



## Nutter- ances.

I'm dreaming dreams. . . . If I save my money and go into business; if I work myself up—if I invent something; profit will then smile upon me—if, if if . . .

If not in this world then in the next—always somewhere else; always in the future. Why not now. Why not here.

My business now is labor. . . . Why cannot I make my business profitable? If I cannot make labor the thing best understood profitable, how can I hope to profit in this or next world, or the world following that—Can't b' done!

We have the job—the only flaw with it is, it is unprofitable—(it is not as profitable as other lines of endeavor are). Other lines of endeavor are organized; labor is not.

That is why I say, and I don't care who knows it, we must organize ourselves for the purpose of making our job profitable.

On the job, right here and now, we must learn to take the full product of our toil, call it what you will, profits or proceeds.

Men die in hope, live in hope, but hope brings them nothing—wishes ain't ketching any fishes—its organized economic action that brings the roof over our head; puts the Ostermoor in our bunks and escorts the good old custard pie back to its place of honor, at the head of the table.

Production must be organized not to provide for the every day "needs" of the parasite, but for the every day feeds of the workerite—(More bait for the jobite).

This is "positively necessary" and it can be brot about only by organizing industrially—so only—Many a victim of the capitalist system is deluded by the apparent efficacy of political action (as it stays understood). Every argument against straight economic-job-action applies equally well against political action or non-action. How often have we heard the prisoner whine, "I wasn't doing anything, yer honor."

Course he wasn't but he's in court just the same.

Such a man is the tie between two eras even as a steam schooner was the "morphodite" between the ages of steam and canvass navigation—carrying canvass as well as steam.

Canvass to be used only when capitalisms, winds are favorable, which is seldom; and steam, the new economic power, at all times whether winds favor or not. Let us get our action straight and economic.

Center of coal industry has shifted to Washington, D. C.—strata 'n' everything. When I was young and the old lady needed a bucket of coal, we didn't go to Washington like Gov. Preus did recently.—No, we used to head for the railroad tracks.

That reminds me destructive forces are so great in our present day life that what a man makes in a day he can spend in an hour.

Baby carriages are the true barometer of times condition.—If the buggies are cheap, unemployment is rampant; if the buggies are "high," the army of unemployment is occupied. . . .

T-BONE SLIM.