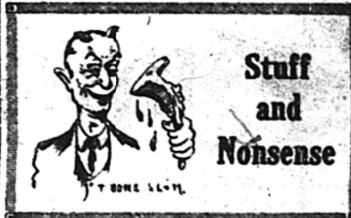


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We were discussing and cussing the troubles of his honor the American working-man. He said: "In these arduous times of incredible hideousness, when the deficient in mentality endeavor to prove categorically and hysterically the inefficacy of centrifugal force officiating as receptive or repelling radiosynocracy of centralized control, we must acknowledge we are dealing tediously with complex and purely economic problems."

I should say we are! You took the very words out of my mouth.

I agreed with him—not that I was afraid of him (although I did shiver, perceptibly); and I'll tell the world right now when I shiver perceptibly I'm going either to run or fight; and let me assure you, I run and fight the way I shiver—perceptibly.

I wanted to be by myself—all by myself; to muse on progress, to gaze with unflinching and calculating eye on the advance civilization has made since the day mere man shook his fist at the sun on a hot day and was horrified to discover his act, that of bringing his fist between the sun and his eye, completely blotted out the sun.

I wanted to be by myself to hear the New Republic say (worrying about soldier bonus sales tax): "But a hard-pressed public is very sensitive to any influence that raises the cost of living while earnings are still on the down grade."

Let not that worry you, my dear New Rep. You are kidding yourself. The public will not be affected by the sales tax—the public is broke!

The public has nothing new, and will always have that much so long as capitalism prevails.

Put a billion dollar tax on a plate of beans, if you want to—see if it makes any difference! times a day so long as the chuck holds out. Of course, by putting on a tax the plates could verify my contention that horse-dish, instead of blood, comes out of a rutabaga.

I wanted to be by myself to mull over the statement that "Chinamen are half civilized." In China the southern provinces are more intelligent. The northern part is inhabited by what we are pleased to call "coolies."

Cotton is raised in southern China, but the people there are too intelligent to bale it themselves. Transportation, no doubt because of the half civilized condition, is cheap. Therefore, people in southern China, throw their cotton together loosely and send it north, where labor is cheap, to be baled by coolies. So you see, civilization is measured by the amount of work you are able to dodge.

Right here in Chicago civilization has reached a development that is staggering. On the "Gold Coast" of our beautiful city may be seen highly civilized semi-simians who never work year in and year out. And taking the country as a whole, we compare more than favorably with the Chinese.

Our finest cigars are made by the cheapest labor in Cuba. Our own cigar makers are thus obliged to compete with coolie labor. This "jibes" well with civilization.

So much for stuff and nonsense. Things are getting very monotonous. The I. W. W. is not being "killed" by anybody—the liquidators are under terra firma again. The reason for this ignore-ance is attributed to the fact that the I. W. W. would continue to run post mortem on its reputation after death. No use "killing" a thing which won't stay killed.

Darn it, I came near forgetting the food philosophy—the biscuit biology. Meal time is an epoch in the history of today. . . . Since I quit logging pulp-weed I notice the "Pay the Cashier" slips are getting narrower. . . .

If a one-man vacation will do this, what will a working-class vacation do? It will do away with "pay the smallest amount." And maybe the cashier too.

Luther Burbank, on his 73rd birthday, said: "I'd go to pieces if I quit." We thought the same way until this panic came along to prove *there's nothing to it*.