



Give and Take

Some evil minded person has said that the working class is drunk with ignorance—I doubt if that is true, but if even so, there will be Hell to pay in the parasites' camp when that intellectual giant sobers up.

Another one says, "If we would equalize economic conditions we must first equalize our brains."—Dose this mean that we must start trimming the abnormal brains down to our size, that is to say, are we to revise the brains of these super-grafters downward—else how are to prevent them from hogging all the good things of life?

"I ask you to try out the two-boy plan of employment," Dr Prosser said, "We will send you two boys to do anything you want them to do from scrubbing to trained work."—Glory be! Millenium has arrived, for the employers!—He continues: "Employ one for one week and one for the next."—(Dr. Prosser is director of Dunwoody Institute, Minneapolis, Minn.)

"The men who come here are the cream of the working class," he stated.—Cream nothing, my dear doctor, you are too conservative—that bunch you have is pure butter-fat.

Now comes the over-worked business man, the tired merchant, and tries to edge in on the profits of toil. Let us waste no time watching four-legged rats. We can not afford to strike every time we are slugged with increasing prices.

The Industrial Solidarity, the running mate of the "Worker", is a little outspoken at times. In a recent issue it stated, "... We are forming a new society within the hell of the old." I guess that's calling things by their proper name, alright, alright, misprint?—nothing!

I have heard complaints that the fellow workers are ignoring the boss too much lately—this should not be—take an interest in him, on the job.

Show that you appreciate his presence. This does not mean that you should stop and gaze at him—glance up now and then to make sure he is crediting you with the work you do.

A task master told me the other day that it pays to keep one boss for every three men in order that each man may get full credit for all the sweat he loses. He complained bitterly that men will not work unless the reassuring eye of the boss is resting on their movements.

Some enlightened bosses have a habit of sitting at a distance, with their head cocked, as if studying the movements of the gang...

The gang of course, with sweat in their eyes can not see that the "muggy day" has got the best of the boss and that his eyes are closed in the dreams of the just.—Some bosses are so skillful in balancing themselves on an old tie-pile, snoring away, that each individual member of the gang thinks that the boss is admiring his particular efforts....oh, shucks!...

A great jack-spike, a capstan bar, larger than a base-ball bat stands in the corner a mute warning to prospective kickers to restrain their natural tendencies.—I turned up the edge of my mattress (it seems two inches thick) I use my thumb and finger as calipers press them together and, lo, the mattress is five-eighths of an inch thin—I'm losing all my hump... Can't tell before breakfast whether I will work or not—life is sure... but breakfast uncertain in these alleged boarding outfits.

An old codger attributes his longevity to abstinence from strong drink.

Another insists that he has kept alive by taking a shot now and then.

This puts it up to me, the reason I am not dead is because I have not interfered with the boss' profits as much as I desire.

T-Bone Slim.