

By T-BONE SLIM

It is not generally known that "hiring of help" is a racket in the industrial field no less than the shaking down of tired business men (profiteers and racketeers themselves) by other slick gentlemen and pillars of prosperity; they, in turn shook down by officers of the law from the stool pigeons up. THAT generally is not known and, it would seem, an effort is being made to keep it secret; even so as any sex disability or the raiding of "verboten" sweets.

Of course, in the shake down of these latter day shakers, a finger of scorn is pointed at the sincere grafters trying to gain a foothold in the sunshine of yellow gold, their tongue dangling out a foot or two for the velvetly richness of the calfs' banquet . . .

Indeed, far from being considered a racketeer, the employer of labor is looked up to and upon as a present help for every distress, a savior of the country, and not as a man who fishes in your pocket, pulls out a dollar and hands you two-bits for a beef stew—warning you to rustle the 'xtra nickel for coffee.

Trying to make a racketeer of you too, forsooth!—and, mebbe it would be for the best if he succeeded.

Mind you, I'm not saying he is a racketeer. I'm merely observing, casually, no such a thing is generally known. Why, bless your heart, in these last days, as I approach the cemetery, my thoughts have been so pure I even don't know what a racketeer is. I only know what he ain't—a workingman.

And don't get the idea that I'm trying to make it appear the employer is dishonest when he robs you. Such a thing is farthest from my thoughts—why, bless your heart, again—he's honest as the day is long. He knows just exactly what he is doing, he has no illusions about it. He doesn't think, frinstance, that when he relieves you of a couple hundred million dollars that he is saving your life or nursing you.

Why, it's you that are dishonest. It's you that think he is nursing you; that you are hanging on to his teat . . .

Why, man alive! Get next to yourself—the employer has no teats. But, if I am mistaken and the company is gifted with udders, you may be sure the anxious maws of lesser racketeers have found them—quite properly too, be the racketeer common fink or bribed judge. As the poet said:

All my air-castles then were perfected

My possessions extended afar

And I never so much as suspected

How treacherous some people are.

Not satisfied with attaching an automatic milker to the working class the big companies eat up the little companies using the hand method. A very special diet—cannibalism nevertheless—a throwback to the age of dog-eat-dog. But what's the joke, Slim, what's the joke?

Ah, hand me a handkerchief, the joke is they call it CIVILIZATION.

T-B. S.

## Our Mama Machree

There's a phase to our struggle each worker should know,

There's a debt to their fellows all honest men owe,

There's a dream, yes a vision, no doldrums can blur,

No shadow can dim it, no rascal can slur.

CHORUS:

Solidarity still is a power that rules,

Individualism is meant but for fools.

Don't blame the slick rascals or ill-tempered knaves,

All united, we conquer—

divided, we're slaves.

T. B. S.