Hairs

"Jurisdictional Disputes."

Just now found out the meaning of those words. It also occurs to me that maybe my fellow workers are too busy with capitalism to give them a thought (you knew the I. W. W. is having a jurisdictional dispute with capital) so I hasten to "study"—for them.

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We've got to bring in the "Barber Trade" as an example. In fact, several of my barber friends have requested me to remember them in my glory (not knowing the full depth of my depravity).

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The labor world has been racked from "rolls to bunk-chains" with jurisdictional disputes over the "trade." Accusation after affirmation has been hurled over "no man's land" in the Beard and Hair Workers Industry. Calumny, vituperation, clippers and blasphemy have been called upon to bear witness that this "trade" belongs to this or that jurisdiction. What's that? You hadn't heard about it? Huh, I though so. *I thought so.* That shows how much you get 'round.

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The painters and decorators claim the trade because the "man" is smeared from ear to wishbone with white-lead and turpentine. The Ancient Order of Wool Gathers of Montana laid violent hands upon the victim's hair, disputing the claim of the Noble Redskins Benevolent Scalp-Lifters Organization. The interests of the Potato Peelers Junior League are being tended by the walking delegate of the Bark Peelers and Pilers Amalgamation of the Northwest.

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The Master Butchers and Meat Cutters have been granted an injunction against the Leather Scrapers and Hide Trimmers, in the District Court of Hard Virtue, on the grounds of cruelty to mammals. The Twine Twisters Textile Fraternity insists that hair-kinking and moustache-curling comes under the head of rope-twirling over which the T. T. T. F. has had jurisdiction for years.

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The cooks of North America sent over an investigation committee to inquire into the process of par-boiling a man with hot towels.

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The ex-Bartenders Service Club demanded all rights to handle the bay rum and hair oil.

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The Lime Burners and Slakers have challenged the claim of the painters and decorators on the ground that lather comes under head of mortar mixing.

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The I. W. W. is also implicated somehow or other.

What! You haven't heard about it? Is that so?

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You see how it is, editor. I've got to go all over it and explain the "hull" thing from beginning to Kalamazoo.

Gentlemen of the Jury: I will prove to you the man has been in that barber chair two hours. I will prove that the man is now unconscious, made so with a brick-layer's hammer. I will show that the brick-layer had no business in this jurisdictional dispute and that the "brickish" color of the victim's hair was no warrant for him to interfere and lay out the man (accidently) while making an (intentional) pass at a plasterer; and I will show the plasterer had no business to be there making rash claims that talcum powder is nothing more than a dry white-wash.

Judge, your honor, may it please the court, this man here in the chair is an unconscious victim of a jurisdictional dispute. With no acrimony in his soul, real money in his pocket, he came into this barber shop to get shaved. We will show that this peace loving respected citizen knew all along that he couldn't get a decent shave, nevertheless, like a true public-spirited patriot he sacrificed himself on the altar of jurisdiction. We will show that the most our client expected was a few kind words, a little soap in his ears, a scalding towel or two and a few strokes of a razor—a shave he never expected. He knew in his innermost heart that the hot towels would cause his face to puff out beyond the limits of his beard and that the razor would pass over the ends of the buried hairs. With staunch faith and Christian charity he anticipated something more than a foul blow, i. e. the soothing sensation of minute particles of talcum rolling into the gaping pores of his skin left open by the sunken hairs.

And there he lies, motionless, his neck almost broken, his face shrouded in a week's growth of hair.

By this time the unhappy man expected to be in the bosom of his family recovering from his burns. Yet, here he still lies, untortured—buffeted by gales of hate, trampled under the heels of Civil Warfare in Labor's Ranks, an unprotesting *job* under dispute. Look at his calm. . . .

The man is waking! We shall hear his side of the story.

My good man, how did this jurisdictional dispute commence?

"Commence? Why, a bunch of brothers came in here, simply claimed the job (each for his union) and started a free for all. It tickled me because I knew they were all in the wrong. None of them is entitled to this work and I'll prove it to you. You mustn't think that because I'm a gandy dancer that I don't know anything."

"The job comes under the head of "surfacing" and belongs to me . . . of the maintenance . . ."

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Let me do it! Oh, brothers, won't you please let me do it, my breast is yearning for work—bursting for work. Don't be selfish!

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P. S.—The jurisdictional dispute between capital and industrial unionism deserves a special article. A few kind words, editor.

—T-Bone Slim.