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Should be continued. Good night.



## I See, Says I

No doubt you have noticed, same as I, the California raisins in the coffee rolls. And no doubt you have wondered, same as I, why the bakers put them in when they know it is against the wishes of the I. W. W.

It almost seems they are bearding a lion in his "own ward" when they do this—I couldn't make head or tail of it—as intellectual as I am—so I walked six blocks out of my way to ask a bakery worker.

"Slim," he says, "I thought you claim to have brains—and you can't think that out?"

"What's brains got to do with boycotted raisins," inquires I, kind of sore.

"What! You don't tumble yet!" he almost shrieked—and he *laffed* and *laffed* and *laffed*. Four times he laughed and then he pointed with his finger: "See them cockroaches running along that board. Well, pretty nearly always (what I mean, not sometimes) some of them get into the dough and we have to throw in a few hand-fuls of raisins to make people think they are eating a vegetarian lunch. Yes, Slim, if it tastes, it's raisins; if it doesn't, it's a dry cockroach."

"I see," says I.

### IDLE-POWER

February is the best month in the year for to argue in favor of a short work day. This month in itself is short and yet it is mentioned with longer months in the calendar, without discriminations of any sort. Folks speak lightly of it—in fact—in almost endearing terms.

The 1-10th (3 days) sometimes missing from its latter part is hardly noticed—any more than the eighth hour would be on a seven-hour day—it never would be missed.

Although this month is short (which for-stalls extended arguments), it makes up in emphasis what it lacks in length.

It is during this month that men become unemployed, which means that their part of social labor has been brought to a successful conclusion, that there is nothing further required of them—in the way of manual toil. Just why we call them unemployed is not clear, since the very word insinuates they had "slipped the yoke" (which, of course, they have not done).

I think it would be ever so much nicer to call them retired-workers, surplus-labor, former-slaves, future-potentials, extra-help, ex-service-men, or shrdlu-zyxchr—anything but UNemployed. What right have they to be unemployed while others must work!—True, they completed their tasks, but that doesn't prove that the tasks were equally difficult with those who are still in the process of prosecution, unfinished.

I'm arguing that these so-called unemployed did not work any harder or faster than those who are still occupied and employed with their work; I'm arguing that the work finished and the work unfinished was equally hard and that those at present employed should be allowed to rest with the unemployed—retroactive to the date of first unemployment—and to continue henceforth until such a time as sufficient work has accumulated that will require the attention of everybody. I'm arguing that we should work together and rest together—a One Big Union of Labor.

But since the social needs are such that some work must be taken care of daily, making it impossible for all to rest at once, we must find another way of relieving such men as are employed, at such work—here's where the argument for a shorter day comes into its own—utilize the unemployed to shorten the day for all hands. To illustrate: If 30 million are working 10 hours and 3 million are unemployed, add the 3 million to the 30 million.

The 33 million then will do more work in 9 hours and 1 minute than the 30 million did in 10 hours—it's very simple. No man then would be resting, months at a time, while his neighbors do all the work.

But there never is 30 million working at once—save for a couple of months per year, hence the day can be shortened to eight, seven and six hours. Six hours indeed. A six-hour day would begin to absorb the army of unemployed in fine shape. The only objection I can see is that the employer could not induce all the unemployed to accept employment. In the beginning, that will be his lookout—this is his system, you know.

We need not worry about that. If his system won't work, he can scrap it for a better one. One thing is certain, there is no law of right that compels us to do another man's work, be he unemployed or a confirmed parasite.

I am now arguing for belated justice—but I will compromise on a six-hour day. Those of us who worked 12 hours last summer (now unemployed) can look back and mul over the fact that had we worked six hours, we would have had work all winter. If you like unemployment, work 12 hours.

Those who worked 10 hours last summer have four hours unemployment per day this winter—four months of idleness.

Those who worked eight hours last summer have two months of idleness this winter, provided the 12-hour men do not beat them out of the four months' work.

Those who worked six hours per day last summer have six months' work ahead of them, but they can do it in four months because of the 10-hour day in practice—that gives them two months' vacation in spite of hell and high water.