



Compulsory Freedom

"If the women wouldn't support the men they (the men) would go to work," she said.

Hm, I must have been overlooking a bet trying to support myself. Can it be possible? No, no, by the sacred bull, no,—I cannot see how a woman with small pay can support a man when a man with bigger pay can't support a woman. I think, I think they're both supporting — supporting a parasite a piece.

Peace be with you.

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Women, it is said, are more plentiful than men, but even so, I do not believe they are numerous enough to support the "poor undefenseless males" in the style they are accustomed to. I think they both have their hands full in keeping the home fires burning for Messrs. Doolittle, Hangersohn and Sprinklestock.

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According to Oklahoma Leader:—"When the family wash was hung on an Oklahoma City clothes line the other day, nearly a dozen Pullman towels fluttered in the breeze." Ah, then they did get something in return for their money. Sounds unbelievable.

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Plagiarism isn't as bad as receiving stolen prosperity.—(Exchange).

When I'm dreaming of freedom
I am dreaming—that's me—
But the strongest of shackles
Are those we can't see;
And this load-broken wage slave
From them would be free—
I am dreaming of freedom
I'm dreaming—that's me.

I am dreaming of freedom,
And at slavery I rail;
Not the cheap phoney freedom,
The yokels would hail—
For the locks and the keys and
The dungeons are frail,
To a man who is dreaming
Of freedom, in jail.

When I'm dreaming of freedom,
I am "dreaming" is true;
I am dreaming the dreams that
My infancy knew;
And the while I was dreaming
My bonds stronger grew—
I am dreaming, and dreaming
And dreaming—are you?

I am dreaming of freedom;
(For the centuries stored),
Of the *strange* glowing freedom
By no one explored;
Not the freedom of servelings,
The starvling, or lord—
I am dreaming of *Freedom*,
(Not a "ride" in a Ford).

Organize oh ye workers
Like your masters, the knaves;
Put the boss in blue denims
And hear how he raves,
'Bout the "turbul injustice,"
(Far worse than a grave);
There's a law for a freeman!
Not a "rule" for a slave!

* * *

The solution for ownership is: Work.

A fair days pay for a fair days work might not be a bad plan to start the bosses with—if we could determine what is a fair days pay and what is a fair days work—and, increase their wages as they become proficient.

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Old timers like C. Schwab and E. Gary, and many others, should get at least 40 cents an hours straight time. Men like Rockefeller, and many others should get at least 42½ cents per hour, straight time and time and three-quarters for overtime over twelve hours—or eight hours—six hours, or whatever they feel like working,—straight productivity—oh well.

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Some of our most affluent parasites are kicking 'cause the hundred percent American housefly won't gather honey and put it where it would be easy of access. Yes.

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One Thing I like 'bout the housefly, as a parasite, it bothers us only during the summer months; whereas the great American Financial Buzzards are with us always, winter and summer.

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"The world war was to end all wars"

The world war will end all wars.

The world war continues to end all wars,

It begins to look bad for war!

* * *

Senators are jumping sideways to get to Europe, breaking their necks to get back, (disguised as carrying news). Presidential booms (fake, phoney and otherwise) keep the people in ferment. If the major parties fail to hear honk there will be third party. They'll hear it O. K. Harding released via world court. Johnson, ditto, via "masonic interview."

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McAdoo expected to spill his any minute. Ford will be saved for an emergency. Lots o' timber. Couzens, LaFollette. Thank God, we will have a chance to vote for soup lines, injunctions, breadlines, prohibition frame ups, etc.

Jails are full of men who dared to ask for a mediocre living in return for labor expended, Mooney, Ford, Suhr, Gaveel, Thompson, and many others, many others. Still the workers spend their time reading "politics," discussing political machinations, watching the "grooming" of this or that malefactor for the highest office in the land, while these men rest in jail. I'm

telling you labor, if once again you desire an allowance of freedom, you must organize in the industries, (within walls and without walls) a one union. We have only one life to live—let it be a merry one. Let us get something out of it while the getting is good. Line up today.—(T-bone Slim).