



## TO MY FRIEND

Most of us are aware of the "struggle for existence" but where, when and how it manifests itself? That is a terrible secret.

At dinner time, fellow workers, at dinner time—before that it is known as "struggle of mind over money-matters" (if memory serves me and it has, most all winter, nothing but—) at dinner time, in a crowded restaurant, in the usual manner. Time, place, and How.

It is commonly K'K'Known as "fight for farina, battle for bread, war for wieners, campaign for cabbage, crusade for crullers—a dinner engagement, in fact.

Where O Where if not, on the farm  
Is a living to be made, any more?

The farm population has decreased—there is no livelihood, no more, at the source of livelihood—all because I. U. 110 gets \$99 instead of \$66, eh Richards—a \$33 livelihood—and we can't all go to Michigan, eh Richards.

The "going wage," a measure of work, adopted by the farmers, is not a new science. It was first used in those strenuous days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Bible times, according to the sayso of the Later-Day Duluthians.

A man had a vineyard, so, naturally he went out to the slave market and hired a few "wicks" and put them to work, seeing as how the wicks had no vineyard of their own—but at the "eleventh hour," figuring it might rain, he went out and hired a few stiffes, wobs, and ran into a snag:

"What are you paying?" Inquired those "treacherous" proletarians, almost in one breath.

"Whatever is right that thou shalt receive."

Fair enough! They went to work.

In the evening, when settling-up, he gave them "penny a piece;" those that had worked all day and those that had started in 11 o'clock he paid them penny a piece—the wicks kicked.

"Wherefore," said they, "them wobbles are getting as much as we and lo, we have put in the full day?"

"They made a bargain before they started, they found out what they're getting," opines the hoosier dryly.

R. Richards, Chase, B. C., is a candid person.

While I disagree with his entire article except his closing statement, "Your T-bone Slim is a fool." Shakespeare said the same thing, perhaps not in so straight-forward manner—yet, I feel, I cannot take up space for an extended reply especially since C. E. Payne has covered the subject in its essentials.

I agree that I am a fool and I would point out, to Richards:—You don't know the half of it. But, if I am a fool, with all my natural resources, with all my latent (patent) abilities, what must be the deplorable state of diplomacy prevailing o'er the rest of the republic! For the first time in my mercurial career, I'm worried—and, for the sake of my fellow citizens, their intellectual prestige, I am tempted to make Richards out a liar—only tempted—hence: let us say, instead, that we doubt his ability to judge between wisdom and foolishness. "What fools these mortals be."

Only one correct statement, and that borrowed!

The "authority" under which I could indict Richards of prevarication is, Longfellow's, "Things are not what they seem;" Serviss' tale as to how looking from a fast train (anger) the ground on near-side of fence seems to travel in one direction while beyond the fence it swings leisurely in another direction—but only the train moves—and then, "looks are deceptive."

Did I not hear ringing in my ears—where's the bells? Was there not a brown taste in my mouth although I had eaten nothing? Did I not shiver with cold when my body was burning? Did I not feel lice running when nothing was there?—It's the liver, Richards, the liver.

It may be that T-bone Slim is Not a fool and Richards not a liar—at least, we hope not!

Very debatable! Highly questionable!

Alienists should sit on Slim until Richards theory is disproved. . .that is the more desirable. . .my way o'looking at it.

I thank R. Richards for these few hundred words—I only wish he had bawled me out—may I hope the flowers are "genuine?"

Have you read "Batouala?"

. . . "The district of Grimari"—equatorial Congo—(or Bembe or Kandjia from the two names of the river near which the government station is established) is 120 kilometers east of Krebedge.

This region used to be very rich in rubber and had a large population. It was covered with plantations of every kind and teemed with goats and poultry.

Seven years have been enough to work complete ruin. Villages have grown fewer and farther between, the plantations have disappeared, the goats and poultry have been exterminated. As for the natives, they were broken down by incessant toil, for which they were not paid, and were robbed of even the time to sow their crops. They saw disease come and take up its abode with them, saw famine stalk their land, saw their numbers grow less and less.—Rene Maran.

Sounds familiar, doesn't it? What caused it?

Capital? — One hundred and fifty "whites."

It is said that the raw materials for chewing gum come from abroad—abroad?

a "broad?" Where's the joke? What's the idee of shipping hoofs and horns abroad and then shippem back again?

Abroad, abroad—queer name for a stock-yard.

One of the arguments used in favor of prohibition was that "it was gonna stop mien throwing their money over the bar, foolishly." (Yes, yes, go on). "So they gave them slot machines" . . .

You drop the coin in the slot, pull the lever—and that's the end of it. But, if the machine coughs up the coin—try, try again—persevere—in the end you will win. You'll win—sense. A fool and his money are soon parted. Moral? If your gonna gamble use stage money.

Written in bold type four feet high, over the entrance to courthouse is the following legend:

"The Peoples Laws Define Usages," Establish Rights and Duties, Defend Liberty, Create Reverence and Establish Justice . . . something like that. Yes! Yes! the "peoples" laws. What a careful statement! I s'pose the Other "laws," if I'm allowed to infer, ensconce the people in a Workhouse, Escort him to a Poorhouse, and "Enter" him in a Bughhouse, I s'pose.

(Crowd it in, editor, I've already cut it to cripple it).