

## Tale the Seventh

*Concerning how Some do Get Them Good Jobs and how others  
get them on jobs at all*

The Survival of the Fittest, my Brother, is a Darwinism and of natural origin;

The survival of the Pushing is a Modernism and hath for its parentage intellectual stupidity and moral unimagination.

Wherefor the Pushing that are pushed mostly from the back by someone that hath his own back against a Pillar of Politics or a fat ledger showing large credit, is ever the fellow that is the very fellow for every job;

Provided, yea verily, it is a job that hath in it many shekels.

For what doth it matter, my Brother if the fellow hath a brain that is as a stagnant puddle and very shallow?

Nothing, verily nothing!

And it came to pass that in the City of Van that sprawleth round about that architectural wonder, Hotel d'Ville, that dream in richly colored brick, that a certain man that was returned from the wars, would get him a job.

And, being of high courage and good intellect, but in no wise learned in the dark ways of graft, he did succeed in getting many promises, but no job.

So did he fall to wondering, and, in the distress of his heart, he betook him to Ole Wun Hi, even unto me that inscribe these Tales for the scoffing or delectation of a world quite right, but a people gone all wrong.

And the man did say, speaking tremulously, for his soul was sick within him: "How comes it that I succeed not where others that are as thick in the head as the hinder hoofs of an army mule, but can shoot pool very prettily, get for themselves plums, the taste whereof is as rich as gold?"

And I, Ole Wun Hi, did tell him a tale and this was the tale.

A certain man went unto a certain other man and said, speaking in the sweet tongue of this over-educated period: "Say, old sport, I have a friend who has a friend whose friend will soon be a Senator. Get me?"

So the other man sat him back in his chair and chewed his cigar, even as a bull cheweth the cud and is full of rumination.

And after that he had chewed most of his cigar and ruminated for a long time, he asked: "Well, what of it?"

And the first man said: "Well, I'm damned! Ain't yer got enough brain to picture the glorious result?"

Then did he set him to explain clearly, saying: "This friend of mine who has a friend whose friend will soon be a Senator wants a job. You give him a job, even make him a job, a good fat job at that, and when the Senator-to-be is actually a Senator, then, what ho! ain't there going to be some wire-pulling—eh? Get me now?"

And the eyes of him that had chewed all his cigar, except the fire and ashes, glistened; yea, verily they glistened as the brilliant beady eyes of a fat and poisonous snake that hath fixed his prey from afar.

And the man with the gleaming eyes questioned the other, saying: "Has this friend of yours who has a friend whose friend is going to be a Senator any brains?"

And the other answered quite truthfully: "No, none whatever; but he dresses beautifully and would be a great ornament in your office."

And so he that had the mentality of a young louse that hath not sense