



ANOTHER EARFULL

Immigration inspectors are visiting lumber camps in this district to get a line (ostensibly) on those that crossed the Canadian border without authority—Quebec, Montreal, International Falls, etc.

Seems that, if men are foolish enough to slip over, and slide into a camp, they should not "hound" them; they should let 'em stay, and make them stay if they tried to get away. This idea of deporting these newcomers ain't right—give the old heads a chance.

I know not the object of these searching raids, but I know the result. "Crookston, International, Virginia and American Cedar" will be short of foreigners this winter. Dope it out yourself.

Wages will go up.

"Boys" are discussing "our theory of government." Good.

Maybe I got the wrong "impression" like Frenchy's horse, anyway, the question rising in my mind is "off the subject." Why is it that not all the people in the United States are working for wages—Why is it that all the people are not working for wages? If the wage-system is so good why don't the professionals use it—why don't the business men use it—why don't the bankers "put their own names on the payroll?" (Give them high wages!—so much per hour and no more).

I'm beginning to think that the wages system is no good—or these men would use it.

Why is it that only workers use the wage system?

I'll tell you why: Because they ain't organized to do away with it; they're organized only to work, to work and then to work more.

Abolition of the wages system is mentioned in the I. W. W. Preamble for these and thousand other reasons—A system "half

wage and half grab" cannot long endure and theories of government under such circumstances are and will remain theories—else, like Frenchy's horse, I have comprehended wrong: "I say, 'gee,' that horse she 'haw,' I say 'haw' that horse she stop."—"Sacra . . . !"

"But, mother, the girls are all wearing them now," says Edgar A. Guest, noted authority on what women should wear and things feminine—And true it is, the garb they wear is like Paddy's prohibition, better'n no drinks at all—in these cold wintry nights—But let Edgar finish: "A girl must do all that the other girls do."

Hm. What do you mean, "do?" Do 'em out o' dough? Do 'em all? Must do? Hm. Maybe they won't bite the second time, for the second girl—man is generally a sucker only twice in a life time; when whiskers come and when hair falls.

Ah, I forgot, Edg. was talking about skirts, my mistake.

"Must do." Hm.

In the first place, Guest, there is no such a thing as must, excepting in connection with the ceremony of death—die we must, sooner or later. Even taxes are not sure. We don't have to pay them.

Even law gives us choice.

We must nothing, and girls need not do all that the other girls do. The length of the skirt does not matter.

Girls need not conform, just because Edgar says so. Even if the boss says wear this, do this, take this, they need not do so—they can organize and tell the boss where to head in—not that he must. He will choose.

They must organize or they must do as told. They have a choice, organize, or . . .

There is no must, in the sense commonly understood. Nothing compulsory save death, ordinarily—since the disconnectedness of nature gives her masterpieces plenty room to maneuver. We don't have to. We will it, or it shall not come to pass.

"If the Sun would go out and plunge the world into darkness nothing would grow and people would starve to death, freeze to death and commit hari kari." Not so, my friend, although it would be "tough." . . .

If the sun went out, it would give other suns a chance to shine. The world would not be plunged into darkness—the absence

of suns rays would release other rays. Don't worry, it won't go out; and if it does it won't disturb us or inconvenience us in any way.

"The sun never shines but to . . . burn my neck."

(Lenin was the "sun" over in Russia; when he went out, the "light" didn't blink even)

Things wouldn't grow, yet we wouldn't starve. Who knows but that it's the sun's rays that gives us an appetite? We don't know, so why worry? We have enough to do to worry about things we do know, for instance:

We know that Industrial Unionism will one day be accepted as "about the proper caper" with which to bring a little order into this disordered world.

Let us not worry about "the sun going black."

Masterpieces I call humans, advisedly. It should be taken with a dose of salt.

Man is nature's one and only mistake. It keeps the whole universe busy correcting our mistakes—the mistakes of a mistake.

Some day I'll write a book about it—one mistake more or less doesn't matter anyway, among so much matter.

How's your dues? Have you been able to keep them flush or better?

Darning sox on Sunday, although a disgrace, isn't any worse than filing a four-foot saw—and both, put together isn't as bad as grinding a monthly axe—on Sabbath day.

Everybody's doing it; doing it . . . beating the system without organization—ho hom! Nine o'clock.

"Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

I agree with the first part, if you change it to read: Two soul-containers with but a single thought—there is but one soul and thought is its product. I've said: "No two things are alike."—Thought isn't a thing.

No two hearts "beat as one." That's poetry of the most damnable nature: All men think alike—right and wrong. Thoughts are alike, like two peas ain't—that is why optimism is the proper attitude to assume when things snarl.

Our blacksmith is experimenting on a process of welding hay wire.