

Rumor Drama Tragedy



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It is now definitely established that Adam wasn't the first apple-knocker. The first man was a guy by the name Atom. Low-browed printers simply made a typical error. They do that.

And, for that reason Atom's descendants have been "knocking" everything (including apples) ever since. Proving Darwin's "Origin of Knockers" is exploded. See W. J. Bryan's anthotolgy of bi-metalism.

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Rumor has it Leon Trotsky, able military organizer, is peddling shoe-laces in Chicago. Presposterious! Another rumor, given consideration by A. Brisbane, has it that he was bumped off—two ways.

One rumor sent him to Japan as ambassador. Canny Zinoview! American diplomacy! It gets over—tho' crude.

All these rumors are at par with the rumor that K. C. is backing the "workers" party.

K. C. isn't plumb crazy. They wouldn't bet on a dead horse, or buy one for, that matter—not in this age of "panco."

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"We can all sing together but we can't all talk together" says "Mickey" Conley despondent because of static interference.

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Vagrancy is a law that is used when there is no law that applies. A man charged with vagrancy is innocent of all crime, etc., on the face of the charge itself, but he can be fined and sentenced under that charge for imperfections of any sort.

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The sale and purchase of the Dodge Automobile plant for \$175,000,000 would have passed unnoticed had not the "sworn friends of news" assured us the incident was "dramatic." (About as dramatic as the renting of a \$3.50 per week housekeeping room) requiring only the possession of enough capital. "The creation of the plant from the nucleus of an insignificant machine shop took personal initiative and rare constructive genius."

I don't know about the genius part or the 'nitiative but I do know that it took considerable ossilation on the part of the men that built it—the workers I mean—and I s'pose they will get a share of that \$175,000,000 seeing as how they made it all almost from nothing—a la jehovah.

There are thousands of plants like it—yet the genius is admitted. An enlarged shop is dignified with a name "plant" and unloaded for 2½ times its value upon an unsuspecting purchaser and immediately those whose "limitations" could not stay the march of mechanical progress are hailed geniuses; where only the commonest of commonsense was displayed, when the Dodge Brothers happened to possess it—which was not all ways. Initiative is not worth discussing. We are driven, not the driver—and we need no incentive. It's a case of move or melt.

The men that built Chicago are 10,000 times greater genius' than the workers that built the Dodge plant and 1,000,000 times greater than the Dodge Brothers (my figures). Nothing has happened in the Dodge plant that is not happening in every factory in the world—a slow, darn slow, adoption of methods that approximate the realm of sensible production in a speed crazed industry—the speed being the only evidence of aberration, the conforming with the weakness of Industrial Kings in general—Not dramatic, tragic.

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The story of "creation" has nothing back of it save the every-day phenomena of workers taking nothing and making something from it. At one time labor came within an ace of being deified, worshipped as God, for his abilities along those lines—and would be today, were it not that the supported class is thoroughly selfish and conceited:

In the early days a progressive slave did a piece of work—he made a garden out of an ugly rock-pile—the master, an old parasite who never had done a tap of work in all his life and therefore didn't know what could be accomplished, not by genius, not by initiative, but by application, got a quite a "kick out of it" and said: "He took nothing and made a garden!"

That was the start.

The story got going the rounds in the pool-halls and damn me if the mob didn't want to elect him God. This wouldn't do and since the parasites could show no "works," and not being as raw as they are today, and having no . . . newspapers to speak for them, they shifted the glory first on to wind and weather, detracting from the achievement—and then onto Jehovah a being that is supposed to inhabit the upper air currents. Far enough away, to be sure.

And the end is not yet.

Organize!

Labor takes nothing (wages and creates a paradise for parasites).

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"O say can you see by the dawn's early light?" I should say not!