



GO OR MELT



In olden days the good citizens had a nasty habit of cutting chunks off the forward ends of kings. Along would come an official amputator with an ax on his shoulder or a cleaver under his arm and proceed to hack away—yes sirree—hack away at the kink in the king's neck till the blue blood squirted over the carpet like sawdust from a sawsage—that is: sawdust (ribbons of it; most like Colgate's dental cream) from a fresh cut; the old saw "whining through the pine" broadcasting gleefully: *today or'r'r to-mor'r'row; today or'r'r'r to-mor'r'row ...* Yessirree, and we thought in those days, What a shame! to thus waste labor power—even for dear old art's sake—upon the king's neck—and muss up the sweet-scented Persian rugs (made in the Cleveland workhouse) . . . so we straightway and etcetra edged forth and organized the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, their descendants, anteseedlings and crescendonuts. . .

Little did we think in those good old days—and we haven't thought much since—that is: little did we think that the guillotine-contraption was the forerunner of the modern bread-slicing machine—ah, fellow workers, little did we realize that the block on which the king pillowed his head for the last time was the predecessor of the present-day butcher-anvil. Such ignorance has never been beaten yet, what editor?

"Twouldn't been so sad, editor, if the block—the rock—had been used to sever the king's relation with his head and then have some *sen-of-a-gun* hide it on him—but no, editor, they goes to work and wrecks his prospects and clips his dynasty all with one fatal swing—on the principle of *might as well have the game as the name*—headless king.

Such was progress—just one thing after another—untill today when we blink at our glistening civilization and behold the highly flavored cornflakes—just add cream and sugar (the cream you can get in Canada or Mesopotamia). Sugar is extinct.

But one consolation persists, gentlemen and fellow sisters:

Sourkraut!

But woe unto the day that Gus invented it!—he might have known that if he starts mangling cabbage Battle Creek and Armour would take a new hold on life—ours and theirs—and "wrangle" our "goat"—and feed us corn shavings—so I say, back to nature; back to, no—face to sourkraut; back to the good old days when the meat market anvil first found its conception in our consciousness, as old "Hutch" would say: back, back to the days when the first bread-knife descended for the first time on punk . . .

It is evident that progress has been too much of a high-ball order for most men to keep up . . .

Today we are living the life of twenty years ago—repeating and repeating the same old stuff without knowing enough to sit down . . . to sit down and think it over . . . shedding tears . . . weak.

Weak! And we can't see that united we are strong.

Cry away—I will go and fetch you a pail. . . .

Did it ever occur to you to join the Industrial Workers of the World and Act with them?

I'm telling you, *gentle stranger of tears and sighs*, that *shedding your sap* is not going to purify the system!

Progress is inexorable.

It's a case of Move or Melt!

Organize your "ways and means" congress!

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I have stated before (for excellent reasons) that we need more delegates (and I have been called for making that statement) and, at this time, I am pleased to make the statement: *we need more delegates*.

Do not misunderstand me—I do not mean that the delegates we have are "no good." (If they were no good I wouldn't be asking for more of them).

Putting it more plainly: I want more delegates because I think delegates are good; because they are great people—in fact, I am greatly flattered in *my pure and holy soul* every time I meet one of those serious-minded characters—and I do mean characters.

They have character.

I meet such fellow workers not often, and as a result, to be perfectly blank—frank—my serene soul is starving for the want of beholding that *display of human perfection* in action. (Get your pardner to pack the rigging, too). What would you think of the war if you had visited six battlefields and found nary a FRIEND?

That's right! You'd think peace had been declared, armistice signed or your side was "licked." That's what you'd think.

What would I think? Ah, I'd think *we need more delegates!*

Any outfit that says "We have enough delegates" don't, won't, and can't think. The thinking lies between us. They can't see or count.

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The Catholic Press Directory gives the number of Catholics in the United States as 20,738,447. (The bunch the K. K. K. selected as "undesirable members of their lodge"). There are 23,976 priests and 60,155 sisters and nuns—one priest for every 846; one sister or nun for every 344.

Some organization!