



INFORMATION

"What is a paradox "

At one time I thought it was a typographical error for pair o' sox. Only recently I've discovered what it is:

When thousands of men are out of work in all towns; when competition for jobs is keen; when, despite the law of supply and demand, the wages do not drop any lower—that is a paradox.

"What isn't a paradox?"

That's easy! When the wages are so low that men cannot live on less; when working men eat only on five days a week and skip meals on all holidays; when, despite *supply and demand*, wages don't drop lower—that is what a paradox isn't.

It isn't a paradox when wages at the bottom do not fall lower. I don't know where they could fall to, except into the sewer.

Stands to reason, too, that you wouldn't expect an elevator to fall from the ground floor—unless you were going down into a sugar mine.

Wages are now on the ground floor and are known far and wide as living wages.

"What is living wages?"

Wages that can be exchanged for a livelihood is living wages. Anything less than that is not wages at all. Americans are not getting living wages; hence, no wages—what they get is part of subsistence.

"Are you a taxpayer?"

That's a big question.

Although I own no land—not one square inch—I'm a taxpayer. Even though I have no home, I'm a taxpayer. Even though I have no stocks, bonds, yellowbacks, greenbacks, dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, nickels, yea, even if I haven't a red cent—I'm a taxpayer. My boss pays his taxes from the money that I don't get. With the money that I do get I buy a box of snuff, and my taxes are in the price I pay for that tooth powder.

Thusly:

The landlord pays taxes and *passes the buck* to the dealer; the dealer pays, therefore, higher rent, and *passes the buck* to snuff users. Why it's getting to be so that every time I spit into a coalpail I help to pay the nation's taxes.

Out of every \$8 that I spend, \$1 goes for taxes, federal, state and local—no matter who actually delivers the dollar to the government.

When I sleep I'm a taxpayer—and I snore like one. Taxes are paid on the house that I sleep in; the landlady gets all her taxes from us sleepers; she has no mint of her own; and so it goes.

What is "supply and demand?"

What man produces, that is supply; demand is the holler he raises when his supply gets away from him.

Both, supply and demand, are created by man, and, therefore, are not a RIGID standard.

He may holler low or holler high, his supply amounts to an overproduction.

The law of supply and demand is the twin rule of "product and prayer;" prosperity and requisition; sufficiency and necessity.

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"No hobos allowed to loaf in here."—Hocking Valley Depot, Fostoria, O. What does that mean?

It means that the depot is too dirty for self-respecting hobos to visit except with mop, soap and water.

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"Woman hurt when motor turns turtle."

Turned snapping turtle, I suppose. Suppose it had turned crocodile!

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It is said that some Negroes are *shiftless*. The Rockefeller doctors call this trouble *hookworm*, and are searching for a cure for it. We call it jugginess, caused by skipping too many meals. The remedy is: Three squares per day and four on Sabbath.

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The preacher drew a gloomy face

And scorned to toil a tap,

Yet, somehow, reaped the "joys of grace"

And grew rotundly fat.

The financier grew quite insane

With grief "too tough to bear,"

And drank "a tub" of dry champagne

To save his falling hair.

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Persons having no legitimate business herein are FORBIDDEN to remain or loiter in or about PASSENGER STATIONS, etc.—Blue Onion R. R. *If you haven't any money you needn't come around.*