

# T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

## CARELESSNESS

It would seem the grain buyers (elevator men) have many opportunities to steal—but, not for themselves—for the company. And it seems to be all right, too, to make mistakes in favor of the company . . . but, when they start stealing for themselves, the "states attorney" begins to rub his eyes—and growl.

If happiness is an accident, then we should be less careful—let there be axe-e-dents. Never stop to "pause, look and wonder." Do like the parasites in their Super Sixes, cross crossings carelessly. Happiness! Why does a chicken cross in front of a car? For the same reason that the best people cross in front of a train. An average chicken hasn't any more brains than "the best people." Results are same: Scattered feathers, flapping of wings, and a few aimless kicks, then—happiness. Scattered toothpicks, a busted bottle and a kick or two—HAPPINESS.

We are far too careful.

Cal no longer "is an accident"—never was. Accidents don't happen.

What with the Knights of the Fiery Cross in full eruptions, Knights of the Flaming Circle in "spontaneous" combustion, the long Winter-Knights are bound to be fair and warmer—no accidents intervening.

It is no accident that we are slaves, carelessness. Pure and simple carelessness—it may mean "happiness" too. 'Finest folks in the world, too. How can they be so careless? But it is given to man that he can change his condition. Man is given two hands, one brain and one mouth etc. with which to "make any and all changes." He doesn't have to be a slave. If a nail "sticks" in his shoe, he can change it.

If his teeth ache, he can change them. Anything—if it doesn't suit him—he can change. If the system doesn't suit him, he can change it, too. Nothing is impossible, besides, changing things is in conformity with progress—nothing remains as it was.

Just now wages in the woods are low.

They can be changed.

And probably will be.

Our author is up around International Falls looking for more threshing. Several of the leading lumber barons called upon Slim at his hotel with view of engaging him to cut logs by the ounce—Bacchus was not among them—they all remarked upon the sadly dilapidated condition of our hero and one of them offered to "put him cooking," or making wedges—which is about the same thing.

Slim is still a free agent: You've got to show too much wood for the money and butt 'em twice—they'll not grade any of my ties.

I'm not that careless. With the right kind of co-operation from the working class Slim will soon have the parasites running for shelter—I surmise.

If we must have them, let's have more doughnuts, bigger doughnuts, and better doughnuts.

Columbus may have discovered America, but it will take lots of organizing to recover it.

I have much to say, and only crowding time prevents me saying it. More than half of my pencil is left.

—But, I must away . . . away . . .

AWAY. . . . Adios.—I hope the

business men will take these few suggestions to heart, and instead of

masking their identity, let them rather parade in sleeping bags—they'll

look only half as many and twice as

easy to support. Adios.—T-b. S.