



SALVATION

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Must ?

All peoples must work out their own salvation in their own way. In the way they know how. . . .

Labor is no different from the general run of people.

Help of course is acceptable at all times, preferably from those that are not far removed from the scene of disaster.

If you were drowning in Lake Huron you would not look to Russia for help, you would have your eyes skinned on the life-saving station, on the shore—in Michigan. You bet—without blinking your eyes—and you would busy yourself with the problem before you.

Individuals will help; groups may help; unions do, at times; governments seldom; nations never. Puff over that a while.

Nations never!

If they help they help themselves!

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John D. liked to say "save your pennies," then he would hand you a dime; so you could get started.

I've got that beat: Save the quarters and grow rich—you can't miss. Never spend a quarter.

In the course of an ordinary day you will get several quarters in change—That's a dollar and a quarter right there.

"But," you say, "supposing you're down to the last quarter?"

That time will never come unless you've spent the other quarters . . . I'm telling you to save the quarters.

"But s'posing," you say, "s'posing you've only got quarters and you're hungry? What do you do in that case?"

What would you do if you didn't have the quarters?—well, do the same thing. Save the quarters—don't be a pauper all your life.

But if your right eye "interferes," cut it out. Example: You fear the "last ten-spot" (you're right eye) will be stolen. Arise! Put on your pants, and carry it down to the river—one or both of you should be thrown in (with or without the old mill-wheel) the water's fine.

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An average slaye after working two days has no recollection of the panic that was—day before yesterday. "On the third day he rose from the dead," became a live one—but you couldn't talk to him for "He is risen."

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Editor Evening-American speaks of the "keen eye" of the vulture, "raves" about it. Explains how vultures clean up all decaying meat—the also fond of "fresh meat."

Would submit that if vulture didn't fly so high it would have fresh meat more regularly—mebbe it wouldn't have to eat rotten meat at all.—The Literary Digest and Intellectual Diagnosis please copy.

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In reply to the numerous communications, I hereby "blanket" praise and thanks—sometimes I received letters "fresh"—more often 7 weeks and 6 months, later—in the latter case reply seems futile—besides Uncle Samuel charges me 2½ cents every time I get sentimental. So, as John D. says, save the pennies. At first, I did reply to about 12,000 letters and my stuff in the papers got so rotten that several editors were fired over it—I'm a broken man. Therefore, be it resolved, That I do hereby undertake a vacation until such a time as I have fully recovered. Whereas, The concrete in my head is but recently laid it must have time to set.

Yours for the O. B. U.—T-Bone Slim.

P. S. The Best and the Heaviest and the Toughest ORGANIZERS Win.