

T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES

DISCRIMINATION

It is becoming clearer every day that we, 180 lb. Americans, cannot compete with child labor; we cannot hold our own with these kids, and it simply means extinction for us—we're done for; just like the dodo and buffalo.

Therefore: I think we've gone altogether too far in protecting infant industry, and it's high time to get together and do something for the adults. And I demand, in stentorian tones (groans) that the government start nursing us heavyweights . . . coming right out, I suggest that we be given a subsidy for poundage. There's no use arguing, we're handicapped with age and weight; we're altogether too heavy for the amount of brains we pack.

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This will not solve itself. It must be solved. We have been in the process of solution now for a number of years; we have missed meals regularly at regular meal-times, all to no avail—we simply cannot make the weight of these child laborers, not with our frame. Sometimes I've thought that if I could get something to soften the bones, the rest would be easy—the thing would be solved. Alas, I'm afraid the solution is dissolution. It can't be did.

On the other hand, why not compel children to carry weight—leaded shoes, cast-iron cuffs on the ankles—anything to give "equal opportunity" to all, and others.

This phase of the solution deserves profound consideration since it offers more than hope of liquidation of labor troubles in this country—weighted down, I'm sure, the children would have no advantage over us grown-ups.—But that seems like a cruel thing to do.

Oh, well, suit yourself.—I have still another solution. (I never start out with one or two). So . . . So you won't subsidize us defenseless grown-ups (grown-ups). All right for you . . . but remember!! So you won't hang weight on the kids?

Well, if you won't do these, what's the matter with getting out a law against employing 55-lb. laborers? Why not make employers buy their help by the pound—3 cents per lb.—that would give me \$5.40 per day . . . no, that won't do, they'd cut down on our chuck, to keep us from raising our wages a pound or two. Sorry. It won't do. Besides, it would be unconstitutional, to say nothing about what it would do to our civilization.—Maybe dissolve us instead of the "solving" of the problem.

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Setting an age limit is also contrary to unalienable rights, etc., as has been pointed out to the supreme judges time and again by employers of tender help—childish rights can't be trampled under ruthless dogs, not while the manufacturers' association is hoarseless and able to wheeze a protest.

Looks as if we're up against a stone wall, every way we turn—like the guy who was asked: "Where were you during the war?" "Who, me . . . oh, . . . I was under the iron heel," replied the unconscionable reperbate, refusing to become disconcerted—or interested.

So it is with us. Have patience, we'll solve this problem:

I would suggest that all children who are employed in industries (including agriculture) be given a pension including board, clothing, shelter, play and schooling, or its equivalent, and that it be provided: The pension shall apply only during the period they absent themselves from the point of production.

Thus, if the tots cannot resist the temptation to work, and assert their God-given inalienable rights, the pension will be discontinued.—Ye\$\$iree, I'm satisfied that we can bribe these children to quit work.—I have in mind the miracles bribes have wrought among more stable citizens, even in recent months—but we are not going to bribe them. We will offer them inducements through the regular legal channels. We will ask Congress to sit on 'em, unless other means are found to curb their 100 per cent American pep.

I have other solutions—if foregoing program fails—and, if they all fail but one, we still have a wonderful solution—not in our head—(we carry it on our hips): a red card.

It wouldn't be a bad idea for the fathers and prospective fathers, (the would-be and can't-be fathers) to try the latter solution first—and save time, worry, money and shoe leather.

—Without YOU a One Big Union is an impossibility.—Bear in mind: Too much "impossibility" makes for gray hairs, puts a hump on your back. . . . Don't be an impossibillist. Be SOMEBODY!

I call on every able-bodied citizen to rise and defend our glorious institutions against this "epidemic" of child laborers.—Let the slogan be: "Defend Your Jobs" . . . (what do we care for the looks.)—Anyway to get started! Ah'm; m'm; h'm!

Equal opportunity (at least) with the kids. That's what we want. We got to have our exercise; done-up in neat packages of no more than 10 hrs. per package.

Why, it's getting so now that employers knock down dozens of unemployed men in their mad rush to hire a child—mebbe the only unexploited kid in that locality. It isn't fair.

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We are moved to make these remarks after observing a minor agricultural worker performing with three horses and one cranky plow that wouldn't scour. And we said, what wonderful conservation of profanity (which would be all wasted were we to attempt the actual tilling of soil too wet to mold well). How much did he plow?

It isn't the "how much?" It's how numerous were the hours? — The horses being of Age, he worked a full day.

How old was the child? Let's see: There's Nellie, age 3; Bertha, age 4; Carrie, age 5; Edmund, age 7; George, age 8; Elbert, age 9; Oscar, that's him, I'm sure,—(in sequence) his age is 10 or 11—yes, that's his age. His weight is 65 lbs. Anything else you want to know? —Think you could handle three horses with nothing stronger than a prayer to lean against.—The good ol' Christian religion! (Every meal-time the old gent would pray over the corn-on-cob, and I would rise and second the motion with a most morbid "Amen.")

'Tis said that "Life is a struggle."

'Tis not.

Our struggles don't apply. We live by permission, not by struggles. Struggle means "to jump" every time a parasite barks. Struggle less—organize more—and your living will double itself in no time.

We are doing well, thank you.

T-b. S.