



MAGIC WORDS



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

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

Made in U. S. A.

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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 cornflakes 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.

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"French Minister Welcomed"—headline. That means that he wasn't tarred and feathered, or otherwise discommoded.

The French will be agreeably surprised.

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

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Man lives note "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 cackle-berries 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.

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The "tainted" Garland Fund of \$80,000 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 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.

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Francis 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 more 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 Mackarel!—and Holy—*holy* fishes bathing fluid. . . 'Tis the nature of the gentleman. S'shpst!

"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, editors; lay it to me. Mr. Atkinson should have stayed *souping*, or-organized and raised his wages instead of slipping over and licking the cream of wages already made."

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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 clear why at times it seems to be strictly *unfresh* and in need of fumigating. Yes, we may call it round. Square eggs are rare. Flat, fried—hell!

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WANTED.—Threshing job by steam engineer with 15 years' experience. A hog! A hog, that's all—precisely.

We remember "in our wills" many a nurse that *nurses* us to death.

We're not ignonsensible, but liberal. We care not who gets our money once we are nursed. Yet . . . we should not inflict our will upon the survivors.