



If mud was gold and gold was snow (sniff sniff) and words could emancipate the workers, T-bone Slim would have J. Christ backed in the corner by six columns and a bunch of *pomes*.

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Dictionaries would find a ready sale among professional saviors and savees.

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Newspapers would save all their old lead and take contracts in salvation.

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The Dawes Plan would be a suspended sentence and Cal Coolidge would be a new-fangled leg-iron—if words could emancipate men.

Typewriters would burn up with hot-box, linotypes, also—the mimeograph would be equal to one dozen hacksaws and a bar of soap.

The Tribune plant would be a conditional pardon, Herald-Examiner a perfect alibi—I. W. W. Press would be a jail delivery if words . . . shucks!

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Cross-word puzzles would solve slavery, book of synonyms would be a taste of freedom; slang, a mouthful—the alphabet would be license and sub-titles a privilege—headlines, a statute of liberty.

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Cartoons, (picture words) would be a two weeks' vacation on pay.

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A four letter word meaning death would be a Saturday half holiday—an eight letter word meaning line-up or co-ordinate would be equivalent to a two weeks' fishing trip—with five gallons of pink bait. Bonded.

(Ans. to last week's solution: Four letter word meaning death is—Rest).

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Our old friend B. S. (a relative) would be allee samce commutation of sentence. Women, Gord bless 'em, with their volley of verbs would be more powerful than a stay of execution or a definite reprieve—the two to run concurrantly, indefinitely. Yea! O yea! O yes! if words could emancipate!

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Phylology would be an absolute power. Phonographs would tear down the walls like Joshua's trombone squad at Jericho; radio would make Gain-borough hair-nets of the steel cell-bars to say nothing about the energy for liberation residing in the puny lungs of a little green parrot . . . Words, dammit words—we'd have job control on slavery if words could do it.

Words cawn't do it, deontchu know.

Words can only lay the facts, fancies and fakes before the folks—(the folks are the sole judges). The folks will then, in midjitly organize the proceed to emancipate.

Nothing happens without work, effort, deeds and action.

Words are necessary never-the-less. Like a silver (not to kill lions) but as a tooth-pick. But . . .

When words embody a jumble of facts, fancies and fakes they constitute a controversy. A controversy is possible only in an unorganized bunch of men.

For instance: A controversy is impossible in the I. W. W. because the majority rule settles all questions. Should a controversy arise, it will prove that matters are not left to the membership. This in turn will prove that members supposed to look after such things have been listening to extensive programs of words.

When that happens the membership should proceed to express themselves, at an early date, ere some of their number become as discouraged—one way of wrecking an organization is to put these things off until the membership has dwindled down to an appointed number—a vote after that is not a vote, since the result will be settled in advance. Another way to wreck is to install two, three or a dozen sets of officials and divide their support pro rata among the members—in that case failure to support them settles nothing. It merely settles the organization.

This, of course, cannot happen in the I. W. W., for two reasons. First, because of the majority rule. Second, because the membership will demand a vote at the first appearance of controversial matter—they will decide as a whole and not as two or more factions, or as a fraction.

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Words are necessary and, in this article I use over many, maybe—if so, it is to show the power of words and compare them with the power of action—and balloting is a form of action (words are not). Be it noted I do not discuss the question "whether it is advantageous to divide organizations"—and it may be at times, when the membership is lax, or too busy, that matters get into bad shape. . . .

. . .

I am reminded: "Our old members are quitting." They're not quitting—they joined a certain thing way back in—when was it?—They knew what they were doing and SO LONG as THAT THING remains "The