

Pick-Ups



Gary says he cannot "give the boys" shorter work day than 12 hours. He wants to have that much to say about the workers' business.—Gary's.

Economics

"The Wages of the Street Car Men Are Paid by All the Workers Who Ride on the Cars."—Chicago Employers' Association.

That's what we've been thinking all along.

Ignorance

Prof. Robert Arrowsmith, in Webster's dictionary, 1923, defines I. W. W. as Independent Workers of the World.—Ind. Sol.—Pure unadulterated ignorance. What? Nothing else but— Well, it's better'n being called Indiana Wire-walkers.

If you affiliate internationally, you then may only organize a certain part of those unorganized. (there is a division of thought on this question)—if you first organize all workers their majority then may affiliate the whole, if they so desire. But, I believe, it would be better, (in view of the different conditions in different countries) to "organize" each country INDUSTRIALLY. We're broad enough.

Three hundred optimists attend Chattanooga convention.—Headline.

Half of hell must be getting stronger.

Best motto this year: "Not ONE Minute Before the Hour."—(99480, on team work.)—Together, or none.

It's a wonder these restaurants, doing business by the "grace of god-capitalism," can afford to give us food with our meals—and they wouldn't—but they've got to make some kind of a showing in order to have an excuse to grab our money.

In Milwaukee: The "buck" was "tamping-up" on one of his lodgers. An old Irishman, viewing the strenuous religious fervor of the holy father, was shouting encouragement: "Go to it, father, the reprobate nades it."

One way of saving souls. "Souls" must be saved even though it spoils the "looks."

WORDS

Confucius may have used these very words—at least, they seem confused:

"Words have been called dynamite. They have been called almost everything, including hot-air; which is nearly correct.

"Words are electricity—no one knows what electricity is, or may—be.

"No one knows what 'words' are, or what they may contain. They are like a string of box cars—they may be "empties" or loads. There words you see here are "loads;" they drag heavy. Yet we do not (as yet) know their content—or discontent."

We won. Oh, what a victory!

We won. Let us proclaim!

We've met the hated enemy

And busted up his game.

The gains were not so very small

(As dollars go, or run)

Before they robbed us of our all—

But now—they leave us ONE.

I ran across a sentiment (written with chalk) on a "whitewashed wall" in a "freight handler's home." For depth and breadth it exceeds anything written by present-day men of letters. Karl Marx, himself, may have written it. Here it is: "Don't yap all your life and work for them 'percentage bastards.'"

A couple of longshoremen working on the docks—a colored American and a white American. As usual the white man was "horsing" and job-hurrying the colored man. Pointing to a bunch of wobblers (who appeared, to be taking their time) the white remarked to the colored: "Them must be 'greenhorns' over there—they're going so slow." "Well, I tells yah, white boy," said the colored worker, "dey isn't any greener'n you is."

The American Legion is an organization where the buck-private can enjoy the society of officers long after the war is over—or until the next war. The last war, maybe—for him. Just now, though, not many privates are taking advantage of the club-rooms donated by patriotic profiteers and, as it is, the officers alone are enjoying the spoils of war's benign bounty—including much democracy.

Adversity, the great human leveler, has struck the legion a foul blow below the belt and as a result the legion is losing its influence for good—or evil. At present it is so weak that its Montana commander, promoting the Dempsey-Gibbons "go" at Shelby, could not raise a measely \$100,000 to guarantee the fight. Civil authorities had to step in and take charge. No charge of crookedness was made, although the commander's business methods were severely criticized as "rather crude."

The legions of the Saviour also are finding it hard to organize the sinners on the street corners. The sinner with his belly full of third-grade food is "prejudiced" against the Lord and his commissary just at present—he is callously listening to the "Boom yaa oom paa, Jesus, Boom taa, comp laa bla; Bla-bla-bla-bla-freeze us Caligula du daw da." Yes, they are interfering with my writing—and I'm afraid they are making my sinfulness WORSE instead of better. —(T-bone Slim.)