



T-Bone Tells How Any Beast Can Get Rid of Parasites

NEW YORK CITY. — It was Saturday afternoon, and the offices of the Wage Slave Emancipators were closed for the day—yes, two days. Here were millions of wage slaves demanding to be emancipated on the spot and not an emancipator in sight. Only locked doors frowned upon the wage slaves on this memorable occasion, when they had all suddenly decided to get emancipated, and the emancipators had probably gone to Coney Island for their weekly swim and to revel in the ecstasies of hot dogs with pleny of mustard. This will never do. All those wage slaves willing to have their shackles removed, and they've got to wear the uniform of slavery until next week. This will never do, as I said before. Two whole days is a terrible long time to be clanking chains around and waiting for the office to open. Fie, dammit, fie—I believe the emancipators should be put on double shift for you can never tell what minute of the night the wage slave may choose for the unloading of his impedimenta—collar, hames, yoke and Oregon boot.

Wage slavery is no joking matter. It's worse than fleas on a dog—ah, many is the dog I've seen carrying a load of fleas that made him bow-legged. You too have probably seen a dog pawing his feathers with murder in his eye. And he looks so plaintively at us we would never guess that he carries murder in his heart, his hind-leg flailing like a broken connecting rod on a runaway engine. This is serious, and the office of the Emancipators is closed.

I feel very sorry for that dog. Parasites have got in his hair. He is lousy with 'em: and other parasites with gorgeous wings and patent-leather bodies are chewing up his ears. He's a terrible sight. Along comes a paranoiac and says: "Shoot the dog."

That's supposed to do something! Just let the parasites alone, and shoot the dog? How ingenious! Unsanitary conditions are a contributing factor to the dog's conditions, and inasmuch as we make the conditions, we are responsible.

Wage slaves, when lousy with free riders, are hardly less entitled to our compassion. But inasmuch as we are wage slaves, it is fitting that we direct our compassion to ourselves and proceed to unload parasites.

It wasn't so bad when only a few parasites snuck off with a mouthful of unearned increment. It wasn't so bad when large numbers of workers were unaffected by them. But now, since the number of parasites is increasing—and every worker has his share—it is become a National Problem. It will stay that way if we leave it national—when we make it Industrial . . . ?

These parasites travel in swarms like bees or grasshoppers, and wage slaves are their meat, and terrible is the destruction they leave behind them. It would be better to be visited by a snag toothed scourge.

On a horse the parasites gather up where the collar and hames have chafed the flesh bare. (This is their idea of a labor-saving device.) Coincidentally that spot is in a place where old Dobbin cannot reach it with his hind leg and cannot slap it with his tail. (Self-protection is keynote for parasites. They organize to that end.)

"Old Dobbin" cannot reach them so he gives a wink to his old side-kick, "Crafty". He walks over and nibbles at Crafty's mane to show him precisely where the parasites roost. Crafty roots out his parasites. That's horse sense. "Make 'em dig new holes" is their motto, and that's hard work boring through horse hide.

The principle is: "You scratch me, and I'll scratch you." It works. It is co-operation. We organize on that basis of solidarity a One Big Union of wage workers, and we will proceed to free the working class of all parasites; not only in the sense of exchanging service one for one, but all for one if necessary.

I tell you, boys, the One Big Union is grand. Imagine if you can 50,000,000 rushing to your assistance, demanding to know "what's the matter?"

And the offices of the Wage Slave Emancipators was closed for the day, and the slaves got tired of waiting, and ditched the shackles themselves. For did they not have the tools? They did, brother, they did.

Dogs have been known to revolve these great truths in their minds and they have backed into a river, oh, so slowly, and they have forced the parasites to the point of their nose (with the rising tides of the waters) and then at the psychological moment, when the fleas were all excitement, they ducked their heads and forced the loafers to jump for life, limb, and liberty, for, as I said before, self-preservation is their ruling passion.

Extraordinary efforts then are required to confuse parasites and it is therefore that Industrial Unionism is offered the working people.

From this let it not be understood horses spend their whole time de-fleaing one another. Between times they kick the living slats out of each other, reason or no. For they are not as intelligent as we are; but on the contrary are as ignorant as we ain't.

But can you imagine—Sons of men who fought for freedom fighting for fried cakes!

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Steel workers have now the choice between good and evil. The evil that threatens them is District Unionism, as: Steel Workers of District of Chicago (Gary); Steel Workers of District of Alabama; Steel Workers of District of Pittsburgh; Cleveland District; Buffalo District; Youngstown District; and District of Miscellaneous Steel Workers. Why restrict them in districts? Are they not all steel workers?

The good that offers the steel workers is Metal and Machinery Workers Industrial Union No. 440 of the I.W.W. All one and one all—or no count. Urgency of One Big Union of steel workers lies in the fact that steel corporations are capable of moving in and out of a district (being over-expanded) or into a new district at will.

Witness the goo-goo eyes Youngstown Chamber of Commerce is making at Coraopolis steel, where workers are on strike. Being over-expanded, and over-surplussed, they are able to do so do. Workers are not so well fixed. But a One Big Union can take care of all that.—T-b.