



Wise Cracks



Quite frequently, we, T-Bone Slim, have referred to the professional millions; to the bourgeois millions and to parasite millions, and we have permitted our tone to take on the qualities of bitterness and scorn—scorn for the smug aristocracy (of clothes) who know no better than to maintain a subject people, labor—and who know not what their act will lead to.

And it may be that our readers have taken a wrong conception of our purposes in razzing those respectables: It may be they have garnered an idea that the over-indulgence of those tired-business men weary-lawyers and fatigued-professors and bush-ed-politicians and played-out-doctors is the cause of our under-consumption. Not so, Hilare.

They may indulge however they will; they may spend all they can; they may waste all they might, yet, in connection with modern machinery, we can produce twice more than enough for all—and then some.

The trouble is not there.

It is no trouble to produce what they eat. It is of no moment to produce what they wear. It is of but little consequence to produce shelter for them—mansions grand—we can do all that in no time; with the aid of machinery. We can absolutely guarantee them a swell living (If that's all they want?) and we can do it all, using six-hour day as a unit—in fact: even now, we are working less than 8 hours per day, figuring a "worktime" year in and year out—one year I had nine straight months of workless days during a "depression."

• • •

We are entirely capable of producing that what they can get along without—whatever it may be—too.

We are capable men—men—ain't we? Too? We can furnish them recreation, entertainment and enjoyment with very little effort on our part (none on theirs) and we do, too. We can build them five or six cars a piece and put in little or not overtime () and we do, too. Yes, indeed, we do too.

Their board, bed and bandages bother us little to produce—what they need, lo, it is supplied—what they waste, it is there.

Our needs and their needs would take only one day per week of creation; our waste and their waste calls for another day of production—production is terrific . . . and we are equal to it.

What is wasted is not lost.

They can use, consume or destroy, all they may, we can replace all—and still have enough for ourselves—it is only when they, or their co-pensioners, start carting it away—hiding it as value or wealth—that our health fails and soul quails.

When the industrial kings take possession of the machinery of production, produced by labor—and take possession of the products of labor produced on the machines that labor made and commence to hide it (the products) in banks and storehouses denying us free access to the things we have produced, it is then that we grow worried and start talking about hard times—hard times is a new name for hardening of heads.

For isn't it true, we who produce everything have nothing?

Yet—I have said it before and I don't mind saying it again, that, in the matter of support, these need not look to us in vain, so far as our ability goes—if they run short, it will be because they "bet on the wrong color."

But when they, or their co-performers, the employers, take possession (stewardship) of all things, under the flimsy pretext that we have lost, consumed (ate, drank or worn-out) our title to the things we alone have produced, they are running into hard sledding—in the wage of argument. Our production is so great that it can not be eaten, drank, weather-beaten, worn-out or lost—at any one period. It can only be stolen and hid—legally and other wise—else, there is a great sufficiency for us all.

It is with many misgivings I compare myself to a hen:

With many a full-throated cackle, I wend my way to the nest (the industry) and lay an egg (a commodity). And then I cackle about it (big loads) as long as anybody will listen . . . when I go to lay another egg, I find the first egg has disappeared (the hen spent it).—I keep on, laying eggs, in hopes—wan hopes—but nothing ever rewards my efforts save two or three door knobs. Hot dog! eh, fellow workers, eh.

—To kill the goose that lays the golden eggs is the most merciful thing that could happen—but then, the egg-hunters would starve.

Gruesome, isn't it?

We do too!

Addenda:

If it can't be done with organization, it can't be done, i. e.:

"The railroads appreciate the spirit of cooperation through which this organization was formed," and Mid-West Regional Advisory Board. There you have it. Why did they organize? Because they desired to put something over. They put things over with organization—no other way; these days.

Now, when you get ready to put your scheme over, organize—I know the boss will be surprised. He'll get quite a "kick out of it."—quite a shock.