



I'M PERSUADED

The object of capitalism appears to be to "make it miserable" for 36,000,000 work-
ingmen, their wives and progeny — mat-
ter of 90,000,000 people, all told — in the
United States alone.

The grief has been lifted from 4,000,000
workingmen, their wives and progeny —
a matter of 14 million people, all told.

Joy and abundance is dedicated to 4,000,
000 parasites, professionals, grafters; their
wives and progeny — a matter of 10,000,
000 people, all told. Millenium shall have
been reached when all those 114,000,000
people starve as one — camped outside
of full warehouses.

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But while we're waiting for that there
now millenium I think it advisable to kind
o' look after the (200 lb.) baby's canned
milk—enough butterfat should be put in
them THAR CANS to keep down the rust.

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Water is all right in its place, in moder-
ate quantities, but a tin can is not the place.

Shouldn't try to crowd the whole Nia-
gara Falls into one can.

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A farmer doesn't necessarily have to
leave the farm to succeed — despite the
records of "a sprinkling" of farmers that
made what is termed a success and "mil-
lions" at occupations other than farming.

He can succeed right on the farm, but
he must grab a leaf from the ledger of
those "aggressive" business men that dic-
tate to middlemen instead of taking dic-
tation from them.

Not only must they set a price on their
products to the middleman but, in order
to gain success and "millions," as farm-
ers, they must do as most Industrial
Kings do — set the price at which the
middle man may dispose of the product.
A rather cruel program, necessary in self-
defense — — unsentimental as it is it is
entirely feasible, but it presupposes that
farmers will organize themselves into a
selling corporation. "Impossible," you say.

Well those farmers that find it impos-
sible will be weeded out and when the
impossibilists are sufficiently thinned out
the selling corporation will come—success
will come—"millions" will roll in—and the
rule will be:

Rule the middle man and not be ruled
by him.

Looks like a class struggle, don't it?

Oh well, such things will happen in a
civilized society.

(Resume speed.)

A workingman need not lay down his
shovel in order to make a success (and
"millions") at something else.

He can succeed right on the job and
garner "millions" (chicken feed), but he
must jerk a leaf out of the industrial
potentates note book and boss the middle-
man, the man that buys his labor power
and incidentally the product of his toil—
instead taking orders from him.

For a workingman to be an "outstand-
ing success" and gather riches, he must
set a pride on his commodity—labor pow-
er—and, further, he must set the price
at which the middleman—the employer—
may dispose of the product of his toil.

(If he doesn't do that, he is out of
harmony with the present day outstanding
successes.)

Naturally such a program is devoid of
the usual tenderness, mushiness or "gen-
uine" affection that plays such havoc to
lovers and their appetites—but necessary,
nevertheless, as a matter of self-defense.

• • •

Of course it is possible—why, dammit,
such a thing already exists. How do you
suppose the automobile manufacturers are
able to guess to a penny how much the
middleman is gonna charge you for a
car?

How about cigarettes?

If it exists in one form, how can we
say "impossible."

Of course, it's possible—but it presu-
poses that workingmen will organize a
world wide union for the purpose of sell-
ing their labor power as dearly as pos-
sible—sufficiently dearly, at least, to
guarantee that no member of that union
shall starve, diet or die—in want. If
there's any starving to be done, the mid-
dlemen will do the honors.

Now the question arises are the workers
going to organize a one big union to pro-
tect themselves or are they going to con-
tinue fighting each other for the jobs
remaining, in the swathe of improved ma-
chinery?

I have no means of forecasting their
action and I content myself by merely
saying "it is possible"—but should they
decide that fighting each other shows
greater promise, then it won't be long
before they are sufficiently thinned out
to clear the way for a union—it will be
one, but not so big—it's membership will
just about equal the number of their be-
neficiaries, the millionaire paupers. Ma-
chines shall have displaced the rest. Some
were killed. Some starved to death. Some
froze—and some had the manners to com-
mit suicide.

Hundred million lives mispent!

—T-B-S.