



## EMPLOY- MENT

A serious situation of unemployment prevails among the "better people." Thousands of parasites are without work. Thousands and thousands of perfectly healthy plutocrats are without jobs. Thousands and hundreds of thousands tin horns, pimps, pool sharks, stools, speculators, stockholders, bondholders, landlords and owners are out of work in this country. Hundreds of budding business men are in jail for blind pigging—Grand Rapids and Carlton are full of such—and out of work, for that reason.

In fact, apparently, about the only ones employed are the "working class," and, even some of them are without work.

Jobs must be scarce—I hadn't noticed it—but it must be so.

These "better people" surely would be employed if jobs were to be had. They certainly wouldn't think of being idle if work was obtainable?

And let me tell you fellow worker, that things must be something terrible when these people—with all their pull and pep—can't land a job. Oooooh lala, (I'm crying) I'm completely overcome with apprehension, and I tremble for the safety of my country—Oooooh, oooo, lala! We've got all our work finished. Oooooh. . . Hell!

What's the use of looking for work? If the best people can't find work what show have we roughnecks?

If the blue blooded scions of aristocracy can't get jobs what show have we red blooded proletarians? None. None, at all; none, at all. . . that reminds me:

We can buy a job. Good! Fine!

Les' see.

The Lindwire-Gunnysen Lumber Co., shipped 10,000 men to its camp last year at a dollar a head. (They had to have a camp, so that they could ship the men). They didn't have no timber (that was all right) so the men of course wouldn't stay. Even for piece work, you've got to have trees; without trees there's no use starting—to work. Men voluntarily left camp. So, the "Lindwire Gunnysen, of course, kept the dollar as well as half the bus fare, two dollars.

Les' see: 10,000 (men) times 2 (dollars) equal \$20,000. H'm. To run the shipping office cost 1,800 dollars, wages included: H'm \$1,800 from \$20,000 equals \$18,200. H'm. Breakfast at camps, 7 cents per man.

Les' see: 10,000 (men) times 7 (cents) equals 70,000 pennies; that in turn equals \$700—\$700 from \$18,200 leaves \$17,500—H'm. I said leaves it!—The Lindwire Gunnysen Lumber Company cleared \$17,500 on logging operations—out of Duluth—without cutting any timber, excepting what was necessary to sanctify the shipping business—H'm. There's money in logging . . . for the busses, sharks and employers. . .

But none for the logger.

Of course, (they'll ship you). O you sweet thing! You know what company I mean?

"Depression in Labor Circles," opines the Superior Telegram. Correct first crack, it's not only a depression, its a regular sink hole. Contrary reports notwithstanding nevertheless, et cetera. . .

"People are feeding from hand to mouth"—Slightly exaggerated—they still balance food on their knives; but they do stow it in their mouths, chew on it—and place it on file for future references, in their stomachs—that is; what they can obtain jurisdiction over; Hughey knows its little enough and not enough. Outright fasting beats starving.

Farming is also hard hit, in Minn. and Wisc. Thousands of acres of tubers were

left in the ground because of low markets—Two-thirds of grain crop is already sold, to care for taxes and woolen underwear.

"People go around"—yes, and around—"around knowing there is something wrong. They can not place their finger on it."

Don't kid yourself, Telegram. They can place their finger on it and what's more they're liable to do it—not only one finger but their whole mit, both of them—and a pair of 9½ feet.

"Money was never as easy as it is now, but people are afraid to go ahead." Easy money. Easy money! I should think they would be afraid—I know I would if I had any of it.

"When they (the folks) get a dime they hang onto it and go without bread, in order to keep it."—The rascals—scoundrels!

It wouldn't be so bad if they bought snuff or a pack of Peerless with it. . .

This hoarding of money's got to stop! —T-Bone Slim.

P. S.—Spend it for a red card.

Now, I know how it feels to be surrounded by the enemy when you have fired your last cartridge—I just swallowed my last quinine pill—They cost cent apiece, too.

Anent Chicago:

Is that so! So Mayor Dever's natural sympathy for the casual laborer stranded in the city suffered a frostbite last year?—I remember the time. It was in August wasn't it, Deve? It was one of the worst and earliest frosts we've had. . .

Write that down, editor—lest people get the idea that "our" sultry blooded mayor is thin skinned. . . or cold blooded. Have you got it?

Wild animals in the woods are turning communistic. I heard some darn thing purr or trill, or chatter or—or something—saying: "Iz th' auger there'r r r?"

BOYCOTT CALIFORNIA PRODUCTS!