



And It Was So Ordered

You Can Get More Out of This Life—a poster encourages us.

True it is—sure we can. Not only that, we will. We have leanings in that direction. In fact, we have natural talent towards such a praiseworthy c-o-n-t-i-n-g-e-n-c-y. (?)

It will come in our pay envelopes in the same manner that our present pennies arrive—and, the seductive part of it is, it all will come from our own production—from the toil of our own two hands, nobody else's.

But first we must convince the boss we are worth more. Aye, there's the rub. How shall we go about it? (Rub again).

You walk up to the boss and say, "Hey boss, I'm worth more of the specie of the realm called medium of exchange. . . . If he doesn't call you a liar outright he will, at least, try to insinuate that you are kidding yourself.

"But I can't live on the wages I'm getting," you complain.

"That doesn't concern me," he counters, "I'm running a business, not a life-saving station."

There you are—right where you started from and aye, there's the rub.

We must convince the boss we are worth more.

It won't do any good to tell him that all day Sunday you dassent get out of bed for fear your appetite might get the best of you and cause you to devour Monday's rations.

Neither will it do any good to tell him about Annie's mumps; Willie's measles; Maggie's diphtheria; Jennie's scarlet fever; Minnie's yellow jaundice; Lizzie's white plague; Cora's vermiform appendix, or Fanny's tonsilitus, because he is only going to tell you that he doesn't propose to support an army of doctors, or run an infant asylum.

No use to tell him that varicose veins prevents your wife taking on any additional washing (as much as she would enjoy it evenings), because he will only laugh at you and say your wife is probably getting the hook worm.

What can you do? What can you say?

You mention the mortgage on your home. You recite in pitiful detail the harrowing and soul-rending tale of "interest" falling due—and no money to pay it with.

(Be brave, dear reader, the worst is over) —You tell him all about the \$240 "interest" you must raise, and all about the \$134 taxes you can't dodge—\$370, all told, that you MUST raise between now and next August.

You very naturally think these sad details will have a softening effect on his heart and, that he will thereupon slip you a 2½ per cent raise.

Nothing of the kind. Here's about the way he will come at you: You poor boob, you—you unmitigated Jackass, you—so you thought to take a flier in Hi-finance—so you thought to quit paying rent, didcha? Don't you know that \$374 interest and taxes amount to \$30 per month.—Why, in hell, didn't you rent a cheap shack, out in the outskirts, and live within your means.—Get out of my office! I believe you are dishonest. Go on! Get out! and, see the time-keeper, we don't want any hi-fliers in here—you gambler, you speculator . . . the very "ideah," a common worker investing his money in a home in these hard times when we bosses have all we can do to hang on to our own . . . and buy gas. Shame on you? Here, janitor, throw this man out, he's a bankrupt business man.

Everything has been said that could be . . . You have mentioned the long weary years of faithful service you have given. All to no avail. And yet we must convince the boss that we are worth more.

Now, there is one more thing to try—we have tried everything else, so we may as well try this last one also.

We will organize an industrial union of all the workers, of this globe—we will call ourselves I. W. W., for short; and Industrial Workers of the World, for long.—We will instruct our committee to wait on the boss; leave their hats on their heads; pay no attention to signs, "wipe your feet"; sit on the corner of the boss' desk and tell him they have hastened to bust the news (gently) "the wages have gone up!"

"Since when," says the boss and tries to spring that old gag, "I'm running this business, not you." The committee then points out that the "business" isn't running—"It is Stopt."

(The boss cocks his ear and hears nothing.) "Now look here, fellows," he says, "I've been thinking for some time past to raise your wages—Infact, I was just telling my secretary here, before you came in, that it's a wonder you men are satisfied with the present schedule—and I have already given orders to the paymaster to watch his step and stuff them envelopes better than hegetofof.

Now, boys, I don't want you fellows to get the ideah that you forced me to this—I simply will not be coerced in my own establishment.—So if the men are satisfied to accept the increase I have ordered I see no reason to prolong this conference. Let the wheels go round.—It was so ordered.

T-BONE SLIM.