



## OSLERIZED!

I wonder what Mr. Horace Wells the discoverer of anaesthesia would think were he able to glimpse the almost total eclipse of working class consciousness of today—he quit looking in the middle of last century, and I don't blame him—it isn't an entertaining spectacle.

Lest our readers think that anaesthesia is a country in Patagonia or Abyssinia or Berangaria I feel it proper to throw a few hints in their direction and save them the embarrassment of trying to buy a ticket to the state—of somnambulism.

By the way, somnambulism is the habit of jumping out of bed before the alarm clock awakens you and starting out on the highways and byways looking for work, in your night shirt—a condition wherein wheels and gears and callipers and shovels and mauls and crowbars and trowels and pitchforks and micrometers and tools have taken such a hold on mans dream's that they cavort thru his brains in fantastic disorder and futuristic phantasmagoria,— and that in turn isn't a disease—it's a mislaid goat—muffed manhood.

Anaesthesia is something like that, a condition created by dope whether administered from pulpit, rostrum, phial or over a mahogany bar—by preacher, politician, physician or pigger.

The reader will bear with me—hard, if necessary—for putting these things in their proper places before I start my article and remember it hurts me more than you—I'm breaking trail.

This condition in the working class takes many forms of which I shall mention a pair or so.

For instance the partial lack of consciousness known as twilight sleep or half-wittedness.

Then again, the complete calloused consciousness of superciliousness known as superintelligence—a condition of ego in full eruption.

Both these examples are of course a condition of semi-stagnant thought (as far as progress is concerned) and make for but disputes among the builders, delaying the ultimate triumph of those who constantly work with an objective in view.

Then again, those several conditions of anaesthesia are based on one or all of the following forms of mental disturbance: selfishness, jealousy, contempt, contrariness and so on clear down to the underestimation of values in others, or their work—to illustrate: (I hope my points stick out like the ribs of a well driven horse)—Many people underestimate the value of the famous four-wheeled horseless vehicle made in dynamic Detroit, Mich. "Naw," say those ignoramuses, "it ain't worth all that 'jack', two billion dollars." I say it is!—*Anything is worth anything you can get out of it.*

While it may be true that Hank could not sell the idea as a whole for two billion he can sell it piece-meal as production of labor for twice that sum—so profitable is the power of hands. In other words, the idea wasn't worth two billion but the work of his employees was worth two billions—as to system of production: sawmills used it before Lizzie was born.

Without the Lizzie people would have had to use a Dodge, a Chevrolet, a Maxwell or a dozen other cars, and many mistakenly did do that very thing.

They'd have had to ride a Buick, a Packard, a Chrysler or a Rolls-Royce—do I hear any objection? Your objection is overruled—where does it say in the Bible or Geography that they're gonna be too poor to buy a Rolls?

No where—in fact the people have it in their power to refuse to buy anything but a "Rolls"—they have it in their power to forbid (prohibit) the building of anything but "Rolls" and, if a man disobeys orders, the people can toss him in jail for any suitable number of years and forget to wind the clock—when's HE gonna get out?—NEVER.

We have now seen, the "underestimation" results from failure to take in consideration all the factors. The idea itself is worth board and lodging and shelter to the idea-carrier, provided he works in connection . . .

But couple that idea to the labors of 150,000 men it is worth 150,000 times board and lodging plus two to four billion dollars. A nice stake!

What's the use of going to Klondyke? This argument is not original with me, muchly to my shame—I understand Hank himself takes the position that he is but a steward of the people's wealth. (Self-elected).—

That's okay with me and it follows if the people hanker for another steward other than Hank they can get together and appoint me—I'm a poor man—I mean, I'm a good man—I'd make as good use of the money as he does—mebbe go to extremes and hand that hungry lumber jack in Saginaw, Mich, Six bits to eat on—even if he betrayed me and bought a drink with it.

Lack of space is creeping up on us, reader, so let us wind up our story right now—and let other writers take up the different forms of anaesthesia . . . Steward! So he's a steward? And we a bunch of STEWARDS??

Well, all I can say, if Henry Ford is a steward, John D. is a waiter—not long ago he dished out two million dollars to the British for educational purposes—John being dissatisfied with Johnny Ball's leaping.

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# T-BONE SLIM

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The question is, are we gonna continue working overtime so that John D., the inventor of gasoline, can buy school books for the British Empire—aside from that it's an insult to Britannia to question her intelligence. Stewards, are they?

Well! Well! Well!—I'll Be Damned!

T-b S.