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Shakes and Shingles

Oh, man!—Chicago is living in tent colonies, in an effort to beat the "rent hogs." But why go to all this trouble? Why begrudge the landlord those few paltry dol-

"June, July and August rent will be saved! Pretty slick scheme, isn't it?"

But when September rolls around, and we must go inside again, the landlord will politely inform us: "Owing to the fact that taxes are so high, and to the fact that my place has been vacant all summer, I am compelled to raise the rent ten dollars per month."

Pretty slick, aren't we—smooth? Slick as "rosum."

We will get mad as hell and try to turn red in the face, but our face won't turn. The mosquitoes have sucked all the blood out of our system.

Well, anyway, we've got the tent! We can cut it up and make insoles for our shoes and thus save on sox. (Hard to beat us!)

But why begrudge the landlord those few paltry dollars—(that's the sentence you took exceptions to in the beginning of this article.)

Why, indeed? What difference does it make to you whether the landlord charges ten dollars per month or ten hundred dollars so long as you are organized strong enough to make the boss pay you sufficient wages to cover all your expenses, plus an equal amount for old age?

Seems to me "what the landlords get" is none of our business. We are not supposed to watch thieves.

We are *workingmen*, pure and simple. Yes, *very* simple. Let the master look after the thieves.

All we have to do is to see to it that we get sufficient wages. (We can do this through our one big union.)

"But we ain't organized," you say. Is that so? Well, what in the name of Kalispel have we been doing *all these years*?

Ain't we organized?

No? Well, in that case, we might as well keep on begrudging the landlord his few dollars—much good that will do us?

I'm telling you that if we trust the boss to look after our interest our interest will suffer.

You were saying "a married man cannot afford to belong to a union." In other words, you contend that the boss will not come across with fifty cents a month for that purpose.

If this be so, and I have no reason to doubt your word, then we are lost.

But, I have an idea that, if we go to the boss (take off our hat) and put the matter up to him in a right light, he will dig down and dig up "four bits," to the husband and father—tell him we are organizing for the purpose of finding him a job so that he won't need to strain his eyes looking down our necks.

Should the boss remain impervious to our blandishments, then we will start a quarrel with . . . with our best girl and wait till the married men die off.

We simply must have a one big union of all the workers. If we can't as married men, we will single out.—(T-Bone Slim.)