



No More Soft Soap: Payoff Is at Hand

By T-BONE SLIM

Tra-la-la-la, and let the chamber of chiselers skin the people in their old accustomed, tried and true way.

It looks kind of bad for our beloved chiselers. Communism, fascism and nazism were quite a monkey-wrench in their lobster salad.

Note: Many of the rulers that peddle culture have less oomph and rhythm and more syphilis and erysipelas.

Industrial unionism was discovered by workers in Chicago that were then and thenceforth IWW's. The IWW culture (philosophy) has been accepted by almost everybody except the working class, to whom it would do most good.

Note: It will be good for everybody, but not so long as the workers prefer to be underdog, under-privileged, under-nourished and racing time.

Russian economy, owned and controlled by the state, is now on a par with the economy of the Helot Age in ancient Greece. Good may come of it but it has yet to show its first sample.

Workers of the world should organize their own consolations and permit no tuneful tintinabulation put collar and hames around their necks.

Marion Anderson, contralto, has no maid or secretary. She prefers to do her own chores. She doesn't get winded like Washington statesmen. Washington being the place where sound travels faster than light in defense of jobs.

Sibelius remarked to Marion, "The roof of my house is too low for you."

"They don't stick up statues for critics," is another of Sibelius' cracks.

Now that European commercialism has become a cutthroat rivalry, we should not indicate great surprise or undue astonishment and start picking out those whose throat should be cut.

The question before the house is: Which form of skinning is easier on the epidermis? Would you prefer to have your hide removed by the Hitler method or Churchill method? Or, possibly, you would prefer to have Benito remove your pinfeathers?

Ultimately, however, your pelt will be removed by an imperialism that is more efficient, regardless of ethica.

A bastard socialism abounds submerged in the politics of Europe. Whether it is for lip service or window dressing is yet to come out. It cannot be for rationalism because it is itself artificial—an unorganized ballyhoo.

Only spirit of mischief can justify the imperialisms that are, or the monopolies they engender. No college of nations is going to sit still and let one enjoy the world graft peculiar to world trade.

Down come their houses periodically. And we are supposed to mourn the crash. Same holds true in private life and success built upon the ruins of humanity spells sorrow—failure disappointment, frustration—failure all around and loss for all.

Soft soap has run its course and the time is now come to pass out the chips.

War's miseries are mounting fast, ducks are winging east and then south and even the barn yard fowl essay to rise from the earth with much noise and flapping of wings. But I am not ready to say with Antoine de Saint Exupery:

"Such war is won by him who rots last—but in the end both rot together."

Some crude economy shall be devised as a result of it but it is doubtful if it will be worthy of our consideration, for Time and Things are not inert.

Twelve dead and 40 dying in Pittsburgh's citadel of mercy for eating sanctified vitamins.

He who rots last wins the war.

A quarrel that has resolved itself into brainlessness: The watchword on one of the ramparts is, "Plutocracy must go." So they are sending into the battle those that have no trace of plutocracy about them, save the rags they wore before they got the uniform. Does that make sense?

It does not. You're right, Fellow Worker Linotyper, it verges right on dementia, if it is not actual insanity. Kill off all honest men to save the world from a handful of thieves in the swing positions.

The man that says I am exaggerating has lost all sense of values or wasn't there when the sense of values was passed out.

That is surely a left-handed solution and workers should be able to find a better one in their One Big Union.

The embarrassments of the present in the "tight little isle" are nothing compared to the time when Molly Pitcher licked the British in New Jersey.

No more had Molotov announced his departure for Berlin than the earth shook as far away as Rumania, three powder mills exploded in the USA tornadoes and blizzards tore up the midwestern states and piled the debris in drifts, Chamberlain and Pitman died and T-Bone Slim side-swiped a gas car with his wheelbarrow.

Did I say "get rid of the guilty by killing the innocent"? Well, sir, they aren't so innocent. They have tolerated plutocracy in its many forms so it is not at all strange they prance out to die so that plutocracy shall not perish from the face of the earth.