



### Exhibits A B and C

The Methodist Board of Morals and Temperance have not yet hit upon a plan to poison cigarette butts—for which heaven be praised.

I tremble for the safety of my country—the snipe shooters are our best sharpshooters.

Snipers they are called in times of great national danger.

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Men today are squeamish about joining a union because union men have been thrown in jail during periods of great, national hysteria. They cannot, do not or do not want to see that hysteria takes its toll whether or no there is a union—hysteria is a mild word for this form of insanity.

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The difference between unionism and non-unionism is the difference between surplus and deficit; satisfaction and discontent—therefore: a man that chooses to be non-union out of deference to hysteria elects to be "in-the-hole" and dissatisfied—truly a martyr if there ever was one—the martyrdom of shame.

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Almost any man can be a martyr to "rights", to justice and high ideals but the thing that tries man's soul is the occasion of "being called" to play the part of martyr to ignomy and shame—to self-efface himself in honor of hysteria.

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Hysteria functions in many ways, its velocity or violence depending on its pressure or horsepower per inch—a mild form of hysteria is evidenced in the case of a young man whose burning love has been frost-bitten—without a moments hesitation he kicks the family cat in the seat of its pants. Not because the cat had anything to do with his blasted love.

Hysteria doesn't pick its victims carefully—except, as in the case of this young man, had that she cat been a bulldog the gentleman would have patted its head, mumbled consoling words and "took out his revenge" by kicking down a few fence posts.

Hysteria operates something like a landslide that covers a socialist kid—it doesn't cover the kid because he is a socialist nor because he is a kid—it would have covered a democrat just as quickly.

Landslides and hysteria have little if any reasoning power.

But, as we pointed out before, there is a factor that does stop hysteria in its tracks: that is fear. Thus it is, in times of an epidemic of hysteria, people are obliged to organize themselves for self protection and to gain the due respect to which they are entitled—no more and no less.

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The bible speaks feelingly about one Doubting-Thomas—the original "show me!" guy of Jerusalem.

"Lay your cards on the table," he used to say, "so I can read 'em"—No bob-tailed flush ever raked in money while he retained his eye sight.

The yarn in the bible does not specify precisely who this Tom was suppose to be and one guess is as good as another one. In those days, be it noted, it was none too healthy to point too straight at a guy when he said "lets see 'em", so Thomas went down the pages of history as a man of "doubtful" nature.

One guess being as good as another, it is my guess Mr. Thomas Doubtful was the Jewish working class.

They had their doubts about everything imaginable; If a Cohen started a jewelry store, he'll fail; if Goldfargle puts up a store, it will burn; if this and if that, or the other, it was sure to be a mistake.

They didn't believe this, that or any man. They doubted everything.

If some of them organized The Nifty Fig Fumblers Union the rest would "Humph! what is it? Just another sick and death benefit outfit to gyp a guy from outa his coffin after he turns his toes up."

You couldn't tell 'em nothing.

But doubting Thomas had a big family and the country was soon over-run with little doubters. The situation became a serious problem—all you'd hear on the street was "tell that to Sweeney; tell that to the marines"—something had to be done. So the leading bookworms, top-rung prophets and substantial citizens got together in a synagogue and decided to deport them to United States of America.

The reader doubts my word.

My God, can it be, editor, he is one of 'em? And traces his ancestry back to the root of Thomas?

I don't believe it—I mean, I believe he isn't.

The country is full of 'em. Suspicion permeates every cranny from top to bottom. Confidence is dead. Doubt sits on the throne—throne.

Without faith, world, country or man can do nothing—and does it.

Without faith, enthusiasm is a death-rattle.

There you are—that's that.

I ask a man to join the union of his class, immediately the questions start to pop.

Another listens bravely enough but doesn't believe a word I say.

Still another tells me my union is no good. In other words "he doubts" and palms it off as knowledge.

They have misgivings.

Situation being such, it is my duty to break thru their guard—the guard that prevents them doing the right thing—and to break thru that guard I shall use an argument of doubtful premise:

If my union is no good and you join it, you are nothing out—but the fee.

But if it is good and you don't join it, you're losing money—by the armful.

It is not a gambler's chance.

There are things that self-evidently "can't be done" but improving your condition by unionism is not one of them. It is a sure shot! It is the only way a lasting improvement "can be done" and it lasts only so long as you last. In other words, when you want to terminate your wellbeing you can do so by dropping out.

I might here cite that jumping across the Atlantic with one leg tied behind your back, "can't be done"—but at the same time I wish to "point with pride": You ain't jumping no ocean when you join a union and none of your legs has strings on them.

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### Higher Learning

College education, in addition to perfecting young men in the arts of football and swiping examination papers, serves to keep them out of reformatories and state penitentiaries—once in college a young man can pull off some real raw stuff and get away with it—he enjoys a certain immunity hardly less complete than a senator—people heave a sigh and say: "that's alright;" "he isn't crazy;" "he is a student." I tremble to think where Heywood Brown would have wound up had not the prestige of Harvard squared him with the authorities and sanctified his startling movements. Mebbe I am a little too frank—and mebbe, after all, Heywood would have been able to dodge the hangman of his own accord and power and that he does not owe his life to Harvard for pulling him thru the worst and most dangerous years of his life.

There is a workingman's school over in Duluth, Minn., known as Work Peoples College. It, too, is in the business of keeping young men out of mischief, workhouses and jails; not in the sense of putting a blessing of high emprise on high-dido's of the irrepressible youth but in educating such to the high emprise of understanding, and freeing it.

An ordinary knowledge-box somehow neglects to do so and, when understanding slips thru the skull of a collegiate he is prepared to suppress it.

To kill time? Hm! You cannot kill time, as I said before; but if you wait long enough, time will kill you—and it won't be overtime.

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"No use for American workers to join a union."

"Why, Slim, why, why, why, for God's sake!"

"Because—because they'll only join the wrong union."

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A matter of life and death:

Fag:—"Gimme a cigarette."

Jag:—"Give you nothing! howm' I gonna live?"

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Granger: "I wonder why all our banks go bust?"

Stranger: "They fail to diversify; instead of sticking to one thing they should have added a line of razorblades and sandwiches—they were too busy telling the farmer to diversify and did not notice the hole in their own pocket."

(Note: if there's any kidding to be done, we'll do it.)

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(We are like the artist, when accosted by railroad bull, serious:)

Bull: "Where'nhell do you think you're going?"

Canheater:—"I'm looking for a place to wring out."

Bull: "Wringout what?"

Canheater: "Heat."

Bull: "Well, what's your business; what do you do?"

Canheater: "I'm an artist; I draw flies with my feet."