



Psychologizing Wealth —And Time

"Wealth isn't all in life."

We know. But it's something!

What else is there?

Wealth of health. Wealth of brains. Wealth of bravery. Wealth of respect and modesty. Wealth of willingness and helpfulness and fellow-feeling. Wealth of sociability, hospitality and tenderness to the stricken and unfortunate.

Wealth of humanity, class-consciousness and solidarity—all wealth.

What else is there?

Why make "cracks" like that without specifying what is, instead of what isn't? Is life to be further complicated, made into a frowning problem, a puzzle and it's lines tangled and twisted till they look like a ravenous corkscrew?

"Wealth isn't all in life."

Of course not—bellyache, for instance. Now go on tell us what all is in life.

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Another Peter came and warmed himself:

"Lost timepieces are never wound again." Haw, haw ha . . . humpf! How about the fellow that finds it? Is he armless?

Can't he wind it with his toes?—or teeth?

Time is never lost and never found—and cannot be exchanged or dealt with. It is stationary. Doesn't come, and doesn't go. Isn't fast and isn't slow. Doesn't fly and doesn't crawl. Doesn't fall—it is every bit as constant as "change" and has less wear and tear.

Mebbe I'm right?

If I am, I'm greatly surprised!

Man does not use time—has no control over time.

Time is the original bull-headed sitting bull—unbudgeabull . . . Rather, time uses and controls man. Man is in the midst of time—time isn't in the midst of man.

When a man says "I didn't have time enough" it's a safe bet than time didn't have man enough—but time is too polite to mention it.

Time needs no alibi—excuse—to wit: "the woman thou gavest me." Man cannot find time because he imagines that time whistles past like an excursion train while he is limping around with a fist full of tools—O MAN!

Many men imagine that yesterday was time.

Nothing of the sort, yesterday was pay day.

Past, present and future are but a crude table of measures man uses in an effort to size up time. "Quarter to Nine," Wednesday, April, 1929, Twentieth century are NOT the NAMES of time.

Time uses no alias.

Huh! "1929," huh—a number!

Awful crust!—they've dressed poor innocent time in stripes—made a convict of him—put a license plate on him—They think they have!

But after all, as I said before, half past three, dog-days, Monday, September, 1895 and stone age are only the suit of clothes we have dressed him in—and a bum fit it is.

But even if poor old "time" is dressed like a scarecrow, under the auspices of mandling mankind, still it is the period under the duration of which we must build our one big union of genial labor,—and, I wish to point out, TIME is practically untouched—mebbe one o' the untouchables.