

# DROWNING A PUSSY CAT

By T-BONE SLIM

Notice how all those habitual "cripples" go to Flowerida for the winter? They should be exiled there for life—no sense at all at all for them to come "stalling around here, in the spring, just as if we needed 'em—we don't, and likewise do not.

"Rumor has it that Labor is being robbed . . ."

Where, for heaven's sake?

"At the point of consumption."

What! At the beefsteak counter?

"No, I was only kidding, he's being robbed at the point of production."

Well, why don't he report it to the police and have the thing arrested?

Lots and lots of people are wondering why Washington is all het up about prohibition, the nobby expensmint, and not a bit worried about poverty and the great unemployment.

Tsk, tsk! What has politicians got to do with employment? (Let the boys talk "pro" and con, pro and "con".) I was just thinking (betw. drinks) what would become of unemployment if the folks would sort of whack up the work amongst themselves, say five or six hours apiece?

Why, soon lots of people would have lots of work that wasn't looking for it, didn't expect it, do not want it, and won't have it—you'd have to call out the police force, and the boy scouts, before you could make them bend a back or stir a muscle . . . The rest would be minus a good subject de discussion.

Last paragraph is the proper way to bring the matter before the public—it's so full of good cheer, fellow feeling and forgiveness—many, many, will think I didn't write it alone. Like the poet says: The world will know that I've been "trying"; if down I go—with collars flying. No soiree, the stinkma should not be placed upon my esclutcheon! Nevertheless: when I go to get my "frying," its nice to know the yokes are flying . . .

Collars great and collars small  
And collars large enough for all.  
Collars that will fit the giant.  
And his brat—it's so darn pliant  
Away they fit, a neckware blizzard

All due, of course, to this poor wizard.

That's nothing! Absolutely nothing! Today as I sat down to my "repast," a sugar bun that had been lying on the table got up on its feet and walked away.

I gazed in amazement!

Did you ever see one of them take to his heels that way? Dignified, yet contemptuous, I swear . . .

No. I swore.

Oh well. Lives of great men oft remind us, as their several ways they take, that were apt to leave behind us—

Fetters that we ought to break.

But I don't believe in this, the passing of shackles from father to son—or shekels, for that matter—it's my firm opinion that each succeeding generation should rustle its own leg-irons and not be ballasted with a lot of out-of-date impedimenta of his forebear now turned to nut-ton.

Sometimes it takes the old man a whole lifetime to pick up those weights, a little here and a little there—well and good—but the mere fact that the old fossil assiduously

gathered them is no good reason why they should be saddled on the son—maybe the young man would rather pick his own odds and ends of grief or go in for a complete set at one full stroke—you can't tell.

So:

When you're thru with "blowing bubbles"

And grim death seems kind and sweet,

Do not will your wealth of troubles—

Lay them at Saint Peter's feet.  
(Careful you don't smash his toes!)

'D'ye ever see lighthouse gleams alternating?

I have tossed water, pot after potful, upon a cat—in an earnest effort to suppress its freedom of speech. Where I got the license to waste so much city water is not quite clear to me, in this late day, as I gaze back at the half drowned cat hardly more than a kitten.

The cat took refuge under the stove and just as I was congratulating myself that I had won a bloodless and spoiless victory, out came it's complaint:

Mee-ow!

I lost control.

Half blind with rage I reached for the ready filled pot, Zowie! the cat got it—another and another, in quick succession. (Heretofore I had given it a drink only when it spoke.) I half-emptied the barrel. Every time the flood struck her the cat would spit and finally, desperate, out she came and attacked me.

ME!—a tomcat wouldn't do that.

These females—well, I didn't want to get all scratched up so I retreated into the corner and the dripping cat held the middle of the floor; giving me some very dirty looks.

I saw that she wasn't gonna murder me right away, so I sat down to kind of revolve the thing over in my mind.

I'm still revolving it.

The ruling class has a—a a— a penchant for going to extremes in matters such as the above, and administer kick after kick upon the person of the under dog. Not that a kick or two less would make much difference to one who is black and blue all over (especially blue) but there is always a danger in the final kick—the "puppy", as they say, may grab the foot. What! Revolution?—in this enlightened age?

Let us both revolve this over in our "minds."

Can it be that revolution, its threat, is the only agent that stays the master's foot from delivering a full measure of kicks upon the person of that "dog" and that there is a limit beyond which he will not trespass regardless of his personal feelings in the matter?

It would seem so.

Every now and then a polished gentleman gets up to speak, crocodile tears streaming down his anguished face and we hear:

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! you mustn't do that! we've got to give labor more of a break! You're going too far! Let us be fair . . .

What do you mean let us be fair? After you've got labor practically exterminated, the fairness in your heart wells forth and you refuse the attempt to finish the job?

Why?

Every time I hear one of those speakers I say to myself: that bird has been throwing water at a she-cat.