



# Business Will Serve, If You Have Money

By T-BONE SLIM

The best example of mass production is Walter Winchell.

Railroads are calling back their old hands that have been on the shelf these past eight years.

They must report or lose seniority and pension rights. But before they can return to work they must pass a physical examination. The doctor can cull them. He can cull them but not cure them.

The workers cannot cull the doctor (inside the law) because the doctor is paid by the boss. Ha! a strike against physical examination does it. There's another strike I had in mind, but it escapes me. Maybe you can think of something.

Culling workers and testifying against them in court is a pretty low form of pastime for a "healer."

If you're going to bury capitalism you may as well toss old style unionism into the same grave.

Democracy that is not of, by and for the rank and file is phony.

"To the rich shall be given"—overalls.

"From the poor shall be taken"—rags.

Most of the information we get from plutocratic sources is off-suit, off-color, off the subject and non-material.

Three-quarters of the workers are still minus buying power (as per requirements) and the splurge of war industry workers will soon be an idle dream.

Well, anyhow, American journalism sold the bluebellied Yankee six months worth of information that wasn't so. Get your money back and subscribe for the Industrial Worker.

A guy and his two sons were deported from New York to Wooster, O., in compliance with a deportation order secured by relief authorities. It was decided that Ohio should support them, and not New York.

Well and good, but couldn't they just as well have sent their board bill to Ohio through the mails and spared them the risk of all that travel?

A year ago (May 15) Buffalo News had it: 'You can't side with a foreign leader and renounce all interest in his crimes. When you adopt

a pet skunk, you must take the smell, too."

"In seven years, by careful management, Sir John Ellerman succeeded in doubling the \$73,000,000 he inherited from his shipping magnate father." (UP—Daily Mirror).

That's a matter of \$10,000,000 a year. His seamen worked for very humble wages—and they are still humble.

Now poor, dear Sir John makes \$4,000,000 a year but when the Sir Chancellor of the Exchequer gets through with it, Sir John (of the Ellermans) has left but a mere pittance, \$120,000 a year. That's \$325 a day, including holidays.

The panic is on, Britishers!

Figures are facts; promises are wind. And they say "seamen don't pay taxes."

New York City has plenty of wharfage for the elite travel—a sign of the marvelous foresight of the city's planners.

If the war lasts a few years, such wharfage will be dedicated to the vicissitudes of wind, weather and want.

This does not mean the depression-prosperity is a total flop—plenty of restaurants have opened up near the shipyards, and Washington Market has had its face lifted.

All this indicates business will gather wherever the folks have money, and it may be the part of wisdom to segregate these blessings in a few selected locales. I wouldn't know, but I have a hunch we all should have money and be surrounded by businessmen, rubbing their hands, all anxious to serve.

You can't keep them from serving (if you have money). Notice the way they move their stores plumb up against the railroad depot and all around the city hall.

There is a struggle in this country between capital and labor as to which shall gather in the war profits. A segment of labor is so organized that it can "impress" capital. Capital is so organized in its various influences that it hopes to enforce its demands, willi-nilli. And a third influence is "on the take" with great promises of being successful.

But the point is, there is a struggle.