



# Economic Royalists Admit Stink

By T-BONE SLIM

Our country was founded on the principle: "Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (certain inalienable rights, among them are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness) it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government."

It does not say that economic royalists shall have the right to institute a new government; they are not "the people."

On the other hand, economic royalists warn us: Institution of a new government and abolition of the old "shall not be done by force," but gently, through the medium of the ballot, payment of poll-tax and hurdling of all other obstacles placed in our path to the ballot box.

What in the world could have brought the word "force" into the minds of these economic giants and their pot-boiling subalterns? Not that I am trying to insinuate the herring might smell sweeter; though I must confess the very words "not by force" are an insinuation that the herring has seen better days.

Perhaps these economic mastodons wish to retain the "use of force" for themselves, they being numerically few and their vote being without echo. Methinks they are overly wrought up about changing the government, for it is suspected in many quarters that governments are preparation for the preservation of parasites' privileges.

Truth can be told even in church. There are just two opinions in the grand USA: the wrong one—and mine.

People do not hate each other. It's just a matter of business. Some times it's necessary, of course, to cut the neighbor's throat or raid his icebox; but it's purely a matter of self-defense, self-preservation—competition.

No man would care to slit a throat just to try out his knife. Thus it is that war is practically a love match. And all these love songs on the radio . . . They are bound to increase the birth rate. Performers try to act downright imbecilic, but the subject matter is so fundamentally sound they appear almost classical—that's better than working on an ice wagon or scrubbing dishes.

We'll need that extra birth rate when we start swapping lands with foreign powers.

Mexico had its Porfirio Diaz. USA had its Albert Fall. Mexico had its oil boom; USA had its T-Pot Dome. At one time—but let "Friday" tell it:

"In a few years of Diaz rule, some 25 individuals, mostly foreigners, acquired 100,000,000 acres of Mexican land; an area equal to New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts and Connecticut—about one-fifth of all Mexico."

That's how fast the oil boys work. Sinclair signed off for \$8,500,000. He's got sense.

"At the time of the strike," Friday continues, "there were about 1,800 workers in the oil industry and their wages were \$1.30 a day. Wages in the USA for the same work were \$4.48 a day. Furthermore, the productivity of oil per worker was 2,325 barrels per annum in Mexico, and only 725 barrels in U. S."

So Mexico "rolled out the barrel" and Standard Oil wept.

You can plow land with battle-ships but you can't raise corn on the seven seas, except in a flower pot.

History is still in the making. There seems to be no way to stop it and it looks like mass production.

Oh, well, dodge the big pieces.

Over in France they have drawn up a new constitution. Over here we are drawing up a new consternation.

The flame of democracy cannot remain alive side by side with industrial autocracy—it will smother it, is smothering it.

Industrial autocracy spells starvation for many, malnutrition for workers, and plague for the parasites. There is no escape other than to get rid of it.

Unemployment is not peculiar to the USA, but it is peculiar to the capitalist system the world over. In India a man sits on the street in inarticulate beggary, flies buzzing around his head, thousands of them, eating him up alive and he hasn't the ambition to "drive them off—

must thoroughly licked, pacific and tolerant.

I wonder what makes human beings so tame as to permit themselves to be devoured alive by parasites? Similar conditions prevail in all lands where white man's civilization has taken boot-hold.

There is in process of consumption in this and other lands a mass of living and breathing derelicts, victims of the predatory activities of their lords and masters.

History tells of a period in England when the "singing fools" came up from the lowlands and freed England of her lords. (I didn't write that history.) Since then, whenever England wasn't clamping crowns on foreign rakes, she was busy in the creation of a peerage and with enabling the gentry of commercial connivance, too far gone for any semblance of virtue or yen for reconstruction.

But it cannot happen here. The millionaires in our legislative halls are as safe as babes in mothers' arms, for we are a pacific and tolerant people and no "singing fools" are coming. We love to suffer!

"Name me not among the defeated."

It is reported that on one occasion when George Bernard Shaw stepped to the front to make his bow before applauding thousands, he heard a strong-voiced singer from the gallery yell "Boo."

"I agree with you, sir," said GBS, "but, after all, what are we two against so many?"

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