

Least Resistance The Reason

... Men are hungry today because other men, who have never-produced anything, have been eating good meals all their lives—

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The funny part: Men who never have produced anything have plenty to eat, today.

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These so called parasites have been eating the very meals labor is missing now.

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Funny part no 2: These non-producers appear to have food to give away (as charity) to working men.

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It stands to reason when less than half of the population is working at useful labor there is bound to be a shortage of biscuits, sooner or later—My Gosh! editor, this wont Jibo-in with over production, will it?

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Of course it want—I never that of that—Let's see . . .

Oh yes, I've got it—There's enough food, alright, but the men who produced it, haven't it—and the men who have it, never produced it—

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That's so. Now, isn't it?—and these men who have the food are hanging on to it in hopes that we will "turn-to" and produce another "bunch of food," cheaply, so that they may again take charge of it for us—Glory be, its easy, when you "look" at it.

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Now, in my own case—As a general rule I go about rough-lock'd or "corked" as the swamper would say—yet, my highly moral foot slipped morally, the other day—

I partook of a stolen biscuit.

Immediately I sunk my teeth into its perfidious vitals I knew some thing was wrong with the very innocence of its appearance.

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A common, ordinary, observer, observing a common, ordinary, bis-be associated with a Bun of apparent character and integrity instantly and . . .

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Intuitively, irecognized the true moral standing of this biscuit and I was very properly horrified. The brazen effrontery! The unmitigated nerve . . . of it, to intrude itself in my virtuous presence in a stolen condition—

Masquerading itself among my finer feelings—undermining my principles and playing general-all-around havoc with my moral stamina (which I've been nursing lately)—causing my foot to falter and skid on the path of righteousness and rectitude or correctitude, if you please—said paths laid down by our illustrious forebreas and fathers, as well and no less worthily than the present day up-

right and sturdy champions of honesty, Neuman Trueberry, and little Lenny of Illinois—in days gone by when biscuits were openly arrived at—same as oysters.

Well, I suppose you "want" to know how this biscuit of ill-fame came into my possession—I was going to tell you . . without asking. A farmer raised the grain and "donated" it to the speculators—By the way—a sheriff auctioned off the farmer's land and made a tramp of the farmer—

No biscuit can stand much of that stuff and remain unsullied—A bakerman built a fire under this grain turned to dough and supervised the baking of dough into a rosy-cheek-biscuits, after which, he rushed out to take his place in the soupline—

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Then, here comes a business man and sells me this biscuit—deliberately, sells me this biscuit with a past—a past and a record fairly reeking with iniquity and moldy, besides, (because) he had to hold it until I was able to raise the price which same (he hoped) would save him from bankruptcy, but which didn't . . .

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How'd I know the biscuit was stolen? Huh, that's easy—I could taste it . . .

T-bone Slim.