



## Some 'Taint So =

T'ain't so:

A piece of misleading knowledge has gone forth—and, as usual, it is up to me to correct the impression before it sets in and becomes incorrigible.

Many people think that Labor's deep and serried ranks are worrying about getting an automobile. Nothing could be more yonder from the truth. Labor isn't giving it a thought. What Labor is trying to dope out is how to get gas and oil for it after they get it. . . . So you see Labor is only two steps removed from the car:

First step, the price of gas and oil.

Second step, the price of the car itself.

. . . So close and yet so far!

The agony of it:

Frequently we hear people say, "Gee, I wish I had Labor's appetite."

How do you like it when I say Labor has no appetite; it's a law with him—eat or expire (Labor is handling heavy objects and it knows that if it doesn't eat the thing won't move—long).

It doesn't like to eat—it's a case of must

. . . and much . . .

O that people could understand the necessary woe of over-eating—that too, to please industrial over lords.

Labor has no appetite—long ago, it has steeled its heart against the whims of appetite; long ago it has repudiated relish—and if, at times, it eats voraciously (with apparent relish) you may be sure it is eating for the very agony of it.

Maybe so:

For a long time I have had no kind word for the doctors. And what's worse, I ain't saying they'll get one. It is my office merely to record social happenings leaving praise to the dead years of silence:

We note the doctors are advocating "slowing down on the job." They say:

"The American people eat too much."—That's us. That's us. . . . Americans all! They want you to eat less. All right: We eat too much because it is necessary; we over-eat because we over-work. . . . If we eat less we'll have to work less—that's slowing down on the job. The doctors are advocating it.

But there is yet another phase to this dilemma. Which comes first? . . . —So be careful, buddy, don't stop over-eating till first you stop over-working. . . . In other words: Do away with the cause of over-eating—said over-eating is merely a result, an effect. . . .

Foxy man:

He gets tired of using hand tool, invents a machine, (by a series of improvements) puts a child to run it and goes camp inspecting hisself—or hits a soup line.

Note: Machine is the sum total of all available "matured knowledge" of all workers interviewed or consulted—if more had been consulted the machine would be better still, much better.

The machine, in many cases, at cruder work, has an increased productivity of over four times the original hand method—it pays for itself in one month, last year's—And it is supposed to be sinful to ask the child to slow down—you see the employer wants "the extra four-times-production."

I wonder is the child getting four times the pay we got in those good old days—machine being all paid for—or is he being robbed at the point of production?

You tell 'em!

Some machines have a productivity 5,000 fold over muscle. . . . and awkwardness. Just multiply \$3.00 by 5,000—it equal \$15,000 (per day). Nice wages if they get it.

'Tis so:

I'm just after drinking a half-cup of delicious black rain-water for coffee (for a chill) at the Hotel (not the boarding house) in White Lake, Wis.—a one man town.

"How much is it," I inquired.

"Fifteen Cents."

I refuse to prosecute!

—Fellow Workers prejudiced against such prices will have to restrain their chills or become open minded.

. . . .

This space represents the privations and miseries of the "lumberjack." Chills and fevers; eight hours of shivering in a box car; 16-mile walks and surly bosses. Protracted sickness—but hard-boiled enough to overcome it. It's a tearful story, 3,000 words—many of them expletives; unmailable; hence, I have condensed. . . .

Wages per pay, \$1.73—

Board (in town) \$2.00 per day.

If we "got" 7 cents more we could keep a wife—she to furnish duds—and 20 cents.

It's worth 20 cents of any woman's money to have a husband.