



SLIM GETS NERVOUS

Some men are so fearful of starvation they dare not quit their jobs under any circumstance, no matter what the provocation. They stick and stay and stay and stick till the boss gets tired of looking at 'em and fires 'em—just now you could not get 'em off the job with a crowbar.

This makes it appear the men who now are looking for work have designs on the other fellows job. "Gee, I wish I had that guy's job" is no idle prattle—altho it is prattle of idleness.

Over in France (or somewhere) an idle man felt the time hanging so heavy on his hands he butchered a workingman so as to get his job. He didn't get the job; altho he had opened it—the police interfered—and the job went to another unemployed who had been hanging around, mouth watering and who had'nt so much as lifted a finger to start the wheels of prosperity rolling—I mean, beg your pardon, to start the rolls of prosperity wheeling.

This should not be.

The workers should get together and "splitup" all this work among themselves and not start butchering one another. And while dividing it they should bear in mind the parasite is entitled to his just share of labor same as human beings.

Let us not lose sight of the fact that I am not encouraging men to quit their jobs—that would solve nothing; it would be merely changing butchers—but I have a personal interest in writing this: I am addicted to wearing of overalls and altho I am unemployed (but cheerful) may be mistaken for a workingman and be butchered without giving me a chance to prove my innocence. Now, I do not object to being murdered if the job is done in a nice way and painlessly but I'll be damned if I want to get killed by mistake, without a reason—I want the unemployed to stay their dagger at least until I get a pay envelop in my pocket and can prove I am guilty of having a job. Even then there is no good reason why I should be sent up to disport with the angels for did I not just now say the problem can be solved by dividing the work equally. This, in turn, solves itself by shortening the work day. The shorter work day can be brought about by organization—murder solves nothing.

The workingclass may as well throw away their whetstones and use their knives for can-openers.

T-b-a

Note by the Editor: No doubt the new method of solving unemployment above suggested by Tee-bone Slim will be quickly reduced to an organized racket. The morning classified columns will have such ads as this:

"Several good jobs located by our scouts. Present holders can be bumped off easily. Ambitious young men looking for a start can procure these jobs by putting up a margin to pay for ammunition, police split and flowers for the funerals. Balance of fee on easy terms. See Cauliflower Ike, Racket Building."