



STAND ONLY



Millions who are now dead will never live. But, again, millions that are now dead will some day become alive—be live ones.

The "lumberjack" is among those millions that will one day suddenly spring to life and "that day" isn't far.

The wages are a disgrace!

Far be it from me to mention the dimensions of the wages paid. They are so low that were I to mention them in this paper the lumber companies would bring suit against me for "coloring" their character. . . . then again; I am far too patriotic to publish to the world the deplorable and somber facts. I wouldn't do it. Not me. Not by a jugful.

(And now, if you were as good citizen as I, you wouldn't either—if you were as good a citizen.

No, you wouldn't.

But lest some people run away with the idea that conditions are worse than they really are I will here make a statement: The lumber companies do actual pay wages—"better than nothing"—everything deducted, it amounts to 12 1-10 cents per hour—just like it was 30 years ago when the cost of living was one-fourth of what it is now.

(I have reference to Minnesota woods and in this connection I wish to say that it is exceedingly hard to organize these "twelve cent men")

The reason it is so hard to organize men

to "put men to work;" while men are busily engaged in trying to dream a "way out of work."

Conversely, too, it is easy to organize parasites, their objective being to dodge work—hence the temporary success of capitalists, great and small. Who wouldn't like to get his corn-bread without expending effort? Who?

But, that avenue is now closed. The family of shirkers is now complete and they are organized (now) to see to it that no more "work haters" enter their exclusive circle. The House of Morgan is full.

The "standing room only" sign is out. Now, we must organize for the purpose of encouraging these strapping gazabos and gazelles, to take on their share of labor—at 12 cents per hour. Yes.

Incidentally let us take on labor lest our muscles grow flabby as theirs.

It is said that if—if—"if the lumberjack would save his money he would be faultless." He would be, indeed he would. Otherwise he is without fault.

But, he blows his money.

And it is said that he blows his money for moonshine. Ah, here I must disagree with the sayer.

While I agree that he doesn't save money, I do not agree that he blows it in for moonshine. But he doesn't save his money. If he saved it he would be without fault, remember that. In every other respect, he is perfect.

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What does he do with his money, if I'm right—that he does not blow it in for "moon"? Let us see:

For every dollar's worth of "logs" he produces he gets less than two bits—mostly a nickel—and, it is of this two bits that he blows in for booze. It is of that nickel that he blows in for moon; ninety-five cents of every dollar's worth of production, never sees the blind piggers' till nor the lumber-

jack's pocket. This is the money he should save.

And until he does save that money he has a very serious fault—a flaw so great that it makes him imperfect.—It is of little importance that he blows in the nickel or quarter; and illogical—for why should he save of the few pennies and donate halves, quarters and dimes to the lumber companies?

But if he would organize to save that part of his production the world would see one perfect creature; a timber beast of harmonious adjustments, a persona magnifique. Of the little he gets there is no use saving. Of the much he doesn't get, he can't save—for verily; a man must get it before he can save it. In order to get it one must be organized. Spend the little for a union card and save the much. YOU'D be surprised!

Nothing is that was. Nothing is as it was. Let us make changes in the wage schedule—in Minnesota.