I am, how dry I am?

O, tilt the can, please, Uncle Sam.”

Only to once more go dry; for the bankers’ influence reaches to the outposts of civilization even unto the humblest of homes; snatches the milk bottle from the cradle and rolls the mightiest of manufacturers or industrialists. . . Even so as the Monongahela River empties into the Gulf of Mexico, via the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, just so the poor, the well-to-do, the rich, empty their pokes into the bankers’ coffers.

Sure they ought to “weigh” it—lest some one hold out on ‘em.

I
W W

Notice how those dictators’ mouths are pictured wide open—like a “never-close” lunch room. They tell this here Henderson can outholler the doughty Gen. Johnson.

He sent his voice around the world.

And ne’er a voice war further hurled,

As around the globe his accent curled.

FDR (note F. W. there’s possibilities in that poem—but I have my life to protect). Only one man I know that could and did bark louder—he was my sawing partner in the balsam belt and you should have heard him spiel, editor, when he chopped off one balsam branch and one thumb with one lick. He’d make a good dictator, for folks could hear him miles around—in fact, he was of a dictatorial nature and kept the teamsters under his thumb until he chopped it off by mistake in righteous indignation.

Oh well, dictators “cork” themselves sooner or later.

An’ ne’er a phrase was finer twirled

Or sentiment more neatly knurled,

With every sound effect unfurled—

FDR.

I
W W

“While she lived here without even the conveniences of electricity, the \$6,000,000 her husband left her grew to \$17,000,000.”

Nice going! Someone had to sweat his brains out for that “jack.” That’s a heluva big leak in industry’s treasure vault, and an old crone gets an \$11,000,000 present. Just for being a relic of a marriage vow. Wow! Let’s turn the other cheek. We’re groggy now.