



## T-Bone Slim

### THE (r) "IT"iest THING:

They scream from house tops:  
"Capitalism will never break down of its own accord."

Isn't that the Pure Honey! a machine won't breakdown of its own accord?—you gotta "toss in" a monkey wrench? 'Twon't wear out, 'twon't get old—its a thing of beauty (pronounce "booty") forever, eh?

Isn't it a truth it's broke down now?

What happened? Did somebody wild-pitch his javelin?—anyhow, it's done busted.

Now regardless of whether it wears out of its own accord or is aided in that praiseworthy undertaking you're out of luck if you haven't a thing of your own invention to put in its place—I. W. W. has IT.

It's not a question (my idea) of overthrow of capitalism; it's a question (my idea) of the darn thing falling flat like Barnum's tent when the Johnson-pole broke.

Barnum's tent was'n't overthrown by the wind; it flopped down on the ears of the spectators—just like that—how's your ears?

Compose yourself, gentlemen!

Gentlemen! please don't excite yourself! It is nothing!

Why should you hop around like a wild man just because an old system gives way to a better one—you don't do that when you toss off an old shirt and pull on a new one, do you? No, of course not. You forget the old shirt; as good chum as it was . . . (Personally, editor, I think a man should hire the "Marine Band", everytime he gets a new shirt, to play a dirge over the old one). No, there is nothing to get excited over. It's simply a process of discarding worn-out materials—as ruthlessly as you yourself are discarded . . . for whatever reason. The boss is not as considerate as is progress. No. He doesn't wait until you are worn-out. He discard you in your prime.

There is nothing to get excited over—the capitalist system started breaking down the minute it was born; breakdown after breakdown; crash after crash—and the LAST, "October Crash", was the worst smash-up of all—You ought to be used to it by this time! You have seen mechanics rushing hither and you, bearing monkey-wrenches, extra-parts and haywire (Morgan, Mellon and sixteen dozen lesser engineers, including Stimson, ran'way over to Europe "to ketchum" life-giving accessories for the system).

And my learnt friends and neighbors yowl "it cannot breakdown of its own accord."

Naw, It can't breakdown; it's already brokedown. It's a row of breakdowns.

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What constitutes a breakdown in the capitalist system of production and distribution?

Inability to function so as to safe-guard the wellbeing of its producers—it being that the worker is too busy to watch his boss, or the clock even . . .

Now let's have it out: this here latest "debackle" of the parasite is not a breakdown in the full 'sentence' of the word.

It is a wreck; w. r. e. c. k—that's how you spell it.

When the capitalist system says 30,000,000 people are just so much excess baggage; a drain upon the non-producer's purse—10,000,000 of them erstwhile producers; that it cannot provide means of livelihood, to be produced—in other words, denies them the right to produce their living in the accepted manner—such denial being revolutionary in the face of the fact the offended people know of no other way to generate porkchops and retain their morals if not honor—and refuse to supply these people with the livelihood already produced, that system is not only a wreck but derangement of the most acute form or formlessness.

Insert: We've got absentee bosses and absentee porkchops—and no "T-bones" at all . . .

Epigram: "Helping the poor" is like loading the pockets of a performer with filthy lucre and telling him "now be a good boy and run home":

His pockets are half-empty before he reaches first-base; Second-base gets a handful: "Hot-corner" gets a nickle: When he reaches home-plate there's nothing in his pockets but hole; he is "out" and the game is over. The runner strolls back toward third and picks up the pennies—that's his share—the cheap skate!

First, second and third base immediately challenge the losers to another game. Home-plate says "to hell with this game, let's play mumble-peg."

Now, that's what they call an epigram—it speaks of a patch on the system—"helping the poor"—without mentioning it. Such things (patches) are never mentioned in an epigram or row of epigrams, you yourself saw the patch wasn't big enough to reach all around and you begin to wonder what became of that

3,000,000 dollars or whatever it was: "where did it disappear?" — — — Ah brethren, most of it is on first base—"first come, first served".

Off-Suit: Now that Henry Ford's V-8 has been baptized in blood at the factory gate, how nice it would be of Hank to tear a leaf from the ledger of another "great industrialist," the "Hero of the Homestead Massacre," and donate libraries or gold-fish pools to communities where renegades predominate? eh, Hank? Say Hank, you're a man of the world, a tale hangs by the word renegade—it is not a beautiful tale—and I intend to popularize that word, just for pastime, while waiting the State of California to free Tom Moonney. I have no other interest in the word.

We have here a lineup: "Insert", "Epigram" and "Off-Suit" merely as truthful description and have thereby weakened the high moral purpose of this article. They have no justification in this article other than to show the trend and tendencies to indecency of capitalism in the event it has to choose between it and "square deal" to worker—they've, (the workers) never transcended that craving—a homely expression that means all the world to them and to everybody; since, then, everybody would be workers or produce a perfect alibi. No sense at all to get excited—the battle is won; all it takes is organization.

One deplorable phase, though: Would you kick the system when it is down? You!

You can lick or twist the stuffing out of it the best day it ever saw.

You're like an old woman, closet is full of clothes, dressed like a sear-crow in Capitalism you say "I have nothing to wear."

Don't you know you would look better without anything on than with capitalism?

Don't get the idea that capitalism is your only windbreak, come to me and I'll give a you half dozen systems all better than the capitalist system—you can take your pick.

The Capitalist system is now more than 45 and it is time to discard it—the bosses have shown us the way.