



MAGIC WORDS

"Dollar Wheat—Dollar Corn—Two-Dollar Flax"—Ah!—Dollar Six Bit Wheat for DOLLAR.

Ah, indeed! Magic Words? Magnanimous words? Magnificent words? Mag-
* * * hell.

There's only one crop of land; several of mud (and dirt—eternal). Magic words.
* * *

Well, us Labor am all fixed for the winter—plenty of clothes (including the blue bandana; sack-cloth-makinaw) hangover shoes and fur sox. * * * And—no money * * *. We are well fixed, I said, as usual.

Made in U. S. A.
* * *

Say, since when has the so-called and snow galled public acquired the right to dictate the price of commodities? (Such as hard coal). And—

How are they going to do it? By going to church or tanking-up on swill-hootch? How?

I claim the public is not qualified to estimate my expenses of the past—how much goat milk and corn flake I was obliged to buy in order to generate enough physical prowess to hold a job. I claim that I alone am familiar with this investment and capable of setting the wages at proper level—hence if the public finds the cost of commodities (that I produce) too high, it need not buy. Let the dear public tend to its own business—raise its own income, else the system is wrong.
* * *

FRENCH MINISTER WELCOMED—

Headline.

That means that he wasn't tarred and feathered, lynched or otherwise discommoded.

The French will be agreeably surprised
* * *

It is to be hoped they let him sample our stuff, and take him home—give him the best in the house.
* * *

Man lives not "by bread alone."

That means that it is a *relief* to open your mouth and say something. (Silence Kills). But that isn't enough—there's got to be butter * * * on that bread.

And ham and Cackleberries and * * *.

Try it when next you have the blues—get up, stride three times (with both legs) and say something—speak—and note the improvement in your health.

Wall-eyed-Pike is the best remedy for asthma and catarrh.

(By the way: the curing of catarrh is optional with you—It has its advantages like everything else; it provides you with an inexpensive "big head" regularly every morning and "that"—you may desire—to hold—in *sacred remembrance of the good old nights* * * *.

Days: being otherways (foolishly) occupied.
* * *

Idea.

The "tainted" Garland Fund of \$800,000 invested in "high class" securities has grown to \$1,500,000.

The "taint" evidently hangs, in its original and "published" form; may gather additional "taint" and expose hitherto unexplored taint already gathered—Woe is me.

I have a few words to say on this matter, editor, but I am terribly busy (advancing radical, political and economic ideas).

Pretty big tip that \$700,000.

(Note—Just had another cup of coffee—confuse not my heartfelt reference of "political" with the hyphenated "pile-of-tickle" salve, soft-soap or other soothing ointments like syrup and sentimentalism).

A lady writer vows that it isn't necessary to "tip" to get service. She's traveled all over the country and got by simply—and neatly—by smiling.

Kind lady: that smile was a tip—had you gone farther you would have been arrested and detained at the telegraph pole while the officer called the municipal cab. Your crest would have fallen at our primitive civilization.
* * *

Fraancis ATKinson, a gentleman and civil engineer employed by the state of Massachusetts, has quit his position to become a common laborer.

There!

I told you!

He claims he can make money at 65 cents an hour as a laborer (sacred labor) than he drew for superintending a \$200,000 job.

Good Lord Jehovanah! Is he working for less than Six Bits? Holy Makarell!—and Holy—holy fishes bathing fluid * * *.

'Tis the nature of the gentleman. S'shps!!

"Organization of the 'White collar' workers would also help," opines The Duluth News Tribune—By God, I believe the Trib is right. I've suspected that—a long time—and, I'm always glad to ask our belligerent editors to reprint *their bright sayings* and rare.

Go ahead, editor, lay it to me:

Mr. Atkinson should have stayed *sooping*. ORGANIZED and raised his wages instead of slipping over and licking the cream of wages already made.
* * *

It is now established definitely that the world is a giant egg—the land is the yolk and water is the white. Now, too, it is why at times it seems to be strictly *un-fresh*, and in need of fumigation—Yes, we may call it round. Square eggs are rare. Flat, fried—hell.

WANTED—Threshing job by steam-engineer with 15 years experience.

A hog! A hog, that's all—precisely.