



BITS AND BITS



"Yankton county is spending \$250 a month feeding prisoners . . ."—Kind of the county, I'm sure.

During the late lamented war, German measles were called Columbia rash.

Papers now hasten to assure us that "the war to end war was a dismal failure." Above everything, the people wanted perpetual peace. The war has not yet "done" THAT.—Take off your coats, gentlemen.

"Count Gusta Morner says he is extremely sorry that he did not know before he married Peggy Joyce just what kind of a woman she was, but there is no excuse for his ignorance. Anyone could have told him and would have if he had asked."—Sioux City Journal, August 4.

How come that the Journal knows so much about Peggy?—Curs, my dear sirs, have no courtesy.

We "hawve" no, no, nobility in this country, 'cording to law, but we make up for it with train-meisters, brakesmeisters, switch-meisters and yardmeisters—noblemen in a sense, and civil too, as I have observed whenever I happened to stray in among the unvarnished cars upon a dark night. More so indeed, than we ourselves when we are obliged to come in contact with those yar cow persons—in the "harvest" fields.

It's as foolish to try to hold a good man down as it is to hold-up a poor man. We have nothing but genuine sorrow to offer such hold-up men and hold-down men—and we did.

"Executive Board of A. F. of — comes out flat-footed and pigeon-toed for the "direct" election of President R. M. LaFollette and successors. This would come with better grace if Sammy himself had been elected in a more "intimate" manner.

Some little children were playing on the tracks as we came by: "Are you looking for BUMS", inquires a little girl?—(Shame on you mothers)—"No my child," I replied, "we're merely tourists looking for a camping ground. "Well, there's lots of 'em 'round

here, everywhere," averred the tot; meaning hoboes.

Mothers have told them that men riding freight trains looking for work are BUMS. Wouldn't it be nicer mothers, to say: "Oh, Lobelia, come and see Uncle Dick, Uncle Tom, Uncle Herman and Cousin Percy going by on a freight—in other words, respectable train riding against the day when these little girls take to the road—which they will, unless things change radically—Uncle Shorty, Uncle Slim and Uncle Blackie. So on.

"Bismarck, N. D., Aug. 8.—Farmers will not be forced to pay an exorbitant wage to get harvest help. . . . Trib. —What's exorbitant? Is it eggless breakfasts?—"A plentiful supply of harvest labor is indicated."—Trib.

Then the preharvest (pre-election) panic did work! Well, I swan! Who'd have thought it.

Lincoln's advice: ('steopath magazine) "Go slow, take it easy. Be polite to your creditors," etc., and the prophecy, (to the effect) "this will put you through life right side-up," seems to strike me in the right place.

"What are ye quitting for," inquires the farmer. (He doesn't know (?)

Shorty: "I can't suck eggs!"

Farmer: "What! You mean to say that we ain't got 'nough to eat here?"

Shorty: "Not at all, John. You misunderstand me. There's plenty to eat all right, but I can't eat live chickens and live pigs—they ought to be cooked; and, you can tell that skinny wife of yours, for me, that she's the poorest hired-hand I've ever seen and, as a cook, we don't need her. We can eat bread without her slicing it, and we can make coffee by putting the pot out in the rain.

Make it out, John, I'm off for town—to get a dozen soft-boiled eggs."

Note: The "budget-system" on a farm where the wife tries to raise the corner of mortgage with eggs (29 cents) and cream, serves to effectively keep hired man and eggs in a different "crate."—"Shep," (a good dog) is chained to windmill convicted of sucking eggs. Five kittens in barn starving—500 pigs, 30 cows, one half-wit anaemic Kid (working), 8 horses and 750 hens complete the roster of such place. That's budget! That's New Ulm.

What do you call it, this variegated farming—little of this, little of that—what is it; specialize on nothing? Have one farmer raise beets, sheep, corn, stallions, rhubarb, steers, milk, ketchup, turkeys, oats and so on; so's to get food, fertilizer and finance? What's the matter with getting the fertilizer from a sack, food from the store and finance from the sale of a crop of

wheat, thistles, corn or whatever it is?

I'll tell you what this "cry" for scrambled farming is: It's reaction. It gets the farmer out of bed 4 a. m. to add a few licks onto yesterday's work—morning chores, it is called. It keeps the farmer working until 9 p. m.—then supper—evening chores, it is called. For whom? Seventeen hours a day. Diversified farming! It furnishes work for John, Tekla, Willie and the twins.—seven days a week, 365 days a year. . . . Specialization—in wheat, corn, carrots or anything—would make possible an eight-hour day on the farms; or failing in this, it would leave the cause for the failure clear and forstayable—even so as specializing in industrial unionism will benefit the worker and his world.

Diversified unionism is not good, but that is no subject—only its excuse: Specialization is the coming thing and will free the farmer from his chores. But if he is already freed of them, it will free the hired man. . . . Specialize by all means. Henry and I will furnish fertilizer. . . .

"We do not accept government as the solution of the problems of life. Major problems of life and labor must be dealt with by voluntary groups and organizations of which trade unions are an essential and integral part." A. F. of L. in Sioux City Journal, August 4. Some more fertilizer. A fine set of volunteers! Forty years ago they volunteered to do a thing that is still undone—taking up room where only one union can perform and will not act! Is the A. F. of L. afraid of losing its perpetual battleground—the scene of its strategic and energetic retreats?

Two-headed calf in New Ulm show window. Thus nature rigs out its own in the hope that it can out-maneuver the cream separator. Fat chance. (Butter fat). Yes. Two heads are "besser" as one. . . . and, to think, Solomon prayed for wisdom. (New Ulm, during late war, was conspicuously patriotic, they tell me. No one seems able to tell me what they got puffed-up about. Might have been those 14 points?)

Wages are ripening slowly this year. A few weeks of gentle showers and warm weather would make a marked improvement on this all-important crop. A failure now means the Frenchman's favorite dish next winter—pea soup.

Death and destruction are far away. The belly is full—Praise be Allah! Commercial Club has set the wages. Now let the Club set an example and work (at its favorite figure).

P. S.—The Lord sickens the rich man so that he will cast away a long cigar-snipe. Unfavorable publicity is publicity. Even so—a spade's a spade. Publicity never did injure the I. W. W.