

TOSSING PENNIES TO THE BOSS

By T-BONE SLIM

This is not the first time labor has sold its birthright for a bowl of soup. The Bible speaks feelingly of a cuss by the name of Esau who peddled his birthright for a mess of porridge. Old Ike, having grown old and blind and suspecting skullduggery, exclaimed: "The voice is Jacob's but the hands are Esau's."

So it is today too, "the hands are in the soupline but the voice grabs all the blessings." Had not labor sold its birthright its "The Voice" would be in the soupline. The sale of that right was done by the failure of labor to organize.

The failure of labor to organize was the result of the obvious fact, labor is entitled to all the good things of life as a matter of course. It seemed unnecessary to organize to get the things that by right belong to labor. It never occurred to labor that it needs to organize not so much for the purpose of getting its due but to prevent "The Voice" from getting more than its due through skullduggery.

In the bible series we have Jacob wrapping rabbit skins around his wrists so's to make them feel like Esau's to poor blind Isaac.

In the Saturday Evening Post we have capital masquerading as angel of mercy, wings and all, and calling labor his "pal". His pal is in the soupline while he splits the money-dew-melons. **A fine pair of pals!** (Irving Berlin please note)—Damndest surrender ever heard about—surrender in installments. Here a part of labor surrenders ten per cent; over there it surrenders 15 per cent; another section surrenders its shorter workday; still another gives up Christmas, Fourth of July, Labor Day, and Mothers' Day; many surrender their pianos, wedding rings and bric-a-brac; here a bunch of workers surrender their pork chops, have the toothsome chop removed from between their incisors (pronounced, in-scissors; accent on the scissors). Still another faction surrenders its overcoat and pants. (We'd have never known of the pants-surrender had they hung onto the overcoat) over there on Eddy Street (can I be mistaken) a lady frail, has surrendered EVERYTHING—I will not say she was drunk, as drunk, or drunker than her two pals (beasts). No, I shall say she was poisoned by the noble experiment. One of her pals takes a punch at her in the coupe (brown), grabs her and drags her out, one slipper slips off and lands in the gutter with the lady's handbag. He "strong arms" her on the street (her weight 120-130; his 170-175). Next he piles her back in the coupe, picks up most of the articles from the gutter and the three drive off. Was the lady taken for a ride?

No, I do not think so. The gentle-

man, I neglected to say, took one more punch at her after he loaded her in the coupe—that's as far as he will go. Had he not struck her, I would have thought her life in danger. The next worse thing that can happen to her is have her beauty marred—the worst has already happened.

(Golddigging is not so good!)

Surrender to the left of us; surrender to the right of us; surrender behind us; surrender in front of us—why, in the name of Cornwallis, call it anything but SURRENDER?

You, my dear reader, may have surrendered your razor blades; another surrendered his shoes; still another surrendered his unionism, his life insurance, his chances to get to heaven (he stole a bottle of milk) T-b stole a hat)—

Either this surrender of the working class in sections must stop or the workers will organize a one big union and surrender as a body; strip naked and quit eating entirely—go on a fast that IS a fast.

Surrendering gradually requires too much bookkeeping if we are to surrender let us do it in a lump: **All at once, or not at all.**

Take out a Red Card in the I. W. W. and thoughts of SURRENDER will be the last thing to enter your mind.

You will then be in a position to accept the capitulation of the capitalist system.