



Who Gets His Tail Stepped On This Time?

By T-BONE SLIM

By T-BONE SLIM

Hot spots in New York City are about as cool as frozen custard—hardly no sin at all. What little sin there is, is more mental than physical. And then there's the imaginary sins conjured up by holier than thou misfits.

Chief assault against convention is the gentle art of rolling drunks. In this it is a race between bartenders and their constituents—the constituents are more dynamic. But even so, it is but a minor infraction, not much percentage and it is only after years of rolling that a fond parent can buy his child a new bicycle. I believe this avocation is called political action. And politics is beyond redemption.

Reviving Domestic War

And it came to pass a great poverty attacked the populace and the boys were all out of snuff. Food there was plenty but it was in the bins; so, that is out. Bumper corps strutted their stuff on the plateaus and the mush fakers in the valleys tightened their belts and threatened to desert the river bottoms. There was hell to pay and hardly a Packard graced the boulevard.

Congress got up on its ear and ordained no employer better pay less than ten bucks a week to a full grown worker. (Note: Congress is catching up; less than ten bucks hasn't been paid since 1907.)

The lay of the land was like this: (And it was terrible) There was nothing for which husband and wife could quarrel. No pay checks were coming in. Pay envelopes were a thing of the past. What wife could remember to jibe her hubby about the two-bucks he dropped on the nose of Salvator seven years ago! It was awful.

So Harry Hopkins took his hair down and said: "I know what I will do, I will send them a WPA check."

So now the loving couple are on the verge of mayhem over seven bucks instead of throwing bouquets about thirty-two. We're going places! American family life is taking on vitalities that I never expected. Only this morning a loving husband threw his wife out of the room, across the hall, right into my lap in the . . . in the washroom. I'll say she came.

It is then logical to think the

state as a spender will fall even as the industrial kings failed and that Uncle Sam has been listening to advice that was old and discarded 6,000 years ago (quite a memory to drag in). Note: totalitarianism is only a stop gap until economic law catches up with it and by that time the world will be in ruins and scientists shot or in jail.

Spending program is a time-killing instrument, fed by hope catastrophe will overtake other nations and make it possible to cash in on their misery. Totalitarianism also has such high ideals: preserve slavery and chisel in on neighboring wealth (if any).

The argument for these delusions is given: "Democracy has failed."

Not so brother, INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY has never been tried—That is the only thing that can save us or anybody! The beauty of industrial democracy is it can bring the employer to time without destroying his or anybody's freedom. It is the practice in things of high emprise. Join the I.W.W.

My Two Bits

U. S. revamps banking rules to loosen up billions. Everybody is happy. Morgan got what he wanted "liberalized rules" (but insisted that protection of depositors be guaranteed)—(Insist, did he? How'd he make out?) Eccles got what he wanted "that bankers be given more freedom to make investments and loans." Bankers got what they wanted and so we are back to the '29 crash. Back goes the money under a rock! For cripes sake, do they want to crash every ten years? '39?

I presume nobody has ever thought that a spending program would rescue us from depression, recession (and the relapse yet to come) under present shakedown percentages of economic tycoons and cutthroat royalists. But it supplies an argument, not well taken for totalitarianism; otherwise known as state feudalism. The employer to get his tail stepped upon? Obviously that is the ballyhoo but the chips are counted the slave will find he won a new boss, the state "under new management"—remotely control—and he will never know what and why hit him. He will only know—when and how.