

## EVEN BREAKS

(By T-Bone Slim.)

I am overjoyed. Our liberties have been restored to us. We are allowed to put sugar into our coffee, now—personally.

The government is making this concession to suffering humanity (through its representative, the urbane "hasher" behind the lunch counter).

"Sudden death is sudden glory," sings the Salvation Army. Do you get that? Now, what shall we all this lingering starvation? It's hell, isn't it—or shall we call it deferred glory?

Intelligence—what is it? I've just finished searching myself, and could not find it. Should it so happen that the master declared "Work is the better part of valor," we would not have sufficient intelligence to show him the way to the tool-house.

The reader will notice how stale and flat my writing is. Cause? Sour stomach—sometimes; and again, I have thought, it would have been better if the government had retained control of the restaurants, at least—

We hear rank and file saying: "I'm working for the organization, as a whole." Fine sentiment, that. Working for the organization as a whole makes a fairly good excuse for neglect of your own industry.

Working for the organization as a whole is a thankless task—no credit is allowed you; no record of your achievement ever comes to light. Let us organize our own industry.

The organization as a whole needs no amateurs, self-appointed, in its work. Let us become regular—

I feel extraordinarily qualified to speak on this, because I too have been working for the organization as a whole, but I cannot prove it. I too have sat around the halls organizing 15 different industries. Unfortunately, the industries were not present. I am receiving no credit for my (entirely voluntary) efforts. No laurel wreath has ever decorated my brow. I demand my rights! (Who said anything about just deserts?)

When the capitalist system begins to totter one-half of the unemployed will be employed to watch the unemployed half—and prevent the said half stealing. This is the only way a capitalist nation may remain virtuous.

"The workers are not prepared, or able, to run the industries," I hear you saying. That's right. They are not able to—still, they ARE running them (in spite of the fact they are unable to. They can't run them? They only DO run them (for the benefit of the master). Of course, the master selects a manager—a supervisor—and so on. But what is that? He selects the rest of his slaves also.

A Republican will tell you: "We will pick out a committee to manage your industry." A Democrat will tell you: "Your industry will go to the infernal bow-wows, unless the followers of Tom Jefferson, act as committee of management." A Socialist will point to the fact that several of their millionaires at present are looking forward (to a chance) to manage the workers.

Fellow workers, I think we can manage very well without their management. And it is now the open season to "pick" out own management from amongst the slaves in each particular industry.

Masters are unable to run the industries. They are rank amateurs. Why should we, the "professionals," run industries to suit them who know not how to run industry efficiently?

Why let the masters (idiots) interfere with the production of food, clothing and shelter? Why build billboards instead of homes? Why build spangles instead of clothes? And why in the name of common sense do we permit our meats to spoil at high prices—to be eaten, eventually, at low prices? Change this system!

Evidently, the master is not as patriotic as he would have us believe. Here was a job—but, unfortunately, I was born in this country—only an America.

Fellow Worker Mexicano: When our master wants to skin you, he advertises; when you refuse to be skinned, he fights you; he declares war against you. Join the I. W. W.!

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If there is any good in the capitalist system, we, as workers, will recognize it. Capitalist system never did have a period of usefulness. At its very birth it started building shackles for labor, and now, when, at last, the shackles are upon us, we say: The capitalist system has passed its usefulness—oh, what's the use? Give the master a fair day's pay for a fair day's work—and watch him "like it."

They call it work.

Of course we KNOW how they make their living. But anyway (just for the fun of it) ask a banker how his LIVING comes to him. He will hum and haw and gee and blush and probably get mad—

What's the blushing for—your question was civil enough?

Then he will explain (it will take him 1 hour and 40 minutes to explain it). And when he gets through you wonder how they do it.

We MUST have a time limit. If a man cannot explain IN THREE MINUTES how he is getting by, he shall be given a job—or work.

Labor has won another victory. Here it is: Businessmen admit workingmen are necessary also.