



Unfinished Business

Met one of those human cogs, of the wheel of industry, today. He claims the cause of his "down fall" is stingy waiters.—My! That man is deep.

"Six-dollar Clerk to a Bank President." Nothing extraordinary 'bout that—'make a six-dollar clerk out of a bank president; that would be something.

A pastor in New York committed suicide.—We were shocked so religious are we.—We wonder what's going to become of all the sheep left without a shepherd.—We wonder how this shepherd will square himself with Saint Peter for deserting his flock.—We wonder if he is now sitting in the lap of Abraham with a great, big, self-inflicted, bullet hole in his soul.

We are given to understand that if the paster should have renigged on taking the initiative (and his life) the goats in the congregation had fully decided to protect the sheep against the ravages of present day church tendencies. But, hm, we maintain, ho hom, a man may belong to a church and still be religious, yes, indeed.

In Tillamook, Ore., a woman was branded with a red hot cross—the form of branding iron leads me to believe religious principles were invoked to save this woman's everlasting soul. Good Christians (no doubt) pressed the burning steel (ever so gently) to the breast of this woman in the name of Him who never opened his trap in front of his persecutors.

It is now believed in well-informed labor circles that organization is almost a necessity.

Laborers of great mental compass are reconciling themselves to this new factor, that is uniting the forces of labor, in the arena of industrial action. It is now believed a united working class can do much to discourage any interference in production created by the employers, and maybe in time, do away with the interference entirely as well as do away with the "interferers," also.

'Cording to the want columns, SALESMEN is the kind of 'migration we need.

A way should be found to prevent friend father "blowing in" all his money on groceries.—"Tough Beef 6 Cents," Liver 8 Cents.—(sign in Ann Arbor, Mich.) Same horseless tough.—Meet me in Ann Arbor, Loui.—We will have a regular restaurant, steak, 'n everything.

No use to adopt a 70-year-old baby.—Join the Wobblies, now! When a man wants the best—so it is with his unionism; he wants the very latest model.—Industrial unionism. No use jockeying a single cylinder craft when you can get a twin W.—an I. W. W.

Lemon juice is not to be recommended as good for low wages. Try it on pimples; not on principles.

"Country degenerating"—So is the sausages—going to the dogs, so as to say.

Geraldine Farrar voices a pessimistic note: "I've no use for damned newspaper men," she said. "They've never done me any good, anyhow."

Why is it, editor, that you always get in bad with the girls? (We don't).

(Opens Bottle)

Gompers Opens Labor's Battle for Beer, Wine.—headline. Somebody should pass Sammy a corkscrew.

Doc. Garfield, the former coal administrator, has said an unskilled workman should not marry.—Can't see the connection, doctor.

What for instance has skill, in pushing a wheelbarrow, got to do with the more or less holy state of wedlock.—What is there in common between the artful juggling of a pick and the manhandling of a woman—or, the "her handling" of man. Doc. Garfield has lost all his romance in the coal yard. (So have we).—"He should wait until he becomes skilled" puts the doctor squarely behind birth control. Shake!

Not only to take care of the high cost of living, but also the high cost of marriage and the high cost of old age, must we have more wages. A "living wage" presupposes no old age—so the boss sings; You will always be—"young and fair to me."

A family will make a man do many things he wouldn't think of in his sober senses—single. The advices the boss gives: "Don't join a union, raise a big family."—The advice I give: Soak your head.

The present wages absolutely forbids marriage.—Now let the women get up and demand more wages for us poor, poor, men. Let the girls organize a one big union and insist on more wages for men, so that the brave unorganized men may take unto themselves a wife, and lead a natural life.

"Oh woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;"
Oh wilt thou deign to make us rich
That we may eat, and love, and hitch.