

NO REAL DIFFICULTY AT ALL; JUST  
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CHICAGO, Ill.—The Chicago Tribune, called by itself, "The World's Greatest Newspaper," published a short time ago an article on the unemployed of Chicago. The meat of the statement by Michael Burke, and Thomas W. Allison, is to the effect that the city of Chicago was alright, but that a horde of migratory workers, were coming in, unemployed, of course, and in bad condition, that condition being due to drink and shiftlessness.

Industrial Solidarity has persuaded T. Bone Slim to follow up the tracks of the Tribune reporter, and pass judgment on his conclusions. Here it is:

The situation in the cheap lodging houses is a peculiar one. Everyone of them is full every night and have been full all summer long save for a short period of time when the parks were more desirable and more habitable. . Only sufficient lodging houses are "provided" in accessible localities to care for, and absorb, these men, which I will call Chicago's extra shift. These men are bona fide workingmen ranging from dishwashers, hashers to coal shovellers—without these men there would be no snow shovellers, or other emergency workers, Chicago's streets would choke up and traffic would stop—Chicago knows better than to attempt starving them.

The inefficiency of the capitalist system of production, coupled with the partial eclipse of reason in the heads of its business managers is the cause of all unsteady employment.

The emergency shift is accounted for by the killing pace on the 70 cts. per hour jobs. Double ordinary speed is required, and double crews are required—one crew killing itself, the other recuperating. Then we sometimes wonder when we see a one-half dead worker taking a drink.

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It is not to the credit of union-men to do double work for single pay—and their action in so doing serves to respectablize the 30c jobs and causes men to work for starvation rates.

If these men should reduce their speed by half there soon would be no extra shift, and none needed. All

posed to keep men from going "down and out.")

Yes, there is unemployment in Chicago. Thousands of colored people on the South Side are without jobs, and many of them recently have been waiving all formalities in the quest of food.

The "whites" are somewhat better off, due, no doubt, to the fact that a pale face shows more clearly the ravages of hunger and want, and brings a quicker response from solid citizens for that reason.

Thus, you see, it develops hunger and want stalks the fair republic and the city of Chicago not because of unemployment but because of a shortage of funds on the part of those accustomed to doing the Nation's work. Their wages in the past have been less than the amount required to guarantee food, clothing, shelter and the pursuit of happiness.

Such are the circumstances. Bad—but what seems more remarkable is the fact that only old men are unemployed. We have often wondered why this is so. We have been of the opinion that maybe the young man's superior speed was the attraction that drew the boss' favor—so we did, in our maudlin way.

But today I am obliged to revise my opinions because a man inquired of me: "Which one of these is it safer to starve?" In regards the old man he further argued: "The mere fact that he is out of jail, at his age,



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—The many new demands made on man, by the winter months, such as extra clothing and so forth, causes him to make extra ordinary efforts to “stay by his job”—

Cold makes it possible to withstand the pace.

That means additional unemployment to those whose jobs rest on the staying power of their neighbor.—

Unemployment there will be, there is and there was; will be, tomorrow; is, today; was, last, summer—it is a part of the “substitute for sanity” that is termed The Capitalist System. Some System!

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Since 1894 unemployment has been featured by the system. Its press lugubriously discusses and points a bent-finger at it—and so too: About this time of year (every year) the capitalist press takes up the question of "Bums," as a welcome change from "Bombs." Every year, as far back as we can remember, "The World's Greatest" has thrown a fit over the beggars and bums, as it chooses to call the residents of lower West Madison St., where, by the way, The Tribune plant is located.—"Birds of a feather flock together" doesn't apply here else we might run across a citizen advertising himself as the World's Greatest Bum.

For the Tribune Orville Dwyer was the unfortunate reporter selected to rehash the aged mess, and we must say he dressed it up so that it looked almost new. The same bums were given strange names; Reformed employment sharks were interviewed; The Catholic Fathers' charitableness was brought out in all its truthfulness; The Irish were roasted for their happy-go-lucky improvidence; A bottle marked Poison was produced as evidence—put all together, the reporter deserves an increase in salary which, no doubt, the World's Greatest has already tendered him. The Tribune is that way . ad infinitum..

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It states a condition of unemployment, that prevails in Chicago, clearly. It conjures up all the suffering, mental and physical; the misery of all those whose wages last summer did not approximate their capacity to spend—unemployment is written all over the article, to serve as a roost for those that remain unmoved by the arguments used. Yet, what has unemployment to do with the circumstances? (Right now a man can ship out "on the ice" and return to Chicago as penniless as when he left.

Chicago is, getting the freest ice that ever befell the lot of any municipality—at a cost of about 4 1-2 cents per hundred pounds stored. Thirty cents per hour is the rate paid for labor and that magnificent sum is sup-



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But today I am obliged to revise my opinions because a man inquired of me: "Which one of these is it safer to starve?" In regards the old man he further argued: "The mere fact that he is out of jail, at his age, proves conclusively that he is harmless—whereas the young man is so thoughtless, so impulsive, so impetuous and so hard to run down after he has moved thoughtlessly, impulsively, impetuously and perceptibly."

What are we going to do about arguments like that? I'm sure I don't know. But the fact remains the young man is employed and the older men are thinking . . . twice.

I will dismiss Thomas W. Allinson's statement in regards the migratory workers by stating that only about one per cent of them can be classed as drinkers and I defy any man to show me wherein any distinct body of men, producers or non-producers, can show such a record for genuine achievement.

These men, as a rule, are able to, and do take care of themselves under the most trying circumstances, in a most capable manner. They are not starving to death—take it from me, they have no such intentions.

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Let us not shed any salty or premature tears—If necessary, let us do our crying in heaven—on pay day. In the meantime organizing to do away with want might be something to pass the time on while we are otherwise unemployed. Join the I. W. W. and get a real kick out of life—for 50 cents per month.

Yes there is unemployment. Much unemployment. More unemployment now than before—but there is one consolation . two consolations: First, the pay is so small we don't lose much; second, (life is short) it won't last forever.

Now in conclusion we will point out



forever.

Now in conclusion we will point out to the Tribune that citizens of this good-natured burg object to being called Bums and Floppers and we will give a definition of the term:

A bum is a homeguard beggar who never works.

Chicago is large. It is an empire in itself and is bound to have its parasites, rich and poor; thieves, young and old, grand and petty; grafters, great and small—these are a part of it. Can it then be wondered that it has a migratory element all its own—that migrates from Cicero to the Loop; from Evanston to Gary—working a day here and a day there.

When Gary lays off 3,000 men Chicago has 2,000 unemployed. Be reasonable Tribune, broaden out—Chicago is no longer a village. You offer no remedy. Neither will I—if you want the remedy you will find it elsewhere in this paper. You'll know it when you see it. It's called "The Preamble."

**T-bone Slim.**

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