

A Sound Business Man Converted

By T-bone Slim

Like all moneys, wages talk, too—but it's tone is sad and low—a dirge.

Russia hails Stalin "Man Of Steel"—Bessemer or Stainless?

Aim of New York State hunters is getting worse. Last year 32 hunters were killed; this year only 24.

With the exception of revolution a governmental crisis always is over secondary questions held in abeyance and fought over petit larceny politics by nice balances of power. No major problem is affected.

A working man is seldom "fired" for major reasons but is drummed out on the strength of other and petty "sins" of omission or commission—sins of omission generally.

Most people read carelessly—lots of reading is well worth it. O.M.R.K. M.—wot's the hydroglibbics for, hic? Bless you, brother, those are Omar Khayyam, all dressed up. Owe 'em Arkay, hm.

We're put here to do good for others. I don't believe it, I won't believe it—our creators had no such a thing in mind when they placed us here—why, some of us, outside of the "oldest child", were purely accidental and have no business being here at all, at all, chewing up all the pork chops and crowding the subways. Originally wars were intended for the purpose of putting those guys back where they belong—didn't King David tell Jacob Banton: "Put this guy in the thickest of the battle; he's got a good looking wife." Now, I ask you, didn't he? And didn't the good King David for the first time in his life stretch out alongside a bed-partner that wasn't actually repulsive? I fear the "good ol' book" needs cleaning and pressing—sub-pressing.

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Oh well, every hamburger has a cereal lining. Can't buy more cotton underwear in the country no more; all 50 cents suits are silk and wool—silk and wool, gents, silk and wool. My pockets being kind o' congested of filthy lucre, as they call the government certificates of financial health, so I hastened to purchase me a bill fold.

Sure enough in the window of an emporium I spied entrancing folds market 24 cents, 49 cents, respectively. "Gimme a dozen of those better ones," says I light-heartedly to the smirking merchant prince.

"I'll let you have a dozen of those

for \$5.50—they're really worth \$6.00."

"Six dollars," marvels I, "why, I thought they were 49 cents a dozen."

"Forty-nine a dozen!" shrieks the merchant in deep distress and crescendo, "you're crazy!" he guesses my age.

"Crazy nothing," groans I, "you're crazy yourself and I'll prove it. You've got the wrong system here, small sale and big profits. What you ought to do is make quick sales and little profits—that's the idea. Now if you persist in that foolhardy move of trying to get 49 cents a piece for those pocket books your place is gonna be a stranger to the footfalls of happy customers, you'll ruin your business and probably land in a poorhouse (I had him blinking). But if you let 'em go for 49 cents a dozen the man will be in again, in 10 or 12 days after another dozen—he'll have 'em worn out by that time.

"But no, you're not gonna listen to reason, you have steeled your depraved heart against words of wisdom (I could not think of anything out o' the bible to tell him)—you're gonna insist on 49 cents or no trade. All right!—all right, a sucker buys one of them and gives you 49 cents of his hard, hard earned money—money that he wore his fingers to the bone tearing loose from a cantankerous world—all right—in good faith he shoves bills into it and de-parts, a strange sorrow fermenting in his vitals. First time he pulls his treasures from his hip, he's horrified at the dilapidated bill fold now half worn that bobs out . . . There's murder in that man's heart and you're gonna need a body guard . . .

"Think that man is gonna come in here again to buy another bill fold, a suit or sox—or an overcoat? I should say not, he's gonna go right across the street to Natural Bloom cigar store and buy a package of Bull Durham for grouchsack—that's what he's gonna do.—Where do you come in? Nowhere! You are as good as half in the poorhouse right now. The only way you can save yourself is sell those folds by the dozen."

"No, no," he protested, "I couldn't afford it, but I will tell you what I will do: I will give you one free if you will go out and let me think . . .

I compromised, fellow workers, but I feel that that man could be converted if only someone would talk to him—he appears to be (same as business) sound at heart.