



PEDIGREED INSTITUTIONS

Armaments do not breed war—nor do they guarantee peace.

Commercial and other rivalries breed both armaments and war—it's a very fertile daddy.

Great armaments have greater armaments to contend with and the small powers must of needs fight with smaller tools—but fight they do and as often as the big boys.

Wars will remain though you abolish every weapon except a fountain pen—the folks will use such weapons as are at hand—barrel staves and pickhandles—very murderous instruments. Not having shot and shell they'll let fly with stove lids and billiard balls. Armaments merely determine whether the war is gonna be a success or "a flop."

It might be argued, armaments make for happiness—to illustrate:

Man will fight for hours with his bare knuckles "happy" in the consciousness that, (if his low-life adversary hits him below the belt-buckle or kicks him between the pockets) with the trusty "roscoe" in his hip pocket he can introduce that garabo to St. Peter, pronto. I think that theory is rawther far fetched but, nevertheless, it may be possible that an arsenal in the best bottle-pocket adds a certain, delightful confidence to the ceremony.

For instance—(I'm chock full of frin-stances, illustrations, examples and flaked-bran this morning).

To wit:

If a working man declares war (a strike) against the "Boss" is that strike a weapon or is it a major operation?

Hush! Be quiet—we're passing a hospital. (I will not commit myself on that proposition because, as a rule, my words are of such high-powered wisdom that even the act of clearing my throat, after smoking a carload of Old Golds, creates a precedent or law and people will believe every word I cough.)

But, if a strike is an offensive instead of a-a-a you say it, editor — It's one of those things that come sailing along when you aint looking and knocks you for a row of mourners-delight—not a utensil—well, if a strike is war, where is the persuader?

Isn't it a beautiful truth that man in the throes of a strike feels a greater CONFIDENCE in the general outcome of the affair if he has an organization back of him? Would you, in that case, call his strike a war and the organization his roscoe? Damnedifiknow.

Oh-ho! it's an "affair" now, is it—a sort of a "serious offense," is it—one of those things you start when you take a girl out to look at furniture after making sure every furniture dealer is home reading his bible—and the store locked. Editor, how would you wind up this article? (I think it's already woundup—I can't see either end).

Well, let's go back to the beginning:

You could not expect a single individual to use much of a battering ram, could you (how could you!)—unless he was an awful big man—even then a bunch of organized little fellows (kids) could swing a bigger boom-stick.

Yea, verily, I say unto you, that bunch of kids organized as such could make your gigantic, individual-hombre turn to heaven for first aid and succor . . . If you don't believe this, just give one of the Eastside kids in New York a kick in the trousers and see how quickly you start for Brooklyn without waiting for a ferry—the kids are not in reality organized but, oh my, how they gang up on those supermen—I suppose it is solidarity or the unwritten law that causes them to use teamwork on the straying bullies of the Bowery.

The presumption then is that organization is, in the case of a workingman, preparation as against the conflicts bound to occur between the drivers and the driven—be it noted, even jackasses revolt when they see their first cousin up in the seat wallowing in his own tallow—in other words, when Jack gets hep to the old homily: As between jackasses they should take turns pulling the buggy. Or put a sail on it and both ride.

Dammit these things solve themselves! Editor, I see where we're gonna be thrown out of work—where was I at?

Oh yes—then, it might be supposed, conflicts being bound to rise because of the habit of bosses in trying to make the "cost" (wage) fit the "price" he receives for the thing produced—making the man fit the shoe, instead of shoe fit the man—they're just that dumb—it never occurs to them to make the price fit the cost—well, conflicts being bound to bob-up (on account of those tight shoes) the dumb masters organized for protection and against the possibility of being invited to take other exercises than chewing up canvas-back duck and gargling champaigne—a thing they dread—WORK.

They feared 'twas gonna be another case of "work or fight" and, evidently, they elected to fight—I don't see any of 'em down on the skidroad.

Now, in this article, I find in looking back that "LIKE BEGETS LIKE"; war begets war (hatched like elephant eggs); rivalries beget rivalries; organization begets organization; solidarity begets solidarity—armaments beget armaments, not war; rabbits beget rabbits, not lions, etc.—no slur intended.

The boss is organized—the worker isn't. The worker is tired — the boss isn't. The boss is fat—the worker isn't.

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T-BONE SLIM

(Continued from Page 2)

The worker is sweating—the boss isn't.
The boss is wealthy—the worker isn't.
The worker is humpbacked—the boss isn't.
The boss is dressed—the worker isn't.

Strange! What one hasn't the other has—between the two they have everything. Not only does it pay to organize, it saves your life—and, I'd like to point out, the gravediggers are on strike.

P. S. This rambling article has cost the Industrial Worker a poem entitled: "I'd like to Ride on Morgan's Yacht."