

SAND THE RAIL

T. BONE SLIM.

It is a sad commentary upon our national commissary that the scab and strike breaker, gunman and stool, are eating better than are the workers.

Workers are denied a living wage and when they strike for a "fair days' pay" the company doesn't hesitate to pay strike breakers ten and twelve dollars per day for minimum labor performed.

The workers modest demands are frowned upon—and any demand for the full product of ones toll is equivalent to a jail sentence.

But there are men who refuse to scab on strikers altho sadly in need of a livelihood.—When the strike is won, and the strikers return to work, what becomes of the men who refused to scab? — Have the strikers shortened their hours to give the unemployed a chance to live—I'm afraid not.

A few questions . .

If business will bear a pension why not give it, to the men, in their pay envelops along with the rest of their earnings?

What right have railroads to withhold a part of one man's earnings and pay it to another one—as a pension.

If the man receiving a pension really has produced the equivalent of it in days gone by—then by what line of reasoning do the railroads justify their failure to pay the man in the first place?

What authority, if any, have the railroads to appoint themselves as trustees—guardians, over the earnings of labor—old and young!

It is possible the railroad workers are denying themselves the "necessaries" of life in order to enable the company (benevolently) to pay out pensions from the wealth they are producing?

Are the Companies Trustworthy?

Isn't it true the companies have pulled sixty year old men off "light

repairs", transfered them to transferring grain from one car to another on the "rip track" on a hot day?

Isn't it true that he was then sent to "pick up" scattered track-jacks?

Isn't it true the company sent one 60-year old man, instead of two 30 year old men, to do this work and isn't it true the old gentleman expired as he was trying to pick up the last jack just as the whistle blew — quitting time?

Isn't it true the old gentleman didn't draw a cent of the pension the company had been saving for him?

Isn't it true the companies are totally unreliable and unfit to administer any part of our earnings either as pensions or bonuses crutches or coffins?

Wouldn't it be a better plan to organize in one big union, draw your pay in full, keep it in the bureau drawer and buy these things when you need them — pension yourself off when you feel like it.

A rumor has it that the I. W. W. will destroy government and overthrow property — The item mentions not the fellow worker's name.

Take it from me the Industrial Workers of the World have not authorized anybody to do so. — The government may now rest assured, the rank and file will not countenance the business of smashing furniture.

If this man, referred to, bothers the government again, (or any) please report him to the working class headquarters, Chicago, Ill.

Ho, Hom. The backbone of the summer is broken—and no winter stake—as yet.