

GOING THE GAMUT

(By T-BONE SLIM.)

Superiority, or Seniority (the senile) Option to right of way, to a certain sandwich (to a certain job) is unscientific (in this land) where sandwiches and jobs are plentiful . . . provided, of course, we force the guardians of our biscuits, through logic, to indorse our stand on reserved meals and reserved jobs . . . and provided we deny their right to "reserve" us to death by releasing less jobs onto the market than would supply the demand.

and the people were hollering for bread—yes, they were! What did they get? They "got" gassed. Were they gassed? You bet you . . . they were gassed—and clubbed—and shot. That's what they got.

This brings us to economic s'curity. I've heard some new members discuss this phase of our tribulations . . . and I wondered . . . and marveled at their great erudition. S'curity! What in the world could it be? I knew in a hazy sort of way that "economic" was something pertaining to household science—but this s'curity is a little too deep for me.

Temporarily deranged over this, I started gypping in car loaded with coal . . . and then . . . it dawned on my consciousness. S'curity is exactly what I have so long as I stay with that car.

I was mollified . . . (over my own smartness) and began heaving black diamonds "from the car out" as far as I could. (I'm giving you an idea how fast it was; you know me.)

All of a sudden a low-brow hill-billy sent a car loaded with grain against my contract and bumped my economic s'curity away from the coal-shed.

Here I am, in a little town (with no restaurant), losing money on my contract, waiting for an engine to pull "my" contract up hill to the shed. I am worried—if I was working by the day, the boss would be worrying.

Later: I have heard this innocent looking hill-billy is a fellow worker, a member of an organization which doesn't believe in this new form of labor exploitation. No doubt he thought I was a scissorbill—I'm beginning to think so myself . . . I'm looking for sympathy—

And the people were hollering for bread. And the ladies, with delicate uplifting of the eyebrows, inquired: "Why don't they eat cake?"

And the engine came puffing, all out of wind—and spotted my contract opposite the shed.

And once again my beloved economic s'curity is secure.