



T-Bone Explores Into Way Out Of What We Are In

There's about 30 million real wage workers in this country; 4 million belong to some sort of union, the other 26 million don't. Some 14 million of them have some sort of a job, and some 16 million of them haven't.

Twenty-six million workers in this country are unorganized because they do not fit in the scheme of craft unionism.

Four million organized workers gave ground to such an extent that one million of their brothers are unemployed.

The twenty-six million workers gave ground to such an extent that fifteen million of them are unemployed.

Still workers say they can't join a union for fear they will lose their jobs. These millions are out of work not because they organized, but because they didn't.

Even as the horse gave way to the speed-wagon, and became a choice tid-bit on the butcher's block, so hand-labor gave way to automatic machines—but then—horses are not supposed to have much sense, and oats cost money.

It is said that horse-meat makes fine dog-bait—but no one yet has discovered a way to can the unemployed or pickle paupers.

All in time—don't rush the scientists!

John L. Lewis' wild-eyed departure from the halls of craft unionism indicates that John (like a true mine-mule) fears the roof will cave in.

"Jobs In Overalls Urged On Scholars"—marvelous! Socrates, Aristophanes, Mephistopheles? Only there are sixteen million more overalls than jobs now.

We are so busy balancing the budget that we have no time to balance civilization. Balanced diet is a legend of the gay nineties. Balance is in boss' favor.

Industrial Unionism is "aces" because it makes a single issue of a litter of problems; craft unionism is "nertz" because it makes a litter of problems of a single issue—it scrambles the beef-steak.

Sensible people accommodate themselves to conditions. They swim not in suits of armor, nor do they go naked into hail-storms. A century is a fair trial for "authorized unionism." But then again, the boss is not a condition. He's a pain in the neck. If we organize properly we can make our own conditions and eliminate the pain in the neck.

Unquestionably the industrial set-up has taken such form that it absolutely nullifies the powers of antique unionism. Such unionism failed to progress along with industry and is consequently out of position.

Unless the aristocracy of labor can protect the unorganized, the very wants of the multitudes will swamp the aristocrats!

Naturally, they cannot do so (I was only kidding)—but they can make common umbrage with the unorganized and make the boss sing "Love's Old Sweet Song." (It is a disgrace to the I.W.W. that 45,000,000 unbranded mavericks prance the parapaps of United States.)

The presumption here is: If we are capable of choosing a president for these United States, we should be capable of choosing a manager for industry. The fact that some of our chosen presidents were hailed "busts," is not to our discredit—the timber was punky. Then again, the presumption to the second last presumption is: We are freeborn American citizens, not slaveborn industrial subjects. So, my dear plutes, parasites and chisellers, write and let me know how you are making out trotting industrial autoocracy and political democracy side by side!

POLICE GONE GOOD!