



METAL MIKES

WANTED — For an extra-gang, a good milker — one experienced on Canned-Contentedness.

Woods: 'Tis said you've got to saw 70 and 73 logs per day. No you don't "gotto," at all—wasn't I up there? Didn't I saw 36 and 46, and didn't the boss kiss me on both lips when I came and spilled 3 pints of 100 per cent tears when I left.

Bearding California's Dirtquivers: "San Diego is chosen base of Navy Dirigibles." If the earth cracks they'll anchor in the air. This ingenuity is got the fly-trap sugar bowls skinned and disemboweled. The army will select a less nervous landscape.

Elbert Gary, steel magnate, "although not sick," spent three weeks in Tennessee coal and iron company's hospital. He was denied alcohol, pie and ice cream—wurra, wurra—but was permitted exercise, "plenty of hard work," obeying the golden rule, holding his temper and plenty of green vegetables. Seems to be dieting all around.

Chicago: Russell Scott, former Canadian financier, has been twice sayed from the gallows during the last two weeks—if he dies as well the next two weeks, it will be quite a joke on gallows.

Dallas, Texas: "Youth finds \$5,200; gets \$1 as reward."—Entirely proper, and, further, I believe, the youngster should be allowed to keep the dollar.

Opinion: Instead of using the union check-off as a yearly tidbit of discussion (at Atlantic City) the miners should organize industrially, as one body, and have no separately expiring agreements.

Live at once—die at once.—Remarks: At the point of the "rising cost of living" the miners can (and do) negotiate *timed* agreements, but in the face of the "falling cost of living" they're compelled to "take turns" at striking.—Why not work together and work the boss together and with you?

Germany: The Saar miners are now on general strike — 70,000 strong — over the question of wages. Strange, isn't it? The League of Nations runs these mines, now—but it looks as if the miners are calling for a point of order.

Progress: You don't have to run down the pig any more. The pig doesn't tear loose from you minus a mouthfull of chiropractic tenderloin. No. You just sit on a round stool and make grammatical signals, verbally, to an immaculate waiter—and lo, any part of the evanescent lonesomeness—tasting like Krisco. Further, the *dirty-plate* route is no more: Where you carried a newspaper for a dish towel; where the plate was nailed to the table and cups hung from a log chain. That is no more!

"Hoot" Gibson is no longer working for Miller & Lux—\$2.50 a day and chow—and, they do say that Hoot registers his most tantalizing smile when he thinks of the \$2.50 and CHOW. Can you blame him? It drove him into the "movies"—'tis a wonder it didn't unbalance his discession.

That is no more—and soon, I fear, California itself will shiver a few times and start for Honolulu, Hawaii (just learnt to spell Hawaii, so had to use it).

In Reminiscences: Remember those luxurious little pigs—and wild. You had to ketch them by the tail to paralyze static interference? You do! And remember those ferocious big ones—that wanted to reverse the eating process—that didn't believe in us doing ALL the eating—that insisted on eating us for a change—remember it? You do! Good! Well, there's been quite a change since then . . . and . . . there . . . will . . . be . . . some . . . more . . . changes, as we get our second back-pressure relieved and our cylinders hitting on all plugs.

Gentlemen and kind friends: The best way to raise wages is with credentials—not in HIS pockets, not in THEIR pockets but in YOUR pocket. The workers are always ready! Your belief that somebody else is carrying credentials is belief, *not proof*—he also believes that you are carrying, carrying credentials . . . You think he is doing it; he thinks you're doing it—that's how Dobbis lost his supper.

It used to be, gentlemen, "George did it." That's changed.

George now thinks the rest are doing it. Rest, did I say? Hump, Rest.

Owrsership: Many of our fellow workers are of the "idea" that "capitalists own the world." No such a thing. They didn't even buy the labor power that produced it.

They begged, bribed, wheedled, and embezzled us out of it, with wages. Labor owns the world.

The world is wealth—and labor produced it.

As Joe Hill said:

"It belonged to you by right."

P. S. Minneapolis: The "crush" at the Milwaukee R. R. Free Employment Bureau has been so great that a "change" has been made.

The sharks will now sell you a job on the Milwaukee for \$1, \$2, 5, or \$50—whatever you've got.

It is claimed that the board is so rotten that men desert the job for harvest work.

It is true the board is (or was) bad, but it is not true that men "prefer to harvest."