



Down in the Accordion and Fiddle'in country adjoining Marshfield, Wisconsin, they serve God Only and Connors Lbr. Co.—four months at a time. That part is all right, and has not grieved me extensively—

I don't care whom they serve—but still and all it is quite a relief to read a poster "on the southshore," put out by Michigan Railroad Association, to-wit: WE SERVE MICHIGAN—such frankness should not go unrewarded; such high idealism should not be discouraged.

. . .

Farmers have been "advised" so often by various friends that I hesitate to give them counsel from the wealth of my experience. But I will make an exception in the case of machinery—and what kind to buy: For a timepiece, I would suggest the farmer invest a part of the hired-man's wages in a 17-swivel McCormick. . . For an automobile, (regardless of the virtues of "Fords,") I would suggest he get a Delaval, extensively advertised as a mechanical-marvel.

. . .

"A fool and his money are soon parted"—I'm broke. Chase, B. C., papers, please copy.

. . .

"Multiplying Man-power."

Right now, in the spring of the year, when holes have special attractions for mankind —(I refer to those more or less symmetrical "openings" in the center of every properly reared "donut")—I consider it "timely" to discuss post-holes—telephone-post holes. Upon second thought I will let the Bell Telephone Co. do the discussing merely, eliminating the "speculation" B. T. Co. indulges in:

"To the man with a pick and shovel the digging of holes for telephone poles is a slow and arduous task. Under favorable conditions three to five holes are for him an average day's work. Under adverse conditions perhaps he can account for only one. When the hole is dug, eight or ten men are required to raise the pole with spikes.

"But the 'hole-borer' with derrick attached, operated by only three men, can erect as many as eighty poles in one day—releasing () forty men."

. . .

—Forty men have lost their jobs—to a derrick? No more need they dig or delve, push or boost—nor need they draw their pay?

Of course, it isn't quite as bad as that, though bad enough—the Bell T. Co. is careless of its figures (arguing two ways). Take it from me: Under favorable conditions a man digs, and Bell T. Co. expects, on an AVERAGE of little less than four holes (3½-ft. deep) PER HOUR; thirty-two, per day—a little less.

Our papers ain't so hard-up that we must needs gloss, roughen or camouflage conditions in order to make our argument stick—The Bell T. Co. might study our style to advantage—so we think.

Organization makes both "right" and "might":

As between "might and right" opinions vary: The rightness of "might" is often quoted as a hifty arrangement—maybe, maybe. But I would joyously point out that "might" collects the bigger indemnities—and "might," regardless of right, is the "popular" procedure among those that set themselves up as examples for us to follow. Right? There is no such thing. Why? Because we're on a wrong premise; we're on a "wrong" street looking for a "right" number.

In the meantime: "might" substitutes for "right" . . .

"Might is Right." If might is right, then right must be might (they're twins, hard to tell 'em apart) i. e., muscle is brain; brain is muscle—allice samee savvy now. "The smith a mighty man was he"; the mule a mighty jackass—but are, and were, they right?

"Might" was "right" when brains were nil—

(A refuge for a savage;)

"Might was right" meant but to kill—

To rend, to rape, to ravage. . .

P. S.—I'm not prepared to admit either that might is right or right is might, but I will compromise—if we can't agree they are two separate "terms"—I will say "might" is art; art is long; long is—you know what long is, and theorizers will put us wise to all else—we're not concerned. Organize.

A working man's realm is in labor and not in the field of contracting. His strong holt is in simplifying the "manner" in which he draws his pay. He must, in order to survive, so simplify the terms of his agreement to labor, that but the slightest trace of speculation (gambling) remains; his wage must be made clear and certain, otherwise he will find himself unemployed while yet busy with paper and pencil trying to figure out the intricate scales and schedules of piece-work. While he is busy figuring, he has no time to think, watch or dodge. His work takes his days; figures takes his nights—he is fully occupied.

The great cry now is birth-control—(Pullman has already established berth-control). And well it is: They send a kid out in the world without first finding out whether or no there is a place for him—without an undershirt they send him out. Yea, it begins to look like shirt-control.

Next will be hearth-control, followed by worth-control. Mirth-control next (will hit us serious writers) with the inevitable result that girth-control will fasten itself upon our heartiest gigglers—from there it is only a step to earth-control. Hurrah! Evolution in full blister. Hurrah! The battle is half begun. Hurrah!