

me in," T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES



SAFE ON FIRST

The saving habit is strong upon us. Souls, cigar butts and pennies are being rescued morning, noon and twilight. Daylight is being saved, night preserved and gas conserved. Everybody seems to be deeply concerned about it—God how they save—but that isn't enough. They're all saving, saving—say, did I swear already?—they save. Even the workers save. Month after day and day after month they toil and skimp and pinch and squeeze..... but there's no use talking, there's not enough saving being done. Honest to God, there ain't. The population of salvors must be increased (married men please note). The present population is unequal to the production of sufficient preservation. We must have more salvage.

Herolically labor embraces every penny. Walks around in tags under our glorious flag of high-grade materials. Refuses to spend his hoard upon moonshine, refuses to pay fines, but wears his fortune out on board a la mode and buttermilk. After working trebly hard for weeks he is in position to withstand three days of unemployment. Unfortunately he has more than that to stand. Hence we must increase the population so that we can divide our supply of employment among more people, giving less idleness to each.

I'm in an awful fix, editor—you can see yourself. You see, there's many people, including parasites, who believe that this here blessed idleness is good for a fellow and they believe that the men who are working should work harder and longer—so as to create more unemployment—to be divided among greater numbers.

On the other hand, there's a bunch of natives who believe that exercise is good, and that the men working should work slower and shorter hours—so's to give the unemployed (including parasites) a chance to exercise by producing something..... so you see, editor, I'm in a hell of a fix! I don't want to jimm myself by taking sides. Darn these questions anyhow! I'll go out and buy me a fishline.

An unreformed worker, a reformed poker player, has many, many, superior qualities: Ability to weigh and consider.

Can't be bluffed. "Plays his hand" for all it's worth. Bets 'em high and, if necessary, sleeps on the street. He'll do.

Great strides have been taken "in sleeping on the street." Before the Bible times, the noted characters used to pillow their head "on a rock" and dream of golden ladders that reached to Heaven, like Jacob did—but now they carry a bundle of overalls for that purpose. Such is progress—in extent and nature. From rock to overalls—and getting "softer" every 5000 years. After a while we will have "excelsior" pillows and "shayings" mattresses. We're coming right along.

Nowadays and these nights we do not dream of golden ladders (the soft pillow accounts for that). We're progressive, we're revolutionary—what with all those elevators and airships. We dream of goden wings and moon planes. Our grand, glorious individual opportunity—"Rifflans in Flight Before Attacking French Columns," capitalists substitute for press. I s'pose they took the flight for exercise.

"Official Communique States Overgha River Valley Is Clear of Enemy." Good! I s'pose the French wish they were as lucky. Must have followed the French. The French can now win the war by jumping into the Medi — Meditationerranium Sea—provided the Ruffians can be depended on to follow them. . . Why does the parasites' press tell us so much news about foreign countries? Because they know we can't prove they're liars.

Conclusion:: No Chance To Kick
(Shakespeared)