



## The Lady In Question

Without a doubt the greatest gathering of men, since the time of Sam Adams and Tom Jefferson, have foregathered in Chicago—it is the I. W. W. convention.

Lest you think that I am spreading it on thick I will emphasize my statement by repeating it and adding to it, thusly: The greatest bunch of men of all time are assembled in Chicago, Ill., for the purpose of devising ways and means to liberate the wage slaves the world over from their yoke of economic insecurity.

You may still think that our writer is a little reckless in his statements but let me tell you: When did I ever lie to you?

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Where in all this sorrowing world has there ever been such a gathering—it being conceded that the I. W. W. is growing bigger, better and stronger—and, for such a purpose! Where in all this poor exploited world has there ever congregated a body of men that compares with these serious-minded workers resolved to make easier the "lot" of those who perforce must labor to produce the necessities the whole world enjoys. Where is the meeting, prior to this, that ever alleviated the "lot" of those that sweat in the summer time and freeze in the winter? Nowhere. Never has there been such a meeting.

Where is the convention that ever smoothed the path for him that toils in the industries to the limit of his endurance and starves to the "breaking point" during periods of unemployment; for him that would even now do more if he could endure more.

I tell you without guile that each and every convention heretofore has used man's endurance, as a guide, in mapping out betterments for the working class, and I tell you without resort to any subterfuge that a working man's endurance has always been the standard they used in calculating how far they would go.

Therefore, if all previous gatherings served the workers little, if slaves are still slaves and parasites are parasites still, it goes far to prove that all conventions heretofore cannot compare with this; the expression of a more or less alive working class.

It is said of a good man that he must have had a good mother—so, too, it is with delegates. If a delegate is good, a good membership has selected him . . . . You can have it anyway you desire.

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If we, of the I. W. W., remain alive at all times, our delegate will always be full of vigor; but if we, ourselves, doze off to sleep our delegates will disturb us with their snores. I have only one advice to give you, my son: Call the meeting to order and then call another one.

Now to show you the very real danger in drifting along dreamily, taking no part in the very necessary work of the organization, its referendums, forums, etc., I will tell you a story and at the same time remind you that the I. W. W. is now getting along in years—it is almost old enough to vote—and, if it won't do business now it may die of old age without a successor . . .

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Bill Nye had a date with a girl, and being punctual in such matters Bill went down to the livery stable to hire a horse and buggy. Unfortunately Bill was a little late and had to take what was left in the barn—an old nag and a rickety old buggy. With much urging, the nag succeeded in cutting down the distance, to the girl's home, and Bill unloaded himself to notify his girl that the "carriage awaits without." "Just a minute, says the girl. I will change my dress."

Well, you know how girls are. Bill waited and waited and waited. After what seemed an indeterminate sentence the girl finally came out, powdered like a cream puff and smelling like a creosote plant. She gave the old nag one look, sized up the outfit, and then put her foot down.

"Why, William Nye," says she; "not one step will I move behind that old plug. Why, he's liable to fall to pieces any minute."

"Allow me to tell you, Miss—," says Bill, in his dignified way, "that 'plug' was a prancing young colt when I arrived here."

As I was saying: the I. W. W. is getting along in years—a prancing young colt.

The A. F. of L., too, at one time was a prancing young colt.

Now, my point is, both of these organizations are at the disposal of the American working class. One is a prancing young colt now, and the other has been forty years ago.

If you've got far to go, I'd advise you to get behind the I. W. W. but, of course, if you are going only a short distance, you better walk . . . or, else, you may have a dead horse on your hands before your girl is able to change her dress.

The American Working Class is the "Lady" in question.—(T-bone Slim.)