

TIME

By T-BONE SLIM

Looking over my archives I find I have neglected to bring forth many a good argument on various important, if not impertinent, things and my soul flounders in sorrow when I see all the crap (as the men of learning call it) that I have brought forth on the pages that deserved a better fate—the editors naturally thought, as they laid eyes on my fulminations, "Poor Slim, he is all in—I'll have to print this—they may be his last words and testimonials." And you can't blame 'em for desecrating perfectly good print paper in honor of the dead.

But I'm not dead as yet in the physical sense (or even common sense) and, hence, no more symptoms of that kind will appear—if this is not one. When I look back adown the history of man and woman struggling to find resistance for their almost superhuman "energies" and labor "powers", behold the primitive man, first, lying in the shade of a chestnut tree beating off fleas and flying ants, sorely in need of physical culture and about three bosses to keep an eye (or two) on him and notify him when to knock off. The insufficiency of the exercise was apparent to all and our hero grew moldy on one side and rusty on the other . . . what all would have happened is hard to tell, and terrible as well, had not an inventive genius answered 79 questions correctly and brought out (as a child of his brain) a "number two" shovel—one of the greatest inventions, dirt movers and sweat looseners of all time and needless to say it saved our hero—in no time, just in time.

Our heroine in the meantime is lounging on the sofa, squirming as if in pain for labor (not labor pains) and all the wise men came over to ponder and express their heartfelt—or felt-heart—sorrow for her terrible affliction that of being pre-divorced from exercises, light as well as heavy—ahead of time. "Let us dance and shake off a few cooties," suggests one of the younger professors.

"Nothing doing," roars another scientist. "what she needs is steady exercise. Let somebody start a stew-joint and have her punch the cash register, all day long—that'll loosen up her shoulder blades."

And so, she was saved . . .

But, alas, there are conflicting interests:

Men and women are hollering for more and more work and the boss is trying to put them on part-time, call-time or ketch-time—and I'm expected to referee this quarrel. All right, I shall pass judgement in this matter and I shall find in favor of the boss.

The workers are demanding the impossible. They have exercised and exercised until their muscles have grown so ponderous and virile that there is no satisfying of their demands for additional jobs to do—besides, there is no time . . .

They've grown too ambitious.

In the olden day when their muscles were soft, a few turns at the wheel or a few jerks at the lever would suffice.

But look at 'em now, foaming at the neck—the day isn't long enough.

Therefore, I must decide in favor

of the boss; especially on following grounds:

The boss' desperate efforts to so handspike the clock as to get all out of it that's in it is conclusive proof that workers are overstepping the hours of daylight and reason.

I consider the establishment of daylight-craving time the best argument in favor of a shorter work-day.

Brains like whiskey is not so good unless aged in wood . . .

They give you enough butter for one bun, what are you gonna do with the odd one—split it in two and make rubber heels?