

BACKHANDERS

(About Immigration)

The master seems to think it cheaper to import (full grown) slaves, than to "raise" our own little ones . . . is there a conspiracy? "Conspiracy" . . . nothing! 'Tis an economic policy!

'Costs money to raise a child to age of 12 years—the master's organization has the money but they are not "putting it out" for this purpose. A hundred dollar bill will bring them a ready-made, full grown slave from Europe or Asia.

The children of the future will be foreigners . . . Will it bust the home? Well, it might, unless we can find means of adopting a 180 pound baby.

A calamity threatens . . . Know what a calamity is? No wife, no home, no bed, no breakfast, no clothes, "no clothing" and no sense. This constitutes a state of calamity. No provision (or provisions) is being made for the Harvest Hand's wedding.

Indications are that the bride will start house keeping in a box car or a straw stack . . . Going wages will not warrant many furnishings. At present the prospective "groom" is sleeping on hay, with one filthy blanket thrown over his pulsing form in extravagant disarray. A calamity threatens.

I started in to write about a matter which lies close to my heart—the master.

He has taken away our everything—he has withheld the extra biscuit from our coffee and rolls. He has stripped the "glad rags" from our servile backs—and (for them) substituted the uniform of slavery—overalls, on Sunday. He would have us in complete undress were it not for the fact he requires something in which to get a "toe hold" while riding us (Dump the Bosses, etc.)

Now that we are "clean"—now that we have been exploited to the limit—limit . . . ye gods, what a tame word! Limit.

Not satisfied with ruining the American people, he is going to bribe foreigners (with promises).

The masters have waited until foreign countries, "raised" young men to "work" age—after these foreigners had raised their children on goat milk at big expense, to an age when they would be of use to themselves. In steps our master with yarn about "golden west". Presto, Eureka! A ready made slave is transported (steerage) at nominal expense to make the heart of our "dear" master glad.

Exploitation? Not us only—but whole countries in Europe, Asia, and Ireland will feel the "friendly" grasp of the American trusts. Board bills accumulated during twenty (initial) years of slaves sweet young life . . . will be jumped—to make gain for our master—"our master" (This is a joke, so is he.)

Here I am. I have been sweating all my life like a colored man at a Georgia election—what have I received for my trouble? More trouble and more sweat and the end is not yet.

The situation is developing. Winter is coming. Hunger is here. Children will starve. The weak will suffer. Are you, a big overgrown man, going to sit idle while this thing develops? Are you going to admit, that workers must starve because masters will not let them produce food. And finally, are you going to let these parasites mismanage industry, and you, to death. If you are, you are 'dam sight' more affectionate than I thought you were.

T-bone Slim.

Pekin, China, is having an unusual