



T-Bone Slim Calls For A Housecleaning

By T-BONE SLIM

Heaven has not two suns, nor the people two kings.—Chinese epigram.

When the great T-Bone Slim lifted his eyes over the rims of his spectacles, he beheld a world of workers enslaved. "What ho," sez he, "they're in again!"

"Bouncer!" he roars, "e'mere this instant, for I would have speech with thee."

"What's the big idea of all those parasites prancing around on the center of the floor?"

"Master," sobbed the bouncer, "I was out last night and got ahold of some sweet wine—they must have slipped past when I wasn't looking."

"Wasn't looking? Are you still not looking? What the hell kind of a joint do you think we're running here? Don't you know this is an exclusive joint for those who work; and those that will not work, neither shall they strut?"

"Well, shall I turn them out?"

An impressive silence permeated the place. The dance had ceased. The musicians were reaching for their beers (seven deep-sea sailors fainted on the spot)—when all of a sudden, as coming from a long distance, from the dim past, came a powerful chorus:

"Arise ye prisoners of starvation!

Fight for your own emancipation:

Arise ye slaves of every nation,

In one union grand."

What a beautiful tribute to Joe Hill whose ashes were blown to the four quarters of the world by the state of Utah.

"Our little ones for bread are crying,

And millions are from hunger dying;

The end the means is justifying,

'Tis the final stand."

"The Wobblies! The Wobblies are coming!" was the great cry that rose and all was excitement.

When T-Bone Slim again lifted his eyes, the parasites had disappeared. A great peace possessed his noble soul. His limped eyes shone with great Christian charity. His face was radiant with joy. The world was free. He forgave the bouncer. He forgave the parasites and went out to bum the public.

"He painted a tiger but it turned out a cur."

"Right makes one bold."

"Cowards make the best generals," roars T-Bone Slim as he skidded around the corner, "and courage is the virtue of privates," he added.

He took another slant at the handiwork of minds as different as faces and he saw a rollicking proletariat approaching, a resilient double chin bouncing from shoulder to shoulder as they walked.

A great pride filled his heart. "The boys musta been eating," he ruminated shrewdly.

And the potatoes were not all of the same size or same shape, but they were all potatoes; neither were the big ones on top. Storekeepers had dutifully removed the onions from the potato bin.

The world was all Wobblies, big and small, male and female.

"A speech," they roared. So T-Bone took a shot at the spittoon

and said:

"Keep your honey and vinegar in separate bottles."

Came the end of a perfect day.
What Goes Up Must Come Down

If a worker wants to play ball with a labor racketeer he must hand the delegate a couple dollars, five bucks to quartermaster, ten bucks to half-master, fifteen bucks to grand, past-master, etc. About a hundred bucks makes him "regular," as they say.

If he does not play ball and is not "regular," the big shot tells the lesser shot immediately below him:

"Here, take this ten spot and get someone to put salt on John Workox' tail"; he turns around and says to the still lesser evil below him:

"Here, take this five spot and get some one to put salt on John Workox' tail"; he, in turn, turns around and says to the all-lowest and says,

"Here, take this two spot and get some one to put salt on John Workox' tail"; he turns to the official stooge and says, "Here's twenty cents for hamburger, put some salt on John Workox' tail." (Lotsa people think they get canvasback duck.)

That completes the circle. That is the initial operation in the drama known as American Racket, and it is supposed to rescue workers from something or other.

Tomatoes

Farmer gets two dollars a ton—profit. Dealer, in second resale, gets two dollars and forty cents a case—profit. That's because of the vitamins.

I don't know what the cannery gets; they just shovel them in with a scoopshovel and people cross themselves, and eat 'em, nickel a throw.

Three hundred sixty dollars a ton—that's what Augustus B. Workox pays a ton for his delectable fruit. (I only hope he has sense enough to shove the cost on the boss).

Wages are still up in spots—I understand G-men are getting \$120 a week and expenses. That'll buy quite a few tomatoes.

Railroad firemen extraboarding a thirteen year seniority get two days a week—they pay \$3.50 plus \$1 a month for this privilege to the union. They get an occasional crack at the tomatoes.

Firemen are kicking because engineers "share the work" betwixt themselves and then come over and share the work with the firemen too—two engineers on many trains and not a single fireman.

Firemen miss those tray-size beefsteaks—it's light diet now. It's also hell. Railroad men should organize. "But they are already organized?"

No, brothers, the figures don't show it. These figures are government statistics, I got 'em from a cop. He was denouncing the system in fine breath and giving the boys able advice. So don't blame me.

wlw

No more flops in Woodbridge, N. J., because some over night lodgers got humorous and ruined all the locks. Playful darlings of the depression.