



PROFOUND MOMENTS



Chicago's last ball came off last night—for the season—that makes it even. The affair was more intensive than extensive—the decorations being rather rigid compared to an affair held in the sub-sub-burbs. Quite a few ball-fans and "fan-ettes" took active part in the proceedings but Slim, though extremely liberal, was present more in spirit than silhouette. He doesn't believe in centrally located balls, he still clings to the old fashioned dances in the "outskirts," next to the great open spaces of nature's glories, the snowdrifts, the mudpuddles, here and there a tuft of dry dead grass to soften the aspects of a grim, defeated winter—in March. Slim is old fashioned and doesn't believe in long intermissions.

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In his capacity that of a national benefactor and adviser, Slim would suggest that Babe Ruth, the cherubic ruby of the Yankee ball association, can improve his batting average the coming "depression" by keeping his elbows tight against his sides—at the table—and, thus, be spared the misfortune of spreading shoulder-blades—stay within the 26-inch limit.

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While exercising his snow-legs upon hard footing on W. Madison street, he counted the drunks he didn't meet and one he did meet—out of about 10,000 people. . . .

Not a bad average—but those 10,000 were poor . . . can it be that one lone drunk has caused poverty to stalk all those good people, or is capitalism to blame?

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Only "13 voters out of 1,500" voted at Merchantville, N. J.—it ought to be easy for the 1,487 to argue the 13 into their way of thinking.

The intellectual is right—God knows—and he's going down the line in a glow of neckties and front. But, alas, the behind! There's nothing behind—nothing happens—nothing is gained—but he was RIGHT. He was R-I-G-H-T!

The rough-neck was wrong—always wrong—but he acted; great forces were released—something happened—a world was remade—ACCOMPLISHMENT!

HE was wrong — blundered — but he brought results. He was wrong—God bless him!

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Let us cease blubbering! Let us wipe our nose and take a chew o'snus . . . Embarrassing? Course it's emb'arrassing! Like when I put a little syrup ('bout 12 cents worth) on a stack of 15 cent hot cakes up in Leeds, No. D. The sweet empress of the counter, an I. U. 460 princess, planted her dimpled elbows on the two sides of my plate, rested her dimpled chin in the hollow of her hands, her nose almost rubbing mine, and coyly said: "Go ahead, Slim, have some syrup; we got lots and lots of it."

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One year before the war ended we made a prediction that the war would end between September 1st and 30th—we missed by 42 days—and we said further, "Five years from that date we will find out who won the war"—the time is up, more than up—and, I desire, at this time, an extension of time—say two years and seven months.

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Where labor falls down in his judgment and our judgment, is when he gets a notion in his head that he should get something for his toil—as a sort of free-will offering from the bosses. If he would learn not to expect any money for his services the disappointment wouldn't be half so devastating.

But, as it is, all around him he sees people getting money for almost nothing—his cupidity is stirred. He feels that great rafts of wages should come to him, without any special effort on his part outside of the regular daily grind; that munificent pay should come to him even like wisdom-teeth—without pain, without warning—almost unbeknownst and plentiful. He reads in the daily papers about a doctor who got \$100,000 from a guy just for showing him how to shoot typhoid into another guy—and he becomes avaricious. He thinks he should get a little something for his efforts in the line of doing three men's work—the price of "a show," a bottle of coca cola once in a while, sox and so forth. He thinks this.

But he fails to notice that industry is organized to produce things, not to pay for 'em; to produce profits, (in connection) not to pay wages. And he fails to see that if he would get big wages he must organize a big union, put in a big demand (demand regulates wages) and have a big time all around—remembering: Honesty, without organization, doesn't pay. The best it will do is enhance your ability to keep out of jail.

Organization regulates wages—or will.

. . . or know why.