



# Republicans Say It's Their Turn To Mismanage

By T-BONE SLIM

More work has been done this year than in any of the past eleven years, but it has not benefitted the stiff, but a certain stratum of those living in heaven. And for those that did in heaven, the pay was sparse. Children work, the industrial metropolises are still looking fresh.

Failure to carry on organization in the period of adversity gives the employees a new opportunity for take-off—and what the employees take off is lost forever to the working class.

Steel production forecast for U. S. plants—it may exceed 44,000,000 tons. Are you getting your share of steel?

Farmer is sitting on the top of the heap!

Top of the heap of grain, to be sure; and he is shading his eyes as if he were looking for rain. But no, he is looking for foreign markets . . . He cannot sell foreign because of war. After the war he cannot sell foreign because of peace.

He can't, he can't, he can't—because of flood, because of drought, because of earthquake—well, because.

All around the heap, his countrymen are on their knees. No, they are not weeding union-cats; they are praying. "Gimme," they plead. And that reminds me: the farmer can give his crop away and get busy raising another one. Isn't life grand under the parasites' system?

The less the farmer gets for his crop, the higher the percentage-cost of his machinery. As a selling corporation, or union, the farmer is Johnny-come-lately and the avenues of escape seem blocked. Failure of the farmer to organize in time contributed to economic difficulties of which he is not the only victim.

"Oh well, the government will help him!"

What windrous faith. Since when is government a producer?

Last words of Juniper P. Gilbreck: "Son, don't forget the dia-count."

Republicans are sore because of the past "eight years of mismanagement in Washington." They sincerely feel they ought to be allowed to mismanage for a while.

What a bunch of scissorbills! Farmers and harvest workers are paying price-plus for one-third quality overalls. Wearing those, St. Pete would lock the gate on them.

Whenever owners of industry feel they cannot hold their power, they let the control fall into the hands of government. Nothing more remarkable happens than sidestepping a demand, and government then serves as front for industrial overlords.

That's how weak the employers are; they bring their burdens to the bankers', landlords' and employers' government. The set-up is self-evident. Common run of politicians are ham-and-egg yokels, impervious to all improvement.

Henry A. Walrus speaks at the Armory tonight. Henry is a good talker, but let me point out that every time a hobo bums a cup of coffee he's got to make a "Gettysburg Address"—nothing less. Orators are not all dead yet. They walk the earth.

The IWW is age-proof for three reasons:

First, it offers a complete program.

Second, (the thought escapes me.)

Third, it is in the struggle until emancipation has been achieved—and then the celebration.

Once emancipation has been achieved, labor saving devices will sprout like mushrooms over night. It's worth organizing for, if but to brag about.

Applesauce can be as varied as the name implies. There are 7,500 varieties of American apples.

Considerable "class leveling" is accomplished by "pineapples." Across the pond, Billingsgate and Oxford march arm in arm to the air raid shelters. Same holds true of Germany. But isn't it rather a noisy way to bring about a classless society? Kill and be killed?

Workers don't know how to promote themselves, they depend upon employers to promote them. That is

that defect! Let's look at the record.

Employers promote themselves from part-time employees to full-fledged bosses, and so on, from company to trust, to cartel. They promote themselves with their own little brains (self-grown and hired); while before they skinned only one in a neighborhood, they now skin thousands.

Thus it appears that promotion by "self-service" is the best policy. Don't call me a liar. Look at where the worker is: between the handles of a dumbbell. You prevent it: the workers should join the Industrial Workers and help themselves to a ration of promotion.

Reverend running for a third term joins the chances of two-thirds of the school children being president. Wilkie, too, could help the cause along by refusing to run.

"Business man," for president." Yah, bo, a tired business man must have an outlet for his enthusiasm.

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