



# Indiana Moon

The saloons used to open at 5 a. m., and I, having become accustomed to rising at that time, find it difficult to lie in bed (like bankers do) until 8 o'clock. A habit acquired by long practice is hard to break, and humiliating it is indeed to wake up at such an ungodly hour—now that there no longer is a need for a long day. To be frank with you, fellow worker editor, my drinks used to cost me in the neighborhood of 25 cents for eye-openers; 15 cents for appetizers, and 45 cents for nightcaps—you can see yourself I wasn't always the virtuous angel that I now am. My drinks used to cost me 85 cents per day.

To generate 85 cents requires considerable time; about two hours' work on the job. But now, since my drinks are with me no longer I hardly know what to do with the two hours per day that are not needed for my upkeep—its a cinch I cannot sleep them off for I've tried that. . . .

I've been thinking that if I could bring myself to accept "smaller pay" I could still continue to work the long day (for my board and lodging) eat "dry-combinations," etc. and let the boss keep the 85 cents as a sort of "testimonial" of my faith in him—Yea, Bo, so I reason, and what's the matter with it? Isn't it sound reasoning? Two hours worth of drinks taken away from me—confiscated—without so much as consulting with me to see if I could survive the "raid." Yes. What does it mean? Does it mean that private property is no longer inviolate? I'm afraid it does. I'm afraid. we are breaking away from the glorious traditions of our rum-guzzling forefathers—mind you; I only fear this, I know better.

I know that we were not consulted about denaturing our shoes with paper heels; adulterating our sox with Alabama wool and rectifying our sausage with screenings advertised as cereals so why should they not Foolstedt us a little with moonbeams and canned heat in our department of the refreshments; in our Bureau of Beverages?

The standard of refreshments has been lowered to conform with low-life living. We are now in the hair-oil-lemon-extract age, on one hand, imitation sausage and one-half of 60 per cent bread on the other (the next thing to be lowered will be our manhood, the existence of which I very much doubt since nobody seems to be making any great holler—watch your step).

But we have them "two hours" that we do not need to labor, since we are not a drinking man—we are distinctly and a distinctive eater, like the Frenchman says, "If I cook myself"—well done.

Our standard of living is now one-third of what it was in the good old days when Doc. Wiley's battle flag was dragged in the dirt, Doc. protesting like a colored landlady in the face of bribe-takers.

Our dollar is now worth about 40 cents; less the two-thirds quality missing from the things we need, use and must have. Divide 40 cents by three and you will find the usefulness of the dollar today, compared to the dollar of twenty years ago, is in the neighborhood of 13 1-3 cents.

And when buying moonshine (that infamous substitute for whiskey) the value of the dollar equals the price of a yeast cake—two cents.

Oh America, thy clothes are patches, through the toe of thy shoddy sox thy great American toe is making it debut. Thy food is by-products and thy disgrace a by-word. Thy gospel is hollow-sounding. Thy press is a misleader and a misnamer. Pull yourself together for Christ's sake; join the Wobblies and inscribe on your banner the words: The Best Is Not Good Enough for the People.