



## T-Bone Slim

Over The Pate de foi Gras

A dollar is known by the company it keeps.

Industrial unionism first of all is an act of providence, to protect and reserve the dollar and keep it from fast company—bad company has been the ruination of many a dollar. Dollar is not the root of evil. Evil is the root of dollar—either way has no bearing on this matter. Industrial unionism is a merciful act of stopping the dollar in its tracks; the prevention of its becoming as if wayward; the raising of it as a respectable certificate of labor performed; the retention of it in the pockets of workers. Industrial unionism is the ideal that says "the dollar can be protected from evil companions much easier than it can be rescued once it has become a fallen idol"—that is why industrial unionism is at point of production where the dollar is born—ready to take the dollar while yet it is young and bring it up with meticulous care an honor to its fathers.

If you have no industrial unionism to take those dollars and tame them, do you wonder that the country is full of savage dollars tearing up peoples gardens and chewing up farmers sheep? The dollar must be civilized, if it takes a leg! It must be brought back home, if it has to be chained down. It must be trained to stay in its own back-yard. Big job that? Easier to train a new one. Industrial Unionism is the art of stopping the dollar before it gets to the wild man.

He may not be wild himself, and his wife may be tame, but his children certainly do scare the christians.

The idea is to bogtie the dollar and keep it in familiar surroundings, amongst its own people, people who are familiar with its production.

Make the pile right here! instead of doing like the farmer did when he built his skyscrapers in New York City—had he built them nearer home he could use them for an elevator; they're three-quarters empty.

Benjamin de Casseres said "the world needs a few thousand years of sleep." Ben is both sarcastic and prophetic—few can understand him.

Let us put it this way, "the world needs few thousand years of waking-up; "it is exceeding the sleep limit.

There is no difference between Happy Days are Here Again and Hail, Hail, the Gang's all Here—we must not forget the early raiding of garbage cans, for tidbits, maybe to maintain a man's position as breadwinner; that those more or less juicy delicacies go to bolster the madam's social prestige and keep the sassy kids from want.

"Did you swill your family today?" shall be the polite greeting, and happy days are here again, regardless of who gets elected.

Over-expansion, over-production and underconsumption are all one and the same nightmare, and amount to Under-expansion of Labor. He didn't get his.

Why didn't he get his?

Why, you nut, he wasn't organized. Nobody's going to ladle out expansion to a bunch of unorganized men—right now he is so sour he wont organize. That's all'right. The sourness will wear off when he gets hungry enough—in the meantime much valuable time has been lost—maybe the chance.

### The Manipulation:

Exhibit A—(just one).

Influence allotted all its freight to one railroad and forced it to expand to its limits, shops, rolling-stock, palatial limiteds, locomotives, stations, tracks, yards etc. Congestion was the driving force. (1910—1917 to 1932).

After it was fully expanded, influence withdrew its freight-business and gave it to another railroad, and expanded it in turn.

One at a time it took these railroads and expanded them to the limit and then—gave its freight to automobile trucks. A duplication of transportation.

This is what I call over-expansion, the equivalent of four or more national transportation systems. Two of them, trucks and railroads, working to less than quarters capacity—the rest stands and rots as does all over-expansion—money thrown away "to the god of winds and storms." If this is not wrecking the country, in the interest of rivetting ownership upon it, then my mind wanders; if those influences be patriotic, then I'm a traitor.

"Well Slim, what's the remedy?"—

Wait till all that over-expansion rots away—you're not going to organize anyhow—then you can build some more like that. It won't be long—about fifty years. Maintenance of over-expansion is good money thrown after bad. Over-expansion is a thing not needed, that has no use; its cost could have been given to Labor to be USED in buying the many things he NEEDS—that's the difference. The cost of maintenance of over-expansion today can just as well be given Labor, or somebody that looks like Labor free of strings, as to throw it away on useless tracks, yards or repairs.

Any production undertaken to produce things not needed aggravates the situation.

Produce for USE. How would you remedy a twenty dollar bill that burnt up?

Insure the next one—I. W. W.

bridge. the farm clothes that the man on he had clothes

This is to the mortgage the city ing a course, a temporary people wumed the a position change tailor col hog. How and again closed