

Twitting Twitters

By T-BONE SLIM

The Argus-Leader blushingly admits it is the "Leading Newspaper in South Dakota"—and there isn't a doubt of it.

But why hook up the state to the disgrace?

Why give the state a black eye? Too?

Wouldn't it be more sportsmanlike to carry the "shiner" alone and, if necessary, be proud of it and defy the world to darken the other one? Another paper tickles itself under the chin boastfully, spitefully, as "The Greatest Newspaper in the World".

Now, what grudge that paper has against the world is quite beyond me—the world must have pulled off a particularly dirty stunt on the paper to sour it that-a-way—nevertheless, no matter what the grievance, I must criticize the paper for everlastingly harping on that string and twitting the world that it has nothing better.

Newspapers should try to keep their shortcomings secret, mourn them in private and not hook them up so much acreage.

This doesn't mean there isn't good newspapers in this world—there's the I. W. W. papers, Industrial Worker and Industrial Solidarity, for instance.

What's the matter with 'em?

Absolutely nothing. Nary a thing is matter with 'em—you don't ever see them carrying their eye in a sling do you? Certainly not—those papers are put out by straight thinking people and read by serious minded subscribers—also read by journalists when they wish regain contact thought in its unadulterated form.

In fact, in these perilous times, the I.W.W. papers appear to be the source of all healthy thought and, were it not so, they soon would be put out of business . . .

As it is the world can not afford to dispense with all its thinking and tolerates, supports, defends and will do battle for those papers.

That's that!

But there is a thing rubbing against my soul and the friction is so great I must get it off my chest . . . I won't throw any bouquets at our excellent writers at this time because I am of very bashful nature—my retiring nature forbids me to do honors to the scribes just now and I must find another outlet for my feelings.

It would have been a very simple matter for me to scatter those flowers around my own feet and around in them belly-deep—but "no", says I, "Slim hang on to yourself; don't make a peacock of yourself—pin those feathers on the I. W. W. speakers."

I agreed with myself—we shall proceed to decorate the speakers.

Let it be understood I do this merely to put the matter into concrete form and not all in the spirit of display justified by the pride I entertain in their accomplishment.

The I.W.W. speakers survive because the powers of darkness are not stone blind and need light to guide their footsteps through the morass of their ignorance—an occasional sensible remark is acceptable to those ignoramuses; which goes to show their ignorance, though vast and dismal, is not light-proof or abysmal, and that there is hope. Otherwise the speakers would not be permitted to hold forth, civilization would perish and sink into the

oblivion from which it recently came. The powers of darkness are not yet ready to step out of the picture and value their existence highly. And, insofar, as their existence hangs precariously to sound thought, incidentally to spoken word, it develops "the power", in defense of themselves, permit the speakers to live.

Thus it is too that other than I. W. W. speakers have a lease on life although they never had a lucid thought in all their careers—the powers of darkness consider their mouthings the real McCoy not knowing any different.

Then again it is evident that lesser speakers are jealous of the better speakers and view the good ones as obstructions in their road to pre-eminence—a condition of mind that explains the cause for their inferiority and retards the full development of their powers. Jealousies are notoriously paralyzing to eloquence; causing words to hop out in forms of green-eyed monsters and finest sentiments to explode in strings of low-grade profanity. I don't mean cuss-words, for words can be profane without being offensive in the strict sense of the word . . .

Possibly many of the lesser orators entertain the thought that were all those better speakers to kick the bucket it would leave them—ah them!—as best speakers.

This is getting to be a serious situation—they are practically wishing death upon the better talkers—and, I fear, they will be the death of them yet.

Not a very wholesome attitude for the lesser Demosthenes to take insofar as the expiration of the better speakers does not improve the quality of articulation in the efforts of the lesser ones, but establishes a lower standard of eloquence all around. No, we better let the good speakers live, guard their health and, now and then, buy them a carload of Old Golds—I understand smoking Old Gold by carload lots eases the throat and stops the most impressive cough dead in its tracks, h, harr-mf!

We have here hinted in a light way as to the general excellence of the world of I.W.W. editors and free lance writers; the pure-bred quality of the I.W.W. literature; the fundamental soundness of the I.W.W. speakers—all based on irrevocable fact irrevocably—wisdom in its ultimate and final element. But it is said the working class does not take kindly to it, as much as they need it, and it does seem just now as if the working class is too busy staving off starvation to consider anything, be it the pure "McCoy" or very common drivel and platitudinous convictions an "county highways", world courts and "new dimes"—nickles by this time.

Such matters as the civilizing of the working class by working them like hell and paying them next to nothing, never enters the head of the parasites' spokesmen and editors.

A serious situation prevails in this country just now and will be more serious later.

It won't do any good to kid yourself "there is no later".

There is a "later" and its apt to be "sooner" than we expect.

Take heart—The working class will yet listen to reason and organize industrially—baseball scores, absentee-sex and hero-worship seems not to have the necessary calories they had in the good old days of cornbeef and cabbage—now long past.

The working class has now the choice between joining the Industrial Workers of the World or starving to death—and the approaching of St. Peter, by the way, on an empty belly would seem to lack the proper dignity, and pomposity required to register at Old Pete's domicile and might move the old gentleman to steer a fellow into the lower regions. The working class will not run that risk!

They're gonna join the I.W.W., fill the embonpoint—mebbe toss out Pete's furniture.

P.S. Everything depends on the organizing of the unorganized—there are a matter of 36,000,000 of them in this country. The organizing in foreign lands can safely be trusted to the working class in those lands—'t would look like hell for an unorganized country like United States of America to start unionizing distant territories—transportation expenses are so high too. Straight organization work is the thing—the hanging of lace curtains can wait until the adoption of the Workers Commonwealth.

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