



Raw Materials

When a mule gets through with a hard day's work it wants a "roll"—not the "coffee and" kind.

A slave's idea of a winter "stake" is a clothes basket full of doughnuts and a barrel of coffee; a workingman's, a full length, doubt thick, main drive belt of T-bone steak with dressing.

Charity is that which is less than you deserve—less than you need.

When a sewer in Worcester, Massachusetts, caved in, men could not be had for love or money to work in it. Came a time when this job was dealt out as charity—for charity's sweet sake—30 cents per hour, 2 days per week. Plenty of takers—special "privilege" was shown to the most intrepid and fetid workers. That was charity.

The most charitable institution (in the true sense of the world) I know is the working class. They give—give—give—give their all—in exchange for food, clothing and shelter.

After the "down and outs" have been filled with stale bread and aromatic hog-wash, the good samaritans retire to a nearby cafe to regale themselves upon pork tenderloin and "French fried."

E'en the medical profession is "hard put" to retain sufficient disease to furnish science with food.

"Free Bread and Soup at 4 P. M.—Women and Children Only." Smacks real heavy of a marine disaster. Ladies first! The "families" now eat at the missions.

I see the farmer is throwing out his chest because of the farmer "bloc" in the senate. Tush, tush, John! Labor has had blocs for years, but knew better than send them to a senate.

Yet we are not opposed to government by law—gosh, no! We have laws right in the organization for the guidance of the membership.

It is definitely decided the I. W. W. will not affiliate with the Dill Pickle or Blue Carp. The Social conscience of these organizations is too "impressionistic" to meld with the aspirations of such a materialistic conception as the workers' organization of industrials appears to be—and is!

True happiness lies in industrial unionism.

Rumor has it that the Agricultural Workers' fever "rose up" to 110. Gosh!

Suppose the 310 gets a fever this spring. Gosh!

Won't the boss have chills—maybe cal-louses, too? Gosh!

"Sale" signs, everywhere: "Prices Crash"—"Lost Our Lease"—"Alteration Sale"—"Sensational Slash"—Bang! The dignified business man is like a small boy with a sore toe—showing the rag to everybody. Tough, isn't it? Gosh!