



THE RIVER DAMS ITSELF

"Non-Unionism" or Death Benefit Circles are superior to craft-unionism insofar as neither offers false hope—yet the people cling to craft-unionism just as if its "limbs" were breaking down with ripe porkchops—O why didn't they experiment a little longer and build a union that would bring every possible benefit—the whole works: Industrial Unionism.

Nay, the craft brings them something—"to hell with the rest"—and in the meantime the system maneuvers to eliminate craft, craftsmen and his brother. Panics persecute the populace and the people are nonchalant. Underfed toilers dream great dreams opulence and majesty—a fools paradise. It is therefore necessary to have a depression . . . did I hear some one say nay? (It's a good thing I didn't.) It is therefore necessary to have a depression (low water) so that the shrubs and bushes (intelligence) may take foothold in the higher places, in middle of the river. The higher water of course will flood them and drown them out, but in so doing the river brings down fertile soil and deposits it at the feet of the shrubs and bushes not because it wants to but because it must—the shrubs and bushes prevent the soils from going farther. After the waters subside a noticeable growth appears in the middle of the river and once again bushes sprout on it. The next high water must be considerable higher else it cannot flood or drown out those bushes. But it is higher, and does its best—nature is so perverted—and once again it must surrender soil for the upbuilding of that island (union) and once again when the river recedes bushes spring up—a drought follows, the river now almost dry is one string of bushes and a row of islands is started. Floods endeavor to destroy them but build them up instead. That bigger island is now so great that the mad swirling waters must part and flow on either side of it; so high that but the most foolhardy waters would have the hardihood to try and swamp it.

We are not concerned as to whether or no the rivers periodic rampage is compulsory; that its power lies not in itself but in voluntary contributions by rains and springs—those things do not interest us because we do not pretend to understand nature—I'd be an awful jackass to write about things that I should learn. We do not care whether or no the waters that divide at the island are financial kings on one hand and industrial overlords on the other. No. The thing that nestles against our heart is that that island is indestructible; that nature threw a "natural" in the river of progress—in the river that simply don't want to behave—that wants to live but not let live.

That island, (industrial unionism) now a nice piece of real estate, with sturdy oaks gracing its eminence, is here to stay. The waters despairing of being able to wash it away have half-resolved to ignore it and by so doing hope to stop its growth.

But will it stop?
Hark! See those churning waters chewing away the island's sides and carrying it down stream. Yes. But we see also the eddies are depositing that soil behind the island and building it up—I tell you that island will grow.

Bosh! Is there nothing that can destroy it?

No. It will grow despite hell and high water, with or without—it is a natural.

No agency is now extant that can retard or prevent it taking its place among nature's wonders. Now that that is that, is that island to influence the river in any way other than divide it?

It is.

One of those channels, owing to the seemingly everlasting fluctuations, high and low water, is destined to dry up—it will be a park. And the river will have changed its course.

MY ARITHMETIC SHOWS THEY KNOW THEIR RUTABAGAS.

They know the distance to the moon, to a fraction of an inch; they know the exact number of miles the world travels in its three motions (round and round, shimmy and marathon) and they know the exact spot where she'll land when she gets there; they know the number of kernels of corn in the world at any given moment; they know Europe is now mining 60,000,000 tons more coal than before the war; they know the world fuel oil production is now 630,000,000 barrels a year; they know 630,000,000 barrels of oil has the heat value of 176,000,000 tons of coal—Gosh!—they know in 1913 we used 582,000,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas and that in 1929 we used 1,917,000,000,000 cubic feet; (I don't even know how its pronounced) they know U. S. produces water power to the tune of 15,000,000 horse power, Europe 13,000,000, and Canada 6,000,000.

They know all those things but, alas, they do not know how many billions of dollars the millionaires take from the American people yearly.

They get paid about \$10,000 a year each for not knowing this. What a terrible amount of ignorance \$10,000 will spread!

Contrary to common belief the production of coal has increased 12 per cent since 1913.

They can now send a good likeness of a man over wire to almost any part of the world but they cannot print Albert B. Fall's picture recognizable, upon his entrance into New Mex. Pen. Surely the great man was

not so frail as to cause a photograph to blurr so violently. After careful study of the photo, aided by suggestions from nice people, I came to the conclusion that Fall was too ill to have his picture taken under such trying conditions and that some great hearted Alkali Ike did the posing, while Albert was wheeled direct into the dungeons.

Sanford Bates, federal supt. of prisons, instructed Warden Swope to "take into consideration Falls age and condition of health but to see HE gets no special privileges or "favors."

"Bates instructed Swope to prevent Fall from giving any interviews, or having any visitors" . . . the rest is too silly to quote; should I print it, somebody might swallow it whole and choke to death. We must guard the breathing paraphernalia of our readers, editor.

Outside of that, editor, I find nothing wrong except the cruel, inhuman dietum that he shall not be permitted visitors—should think they would have the common decency to let Doheny stay with him a part of the year.

In Massachusetts here is a law that permits the handing of 2 years imprisonment to a man caught riding a freight train—a dastardly crime compared to the offence of betraying one's country for \$100,000 bucks—many innocent men get the extreme penalty of death—Mooney and Billings have been doing time all these years on perjured evidence—Centralia, Washington, victims are still in Walla Walla for defending their hall against a hysterical mob bent on mischief or worse.

Still they say there is justice!

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