



## THIS AND THAT

S'n't'rs Brookhart, Ladd, Frasier and La-Follette "read" out'n the Rapublican party, "blackballed," "cording to press reports. T's 'no place for a "meenister's son."

"Th' big majority of Republicans (of 32 such) think the right thing was done, that the party finally has shown some backbone."

Yes, and neckbone and bone in the head, a shrudlu of bone.

Nothing is "sacred no more" from the inroads of commercialism; all our most cherished traditions are being traduced—yes, traduced—by our cold, bloody traders—traducers. For centuries it has been understood that a cup of coffee is five cents—in fact that's what the nickle was made for—but now, alass, they charge me 10 centavos for a cup of coffee unaccompanied by the "And."—Is there nothing holy no more, except the sinkers?

Investigating "Buss" transportation on the "Range," I find it has one fatal drawback: Ungagged women are allowed to ride in the front seat with the driver. Such recklessness! Wanton daredeviltry!

Half the time half the bus was in the ditch—me sitting there, the fate of the revolution in my custody, helpless.

After careful consideration, I've come to the conclusion that women should not be al-

lowed in those vehicles unless "trussed up" hand, foot and mouth. . . .

I'm sure, women, when they understand this, will not object—Otherwise, editor, I guess we'll have to make a run for it.—'s 'good think I'm footloose and—and—just loose.

. . . .

The parcel post is getting to be quite a "nuisance"—we have something else to do other than stand in line and wait while Uncle Sam obligingly explains to the "fair lady" the innermost workings of the P. O. tariffs and et cetera. . . . we have a living to wrest from this old cantankerous world and we can't do it standing in line sucking our thumb; and biting our lip . . . Parcel the hours.

. . . .

Duluth is a city of magnificent grades—up, up, up—and the home of mojakka; first cousin of mulligan—a stew of ravishing attraction, whose rugged honesty is the pride of the pure bred Knights of St. Croix and Lake Avenoo. Michigan street, the Bowery, has fallen into evil ways: Lake Superior is leaking into its soup and coffee.

"Five Card" is Duluth's municipal pastime. Affairs of state bother her less than the state of affairs of her exchequer—Be it said, the full force of capitalism has been unable to lower Duluth's standard of living. Her standard of manhood is some noticeably higher, too; even her officers grade surprisingly high; as observed while studying railroad bulls.

Why?

Because a certain amount of red in the blood is necessary in order to withstand the old climate—How our author suffers!

(Duluth's hills would pass for mountains anywhere—but Duluth's vision is broader). Our author has already scaled his way to the dizzy heights of First Street, which said

feat causes him to think that no serious breakdown can disturb the serene tenor and tenure of his way during the coming year.

A million dollar city hall project has been rejected as entirely incompatible with the aspirations of a resourceful, throbbing lak: port—one of the twins. It is understood Hank Ford adopted Superior, (the other twin) buying frontage by the foot—we may now expect to see Superior more "assertive."

Just now there is a lull in organization work—not because of can't or won't, but because our membership do not choose to organize at this time. Their reasons may be good and sufficient, quen sabe.

Status quo is being maintained.

The drive against the workers integrity is 200 pounders fell short and flat.

December 4. Town is full of sawyers—the lumber barons are adding bait, a little more each week—these men have been lost to the woods for two months now.

. . . .

Street car Red Cross sign reads: "If the child has sore throat do not send it to school but to a doctor."—That is, I suppose, if the doctor has bad legs or feet that pain, and can't walk. . . .

It's a wonder the M. D.s don't get next to themselves and do their own advertising.

. . . .

Just now, Slim is "all stiffened up," in the legs, from dancing jigs and jumping up and bouncing "down" in a "ventilated gondola" car between Virginia and W. Duluth. We should know better than attend dances in freight cars—on clear nights.

. . . .

Prosperity has been delayed, unavoidably. Kappers (Kansas) "era of best times" must be hung up on a stump. . . . These Kapitalism Pulmotors make me laugh with whole area of my neuralgia.

**BOYCOTT CALIFORNIA PRODUCTS.**