

VIEWS OF THE STRUGGLE

By T-BONE SLIM

WE ARE ONE

PART ONE

Man is not a natural beggar—he acquires the habit. It is only after much practice that he becomes proficient in this "profession"—frown'd upon by "better" people. Once a beggar becomes proficient, he is looked upon with suspicion and kindly tolerance.

He knows he is a beggar and he knows the system has made him so. And keenly does he feel the "disgrace" of his position.

I am referring to the beggar gathering "Jumps," pennies and dimes—for it is he that has a clear conception of the "depths" to which he has fallen. Men shun him, estrangle him and women draw their skirts away as he passes. Nothing can be more despicable—a beggar.

The workman, when he asks for work, is a different proposition entirely; he begs for an opportunity to earn, not a meal, but a series of meals—a livelihood. And sometimes his pleadings are pitiful in the extreme. Nothing can be more despicable—a beggar. The youthful swain whispering tender words in his sweetheart's ear is every bit as earnest as "the tramp" on the back porch, and if he isn't a beggar—what is he? "Give me your hand," he begs until his voice grows husky with emotion, trembles (what do you know about that!). It is begging! It is not understanding.

She, ah—She has slipped him a beg in front of a mirror before he arrived, even as he has greased his hair and perfumed his pants. (I know I shouldn't mention "pants," it looks as bad as sprinkling heliotrope upon

2. Console yourself not. It is not moral suasion.—It is begging.
3. If you don't like begging or begging, organize to do away with begging—the beggars will then become doers.
4. Join the I. W. W. for better or worse—but, for a change.
5. We can hope to arrive nowhere by begging... We are ONE.

PART TWO

Reading the capitalists' daily papers one invariably gets the idea that the capitalist system is wholly honest—if not that, it is largely honest—if not that, it is over half honest—if not that, then a third honest—if not a third, then at least, a part is honest; that honesty is not entirely foreign to it—that a trace of honesty can be found in it—if not, then truly the poor, poor people are in a sorry plight and quite unable to "blight their trough," as the poet would say—if not that, then indeed it is crooked....

You don't see any of the radical papers praising the capitalist system—the reason for this is the system isn't theirs—and if you want to read praises, for the system, you'll have to read the capitalist's papers. They won't run down their own system no matter how drunk the editors may be; no matter how rotten and crooked the system may be, always, always the press will come out with: *It might be worse!* Praise, praise, nothing but....

The printing of big scandals by the press has been a source of great grief to many of us, when we inadvertently happen to pick up one of them—as it cluttered our path. Good Gosh, what else is there for it to print? What else than a bone would a dog speak

IV.
Where is that certain limousine I heard you speak about?
And where's my health—that's what I mean; I'll tell you to your smut:
The only health you've left me, sir, is half a dozen pains—
The limousines you said would whir Are dirty cattle trains.

V.

The only jewels, that I know, Are those before you laid;
And all the clothes that I can show Are from the prison trade.
The comfort you have blest me with Is sleeping, in a cage—
My wealth and power is a myth; My consolation, age.

VI.

The palace, ah—upon the hill— That was to drive the gloom
Turned out to be a paper mill; My den—a boiler room.
The wife—she of the stuff of dreams— Somehow it leaves a smart;
For all the cockeyed world, it seems, I'm wedded to my art.

(That's all right, fellows. Seventh verse:)

The very things you said you'd give Were taken from my hide;
You've grafted all, and as I live You've got my goat and pride.
Oh, you was there, as ever—blythe To boast—and tell me how—
I wonder what you'll fool me with A hundred years from now?

P. S.—Say Boomer, Petrus, what was it Pearl Diver said about "Leap Year?"
Help! Help! Dublin Dan!!
(A crude outline. Cannot work on it—it's like one of those Four-minute men speeches, cut out "Air" desirable!)

THE OUTCAST

It lay upon the ground—a picture of despair. Alone and forlorn, there it was, right on the dirty, filthy street; just off the sidewalk.

First an individual, then a multitude, passed it by—without noticing the way it lied.

I would have gathered it up in my arms—only, my doctrine was absolutely and positively against it—it was—a capitalist newspaper.—(J. P. L.)



a pair of trousers). What I mean is: he has shed Sen-Sen to take the smell of the supper from his breath. I give up—he pants like a dog on a hot day—a beggar. Nothing can be more despicable.

A child in the cradle cries no doubt because it doesn't know how to beg—helpless.

Space forbids comment. A blind beggar puts out a card; a mail-order house puts out a catalogue—Beggars! Corporations beg councils, preachers beg gods, gods beg people.—Big beggars; little beggars—the little one begging the big one and the big one begging the small one—it seems to be a begging proposition all around. Alas! That naïf's masterpiece is a beggar (in one of his many degrees of affluence).

The august senator of the people, views with pride and announces with pleasure: "My BEG is in the ring."

Religious organizations shake "the pots" in the loop. Their beg sounds like a famous Detroit motor car on hard footing.

1. Oh You Beggars. Verily, verily I say unto you, the system makes beggars of you.

of if it could talk? What other than a manure pile would a blowfly mention if it could swing king's English as well as the press does?

Take heart, fellow workers. Rotten is that rotten does and the press must have its "murders, robberies, divorces, rapes—all about the big scandal, Extreme!" although we, you and I, would much rather read about the smaller scandal, the legalized confiscation of the major portion of the products of labor.

Good, great, kind, patient Labor.

TRAGIC MOMENTS

As on my downy couch I slept
A bedbug from the ceiling leapt
And on my person proudly stept
As I slept.

S'treptiously, like one adept,
Upon my pulsing frame it swept
While I—within my dreams was kept;
I wept.

And while I slept the bedbug crept,
And all was still—quite still,
Except:

"Yes, I'm guilty," the bourgeois said,
And bowing his eyes he winked his head;
"Guilty of all the crimes you name,
But this y'ere slave is not to blame."

II.

The bedbug clave unto me snug
And, in it's way, it tried to hug;
For it was such a loving bug
It made me shrug.
Oh, it was such a joyous thug,
With such a pretty, ariling mug,
I never thought that it would slug—
It dug.

And as I rolled upon the rug,
I listened to the bourgeois-plug:
"I'm guilty as hell," the bourgeois sighs,
With drooping heels and trembling eyes;
"I've never done right—I emptied the vault,
But this y'ere slave was never at fault."

III.

The bedbug too fell out of bed,
(As if the two of us were wed)
And he alas, it must be said:
—Lost his head.
And when his gay young life was fled,
I gazed upon the mangled dead
And saw: With Blood it had been fed—
Red.

And as I clambered back in bed,
I sorrowed for the life it led.
"I'm guilty is right," the bourgeois cried
With pale blue tones and ghastly pride—
"I've done my dirt," he (almost) screams,
"While this y'ere slave
Was bucking
Dreams."

(T-B. S., Aided and Abetted by R.)

100 YEARS FROM NOW

A DISCORD

It Makes No Difference What You

VIEWS OF THE S

WE ARE ONE

PART ONE

Man is not a natural beggar—he acquires the habit. It is only after much practice that he becomes proficient in this "profession"—frown'd upon by "better" people. Once a beggar becomes proficient, he is looked upon with suspicion and kindly tolerance.

He knows he is a beggar and he knows the system has made him so. And keenly does he feel the "disgrace" of his position.

I am referring to the beggar gathering "lumps," pennies and dimes—for it is he that has a clear conception of the "depths to which he has fallen." Men shun him, ostracise him and women draw their skirts away as he passes. Nothing can be more despicable—a beggar.

The workingman, when he asks for work, is a different proposition entirely; he begs for an opportunity to earn, not a meal, but a series of meals—a livelihood. And sometimes his pleadings are pitiful in the extreme. Nothing can be more despicable—a beggar. The youthful swain whispering tender words in his sweetheart's ear is every bit as earnest as "the tramp" on the back porch, and if he isn't a beggar—what is he?

"Give me your hand," he begs until his voice grows husky with emotion, trembles (what do you know about that!). It is begging? It is not understanding.

She, ah—She has slipped him a beg in front of a mirror before he arrived, even as he has greased his hair and perfumed his pants. (I know I shouldn't mention "pants;" it looks as bad as sprinkling heliotrope upon

2. Conso
suation.—

3. If yo
organize
beggars w

4. Join
but, for a

5. We c
ging . . .

Reading
invariably
system is
largely he
honest—in
if not a th
that hone
that a tr
—if not,
are in a
"plight th
—if not

You de
praising
for this
you want
you'll ha
They, wo
matter h
matter h
may be,
out with
nothing

The p
has been
of us, w
up one
Good Ge
What e



a pair of trousers). What I mean is: he has chewed Sen-Sen to take the smell of the supper from his breath. I give up—he pants like a dog on a hot day—a beggar. Nothing can be more despicable.

A child in the cradle cries no doubt because it doesn't know how to beg—helpless. Space forbids comment.

A blind beggar puts out a card; a mail-order house puts out a catalogue—Beggars! Corporations beg councils, preachers beg gods, gods beg people.—Big beggars; little beggars—the little one begging the big one and the big one begging the small one—it seems to be a begging proposition all around. Alas! That naure's masterpiece is a beggar (in one of his many degrees of affluence).

The august senator of the people, views with pride and announces with pleasure: "My BEG is in the ring."

Religious organizations shake "the pots" in the loop. Their beg sounds like a famous Detroit motor car on hard footing.

1. Oh You Beggars. Verily, verily I say unto you, the system makes beggars of you.

of if
manu
could
press

Tak
that
its "
all ab
we, y
about
fiscal
ducts
Go

As o
A be
And

S'rey
Upon
Whi

And
And

SELF HYPNOTISM

"Ye

2. Console yourself now. It is not moral suasion.—It is begging.

3. If you don't like begging or beggars, organize to do away with begging—the beggars will then become doers.

4. Join the I. W. W. for better or worse—but, for a change.

5. We can hope to arrive nowhere by begging . . . We are ONE.

PART TWO.

Reading the capitalists' daily papers one invariably gets the idea that the capitalists' system is wholly honest—if not that, it is largely honest—if not that, it is over half honest—if not that, then a third honest—if not a third, then at least, a part is honest; that honesty is not entirely foreign to it—that a trace of honesty can be found in it—if not, then truly the poor, poor people are in a sorry plight and quite unable to "plight their trough," as the poet would say—if not that, then indeed it is crooked. . . .

You don't see any of the radical papers praising the capitalist system—the reason for this is the system isn't theirs—and if you want to read praises, for the system, you'll have to read the capitalist's papers. They won't run down their own system no matter how drunk the editors may be; no matter how rotten and crooked the system may be, always, always the press will come out with: *It might be worse!* Praise, praise, nothing but . . .

The printing of big scandals by the press has been a source of great grief to many of us, when we inadvertently happen to pick up one of them—as it cluttered our path. Good Gosh, what else is there for it to print? What else than a bone would a dog speak

Where is
I heard
And whe
I'll tell
The only
Is half
The lim
Are dirt

The onl
Are tho
And all
Are fro
The cou
Is sleep
My wea
My con

The 'pa
That v
Turned
My de
The w
Someh
For al
I'm wa

(That

The v
Were
You've
You've
Oh, y
To be
I wor
A hu

P.
Pearl

(A c
like c
cut c

It.
pair.
on th
walk
Fi
pass
lied.

I
only
tive
pap

F

I
rat
cap
per
ins
"G
res
tes
he
wo
do
wo
gu

se
"I
he
fr
ex
pi

to
w
a
"t
tl
c
n



is: he
l of the
up—he
beggar.

oubt be-
helpless.

a mail-
beggars!
ers beg
rs; little
big one
one—it
tion all
sterpiece
egrees of

le, views
pleasure:

the pots"
a famous
rily I say
rs. of you.

SM

d Thanks-
by a hun-
ed me for
When he
was labor-
otism, ac-
he was un-

of if it could talk? What other than a manure pile would a blowfly mention if it could swing king's English as well as the press does?

Take heart, fellow workers. Rotten is that rotten does and the press must have its "murders, robberies, divorces, rapes—all about the big scandal, Extree!" although we, you and I, would much rather read about the smaller scandal, the legalized confiscation of the major portion of the products of labor.

Good, great, kind, patient Labor.

TRAGIC MOMENTS

As on my downy couch I slept
A bedbug from the ceiling leapt
And on my person proudly stept
As I slept.

S'repticiously, like one adept,
Upon my pulsing frame it swept
While I—within my dreams was kept;
I wept.

And while I slept the bedbug crept,
And all was still—quite still;

Except:

"Yes, I'm guilty," the bourgeois said,
And bowing his eyes he winked his head;
"Guilty of all the crimes you name,
But this y're slave is not to blame."

II.

The bedbug clave unto me snug
And, in it's way, it tried to hug;
For it was such a loving bug
It made me shrug.

Oh, it was such a joyous thug,
With such a pretty, smiling mug,
I never thought that it would slug—

ducts of labor.
Good, great, kind, patient Labor.

TRAGIC MOMENTS

As on my downy couch I slept
A bedbug from the ceiling leapt
And on my person proudly stept
As I slept.
S'repticiously, like one adept,
Upon my pulsing frame it swept
While I—within my dreams was kept;
I wept.
And while I slept the bedbug crept,
And all was still—quite still,

Except:

"Yes, I'm guilty," the bourgeois said,
And bowing his eyes he winked his head;
"Guilty of all the crimes you name,
But this y'ere slave is not to blame."

II.

The bedbug clave unto me snug
And, in it's way, it tried to hug;
For it was such a loving bug
It made me shrug.
Oh, it was such a joyous thug,
With such a pretty, smiling mug,
I never thought that it would slug—
It dug.

And as I rolled upon the rug,
I listened to the bourgeois-plug:
"I'm guilty as hell," the bourgeois sighs,
With drooping heels and trembling eyes;
"I've never done right—I emptied the vault,
But this y'er slave was never at fault."

III.

The bedbug too fell out of bed,
(As if the two of us were wed)
And he alas, it must be said:
—Lost his head.

And when his gay young life was fled,
I gazed upon the mangled dead
And saw: With Blood it had been fed—
Red.

And as I clambered back in bed,
I sorrowed for the life it led.
"I'm guilty is right," the bourgeois cried
With pale blue tones and ghastly pride—
"I've done my dirt," he (almost) screams,
"While this y'ere slave
Was bucking
Dreams."

(T-B. S., Aided and Abetted by R.)

100 YEARS FROM NOW

A DISCORD

(Air: It Makes No Difference What You
Were).

No Chorus. (Portland County Jail).

You promised me a lot of things—
With nothing much to do;
And all the joys that money brings,
If I would work for you;
You would not turn your back to me,
You'd see me through with wealth;
And in your daylight factory
You'd guard my very health.

II.

You said you'd dress me up in style
And make a man of me;
I'd learn the business after 'while
And get way up in G;
You said the stuff that's in me was
For something better meant—
And, that you scarcely dare to buzz:
"Our future President."

III.

Indeed you filled my youthful dome
With dreams of gold, bizarre;
You promised me a happy home,
And showed me it—afar;
You kindled in my breast a flame,
A longing for a wife—
Oh, you was there with bells—for shame!
To tone me for the strife.

He r
rates.
capital
penalt
instead
"Greek
read:
tes ha
he ha
would
do an
would
guilt."

He
self a
"If he
he de
free q
exper
pic vi

Wh
to re
which
amou
"The
this
cond
majo
him

It
who,
him:
Hon
thro
prof

Th
muc
Ang
selv
- T
jury
ney

"
cusa
my
me
And
sing
/
cut
tea
pla

Fin
Sir
Wa

Th
Th
In
By
Of
W
Th
A
In
O
A
O
H
T
L
O
V
F
V
A
T
T

LE By T-BONE SLIM

IV.

Where is that certain limousine
I heard you speak about?
And where's my health—that's what I mean;
I'll tell you to your smout:
The only health you've left me, sir,
Is half a dozen pains—
The limousines you said would whirl
Are dirty cattle trains.

V.

The only jewels, that I know,
Are those before you laid;
And all the clothes that I can show
Are from the prison trade.
The comfort you have blest me with
Is sleeping, in a cage—
My wealth and power is a myth;
My consolation, age.

VI.

The palace, ah—upon the hill—
That was to drive the gloom
Turned out to be a paper mill;
My den—a boiler room.
The wife—she of the stuff of dreams—
Somehow it leaves a smart;
For all the cockeyed world, it seems,
I'm wedded to my art.

(That's all right, fellows. Seventh verse:)

The very things you said you'd give
Were taken from my hide;
You've grafted all, and as I live
You've got my goat and pride.
Oh, you was there, as ever—blythe
To boost—and tell me how—
I wonder what you'll fool me with
A hundred years from now?

P. S.—Say Boomer, Petrus, what was it
Pearl Diver said about Leap Year?

Help! Help! Dublin Dan!!

(A crude outline. Cannot work on it—it's
like one of those Four-minute men speeches
cut out "Air" desirable?).