

# T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

## THE MEAT OF THE PRESS

We see where the Herald-Examiner throws a fit over the "generosity" of Paderewski, Polish, pianist, premier—"a man."

Well done, Hearst—recognition of Paderewski's service goes far to prove that journalism is not utterly depraved in this "naughty" saturnalia—else 'Xaminer wouldn't raise its voice in behalf the "veteran" Americans recipient of "the generous" proceeds of the glorious Paderewski concerts.

Paderewski gives one night's work—out of 365—nay, he gives three nights, per year. . . .

No, he generously gives ten evenings every year in the service of his his fellow critters—disabled veterans.

A "cant-hook man" gives most every evening to the task of turning the grindstone for the veteran American swamper—in the woods—but we do not call that generosity.

We call that police duty.

Wobblies frequently give a whole day's pay to help out their new papers—but we don't call that generosity.

We call that common sense.

Therefore, it is quite a relief to be assured (by the pessimistic 'xaminer) that the dextrous Paderewski, a good musician, has not been bereft of that scant and scattering quality—common sense—a desire to help—one duty done.

Count yourself. Step out and look how many you are. Take a count of yourself—ascertain your—your multitudinous numerical strength (if more than any), study your figure, or figures, and find out whether you are one or "several," as Casey used to say—know thy numbers, names and nuances. . . .

S. R., in Sol., writes a calm article leaning heavily on psychology (that's the mental phase of the same subject), but we're not concerned any further about that, sufficient to say S. R. swings a virtuous pen.

"Are you a twin, and don't know it?" inquires the Herald-'Xaminer, or Lit. Digest—which? That seems to settle my subject.

Count yourself! You may be your own cousin—or grandmather.

Alas! Prepare to shed your tears—start shedding any time they will shed—Washington is about to gag District of Columbia gossipers with an anti-gossip bill—after awhile the head-quarter's cats will be muzzled with a purr-silencer, ye gods.

S'posing a prattling goesiper, laying the life bare (and history naked) of our leading "opposition," gets pinched (by a thick headed bull) and s'posing the person is tried—ye gods! and s'posing he proves his light remarks to have been based on sound, solid and safe foundation!

"Egad, m'lads," don't do nothing rash—even to attain precedent to connect by association to milk and water "tyrannies," later.

I'm not threatening; I'm not warning—I'm merely acting in a advisory capacity:

If you must make a law, I'm sure, Fellow Worker King, you can find a subject more appropriate than the tying of the tongue in a bell-wether's brass acrophone.

For instance: Give the ¼-ton bulls liberty to walk roughshod over the tenderest corns of the gentle public—that ought to drive them out of town and district—that is, if that is your object; that is, if you desire to have no witnesses to your wonderful (past) performances and still more glorious performances of the future.

We don't need disarmament conferences, wha twe need is disalarm-ament confidences—and organization.

—T-bs.