



ANOTHER WAR AVERTED

By T-BONE SLIM

Once in a while we run across a lumber worker that "abidingly" worships the "keeper of his destiny"—the lumber baron.

They still today think "this or that baron is but slightly removed from God and closely related to one J. Christ, formerly a resident of Jerusalem"—for these such, few, men are deeply and fervently and pugnaciously religious. They cannot see, because they will not—that nature created all men alike—a dead image of God—a God. To them a lumber baron holds a startling resemblance to friend God. (To better elucidate, let me here bring in occasion). A foreign man sleeping on a depot floor in upper Wisconsin was a picture of misery, unkempt and unwashed and probably unfed. Deep in the snowbelt, lumberbelt and a belt of lawlessness he evidently has not won the smiles of Dame Fortune and as he stirred in his sleep we distinctly heard him say, "bleas, Mr. God, give me a jobp." To such men, a lumber baron becomes of increasing importance in so far as the baron can fulfill this prayer, whereas Mr. God remains mute and inactive. Possibly on the following day the jobless one was at another shrine, the company office, and repeated his prayer:

"Bleas, Mr. Boss, gimme a jobp."

"What's your name?"

"John Dumberask."

"How old are you?"

"Forty-t'ree."

"What's your weight, John?"

"... Cat'olic."

"Where were you born?"

"... Hurley."

And so on.

He gets his job and thenceforth the baron is a God or, at least, one of the principal Executives-Divine.

But, there are other men—men that get jobs without the aid of prayer; men that merely ask—but they too, in time, learn to worship the baron; they cannot conceive of God with high top rubbers and staggled pants, hence, when a baron, an owner, condescends to visit "camp" (the lumber-jacks' palace) these jacks feel elated in a hushed way and whisper "that's old Porterfield," or as the case may be "... a good man.

The other day I got into trouble with a jack for merely being too inquisitive. He was telling about what a fine man old Porterfield was, not in the least log-hungry and so pleasant, always cheerful. "Why, when he would come into camp he would talk to the men"—It was here I interrupted him: "How much did Porterfield pay? I've heard a lot about him."

"Oh he always paid as much as the rest ... when the others was paying \$8 and \$12 a month old man Porterfield paid us a dollar a day."

"Well, let me tell you Jack, if I had been old Porterfield and you were working for me for a dollar a day, I would have hugged and kissed you; I wouldn't merely stop to talk, I'd get right up on my legs and show my appreciation."

We came near severing diplomatic relations right there—and would have—but just then the supper bell rang—and, you know how I am. I'm "no good" either on the offense, or defense during meal-time.

That was one that the supper bell averted war—the cook should have a peace-medal.

As I was saying, there still are such worshipful men, belittled and belittling themselves. A boss to them is a near-god.

H'm ... two dollars per day. H'm ... two and a half dollars per day. H'm ... doing mans' work—full grown men's work. ... H'm.

Two and a half dollars clear. H'm, that will support a family. It will? All right, it will, for the sake of argument, we'll say so. But how about the back-pay for the "dollar-a-day" days—you know, dollar-a-day pays only the rent, for wife—H'm, how about the coal? How about corset covers? How about sauerkraut for the old girl? H'm ...

We're full grown. We weigh 180. Women speak well of us. I see no reason why ... why we should remain single just to please a few lumber barons ... H'm, "but," if we're to continue drawing single men's pay we may as well strike for single bunks.

Let's not take the barons too seriously, they're entirely human. They're so human that they're inhuman.