

Great Motivator

By T-BONE SLIM

If a man knows anything at all about building tin-lizzies in Detroit (and other points and parts) and lives in Dearborn—O, dear!—he is eminently fitted to be judge about what the other fellow shall drink and eat—and fully justified in getting snotty about it.

But I think he would make better time—in this age of speed—if he took a junk wagon and canvassed good old New England—Blessed word!—and collected a few antiques he could play with once he reaches the mellow age of second playfulness.

It would seem like old times, a tinkering with the horseless contraption, and, like old times, should he grow weary of fooling around with 'em, he always can hire a man to finish the job—the game, I mean.

I'm reminded here of a very dear friend of mine who was forever tinkering around with things, gossiping and butting-in in other people's business—of course, the verdict of the multitude was, "he's nutts . . ."

One day he came upon some letters, a name, painted on hard, hard Georgia pine—a brilliant idea penetrates his substantial cranium and flood-lights the caverns of the cerebellum to the innermost shadows. In his mouth goes a finger! "What's the matter with counter-sinking those letters so they won't have to be painted forevermore." Not a bad idea—a labor saving device. Out comes a dull wood-chisel and the hammer-with-a-stick-for-a-handle — and the great undertaking was begun.

Unfortunately, my friend had no powers like Jehovah, he could not command the letters to sink into wood by making a speech to 'em—he tried it, in the spirit of fun "let there be letter H"—he roar'd. There wasn't.

He had to get down on one knee in a very prayerful attitude and gouge them out by man-power.

He started on the left fork of the letter (H) and cut it out three eights deep to the cross-bar, and then he rested. He looked at the rest of the letters, eleven of 'em, and then he rested again. He goes and has a cup of tea, and then he rested again.

In desperation, not being able to do those letters during his rest periods, he tried to cajole another man to do them for him, but he proved to be just another restler—so they both rested.

(If this sounds familiar don't think I'm aiming at you).

The cross-bar is as far as the two of 'em ever got . . .

One day along comes a likely lad and spies the letters. He goes and gets a slop-bucket, turns it upside down, sits upon it and sizes up the job. "The multitude was right," he murmurs, "those letters never should be countersunk." "They should be scribed and slightly convexed at the edges," he stormed.

Did he convex them?

No—he whittled out a piece of box lumber and plugged the left fork and made it whole again—painted it.

The moral to this story is:

If you're too lazy to shovel manure invent a horseless carriage.

—T-b. S.