

A farmer works—for—going wages?

A farmer tells me the grain will register about grade three, or seven—sort of shrivelled up in the head (the grain, not the farmer, or both).

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We have the spectacle of farmer trying to recoup his dwindling fortune at expense of harvest hand—Dear me—let me assure you, John, we have nothing—we are broke—you will have to look elsewhere—Pay me.

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The reason farmer hires no men on Saturday night is because by hiring on Monday morning, he can get one day's work additional out of each man.—Let me explain: The "boys" are living pretty high in the jungles. (God bless them.) If the farmer hired help Saturday and starved them all day Sunday, the "boys" would be weak Monday, played out on Tuesday. So you see—

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The going wage seems to be about one cent a pound per man—farmer guesses on man's probable weight.

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A wide head and narrow shoulders have no show in harvest field unless associated with a well formed hump.

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North Dakota has law—forbidding sale of snuff.—'tis being whispered by interested parties this law was passed to "keep out" the L. W. W.—trying to stir up the class war again.

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If state want L. W. W. out of N. D. it would import bed bugs and sprinkle them in leading hotels where the workers sojourn.

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The Oakes paper calls a hi-jack a laborer's "friend" and bemoans the fact that said Hi-jack "got only one dollar" from workers pocket.—What puzzles me is how this worker happened to have the dollar, (here in Oakes) with restaurants profiteering—60 cent meals— butch-er getting two bits for round steak (including bone)—the poor man brought the dollar with him—from Nebraska.—This "paper" also, calls a business man a farmer's friend—same principle—Sancta Maria, sanctum sycophant—an Idealist, Commercial—no wonder!

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"It begins to look as if we will not have to worry—about our teeth, or our ability to swallow all the food we're liable to have next Candle-mass." In another week or so we can start reading about the crop failure in Spain—its great stuff on an empty belly, it keeps your mind and hands off the full warehouses.

5,000,000 jobless—C. of C. must must be growing—didn't know the dear "chamber" had a population so great—in subjection).

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St. Paul paper points out that garbage cans contain more food now than during war times.—The American people should look into this. The paper fails to mention where the cans are. No doubt trying to forestall a possible food riot. Whaddawecare—corn is roastable.

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The A. W. I. U. is strong—a habit cant break it. Farmers are figuring on letting us work for nothing—and and giving of crop to speculators for nothing. $0 \div 0 = 0$, but—we will not. Speculators refuse to take crop unless we clean it first—

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Why should the spirit of mortal be meek?

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The farmer is a gambler (?) He plows in the Spring and Fall, but does not know what pay he is getting. He drills in his seed, but knows not how much pay he will receive. Then, when crop is a finished product he asks speculator, "What am I to receive for my work." Speculator of course says "Nothing".—Farmer turns around, blames the man who helped him. "You didn't work fast enough, you demanded too much pay." The members of the A. W. I. U. do not do business that way. They know what they want—they know what they'll get—they know the value of their work.—Their work this Fall will save 50,000,000 Americans from starvation. A man saving American lives is worth more than \$4.00 per day.

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A fool and his letters are soon parted. Our mail may be inviolate.

Thank you,

T-bone Slim.