



INTER- LOCKING

The practicability of "the one big union" has been put in question, so it is up to me to take up cudgels, (literary-spare-parts) in its behalf and favor. How people can question the feasibility of a "one union," in face of the fact that it already exists, is more than I can decipher, without an assistant—unless I work overtime, which is out of the question. Full time is more than enough for me.

People are a one big union whether they "prefer" to think so or not—inter-related, inter-allied, international, inter-extreme, intermediate and at all points before, after and between—interminably associated together, inseparably—though they may choose to ignore "facts" in favor of "fancies" and cruder grades of B. S. (buck salve)—and kid themselves with artificial and artful substitutes for the Real Thing.

There's no getting out of it, they are "one"—not a "dozen"—not a hundred dozen—not a million dozen—Just one. They are subjoined together by a thing called "soul"—not souls—for "soul" is "life," and life is "one." People do not have "lives"—They are *gifted or afflicted* with "life." Just one—not nine, like a cat—and one life, sometimes called soul, animated them all.

Nature doesn't furnish individual "souls," nor an assortment of "lives"—no indeed,

life is like a roller towel—everybody uses it—everybody looks for a clean spot—and many soil the spotless "fabric of life," the soul, most unnecessarily—more's the pity. With every means at hand for the keeping of it clean.

The above view of life occurs to me as it has occurred, and occurs, to thousands of others but that doesn't mean that it is a true view—though it seems plausible enough.

Only recently I am corroborated in this by coming across H. M. Tichenor's "Sun Worship," a discussion of the leading aberrations and religions, and among them he does mention one Jainist religion, an Eastern affair which incorporates within its philosophy the following none too clear ultimatum: "Everything has a soul within its material and visible manifestation, not only human beings, but all the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom. The Jainist word for soul is 'Jiva' which means 'life.' Their philosophy presents all cells and atoms as containing life."

So, you see, I'm rather tardy with my "dope." The Indians have beat me to it by a few thousand years—but, and this is my consolation, if the Indians and H. M. Tichenor had not said it, I, myself would (and do) say it.

Well, now, if this be so, it follows that people are united by life, by soul, and, if united they must be ONE—One Big Union. Stuck together.

It begins to look 'sif the farmer's "reserve," the merchants, clerks, preachers, pensioners, landlords (barons) and bankers and other light exercisers that are inclined to scabbery will have an opportunity to try their "hand" in the "long straw" this fall.

They have proposed it themselves and are, no doubt, in earnest about it. They wouldn't "bluff" in a serious matter like that.

But let me warn you, gentlemen, once you

start working for a living (even at cut-rates) it will set a precedent. You will thereafter be expected to "take on labor" at not infrequent intervals . . . and let me point out: Your noble offer, that of taking the places of men who go on strike, is an admission that you are not fully occupied with your method of obtaining a livelihood. The rest of us Are. Don't be rash! Do not expose your hand!—Two business men grow where one grew before—fertilizer must be plentiful!

Supplement:

Don Quixote, memorable "coyote" and lovable, fought windmills. Shall it be said that T-Bone Slim fought flivers? No by God, I won't have it, I'll use 'em. Record me, editor in favor of the "tin-lizards." That's my platform. On it I will stand nor kiss the carpet—from there I will issue a minority reports. Ala made: With a "Peerless" radiator shimmying proudly before, and an individual jungling outfit rattling loudly behind, I will step on her, or bring her to dignified stop, as the spirit moves and gas permits. Over hili and dale I shall waft myself to the empyrean fields (I hope that's right). Did you ever see an empyrean field, editor, when the empyrean is ripening into full bloom? You haven't; Huh, I thought so! Next year, next year, of course—you will find me humped up over the steering wheel, right in the midst of 40 bushel empyrean. . . And fellow workers, if I ketch up with you on the road I will certainly pick you up or bust a spring. Ride with me?

The humorist that first called legislators "Solons" had a keen sense of humor—either that or he was a "deep" propagandist: The Solons have lived down the "stigma" and half the people think them "wise" and "sensible"—Paving the way for "three-cent meals" is a criterion of their capabilities. Parliaments please sit up and take notice,