

WORTH HIS SALT —By T-BONE SLIM

(Abilene, Salina and Topeka papers please copy)

It is civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect.—Steele

Now I wish to record,
With considerable pain,
That the day of free board
Lies a-ravished and slain
And the wiles of the "moocher" con-
founded,
Circumvented, denied of all gain.

Long the "moocher" had ruled
By strategic might,
Being thoroly schooled
In the ways of "the sleight"—
And the way he manhandled the
merchant!
Was a caution — indeed, 'twas a
fright.

He would enter the marts
Of the gentlemen hale—
With ingenious arts
Separate them from kale!
Not to mention cracked eggs and
boloney,
And the bread, very brittle and stale.

Right before customers!
He would blurt out his grief
As to how, "my dear sirs,
I am all out of beef—
And my soul cries aloud for sus-
tenance;
For assistance, dear sir, and relief."

The great merchant turns sick
And his thoughts fairly spin,
And he moans "It's a trick!"
While the customers grin—
But he hastens to help the poor
"moocher".
Just to show he is free of all sin.

'Twas too deep for the "prince",
This here system of graft,
And it made his heart wince,
Almost drove the man daft—
Where he used to be pleasant and
merry—
Very seldom he now ever laughed.

But a "traveler" betrayed
His poor pals of the road;
To the merchant essayed
And unbosomed a load
As to how to combat the road-orphan
How to dull the perfidious goad.

"Organize ye 'a chest,"
A community 'ffair
And direct every guest
To apply there for fare
"It will save you a lot of discom-
fort;
Show the folks you are doing your
share."

"But you need not donate
To the onerous thing.
Let it hand out 'red-tape',
To the 'bo' and the 'ding'
And you'll find that your troubles
are ended
To your person more profits will
cling"

"But it may be unwise!
(This is more than a guess)
Hospitality dies
An unnatural death;
The community mourns of its pass-
ing
And in turn, it throws-in its last
breath.

"What is then all your dough,
In your strong boxes decked?
With your friendliness low
And your fellowship wrecked?
When your neighbor is sour and sus-
picious,
And your moves are appraised and
re-checked.

"All your mountains of gold
Are but pewter and lead
All the wealth you withhold,
Are but faces unfed—
Generosity dead is your trophy,
Ravished charity flies at your head."

"Ho hom, 'Father forgive them,'
For they know not a lot,
And their crude stratagem
Is imbecilic rot;
Unintentional national poison—
Its effects are far reaching—I wot."

Then the commercial club
Got to feeling quite gay.
And elected to rub
Certain furs the wrong way—
All the cats grew exceedingly mourn-
ful
And their hearts filled with startled
dismay.

For the honorable body
Cogitated, agreed
That the gentlemen shoddy
Should be weened from their feed
A resolve both rambunctious and
surly—
And so it was ordered, decreed:

"That no matter what comes,
Every hobo must fast;
Not a handout to bums,

Nary tramp shall repast—
On this we're united, determined!
And there isn't no use for to ast."

All the heavens turned gray,
And the sun was a blot.
Human blood turned to whey
And "the future" lookt hot—
On account of that raw ultimatum—
On account of inane tommy rot.

Then arose "Jumbo Dutch"
With a terrible screech
And he threw in his clutch
For to turn out a speech
"Feller citizens, gents of the jung-
les:
I'm afraid that our sunburn will
bleach."

"We've got nothing to eat
Except bullheads and corn
Some potatoes and meat—
And our feelings is torn!
Not a mouthful of cold slaw — or
sour kraut,
And the cabbages yet to be born!"

"If those merchantmen hoard
And their 'duties' discharge,
It will ruin our board
And no canned-goods we'll carve
It is simply an awful predicament,
In the raw, we are foredoomed to
starve.

"Great affluence and power
Never entered our plan
But to live 'by the hour'
And to die like a man!
Which is now—shed your tears O,
compatriots!
We must scrap the old Ja-Mocha
can!

"By commercial 'state'
We're commanded to halt
And enslaved to a fate
To subsist by default—
Are we then to outrun those jack
rabbits?
They to turn down their thumbs on
our salt?"