



Free Citizens? For Few Hours In a Lifetime

By T-BONE SLIM

A worker plays a dual role in the social swirl of Amerika. Six days a week he lives under industrial autocracy. On all legal holidays and election day he is a political Democrat. But it so happens that the industrial autocrat fears that political democracy is grabbing off too much of the worker's time on election day and insists that a couple of hours is enough for voting purposes. Also he considers legal holidays too numerous and that the purpose of paying homage to the political democracy can be served equally well by having less holidays—Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day and Xmas—and that all other holidays be dedicated to industrial autocracy.

Thus it is that during most of the worker's waking moments he is an industrial subject; on his nights off he is a neutral in the sense that he doesn't know what he was until he awakens from his dreams next morning.

For a couple of hours on registration, primary, and election days he is a sovereign citizen and stubborn democrat and, naturally, on the four holidays he is drunk, as befits a FREE MAN.

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W W

When Brer Roosevelt wanted to hold a christening over the bureaus that were all at sea as to their duties and double cracking on business with other bureaus equally at sea, a terrific roar emanated from the hill-top; which leads this writer to believe 350 representatives in the House is too many words. It leaves nothing to the imagination.

Barnacles gather on a Ship of State when it stands still too long and it is necessary to put the ship in dry-dock and baptise it, according to accepted methods—every so often.

President also hollers for six as-

sistants?
Hm! I didn't know the fishing was so good as all that. Cut bait I suppose?

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I'd be ashamed to be anything other than—**radical**.

A person that claims he is not a radical affirms thereby he has not—**all his marbles**. No other evidence is required.

If you are not a radical, buy yourself some marbles (red card) and learn to be one.

I would suggest government buy United States from insurance companies and hand them back to sovereign peasants and tramps; so that they once more might have a home—sweet home. It is perfectly legal—and profitable; if not, make a law retroactive to the date of the offense. Very simple!

"If the Lord won't, people will." is an adage in Northern Europe. Why wait for people, slow and sure as they are?

Ownership of agriculture by insurance companies represents the exorbitant profits of the insurance racket—the ownership itself, without further evidence, proves the racket. So what?

Join the I.W.W.—it isn't a racket. It's a living and breathing protest against going to the poorhouse.

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W W

The depth of degradation of the U. S. professorial economics can be plumbed in the fact we cannot raise our own food any more, as Edgar Allan Poe would remark wistfully.

Our corned beef comes from South America uninspected (so far as we know) or does Uncle Sam maintain food inspectors in Argentine to see to it that diseased cattle, spavined horse, or unwanted dog doesn't fall into the saltpeter vat?