

SMpArY in THE Is F.I.H.R.eSrTe

By T-BONE SLIM.

(Let my sawing partner try his dramatic ability on this). We are in America. Capitalism is to be executed—hung by the neck until it is dead. The fair ground is crowded with people. They laugh. They smile. They tell funny stories. They wink their eyes. All is well. And the show is about to commence.

But hush! What is that sound I hear? Is it the wind torturing a violin string. Is it the lost souls counting their wrongs?

(The plaintive moan persists).

Ha! It is somebody crying—sundered to uncontrollable grief.

Capitalism is about to die a violent death.

A scaffold, grim and forbidding, looms overhead, tinged with forbodings—unmentionable dread. Dark and deadly it rears its dreadful arms against an unprotesting sky trying to smile. Again the unintelligible tale of grief penetrates our ear. Let us proceed nearer so that we may explore the front of tears. Let us bring our soothing unto the sorrowing soul overburdened.

There at the foot of the scaffold we found her—a satined Magdalene crying as if her heart would break, (or was already busted)—Oh ho! 'Tis a love match gone haywire—awry? "Madam," we said, gently placing our hand on her quivering shoulder, "was this man anything to you, a dear friend perhaps?"



You'll spoil those pretty blue eyes. She lifted her head suddenly . . . "they're not blue," she screamed, "they're brown, I'll thank you!"—"MY!"

Just then somebody sprung the trap and down came LUNACY to the end of its rope—gently spinning in the spring breezes. My Magdalene with her hair undone, hatless and bedraggled, led the hysterical revellers into the night proceeding the first new day. "I would rather invent a new religion than have another love affair," she yelled at the top of her voice as she was carried away on sturdy shoulders—lost to me forever.

What becomes of it since there is no life in it? What good is it? A wet spot? Is that the end? Ah, but it is not dead! See those millions of germs incrusting in its frozen bosom? That is life!—Capitalism is not the beginning nor will it be the end of life. And, gradually, life releases itself from the incrustations of that temporary state based on suppression.

PART III.

A child is born. My Gods, the child has Hoofs, Horns and Iron Heels! What shall we do about it? Why! It is monstrous! Grave men thoughtful and learned gather around the crib. Men of medicine, scientists and philosophers are consulted. Shall the child be permitted to live?

Let us walk around the block. Maybe it will be gone when we come back. In cold blood they calculate whether to kill it, or name it "Capitalism" and let it live.

(Yes, men of science do consider the advisability of extermination, in abnormal cases, from time to time. They do consider the advisability of putting a deformed child out of existence).

PART IV.

Hush! Be quiet! The old gentleman is passing into the Great Yonder! On his last bed of pain he tosses in agony. With his last remaining strength he is hysterical—



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"Oh my Capital! . . . my poor, poor Capital! They are hanging my Capital," is all the answer she made.

But madam, they are not hanging Capitalism. They are hanging a murderer. They are hanging a murderer who murders citizens in their soup-lines—who murders babes on their mother's breast—who murders workers under guise of safety first.

They are not hanging Capitalism. Oh, No . . .! They are hanging starvation. They are hanging worry. They are hanging low wages, poverty, disease and death itself. They are hanging filth, ignorance, pain and degeneracy—Oh, madam, why do you cry so?

Look up and see the happiness in this world of faces! Please—Please! That's a good little girl. Cry no more.



You'll spoil those pretty blue eyes. She lifted her head suddenly . . . "they're not blue," she screamed, "they're brown, I'll thank you!"—MY!

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What was it she said about her eyes?

Black?—Was it?

Blue?—Couldn't a been?

I'm quite sure it wasn't Brown.

PART II.

About ten pounds of ice, apparently deserted, melting upon an unresponsive sidewalk—a piece of congealed water—Adams' ale turned crystal. Let us linger near it and watch it sweat in the glare of a wrathful Sun.

Let us look deeper into this matter turned (into) perspiring glass, slowly melting away. Oh so slowly, slowly, it dissolves itself into the elements from when it came. So this is Capitalism the Frozen State of Human Progress? Gosh, but it melts fast!

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Hush! Be quiet! The old gentleman is passing into the Great Yonder! On his last bed of pain he tosses in agony. With his last remaining strength he is hysterically calling for his Sword. The old reprobate imagines there is a fight left in his dilapidated carcass. Frantically he waves his arms! Thrashes about! Turns! Squirms! Screams! Be quiet I told you! Can't you see a Soul is passing into the elements of life, to be transformed into something useful, mayhap? A collection of evil is about to mix itself with "the great and eternal good." The doctor appears. Methodically he opens his case! Raises a black bottle up to the light. The patient becomes rational for a moment, takes his medicine, heaves a sigh . . . Alas, the doctor came too late! The man died of old age, complicated by weak heart and too much circulation and not enough perspiration. Peace to his ashes! A nasty nightmare! A vanquished scheme!

(Adaptations from Hugo)

PROFITS



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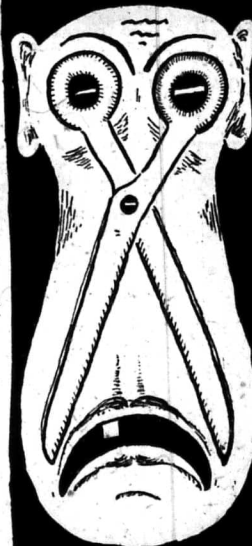
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EVOLUTION

