



SWEET CHARITY

It may be of interest to the harvest workers to know that the widow McCormick of Cyrus H., the binder inventor, is dead. She left behind her \$9,000,000 worth of wealth. And a million dollars of it is going to charity—sweet charity.

There isn't a doubt but this money will be put to beautiful use—and there is no doubt but there will be found thousands of paupered farmers who will gladly accept some of it. Thousands of bankrupt farmers will have an opportunity to behold and fondle once't again their "own" money in the form of charity—sweet charity. But that "little," taken from them in an inconvenient period (which bankrupted them) cannot in this period of convenience put them back on their feet. Alas! Charity is no substitute for justice. Sweet charity.

The farmer has always blamed the harvest hand for his troubles, yet both can prove their poverty. Here is a \$9,000,000 jack-pot, a sample pot, one of the twenty or thirty such that exist—and one million dollars of it is going to charity. Like throwing a life preserver into a drowned man's coffin—too late to be of any use. Sweet charity!

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NO EXCEPTIONS TAKEN

I notice lately that Gary's latest proclamation regarding the 12-hour day has aroused the whole United Labor Press to action, even including Sam Gompers, and although I have been looking high and low through all the different sheets for some suggestion of a plan to go after Mr. Gary and his 12-hour day, I fail to find one.

Is it possible that all these "great men" including T-bone Slim, have been so slow and stupid as to let a "common tramp sailor" step in and solve this greatest of all problems? Sh! Here is the secret: Organize the Great Lakes! Break the 12-hour day there and you have played hell with Mr. Gary—(Card X7869).

No one recognizes better than T-bone Slim the insignificant magnitude of the "world's greatest writer". And Slim's claim to greatness rests only on the "much he does with so little." A man is only great, as a writer, if his readers are great. Never was, is or will be a writer greater than reader. Stuff that in your pipe—and Schmoke!

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Slim, too, has suggested the organizing of lakes as early as one week before opening of navigation. Above writer probably hasn't read Marine Worker.

As to Mr. Gary, will say, with many reservations, my knowledge of Gary would not make good literature—as we understand it—hence, I have requested Slim to confine himself to "playing hell with other great Americans—Henry for instance.

But this I know regarding all opportunities to divide ourselves: our press must reflect the views of its readers, not its writers, and then, if it can do a little "shining" for the whole, its duty is overfulfilled. —(T-Bone Slim.)