



## A SURVEY

We lead; others wallow—serious minded citizens are inquiring "what do they want us to do, turn bolshevik or join the I. W. W.?"—As to the first part I wouldn't hazard a guess but as to the second that's precisely what they expect you to do and, what's more, they'll keep on tramping on your tail till you do join.—We lead; others wallow.

Yes—times are difficult, hard, and bound to be much harder the next two years. After that—unbearable.

A section boss in giving the matter serious consideration stirred up a nest of hopes: "ain't the people going to have anything to say about it?" he inquires.—Well, mebbe the population will desire to add their wisdom to the con-glom-eration of knowledge now rampant, mebbe—who knows?

I have it, Henry Ford, Iron Mountain, Mich., has gone from four to three day "shift." How people do talk—such matters should be kept a profound secret.

Laona, Wis., is paying lumberjacks \$11 per month.

"Impossible!"

Well, yes, it does look impossible—like many other things I have said—nevertheless that statement stands an acid test—I never exaggerate, or underate.

"It's unreasonable!"

So it is, so unreasonable that if a man jumps in there and works for eleven dollars a month the authorities have a pretty good case of insanity against the man and can throw him in a booby-hatch without further akimbo—still and all the man might be sound as a dollar.

Let us let our mind dwell further on this matter and see if we can't find compensating features to that apparently featureless condition:

Eleven dollars per month equals  $42 \frac{4}{13}$  cents per day if you use no tobacco, Sloan's liniment or clothes—figuring 26 workdays per month.

Now let us assume "Mr. Connor" (Lbr. Co.) is honest—absolutely honest and that there is no such a racket as "dollar a day" minimum on the lawbooks of the grand state of Wisconsin: Let us assume that  $42 \frac{4}{13}$  cents per day is an honest, accurate description, appraisal and estimate of the value of the job—that it is worth precisely  $42 \frac{4}{13}$  cents per day; no more, no less.

Allright. That peculiarity brings to my most scientific mind the situation, or event or occasion wherein the job is relieved of Mr. Connor's jurisdiction, and influence and as it is, I can visualize Mr. Connor making a dollar and half squawk over the loss of  $42 \frac{4}{13}$  cent job. Indeed it would seem the dis-valuation of jobs presages the tossing of them into almighty labors contribution-box, as a free will offering; that labor has only to wait the worthlessness of jobs to become sole owner and controller, that labor will not have to so much as cross two sticks to gain absolute possession of industry—yeah.

But there is a ketch.

By that time there will be no labor—his appetite got the best of him in the meantime and he's up with the angels telling 'em what a grand starving he got at Thomaston and Laona. It's a long wait and even tho labor hasn't the guts to organize, the compensations dictate he will need no guts to starve.

I see the organized men grinning, "that's telling 'em"—yeah?

But there's a ketch:

These immortal words are not being read by unorganized men but by organized men. For fifteen years I've been talking industrial unionism to industrial unionists—halffuls of wops do the same to one another.

Not much percentage in that!

The grin dries up—what are you going to do about it? And shall "the great one" continue preaching emancipation to the emancipated?

We'll let that matter ride and offer a few praises for the damnable system:

Up till today, noon, I have missed no meals—a marvel of this here workless and supposed to be eatless age.

The clothes I am wearing are too large for me—conclusive proof I did not get 'em from a smaller man.

I take great pride in announcing this publicly, altho conscious of the fact that smaller men are better fighters—let my reputation suffer.

Six short weeks ago I was a well-to-do working man. Today I am—what I am.

Six short weeks ago I raised a beautiful bunch of callouses on my hands—I've got 'em yet.

Four weeks I have been busted! Of an evening when I soften my pillow by crossing my hands under my head, the callouses hurt my delicate scalp.

Kind reader do you get my point? Why is it that the wages I received have not stayed by me as long as the callouses? Isn't there an injustice some where hereabouts?

Busted as I am, I'm most heartily ashamed of those callouses and have tried to peel them off.

Oh well, time heals all wounds and welts.