

...ears the past nine days, "Blind leaders of the blind."

Someone is playing a joke on my feelings.

Are we blind? Are we blind as well as ignorant? Have we leaders? Are the leaders near-sighted also? A fine state of affairs, if true.

Fortunately for us it isn't true. Right now the working class is able to see thru any amount of "boiler plate" dished out to them.

"Blind and led."—An insult pure and simple; a premise of a full grown mind become disordered; a refuge of a knave disclaimed to shoulder any responsibility for existing social evils; an apostle of hopelessness—forgive them for they knoweth not at they doeth.

All the way down the ages have slaves fought masters. Not because they were ignorant but because they were intelligent. Never was a system of oppression inaugurated but the slaves found its weak point broke through towards freedom. Were we ignorant? Are we imbeciles? Savagery, barbarism, feudalism have come and gone—gone! Capitalism came with its slavery. It isn't gone yet but if I'm a scissorbill, it looks like a goner. Feudal slavery wage slavery will go and Industrial slavery will make its bow to the hard-fought world.

In the industries of today many a slick counter-scheme is "put through" by scissorbills. Never was a time clock introduced that could not be out-generalled by workers. Never was a watchman born could watch them. Never has there been a boss who could handle them. Napoleon, Nicholas, Wilhelm, etc., all look like scissorbills to labor. "One look of thy eye, oh stroke of thy arm, oh labor!"—

Scissorbills all over the country speak for labor intelligence. Great walkouts, small strikes and individual walkouts of today prove me that labor must know something and is not wrong. And if they know, they cannot be ignorant of the facts! Yes, scissorbills. Only too damn well does labor know!! And what they know would fill a damn big book!!! And if they were in the I. W. W., the I. W. W. would fill a damn big union!!!!

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buck the system that is wearying him, freezing him and starving him. On the side lines, the capitalist dogs are barking at him, "You poor boob; you poor simp; you ignorant, etc." It is a heart-breaking struggle, and today, the American wage slave needs encouragement more than anything else; more than we can give. Let us not deny him his just dues.

In closing let me say that I have relied on assertions, in this article, extensively. To say, "labor is ignorant," is an assertion, and is not proof. Those fond of making the latter assertion let them offer their proofs and the editor will be pleased to let them "saw their throats."

My position is so self-evidently truthful that I need introduce no further evidence. Still I will hark back to the statement, "Scissor have I been, scissor I am, and scissor will I be—until I die—unorganized."

I feel that so long as there is one unorganized worker, so long am I too unorganized. So long as the working class has one scissorbill so long is the working class disorganized and I along with it.

We all are liable to errors, many of them mortifying in the extreme. I recall an experience I had years ago in a swell hotel back East. It was customary in them days to serve drinks only with meals, as part of the meals. It was also against the law to serve drinks unless there was visible evidence of food on the table. Well, a bunch of us went in to kill time and a few worms. The idea was to "haul on" a few exterminators. We were told to wait a moment, it being rush hour and the place provided with only one sandwich which had to do the "handsome" for all tables. Finally came our turn, our libations and our orphaned sandwich. And do you know, fellow workers, I ate the sandwich. Was I a scissorbill?

You'd think so had you been there and heard the management rave. "I was an idiot, an imbecile, a disrupter, a saboteur, a general all-round unprincipled reprobate of deepest dye, etc. I had 'ate up' the venerable and only sandwich in the house, with two hundred customers waiting for their meals."

Also: Let me point out (in support of this) that this custom of serving meals is as old as the hills themselves. Already in the days of Jerusalem Slim it was customary to feed as high as 6,000 people with a couple of fishes.

P. S.—Since writing this I find it slams, but my fellow workers will forgive me.

## T-Bone Slim

# T-Bone Slim Extends Himself to Discuss Education

On the cross they built  
And the well-kept pie  
But the workers said

Some agitation is going the rounds against our old friend, the word scissorbility, to the end that this comprehensive definition of an unorganized man of whatever mental calibre should be eliminated from our already depleted vocabulary. It breaks me this famous term that has served us so nobly and often in our hour of "coagulated verbosity" as Louis would say.

But the world do move and we with it. (If some of you guys knew how fast you are going you would get scared). It is now and from now on, decidedly had taste to call an un-unionsed man a scissorbility.

"We were scissors once upon a time, ourselves." True, and in my own case nothing has intervened to alter that immaculate conception of my "own importance"—scissor have I been and a scissor I am, and a scissor, most probably, I will be until I die.

Now let somebody else call me a scissor! Just let him hop to it. Let him then note the difference a single thoughtless word will create in the immediate vicinity of his peace loving environment.

A man likes to call himself a fool (at times when in the mood); let somebody else call him a fool and his mood will change; his feelings undergo a violent transformation, overflow the bounds of reason and he begins to scatter things (not sunshine).

All men were created equally fresh and all men reserve the right to call themselves fools, at any time, before or after dinner; but when some other fool "horns in" and begins to call them fools—then look out, I, myself, in all my sublime foolishness, do believe that it is the height of foolishness to call a fool a fool; we should try to camouflage our own foolishness at least to that extent. If we do this, some may be deceived "into thinking" us mentally capable and a brass monument may bedeck the grave of our diplomatic carcass, when we are gone.

A man may escape with a few sundry scratches when he calls an individual a fool; a few bruises, contusions and abrasions may be the sum total of his casualties in such a case. But should he suddenly feel his "oats of egotism" and come out with a statement that a social set (of which he is a part) are fools, he is dealing with dangers that cause even fools to hold their breath as they prepare to gather the pieces.

It has pained me grievously in my late sorrowful years to note the tendency some mental performers have of calling the working class ignorant. Even were it true, the pain would not be less poignant. But it isn't true, therefore, I am overwhelmed. Never in all my career have I met an ignorant working man. Always have they been open to reason and it is only when I, myself, am unclear that a worker appears at a disadvantage. Always have I found my match among the workers. Freely have I intermingled with them and I will state right here that I am not in the habit of associating with ignoramuses. I have enjoyed "the health that mocks the doctors rules; knowledge never learnt at schools." The fact that I am learning a little every day doesn't prove that I am ignorant. The stored knowledge I possess surely must count for something. And so it is with the working class; every least iota of knowledge, every last syllable of philosophy, are of (and by) the working class. Everything worth knowing is known by the working class, that is; somewhere in this great class lies all knowledge, a part here and a part may be there, etc. The exploiting class has no knowledge (stored) that also is not included in labor's curriculum.

Our college in Duluth should go far to prove that labor's efforts do not emanate from ignorance. The Educational Bureau,

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Our college in Duluth should go far to prove that labor's efforts do not emanate from ignorance. The Educational Bureau, established by the workers, proves conclusively that labor is not as ignorant as some people pretend to believe. (I hold that a desire for knowledge is knowledge; not ignorance).

More than that, labor not only desires more knowledge, but it already possesses an assortment of knowledge that would do credit to a "coupon clipper" and so: Between the labors of a technical expert and the labors of a skillful mucker there may be found the sum total of human knowledge. The working class is not ignorant—"any one to the contrary," isn't bright.

I have before me a clipping containing a statement made by Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, the famous airman: "Just as the radio wonders of today are the result of developments through American boys' experiments—and that fact is conceded even by scientists who have devoted their lives to the highly technical side of the subject—so I believe the youth of America can do more for aviation than all the engineers." Bless your heart, the kids even are not ignorant. But I suppose someone's going to get up and say that Capt. Eddie was referring to the parasites' brilliant progeny. All right then, give us credit for being as these kids, in our line of endeavor.

But you say "if the working class is so darn smart why are they slaves?"

All right again (wait till I take a chew of snus). Here's the way I think it happens:

When the working class is born, it is born a child. It is born into a world full of jails, blackjacks, rifles and bayonets; the most extraordinary instruments of torture and subjugation and, in fact, when each individual member of the working class sticks his nose into this world he finds a ready-made world with a capitalist system under full swing, and going full blast.

The stolen wages and stolen ideas have been building this system for ages and ages. *The child is born a slave to this system.* Immediately the child is born the system sets its iron heel upon the little fellow's neck, gently at first, with increasing pressure, as time rolls on. A young colt is never "broken" more painstakingly than is the child of man; hounded on one hand by the parents already broken, on the other hand by bosses, hirelings of the system, etc. The child's spirit begins to droop and what you have left is a wage-slave unorganized at the mercy of organized capital.

When I, T-Bone Slim, was born into this world, the capitalist system, with a broad grin on its face, was there to meet me. I and my mother used to go out to do people's washing for them—me hardly three weeks old. How I used to tremble lest she get her breast caught in the wringer and ruin my lunch (such as it was). Baby, boy, and man have I been a slave!

"If I'm so darn smart why am I a slave?"

If freedom was a question of intelligence solely, then our educators would revolt against the slavery of theirs. Freedom being a result of power exerted, unionism being strength, is it not strange that our educators are practically unorganized? Are we to understand, in our ignorance, that the evident slavery and lack of organization existing among the various tribes of educators indicates ignorance in common with us? (Or is it only the unorganized nucker who is ignorant?) There has been ringing in

Round your sunlit, op

an atom in the class  
And this is the clas  
ous fact.

Most of the re  
those on criminal  
well as those who  
and again on minor  
who have just pass  
been only members  
weeks or months  
rested.

Now we old fell  
pat. There are so  
over the country t  
our mouths in mee  
our class-conscious  
ashamed to face  
feather, that we  
else than stand by

But if you cou  
when they were  
they would either  
the shipping trus  
without a moment  
see them come o  
and hungry—and  
ing faces, "Well,  
meal and for one  
back into the fray  
take the one nigh

When you see  
room—and they a



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