

T-Bone Slim Discuses

I see where we've got to organize.
A man must eat, although tomorrow he may die—although tomorrow may take care of itself.

It is necessary despite conflicting sayings which I now forget—and music should go with the meals. The other day a fellow worker demanded that I eat with him, and, naturally, we repaired to an emporium of laquered foods, passing a Salvation Army Rear Admiral carrying two suitcases—shipping out, I thought.

We seated ourselves, expecting to dine without music—but just as we were served the Salvation "officers" busted out in the most heavenly peans of music and viabrated the sinful ozone with inspired oratory (I wondered what was in those two suitcases) — they didn't appear to be drunk, yet they seemed to be heavily charged with something; waving their arms and hollering for all they were worth.

We had music with our meal.
Buy a song book.

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Much shocking is being done in Minneapolis and surroundings. Same in Fargo. Same in Jungles—shocking everywhere. Oh Lord!

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Everybody knows that a condition of unemployment exists among great numbers of people (who are not too sick to work)—but they do not know why unemployment is so plentiful, and work so scarce—there's my excuse.

Every place, I hear, (from men who have been out to dun employment, not intending, in any way to shun employment that may cashay in their direction)—that unemployment has treated them with scandalous familiarity—a disgrace, coming as it does, from a perfect stranger.

In the meantime a coal-loading machine dumps into a vessel as much coal as 200 men could shovel—taking the jobs away from 194 men — every day it works. The same is true about unloading.

And all the while craft liver-and-onionists are prating about and conceding extraordinary "rights" to employers: "They should have the right to "hire and fire" if the men retain the "right" to "work and quit." Good, Lord. Where is your right to work, if the boss fires you?

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In the workhouse, in 'lad.

Your right to work is imaginary, necessary, compulsory—the boss can compel you to work, or cripple you.

Why not join the Industrial Workers of the World and get your rights?

—T-b. S.