



Etiquette

By T-BONE SLIM

The petty bourgeoisie cannot see any enemy save the big buzzard. From his angle of viewpoint . . . it is only big business that is to blame for his failures. His jealous eyes are fastened unblinkingly upon his master, the dictators of organized business. The organization of big business is of such a nature that 70 per cent of business considers itself big business and 30 per cent are in darkness as to the petty nature of their business. . .

And—do you know, fellow workers, they do not know enough to organize as petty business?

Instead of organizing, as a class, to swing the balance of power in the struggle of the Classes, they align themselves in movements where they are not wanted and where they can accomplish nothing but disturbance; generate suspicion, and altogether perform or remain to the detriment of themselves, and to the everlasting sorrow of those whom they endeavor to use.

The boss at the point of production is an unknown quantity to these birds and consequently they are out of tune in the struggles of the owners against their particular scour. They can see only their own private anathema, Big Business and Small Politics.

If they would organize as Petty-Business they would then wield a power greater than Big Business, for they would then wield the balance of All power generated in the struggle between capital and labor.

But the poor dumb cockroach don't know which side of his bread is margarine, in fact he isn't sure it is margarine on any side, end, top or bottom. . .

Longingly he gazes at the 70 per cent 100 percenters, licks his lips, hurrahs for the politicians' prisoners and donates a dime for the class struggle. Industrial action is all right with him if it is properly chaparoned by a liberal amount of indirect manouevering; that is, to circumvent the boss; to get behind him unbeknownst to him and dig the economic sands from under his heels with a political spoon.

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PORKPERITY AND BEEFSPERITY OR THE GRAND FLUKE

South Bend, Indiana, Studebaker Corporation laid off 3500 men.

Logansport, Indiana, Railway shops laid off 700 . . .

What we need is immigration? Gary laying off men because he can't get enough men. If we had men—and God gives us men—these corporations would now be hiring instead of firing.

What! You can't understand why they lay off men when they need men? Neither do I, for that matter, but I'm surprised that you don't understand. Gary knows.

Only ninety days ago, referring to immigration, the eminent jurist and manufacturer sang that beautiful ballad, "Keep them Golden Gates Wide Open." And, upon hearing the wonderful rendering the Press protested in fear that too many might come to partake of our prosperity (they didn't know that the back door was open all the while the melodious magistrate was warbling the Anthem of Big Business) "Open the gates," screamed half the papers.

Even T-B. Slim came out in favor of it: "You might as well; so long as your back door is open." Bring 'em in the front way. What's the big idea of making them climb the fence. Yes. A great halabalu was raised against immigration after the quota desired by our Industrial Kings were safely ensconced in the land of the Brave and home of the free. "Let 'em in," says the king.

"Your Majesty," replied the flunkie, there is no one without."

"Let 'em in anyway," roared the exasperated ruler.

"But your Majesty, the backyard is already full and there really isn't anybody at the gate."

"Goshdang you!" roared the king, "I need men; the country needs men; the cities need men—men, men, give us men; open the gates . . ."

So they opened the gates and in walked a Russian Grand Duke with an old pass—issued by the late Czar Himself.