

T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

POINT OF ORDER

Recently the foremen of the camp in which I am drawing my sober breath and \$35 per month, got drunk, quite forgetting that Volstead christianed a prohibition law with his own name.

I was deeply grieved to see them drunk and thereupon I took the floor in favor of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, or Western Union—some union anyhow—and I says to a lumberjack sitting next to me, says I:

"Now you see what booze will do."

"Can't see it, bud," says he; "we put out just as many cars today as yesterdaw when the bosses were 'dry.'"

"Oh, I don't mean that—I mean the booze is bad"

"Sure it's bad," interrupts he, "worst I've ever tasted . . ."

"And we ought to vote it out of existence," opines I.

"Vote it out!" exclaims he. "What in hell's the sense of going to the trouble of voting it out when you can quit 'er cold without lifting a foot?"

"But you must remember the others," says I kind of rattled.

"You mean that I should tend to the other fellow's business—isn't that kind of little too personal—who am I to pass judgment on what he shall drink—I tell you Slim, I've got my hands full tending to my own business trying to make \$35 jump another notch—prohibition isn't the issue—wages is the issue."

I was dumbfounded.

"No, Slim, I can't go over to the ballot box and cut out another man's drinking—but I'll serve as one of a committee to see the boss about an increase in wages.

Silence. Eloquent silence.

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Business sense, as commonly known, is not a deep science—. Very little brains are required in buying a thing for a nickel and selling it for thirty-five cents.

The same amount of brains is exhibited by a dog daily—yet a dog is supposed to stand "poor" in arithmetic.

Test it for yourself: Place two juicy bones in one place and one such bone in another place. The dog will run two times to each spot, no doubt wishing the three bones were in one place. (Another dog appears). The first dog hastens to the place where the two bones lie. . . . (Just to count them o'er again, I s'pose).

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I have heard it said that "labor conditions now are so bad that it is immaterial if one happens to get pinched." Jails must be improving faster than the jobs.

Surprising indeed. Yes it is.

Further, I'm informed by a reliable lumberjack that "Leavenworth, Kansas, was built by Uncle Sam for the special use of bankers, and that bankers are the biggest frauds of all us unhung immortals." "Not," says he, "that they hurt us lumberjacks—for what could they steal from us—a matter of \$800 (hundred). What is that? A mere bagatelle. A lumberjack can save that much easy in twenty years.

I am almost persuaded (with the heavy majority) that "working" has now reached the stage when it is best to look for another way of making a living.—T-Bone Slim.