



T-Bone Slim

Final State

Whenever a society becomes as "top-heavy" and consumers exceed the producers overwhelmingly, in numbers and majority of the people, they are ordained businessmen, by God, it is then an army of gyp-artists are loosed upon the people with their trick-scales, short-measures and false-quality. This comes under the head, Last Days of Capitalism—and is a perfectly natural phenomenon . . .

Human nature has absolutely nothing to do with it—but this condition has much to do with human nature. These perfidies are not practiced as a matter of survival under a system congenitally rotten. Capitalism is an unnatural child—an importation in America—an imposition.

Assuredly such a condition of racketeering cannot long survive and shortly the thus abbreviated buying power disappears altogether, for long periods. It is then the businessmen of the false bottoms begin to doubt the divinity of their inspiration and look around for better paying forms of stealing. No other control is exercised over them, other than herein intimated, "get all he has"—a sort of automatic control, which is no control at all.

Even the more honest—especially the most honest—fall from their perch and are found at the wailing wall lamenting their inability to be as crooked as some of their competitors.

Periods of over-expansions, playing to possible and impossible future needs and imaginary as well as real show of prosperity led them into a business world.

When this artificial prosperity collapsed it left a top-heavy business world which immediately began by force of conditions to thin out its ranks and unload them on the working class now in no position to welcome them.

We therefore find that Capitalism is a basket with a false bottom and contains not the goods it is supposed to; that it is a swindle; short weight and short measure, if not outright confiscation and foreclosure; insidious, devious and sinister, (as any one of the latter cracks can be proved in one thousand word article.)

The October Crash was the busting of the inner bottom; the next crash will bust the outer shell. In the meantime, it is well the workers look around for a new way to carry on production when capitalism shall fail to function in a manner satisfactory to the natives—which is right now.

It is well for labor to consider "the carrying over" of this nation in this hour of calamity.

It is well they resolved and became determined to produce and distribute the necessities of life to the nation and operate the industries to that end.

And it is imperative that they join the one big union of the Industrial Workers of the World—the most resourceful union—to accomplish those ends.

No other possibility shows.

Break the news gently: Always rap on the meat market window with a coin, so as to let the butcher know you have money. Otherwise he's apt to throw a cleaver at you.—"Venus and Mars are the only two planets that would permit life as we know it."

That is encouraging. Now we know where to go if things get worse.

Sacred moments: I don't want a boss looking down my neck—when I work!

I don't want a cop looking down my neck—when I eat!

I don't want a preacher looking down my neck—when I pray!—all these are assumed authority without my consent; infringement of my rights and an insult to my intelligence—I'll tell you frankly, I will not have a guardian dumber than I am myself.

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