



GREAT AND SMALL



Great things have small beginnings. Small things have great endings. The trend always is from small to great, by tedious labor and then—when sense betrays—pouf . . . smithereens!

A meal ticket—a despised piece of paste-board—has been the “beginning of great movements.” Corn Beef Hash, for the Family, is the foundation upon which many revolutionary movements have been built—in sincerity for the Hash, if not for the revolution.

Later men prejudiced against hash will make a distinction between lacerated edibles and the dumping of irritating power; will relieve the “Dreamer of Hash” of all responsibilities in regards the ostensible, and ostentations, as well as the actual consideration so dear to the heart of an initiator—Hash?—then to carry on for an ideal not tainted with personal ambitions, self-satisfaction; nor the tickling of ones palate even with such a delectable dish as hash—all 'round must be.

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The people (in their apathy?) are not ready for tailormade leadership. They want none of it. They want help, not advice.

The struggle for leadership is not a part of the class struggle, and victories on that field can be of no benefit to those who are seeking relief from slavery.

Admittedly the proper place to conduct war against slavery is at the point where slaver is—and any gesture for power, (not delegates) at that time, is in bad taste, to say the least. And anyone making such a gesture proves by it his unfitness for leadership—to lead.

None are fit.

A fitting leader should have million eyes; million ears; million nostrils and—a million nostrums.

Impossibility!

Leadership always is very mediocre—one day leaders are dishwashers, taking orders

from slaves; next day they are dictators, ruling the world (per instructions from . . .) But where is the benefit?

Benign leadership! Harmless, fruitless, futile and fickle leadership! Leadership has been given every chance. Ten thousand years we have been led. Where? To the point of production! That's where we were led. They found work for us. Isn't it about time we tied a knot in the cat-tails of our leaders to keep said tails from flapping in our eyes—so slow they are. Why we dassn't move for fear of trampling them underfoot!

I think a dose of nu-lif, home brew, coke or spanish flea would do said self confessed leaders a world of good. Former great leaders are gradually sinking to rest in the sleep that knows no rates. Powderly, gone but not forgotten.

Gompers, all but . . .

Gradually they disperse themselves from the ken of men. Alas.

Alas, (I said) the field is bare. Alas, bare of leaders; Alarss! Here and there a small squeaky voice proclaims himself a leader. . . . “You're a liar,” thunders the opposition, “Your're a trailer!”

Thus the conflict proceeds.

Haa! Conflict! That's my station. Stop the car.

Conflict, our old-friend conflict!

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Many of my neighbors are not very well acquainted with conflict, so, if I can “get by” yon frowning editor, I will try to bring out the good points of my home town. Conflict can be justified. That is, much evidence could be produced to show that conflicts has, seemingly, a beneficial influence upon man and his establishments. The conflict has, seemingly, a beneficial influence upon man and his establishments. The conflict of “the nail penetrating wood,” make houses, as we know them, a possibility.

The respectability of conflict, as a trade, is (in effect) established by the consideration shown the conquered by the victor, on the field of battle. The conflict of the vocal chords makes speech possible.

The conflict of muscles (exercise) develops strength—its desirability, not under discussion, considering uses it is put to.

The conflict of ideas develop brains—again, what for? To serve a master the better? I'm not advocating conflict, I'm not berating or low-rating it, I'm merely recognizing it. Conflict exists—to what extent I do not know. But this I know, men under certain, similar conditions have no

conflict. Wind and waves conflict.

Earthquakes, an evidence of conflict.

The human body is a turmoil of conflict—hopes and fears.

White corpuscles and red corpuscles, in the blood wage a ruthless warfare.

Bruise yourself, immediately red and white corpuscles rush to the “sore” and there they have it out.

One side wins. Cure.

Other side wins. Death.

Which is which?

I'm not signifying, I'm discussing conflict. It exists in many things. But, since nothing is constant, it can not exist in all things, and should not in many things. White corpuscles do not fight white ones. Conflict is not the rule, it is the exception. Light exercises are good, heavy are destructive. Light conflict tones up a person, establishment or age—after the storm the calm.

But the mere fact that conflict is a natural phenomena in somethings does not prove that it is essential in all things.

Wars occur seldom indeed compared to the opportunities at hand—wars, if equally divided among the people might not give more than one day of fighting a piece—hardly worth while getting angry, for so little—I'm surprised at the peacefulness of the people.

Opinions may and will differ, in the various divisions—we expect that—and the people have provided remedies for them—the majority rule—a law.

Conflicts may and will occur between two antagonistic elements—remedies for this will be found provided. . . .

Now in conclusion, let us point out: A 'woodpecker doesn't peck out the eye of another woodpecker—for, how could it then see the worm—the peckers conflict is with the tree.

That's his point of production.

P. S.—In regards the dishwasher dictator, let me make myself clear: It is no disgrace to have been a dishwasher—the pity is that he didn't drown his aspirations, or self, before undertaking to dictate to, and for, an intelligent working class—yes, with the cups and saucers.