



## SMOKE UP!

At this time Ireland is experiencing an acute "program" of immigration—Germans, French, Italians and Belgians are "flocking" into the land of the Shamrock and brogue.

And the sons of Erin are leaving for parts (to them as yet) unknown!

Heretofore, Ireland has been occupied only with an emigration question from time to time—as her young men would leave for America or other points of interest, rent and profit. . . .

It is difficult to locate the reason for that changed condition in the face of the fact that as many Irish leave as newcomers arrive.

If opportunities were there, why do the Irishmen vacate their "home" in favor of foreigners?

*I refuse to say.*

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In California, Oregon and Washington a similar situation obtains. Men who practically have been raised in those three states are departing for unfamiliar districts and their places are filled with strangers of agreeable turn of mind, Southerners—European and American—foreigners of a class considered low by the masters of jobs; among them many men who buy the boss whiskey and keep him in spending money to the limit of their abilities—their ambition being only to be permitted to live and work. Of course, these men are not union men—but slaves of the most confirmed type.

Now I do not wish to leave the impression that all Southerners and foreigners are of that type. No; that would not do. Such a program of doing away with the older inhabitants, driving them to other parts, would be too raw—even for lumber companies to tackle. But, I do say, that there is a liberal sprinkling of such men among those imported sardines, as the poor frog would say.

Luckily, fellow workers, the suckers can be distinguished from the real men by asking them to join the I. W. W.—after all, the I. W. W. is the only remedy for this pressure that is trying to implant the misery of the middle-east upon the pioneers of the golden west—through the insidious but steady introduction of the God damned clearinghouse.

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As in Ireland, so too in the "west," the labor population is being *emulsified*, mixed, scrambled—with an *hobject* in view—and the companies are doing it.

Now the question rises, are the workers of the Pacific Coast going to stand for it? Are you going to ask those men to prove their manhood? Are you going to organize those men *for self-protection* or are you going to desert your job, your home, your battle, and run away to grab the job the sucker just left?

I'm telling you—and you can see I'm in earnest—you will not fit in the job he has vacated, but he will fit in your job.

What are you going to do—let it slide down hill?

*Whose going to pull it back?*

—Your pipe is out!—

P. S.—There are many Southerners that are excellent fighters. In fact, my sawing pardner is from the South, and a better rebel never lived—many of the foreigners would make good Wobblies. And they will organize.

I have only to point to the Greeks, (who are now "invading" Ireland and this country) when they enter business they join the chamber of commerce. So, too, will the workers join the union of their class—and once the manhood is organized the suckers will take short puffs—the boss will swear off smoking entirely.

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Labor complains bitterly that it isn't getting a *square shake* from the parasites' press. In this, labor is very unreasonable. Labor should realize that those papers must cater to the reading public—and not to labor. Labor is not as "great a reader" as those whom he supports and is, therefore, given very little consideration in the various "periodicals." True, the papers are *many-sided*—from criss-cross puzzles to murder accounts, but to add *labor's side* would be like wasting powder on a bird that isn't there.

It wouldn't look right to have *labor's side* in a parasite's paper. Let us be reasonable.

When you are out of work—looking for work and cannot find any; and you inquire at place after place only to be told "I'm sorry, call again;" and you begin to think in Bible terms, "The Same Today, The Same Yesterday, and The Same Forever"—then pick up a parasite's paper and read—read about the wonderful prosperity all over the country.

Do you doubt it? Do you get it

Sure there's prosperity. "Plenty of men; cheap help; high prices; low wages—the parasites were never more prosperous than today and their press recognizes that fact, and states it. *IT'S THE TRUTH!*"

Editor will here insert a good word for the Wobbly press—and lay it on heavy!