



## MORE OF COLDS



Dream No. 3: You're going to be foreman of a "100 man" camp? But you will wait your turn.

Foremen, as a rule, live long and "run" well. (Generally they last about 30 years).

The first three foremen rule for 90 years, after that you will get your chance. Yes, I know, the waiting is hard \* \* \* and the first 100 years is the worst, but, mebbe, in the meantime, you can avail yourself of the chance to become president of the country—you know you have one chance there, altho, of course, it is only one chance in a hundred and ten million. Dream no more.

Dream no more.

Let's go back to roller towels, legislators and the wisdom that is even as insanity. They took our towels—and gave us nothing in return:

But they did leave the sheetless beds.

Why do I stress the sheetless beds? Is it because sheetless beds cannot be kept clean? Is it because they are decidedly unsanitary? Is it because the blankets are washed only once a year?

No, that is not my reason for mentioning it. I'm not concerned about the cleanliness or lack of it. I want two sheets for my bed because the blankets are transparent—too much ventilation—So's to sleep warmer?

I want two sheets in order to do away with the necessity of firing the stove too much. I want bodily heat, not canned-heat or stove heat.

I don't want to sweat nights and work days—especially since sweat is the only source for colds—coughs—

That is the most important thing to remedy. That comes first. That remedied, many other faults will automatically be eliminated. I will mention just one to show how one single sensible improvement will remedy scores of flaws, and I will pick out what appears to be the hardest of solutions—in order:

The overheated stove causes sweat; sweat causes colds; colds demand cures; cures, frequently, contain more than one-half of one per cent alcohol and cause drunks—mind you, most drunks are, consciously or unconsciously, curing colds.

On the other hand:

Two clean sheets freshens bed and man; practically eliminates the hot stove, night sweat, coughs and colds—man will feel like a man—bootleggers will starve, (or steal) they won't work. It was the two sheets that sobered the west coast logger, not superior will power. Cleanliness will do that—and many other things. Cleanliness makes will power.

Let's make some!

\* \* \*

Dear Reader: You may have gotten the idea I am lecturing you. Nothing of the kind.

It is decidedly unfair to call the legislators dumb without giving grounds—all right:

They pass a deer hunting law limiting each hunter to one "Buck"—to conserve game. Fine, in print.

Here's how it works in practice: Hunter with buck fever, fires first, looks for horns afterwards. It was a doe! He saves his tag and moves on. Fires again. Darn the luck, another doe! Can't tag that, so he fills his gun and moves on—gets in a shot—but it's another doe. That's three does.

Finally, after all day of hiking—at the end of a trail of blood and destruction—he hits one with horns—oh, boys, ain't it a gue-g-glorious feelin'?

He's got his "Buck"—and the game is conserved; that is, according to the "reasoning" of our astute legislators.

That is why I said dumb.

D-U-M-B.

D—U—M—B.

You'll get no sheets from them. Organize. In L. W. I. U. 120 of the I. W. W.