



A Package for the Prince

"It is not the hard times coming but soft times going."

How delightfully hideous is the above phrase? Many of our readers will consider it unfit for publication in our paper. Let us see.

The aforesaid phrase is a statement of fact by a business man. He seems to realize that the soft times he has been having are about to vanish and that strenuous times are in store for those who have been "taking" it easy.

It is not only a statement of fact, but a prophecy as well. In other words, he is climbing a tree from the distance. He knows that the "good thing" is played out; that it is beyond the powers of the working class to support numerous of them any longer, that some of them will have to jump off the wagon, help push the thing; and that, instead of waiting in their store for customers, they themselves must become customers. Yes, about half of them could be released without working a hardship on those remaining in business.

The numerical strength of the business people depends on the ability of the working class to support them. During the war, when some of our leading customers were over in France, the "overworked" business man was "hard put" to find occupation for himself—and the recent "failures" can be traced to this cause.

The purchasing power of our best customers was reduced to thirty dollars per month and the purchaser (including power) was transferred over to the tender ministrations of a foreign business man. Nearly, or over, two million customers and supporters were thus lost (for the time being) to our own traders.

As a result of this, many of our upright merchants have gone out of business—only to return just as soon as the purchasing and supporting power of the customers returns to normal.

True it is that wages were somewhat higher during the war, but it was necessary in order that a reduced working class might be able to support the business people and various other non-producers remaining in this country, backing up the "boys," and otherwise disporting themselves in mile-a-minute speeches (four miles per clip).

Mr. Jack Dempsey turned to and aided us to keep food on the tired business man's table by working in a shipyard; many reverend gentlemen aided us in "keeping the home fires burning" by donning overalls, standing by to hand tools to workers—while the business men were running around with pots of yellow paint selling "liberty," interfering with the workers' prosecution of work, and otherwise hindering us in our noble resolve to make the Kaiser be good (and saw wood).

The business men are well organized. If 500,000 foreign laborers are imported per year into this country, the business men know to a nice T how many merchants will be required—to manipulate prices for them.

Their knowledge of quarts, pecks, yards and ounces will stand them in good stead in turning an honest dollar in business turnovers—that is, to turn the victim over and get the contents of the other pocket.

(Else how comes it that "Our Houses" have money with which to prosecute members of labor unions?)

It seems that everybody is well organized except labor—the men who support everybody are not organized.

Now, this is the summer! Now is the time. We are the people! Let us go as far as we can this summer. The distance we travel now will give us an idea how far "improvement" will swing when we are done.—
—T-Bone Slim.