



T-Bone Slim

Today I saw a smile—'sa fact!

Other sign of prosperity — "T-b S, author, was seen sewing a 3 1/2 inch piece on his belt, after leaving Larson's Lunch in Duluth". Larson's has grown as much as a New York City slipped, in the past year.

What are words of fire?

They are words that cannot be forgotten!

Abraham Lincoln, Robert Emmet, used them exclusively every time they spoke.

A thinker cannot be enslaved—only thoughtless bow in submission—be informed.

...

Not all communists are crazy. Some of them display an acumen or intuition that is startling. They look at the I. W. W. and say, "we're the same as I. W. W."—Only an intelligent man can see the good in I. W. W. and imagine he likewise is good. Usually, a man compares himself to another and the other suffers in the comparison; he can only see flaws in another guy. But the comrade, praise God, sees the good in I. W. W. and says, "I'm the same thing under another handle."

What more evidence do you want?

They want to take credit for the good I. W. W. has done and at the same time pass on to the I. W. W. the onus of their irrational deeds—a compliment to the I. W. W., indeed.

You cannot call such men crazy.

But there be some comrades who have soured in the process of sizzling on the frying pan and their sulky activities seem like the pickled queerness of a school days' half-wit, or idiot—and it is they that discredit the communist movement in U. S. A. for all time and before it is fully born.

The I. W. W. on the other hand sticks its thumbs into the armholes of its vest and proclaims: "In all this world there's nothing like me!" And I think he's right.

So as to say: (Samples)

"Now is the time for all good and true craft union: to accept wage-cuts for 1933 and 1934—and 1940—get in on the ground floor."

"Prohibition may be a noble experiment," says Mrs. Sabin, "but an experiment has no place in our constitution."—(That leaves Herbert high and dry, don't it?) Religious paper calls a halt to praying for "the daily bread" of which we have too much and advises the congregation to pray for daily pay with which to buy it—that's precisely what the I. W. W. advises; with this distinction: don't beg. Ask or demand! Al Smith says, "Wets have the liquor and the dries have the law under present conditions."

Why do I quote these few?

Because their statements are full of electricity—a sample of clear, belligerent thought.

Rugged individualism has not broken out as was expected, and it is still safe to walk the streets. What tomorrow can bring is in the realm of the speculative.

My advice is, ditch individualism and organize, with or without, for whatever purpose.

None so smart he cannot learn . . .

Special: It is not a question where shall you spend eternity. It is not a question where shall you spend old age. It is not a question where shall you finish this "depression"—all those are too far distant like a rich relative.

The question is are you going to attend the Work Peoples College this winter? Place, Duluth; Cost, 32 dollar; per month, board, bed and learning.

Thirty-two dollars?

What is that—thirty-two dollars ain't money; it'll cost you that much to beg, borrow and rustle your living and sleep in the gutter. Here you have a bed that is; board the best that can be, and tuition which can't be beat. Morgan Park Station, Smithville . . . The board is guaranteed to remove wrinkles from the belly and brow; the information given keeps the wrinkles away, maybe forever; the bed—

ah, the bed! I slept in one of 'em and when I got up in the morning I was nothing but a kid, all the gray had disappeared from my hair and my friends downtown remarked, "Slim, you're LOOKING good" (I must have been a holy

fright when I went to bed, hollow-eyed, joints creaking)—why, the bed alone is worth thirty-two dollars of any man's money—Work Peoples College; they want your support.

First class chefs come here to find out how it's done; how to prepare food so that it changes to health. Able thinkers come here to "brush up on their learning"—but they, of course, learn little. The less one knows the more he learns—these are the ones the Work Peoples College especially welcomes and these are the ones that appreciate the college most.

All in all, a winter in Work Peoples College is a systematized warming of the head, exercising of the brain, fitting you to do your own thinking along correct channels; enabling you to master equations, know the why and cause and result, give you ability to render your verdict, opinion, in words of fire . . .

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