



# Some Crooks Are Bigger Than Others

By T-BONE SLIM

Employing class is in good health because it doesn't eat the kind of garbage we eat. They look better, too—and last longer.

It is not a question of will fascism save capitalism. Capitalism is hiding behind capitalism. Democracy is one of its many disguises.

How do you like your capitalism, with or without dressing? Rigged up like a Hollywood queen, or horns, hoofs and claws?

If you do not think capitalism is done for, consider the scarcity of poorhouses (to care for our 30 million odd dispossessed and their dependents) and the disinclination of politicians to stick up new ones or repair the old.

Not that I am endorsing the system of poorhouses—for one egg a year on Easter is nothing to brag about. I have a right to assume that the rest of the eggs go to poverty stricken politicians in the form of cash or henfruit. In view of the large flocks of chickens the paupers care for, what becomes of the roosters is equally a mystery to the inmates of man's generosity.

It is no longer city plundering. They call it city planning, and politicians sleep better. Great stress is placed on long-term planning. That means the goodly city fathers are not to lay "a rake" on each individual improvement as it comes along but that they are to confine their genius to extracting toll or tribute on the whole related undertaking.

Conversion of a plant from peace time pursuits to war time use is no more difficult than ditching a shovel and picking up a rifle, and munitions makers have no tenable claim to other compensation than the standard war-trade rate, a dollar a day.

I still maintain the opinion this war is phony. Capitalism fights on the side of totalitarianism for world dominion and is not yet repudiated; and, on the other hand, capitalism fights on the side of imperialism in the garb of democracy, and I do most solemnly affirm the war is phony or I'm screwier than usual.

In either case the workers stand to lose—and die to win. "Winnah takes the dough." (He's dead.)

Low-rating the foreigners must cease instantly or the Indians will get a notion they trusted the USA to frail hands. One foreigner accusing another doesn't make robust sense.

The ones that control the machines make the laws . . . "There is none righteous, no not one" Some are bigger crooks than others, however.

Some employers, when they discharge workers, leave them with the impression it is because of alien policy. They do not, however, employ full-blooded Americans to take the place of the "aliens." Here again the impression is left that the patriots already in the plant can handle the extra work.

Third Assistant to Assistant: Would it not be a good idea to send some dumb-bells and Indian-clubs out to the right-of-way so that the extragang boys can exercise while waiting for a train to pass?

Super Super Supervisor: No, we've already got too many dumbbells out there.

"I would go to war willingly," said an Irishman, "if I were compelled to go."—Readers' Digest.

It is said voluntary enlistment puts a burden on the good and willing but that conscription spreads the glory or grief on saint and sinner alike.

Under present circumstances enlistment is not wholly voluntary; money has ceased to circulate and the stomach is holering "bloody murder"—join the army or starve, say the economic appeasers.

What is the difference between conscription with all the power of industrial autocracy behind it, or conscription with all the power of government behind it?

Seems to me the relative merits of voluntary enlistment and conscription do not lend themselves as an argument in favor of compulsion. Those may be diesel words but I will not go into details as to the acceptableness of the independent souls in the bosses' doghouse or of such wistful wraiths that were found too frail for heavy logging. Sufficient to say, under conscription they can get a better and beefier pick.

'Tis a small world and the people in it are not much bigger. And N. M.

Butler has it, man is "dead at 30, buried at 60." (Looks like a slug to me.)

The only kind of piece work I'll do is pick watermelons. It takes a very few to make a bushel.

Man may not be the captain of his soul in this alien economy, and he may not be even the architect of his destiny, but that does not mean that he should be a contributing factor in his own destruction. The boss does not need your help to destroy you and the aid you offer does not make the destruction more complete.

It is idle to blame heredity for any sourness of spirit you may possess (it is self-manufactured, just like stubbing your toe). Sourness of spirit is an element of defeatism, a condition where selfishness takes one on the chin. Loss of faith in your fellow man may very easily result not from what he does, but from what you think, and exercising of such thoughts can readily transform you into a charter member of the ancient order of sourpusses. Had not Eve been so fond of apples, you'd be sitting pretty now—in paradise.

Isn't there an alibi further back that you can trot out as cause of present day ills?

Join the IWW and we'll stick up a few paradises right here in the good old USA—to start with.

Perhaps you have not yet joined the IWW? There, didn't I tell you? It's not what you did but what you didn't do that makes the puss look like a siege of major catastrophies.

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