



(Read slowly)

No man should wear a necktie until he has reached the age of 44—until then he has no use for it. After he is forty-four he can use it to wipe his spectacles; if he keeps it clean—

Should it so happen he needs "specs" before he is forty-four, let him take salts or oils (whichever suits his spiritual requirement) regularly and persistently until he is forty-four—in that case he won't need neckties till he is sixty.

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Should think the American people would get tired of begging and organize to eat the overproduction we hear so much about—no use throwing it away.

Further, it is against the law to beg and, as public spirited patriots, it is their bounden duty to uphold the law.

Still further, the eating of the overproduction is far more honorable than begging—yes, it is noble. The disappearance of overproduction adown your gullet would solve the unemployment problem. I wonder if Babe Ruth has made a home run lately.

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They ain't throwing many birth-control-ers in jail nowadays—thus it is the sins of yesterday are virtues of today and organizations that were anathema the other day are blessings of tomorrow. We are improving.

But I do not believe birth-control is necessary as yet. I do not believe birth-control will solve any problems. The masters can starve few just as easily as they starve many.

Some would say, "yes it solves a problem—the traffic congestion."—

Well, yes, in a sense—the same way starvation solves it.

We better leave that problem unsolved, and solve starvation—industrial unionism (solidarity) will solve that in a jiffy.

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This panic prosperity is not wholly of natural origin—it is superinduced here and there; emphasized and de-emphasized at will.

By organizing industrially you can make the master forget to emphasize it. In that case it would fall pretty flat.

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This panic of prosperity, as I am pleased to call it, is a natural result of unnatural conditions—the parasites spokesmen worked night and day, heart and soul, to convince the people "all is well" and then the cloud basted—the October Crash.

Lots of fine folk got wet!

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You will notice, if you glance backward, this panic which would have come anyway was not sprung until working class organization was at low ebb—disorganization of the working class always precedes a panic.

What's the answer?

Organize now and stay organized.

You will think this is pure hokey like the Dynamic Detroiters thought seven years ago when I was telling them their city is mushroom growth and it will not do to buy property on the strength of car-building.

They bought property; they had prosperity and they thought it would last forever.

Where is that prosperity now?

Excuse me for bringing that up; it's the first time in my life I felt the need of proving the correctness of my conclusions.

This time I am telling you, organize industrially now and stay organized if you wish to make this your last panic.

Industrial unionism is the one and only thing I know that has power to prevent or end a panic.

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Were the country industrially organized California would refuse to hold Tom Mooney a single instant. Walla Walla would tell the Centralia victims, "get your clothes and get to hell out of here."

You don't believe it.

I didn't think you would—that's why you've got a panic. You don't believe what I tell you. You have to see a thing before you believe it. You see the panic and believe it.

I think you better work yourself into a frame of mind that will permit you to believe 'em before you see 'em, I'm betting you did not believe A PANIC OF PROSPERITY could follow so close on the heels of THE PROSPERITY OF HARD TIMES but it did. It is here.

I did not order this panic nor did I forecast it—I didn't have the heart.

I prefer to see the brighter prospects and brighter possibilities.

And when I say Industrial Workers of the World will free the old globe of its chains I mean it—it's one of those brighter outlooks.

But you did not jump into this panic unwarned;

The I. W. W. paperse gave you due notice of its approach several years before it struck—you did not believe them. It is here and may stay here from now on if you wait for it to disperse of its own accord—generally if a thing is obnoxious the best thing to do is remove it. In the case of the panic, the best way to do that is join the Industrial Workers of the World—get your buddy and your buddy's buddy to do likewise.

It's going to be big doings.

— T-b-a.