



BEST PEOPLE

Personally, I am in favor of immigration—the more the merrier; the bigger the better. The more that arrive here, the less hours we will have to work to support our “best people”—by heck!

“Best people” is understood to mean the “best fed people”—the word “fed” was dropped for fear it might incite the worst people into ravenous riots of appetite. That would be *Les Majeste*. . . .

Well-fed—ah, that's the word. How very polite-like it sounds.—Anybody is ready to concede that everybody should be well fed—nothing offensive 'bout that But, best-fed-people? Nix on that. Drop the fed Best people!

Years ago when we, the “worst fed people,” were few and far apart it was quite a task to support our best people. We had to work as high as ten hours per day in order to make biscuits reach around.

And then immigration set in; and since then, we have shortened our day to eight hours. Just as soon as a few more ships dock at New York we can go on a six-hour shift and still retain the respect of our best fed people.

We, the workers, have just so many to support, besides ourselves. Therefore, every foreigner added to our gang makes it easier to do so. To argue against immigration, is to argue for a long day. To argue against accepting their help, is to argue that *you will not put up a fight* to shorten the day; to make room for them in our industries.

Years ago it was difficult to keep “all pots boiling.” Remember the way the old gang boss used to strut by, a pick handle in his hand. Remember the way he would glare at you! You don't see him any more. Why?

Remember the way our commercial editors used to root into the Italians? The comic pages called them “wops.” The news columns called them “guineys,” dagos, etc. Why?

I will tell you why.—In an unguarded moment our captains of industry sent over to Italy and persuaded a bunch of Sicilians to come here—they came over and civilized the Boss with the pickhandle—they civilized all public work, turned it over to Yankees, and went into business for themselves—Selling the luscious fruit of California.

That's why the capitalist papers soured on the sons of sunny Italy and began calling them names. And that is why I'm in favor of immigration.—It seems that our hundred per cent workers are unable to hold their own with the bosses.

Again the bosses are crowding the workers.

Again are they hunting around for their old pick handles with which to encourage free born American citizens.—labor—laborers.

Let there be more immigrants.
Especially—from Sicily.

T-BONE SLIM.