



T-Bone Slim

"Will There Be Another War?"

Why not? Arrangements have already been made for several wars. The kind of war it will be depends on which arrangement fructifies first—the other wars will follow in the order they are able to generate the necessary acidity between brethren.

But that should not worry us in the least—the worst that can happen to us is to be killed and that, in turn, is not as serious a blow as it might have been when Fido was a pup.

But who's going to pay for that war? Ha! That brings the matter into private concern; it touches a sensitive chord in our make-up—but the question is not pertinent: the war has already been paid for by the workers and will be paid for the second time by the workers after the war is over. Nifty arrangement ain't it?—a condition wherein labor finances its own extermination.

Now don't get huffy—could anything be more humorous?

I think labor should hire a bookkeeper. It wouldn't be so raw if a man had had his fight and then magnanimously paid the expenses, but when you have to pay for it in advance before the show and then pay for it again after the show and keep on paying for it over and over, that is carrying the thing too far into arithmetic. No wonder a guy screamed, "What Price Glory!" Note: under modern methods of cancellations, interests, destruction of war materials etc., a war worth, say, 10 billion dollars can be made to cost labor 50,000 billion dollars—no wonder they are poor.

I suppose you would like for me to produce a sample of that war (those wars) that I was so cocksure about. Senator James A. Reed has the floor: Condemns Hoover moratorium plan as "sheer foolishness."

"The interest on the \$260,000,000—due us from Germany will have to be paid by the American taxpayers."

Minneapolis Tribune takes the floor: Declares "splendid isolation" a myth.

"American investors and American business have the largest stake of any country in the world in Germany."

"Our long term investments in Germany are exceeded only by those made in Canada, they represent only one-third of the investments our citizens have made in Europe."

(The "largest stake" and the "long term investments" represent the baby's milk "our" children never did gargle.)

There's your layout for war, Uncle Sam is farming foreign soil—few, few mortgages wind-up bloodless. And when they do the result is bad-blood. Bad-blood, in turn, can be transformed into war under any pretext whatsoever, pertinent or otherwise.

How do I arrive at the conclusion labor pays for all wars that are paid for?

That is easy to answer; no other agency produces wealth. Brains? Ho, ha, haw! Brains never yet produced a single penny's worth of worldly goods. Brains merely react to thought, a thing already in existence, and produce absolutely nothing in the form of war reparations. You can't pay war debts with thoughts, you must have "the goods," the materials, tangible evidence of labor power used and work performed.

If wars could be carried on with thoughts we could afford to get licked by every nation in the world and then order the national deep-thinker Edgar Guest to pay the doctor bills with poetical thought—and not lose a cent in the transaction. Alas! this cannot be. The victors want something produced by hands or feet—by labor—by labor power—a wrinkled brow to them is just so much tortured epidermis. Nowhere here have I said thinking is unnecessary, thinking is important, but a man can think and think and think till hell freezes, if he doesn't act, perform a deed of labor or cause it to be performed by others, he will have thought in vain and the sole product of his mental concentration perchance shall be a lively boil gracing his skull-cap—you can't pay a war-debt with pimples.

Editors find a happy solution, they combine working and thinking—as the prophets say: without works thought is squandered intelligence. I have no mercy—an insane asylum can be put on the war debt paying basis—a man who never in all his life experienced a thought, is out of tune with thought, catches only parts of several thoughts, that man can and does produce his share of the price of glory. Speakers do not get paid for thinking or knowing, they draw the shekels for jaw action and sounds produced thereby—a speaker that would get up, stand there like a dummy, know everything and say nothing he soon would be a candidate for the poor-house. Speaking is labor and produces wealth—if not, the speaker is robbed of it. Preaching is labor. If the preacher gathers up the best thoughts he has reacted to the course of a day or a week and delivers them to "his congregation," in a concentrated address, that preacher has earned his hire.

But if the goodly minister feels devilish for a moment and fishes an old sermon "from the barrel," delivers it as fresh evangelism he is receiving money under false pretenses—and as a rule, I'll say for 'em, they manage to dig up an old one every other Sunday, at least, and get paid for it as many times as they use it.

Exhibit, No. 1.—

Today while in the market for a box of snuff a strapping young man approaches me. He was about 7 axehandles long and three handles wide. I felt uneasy, a little bilious, as I looked at his gigantic paws and arms four axhandles long:

"Kind stranger," says he, "have you got an extra nickle you are not in love with—I've got just one jit."

"Buddy, the only piece of money I have is a dime."

"I'll give you a nickle for it, says he promptly. I let him have the dime, for verily it pleases my calloused soul to see rugged business principles applied to begging. To hell with the snuff! If I can't get it for a nickle I'll chew snipes—mind you, if that young man betrayed me, and bought snuff, I'll hound him till the box is all used up.

Exhibit No. 2.—

There was a time we thought a millionaire was a luxury we could very well afford—and every young man sporting a budding mustache was determined to align himself among the luxuries. Time rolled along and came a period when the erstwhile "luxury" appeared to be a "necessity" and a great demand arose for more millionaires. (Brisbane of the Hearst papers was the chief hog-caller in the wilderness those days.) Today we are reconciled to trade all our millionaires for a hamburger sandwich.

T-BONE SLIM

(Henry Ford makes \$40 profit per unit.

—Brisbane)

First Nut: "How much would that be for 20,000,000 cars?"

Second Nut: "800,000,000 dollars."

A Ninth: While we're in the millions let us take note of the fact 15,000,000 negroes, American birth and upbringing, have no member of their color in U. S. Supreme court. And only one Jew graces that body.

The rest, reading from left to right, sound like a string of English nobles.

Good old American names like Hans Schmidt, Ole Larson, Pete Champaign, Paddy O'Donnel, Stan. Peplinski, Jussi Korpi, Tony Lombardi, Michael Papaopoulus are never invited to sit in.

(All of these mentioned are direct descendants of supreme judges in the old country.)—in this country we don't trust them with heavier duties than pushing a wheelbarrow or juggling a shovel.

Twilight—by Covington Hall—was twilight.

—Edgar Allan Poe, please get up and let Covington Hall sit down!

—Our papers are getting to be good—all writers except myself, are steaming along in nice shape.

More power to 'em! bigger papers or bigger baskets is my motto. Send in news, labor news; if you have no news send your views—give the editor no rest.

If I get caught up I'll send him my longest poem: The Piece Makers Bride "until she fed us from her hand: wild-heifer of the borderland."