



T-Bone Slim

That Brawl:

Even the stoic Heywood Brown is laughing.

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We need one more amendment:

No more republican conventions—the last was last. Now let's see what the democrats will do.

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Romantic Bernarr McFadden got kind of sweaty last June and naively suggested dictatorship; that all power on earth, water and heavens be given the president.

Don't you think Mac the other two cliques would take him for a ride?

Readily he admits, we are in an economic war—and he would fight economic battles with political hokum, is that it? Isn't that too much like sending regiments to capture a submarine—won't they get their feet wet?

"Lack of confidence," Bernarr finds, "is the trouble with this country."

Not only that, Mac, they're scared 'artless, yeah!

Thinkest thou, o ye Bernarr, a dictator would shower them with confidence and drag 'em out from under the beds? It was tried in Spain, you will remember, and the dictator crawled under the bed and stayed there.

In Italy? Then Mussolini is not bumbling lumps from vatican, is he, the past two years? Quite right Bernarr, and from dictatorship there is no come-back. The logical dictatorship in an economic war is the working class; are you still in favor of it or do you desire the war to continue, the "best people" using antiquated political weapons and the "useful citizens" placing their faith in economic organizations?

Just how would you "enforce" peace as between finance and industry? I think Bernarr, you better call off the war and "pay the man"—he'll never let you rest until you do. The trouble with this country is labor hasn't been paid yet—hear those veterans squawking—Sam seems to lack confidence. Their nerve is unlimited. So is yours, Mac—xcuse the compliment. The lay of the land is this:

LABOR

"INDUSTRIALS"

FINANCE.

Just how the heavy engagements are between "industrials" and finance. Finance feels that it ought to have labor and industrials hide for a rug. Industrials are convinced labor's and finance's hide should ornament the industrial museum.

Labor says, "me ain't got no hide." (Why don't they let the poor devil alone, till he grows another hide!)

You mention revolution—does it take a revolution to stop Finance and Industrials fight?

If it'll stop it Mac, why be afraid of it?

The trouble with you Mac is you lack confidence.

The political struggle is a counterpart of this one and runs along side by side—here the voter is in a republican wagon, there in a democratic cart; here a financier is sitting on him, there an industrialist is holding him down—I imagine he's being taken for a ride.

And Bernarr McFadden imagines a dictator will get up and say: "Lay off the horny handed son of toil."

No Mac, the best your dictator can do is make Industrials and Finance quit kicking each other—and this, he can do only by organizing them to divide the hide between them.

But the hell of it is there is no hide to divide. Soon as this becomes apparent the dictator will hit the high spots and the "economic war" shall start all over again. No remedy there.

My remedy is let the peeling proceed—labor ain't losing any hide—even if it isn't getting any.

Labor seems to be in strategic, or tragic, position—he can't lose which ever way the fortunes of war fall. And always has the privilege of organization for protection—he's an easy going fellow and may stand pat.

Should labor elect to remain neutral and naked, till the big boys get thru brawling, it will be in good shape to carry away the corpses.

(Another millionaire forget to shut off the motor in a closed garage yesterday.)

Of course, it is hard to keep "hands off", it's such a be-u-tiful brawl.

Even the great McFadden is in there putting in his best licks for peace and potato-salad.

waiting for