



## T-Bone Slim

### Jobless Buying-Power—

Get this right. Don't let anybody tell you there's 12,000,000 unemployed in this country. Chop off this freedom of speech, if necessary:

There are 35,000,000 that imagine they have jobs. They are working for half pay—their buying power is cut in half—that makes them half-employed, for verily ducats prove the job.

Therefore, if 35,000,000 are half-employed they equal 17,500,000 wholly unemployed according to this measure. Yea, be, and don't let anybody tell you different.

Then there are 12,000,000 "soupounds" who are totally without jobs—12 million and 17½ million equal 29½ million.

Then we have the part time worker working at "cut rates"—not many millions—say 5,000,000 (the rate cut is already counted; the part time isn't).

This part time employment adds to the unemployed army another million jobless.

What have we now?

30,500,000 unemployed in U. S. A.

Think your country can stand it—without a showdown? There is no mistake in these figures—better get your head under cover in the I. W. W.

I know you do not doubt my figures but, to be on the safe side, I will prove them.

Bear this in your mind—I am strictly an average workox; no better or worse. And I am totally and definitely unemployed as far as production is concerned. Now when I am unemployed, that means half the workers are idle.

There is a matter of 50,000,000 workers in this country—half of them is 25,000,000.

But I said 30,500,000 are unemployed—does that prove me a liar?

Not by the boulder damsite!

It merely proves that I am a little better than average.

The figures still hold good.

(Now you see what modesty will do to a guy when he ain't looking—it almost wrecked this article. I should have said, I'm the big half of Ho-be; instead of 50-50.)—

Modesty will surely do the same to you—pay you off in low wages. Get rid of it. Join the I. W. W., they've got the crust of an unshorn steer.

Get the notion out of your head that the boss will hand you money instead of dropping it in his own pocket—IT isn't human nature; but it will be when you and your kind join the Industrial Workers of the World.

His present difficulty is the result of dropping it in his own pocket and keeping the bankers well supplied.

What makes the capitalist insanity all the more violent is the fact is resembles good sense—many people are fooled by it—so.

### MEBBE?

Some of those stars in Hollywood think they are the whole solar system when, as a matter of fact, they are small and very ordinary astral bodies.

Then, again, many radicals think the world hinges on their importance—a loose board? It is well that they should think so; it pleases them—it is their privilege.

International amenities can be engendered by giving foreign countries, as before, the choice tid-bits of our production; at cut rates.

Nothing makes a man so amiable as "the white meat" for a turkey, the while his host is gnawing wishbones for subsistence.

I think I've got a fever.

In the name of sacred foreign trade.

Our compatriots over the seas never could learn to chew up our tougher sham-burgers".

### US, WE And COMPANY — —

How about little poetry before I start washing clothes—I said clothes—I've got lots of 'em—good clothes—two shirts, alone—of course, one of them is rawther unhorsodox: I took me one of those seamless grain sacks—certainly I took it—and cut slits in it for my head and arms—it ain't like the head of the Stockton proletarian—the hole thing took me one minute to produce including raw material—I wear it under the other one—republicans and democrats don't know the difference—even Roosevelt can't suspect—and what they don't know ain't going to benefit them. Give me the key:

Some are with us right from the start,  
And some when the fight is won;

Some are doing—the hardest part,  
Some come—when the work is done.

Well, what about it? It's their privilege, ain't it? And how are you going to stop 'em?—The big thing is to come:

They come, they come, nor rolls the drum,  
No herald warns the witless;

They simply come (God knows where from),

The meek, despised—the "gitless".—