



T-Bone Slim

UNNOTICED

Some ideas which have more than once offered themselves to the senses have yet been little taken notice of.—Locke.

Mr. Locke has reference no doubt to such ideas as industrial unionism. (As to the cause why but little notice is taken of it I can only say: it is my belief "thickness of the skull" has much bearing on the case.)

The present surplus of wheat is a reserve; it is not, and should not come, in conflict with the immutable law of supply and demand—any manipulation of that reserve other than to renew it periodically, is an assault against producers and reacts in favor of gamblers.

(Forget it! is better.)

If the government feels unequal to the task of caring for that reserve; this, too, in the face of a war just around the corner, it should so notify the people and select an able-bodied individual (myself, for instance) to care for it. Just now I feel fully capable of sitting on top of 250,000,000 bu. of wheat—I might spread out somewhat if a greater reserve was found desirable.

Nobody is making assaults against our government at this time other than the assaults it makes against itself—as to attacks it makes against the people I am not at liberty to say.

Its own members are its severest critics; in justice or otherwise is beside the point.

It would be unreasonable to say our government is attacked (or on the defensive) in view of the fact that it has won the whole hearted pity of the nation—it is my argument persons in the throes of sincere pity cannot carry on a successful assault of sufficient magnitude to be dignified with the term assault or attack.

From the time when skids were placed under Dr. W. W. Wiley and *ad. lib.* was conferred upon food adulterators to preserve their concoctions with poisons; to permit the maintenance of a "pickled" surplus for the purpose of forcing downward the farm commodity prices; enabling the holding of such "pickled" products for the "ultimate" figure the market will bear, to the time when violent poisons were introduced to more violent stimulants, is a history or record that never should be discussed in polite society in the name of The National Pure Food and Drug Act.

Such is a cross section of governmental activities unmixed with voluntary contributions of snidist understrappers and, if those activities are not at all an unmixed joy, we may gaze at the future with mixed feelings that may resolve themselves into goose-flesh or a genuine fox-terrier chill.

The present problem before the house is the doing away with unemployment and in view of the many unfortunate solutions devised in the past—one for instance, the doing away with drinking and drunkenness by doing away with the drinker and the drunk—we may well conclude beforehand the unemployed will be attacked thru their vital organs, (the stomach for one.)

If this be so, it is well for the unemployed who must beg his food to consider well the source of his food. If it is his opinion that "an overworked restaurant" will put a stop to his tale of woe with liberal doses of inexpensive poisons it his duty to eschew such places and confine his begging to private residences—the assumption being the women folk are not and cannot be demoralized sufficiently to cause them to poison a man for the crime of being hungry. Straight "stemming" is also a medium that makes for longer life despite the fact you may be arrested the sooner and "cash in" your wordly chances in jail with others of your kind, to the tune of "mysterious ptomaine poisoning." Missions too might be regarded as institutions where little poison might solve much unemployment in addition to administering the original disgrace of placing one in a position of begging beggars . . .

Other ways of gaining a living, as well as all these, are against the law—you have no legal right to live unless you can do so without eating—thus it is you are unable to select your foods on account of law officers and sundry obstacles placed in your way such as yale locks, barbwire-fences and watchful food hoarders—as Kipling said:

Yours Not To Do—But Die.
You're in a heluva fix!

Well, you had your chance to organize in the days when organizing would have brought you returns far in excess of anything you could believe. You did not organize and, therefore, you have nobody to blame but yourself. It is no use for you to cry out "oh, what a donkey I was"—that time is past.

You were then too strong in the shoulders and too frail in the head; a combination that makes the best looking of men resemble a pack-burro.

Let us forget all that—you have learned much! You have learned a class struggle cannot be sidestepped; whether you wish to fight or not the capitalist system transports the class struggle to your door step and rings the bell—yee, it will throw the class struggle in bed with you.

You have learned much more than that—a few more things and your education is complete.

You have yet to learn to support the "webbie papers" that have been fighting

your battles when you were tired—our papers never tire. Both papers are pleading for support and that plea is directed to you—did the papers address their plea to dehorn or canned-heat artists the money would be in the pot before sunset. Are we then to conclude only dehorn and canned-heat artists can afford to read a revolutionary labor paper? That the circumspect revolutionary social lions must learn to subsist on a diet of free literature and parasitic back numbers?

This you have yet to learn.

The idea of industrial unionism has not yet fully penetrated your skull and, altho conditions may change, the idea is the same. In the past you may have had a job to organize industrially—today you may have to organize industrially without the job.

In the past you did not organize—you're the guy that "didn't need to."

Today you know you need organization!

What are you gonna do? Are you gonna do some more side-stepping or are you gonna take a stroll down to the city hall?

THE GREAT DISPOSED

The reason why the discontented cannot obtain relief for their woes without industrial unionism is because they are only a small fraction of the people. I mean by that, their's are the only woes of sufficient "agony" to classify themselves under the term discontent, in the full meaning of the word—in fact, the word discontent is a very mild word to describe the condition of their worriment.

Being as they are only a small fraction of the people, sufficiently disgruntled to pine for relief from their miseries, it follows their political voice is a whisper compared to the mighty hozannas of the pie guzzling majorities.

Let us kid ourselves no longer.

The vast majorities choking over their second and third cut of synthetic-pie do not care two hoots in hell whether you eat or perish without further notice.

There is a discontent that exceeds the limits I have here laid down but it is not of a continuous nature; it fluctuates spasmodically and appears intermittently or periodically; it is genuine at no stage of the game—I estimate, I know, about 10 per cent of the people are thoroly discontented with things as are and will continue to so remain as long as things are as are. The marching of those 10 per cent to city-halls will not cause a ripple in the soul-pool of the worthy lord mayors nor cause anything more than a few cracked skulls and polite inquiry by the toothpicking passerby: "what's going on at the hotel de ville?"

Mebbe there are among this noble 10 per cent confreres who know of a way other than industrial unionism to assuage the aches and pains of want; mebbe they have visions of a miraculous occurence wherein the glorious majority will humble itself and throw the weight of its prestige in the scales of justice—a beautiful dream—people move only when it is to their interest to move and even then the interest must be clear cut; they're not rescuing anybody except for so much "a head" or so much "a month." Nay, fellow workers, our belief lies within our own ranks, the offended must themselves so perform that their agonies will subside and their wants be supplied. A reasonable amount of help and good-will can be expected from the others but it should not be depended upon . . .

This 10 per cent of the workingclass that has been dispossessed of everything, food clothing, shelter and job and reduced to beggary, pilfering, suicide, death by starvation, freezing, or the many ills resultant thereof, should in themselves make arrangements to protect themselves now while yet there is a chance for success.

They must recognize they are unemployed and organize accordingly. They must now make provisions for housing themselves next winter as an organized body; if they do not, they will be corralled in bull-pens, to clear the decks for such "individual action" as will crop-up in the interim and what I mean to say: for many, many in the bull-pens—there will be no chinook.

They have their choice. We have our choice. We can either organize and survive or we can lay down and die; we can let things slide and wait for the untimely end or we can take matters into our hands in an organized way and change the date of our death. This is a free country, you can suit yourself. I am not talking the impossible. All this is possible. All this can be done by organization. Nothing can be done without organization. If you will not organize in a life and death matter you most certainly are a thoroughbred boob and entitled to the short shrift you shall receive.

Never mind how I arrived at the figures, 10 per cent.—in school I stood "highest" in mathematics and I haven't slipped.

Times are not going to get better—how do you like that?—I told you two years ago the same thing and double-cracked it—but you can remove the sting by organization. "Individualism," as the poet said, "is the Schidts."

Ten per cent of the people when organized are a power that can do things and be recognized in any council or any brainery in the world.

Hundred per cent of the people when not organized are just so many inhabitants per square miles and nobody would know of their existence if the government didn't count noses every ten years.