



It's the Same Old Fuss Until Slavery Ends

By T-BONE SLIM

A. F. of L. and C. I. O. have gone to the wars. Jurisdictional disputes throw the fight into the working class, brother against brother—the fight against the boss is only incidental and his comforts are undisturbed. Strikes are merely "sniping" and this guerilla (gorilla) warfare shall continue until such time as disillusionment in the form of empty cupboards shall overhaul the working class.

Amalgamation does not grow solidarity; it is but a truce and the "hates" linger.

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China invented gunpowder and should be permitted to use it.

I. W. W. discovered industrial unionism and labor fakers are "trying" to use it. (They're monkeying with a buzz saw.)

Tough to be a thinking animal; brain grinding like a railroad train over a gravel crossing.

That reminds me: Willie Green Jawn L. Lewis have discovered "jurisdictional unionism."

New York.—Saw a man off South street hand another man a match just as if 'twas nothing. People are reckless!

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Maritime Commission is alla samee one man jury. (Difference of opinion in merit of size of jury). Personally I think: Omit the jury and organize the power. Juries will sing sweetly enough if you have what it takes...

Industrial Commission is a one man jury. Compensation board is a one man jury—obligatory, mandatory. Therefore: report your injury to your lawyer first, doctor next, company third, and commission last—your case is prejudiced to start with.

Should your injury be an industrial offense report it to your union FIRST—and, if you are a deepwater seaman, and you have the power to tie up shipping over the loss of a finger nail, I am quite sure the courts will rush to your assistance and say: "Why, that man has lost the best part of his best hand and render a verdict accordingly. But if your union is weak, the courts will say: "Pooh, pooh, 'tis nothing but a scratch."

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It might be argued that if labor waits for leaders they will be late at the barbecue and the parasites will have the wine all drunk up. But I'm arguing that if we don't wait for them they'll get lost and stray, maybe into the enemies' camp.

It's a question whether it is good policy for labor to carry its leaders, or put them on horseback, because leaders cannot sleep except on downiest cushions and labor many times

on the road to economic security has to sleep under viaducts and lumber piles.

The I. W. W. is not hobbled with leadership, and personally I think leadership comes from a strange family and parasites hire them same as they do managers and counsel for the maintenance of their racket.

So, labor, if you are going places, come along—for the I. W. W. is on the move.

Hardships are to be expected for the time being, and it is for that reason I make the point: Leadership is too thin-skinned and its back far too limbery to withstand the grief. I think we better leave them home and tell them all about it when we come back; when the workers have freed themselves from the guidance of parasites and their retainers.

Emancipation! What a glorious thing; when workers shall live in peace in the friendship of their class. Just a little solidarity is all it takes, and MUCH ORGANIZATION.

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"Now we are getting nowhere!" exclaims (explains) the great T-Bone Slim when he heard about the jurisdictional disputes of men who are supposed to be fighting the boss for *do re mi fa sol la si dough*, but who are, instead, fighting among themselves for jobs. There's only one way to end that fight—*shorten the day and lengthen the pay*. It is an illusion to think that if one-half of the workers butchered-off the other half, jobs would be plentiful. The economic autocrats would shorten the crew again and again. Even if they all committed suicide there would still be a shortage of jobs because the aforesaid plutes would send into the industries shysters, sawbones, and social psychopaths (spell it editor).

So come out of it, Mr. Labor, the I. W. W. has the right idea: "*Shorten the day to begin with and every time the boss shortens the crew shorten the day again and again.*"

That's the only way to fight the boss—do not fight among yourselves: your trenchant prowess can be used to better purpose.

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Irritated men say, "T-Bone Slim always writes the same thing over and over again." That's O. K. by me. The slavery is the same. The bed is the same. The raiment is the same. The sorrows are the same, (there is no joy) so what the hell do they want me to write?

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Got some liniment from the hospital with which to rub my back. I accomplish this by putting liniment on a telegraph pole and rubbing my back on it. Individualism, hey? (God bless Duke of Argyle!).