

T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES

FLATHEADS

Many great thinkers are "concentrated all up" as to the cause of the sudden slump in Christianity. Some of our greatest brayn-workers are "all het up" over the same proposition and unless a solution (for said slump) be found pronto it means simply several severe cases of brain-fever, if nothing worse—Clearly it is up to me to rush to their relief.

Now, I have read somewhere in a pamphlet entitled the holy-bible an exhortation for the folks to be temperate in their appetites or something to that end and since I happen to be famous for my "chuck-horrors articles" it's no more than just that I should rush in here with a solution—as I was saying: the bible tells them to be temperate. Alright. Have they been temperate? They have not. They have gone to every extreme—broken every law . . . (No, I'm not talking about red liquor; I'm talking about sausages.) Sausages loaded with pepper and salt.

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How in the name of temperance can a man be temperate in his appetite with nothing but salt and pepper to keep the wolf of hunger away.—No. I'm not saying a word about thirst. Thirst has nothing to do with the slump in christianity. I'm talking sausages and I do "claim" that over-spiced 'dogs' is the cause of all irreverence and not as Art Brisbane says, a hollow spot on top of the head. For, how is a man going to be reverent, with salt and pepper 'ajerking christianity from his system at the rate of five dogs per breakfast. I'm telling you sinners that you cannot be holy with your belly full of salt and pepper. Best ye can be is intemperate.. Now to make a long story short I wish to marvel at the callousness of religious people—I wish to point out to them that their organization is rapidly going to the dogs because of their failure to join hands with the I.W.W. to fight for the retention of good hog-meat in the sausages. They, in the main, are responsible for the condition wherein these luscious country-casings are, in the main, filled with (as yet) unidentified products, liberally dosed with pepper and salt. And they, in the end, will have to answer: "What have you done with your talents."

When they stand non-plussed, not knowing what to say, and when teeth are wailing and tongues are gnashing (all around them) a "jack-lumber" will step up and say: "Here ol' sky-hooker, I've used my talents—I've used them to kick with; but it done no good on account of no support. . ."

Yes, indeed, "be temperate in your appetite" can mean only one thing: Don't burn up your christianity with peppery sausages.

But ye will not believe the prophets. Ye would not take stock in miracles. Ye are the most head-strong generation yet and ye will go to Antigo when you die.

P.S. I will say this for Art Brisbane—he is on the right track. The flat spot on the top of the head, mistaken as the cause for the lack of reverence, is caused by unnatural sausages. My own head is so flat that my ears stick out like the cutting teeth of a brand new saw fixed for pine.