



Without Organization



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It is reasonable to think that it is proper not to expect money for *your services of labor*, but it would seem that we ought to get a few clothes anyway, you know.

You know getting clothes from a larger man is fraught with incipient hazard, the clothes of a smaller man won't fit and the clothes of a man *your size* won't come off except in pieces.

We are proud to relate that we have seven shirts (of different sizes)—and, gentlemen, the time is coming when they all will adorn (if not warm) our crying need; six on top the other—all on top the illegal (and original) portion of our complexion.

Clothes make the man; lack of them—pneumonia.

Be it ever so ragged there's no space like pants.

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I would like to warn the ladies that if they keep on encroaching on our prerogatives—rivet-buttoned pants—the dressing of the masculine public is going to be simplified in the accomplishment . . . already I have seen a legionite wearing a pair of lady's ham-protectors—she probably loaned him the pair for the season—I don't think he stole them.

How the lady came in possession of them, like Germany (sour) "Chasm" says, "I can not find, by the sheesus Kraiss, out."

Read the Industrial Worker.

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The exceptional demand for the cheaper cuts, meat, nut-crispo and meals has so much raised the cost of living that progressive laborers are depending more and more on pate de foi gras and terrapin.