

S'POSIN' IT RAINS

By T-Bone Slim

Men will not "take on" common labor at less than living wage. The bosses admit that these men will not scab on themselves—and this, regardless of the fact there is a conspiracy to force all wages down.

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There are skilled mechanics who are beginning to think that the bosses are getting less conservative about "turning out" intelligent workers.

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They think the bosses are taking the position of "I-don't-Give-a-damness" if they do start agitating—that the masters feel entirely safe in their one big union.

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These men think, rightly or wrongly, (mostly rightly) that they are doing more harm by scabbing on their standard of living than by begging. Some of them will do neither.

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(Scientific administration of charity will never "offset" mal-administration of industry.)

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Unemployed men are a menace to society—and to society folks.—And employed men, who go without food a few days a week, are hardly less menacing...

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Men will not resort to violence to obtain food even under the most damnable provocation—under the most miserable, cruel, diabolical system—

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So far, the solution society has found for unemployment is the "club," missions, soup and jails—

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And now comes the "Mine Host" of the municipal lodging in New York—and he seems to be more merciful than all other officials.—He says, "they should be shot at sunrise."

I wonder what's the idea of putting it off till tomorrow. Why not tonight?

Heretofore, if memory doesn't fail me, these things were all "pulled off" during the night.

I'm against the sunrise stuff.
S'posin' it rains!

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