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T-Bone Slim

Line of Least Resistance —

This mayonaise-age works a great hard-ship on those who have been brought up on pigs-feet or roundsteak.

No organization should undertake, or open countenance, the extermination of those who walk in the shadow of the slums—the system can repopulate the slums faster than any agency can destroy.

Slums, themselves, are the most destructive agency known to mankind. Any terror added thereto is like accelerating a cyclone with human breath—the speed remains the same. My argument is no organization should embrace futilities.

This is not the first time civilization has been in need of a helping hand.

From time to time civilization has been championed by men and women of all nationalities. No nationality ever had monopoly in this—ringneosed savages have rushed out in the interest of rescuing civilization from the hands of well-meaning but blithering idiots.

Now the danger is there, the distress is altogether too evident, the question arises how and by what means can civilization best be salvaged?

By joining the Industrial Workers of the World.

You don't get me—it operates this way: Industrial Workers of the World is the last spark of sanity, civilization, left in the world; by joining it you are giving practical support to the keeping of civilization alive (I'm not talking about progress; I'm harping on the prevention of a cataclysm). Possibly you are not interested in the saving of civilization—if so, that is your privilege. But should civilization go down, you will not be left behind laughing—nor crying, for that matter.

You are an integral part of civilization and you perish with it. I'm not saying it or you will perish. I'm saying you both shall perish unless you co-ordinate with civilized creatures in the Industrial Workers of the World.

You don't have to take my word for it; just keep on "looking" and you'll see it coming. Naturally, you feel that whatever happens you should be left behind laughing—therefore, it follows, self-preservation ordains that you join this outfit pronto. Progress will then begin.

On the other side of the fence we have men and women who disdain benefits because benefits are interlocking. For them to accept of benefits would shower others with benefits also. Rather than be instrumental in the showering of others, they forego the blessings available to themselves.

Intolerant souls?

How bitter indeed is the cup; to be forced to march to a poorhouse because to not do so would aid, strengthen, benefit another?

In other and more assimilable words: 'No matter at what personal discomfort, I'd like to meet you in hell.'

That is the attitude!—and that is your attitude in case you decide to let civilization go b'blooey. It will be hell!—I'll be seeing you, toodleoo.

T-bone Slim.

P. S.—The head to this applies to and means the ease with which eyes can follow the paragraph style—I did not intend to leave an impression that the joining of the I. W. W. is "Line of Least Resistance"—that is for you to determine. I have no authority in heaven or earth or seven seas, to promulgate such a condition by law, dictum or otherwise in such sacred matter—some one would be sure to rise on his hinges and call me a liar—a fight would be started and the spectators would carry away the corpses—I'm a man of peace—yessiyam.

I believe in peaceable assembly, in an alley or behind the barn and discuss these things still starvation overtakes us—could a man be more peaceful and preserve his honor?

United States is the most peaceful country in the world—outside of a few gang-wars, few milk-wars, few mine-wars, few beer-wars, few farm-wars, and so on, there is hardly a ripple on Samuel's placid equanimity.

P. S. No. 2:—Few, few indeed, are the eaters that fish out bullets from their stew onscreen their grape-nuts; this is as it should be—the fewer the better and, if you look back in the italics you will find I have practically admitted the slum element is practically a negligible percentage of the population.

Allright professor:

The shot and shell were flying

Into my brisket stew;

Around me folks were dying

Because they ate their shoes

The parrots were a-lieing

Salvation lies in booze

And politicians crying

For—for still more hellish brews.

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