

T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

DEVOTEES?

The Neo-Malthusians are advocates of fewer and better children.

A good idea, but it would be better still if the Neo-Malthusians would dig in and put their theories and lectures into practice—

The principle, I s'pose, is correct after the reasoning done in purple-milk days when the people almost as one, demanded fewer and better quarts—

I see—I see, the children of the future will be something like condensed babies—in conformity with progress made in the art, or science, of canning milk.

But let us hope, editor, that they don't get a notion to can the children. And, editor, whilst we're at it, will you inform your readers and writers which is which: says right here on this can, "made from pure cow's milk"—now, which was pure, the cow or the milk?

If the cow, was the cow whole?

If the milk, was milk all present?

Modesty may prevent you distinguishing this burning question.

Thanks, just the same—the success of "the birth-control" hinges on those questions (that is, insofar as "a need" may exist.)

It's only other threatening competitor is mustard-gas.

Either that, or deport them to Texas—or New York City.

SUCH IS LIFE—

We see where a defenseless and derelict woman got \$100,000 for the alienification of her husband's affections—whatever that is. Or was it her husband's affectations? Aside from purely chivalrous "feelings" we, the T-bone Slim, believe that the husband should have got the \$100,000: considering that it was his affections, not hers, that was alienized.

We see where a man got \$14,000 for being smashed, bruised-up and crippled for life. Good! That's something.

Now we are in a position to say that life isn't worth 12½ cents a pound for sweetpotatoes.

SASSIETY NOTE

When a married and otherwise abused woman called on Miss Stone, with a witness and span of detectives, her equally married husband lost his equilibrium and fell out of the window—no doubt looking for an avenue . . . of escape.

"I was fully dressed," said Miss Stone—not that it makes any difference. You know, women nowadays wear so "little" that it is hard to decipher when they are in full uniform.

Besides: I guess a person has a right to take-off or put-on clothes and not be considered "caught" doing it.

No bath-tub figured . . . no bath control.

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About 1926 years ago Jesus Horse-Chariot traded-off Jesus Christ, to the church-people of those blissful days—for 30 cents. That was considered a good price in those days—seeing as how it covered all claims and set the church-people free to do as they please with their purchase (which would be considered a bargain nowadays).

In those days the church people were well-fed and vindictive accordingly, so they hit upon a plan of nailing Christ to a cross.

Today, of course, thanks to capitalism, the church-people are not as vindictive, and cannot be,—we can't expect them to be—not on the food-flakes they eat—and therefore, we, the writer, feel reasonably safe with but the crudest of armor, and lightest of artillery.

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INTRODUCTION WANTED

True the ways of the world are devious and the undertakings of man are too damn ambitious: Filled with unfilled longings and unfulfillments we feel that our own powers of deportment are insufficient . . .

This does not mean our delinquency, shortcoming, arrearage or want shall be re-inforced by an army, navy, militia and police; it does not mean that our cravings for adventure shall be proscribed, curbed and arrested, in the rudimentary stage, by additional prohibitory laws—no. It means that we recognize the frailty of our efforts, the immaturity of our judgment, the deceit in our vision, the faltering in our step—hence, in order to saturate our wish and consummate our will we don't need a book of rules, set of instructions or blue-prints.

What we need is information, a guardian and—a guide.

We'll do the rest—speaking for—T-bone.