



URGE



nothing—but incentives. We can be broke as well fighting for something that is ours (even according to the rules of the employers' game) as by waiting for George or Ole to do something.

George is paralyzed.

Ole's got rheumatism.

It's up to us. We're not crippled!

Habitual poverty is an incentive to organize. Low pay is an incentive to strike—long hours, rotten conditions, third-grade grub and persecutions are incentives to strike and restrike—strike to cure and strike to prevent, or anticipation strike. The only time the boss doesn't fight you is when you are striking. He hires his fighting done but does his own dirty work while you rest.

Incentives galore! We have men in the can—I mean men. And although I believe, we have overdone the "feeling" for them—in type—the actual deeds in their favor have been few. Lesser names than theirs give grace to history's annals of human (and humane) endeavor. Deeds are so few!

In this connection, let me offer a suggestion:

Let us organize our sob stuff! Let it be periodical sob stuff! Let it be irritational sob stuff—rather than a year 'round poultice of sighs and tears! Give us, oh editors, our sob stuff at stated intervals—once out of three starts—let us not waste emotion, it wastes us—a saturnalia of sobs every so often. The men in the can went there in good faith. They had confidence in the working class at large and their immediate fellow workers—whom they knew to be men of high character. The tears we spill over them will not do 'em a bit of good.

Their confidence in their fellow workers has not been misplaced—their faith in the working class shall be justified. We have