



ASH-CREAM

Two of the cutest little, cup-shaped lobes of icecream can be had for 15 cents. Marvelous!

Years ago we could get but one (twice as big as the two) for 5 cents. Ingenious machines have been invented that measure the icecream to a "T." Guess THAT'S civilization!

Wonderful machines freeze twice as much water into the KREAM—That's civilization, plus—or pus.

Intricate mechanism churns the condensed milk with delicious oils and aromatic water and produces the finest icecream "that delights the palate" of falling-hair flappers.

Let's see. The cost has tripled, 5-15. Alright, we'll triple the wages, \$2.50 to \$7.50. Twice as much water goes in. That doubles the cost—water doesn't cost much. Alright, we'll have to double that wage of \$7.50—twice \$7.50 is \$13—Gosh, an unlucky number! (I'm "good" at figures).

Oh, well, the icecream has been further blended and weakened—about 90 per cent—by the substitution of condensen milk for cream. Here's where the wages take a big jump. Ninety per cent reduction in its food value requires that we must buy (at least) 10 dishes—instead of one. Well and good—9 times \$13 equals \$117 (per day). *Kind and gentle foreman, "come across!"*

P. S.—(P. S. is my youngest brother) Our wages right now are good wages as far as they go and will keep us in cigarettes if we do not stay up too late—cigarettes cost us only one penny each. That gives us 450 cigarettes per day—thus, you see, we don't have to go without smoking only 150 minutes per day (10-hour day) and 14 hours nights—provided, of course, we do not spend our money for food, clothing and lodging, foolishly.

Now these figures apply to all industries (because I've been very liberal) and, therefore, I think it would be proper for all us hands to organize for the purpose of making the boss loosen up on more cigarettes for those orphaned 150 minutes, because—we all can't chew snuff.

True, we ought to get lodging, clothes and food, too—we can't forever continue our present diet, "fast," I mean. But, citizens and patriots, as a measure of protecting America's prestige and honor, I firmly believe we ought to go without eating until we get a full complement of Sweet Corporals, first.

The best way to get them is through the I. W. W.

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AN APPRECIATION

Fellow Worker Harrison George, an able writer, of the Workers Party, takes time from his emancipation duties to make the point that Anarchists have saved the I. W. W. from the Communists.

I'm glad to hear that!

Now if Harrison can rescue the Workers Party from the hands of the Anarchists, all hands will be safe once more—and Moscow shall celebrate.

P. S.—(my younger brother) Let me assure Harrison George the I. W. W. is not safe from the Communists or other politicians—it must forever be on guard.

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"Italy must expand or suffocate," says Mussolini.

What's suffocate got to do with expanding?

He meant, Italy must expand or explode.

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PHYSICAL CULTURE

If it should so happen that your physical development becomes nearly perfect and you think you could get along with LESS exercise, do not make the mistake of quitting work entirely.

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As you know, years ago, when the people wanted "less" king they did not "do away" with the "whole" king—they merely shortened him. *That's what you should do with "work."*

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But, as you remember, they shortened the king at the wrong end and had to pay his funeral expenses . . . Do not make that same mistake with "work."

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There's a difference: If you shorten the day in the morning while you are fresh and full of pep you can use the time for clear thinking—mebbe you could see that you need more money—to keep up appearances—who knows?

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But if you shorten the day at the wrong end you'll come home tired and have all your leisure hours in a weary state—of course, you can't think clearly after putting out most all your energy in working for the boss.

In that case, I'd advise you to do no "denatured thinking" Go to bed, rest up, and get up at midnight to do your thinking with a fresh mind.

Who wants to get up at midnight! !

Clearly the day's work shouldn't be begun until the day's thoughts are perfectly done.

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There's another difference: Most everybody hates to start work in the morning, hence it is easy to delay the act of jumping into the collar. On the other hand, when men are deeply interested in work it is hard to get them to knock-off in the afternoon—without music. You'd have to blow a whistle, toot a horn or ring a bell. Labor is so fond of music!

And they might as well keep working—they can't think anyhow.