

A PLUMP PLAN

By T-bone Slim

For the R. R. . . .

Its a nymph of a plan . . . Something for the "boys" to talk on; to keep their "mind" . . . off . . . off . . . the choicest "cuts" in pay, etc.

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The reason for plan: Rails are rusty!

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THE PLAN

Put workingmen to work taking-up the steel (no use leaving it out in the rain).

Store the rails. (You may need them again.)

Let the ties lay. (They're no good, anyway.)

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By putting workingmen to work you create an era (Get that) an era of prosperity.

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The era, (or hegiera) of prosperity will create a demand for a railroad . . . Simple, isn't it? (I'm a little that way, myself.) But not plumb-simple—

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Now, put the workingmen, to work to lay the steel back . . . This creates another lot if prosperity. With this last prosperity, the workers will pay freight rates, indirectly; and passenger fares, directly.

So you see, Mr. Railroads, (As you are affectionately called) all you have to do is loosen up on some of the money in your coffers . . .

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You've got every cent we've ever had. Your antics trying to get more out of us, after you've "got it all," is ridiculous. (Note that last syllable).

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What's the big idea of wearing out your pump. I tell you the well is dry! . . . and besides what's the good of carrying refreshments to "stock" which is watered, already. Common carriers, huh, . . . ? * ! . . . Mental pigmy's. (Switch.)

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The requirements—in the way of food stuffs—to "keep" your brain—are so great—that—your modest stipend, a matter of 50—60 thousand dollars would not keep your tremendous "brain" alive, if you were not—in position—to augment it—with "divvy"dends, (meaning devide the swag) from—common, prefer'd and extraordinary "stock" (meaning us) of course.)

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I've heard the colored gentleman's plaintive voice emanating from the wood pile, "How long, oh, tell me how long . . ."

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There seems to, be a cinder in railroadmans pie. "That is the way I like it", he says.

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That railroads of the United States are in a desperate plight and cannot operate unless something is done to relieve their losses was the text of an address by Charlie Donnelly, President of the Northern Pacific railroad at the American Institute of Banking convention.

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One "account" had it that Charlie made this great speech down at the switch shanty. Don't you believe it.

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"Desperate plight" in this case means, Helyafix, I say this, so's to make it plain to the "con."

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They, the R. R.ds, want 800,000,000 dollars (besides what they've already taken) to run our railroads for us. Isn't that nice? Who runs these roads, anyway? You know, I've sometimes thot, that, these men couldn't run railroads, even if the crew performed work free of charge.

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The 183rd Vice-President? What's vice in railroad parlance? Vice, let's see . . . that word sounds familiar.

The 183rd vice prexident receives (sort of gathering in the sheaves \$57,000.39 (?) in his yearly pay-envelope. A fair year's pay for fair year's work.

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\$800,000,000 dollars. I'm in favor of handing this money (or any other money we may have in treasury) over to the officials of the railroads and tell them to go to it—

* * *

We got to have railroads running next winter when we all go on the "bum" with our families. The poor little, wistful, starvlings . . . America wake up! You're snoring . . .

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"They are Recruiting Rapidly" is the caption of a cartoon sent in from the Denver Times, picturing a bunch of men standing around a table signing their names to a scroll headed, "I Won't Work."

Just put broadcloth suits, instead of overalls on the men around the table, and the picture will have some meaning.