



LOCK YOUR CARS



James McGillicuddy's Rolls Royce was stolen while standing in front of the county poorhouse where he was visiting his parents.—Dowagiac (Michigan) News.

An impression has gone forth that the Milwaukee road is ELECTRIFIED—just like that. Allow me to tell you that we consider ourselves a part of the road and we're not electrified; and the next paragraph will prove that Byram, himself isn't electrified: While it is true that Milwaukee has already adopted the use of push cars and pump-handled cars (cars that should be in hospitals and men that should be sent to "the shops") that is a long way from being electrified—Damn it! The cars remind me of a farm wagon, wheels set V-shape, good for one way curves—have to turn the car end for end for reverse curves.

Today we were dumfounded with astonishment. We had shaded our eyes with our mitt and gazed across the prairie at some cows, bulls, steers and heifers all bunched up—the flies were *mischievous*.

They, the cattle, had bunched up in self-defense. They had a one big union of beef . . .

Understand me right, the flies are considered parasites and, so, the cattle being aware of that gathered together for self-protection. Understand me right—the cattle experienced benefits from their organization; evidenced by the fact that they calmly *chawed their cud* standing shoulder to shoulder—winking at each other. They knew, they understood that "The Reason" they had used in the first place was sound intelligence; indeed, their faith in their union was so strong that each stood his position without so much as changing "end for end."

That's what I call intelligence — that's where intelligence begins.

Anything less than that would be called ignorance . . . strange to say, not one of the cows parroted the old saying, "In union there's strength."

No; they simply practised unionism and let the flies do the buzzing.

It is said in an extra gang that "we ain't supposed to know NOTHING," an insinuation that 38 cents an hour doesn't call for much knowledge. True. It calls for the use of very little of it. In fact, we use little more than a carpenter or a bricklayer—our work consists mainly of waving a "number two flag."

This doesn't mean that we, carpenters or bricklayers are ignorant, indeed not. Only an ignoramus would call us ignorant; for ant is to admit the capitalist system of compensation (wages) is just and that our "holler" is unjustified.

If 38 cents is full pay for the knowledge we use and the work we do, then there is no need of changing the system. (But what's the use of having much knowledge if you're allowed only 38 cents worth an hour?)

I do claim and say that we're getting paid A LITTLE for the much we do and nothing for what we know—nothing for the knowledge we use, little as it is—and THAT IS NOT ENOUGH. Many spikers have recognized the abundancy of their brilliance and have gone into the plastering business, thus creating a "shortage of maul-motoneers."

A native of a certain creek bottom had "a sick woman" and got the notion in his head that she needed a change of climate—so he moved down the river, 30 miles. For what's a man to do, when he gets all tangled up in an idea? I do not recite this as an example of ignorance, for he was not ignorant. Later he decided over to his son half of his property in the belief that doing so would reduce the income tax he would have to pay—he being convinced the tax for two halves is less than for one whole—doesn't look like ignorance, does it?

Be that as it may, the Stange lumber interests are now composed of four companies, I do believe—and if true, that the heavier burden of tax can be dodged by splitting the property into two or more parts, what does it prove? Isn't it true that the income tax is so arranged that it prevents the property falling into fewer hands, temporarily—if not in reality. And, if that be true, then things are most certainly in a desperate fix in the capitalist world. . . . It's our move.

My first impulse this morning at the breakfast table was to get myself back into a workhouse. The next brilliant thought was to quit this gang and go over to the sted-gang to see if they have meat. Why? Bacon.

We have salt bacon: About three pounds of it feed 40 men, 2½ pounds left over. . . . Be of good cheer, there is a way to parboil the salt from bacon, and, if the cook refuses to do that favor, there is a way minor repairs can be made in the cook's failing psychology.

Otherwise the job is a slice of a perfect paradise—we work 8 hours, from barn to barn—pumping the handcar is classified as work. The noonhours we enjoy as only "gadies" know how. I'm getting enthusiastic, hic!

When I look back into the dim past and remember those poor devils that had to work 10 hours (in one day) my heart goes out to them and my soul grieves over their arduous misfortunes—yes it does—even the while my bosom swells with pride over the great strides civilization has taken in the last few years. All we lack is wages.

Many of the folks have wondered what is the cause for sudden outbursts of energy—they are still wondering.

But few have concentrated their thinking apparatus upon this—subject of high

speed work with any degree of success, and, they do opine that fast work is caused by a flaw-in-the-head-motor of impulse. That is hedging the issue.

I have thoroughly investigated this subject and do hereby clear the victims of that custom from all suspicion of being mentally unbalanced — their thinking apparatus is better than mine—it's their muscles that go crazy. The same holds true to sounds: Interlocking sounds go on a jamboree of unmusical disturbance—it may be a motor car, a boilerfactory or a farm "behinder" reaper—thus it is that things are "called out of their name."

The other day, while watching the beautiful landscape where the natives and industrial leaders play pasture-pool—sometimes after hours, far into the night—a bonafide insult was tendered our "Detroit Hank" in regards the eloquent expression of "lizzie;" a man seeing a "lizzie" passing by murmured, "there goes another mowing machine."

Sounds. But that explains not our heart-felt mentioning of the pasture-pool. For some time past the regular billiard parlors have been discouraged out of existence and pasture-pool has been encouraged into flourishing drives and slices. . . . Why?

In the poolhalls outspoken truths were peddled about the employers, whereas, on the golfgrounds smooth schemes are proposed as to how to best frame labor—you see, the employers use the pasture for the purpose of keeping in touch with the burning questions of the day. There's no difference between golf and pool—the difference is between capital and labor.