

T-BONE SLIM

DISCUSSES

"HE'S GOT IT COMING"

Eugene V. Debs is getting more subtle every day, for we read:

"Labor Gets What It Votes For."—
"Workers should not complain because capitalist legislators ignore their pleas, for it is their votes that elect these capitalist representatives. It is the vote of Labor that keeps the workers in industrial servitude, emphasizes mind and makes wage-slavery a horrid reality. Remember this one fact: Labor, everywhere, gets what it votes for."—E. V. D.

But what does it vote for?—
T. B. S.

Let's see. Out of 110,000,000 men, women and children there are 36,000,000 men, women and children working in the industries. That leaves 74,000,000 men, women and children that are strangers to the industries and strangers to the aspirations of Industrial Labor. It is idle to think that the 36,000,000 men, women and children—three-fourths of them disqualified—can impress upon the 74,000,000 men, women and children the advisability of electing workers to represent Labor in the legislatures—not while finks abound. Admittedly Labor is getting the dirty end of it—and damn little at that—and it is to the interest of the 74,000,000 to see to it that the men, women and children that fetch and haul and load for them shall always receive wages instead of wealth, pay instead of property and compensation instead of comfort—sure, Labor gets just what it votes for. And cannot very well get it while the other side lacks the VOTEES. And can't dodge it anyhow. He'll get what he votes for whether he votes or no—"he's got it coming," so they say.

Now that he can't lose out in the election, it might be well for Labor to divert some time and attention to Industrial Unionism. He is perfectly safe at the ballot box—he will not get more and can't get less.

It is in the industrial field he's liable to lose his pants—he should organize against that exigency ("exigency" is a fancy name for absentee "thiefers", absentee is a poetic term denoting "a vacant place" where and "every when" you need it most, the pants). While I'm at it I may as well thank the fellow workers who would like to murder me sooner or later, who shipped me and bought me a splendid pair of overalls for Christmas present. Not wishing to appear ungrateful, or discuss the merits or spirit of the deed, I must thank the members for their failure to furnish a box of snuff in the left-hand pocket. Very thoughtless! As I am, I'm only half-fixed to take up the burden of my white brother, the orange-blooded blithering idiot I am helping to support. The overalls will stand me in good stead, since they cannot be handy (like a pair of pants) in this 34 below zero weather.

T. B. S.

P. S.—I've been slurred—either by the men or the horses I'm driving have been complimented: I'm sitting on the deacon seat unsuspecting, bragging about the candle-power of my lantern and horse-power of my team, when an innocent looking gyppo politely inquired if I had heard the story of the swamper who left his brains and watch in town to be cleaned—the watch had stopped.

"Well," sez he, "the doctor told him that seeing as how the brains were in pretty hard shape—dusty and full of cobwebs and bedbug powder—he had better breathing, he better leave 'em in town for a week." The swamper agreed and admonished the doctor to adjust them to three positions: moonshine, canned heat and dehorn. A week rolled around and

the swamper didn't return to "gather his wits," so the doc. wrote him a letter telling him "the brains are completely renovated."

"Don't need 'em," wrote back the swamper, "I'm driving a team now."