



Don't Threaten

(Note—Opposition press carries Popini's "Life of Christ," hence our author considers it appropriate to conjure up a picture of a "proletarian martyr"—for the once—approximating truth and promising never again. Introducing: Jerusalem Slim.)

It came to pass that day that there was a man in Judea whom the stiffies called Jerusalem Slim. He hailed from the small town of Bethlehem, on the Palestine Central and was a son of a patternmaker in that burg. Now it happened that Slim had a line of economics that was the despair of the chin-whiskered scribes that hung around the Labor Temple—and it is said of him that at the age of eight Slim could quote Karl Marx and Zoroaster faster than the Pharisees could digest it.

But it came to pass that the rank and file of the people living in that terribly exploited country took notice of the lad's gift of gab and gave ear unto his sayings—and became terribly worked up over them.

It was not long before word of these proceedings were carried to the Chamber of Commerce, the Boa Constrictor Copper Company, the Lebanon Cedar Company, (the latter which had furnished to the Solomon Construction Company every stick of timber used in the construction of the famous temple in Jerusalem) and to the various civic bodies and manufacturers associations including the executives of the Arabian Fruit Growers Equity. They got together and decided to black-ball Jerusalem Slim "on all jobs," behind his back, with the result that it was not long till they had Slim leaning against walls to hide such appertures as were given birth by the ravages of time in the seat of his wardrobe. A job he could not get. Slim, like Wilson, was too proud to steal. He could have visited the clothes lines in the suburbs of Jerusalem but no, Slim says no, I will organize a One Big Union and I will show these malefactors whose dog they've been kicking. So he got himself a soap-box or an empty beerkeg and proceeded to address the multitude saying: "Come unto me all ye drys and I will make ye wet," or words to that effect, always winding up his speech with the words "follow me"—and they did. "Do unto others as they do unto you" was one of his favorite slogans and, considering he was no mean scrapper, this creed was a source of great trouble to him: One day, having worked up a peeve, he got himself a sap and raided the temple single handed, striking right and left, quite forgetting to turn either cheek for the parasites to land on) he cleaned up on them something proper—talk about action! For this escapade he had to take a-fishing trip up the River Jordan for a couple of weeks till the thing had quieted down. Unfortunately, upon his return, he started another free speech fight and denounced the powers that be with a vitriolic flow of eloquence. He recounted instance after instance of injustice practiced upon him personally, and on the laboring men generally. He recounted how he had been black-balled; how he had been beat out of his wages and how he had been hounded from place to place till he had no place to lay his head. He had been called "a radical repeatedly and was driven from the shops merely for that reason. And so, in an incautious moment while overcome with his miseries he made a threat. Looking right in the eyes of the stools and dicks he shook his fist and said: The Sins of the Fathers Shall Be Visited Upon the Sons to the Third and Fourth Generation. (That was enough).

For that he was grabbed and eventually crucified and so ends our story.

Moral: Never make a threat! If you are in that habit break it. A threat only serves to cause unnecessary worry to those you threaten; it does you no good; it does him no harm—if you do not threaten he will worry about something else anyway. Why waste a threat, besides, "It's against the law." If you must have an outburst, SWEAR.

Jerusalem Slim might be alive today if he hadn't threatened so much. Again I say, Don't Threaten.

Don't tell them what you've DONE nor what you WILL DO. History records the former and the future will prove the latter—as to the present: What are you doing to help the boys in the can. Isn't there something we can do right now?