



Owners Won't Desert Their Gold Mines

By T-BONE SLIM

It is said that when a Russian general gets too big for his stripes they take him out and shoot him.

Just to show how far plagiarism can go, mean spirited old fogies say, "Tom Dewey (NYC) is too big for his pants."

wIw

Maritime cargo rates are up four times the former rate (in honor of the war). Seamen's wages have not increased—only in dribbles; extra five bucks per pay. Talk about bribery, hey? A brand new pedro!

How about doubling these skinny wages?

wIw

Here's how: (Sea-boots and multi-lateral splices)—

Years ago the shipowners never used to ship a full crew of wheelmen. AB's then had to take a trick at the wheel. While AB's were thereupon wheelmen, the ordinaries had to perform AB's duties, etc.

This was the only way shipowners could get wheelmen for ordinaries' wages. Such is the system of classifications and ratings; for who is there to say ordinaries do not perform, both directly and indirectly, the duties of higher classifications for lower rating in pay?

Get together.

Anet the quadruple cargo rates:

The argument is, the high rate is temporary and the shipowners, from the bigness of their heart, will give the shippers a break any time now. Listens fine, but the heart isn't present. This is witnessed by the fact that seamen's pay did not rise with the gold rush to shipowners. The tactic: tie the seamen down to an agreement in face of rising rates and cut the seamen's pay in face of falling rates—and keep what you get.

The shipowners did not plead bankruptcy in the single cargo-rate day—but now they say they can't raise \$72.50 on the smaller ships. Eighty-five dollars is small potatoes, and witness the grub—anybody that tells me it is worth more than \$15 is batty and slipping fast. Hundred dollars! Truly the seamen's is the modesty of Maud Muller.

wIw

Gold mine?

The old floating coffins that brought them a fine livelihood and barrels of skads, they were able to sell at a profit to foreign owners; and now, rumor has it, they are prepared to retire well cared for.

Don't believe a word of it. They will not abdicate in favor of foreign pretenders! (Did you ever hear of a man deserting a gold mine?) In a very short time they will blossom forth and bloom, and shine with a string of goldbraided ocean greyhounds—to the glory and profit of themselves.

wIw

Malodorous?

Instead of suffering the mal-odious music of the radio, my beloved countrymen should buy themselves a canary—a singing canary. The canary would take just one look at 'em and quit singing for the rest of its life and we would have peace.

However, you don't need glasses to read the radio news.

Sometimes we think the radio performers are trying to depict a beer saloon brawl and that it's all in fun.

wIw

Economic magicians propose to

cure the economic maladjustment by growing two turnips where one grew before, quite ignoring the fact that two turnips already rot where none rotted before. I suppose that will stop the flow of millions into the pockets of special privilege; just grow two turnips.

I wonder if one wouldn't do just as well by smoking a corn cob pipe with a cigar butt in it or by picking the choice morsels from the plutocrats' swill barrel. Roll out the barrel!

Another mathematical prestidigitator suggests, work 14 hours a day so the big shots can shoot fireworks into the night.

What a pile of building material was wasted when they put up colleges to teach those numbskulls to figure—only 12,000,000 unemployed and 30,000,000 on scant diet.

wIw

There is no sense in us throwing our dirty dishes into the sink and rushing off to Europe to tell them how to swab out cups and saucers—more sense in Chinamen coming over here to show us how to use chopsticks in the alley-way.

wIw

The dictatorships in Europe have the same problem—exploitation of John Workox & Co.; and his son, John Bum.

wIw

The reputation of the IWW is not putting porkchops on our platter today; rather it was the spirit of the IWW then that did it as the spirit of the IWW now does it.

Reputation catches no herring. Past is burried, Future isn't born, Present is here. There are two words that cover it: **Now and Action.**

wIw

Question of war is not material for there is no organization to stay or oppose it; as is, it's a cut and dried proposition. The only material question before the world, for whatever purpose, is organization. Once you have a workers' one big union, you will have no war; once you have industrial democracy, war cannot be found except in a legendary dictionary. Until then discussion of war is merely sound and fury.

Children have donated their metals to Herr Hitler for his birthday, for war uses. Tomorrow our school children will donate their pennies to save the war-torn children of warring nations in foreign lands.

Who will take up a collection to save our war-torn children in case we grow battier than we are today?