



Legal Wages

I see no other way out—our wages must go up! Our expenses the past year have been ornate, to say the least. Because of the swift maneuvers of the boss in having our members jailed, it has cost us a pretty penny and then some, to hire lawyers and committees to look after our interest in them—our fellow workers.

Our every-day life has been completely disorganized owing to the fact that many of the moneys we intended for other uses had to be diverted into aforesaid channels—channels, darn the luck!

I know of only one place where we can get enough money to continue fighting law-suits. The boss.

Now it happens that these expenses are not of our seeking. We didn't look for them; we didn't want them—don't want them, but they are here. And we are here!

These extraordinary expenses came unexpected and have proven themselves a veritable shock, even to the freest-handed Wobblly—myself—and when the reaction sets in I'm afraid the "shock" will cause the bosses to see the error of their ways. It may prove to them that law suits are the best thing we do—so long as he furnishes us the money.

Law suits cost like everything in these grabbing legal days. And if this keeps up we shall be compelled to double our wages in order to keep up with the times. Unless—unless the boss in his infinite wisdom decides he doesn't want any more law suits. It is possible he may see the senselessness of supporting so many legal gentlemen. Of course, if he wants to be contrary, let him hop to it.

But we will raise our wages.

Clean sheets don't win legal battles. More cash.

T-BONE SLIM.