



## T-Bone Slim

### For a Change:

The first line BEF in Washington reaped thanks for their valiant services to make the world safe for autocrats.

An old rule laid down by Abe Lincoln was slightly reserved, it now reads: "Malice toward all; charity for none."—"Many have broken laws,"—Mitchell. All are condemned. The enforcement of law was most disorderly and disgraceful, major military operation and engagement against reasonable, unarmed, civilians on labor furlough.

Oh well, we can't have an Abe Lincoln in there all the time—what with the way political pie-carders are picking them out? It used to be blase youth; now it's glazed kids.

If anything, The Jobless Party in a nation of nationalities should be a going concern—a counter-irritant to cut and dried politics.

If you must dally with politics, have at least the

to change playthings occasionally.

After you grow up and life's monstrosities begin to pale upon you, it might please your vanities to join the union of your class and live the opulence you produce. You produced the engines of production—and you should enjoy the values they create.

The masters producing nothing—and accepted your inventions under protest. Capital doesn't create—it's a hobble on progress. Mind and matter create and capital represents the value of things produced, in part or whole. Capital itself is a creation of the working class. Who's got the quoits?

This country is big enough to provide employment for one-thousand million workers.

Those so inclined, and in position, need not suppress their desires or curb their natural abilities in their heroic efforts to populate the great open spaces, we are nowhere near the saturation point—or surrender.

Deportation proceedings also are of a premature nature and rise from the "better than thou spirit" comparable to the weighing and considering the relative metrits of an odoriferous bullhead in a barrel of rotten perch.

Therefore, weep no more—the working class is not too numerous in this country, or any country—and never can be. Every worker born into these states is potentially a producer and self-supporting—even during development period, he or she is a soothful distraction for to keep the fond parents from going "nuts" altogether; a safety valve, you may say, a piece de resistance upon which the adults can practice their powers of finding surcease for their violent tempers and atavistic tendencies.

In view of the fact that every worker is self-supporting, (plus) it lends to reason that the more workers there are the quicker the nation's chores are done; the more producers that attack a job, the less labor shall be required per worker—and that if any workers are as if unemployed the less hours can absorb these by working less hours or shorter days—thereby making it easier for all concerned, and the needful work shall have been done to support the nation; for that is the objective whether few or all hands do the work—"Souping the Unemployed" Is Jipping Them Out of a Living.

Now it would appear there are some twelve million unemployed in this country who are entitled to their just share of work and, in the absence of that work, are entitled to live—insofar as the absence of work is proof conclusive that sufficiency abounds and it is unreasonable to expect any worker to shuffle off his mortal coil to please anybody . . .

They have a right to live—and shall live, regardless of any barbarous convention or man-made system of dishing up the misery.

At present those twelve million are living in a fashion without taking any part in production, the thirty odd millions working are doing the work for them and supporting them. The difference between the living they get and the living they are denied is just another one of those Rake-offs for the Bosses.

Can you imagine—raking a porkchop from a man's plate after other workers put it there? I wonder where they get their license to do so?

My wonderment is perfectly legitimate; for to say "the three-quarters of the workingclass now working did not produce full meals for the unemployed", is to say the production of three workers, in the interest of one unemployed, amounted to only three

spoonfuls of food value in three pints of warm water, per day—what makes it all the more unbelievable is the big boys are still gulping down plank steaks—three workers produced only one bowl of soup each, over and above their own needs, and the plank steaks, in connection with modern machinery . . . ?

That wont go down—a system must be pretty rotten when a worker can't support one-third of an unemployed man the while he is doing one-third the unemployed man's share of the work—pretty rotten. In other words, this system shall not supply a living to the workers who do the nations work—twelve millions is the number that industry refuses to support, whether or no—that are not needed, the while thirty million odd work the long hours as at present. This system is so adjusted that it shall provide only three-quarters of a living to the workingclass; and a dirtier trick never was pulled on an unorganized people. Christmas may see this great class on half-rations, or twenty-million working and twenty million idle—(I said "may", I'm sure of it; nothing is being done to prevent it.) Nothing is in the governmental relief program—twenty per cent, less the graft, into work to expand over-expansion; leaving the depression as is with its cumulative frequency of labor pains. A doleful picture? What do you want me to do, picture it a paradise?