

# Wandering Jew

By T-bone Slim

The people who live just around the corner" must be pretty prosperous by this time—what with prosperity anchored around their door-mat—Henry Ford, you know, lives in that neighborhood.

Considerable want is experienced by the Jewish countrymen of ours, no denying, but there is this distinction as between the wants of a Jew and the wants of a Christian: sooner. (That's not saying much for "the Christians.") Somehow the Jews are better organized in that respect and give their generosity free swing in such matters as distress and dire need; with a promptness that is surprising as well as pleasurable. The Jew's wants are satisfied the. In other words the Jew takes seriously, the Christian axiom "do unto others, as you would have them do unto you"—his Christian brother would rather use an axe—a tree is known by its fruit.

I find, though, among those that profess Christianity, the Catholics are of a helpful nature. And the fruit of their tree, although not always sweet, and sometimes bitter, is fruit nevertheless.

I find also in the sum total of my experience, and I'm supposed to be a good Lutheran, the Protestants' tree is as barren of fruit as a telegraph pole.

Those are the people to whom the relief of mankind is trusted; people without the slightest trace of human attributes; hypocritical to the core; smug; puppets stuck up to "pass the huck" and deceive the worried; yea, betray a confidence beautiful, a greater crime which there is none—I am speaking of organizations.

The other day the Army—the Salvation Army, God bless you—marched down the street in Brooklyn, New York and brass-banding twenty instruments strong proceeded to interrupt the meeting of Editor John Gahan then in full progress. John turned purple around the gills, and for a while I thought I'd have to grab him and hold him from running amuck in Jimmie Walker's peace-loving bailiwick.

Fortunately some of the fellow workers busted out in Joe Hills' time-honored ballad, "Long-haired preachers come out every night," which same restored Gahan to a peace footing—"music hath charms to quell the"—the-which?—A factor that done more than anything else to help John regain his equanimity, was the fact that the song had its "long-haired preachers," whereas the army-captain was practically bald.

I also had a hand in causing John to hesitate for a moment: I'm telling John, "Hold your horses, John, my back is lame and I won't be able to carry you to a hospital; that's a hard crowd you're dealing with; regular gangsters; you don't know about it but a brigadier-general, or something, over in Manhattan beat up the army's two-hundred pound cook unmercifully and since then the man has disappeared, altogether, failing to appear as complainant in three different trials, John, for God's sake John, says I, his lawyer is figuring on dragging the North River for the man's body." *Sic tempus fugit* and enough time had elapsed to cause the childish cornet players' lips to give out and the childish voices didn't have the resonance to drown out labor's baritones; early the captain saw the futility of trying to take up a collection for "Jesus" under those circumstances and conscious of the only too recent "Brig-General" scandal he did the graceful thing, folded up and left the I. W. W. in possession of the field—other speakers were Jordan, Edwards and Connors.

New York's unemployment problem should have been taken up before it became a problem, but now since it is a problem and intrudes itself upon us we no longer can ignore it—it will not be ignored, and isn't ignored. . . . Much good work is being done and as usual by the I. W. W.—all other outfits are laying down—in Yonkers, example, the police relief station has a padlock on the door; the assumption is, now that grass is too high for barefoot travel and trees are in full leaf the

unemployed may go on vegetable diet.

What became of the "Wandering Jew" we started to write about? Where is he? Why did he wander?

Ah, fellow Lutherans, the wandering Jew gave one look at the organized Hebrews, struck out of the country and has been seen since only once in a place—one look enough, every place he goes, as were he in New York City today and deigned to glance at the pitiful lack of organization in the working class he would pick up his heels and proceed to raise water-blisters.