



Four-Hour Day Is Remedy for Depression

By T-BONE SLIM

New York Post holds the liberals up to light and finds them do-nothings: As to their attitude on the Wages, Hours Bill, I am not quite sure the liberals are wrong. A gesture after a fleeting train would stamp them imbeciles of first magnitude.

The Wages, Hours Bill is innocuous.

The Post finds that by holding an egg to flame you can read the innermost secrets of the egg . . . The Wages, Hours Bill is not much of a flame and is not apt to set fire to the surroundings—mostly smoke; and liberal isn't much of an egg, even in candle light.

Wages, Hours Bill was Massachusetts-born. Liberal was born out of wedlock. So what? Heine here advises that a cheaper way of testing eggs and liberals is "put them in cold water—if they float, they're bad; if they sink, they're good."

Might be something to that (discounting Heine's aversion for bandy-eggs and sling-on-behind liberals) and I got to wondering how would the East River do, does the water have to be deep and—how about the tide? I didn't dare ask Heine because I feared he might burst a blood vessel or my nose.

Wages, Hours Bill is touch subject inasmuch as it comes from tin-horn manufacturers down by Boston way. It has, as is, absolutely no bearing whatsoever in Uncle Sam's economics—the train left two hours ago. Run boys, run!

wIw

Instantaneous remedy for depression is SIX-HOUR DAY, first week; FOUR-HOUR DAY, second week—then let it lay there as a matter of system, forget about it, for it is based on fact and the best of arithmetic.

All men were created equal (before our time) and they die equal (even in our time) like flies around a poisoned honey-pot. I'm admitting nothing—we're not splitting straws here today or going into the niceties of gold-embroidered definitions.

A bicycle is still as good as a coalscoop and, vice versa; a ferry boat is no better than ESS (E flat) cornet—you can't play "Prayer from Moses" with a ferry boat and you can't cross the Hudson with a cornet.

All right. All men are created equal! Whether or not it was a bum job I'm nowhere to say but I have

strong convictions and some, more frank than others, say, "I ain't no angel."

Granted.

Others though are living in the seventh heaven and you can't tell 'em different . . .

Labor strives for equality. But the economic parasites and chiselers right away got out their axes and saws and yardsticks and started to create a distinction—and many a poor devil (created no more infernal than me or you) had a chunk lopped off his pet and personal ego and left a maudling cripple in this best of all fools' paradises.

Green and yellow paint makes brown. Green verdure and sun-yellow turns the leaves brown and the glint of gold is only the sun's way of laughing at the world.

We all pass and only the most of-fended die young. Well, how about the coming generation?

They are here. They are high concentrate. They cannot last. They will (of must needs) pack a big punch and pack more action in a shorter span—even so as brevity is the spice of wit so too a brief life is packed with thunder, for remember, I told you green and yellow makes brown and you can't add thereto or detract therefrom.

wIw

Report has it (Dec. 20) that 45,500 acres of Hearst lands in Chihuahua has been taken over by the Mexican government for distribution among agrarians. (That last crack looks like a strong insinuation that Willie as a farmer is a failure—and here all the while I thought Hearst was one of the champion milkers in USA).

I don't know how much land Hearst owns and in how many countries but I understand he is running close second to England. That's the hell of farming, if the insurance companies don't take it away from you the governments count you out.

wIw

Mooney will be free when LABOR says so and not before. Let us have that say so in terms that cannot be mistaken.

THE INNOCENT TOO LONG HAVE BEEN—offended.

Has Westbrook Pegler gone flat? Is Heywood Broun dead?

Must I live alone?