



Prospecting For Equality

"Banks Bust IN N. D."—head.

The deflation of the farmer in North Dakota has been OVERDID and sordid. It is getting so now that they can not support their BANKER friends anymore—ANY-MOR'.

Wages for farm hands this year will be \$5—straight—if. . . .

Politics is experiencing heavy weather just now—the ship of state is pounding to pieces on the "jackpot dome." Fall is as honest as the day is long—a poor farmer boy, no doubt; unused to the ways of the world.

* * *

Standard Oil plays the part of injured innocence tossing skids under the avalanche. So much for the passing parade.

Now let us look and see who slipped in the back way while we were watching the elephants.

The army of unemployment has been augmented by the timely arrival of one-tenth of the business people. Welcome! They are waiting for labor to collect sufficient funds to start them up in business, again—along about next June there will be no vacant "stores" for rent.

Damn such a system anyway that won't support these birds the year 'round.

Talk about seasonal vocation—the harvest worker has nothing on these commercial cats—everyone of them with the positive ear marks of outstanding "successes." It is the system—the system.

A suggestion: Why not start a few Beauty Parlors for the bums. Complexion shops for the panhandlers—an idea, what? Eh?

* * *

These North Dakota bankers with their nice, white, set, pliable fingers would be the most logical men to garden the features of our hardened moochers. If we are to become a nation of bums, we may as well go at it in a systemized way—the way of capitalism. Perfume and massage the beggars. Les' set an example for the whole world.

* * *

Much has been said about our industrial efficiency, about our dynamos, about our improved machinery—our this, and our that—but how is it that our improved machinery is unable to support the unemployed? Couldn't be "improved" very much if it falls down on the job like that.

It steps in and takes a man's job and then fails to support the man. How come? Is it possible the improved machine supports only itself? Well then, if that's the case, what's the big idea of giving a man's job to a machine? The man could support himself with that job. Are we to become a United States of men? Answer me.

Say—who's running this system? Bring on the experts. I would have a word with them.

Ye in your ignorance will not trust the people, your God. Ye will in your arrogance set yourself to reconcile myriads of antagonisms. Ye in your depravity steel your mind to adjust all things with inequality, to fit in the "Frankenstein" you have created—capitalism.

You will fail. Your work shall come to naught. Brains! Yes, diseased. Ye have raised yourself to guide the GUIDES; ye have uttered platitudes to philosophers; ye teach A B C's to sages—ye think ye are somebody. Ye are not even not. Repent, ere it is too late. Go to thy God, the people, and humble yourself—say that it can't be done—do this, and the people will smile in their knowing way—perhaps say: "I will be merciful with you—you always was a damped fool—go thy way and do 'lika dees' and do 'lika dat'—and sin no more."

The last bet—the People.