



## Individualism Is Dead

To those of us workers that are thinking of quitting our job, we . . . I wish to proclaim this warning—Don't do it! I mean, keep on doing it (your . . . our job) and everything connected with it.

With your permission I will now opine that it is *palpably* foolish, (verging on the *foolishness standard* of the babel (babe) of voices intoxicated with bread and meat . . .) to quit as an individual over any injustice whatsoever—no matter what the condition is, or how bad; individualism's dead. True the condition can be remedied by "one quitting at a time," if the practice is carried out long enough. But it will take a long while and maybe sixty or seventy men will have to quit before the thing is remedied. It is foolish to thus martyrize 75 men; there is a more direct way of peeling the pussy—it is not for us to pack our serge and hie ourself to bright lights where whiskey, meat and sleep all cost *fifty cents*.

A snake has its *clay-pipe*.

A bird its cage.

A fox its drift.

But a son of woman has no *lean-to*—or a place to rest his feet.

At the table he is crowded (till his shirt wears out at the sides).

Ah, when I think of it—that's one thing I like about barns—the stalls are so wide that a horse has plenty of *room to eat*—and oats.

Oh, why wasn't I born a horse instead of good-looking, rich and jackassine.

. . .

As I was saying, it is foolish to quit; (if the cook smothers you) the boys can gather around the cook in serried ranks gose zig zag, urge him to try his own medicine—act like gentlemen (no choking allowed) and it will be found the cook is a man of solid reason, sound judgment and pure logic—In the morning there will be a dozen *set-ups* on the center table, extra. Oh, what's the use of quitting—maybe the bad condition is *intended to get you to quit*.

As I was saying—the cook is logical, judge *mental* and reasonable. He will see that if he crowds the crew, on two of three tables, it will cause the *wide men* to quit leaving him to cook for the *narrow \$35 men* (in the woods).

He will know by these presents that the company doesn't want such *excellent* cooking for such *cheap men* and he, the cook, in turn, will be obliged accept a salary reduction or hunt a camp that caters to the broader lumberjack.

[Above has reference to "shipping jobs," at 35 to 45 out of Escanaba—on such jobs you will get \$35 rate because conditions will be made to rise that causes you to rise and demand in stentorian tones "where in hell's the tote road!"

Ah, if you could suffer the full month—you would get \$45, mebbe.

P. S.—Many small outfits are paying \$50 low, \$55 low—stay a minute or a year. Some pay \$65 straight for swamping—that is, organized men are *getting it*. Let's organize.