



BATTING 'EM OUT

Pennsylvania railroad (conscience stricken) grants shopmen \$4,000,000 pay boost.

"Bolshevism is a skin disease," says Max Gorki, and urges U. S. to shake fist at Europe to end wars. Wouldn't it be better to make faces?

American Facisti is advertising for help in the Want columns. Business doesn't feel like doing the dirty work itself.

If Bolshevism is a skin disease and capitalism is a skin game, what is California's syndicalism?

By the way, California Criminal Syndicalism is finding heavy grades around San Pedro. The damned fools went and arrested Upton Sinclair who is as red—as a bottle of milk.

Hiram Johnson isn't saying a word nowadays. When Hiram isn't talking he is thinking. Who knows the trend of his thought? Maybe he thinks the criminal cynicism of the legislators is putting his political aspirations in a bad hole.

I think so, Hiram, and this is more publicity than you have received since Borah straddled the Court of Notions.

What's the matter, Hi, can't you keep up with the times?

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

The danger of the plans for industrial democracy does not lie in the "probable lack of support" by church, college and cockroach business; rather it lies in their improbable support.

The church has sided with slavery in all times; a reformation at this late date could only arouse suspicion. Let the church continue peddling soup and "coffee and" on the road to Jericho.

College has been turning out "benzoate of soda scientists," degenerate journalists and epsom salt doctors, until standing room in Hell is at a premium. Cockroach business has . . . Oh what's the use?

Diet. Anyone would have said thirty years ago that a working man lives longer than a business man—and oh, them glorious roundsteaks that "mother used to make." Today, in England, the average age of a workingman is 32 years; the average age of a bourgeois is 55 years. Business men live 23 years longer than a man who works for wages. Almost twice as long as his customers. Must be something very noxious about these business men, that kills the customers who work; or can it be possible that it is work that kills?

No, not by a jugfull. If that were the case, the tired business man would live forever. Is it possible? Is It Possible, that there is "that" about a slave that radiates health-giving "wherewithal" whereby the merchant prolongs his life?

Almost two customers die to one business man. But why? And the death rate in the working class is increasing. If this keeps up we will lose quite a few days' work in the half we do not live; no pay days, no nothing. Woe is me and I am woe. Hurrah for the last that dies!

Organization, a word if you please:

Compulsory stamp is indirect action. It is nothing more or less than additional dues. It is a roundabout way of increasing the income of an organization. It is dues under another flag. We have heard what the voting membership had to say in regard to dues. We have observed that no convention has overridden the expressed will of the membership. The membership knows its financial condition best, and when they say 50 cents they mean a half dollar. Of course, there are those who believe fifty cents isn't enough, and I respect their views, but they are in the minority. Why should their will dominate the organization?

A convention of the organization is the proper place to settle and ferret out our indebtedness. Another way is to take up voluntary contributions from those helpfully inclined, and able. But to say, "you must pay more," is to weaken the organization—and you'll get less. There is no such thing as "must" in the world.

Why look for trouble with the word compulsory?

I'm telling you, you can't.

We have agreed on dues and we can agree on additional dues. But we will do it in an organized manner. We will pay our debts and we will do it voluntarily and fully—even if it breaks the boss, but we will not be dragged or drafted to part with our nickels.

We are the organization.

T-BONE SLIM.