



## WOBS AND AUTOS

The returning "automobile tramp," with two hundred dollars—for five months' work, suffering and—will say to his loved ones, at home: "The harvest was a success, all considered."

He will remark to fourteen neighbors: "I had a very successful summer."—Fourteen additional "automobile tramps" will be in North Dakota next year!

What's the matter with the Wobblies? Do they think the "auto" is not a success or are they averse to "associating" with private property? If so, why the overalls, why the fountain "stick," why the card itself?

The returning automobile tramp, without a cent, without the price of gas, without the car itself—for five months' work and hardship—will lie to his loved ones at home: "I was stuck up for the works." He will lie to fourteen neighbors that he is "sitting pretty" and being forced to draw on his imagination for the size of his "pot" he makes it strong.

Fourteen additional "automobile tramps" will be in Dakota next year. \* \* \*

Not many speed kings are leaving Dakota with money—about 20 per cent—but money or no money the result will be all the same; fourteen to one new faces will next year inquire of John: "Need a h(e)and?" A car will be the first requirement for to land a job in those happy days to come.

The cup of joy will be full of cars, hysteria of cars, delirium of cars and the greatest opportunity in the world will present itself to the Wobblies to emphasize that condition by getting behind the steering wheel themselves. John will furnish gas. Ten per cent more Wobblies, on wheels, would do the trick. Reliable, old-time Wobs of judgment would work wonders within

the corrals (clearing houses) even so as a few farmer's men have comers this year. The mischief was done at Labor's expense—wheeled and on foot. Will they repeat? A few shrewd young men this year took two dollars per day from our pocket and put it in the farmers'—and the farmer's pocket has a hole. Our two bucks are lost.

Next year, as I gaze into the future, I see more "clearing houses"—to accommodate the 14 to one" strangers, unused to the ways of the banker's friend—the thresher; the most backward and crude inquisitor of this stagnant age.

Give us more cars; Buy, Beg or Borrow a Bus!

Boomer, in a recent article, gives recognition to the condition of auto tramps, so-called. Otherwise I might be tempted to think of those birds as nothing new—something normal and customary, to be ignored. They must organize or be organized—there are 600,000 filling stations costing, (at \$5,000 per piece) three billion dollars—that's where the "tight" money went—it would be a shame not to use them.

'Tis idle to dismiss this matter by saying, "Oh, well, I won't be in the harvest field next year—the decision to attend harvest generally is made at the last minute, superinduced by a slight, mild, labor dislocation, during three months preceding harvest—it seems that we do not decide for ourselves. Hence let us take up these questions, decide them, and defy them to keep us out.

We may as well.

Nowhere is there a better battle ground—nowhere.

P. S.—This article is not late, it is early, for next year. I wouldn't think of writing old stuff. \* \* \*

We hear much about incentive nowadays. So much, indeed, that I'm getting to believe we can't do a darn thing without it. Many will not agree with me, in this, and say that I didn't have an incentive when I sat down to write this human interest article; that I didn't have an incentive when I rolled in bed last night—in fact, that I was punished one dollar for that very act, yet I did it—and they will inquire, wasn't that dollar an incentive "to stay up all night?" "Money makes the mare go," you know.

But I'm not a mare!

Incentive! What a venerable joke! INCENTIVE! Haw, haw haw! It explains

why we move! Haw, haw haw! Isn't that a good joke?

Weariness is an incentive to rest.

Haw ha \* \* \* excuse me!

Cold is an incentive to build a fire.

Haw! haw! haw!

Hunger is an incentive—haw—to eat.

Ain't we got incentives!

—We've got an incentive for everything we do.

Delayed freights is an incentive to write—either that or suck thumbs till it comes—its not that "you've got to have incentive," its with us always. Incentive is the most plentitudinous thing in the world—crops may fail and banks may bust but incentive blooms and flourishes like a high-powered boiler—only longer, forever.

Hell is "incentive to be good." (artificial). Heaven is "incentive to be good." (artificial).

Haa, we've got it two ways!

Take your pick. Nothing like pleasing all hands. Some like to hope, some like to fear—everybody's suited. Aye men!

Shortage of money is an incentive to beg, borrow, steal or work—most countries have laws against begging and stealing (they want you to work and borrow) and only the hardest avail themselves of the liberty to break laws.

Incentives, gosh! How well I remember that word. The first time I heard it, I got scared—I jumped sideways and put up both hands to protect my head; I thought it was something "terrific," extraordinary. How could I know it was simply a "silent agitator," as: "Thirst." To wit:

Thirst is an "incentive to drink," etc. Pain is an "incentive to jump." Very simple—and we've not lost any of 'em. Let's go!

What's the incentive for that?  
ONE-BIG UNION.

P. S.—The Kapitalists System will not work. It separates the older men from the job. It exterminates the old men by denying them a livelihood. And now, that the system itself is old, how about a little poetic justice \* \* \*?

It hires young men—(children).

Let us adopt a young system—(new).