



T-Bone Slim

REACTIONS

Day in court:

"Pantages to Bare Pringle Past"—omigosh!

Pringle To Bare Pantage's Present—omigosh, editor! What a flim that would make: Past and Present flitting by like so much nothing. Pantages stripped to the waste pouring slime on Pringle's "pretties" and Pringle, hair in dissarray, slinging hunks of mud at Pants like a true diminutive Amazon—o wot a picture!

What was it Adam said to the Governor of Paradise—"The WOMAN Thou Gavest Me?" Isn't Pantages drawing perilously near Adam's position?

Truivy it has been said "movies draw dirty pictures," but how about our courts?—What is it, a race between them? Verily I do believe Pantages is a victim of minor indescrission and major persecution.

Los Angeles citizens lose their home sweet homes, their radios, their pianos, their cars—all these were bought on the instalment plan. A floor manager in dep't. store complains he'll lose his car:

"Let 'er go," says I feelingly.

"WHAT? I," shrieks the great man pulling at his bald head, "AFTER I'VE PAID NINE-HUNDRED DOLLARS DOWN ON IT!"

I fell in dead faint. (I figured they might have a bottle of first-aid in the place)—

There's a jeweler standing behind the door-post fingering his watch undecided whether to go out and bum a sandwich first or send for the fire department. He must decide quickly, the smoke is getting "thick".

As I said before, the instalment plan, (an advanced stage of the capitalistic system) is doing this to thousands of "lost angels" and we have a situation wherein people live in The Present on the Proceeds of The Future—born ahead of their time—probably the clock was wrong.

Whenever a system gets it down so fine that you must mortgage your Future to win a home, it is Time To Take To The Trees and grow another tail. Whenever the system performs the miracle of foreclosing on man's Old-Age before the man is able to raise a *fair to middlin' m-ous tache*, it is time to change one's habits, altitude or attitude—you wouldn't consider changing the system, wouldcha? Of course not, I thought so—well then, quit your "beefing", and learn to chatter.

"WHAT! AFTER I'VE PAID DOWN NINE-HUNDRED DOLLARS ON IT?" "Let Her Go?" "I Should S'Say Not!!"

That's wot I calls "staying buyer." (by 'er).

The undependability of things under capitalism is apparent, even to the casual observer, and there are forebodings. Hence, let me advise the parasite: your system is out of date, antique and rattles in every joint: if you wish to use it, have it overhauled, repaired and whitewashed (it's getting pretty dirty) lest it be taken away from you and placed on file.

"26 Women Plot Escape From L. A. Jail."

—That's the limit. I never could understand women . . . Here Los Angeles went to all that trouble of building a brand new jail and now these women get on their car and plan to cop a mope for themselves—shame on you, ungrateful wretches! Now, if it were men, I would denounce their aspirations unreasonable, and unworthy the glorious example of our illustrious foredads who used sit in jail years at "a click" and never murmur a murmur, loosen a whinner or miss-lay their smile. But women, ye gods, first they goes and ignores the dictum of All the Wise-Crackers, that "Woman's place is in the home doing the dishes so's her beloved lord and master don't hafta eat soup off the bottom of the plate" and now they prance right up and try to null'n-avoid a brand new jail just as if the learned judge's observations were so much poppy-cock—after the ugly old wall was knocked down, too, so as to give them an unobstructed view of the beautiful mountains in all their majestic frownings . . .

Fer cripe's sake! what do the women want?

(Whatever it is, give it to 'em.) Should they hanker for the keys to the locker, hand them over while you can do it graciously, bow low, and don't forget to tip your hat and invite them to come again. That's good deal better than to ante-up the keys while oozing blood from every pore.

"He who sows the wind reaps a bumper-crop."

LASALLE, "Illinois Town, 'Broke', Suspends All Police."

Good! Disarmament at last is on it's way I've always contended, get the cop's gun first—to show the way—now I can ditch my four Jack-Knives, yes—Now, if we can get gangsters (on the Riverside Drive-by-the-Sea) to lay down their arms, thieving nations are bound to follow suit.

Down with arms! Yes, but look it the gent keeps his eye peeled on the gat and no man—NO MAN—shall come between him and his loud-speaker—quite an attachment.

Change the system.

In other words: QUIT STEALING.