



Peterson's Side Glances

The inhabitants of Bridge Square, Minneapolis, may have been beat out of house, home and wages, but they are not going to be beat out of eternal life and perpetual salvation, in the NEXT world—no, not by a damsite.

Three gospel-groups preach within throwing distance of each other and claim that the blood of one Mr. J. Christ did (or will) wash their soles as clean as snow—that means: as clean as warm water and castile soap “washed” the cows tails at the Minneapolis workhouse—under a former administration.

There is no trouble at all to have your SPIRIT cleaned—the dutch-kleener isn't in it with the blood of the lamb—but the difficulty ASCENDS when you want a neck-wash, a drink of water or a clean bed. But, if you can have your soul cleansed, by praying, it strikes me that we might invite Christ to rid the scratch-houses of bedbugs, and thus spare us the necessity of murdering bugs and English.

“I believe there is good in every man”—even in the “best of us.” Even the “better people” have some good in them. Even the presidents, senators and judges have good in them. . . .

Most assuredly!

Therefore, let us not get the idea that we (the slaves) alone are good: Dress the crew of a workhouse in silk hats, pressed pants, pastry shirts, glossy-floorshiemas, and you will naturally get the idea they are not as good as they're “dolled up to be;” dress the “best people” in workhouse “clothes” and immediately the good in them shines forth like a spotlight on the hind end of a lightning bug. Truly. Positively. Remarkable. Astounding.

“QUICK ON THE TRIGGER”

The other evening a St. Paul citizen, of vision, shot a blind man that was searching for an ice cream social at a wrong address. Luckily, friends were able to identify the corpse at the morgue . . . excuse me, the man was a deaf-mute—and so remains—not blind. He couldn't answer because he was mute and couldn't hear because he was deaf, so he reached for his pencil and paper—and landed in heaven. The shooter has been exonerated, though apparently he is sane—just a “mistake!” . . .

Just a mistake like that of a worker when he joins an organization composed of business men. A blind man can see, a deaf man can hear and a mute can testify that workers should join workers' organizations of themselves and by themselves; and not expect cigarette-sellers, ribbon-dealers and bandana-peddlers to do anything for them. As I was saying: one of the afore-said men was, or is, a grave-digger and it may be that the death-rate among the folks and flocks had been unsatisfactory to the point of disemployment.

True it is, that farming does not furnish sufficient funds for the maintenance of gas, tires, telephones, separators, wind-mills, machinery and other “rights” and necessities. Absolutely! It is out of the question to install Delco or other lights, to “take the curse off of night work”—the money simply isn't there.

• • •

Many a huge joke has been printed about the farmers' expenses; and all have enumerated appliances and utilities have been mentioned as the cause of the farmer's DISABILITY—even the tin-lizzie has been accused of ravaging John's hoard—and the funny, pathetic part of it is THE FARMER HAS NONE OF THESE THINGS, with the possible exception of a Ford, by Heck! Nineteen out of twenty farms have no Delco; ten out of twenty have UNCLEANA-BLE lanterns and the rest have no lights at all. There are no motor-driven cream separators and wash-machines worth speaking about. I've seen only one, though I'm along in years. It seems strange that the things he has not, have been so costly as to BREAK the farmer; that the things he didn't buy, bankrupted him—damn me if it doesn't!

The farmer sells his products for what he can get—the buyer sets the price and GUESSES it low. That's because the farmer isn't organized. He's poor because he gives his stuff away—and for no other reason.

Farm labor, too, is poor because it works for \$4 per day, 10 days per month. That's why they organize. They're not going to let the farmer GUESS their wages, I reckon.