



110! LOOK OUT!

Many of the older members can remember 'way back in the front part of August, 1922, when the farmers of Kensal and Wimbledon were offering 40 cents an hour. With tears gleaming in their eyes they would try to press this magnificent portion of their poverty upon the balky harvest hands—bulky hands. "How gladly, boys," they would have paid 50, 60 and 70 cts. for a 100 cts. worth of work—for a dollar's worth of labor; and a million dollars worth of discomfort—and how sorry, indeed, they now are that they didn't do it!

Let me say right here that years before that, when Adam and Eve were ordered "out of town"—out of Paradise—their trials and tribulations were many and manifest, but, thank the Lord, they didn't have to sleep under a stinking horse blanket cured in a manure pile.

When Job the Patriarch, lousy from head to foot (and back again), cursed the day he was born, thank God he didn't have a white-livered farmer to cuss for making him pitch bouquets against the wind.

Oh, how gladly they would pay the boys—unfortunatelly the bankers won't permit.

The community association—the merchants' and farmers' friendly association—has set the wages at 40 cts. an hour—the farmer has placed his ten fingers on the bible and sworn (a holy oath) that he will remain steadfast and true; that he will not sneak into an alley to pay more than 40 cts.

The merchant and farmer, the skinner and the skinned, have come to an understanding . . . to put the hired man in the soup line six weeks earlier this year. And if the farmer breaks faith with his co-conspirators he agrees to pay a \$25 fine.

Is the farmer so weak, so yellow, that a \$25 fine must needs encourage him to keep his unwashed foot upon labor's neck? Answer me: By what system of mathematics did the farmer determine the "needs" of Labor? Is not Labor himself best qualified to set a price on his commodity? We believe so—and the time is fast approaching when Farmer and Labor will get together, and I only hope they don't lock horns when they do.

By the time this is in print the 40 cts. will be an evaporated dream—puny, half-hearted beggars organized with semi-parasites cannot hope to cope with a modern, gild edge organization of LABOR.

Note: Do not condemn writer too severely; he is conversant with situation although he is trying to stave off the inevitable. Those of our readers not in contact with John, please reserve judgment and wait for developments.

John is hob-nobbing in the councils of capitalist oppression and the ruling class refuses to act sanely. *T-Bone Slim.*