



It's Not Labor That's Holding Mankind Back!

Dr. Robert A. Millikan, physicist, C. I. O. T., gets this off his chest in Denmark:

"The world has not known for 300 years a reaction similar to that prevailing today, attempting to lead mankind back to an authoritative irrationality and unscientific superstition."

When news of Dr. Millikan's wisdom was carried to Berlin, the Voelkischer Beobachter burst into a column and a hail of tears. Goebels threw a fit, and Hitler wouldn't touch food or drink three days hand running. Robert sure said an earful.

—Here, you young rascals, jump up and give Mr. Millikan a seat. He must have been raised near San Jose.

You all remember when the Great Poverty hit California, and Upton Sinclair, the hermit of that town atop of Glendale, not Pasadena, tried to cure it with EPIC?

Epicure would have been equally effectual for the great man hadn't got to the root of the evil. The answer is dogs.

The dogs were eating California into a state of disrepair, to put it mildly...

I went into a farmyard for a drink of water (not thinking of wine at all) and there I saw 12 or 15 dogs stretched out cold in death. The darn dogs had the farmer on the way to the poorhouse; so he took revenge... Seeing he was a refuge from Iowa, I had the courage to inquire: "Are those dogs gonna be hamburger, or canned chicken?"

"That's right, rub it in," he snapped, "those darn dogs had the very ground eaten from under my feet like the darn insurance companies did before them in Iowa. The well's gone dry, and I gotta pack the water from the Los Angeles irrigation ditch,... but I've got some wine," he added mysteriously.

I forgave him all his sins.

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"500,000 Insects in U. S. To Every Human!"—

Pessimistic estimate that. I think seven out of eight of us are human.

Get another cat—

There's one important point the war makers of Europe are overlooking: The cat, whose fur they rub the wrong way, is dead. (Helluva note!)

Gruesome details—

Germany is now cutting off the heads of some of the brighter lads with up to date machinery—I haven't the description but I imagine it is something in the manner of improved shears. As it is I can think only of two ways it could be made more gruesome—saw them off, or crush them with a steam hammer (beg your pardon—Diesel hammer; my mistake) I mention this just to show progress—same thing in a new way.

Sad is that saddist does.

Now we, (us) we are using sev-

eral ways to quench the bloodthirst of our hypocrits. (Are they hypocrits or just plain damn dumb?) We stretch their necks with a bit of rope, smother them with poison gas, and fry them with electricity.

Note: We do not boil them with oil or anything, neither do we bake them, roast them, or baste them in hot ovens; and anybody who said so is a liar and running foreign, strictly Un-American propagander.

We hang them, poison them, we fry them—that's all we do (unless we give credit to the yarn that some of the lads are given opportunities and assistance to commit suicide while a couple of huskies are holding them, so as to save expense. We're big hearted that way, especially in money matters.)

All this makes for violence. Life begets like. You can't eradicate thistles by planting them.

But I am not advocating violence. I am merely discussing it.

"Well, Slim, ferechrisake, what would you do in a case like that?"

I'm far sighted, I am. I'd put the boys on a pork chop diet for ten years immediately before their revolt, and I'd have them so fat and cheerful and lazy that they'd say, "Let George do it." Note: under this system of society there is only one way to start that 8-ply chain—the one big union of the workers—and that is the Industrial Workers of the World. We have the majority.

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From these presents it can be seen that Germany is not the only country that is machinery mad. And how futile indeed it is for a country to improve its machinery while its system of distribution is wrong, its social consciousness haywire, and its soul traveling in the provinces of extermination.

"Well Slim, why is it that machinery is so far ahead of all human endeavor?"

Workers invented the machinery. Parasites set up the rest of the thingamajigs.

"Well, Slim, what's the remedy?"
Stop the machinery until society catches up—or catches on.

"How?"

Through One Big Union.

...BREAKING IN



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