

# T-BONE SLIM

## DISCUSSES

### MEDICINE

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And then, when the delegates have allotted themselves ten camps each, and when enough delegates are organized to reach around, when delegates grow weary of looking at the "ten camps," they can trade with the delegate across the way, and thus, be purractively born again.

How fervently, frequently and fearfully we have cursed the \$30 per month. We have profaned the very air with our malediction, contradiction and just plain diction. We have sworn terrific oaths and lamented something wonderful. We have straightened ourselves to our full lumberjack height and annunciated gigantic truths—in the state of Minnesota, state of despair and state of partial coma. We have affirmed by the powers that be and by those that never existed that we're not getting a square deal. . . . But we haven't organized!

A few delegates did all they could—enough to keep the organization above water—a few hundred delegates would have put the organization on dry footing—somewhere between the master's shoulder blades . . . . and so we cursed. How we cursed!

Curse no more—the thirty per month will "surrender"\*\*\*\*\*to the soothing application of organization.

It's no worse than a bad cold.

Even doctors, little as they know, wouldn't curse a cold. . . .

Ah, doctors! How little they know!

Well! Well! Well!

If your heart stops beating, the doctor "pulls a most profound face" and pronounces you dead.—A lot of good that does you!

He can't start 'er up again!

Your watch stops: the jeweller doesn't pronounce it "stopped." No. He gives it one shake with a "twist of his wrist" and announces—"It's gonna cost you \$3 for a 'hair spring' and a new jewel (a piece of beer bottle glass). It will be ready for you Thursday morning." (It's always Thursday). After you are gone he extricates the bedbug from between the gears, dips the "works" into kerosene (to keep "germs" out) and pronounces nothing. . . .

How little doctors know!

And how sorry I feel for them!

Your car stops (Fords never stop)—your engine goes dead. Up comes a smiling motor mechanic: "What'd she do, die on you?" inquires he in high humor. Death of a motor, to him, evidently, is but a trifling incident.—In a jiffy he has scraped some wire-ends he pulled out of his overalls pocket; fumbles around a few screws with a pair of pliers—and lo, once again the motor purrs in perfect rhythm. . . .

God bless him!

How little doctors know!