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MADISON, Wis., Dec. 15.—“Every day spent in school is worth \$16.66 to the boy or girl who avails himself of schooling opportunities.”—State Treasurer Solomon Levitan.

I suppose that is why school closes for the potato picking season—'round Waupaca. The children lose \$14.66 every day they pick spuds.

The I. W. W. is right—and then some. Industrial unionism is no longer a crime. Law is becoming more sensible—what! . . . Law.

Rogers, says it compares favorably with the German mark—the mark must have reformed—I still believe the “mark” is more prolific.

The Legion says it is chagrined because the Industrial Workers were released from Leavenworth. It had better not be if it wants to “kid along” the few remaining workers in its ranks—but, I don’t blame ‘em. Provost!

Four more years—and then: we’ll be in shape to help England lick France, her next enemy—one at a time is good fishing.

I have one complaint. I have more strangers than acquaintances.

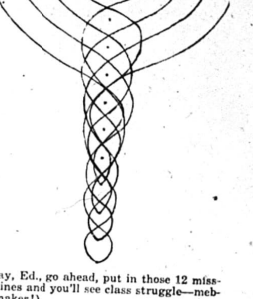
We cross the line of Progress with ever-increasing-sweeps. Our travel is now on one side of the line, now on the other.

Take a pencil, draw a straight line up and down, divide it with ten periods (stations), start “sweep” from bottom period, cross line between second and third period; sweep other side, cross line between 4 and 5 period, sweep and cross again at 7 and 8 and you will come to a horizontal line of periods called equality—provide them—ten of them at the head of your column.

Start from bottom again, sweep other side, cross former “sweeps” at straight line as before. Your first travel, bottom to the right lands you at period No. 1 on horizontal; your second lands you at No. 10. Make a start now from each period, as before, and you will notice much ground has been covered when you get through. Such is the struggle of the workers for emancipation. A start must be made from every station, high or low. Each man must do his bit.

No man can do “another’s bit”—I mean it—if he does do another man’s bit, his own has suffered. If a man isn’t doing his bit, that BIT is never done.

If you have taken the trouble to draw said picture, you will have noticed the first line of travel was easy, the second easier and the third harder, fourth still harder until the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth hardly know which way to turn; which way to go—that’s why I say each and every man at each and every station must become an active educator of those whom he can reach—because—why: The man starting from another station sweeps only in his so-called orbit.



“Say, Ed., go ahead, put in those 12 missing lines and you’ll see class struggle—mebbe snakes!”

Much education is good, but where understanding is small, little education is just as good. A poor writer, for instance, gets big applause because he is in tune with a less polished orbit and, consequently he is more effective. . . .

None of us have anything to blush for. We may not have done all we could do, but that was because we thought somebody else could do it so much better.—Pure crap. No man can do it better than we—you and yours truly.

Industrial Worker questions empty stomach as means to revolution. Wrong premise. Empty stomach is THE revolution—the only kind workers have EVER known.

Dress shirts, 69 cents; work shirts, \$1.25—Choose the way you will go. Here is every inducement. You can get a pair of dress shoes at the charity bazaar for 30 cents—choose. Work shoes, \$6; overalls, \$2.25; dress pants, 98 cents—choose.

Members of the stock exchange are complaining because the average beggar that approaches him is either lousy or full of disease germs. Ain’t that scandalous. Why don’t they have their beggars sterilized, or dipped, like they do sheep.

The Saviour’s Army has a special complaint—cause they collected only \$5,000 last week. Insofar as they are “begging for beggars,” speaking for those who can’t speak for themselves, this sum seems very small. An iron grating fastened to the top of their beg pot permits the putting of money in, but prevents the taking of it out, save with a hammer and chisel. How’d I come to notice this? For shame! Presence of grating indicates the sanctified captain doesn’t trust the soldiers in the army of the Lord. Surely he doesn’t suspect that “we” would take stuff that doesn’t belong to us. Praise the Lord!

Captains of industry fear the workers will be quite unable to buy back that what they produced—“Spring” will be the proof of the pudding—probably been blowing all their coin for bran and cream.

The “elevated” whistled “by”
The landscape, in my languid eye;
And then—a’as—a crash—a cry:
“S’far’s we go!”