



## Inspired Confidences

If it was the state we're after—Let me point out that our oratorical ability, eloquence, has reached a stage of flexibility necessary to taking over a state of any kind or description.

But talk will not win the thing we are after—industry.

Nevertheless the present aspects of the situation are: Pst.—The boss will soon be packing his assets in a sling—tied up in bandana handkerchief. Might as well say goodbye, right now.

The disease, Capitalism, is a secret one and wears a man in the privacy of his home—It was only recently that capitalism broke out in most hideous batches—debauches.

It has made sneaks and hypocrites of tired business men—the failure of capitalism dates back to the day it was born. About as useful to society as seven-year itch. Both panic every seventh year.

The I. W. W.—something different.  
The Industrial Worker—some paper.  
Thanks, fellow worker, editor!

The wealth of the master is only a seeming mortgage on our future production.

How in the world can a man save money when there are only 365 days in a year—poorfish?

Universalism—pass the fruit, please.—Under universalism, in a favored locality, a man may dress himself in rags, with present wages; in a less favored locality he would present a vastly different aspect to the amazed world—to the penetrating discerners.

Detroit (Mich.) Prison "Board of Commerce" recommends the placing of prison industries in the state on a scale that would permit payment of wages to prisoners similar to those received by "average worker" outside—Tiddle um, tiddle um, etc.

Couldn't hardly expect a self respecting prisoner to work so cheaply.—Besides its too early in the game to put society as a working-class-whole upon prison basis.—We are not quite ready to put "all-ourselves" in the can.

No, penitentiary production doesn't pay. Turn 'em out or we'll all be short of biscuits.—and soon. Use sense.

Men unnecessarily in the can will take the luxuries away from the blooded parasites—and soon.

Winter's here! Wisconsin Jails Are Filling Up—headline.

State Board of Control reports the number of insane in state institutions has increased to 1,437.—Rather discouraging on the face of it, but when taken into consideration that a still greater number has registered a return to sanity by taking out red cards in the I. W. W. it is too early to throw up the cats face.

The question is insanity or industrial unionism.

"Bluecher or Night"—Wellington. (Telegrams)—An epidemic of "Coffee and Cough" has struck Chi.—Ben Reitman, medicine man, investigating. Delegates to convention affected. Terrible!

M. M. W. I. U. No. 440 declared a banquet to counteract dread scourge.

Many active members can be saved.

In so far as our far-sighted author early in the fall went on a mush and milk diet, the editor need have no worries.

T-BONE SLIM.