



T-Bone Slim

Definitions:

Statecraft and Statecraft are often mistaken one for the other—and sometimes as a result of such mistakes politicians are sent to crack rock. Not often though, let me hasten to add, that is, the capacities of our jails are not overtaxed.

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Tempest in Coffee Pot:

Follows an example of Grand Stand:

(Restaurant advises its patrons).

"Liberal credit bestowed to men over 80—if accompanied by their parents."

All grand stand has an inevitable hitch—otherwise it is beyond reproach.

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Another hitch and hitch follows:

In Training For What?

Non-organized intercourse as between peoples too often degenerates into riots in the installment plan, distantly related uprisings, sound and fury—all a waste of energy.

Expenditure of energy in such undertakings, repeatedly, is weakening and results in loss of stamina, morale and epidermis. Such a revolt or series of revolts is the acceptance of battle in a divided condition, against a unit, and can result in only one thing:

Defeat.

Such a defeat or series of defeats can result only in four things:

Discouragement to all hands.

If such be the objective, the prominence is attained.

Riots in installments result as a matter of impatience culminated in the failure to organize the people into a victorious unit.

In other words:

Irresponsible wild men are throwing away the folk's chances for freedom—and doing it with a gusto that ill-befits the martyrs they are. Consider the general strike—but before you do that: JOIN THE I. W. W.

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Dawes got \$90,000,000 from R. F. C. (some of the millions were spoiled and Charley sent 'em back).

City of Chicago recently got \$6,000,000 from the R. F. C.; is permitted to get, all told, say, \$37,000,000.

This makes Charley Dawes two and half times as big as Chicago—pretty big man.

Charley is almost as populous as New York.

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City of Chicago takes great pride in her charities. "Our Own Charities," she exclaims casting tender glances at her soup liners. (Chi. has no soapline and the worshippers are almost as smokey as the sparrows who lean against the chimneys these cold nights). — Not that Chicago isn't trying.

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An economist is one who thinks washing dishes or shining shoes is the sum total of "work" and that industry is a sort of an asylum that keeps the boys off the streets so they won't get run over.

The joke of it is dishwashing and shoe-shining is art and industry is self-service imprudent.

(As: prison is compulsory industry subject only to your ability to stand torture)—

A Technocrat is one who rubs elbows with work, is on speaking terms with it. Like the economist he knows what he is talking about—the only difference is the technologists words hold water; the economist's won't hold concrete.

(Few there are that won't get this)—average Wobbly thinks I'm wasting Lundberg's lead-pencil (it's no good anyhow) allright, allright—imagine, if you can, somebody goes over to Gutzum Borglum and tells him, "make me a model of T-bone Slim from Mt. Hood and don't waste any of the rock."

Gutzum tears the spectacle from his forehead—he keeps 'em shoved up so he can see better—"come on," he roars, "you crazy son of a gun, come on let's have it out—how in the name of virtue can I make a T-bone Slim if I don't know what it looks like!"

There you have it—the nearest any economist came to work was a pay check. I'm afraid our present crop of economists will have a lot of explaining to do how come so much water leaked through the old mill wheel.

To make it short and snappy, the skyline will have to be explained away.