



A NEAR ERUPTION

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A "revolution" has happened in the ice cream industry. Where formerly the ice cream was composed of solid frozen globules of cream it now is hollow bubbles of cream et al., frozen. . . .

The "guts" have been removed through a "whipping" process.—It weighs only one-third what the solid cream did, and sells for a little more.

Dimes, on the other hand, retain their full strength and are minted in real artistic designs.

Labor, on the third hand, is no child's play—nothing hollow about it save the laborers' cough and stomach. We are progressing in a truly *hux dread per cent* manner. We are a great people. And our unionism is just too sweet for anything.

This featherweight cream is one of the outstanding (upstanding) gains made by LABOR under the benign guidance of Prov.

. . . of Gompers. And we're gaining right along—by the time Green (Green, so they wouldn't have to change the initial "G" on 'xecutive linen) by the time Green gets through they'll fill us up with a bicycle pump.

You don't mind if I repeat, we're a great people we've got brains and everything—more brains than we need and 99 per cent more than we use—Us! Americans, by heck!

Our unionism is now almost 4 per cent—I mean labor unionism—out of 115,000,000 we have 4,000,000 organized. True, our unionism is crude and crafty but unionism just the same, I'm proud of it.

We are almost abreast of such great powers as Mexico, with its 10 per cent—but I understand, from inside-hearsay, that an effort is to be made by our capitalists to bring Mexican unionism down to the level of ours, in the near future—purely a patriotic move on the part of our employers. Incidentally, it may be they do not care to disturb the existing arrangement—that of paying *one in ten* living wages, those to carry an A. F. of L. or any other "respectable brand"—to distinguish them from those who are selected to work for less than "living wages"—seniority to serve as a guarantee that outsiders do not sit at the first table.

How successful the parasites missionaries will be below the Rio Grande is yet to be announced.

. . . .

Unemployment serves many purposes—good and evil. We will mention two of them, and discuss the third:

First, it serves the employer as a club over the head of those employed—causing Bill Bellyache to murmur, "I was 'bumped' by Earnest Hotcake"—But that is not the main reason why employers welcome it.

Second, it serves the unemployed as an opportunity to express their thoughts and recount the good jobs they had in the dim past—they were some jobs—unemployment *limbers the jaw*.

Third, the main reason for unemployment is not a desire to have unemployed men cut the wages of those working. Peculiar as this may seem—and unbelievable—nevertheless it is true.

That theory has a fatal weakness:

Men Are Not Inclined to Scab on other men.

Ah, "on other men"? A ray of light—will he then scab on himself?

Rather, He would rather.

Hence, unemployment is for the purpose of taking the wind out of our sails—not to scare the other fellow. Men whose sails are not "bellying," whose bellows are not bellying seldom become unemployed.

. . . .

But men, normal men, men who dare are the men that get enforced idyllness—not to scare the other fellow.

. . . .

(The other fellow has been "scared stiff" for the last twenty years). It's to tame "this" fellow—*It's to tame the unemployed*. (The other fellow is eating from the bosses' hand—and judging by the *smell* it isn't honey—and doing a little judicious scabbing on the side). (Note, the word "scabbing" is very abstract—I use it in the liberal sense—it has no literal sense. I don't like the word).

There is no reason why we should think that unemployment is intended for to further frighten the servile. We may as well make up our minds that unemployment is not an accident. Though the blow may appear aimless you may be sure seniority will protect the *tame* ones.

A club thrown into a "gathering" of dogs has a vicious aim at some particular dog behind it. If it hits another dog—it is incidental and accidental, but, as a general rule, the dog that yelps is one aimed at—and then, if it hits the wrong dog, you may be sure there are those who will pat "curley" on the head and sympathize with him.

(We will not discuss the "fourth" important reason—profits—because that is subject to our approval and has but little bearing on the ultimate result, ditto, ditto, etc.)

Unemployment is for the purpose of chastening the spirit of the kickers and any sentiments the boss may have about it are over-ruled by the system—eventually the fighter finds himself unemployed and must organize as a matter of self-preservation. He can do no different. He can try. He will fail—It isn't his nature.