

T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

SOUL R PLEXUS PLUS—

Consider, oh earner of bonafide income—oh bonafide earner of income with strings attached—

consider, oh worker, the great American institution—the pooltable: When the price is 5 cents a cue, it takes 35 minutes to play a game. When the price is 40 cents an hour, it takes 1¼ minutes to play a game. Consider, oh man, that the pocketbook makes gentlemen step around lively, in the second game. Truly the philosopher says, "It is money that makes the mare go."

Uneasy lies the wallet that pays the bills.

A blow on the pocketbook is a foul blow—a dirty lick—a nasty wallop—a soul "R" plexus.

Consider, oh neighbor, the thoughtful tenderness with which the autoist wraps and tucks warm blankets around his radiator front.

Why?

Ah, my fellow man, if he didn't do that, \$15 would freeze in his pocket. Thus it is that the radiator (despised all summer) gets such loving care in the winter time.

There is potential power in a pocketbook—and if it comes to a real showdown it will make the parasite work—or "make a stab at it."

There is great agitation over 'crossings accidents'. Much tears has been split over the motorists' wrecklessness. They have been begged, pleaded with to "please have sense." All in vain.—Accidents occur—happen. Warning signboards have been placed—a black, gloomy cross on white, with letters RR sunk thereon.

No use. (Peace to their pieces.

'Xcuse these few tears of regret.

Nobody seems to know how to save those mad fools, and somebody thinks they ain't worth saving—not so here.

I'll save them. 'Tis I, the noble

T-bone Slim, that knows how:

Just corrugate the road a little on both sides of the crossing. By the time a wreckless driver has busted a few springs, he will Kross Krossing Kautiously.

Isn't it strange how a "jar to a pocketbook" drives sense clear thru a man, and eliminates the jar of the train on one's vertebrae.

"Grief that does not speak" is not

bad at all—like laughing up your sleeve—it's the silence that hurts.

Being an expert on grief, I want

all grieverers to take my words to heart

and mourn accordingly. Out with

facts and grow fat!

Grief is one of the greatest of

pleasures!

Cry and gain a sympathetic audi-

ence; laugh and they lock you up.

All men are born great and, im-

mediately start slipping—die, as noth-

ing, small indeed, and quickly.

"It is folly to expect men to do all

that they may reasonably be expected

to do."—WHATELY.

That's just it. We all fail to do

our full duty. Where's our great-

ness? Is it in the "failure"?

Seems to me our greatness is next

to nothing—seeing as how "getting

the money" away from our fellow

critters is not even a probability of

greatness. As Carlyle would say,

Fame is not a test of merit . . . it

is an accident and "not a property

of a man."

A man, I said—a m-a-n.

Speaking of men: I beheld the or-

ganization drive of the Chamber of

Commerce in Iron Mountain, "Ferd-

esia.". And, in the ceremony, a Gre-

cian restaurant proprietor was initi-

ated into full fledged membership upon

the payment of \$12.50 and a promise

to pay a like amount six months later.

Now, I am not opposed to paying a

nickle extra for my meals if by so

doing I can make it possible for res-

taurant keepers to join a union of

their class, because I realize that their

interests can not be protected except

by organization.—Labor too would be

doing itself a great favor if it would

organize in a union to protect "his

source of livelihood," now that he

feels "he" needs one. Join the I. W.

W.—Yes indeed, the aforesaid busi-

ness man proudly hung his certificate

of membership in the window, and I

am sure—quite sure—his presence in

the Iron Mountain Chamber of Com-

merce is equivalent to a blood trans-

fusion in a life and death question.