



## T-Bone Slim

### Corralled and Coralled—

Political state is a body entirely surrounded by a constitution. What else is it?

It is a ship of state anchored in a land-locked lake. The lake is sometimes called political muddle and that is why sarcastic gentlemen refer to it as political-state. Many bright men are members of it and could as easily make their living jerking soda or jumping counters. And then again great many of them instead of bowing to father time head for the senate. This works a great hardship upon poor public because it drags in matters of forty-years ago prior to the time incrustations first appeared upon their consciousness, crystallizing after manner of ivory into solid mass.

There is not supposed to be very much speed to such a ship, and there are those who say her anchors hold, true and steady—but the boat is rocking. Who's rocking the boat?

It seems mischievous industrial lords (heh! heh! heh!) destroyed the equilibrium of the ship of state by tossing ballast around carelessly.

You know Industry is not circumscribed after the manner of state nor is the fossilization so deep; so it follows industry can run away from state and leave it holding the empty poke. (heh! heh! heh!)

Political state then, all bound round with precedent, is not keeping pace with machine progress and cannot because of its nature do so.

It is the race of rabbit and turtle all over again—and Aesop was a false alarm.

I have no means of determining what Heebie-G.B. Shaw thinks about this or would he give such a disordered condition a liberal dose of christianity—probably, but, unless I mistake my George he would say christianity is not enough, you've got to put a guardian over industry somethink like the I. W. W.—that keeps pace with machine progress.

I agree with you George—you show a sense that is rare for one so advanced in years.

Indiscriminate activity on the part of the employing class should not be permitted on the grounds that if you do not give a damn for the working class you should at least give consideration to the dear public and the belayed politicians and, since politicians appear to be unable to protect themselves or anybody else, be it resolved the employing class be put into the hands of the working class—the I. W. W.

**Fifty million men can't be wrong!**

Anyhow a stop should be put to employing class sabotage—I don't care who does it. I'm not going to do it! I'm critic—and I know my own limitations.

Technocracy and I. W. W. are the only ones that have been able to keep step with machine progress. Must be related?

Miscellaneous: (Miscellaneous)—

What the Pathwinder has long advocated. "That the purchasing power of the farmer be increased."

Forget it, the farmer does not make his living by buying—he makes it by selling.

"That the purchasing power of the labor be restored" would be pie in John's ears.

Forget it, labor does not make his living by buying—he makes it by selling. He sells labor power. He can sell it at a better price if he organizes. (So can John). Hence it follows, the missing buying power can be restored in sufficient quantities only by labor organizing (industrially, of course) and thereby selling its service a-la proper figure.

Labor's buying power is farmer's selling power.

But farmer's selling power is not labor's buying power. Farmer's selling power is business men's buying power—and so on around the horn to perdition.

Interlocking till hell won't have it!

A one big circle and they don't know it:

You rob me, I rob him, he robs you. You get mine, I get his, he gets yours.

Labor's buying power in any industrialized country is source of all blessings.

Shut up! I said source—full, fancy and free.