

COMMUNITY OF INTEREST (USURY)

INTRODUCTION

Capitalism is an expensive undertaking—mebbe I should say advantage-taking—anyhow, our author went bankrupt riding street cars looking for work. (Three articles right there, but we're gonna resist the temptation to write them, with all the force of our nature.)

Just one of those experiments, not noble, but quite painful—an operation—that's capitalism. The first cave man that used it on his neighbor went home in such a battered condition that he frightened his children out of their wits—that's where the "commies" come from—since then many improvements have been made in the system if not in the commies and, now, the Wall St. cliff-dwellers have got it down so fine they can carry off a man's valuables and make him applaud the performance . . .

Capitalism's aim appears to be to make two bums grow where one grew before—seemingly necessary because of the high death rate among the bums.

This explains, satisfactorily, I hope, the miracle of a million men waking from their 'slum'bers this morning to find themselves bums for the first time in their lives with the result that now you can tell 'em your troubles in poorest "Turkestani" and they'll understand every word you say—

People estimate capitalism's value not by blood pressure but belly pressure—if the belt hangs loose it indicates the system is not so good, or the belt is stretching—then, again, if it starves the other fellow the system is perfectly all right but if it shoves an empty bowl in front of your complexion it's a matter of an entirely different specification. (They better hustle up with that census—people are dropping off by the carload.)

. . .

Dr. G. L. Walton, eminent neurologist, in "Why Worry," says that every American adult would be benefited by a two-mile walk in the open air every day. Well, yes, especially on those days when the prison is on fire—fifty-miles hike wouldn't hurt—even a stroll into the next cell-block would be beneficial.

Our thick headed guards can't see it! By the same token here's a man that's been in a hospital for years, is entirely cured; perfectly well, excellent health but dassent leave the hosp for fear of starving to death. His name is 125,000,000—the hospital is Capitalism.

I said cured—just like a side of bacon.

Our guards can't see anything better than that hospital!

Yet I cannot but think hospitals are for sick people—and hate like the deuce to admit Mr. 125,000,000 is ailing unless, unless it be in the head.

. . .

I feel deeply insulted . . .

"What's the matter now, Slim?"

Oh, it's the same old insult still rankling in my choler—churches, prohibition and bread lines—why, dammit, they're trying to ruin the reputation of our country and smirch the character of our nation; both innocent as they make 'em.

I ask you, what can an intelligent foreigner think of our moral condition when he reads in the press that we have 500,000 churches in U. S. A.?

Must be a devilish nation that needs so many preachers to steer it away from hell, Kerplunk?

Now if that isn't a steeped slur against our integrity I'm a liar, which, of course, I ain't—an outrage against a virtuous people that are on their knees this minute boot-legging prayers to the howlmighty (foregoing the formality of chipping into the collection plate) and swiping his neighbor's mattress and blankets after sundown, a quaint idiosyncrasy (idea-sin-crazy) of his.

Come, come, out with it? Did you or did you not or didn't you in the secret recesses of your chamber offer a prayer or was you swearing?

. . .

"Tired business man" is a perfectly proper definition for that gentleman's energy. Born tired, he went into business for an alibi and to cover up his disgrace—but the disgrace simply will not down, he's still tired and liable to stay tired to the great day of eternal rest. Misunderstand me not: I do not mean he consciously plotted to hide his failings under a halo of business. "Service" was his sole objective—just as if a "tired one" could function properly in that capacity. His deflection was due entirely to urgings of a subconscious mind. That leaves him free of guilt, and true to the glorious traditions of the business world . . .

Too many or too few is not a

question. What else could you do with 'em? Tired bosses won't hire 'em, except to fire 'em. They're here, here to stay, now let's all buckle up and support 'em—and let us hope and pray no more countrymen get tired and afflicted with "vision."

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They would have us believe that American industry is so susceptible to "horrors" that it becomes paralyzed every time our astute law-givers discuss the tariff . . . Tell us another one!

New York sports writers mention Sharkey-Schmeling fight "for the benefit of the Milk Fund"—three times per article its for the benefit of the "Milk Fund" (not Mother's Milk).

Milk business is in terrible straits, you know . . .

Moral: If your childhood sins bother you, reach for a glass of milk and start life anew—that's what the "Milk Fund" is for.

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Honorable Sirs and Noblemen of the Working Class—

While you are unorganized you are few, they are many—unorganized men don't count.

(No matter how serious the thing, there's always a good joke and a hearty laugh in it, it is so ridiculous. . . .)

No need, or use, of ye organized to shade their eyes with their horny hands, stand and review the multitude and say: "Look at us, we are many, they are few." That simply isn't so, you are looking at unorganized men and you are few, not many. . . .

(But you can be many if you organize many and tear down your "private" signs.)

The rank and file better be coming back to life, rise from the dead, and raise a little steam in those scissorbills and chronic ne'erdowells—assume the responsibility that is rightly yours and yours only.

—T-b S—