



# THE MASTER'S VOICE

*The hands and kneec are Jacob's  
But the fog-horn is Esau's.*

Dictatorialism is a fell disease that attacks selfish and narrow men, causing them to IMAGINE things. . . .

One of the things those afflicted imagine is that THEY are just the proper persons to do the DICTATING. It never occurs to them that someone else might do the dictating . . . grab the megaphone. The reason it never occurs to them is because, being dictatorial, they cannot conceive of successful dictatorship except they do it themselves.

*That dictatorship is rabid.*

Now the next form of dictatorialism is a mental disturbance wherein the VICTIM imagines that a committee of dictators is the remedy for all ills and the true salvation for all souls undergoing the torments of the damned ahead of time.

That form, too, is only less narrow than the previous, and, like in the previous, they imagine that their self-adopted "charges" are contemptible mutts and require the most careful and charitable efforts on the part of their CORRECT committee. (Excuse the word "correct;" I did not wish to knock off a wing).

Both of these sufferers ignore the fact that we have such dictatorialism already; that is being practiced with excellent results to those who dictate—and they fail to note that people are, and grow, weary of reveling in the promise of their good intentions.

Then there is a dictatorialism which imagines that the *offended class*, as a whole, is none too large to do the dictating—instead of being dictated to.

This form of dictatorialism is very, very BROAD—and, if it be true that dictators benefit from dictating, it would seem that the bigger the number of dictators the better—and it sounds reasonable, too, that the *offended class*, the long suffering, patient LABOR, will be able to dictate with the greatest generosity, for the greatest good of the many. I gaze BENIGNLY upon this form of dictatorialism as far superior to the kind that despises wage earners and works for the good of the few.

P. S.—The world is composed, at present, of employers and employes; dictators and dictatees—but the dictatees are squirming like a bathing beauty with a touch of sunburn.

. . .

Should an 18-year-old girl who comes "in" at 2 o'clock in the morning be spanked?

*First:* No. Call out the militia or the Kaw Kaw Kaks.

*Second:* No. Scrap the clock.

*Thirds:* No. Especially if "comes in" means to one of those "synthetic homes" with radio and all that stuff—home-substitute.

*Fourth:* No. She should be encouraged to visit her "home" oftener and earlier; besides, 2 a. m. is only 1 a. m. according to moonlight saving time!!! Besides, there are so many different kinds of time the poor girl hardly knows which is what, i. e. Sun-time, Eastern-time, Summer-time, Bedtime, Railroad-time, Boulevard-time, Lifetime—and so on — On-Time, Behind-Time—and—Ahead-of-Time:

No. She should not be spanked—*There are better ways of getting rid of her.* Of course we all know that a time comes in every fathers life when he feels like spanking an 18-year-old girl—nothing else seems to satisfy his craving. Nevertheless, I advise in such a case, that he forego the pleasure of beating her and step out and blow off steam by cutting a few sticks of kindling wood.

*Fifth:* No. She should be given a medal for coming "in" at all. . . .

*Sixth:* No!

Let the father save his last spark of energy and join the I. W. W.—thereby making his home a fit place for an 18-year-old girl to live in. *Put the blame where it belongs—DON'T KICK THE DOG!*

. . .

## BROKEN SILENCES—

The speeches of President Cal. (excuse the brevity) are undergoing a rather severe post-mortem.

They are, so's to say, in the third and fourth reading.

His opponents openly condemn them.

His supporters are on the defensive—explaining—far from being positive.

Captain Coolidges' crusaders are lukewarm!

"IS Coolidge Slipping." *yonkquies the Literary Digest.*

No, Dige, I can say (in view of reports) that Cal. has come to a standstill—the *slipping is done finished.*

(And I'm afraid, Cal is likewise).

A word from Stearn now would roll great majorities in favor of Boston's Baked Frijolies.

. . .

A 10 to 2 verdict is put forth as a preventative of crime.

Go on, Kid—twelve men good and true are not the cause of crime, nor is 10 men good and crooked the remedy for it.

The cause for crime is the 83 to 17 "break" in the industries—labor getting the 17 cents.