



## Sulphur and Molasses

Sixty years ago we were howling, "How wicked it is to have chattel slaves!"

Sixty years hence we will say, "The wage-slave sure did ketch hell in 1921." Who knows but Mr. T-Bone Slim will write an Uncle Tom's Hovel about it?

It is now come to a show-down. The country is getting thickly settled—and its people all but settled. Every avenue of escape is cut off; every alley of retreat is guarded.

There is no place to sidestep the onslaught of organized exploitation. Years ago, when the boss got too impetuous you could tell him to go to Halifax and you yourself could go "out West and grow up with the country." Not so today. Wherever you go you will find the boss looking down your neck urging you to greater efforts.

The system is spreading itself. Where one lays down on the job now, too old and radical to carry the yoke any longer, two young and hopeful voters reach out to pick it up. The system provides each with a yoke, and so the devil's dance continues—wage slavery?

Work should not be slavery, and would not be if every member of society would do his proper share of it. Unfortunately, our best people are averse to working for a living. They seem to prefer the soft and tranquil life of a "beneficiary." And right merrily do they clip the coupons of unpaid labor.

Being without occupation, these parasites are able to get to the butcher shop *first*, with the result, they get all the porter-house and pork tenderloin. By the time Axel comes home from work, all he can get is a chunk of bull-neck or a piece of pig's liver.

(Note: The butcher never opens up until he is sure that Axel is gone to work.)

Maybe you have noticed this.

Sometimes Axel outwits the system by "laying off" a day. 'Tis then that he has rib-roast for dinner. Whereas, if Axel was at work, more than likely the butcher would talk the missus into carrying home a bunch of neck-bones or a ring of bologna.

Or she's liable to fix up some boiled horse with beef-radish. Women are that way—or are they?

So, you see, the only reason a real revolutionist laughs nowadays is because he wants to keep in practice against the day when the capitalist system shall have been repudiated by the people.

"Shun Red Russia—Gompers"—headline. Sounds like the cry "Stop thief!", "Button, button, who's got the button?"

Gompers is getting old. He is giving advice. If the workers had shunned Gompers 30 years ago, Gompers would be looking for advice instead of peddling it in the "Tribune."

Commissionership of the Philadelphia world's fair has been offered Charles M. Schwab, of the "dollar a year emergency" fame.

Bet you a half box of snus against a second-hand No. 2 lead pencil that Charlie couldn't hold back his tears when he saw "all the faith" folks still have in his integrity.

Overalls on the pages of newspapers are connected with commercialism—something to be hold. Thash all.

By the way, there is a movement to buy Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, and present it to the nation as a perpetual memorial.

Wouldn't it be a graceful deed if the I. W. W. would purchase one of Fogg Bros.' boarding cars (the home of T-Bone Slim) and place it on the grave of "Jim," the empire builder, as a perpetual memorial to us both?

By the way, again—I request this be done after I am hung.