



Lost:  
50  
Dollars



In regards the eleventh hour, a thresher tells me it is worth \$50 to him. He is a LIAR, by the Clock—a deliberate, unconscious, greasy, dusty liar. He is not threshing by the HOUR. He is threshing by the Bushel. He makes expenses, living and profits by charging so much per bushel (10 cents). He gets his income not by what he pays out or doesn't pay out—he makes it by charging the farmer 10, 11 or 14 cents per bushel—he makes his money by selling traction not by buying labor-power, and when he arbitrarily sets the price on traction and "labor hours" he is interfering with the functions of the capitalist systems' only extenuating feature—free competition. When he, at once, set the price on his commodity, (traction) and on our commodity (labor hours) he is acting the part of an autocrat—and we will thank him to tend to his own business. We will tell Him how many hours we care to work and we will notify Him when we are Through,—in fact, we are doing it with a moderate degree of success.

The mere fact that you muddle the situation by selling traction by the bushel and buying labor power by the hour is no reason why you should set the price on both.

If you set the price on what you sell how can you reasonably expect to set the price on what you buy, where's your logic?—don't you think anybody else should have a word to say? Are you the sole arbiter of people's destinies?

The eleventh hour is not worth \$50 to you—but the eleventh penny, per bushel, is worth Fifty dollars to You.

Even assuming that \$50 "worth" of bushels "Runs out" in the eleventh hour, it proves nothing. Them bushels had been delayed by human Frailties and Limitations. Them bushels would have fitted nicely in organized ten-hour loads—and you know it. But you want to muddle the labor situation and scrap for an advantage that is unreal.—

The eleventh hour is not worth one cent of any man's money to you—on the contrary, you are losing money by running an unnecessary hour—you know this too.

I give you credit for knowing, for brains . . . For I do not think that you would ask a thresher hands to donate an hour's work, to enable you to sell traction one cent per bushel cheaper. Furthermore, since you pay for the eleventh hour, where is that \$50 you lie about? A Ten Day Run can't be done in Nine Days.

'Tis as tough for a rich preacher to get to heaven as it is for a skinny camel to crawl through the blind eye of a rusty needle.

"Water finds its own level." Not in a straw stack. I have investigated. . . . The stacks are wet (down) only 3½ feet—who ever heard of a "water-level" ten feet above surrounding territory? "Water finds its own level" it must still be "looking" for it.

Farm Literature: A circular-leaflet is going the rounds (in depots) exhorting farmers "to dig a silo" . . . afraid farm-

er will "spend all" in building one (since he is taking "diversification" seriously).

That's right, John, dig a hole in the ground; don't spend, make 'em rob you—the hole can later be used to start a graveyard. Dig a Silo.

Don't build a home. When present one falls down move into a cave.

Rule III. Abolish "bridles." Tie hay wire rings on halter; connect bridle-bit with two "snaps" to same. When not in use carry bits in your pocket so that neighbors can't steal it. Always remove halter when turning horse "out into the halter when turning horse "out into the grain bin and cover up. Why waste money? Give it to railroads and bankers—they'll furnish U with pictured literature of ingrowing-silos—Enough!

Minot is hostile. It is hostile to the extent that ye most conservative citizens, from Mr. Halvorsen down, running for governor, are thinking, (according to irresponsible talk) of changing said name Minot to Hostile, N. D.—and take chances on Halvorsen's election.

But still, Minot's emotions never did stray over a wide range—only the keenest observers can "distinguish" between her hostility and equanimity—her "hard" and her "soft."

It requires the use of 65 muscles to frown, 13 to smile and 12 to grin, but Minot uses between 47 and 66 muscles, year in and year out. She believes in plenty of exercise.

A youth came ambling down the street  
His voice was wonderfully sweet  
And each and all thus he did greet:  
"Didja EAT—yet?"

Like one endowed with sacred fire,  
With grave compassion filled entire,  
We heard him ceaselessly inquire:  
"Didja EAT—yet?"

Note: Never to be finished because "youth" asked only those that were "finished" picking their teeth.

What was the competitive system (peace to its ashes?) It must have had merit of some kind? All right, here's a sample: Under it a baker set the price on a loaf of bread; (quite proper, too—he knew what he put in it) the miller set the price on grain; (?) (?) (?) the hired man set the price on labor power (!) (!) (!)

Undoubtedly it was right of the hired man to set the price on labor power since he alone knew how much it cost to develop muscles.

Undoubtedly it was right of the farmer to set a price on grain since he alone knew how much it cost to raise it—and so on—But

Did this pair of bouncing worthies do this? Not so you could notice it!  
"What are you paying," inquired the harvest hand (expecting the farmer to guess his expenses).

The competitive system has been dead a long time now—I can barely remember the time when farmers quoted their own prices—and I question if Labor ever quoted its own prices, (in the sense that professional men quote theirs) excepting a few isolated and periodical occasions, seemingly. Only recently has Labor freed itself from Feudal and Chattel Slavery to become Wage Slaves, in turn and now, when its exploiters are "finished" with competition in favor of monopoly, labor is preparing to enter the competitive field with a set of labor prices that will be models of "inclusiveness"—nothing will be overlooked—all expenses

will be included, including back pay—plus a certain reasonable profit, a la business.

May it please the parasites—they are even now organizing a one big union.—T. B. S.

I have barely touched the subject. Its a pity I am unable to put a bushel in a peck measure—can it be—can it be I've put a peck into a bushel . . . ?