



## T-Bone Slim

In the event of crop-failure the farmer can eat the horse or the hired man; I'd like to see him try to digest a tractor.

The horse, of course, wouldn't care to eat the farmer—the hired hand might.

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Karelia, Russia, is in commissary difficulties—board, too, in its prisons is not so good and very sparse; something after the manner of our reforestatoon camps: A refugee asks me to pray for cooks (Rabbi Wise, please note)—I have his address if you want to iron him.

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Comrades have been hollering "look at Russia" the while we could get the same view by looking at Commisar Green's A. F. of L.; any time in the past fifty years.

The comrades of the silk belt went into cahoots with the federation.

Excesses in Russia have reached such a state that U. S. comrades are coaxing us "give your eye a rest by looking at Congo for change."

Excesses is my only criticism—excesses displace necessities—bottom rung to top rung is too big a lift—it can't be done. Theoretically mechanization is desirable, quickly as possible.

Industrialization must come gradually as wealth permits—paupers better not try it. They can only heck their independence. As I said before, tractors are poor provenders for steady diet. "Buy Now" should be done next March.

I have it that Russian prisons in Kareli are full up—individual cell facilities are augmented by the addition of wooden bunks. This crowding obviates the necessity of building new prisons. Many of the prisoners are from Finland and America; a bolshevik blunder. Our Tennessean in Finland should look into this, bearing in mind that we, U. S. A., can starve our people without arresting them. Any progressive nation ought to be able to do the same.

Everybody is talking about it: it will do this and it will do that, but damn me for a lunkhead—I can't make head or tail of this "node eel" business.

Einstein should know taking sides, either with pacifism or jingoism is not Germain to the issue. People do not choose either war or peace. So long as the profit system remains, so long you will have periodic wars, and profiteers shall cause them to be declared.

Einstein knows all this—yet he advises Belgium to prepare. It's like telling a child to exercise so he can put the cleaner or Canera. Sore? Albert must have been? How about it, Albert, why not prepare to lick Germany yourself—or send the frau?

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Railroad freight traffic is picking up to the extent that it is really a wonder the railroads are putting in a bld for higher rates—get it while the getting's good?

Anent preparation: a man can so coordinate his forces he can prevail against millions, and that probably is what Herr Einstein has in mind—his "magnitude" is in three dimensions which same escape me this morning—a three-way edge.

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"America's Way to Recovery"—Sokolsky; and "Recovery"—Moley, in August Hearstmopolitan, is too labored.

"America's Way to Recovery is not Revolution but Evolution."—Headline.

It is neither; America's Way to Recovery is: Run Herd on Industrial Buzzards who are Picking the Nation Clean. Whether Washington does it or Union Square is all the same. Farmers' Way to Recovery is Trap the Guy Who is Stealing the Pigs.

Nothing revolutionary or evolutionary in that. Just common horse sense as old as the hills.

Note:—you don't need *evo* or *revo* to cease slipping—just calked shoes.

Revolution presupposes the right of an overturned boat—nothing more marvelous.

You cannot do it by kicking the cat or throwing an alarm clock—you organize.

The sun is shining as before,  
When do we eat?

The rains come down, wet as of yore,  
When do we eat?

Everything that man can wish  
Is here—from snails to lute fisk  
And yet there's nothing in the dish,  
When do we eat?

The pasture still rounds out the steers,  
When do we eat?

The cornfield rustles to its ears,  
When do we eat?

Congressmen have lots of pork  
And hint that we should kill the stork  
Ye Gōdā! there's nothing on our fork,  
When do we eat?