

T-Bone Slim

Turning The Cat Loose?

The great Arthur Brisbane has it, a dog chased a cat (a twelve year old kitten) up a tree; the kitten, its eyes hardly open, refuses to come down till the dog is ground into sausage.—The coward! sie . . . "Men laughed; their wives did not". Three of them refused to eat until they (the husbands) brought the kitten down. Three days the kitten meowed in the tree and three days wives meowed in the house—both missing their meals.—I don't suppose the husband got anything either—Art didn't say. This finally got under the skin of the men-folks and they called up the fire department, the kitten was rescued and the three wives ate everything they could lay their hands to—I'm not quoting Art word for word, I want to say something muself. —

"Proving," Art concludes, "that woman's kindness, the strange 'moral superiority' that nature has planted in them, has gradually changed men from big-tooth, low-browed savages to semi-civilized men." Nothing of the kind, Arthur, it proves men require three days to get started, not counting the great saving in meals—which in itself is an inducement to let that cat whistle another day. A man don't have to be Scotch to see that.

We have the same trouble in the I.W.W. Perfectly good rebels stand and paw the dirt, spit great streams into the cuspidors and all around them, scratch themselves, play pinocle—but when the three days is up? Umh! They climb the tree and down comes the parasite—once again everybody eats; not only the women . . .

Arthur is very brief, could be briefer but that would leave Hearst papers fiat,—so I attribute a great hidden meaning to Arthur's observations. But, this I will say: the turning of that cat loose was accomplished at the instigation of the powers that be and, therefore, the women and gallant firemen are out of luck as far as the glory is concerned—man once more comes into his own and women and firemen are just a couple menials looking for a place in the sun.

The rescue of kittens (we used to drown 'em) ain't going to re-establish equitable intercourse among men, women or as between the sexes—it has no more effect than the butchering of an intolerant law by congress or pulling a sliver from under a finger nail. Nero, burning down Rome because he soured on a fiddler, did not destroy the Roman empire; neither will the turning of the cat loose reclaim Samuel's valuables from the hockshop.

Get down to earth! Abolish the Hogs from the Pies!

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Slim Reads a Paper

Nutspapers naively narrate to us that Greece has offered citizenship to Samuel Insull the escaped traction magnate. Such a statement means nothing unless it be a dead give away, criterion of the moral standard to which the nutspapers subscribe—they would do that and that is the father of the item. We can't always lay it to gullibility.

They have since repudiated the story—out how can they repudiate the photograph of their startling nakedness?

Pooh! P'coh!—the tailor was fixing their suspenders.—

(Did you think they were going for a swim? and discarded their high emprise?)

O Horace! O Horace!—GREELEY!

Buy the Industrial Worker, get the facts—why subsist on pipe dreams.

"No news is sometimes good news"—they say.

No snus is sometimes good snus,eh?

I'm telling you brother, no snus is a God damned outrage and no news is a lie.

(O Horace! O Horace!)

What is "no news?"—

News that's too good to print.

"Well, do they leave the space blank?"

No, hell no—they fill it with gushing tales about our globe trotting, millionaire, crooks being offered the crown of Meso Ptomaines and next week when they get some more news that's too good to give away at three cents a throw they repudiate the Ptomaine a yarn and start you off on another pipe dream. Buy the Industrial Worker—you can't miss.—We do not allow a pipe in the editorial sanatorium; he might spill it and burn up one of T-bone Slim's flamboyant inflammables.

New words:

Lobbyrinthe.

Possessorship.

"Those are able bodied words, Slim."

I know they are—and how about Nutspapers?



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