



Employers really do believe they are imposed upon by labor, yes they do—when, in reality, labor is doing three days work each day for one days pay, yes they do.

Unfamiliarity with facts is at fault, in each case—one can slow down and one can shut up.

Says Roosevelt: "When you work for a man—for God's sake work for him." Quite right, Teddy, but why not let him work for himself for God's sake?

Annual comment on Solidarity: Solidarity is something that will not rip, tear, shrink or stretch; it will not break, split or bend; it will not wear out; it won't rub off or on; it won't smash, will not leak-out and cannot be destroyed.—Solidarity is ONE. It is. It is IT. You have solidarity. But, if any of the above enumerated symptoms develop in it—even if it only bends—you may be sure that your solidarity is solidarity not at all; it is probably one of the many substitutes (not adulterations; since sol. won't mix) that we have heard so much about. If it starts to crack or sag you may be sure it is artificial. If it peels it is phoney. If it "chips," nicks or "gives" it is an imitation. (No, Glue won't do.) At the first sign of "it coming apart," throw it away—it is no good. Solidarity is ONE, not alivers, pieces or powder—just ONE. No more, no less; enough, sufficient, not

too much and not too little—but "plenty."

Harvest: It is the suspense, fellow workers—the work itself isn't so very destructive, its the suspense. All week you figgette on the curb, all keyed-up for a job—then it rains. I'd rather be run over by a Ford, yes I would. The rain is simply an overwhelming-CATASTROPHY.—There!

There, there, fellow workers, never mind! Better days are coming. One day that rain will freeze and then—and then we'll cut ice. . . we will yet cut ice, won't we?

In these days of iniquity and skullduggery the members of I. U. 110 are winning a name for fairness, for their organization. The utter fairness of these men towards the farmer is the most astonishing phenomena in this Twentieth Century. . . "Six dollars a day or no help," is an absolutely fair proposition—nothing could be fairer, unless it be seven dollars.

"But," says the farmer, "I can't afford to pay it."

How do you know? How do you know you can't afford to pay it? You haven't sold the products of this man's toil yet, remember. How do you know?

Remember, you can not sell his products until he produces them; he can't produce them before you hire him, so, how can you tell before hand that you can not afford to pay him \$6? Are you fully intending to sell the product of his toil too cheaply?—this year, again?

The man you had last year?—What's that got to do with "this year's man?" This man is doing this year's work, and he should be paid for his own production, not for the production of "the man you had last year."

Since he has done no sample of work, and you have sold none of it, how can you determine whether you can afford it or not? You can't, so why butt in and "set the wages" when you cannot base them on knowledge. Enough of that bunk, John,

you know you can "afford it." You sell the product, you know.

"But I'm prevented in setting a price on my commodities; I'm compelled by the bankers to sell for whatever I can get."

Is that so, John? Well, I swan! Who'd have "thunk" it? and this a free country! You are compelled by certain men to do something you have no desire for doing—something you are averse to doing—is that it, John?

John, if this be true, as you say, then you ought to look into that matter instead of "bumming" harvest hands. You've gotten to be quite a buzzard in the late years, John. Why don't you bum somebody that's got something, shame on you! As I was saying, "Six dollars a day, or no Help," is —is the utmost in fairness—well within the realm of fairness, not justice—nothing compels John to pay it, unless it be the bankers aforesaid—and John says, "that is a part of their business."

John can put the six bucks onto the cost total and charge so much extra for his "wheat"—nothing unfair about that, is there? The consumers aren't compelled to buy . . . its an absolutely fair proposition and the members of I. U. 110 are to be highly commended for standing by this time honored custom, capitalist custom, of passing the buck, with fairness all around—till it finally reaches the man that holds the sack. We're not concerned about him.

But if it is true that bankers compel John to accept low prices contrary to the principles of Declaration of Independence, Bill of Rights, Lord's Prayer, Armageddon, the Golden Rule and the Fair Day's Pay for a Fair Day's Rest and so forth and so on etcetera ad inf. ad nauseum, then—then . . . I've forgotten what I was going to say—then . . . Well, all I can say is that John Farmer of N. D. (no decision) cannot start in two directions at one time. If he charges at the bankers and at labor in the same breath he'll tear his pants. Men cannot be organized to fight high cost on one hand and low income on the other—because man is between them. He must leave one (to fight the other) and it would

seem that a consistent campaign against one would soon wear it out. John is in such a position (if he charges two ways daylight will show) and he is bumming Congress for relief—and blames hoboes and tramps for his poverty—yes, indeed. The men who have nothing made him poor? He also blames the workers for his poverty. It never occurs to him that if he, himself, donates his and his helpers crop to smooth gentlemen, he himself is to blame. Organized workers are better business men—and women.

You tell 'um, editor.