



One Side of It

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This here eternity is a terrible thing to anticipate. Here we are growing old at the rate of sixty seconds per minute—soon to be dead. Darn the luck! Look at all the years we will be dead, after we actually die—presupposing that we were not dead while alive—look at all them years we won't get a chance to correct our bosses' errors.

"Slowing down on the job" has no injurious effect on capitalism as a system; it merely puts more would-be parasites to work; adds improved machinery to our collection—*conserves the nation's supply of toil* without creating hand-outs (and gifts) for Europe's craving appetite.

As it is we over-produce everything—the few, 36 millions, that support 115 millions, may work fast or slow without effect upon the system (as a *system of free board* for the self-elected light-exercisers). If they work slow, 60 millions will go to work; if they work fast (as at present) 36 millions will do the honors—and if they work faster (which God forbid) only 16 millions then will have employment and, I suppose, will "belong" to one big union. But if they work still faster soon there will be only a few shicks and flappers bobbin' in and out among the gigantic machines; among the shoddy of push-buttons in industry. There will be plenty of oil on the machines, but labor—allmighty Labor—will have starved to death; bottom, belly, and benevolence.

When eggs were 70 cents a dozen, many men severely criticised the hen as a profiteer—this too in the face of the fact that it takes 24 hours of the hen's time to produce a dozen cackleberries, including an hour of Cackles-Before-The-Egg and another hour AFTER—and several foot-races with various roosters—a matter of less than 3 cents per hour.

Unemployment is now an accepted truth. Few indeed there are that doubt it. Jobless and lunchless men wander (and wonder) quite ignoring the satisfying qualities of dandelion leaves (and other delicious fodder) decking the bosom of Mother Dirt. Bull-headedly they persist in striving for the customary foods, such as beans, baked heart, canned spinach, and bread—and pie! Alas! What a terrific hold habits have upon us! Towns have been bummed and re-bummed. Alas, this is none too true!—and President Coolidge's created prosperity seems to be getting worse.

There is no shortage of anything in the country—except work—so I cannot see why men deliberately skip their meals. And as I was saying, and since men persist in begging for food (and committing suicide) I would suggest that their chosen method of obtaining a livelihood be sanctified by law and that railroads be compelled to carry them to the next town whenever they get through bumming one town.

I ask this in the name of America!

"What is good for round shoulders, doctor?" inquires a searcher for knowledge.

"Stand straight and breathe deeply," replies the doctor. It cannot be done while working—here, doctor, work is bad for round shoulders.

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Justice and law are two separate institutions, according to my opinion.

Justice is less "prolific" than law, according to my observation.

Laws are so numerous that it is certain some of them are being broken at all times—enough of them so that at all times it is possible for the officers to step out and arrest a crew for convict road work . . . The justice in that, if present, is decidedly questionable.

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Health Bulletin.—Our author who has been sick 11 weeks with infantile paralysis, or something (of his own) and mental paralysis (of the doctor's) is now 15 per cent recovered, but the doctors are suffering as ever. Too bad Dr. Galen died about 2,000 years ago—I'd have told him my troubles.—(T-B. Slim).

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I have it from reliable sources that soup-lines have been installed in the leading cities to cheer the heart and litten-belly of the downtrodden and kicked proletariat. Be that as it may, I wonder if any of the "unfortunate fortunate" that *guzzle the food of the gods* know that soup was invented in the lumber camps and, I suppose, they know not even the *whereas* why it was invented.

Soup, as you should know, was intended not for daily use and, at first, it was served only once per week—as per need demanded—you see, the dishes didn't get dirty in less than six days and, therefore required hot soup only 52 times a year . . . If you do not know this for a fact, it will surprise you—the amount of cleanliness good soup accomplishes in the regular course of a meal. But it's wrong to call soup dishwasher—the dishes get washed three times a day in addition to the weekly "bath."

Note.—As the baths became popular mornings and nights, soup was given a regular berth at luncheons and dinners—finally, frenzied frantics organized soup fests, soup drives, soup crusades and, the more modest soup lines. It wouldn't surprise me if—it's true that . . .

Souplines are irrefutable proof of our prosperity—no soup; no prosperity.

I'm eating solids!

Of course, I'm drinking tea made from Japanese Screenings, and people will say, "wot's the odds, he's only a lumberjack!" The odds are great. Lumberjacks are great people.

You don't believe it?

Well, why for, art thou raising monuments to Honest Abe, the railsplitter. Now be honest, you wouldn't like to see Abraham Lincoln drinking tea made from screenings, would you?