



## HOOTCH AND POLYGAMY

In our mad dash around the calm circle, polygamy will be the next game to cheer the hearts of desperate ladies. In the U. S. A., poisoned hooch kills off breadwinners so fast that thread spinners will have a very, very choice selection to pick from (and pick on) and may have to whack-up a husband with several "huskies"—mebbe with regiments of Amazons—assuming that ladies fight shy of poisoned hooch.

In that day the majority of husbands will be of Afro-American persuasion, owing to difficulty of *forging illegitimate gin*, and the schoolgirl complexion will fade to a muddy-gray.

Note: The same outfit that shows its love for us by providing us poisons and perfumes to drink is the one and the same that *prates* about pure foods.

Partiality! Inconsistency! Why not souse our foods with creosote or cyanide and dump rattlesnakes in our beds? Greater love hath no man, etc.

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STILLBORN, Mich.—Let me deliberate: What was it the Sapiro-Ford Feud had—was it a mis-carriage, flivver, or fizzle?

What could you expect? What, with Gray and Ruthie thoughtlessly committing that hi-class murder right in the middle of Sapiro's suit—lawsuit—is it any wonder the trial got all wet and froze to death, deserted by fickle public interest?

The yawning (chasms) was too much for "Show Me" Reed's upset-stomach and he "took-off" to Hank's hospital to have his innards overhauled. We'll watch our chance and have this trial later, when there's nothing else on tap.

They called the game!

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## Accent Sting and Stink

Two things have been a source of delight to my American pride:—almost everything we have is distinctive (pronounce *diss-stink-tive*) and almost everybody we know is distinguished (pronounce *diss-sting-wished*).

We have, in addition, almost everything that *IS* distinctive and if it isn't distinctive it has at least character or individuality.—We have distinctive toilet-paper (private stationery); distinctive burlap (glad-rags); distinctive cheese-cloth (feminine-sails). Everything distinctive, and our distinguished citizens are committing suicide every day, caught in grafting and other distinctive schemes of cunning.

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Misprint in Industrial Worker, "Orgy of Cagitalism," gives us a new word: *Cageycapitalism*—pronounced, cageycapitalism and means, abolish side pockets from labor's pants—later the pants—finally, too, Labor, himself—the Man Behind the Drone! The Woman Before the Shearers!

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### DEAD WEIGHT:

Woman pays? How can she? How can she, I'd like to know, with her pay bobbed in the latest style,

It may interest the Rebel Girls to know that 15 ounces of raisins weighs more than a pound of butter. Miracles are coming back in style. (16 ounces equals 14½ ounces).

On the other leg, a ton of butter weighs more than the same amount of coal. (1,500 pounds appears to be the popular ton.)

Led to these hap-hazard (hazardous) remarks after seeing an able-bodied girl's check; two weeks pay, only \$40.00.

(She bought cheese and crackers for food.)

Let us pray:

Dear Lord, owing to the high cost of water-logged cheese and lighter than sunshine crackers we hope you can see your way clear to pay the girls \$40. twice in two weeks.

Amen.