



Slim On Soulless Corporation and Their Deportees

"Do you remember way back, Slim, when the boss had a soul?"

Can't say that I do. I ain't quite as old as that. It must have been before my time. But still and all I remember the time when the Ladies Sewing Circle curtised before the great man, and got a donation from him—whose money, nobody knows. People in those days believed in working for cut rates and bumming the boss for buttons and string. The Silverplate Cornet Band would go unto him and get the price of a gold braided uniform, and the Star Baseball Club got their bloomers in the same manner—boss must have had a soul—but that was in the long, long ago.

Possession of a soul though shocked the boss overmuch, so sensitive he was, and cramped his style of weeding his garden of servile wage earners, so he called unto his fiddlers three, efficiency experts, and roared:

"Boys, get this right, this soul of mine is a confounded nuisance, and I want to get rid of it in a hurry."

"Ho, hum," yawned the three experts in unison, "that's easy, Mr. Decillianaire, just organize a corporation, a soulless corporation."

And that's how come Rev. Terwilliger failed to get the chickenfeed to finance a missionary to save the Bessarabians and that's how come the Bessarabians are going to hell faster than medical science can keep them out.

This is what I hear, and, according to the gaunt Terwilliger, hell is such a bad, bad place that our fifteen million unemployed should be turning handsprings and shouting with joy.

Anyway, we all remember, and how our heart was wrung, when Nero made a tramp of Seneca, wisest of all the Romans . . . How our eyes filled when Tsar Nicholas chased thousands into the frozen wastes of Siberia . . . When Hitler chased the Jews from Germany we felt like rushing to the wailing wall . . . I honor ourselves for these considerations shown—but when our own industrial over lords and autocrats exiled fifteen million of our own fellow workers, without benefit of a change in scenery, we thought some way, somehow, it must be all right—and we are emigrees of the foulest system ever hung upon any nation.

All this can be changed by organizing industrially and abolishing autocracy from the face of the earth—but it must be of, by, and for the workers with privilege to none.

Pastures are rich with the verdure of life;

Why then this struggle and tortuous strife?