

For a Virtuous Working Class

By T-BONE SLIM

Always too late!

Yesterday they made a raid on subway spitters. A good way to win a home for the winter. Just splash out a mouthful of Copenhagen in the subway and another mouthful of Billingsgate in court and you're all set—90 days on the Island.

Cost of living coming down all the time—but you must live in jail.

Industrial Giants

An industry that can't support its workers should be junked. No use fooling around with it. Hang up our teeth properly on a nail and dedicate them to posterity. Let the politicians master the ceremonies, workingmen's friend preferably—you know it wouldn't do to have workingmen's enemies in there all the time.

Ten thousand dollars per annum they get for being labor's busom pal. Gawd! Heart and soul, and I don't believe they'd do it for a cent less.

An employer that can't so manipulate his slaves that they have plenty of salt herring and burlaps should be sent to an elementary school, and a child be put in charge of his works, to begin with. If then he doesn't learn, we can always use him peeling spuds or walking the dog. Industrial Giant! Put the glass on him or polish your specs.

All that blundering can't be ignorance.

Helpless

A country that can't nurture its workers or suckle its young may as well declare itself bankrupt and cease being a country, and sub-divide itself into cemetery lots (we've got to find use for it somehow).

A working class that can't pry a living from too much of everything is pretty helpless—pretty helpless . . . well, not pretty, but helpless. They even have to be told to join the I. W. W.

Politicians can't give you anything, they can only take away from you—a one way street. You pay their wages. They tax you and then give you some of it back when you get pale around the gills. Don't get pale, that's bad . . . Here, have a plate of veal fricasee, I hate to throw it to the hounds.

Virtue

"Capital and Labor are just a big happy family," says the press. I suppose that means Capital is master and Labor is mistress, am I right? And the squaw does all the work? Right again? And never goes on squat-down strike?

Lena and Axel had busted a chair trying to sit on it both together. There was much racket and the missus upstairs hollers, "What are you doing, Lena, are you fighting?"

"No, missus, just loving."

"That's nice, Lena, don't fight."

Collaborate? So, Mr. Labor, if you're going to collaborate you may as well join the bosses' union where he can get at you better. If you already collaborate you are already in a bosses' union—a girl that listens is already seduced; a citizen that stops is already bummed.

Join Labor's One Big Union, put the bosses on the bum; learn to worship, honor, and obey your class and we'll hold a big communion, for to us all things are come.