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NAMELESS
DOG

Talk all you want to, great men have things named after 'em; like Henry Ford—one of the most popular pupmobiles carries his revered name.

Then again the Mozart seegar is as great a composer as was that musician in his dryest days.

You don't hear of any Kaiser Wilhelm pumpernickle or his partner's (God's) liver-wurst, do you?

Of course not!

Now you take Mr. Von Bismarck: there is a fried cake named after him.

And, ourselves (I blush profusely) one of the best pieces of beefsteak carries the illustrious Christian name of T-bone Slim (Thanks for the applause).

People simply will recognize comprehensive greatness wherever they see it.

Up in upper Wisconsin, between Park Falls and Holy Cross, there is a railroad switch named Coolidge—no disparagement intended.

(If there had been a town without a name instead of name without a town, they would have called it Coolidge just the same).

On the other hand, I'm surprised that Signor Mussolini has no macaroni or spaghetti named in his honor—such a noted comrade, too! Is it because there is a conspiracy against him or against the Italian people?

They should, at least, put out a bottle of lard and kerosene and name it Mussolini, Castor Olini meni mini mo.

Let's be fair!

Up in Michigan they have named a railroad junction Nestoria in honor of lumber baron Nestor, to commemorate the great deed of his in 1894 when he paid off his lumberjacks at \$8 per month . . . Haw, haw, haw—that was a hot one!

He saved enough in wages to almost pay for the millions of feet of timber that burned up on him the next year. Haw, haw, haw!

They couldn't blame the I. W. W. because the I. W. W. wasn't organized until 1905. Haw, haw, haw! That was a hot one!

Hinckley, named after a liniment, burned at the same time.

Various causes for these fires were given:

Accidental—set by locomotives.

Inevitable—struck by lightning.

Ornamental—started by lumberjacks.

Confidential—caused by lumberjacks to clear off the underbrush; a very profitable undertaking if carried on in moderation. Let me point out that it could not have been lumberjacks because the eight dollars they earned the winter before was all licked up at the rate of 60 cents a quart—they could not have had a match unless they borrowed one.

So, it lays between the locomotives, loco-lighting or loco-companies—loco-companies with a motive.

You see, they were logging pine only, amongst hardwood and much brush. The burning of all the brush and killing of millions of feet of hardwood did not damage the pine they were after—that is, the sound, green pine. Rotten, dry, hollow, punky pine they did not want. That burnt up.

Locomotives, of course, could not have had an interest in making it easier to approach the stately pines.

Lightning doesn't care two whoops in hell whether its easy or hard to make pine roads.

And companies, of course, wouldn't burn the brush when they can get lumberjacks to chop it up for \$8 a month.

I don't believe there was a fire! Ah, if we could find out who set the fire we would send him to a . . . penitentiary, by god—and name our dog after the man that invented hard light—ware—a soft drink.

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CONCENTRATION

The Workers Party (Communist) that is, so fond of belittling the I. W. W., is sorely afflicted . . . with APATHY (contracted, no doubt, from the stricken workers). Its membership now embraces but 3,333 1-3 souls—to be precise. How do I get at these figures? Well, Borah said last year "there are 10,000 of 'em." Well, since then, their three outspoken organs, Pictorial Russia, LeBerator, and Labor Herald have CONSOLIDATED themselves into one Workers Monthly—the size of one of the former (a man is judged by his luggage).

The Workers Monthly could be further consolidated (to one neat page) and still be the "mighty force" for good it always has been. Now, if these papers had been 'Malgamated 'stead of 'Solidated a "Rougher-end-dum" of the Virile pages would have been treble . . . hence by dividing 10,000 souls by one-third publications, I arrive at the Euphemeral Result—3,333 1-3 souls. It's unreasonable to think the "Education League" would deliberately put the "mighty party" on a mental diet—despite the fact that fasting is "good for the soul"—we can only believe in the mathematical appropriatism: Let the rations suffice the gang.