



Nature's Course

Progressive bosses have taken up the study of languages.—Some of them, bent on taking a short-cut, are learning to yell in Latin—this was necessary because the foreigners evidently could not comprehend American cuss words.

Despite the eloquent bellowing of our gentlemanly Major-Domos, the foreigners would continue rolling cigarettes and oggling the kindly foreman, quite ignoring that worthy's frantic "pantomimes."

It was quite evident that the Overseers words carried no "poetic meaning" to these strangers within our gate, and they took them at their face value (nothing) so words had to be found that would remind them of "home" and "mother"; hence our foreign speaking drivers.

Yes, some of our best bosses were quite unable to drive these strangers come to help us support our parasites. Somehow or other, all their yowling seemed to have about as much effect as a whisper in a deaf and dumb asylum, and the slaves simply would not "strike up" the well known 100 per cent gait—for which our forefathers fought and b'bled.

And if it wasn't for the fact our bosses are adepts in picking up strange tongues, I would be of the opinion that we can produce better slaves ourselves—as it is, I'm afraid, we shall have to reserve judgment until we see how these unfortunate visitors jump when the 100 per cent American, (an exile from Erin's shore) yells, "Carramba!"

Radio reports another woman, charged with murder, freed. Another one given life.—Would suggest that we discontinue convicting women until such a time as we are able to bag a few he-millionaires, getting away with murder.

Speaking about radio, won't the harp seem old fashioned up above? Oh, well, I suppose the harp had just been discovered when the Bible was invented—I suppose, if the Hebrews were to saddle another religion upon the white race, the new Bible would

refer feelingly to the neuterdyne and describe the chickens "shimmying" before the throne, washed in the extract of beef.—Shure, we'll have radios up there. Watch and behold.

Question arises, did Senator Norris kiss or was he kissed?—"I didn't kiss that girl," says Norris, "She kissed me. Intimations were given to me that if I didn't favor Henry Ford's bid for this Muscle Shoals, some sort of a thing would be hung over my head. I guess this is it."—Norris shouldn't worry about a little thing like that—this sort of a thing happens every day in labor unions. Officials are framed and caught in compromising positions, squatting attitudes, in unexplorable latitudes and, rather than EXPLAIN they sell out—(that is the weaker ones). That is why it is important that not too much power be given the peoples' representatives—they are too easily framed. No man is quite immune from blackmail: consider the farmer and the calf. He had hold of the calf's tail (also) and the calf was pulling the farmer, yet the farmer's wife, when she saw the performance, swore up and down that John was chasing the calf. . . . She used it against him the rest of his life.

By the way: Women are gradually displacing men in the important posts and it will now be only a short while when the army examining boards will be composed of women. In that day our army will be lighter on its feet—more mobile in every way. As to its efficiency, I'll withhold judgment. It will be a fast fielding army but its batting average will be low. . . . The very men that men would push to the front, the ladies will exempt and keep at home—I offer this as a timely warning to those interested in race suicide—let them now start laying their ropes to halt these "pernicious" encroachments of the gentler sex.

Our point against war is made.

Presbyterians to Vote on Eugenics—headline.

"The bill which Judge Graham would have the assembly approve provides for an operation on all convicted of criminal assault and provides for medical examination of all before marriage."

"We spend millions annually to insure better propagation of horses, cattle, dogs, flowers, etc., and I believe the time has arrived when the Christian people of this country should take steps to make impossible the marriages from which children never can be—it for service of any kind," he said.—Ah, marriages then are not made in Heaven? I thought so.—Whom God hath joined together, let no man "put" asunder,

must be a joke.—(We will now do the picking for God.)

Inconsistency, thou art a jewelry store! The solution does not lie in the hands of God, nor in the hands of Presbyterians, nor Congress, nor in Eugenics. The cause of this condition, that classes us with horses, cattle, dogs, etc., is underpay, undernourishment, overwork, too few wraps and air contaminated by the presence of too many parasites. A law prescribing marriage is but to recognize and adopt a condition—to respectablize the result of victims, unrestricted exploitation of the people old and young—man, woman and baby. (i. e., the past five years our young have been receiving illiteracy training in the mines, mills and factories; this ghost will rise to taunt us, ten years from today).

The remedy for this and all other evils that undermine our national pep is Industrial Unionism—nothing else.

The solution lies with labor—nobody else. Let nature take its course.

"Governments are instituted among men" . . . and soon, and so on. We will change that statement: Governments will "some day" be instituted among men. As yet we have no such institution, except by grave of speculative courtesy. We call the present "incumbents" such on the strength of their possible future functions.

Capitalists and employers have carte blanche to do as they "damn please." No voice is ever raised to protect the citizens against these free booters. Do you call that government?

On the other hand our lawmakers seem to work hand in glove with these dry land privateers—I don't call that government, I call it service and such an institution a service station. . . . Misunderstand me not, I'm not against government. I'm for it. I want for it. I would like to see government. Even a semblance of government would cheer me on to the grave. A shade, a most elementary display of government, would repay me for my brief visit upon this earth. By all means, let us have government.

It may be that government should not attempt to run private business, but we have yet to see the proof where private business is having any howling success running a public government.

Miller's Place, a soft drink parlor at Bozeman, Mont., is unfair to organized labor. Workers should not patronize this dump. The membership in this locality have declared a boycott against same. This specie Miller does not believe in the human race.—(Card 224520).

BOYCOTT CALIFORNIA PRODUCTS.