

T-BONE SLIM DISCUSSES

WRY-BREAD—

We have been requested, editor; to announce to the world the secret of our longevity (whatever that is) and the mysterious persistency of our vigorous and timely health.

All right, I am willing.

But, first, we must make note of the fact that many of our truest friends think that we've, editor, lived too long already—that we have no valid excuse for existing—that our death notice published simultaneously in the three (worlds, first, decent) papers, Sol, Worker and Pioneer, would have a tranquilizing effect upon the World Crooks—boobs that think "one world united is able to stand alone."

I say no, editor, no—they've got to join hands with all the planets, meteors, satellites, hematites, mennonites and morphodites—it being proved by Stressemann that "no nation can stand alone," it follows that no world can—can stand alone.

Huh?

Then they ask us to explain ourselves; explain how we are able to stand it—alone.

Gutts, 'eh?

Here's my formula:

An apple a day keeps the doctor away—there are 7 million doctors—seven million apples a day keeps 'em all away.—Simple, isn't it? Just eat a boatload of apples every day and you will be protected against all doctors.

That's half of your health, right there.

Next. You'll want something to eat with those apples.

All right.

Rye bread.

What? You can't get rye bread? Make it yourself—here's the recipe: Three inches of water, one yeast, two inches of wheat flower—be careful not to use any rye flour—oh yes, stir the yeast and water with a stove poker, if you have one; if not, hold an unwashed frying pan in the water for 3½ minutes—did you put the salt in? You didn't? Don't you know a thing about cooking? Would we have to tell you to start a fire in the stove?

Editor, it's a hard life. What can you do with a bunch of men that leave the salt out of the bread?

I agree with you, editor—'t certain-ly is!

Let's see, did we put the pleomargarine in?

Well, then she's done.—Just set it to rise in a warm place; throw a woolen blanket over it. . . .

No woolen blanket?

Well, it's got to be covered—rip open an individual invalidated undershirt . . . no, not a clean one; no sense in wasting a clean shirt, if you have dirties. . . . After it is risen, should she not look rye-ish, shake a few empty potato sacks over it, punch it a few times, cut into cute chunks, and bake in a pan—and in an oven.—Remember! Bread should not be boiled, fried, roasted or stewed—it's sinners that are fried; peanuts roasted; lice boiled and men stewed—remember that.

Fellow worker: I feel confident, already—if you have followed my instructions—that your oven will give birth to fine rye bread. I'm sorry only that I can't be with you to congratulate your superlative cooking abilities—the bread I won't miss because I'm getting the same kind right here in this lumber camp.

New life surges through my dilapidated frame and I feel that if the cock don't cut himself and get blood-poison I will live long and prosper—I'm starting the new year with twenty-four dollars—if I don't get fired between now and the expiration of the time it would take to earn that amount—the expiration of time it would take to earn that amount—an' eager of our too well known prosperity; a mid-night eerie of dull thuds galloping in pursuit of health and happiness—seeking health where happiness prowls; hunting happiness where health skulks—

Finding work, work, work . . .

The devil finds work for somebody else to do.

Speaking about law it has come to my notice that people are complain-

ing that even the rich cannot get justice in our courts. I believe that.

Personally I know of case after case where rich men were tried for one-tenth of one per cent murder and failed to get justice—they were turned loose, a stranger to the noose, their goose uncooked. "Not guilty," this time—but don't do it again. And I know of at least one such seeker for justice that tried it again—under another charge—and failed to fall.

On the other hand, the innocent poor cannot get justice and are "rail-roaded" for years and years into the can—but occasionally the frame-up is proven, generally years later—after the victim's life has been ruined.

While discussing courts, I'm reminded—and I ask you, editor, what is that World-Spirit I hear the Swedes talking about?

Is it some kind of cement that is supposed to glue all the rattletrap capitalist institutions together into an association of rattletraps—on the principle that a rotten egg is improved by re-laying it in a nest with other rotten eggs—I wouldn't be surprised, editor, and I fully agree with you.