



## As to Stocks

I have warned all I. W. W. to sell all their holdings now. Because I think in the near future the small investors too will be squeez-ed out—to . . . to . . . Keep . . . water . . . company—But where?—(I know of three lines that are preparing to do the hugging . . . )

In . Re . water: Since Shycago started chlorinating its drinking water the radical movement has suffered a setback. Debs took one drink—and forthwith repudiated "him"—and thus the complexion of the situation looks sanguin, sanguinary or something for the U. Tellem Educational Legion of So Be It America.

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"Is radicalism still dead," is the inquiry of distressed Haymericans and the ONCET radical labor unions are demanding a Sabbath School be started for Adult charter members—to take care of their perishable souls, a la Landis Reward.

Boyle goes to jail for failure to hide his contempt for the court.

Thus are the heavy fallen, alas! All this as a direct result of a few pails of "chlorine" dumped into the water supply. Can't say that I'm thriving myself upon this vaccinated water—thinking of starting suit against city for a pair of new pants, besides: I need 'em.

It is feared porch climbers will now degenerate into lounge lizzards or parlor-bolsheviks—and to think: I thought benzoate of soda was all the medicine we would have to take—Oh well, let us give THEM a dose of INDUSTRIAL unionism.

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The bum and the plute as they traveled one day;

With moral discources cut shorter the way;  
Said the plute to the bum, in his kindest sob,

"Why don't you find work and . . . Stay on the job?"

II.

Says the bum to the plute, "Sir, I'm fond of your nerve!"

"And really I'M willing and anxious to serve . . ."

"But kindly remember I'm wise to the game—"

"I'll take on some labor if you'll do the same."

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So they separated, each hostile against the other . . . My, if all that wasted power could be harnessed! What a world we would have!

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Now and then some cub-philosopher will jump into the breach trying to "commercialize" active romance and bring all our tenderest feelings down to the bare level of dollars and cents. But take it from me, an old reliable expert philosopher, that if a man makes a fool of himself over a pretty woman I consider him as using extraordinary good judgment. From this there is no appeal.

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The three R's of the old school days have acquired a new meaning: Reduce Railroad Rates. By the way: The railroads are bragging that in the past five years they have killed 9,101 and injured 24,208, at grade crossings. Not so bad, is it? Many of the motorists are spared through the agency of the weatherbeaten dinky signboards along the right of way . . .

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American Steel and Wire Co. puts out literature to the effect that Theodore Roosevelt said: "No man has yet discovered a way whereby he can work less and get more." Yes, yes, we know . . . get quite as much . . . by working less. John D. works less and gets more, T-bone works more and gets less; otherwise Teddy's argument is good.

There's a margin of profit that is unnecessary of production. I wonder what became of the article I was going to write?