

GENTLE CENSURE

T-bone Slim.

Come to think of it, the heroes I read about have no visible means of support—in other words, every hero, in our best sellers', is a vagrant . . .— Ever read of a hero who worked for a living?—No? Neither have I.

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Work, therefore, is not a heroic role, even when you work to support "a hero" of a novel—

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Not only that, but work is become so unprofitable that men no longer feel justified in unlimbering their powers—Thus too, it was that a married gentleman complained to me this morning that his wife's alarm clock went on the bum and she got fired for coming in late.

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So many of our best people are living off "interest" instead of work—there for it behooves me to analyze that institution, briefly.— Thus for instance: If a man robs a bank and makes his "getaway" with \$40,000—and isn't caught, he can put the money in another bank and draw interest to the tune of \$1,000 every year the rest of his life—That is interest.

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The only stipulation the capitalist system makes, in a case of this kind is, don't get caught stealing anything.

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The system no doubt reasons that if you have not been caught stealing you have superior brains—and ability of a very high order.

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Sixteen hundred dollars(income per year, by the simple performance of the act of moving \$40,000 from one bank to another!—And when he die\$, the \$40,000 is \$still a\$ good a\$ the first day he got it—His \$on can live off it (\$o long a\$ he live\$) and hi\$ \$on and hi\$ \$on\$ \$on ect., thence forth and forever, without doing a tap of work—That is interest. Interesting isn't it?

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But, robbery is not the solution for our ills. Instead of robbing banks we must organize as a working class and denature interest—do away with it entirely.

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\$OCIETY NEW\$

In the upper—social—layer the ladies have taken up the practice of handball, as an exercise, to develope their muscles—Dishwashing, for this laudable purpose, has become unstylish. — Can't wash dishes with kid gloves on . . .

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It is my non-partisan opinion that if the society belles would develope their muscles by earning a living, there would be no need of an army of unemployed . . . to drive those (men and women) who support the belles and their fathers.

The irony of the thing is that in the mills and laudries of our fair democracy are ladies, far superior morally and mentally, whose muscles have been over developed and then, wornout—Still, the system hands one woman a hand ball and the other, a washboard!

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This morning I caught up with a refined lady who was carrying a "wash" into the swell district—I was going there myself, to look 'em over, so I volunteered to carry her basket for her. She recognized in me a hard working-man" and made a confidant of me.

She informed me that her husband had been obliged to suffer three wage cuts before it became necessary for her to do other people's work, besides her own. — Now I know what wage cuts are for . . .

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My conversational powers being limited, asked her what she thought of the latest fad, handball. "Why said she, the ladies at the place where I do washing thing very highly of it." — You see how it is, yet, herein lies a part solution to our troubles.

Let the 6,000,000, unemployed take up hand ball.