



## "Origin of Fatal Explosion Baffles all Investigation"

'Twas ever thus, gentlemen and gentlemanies, save in my case. I refuse to be baffled, and refuse to use addled headlies 'cept in "quotes."

The explosion was caused by superabundance of immaculate cleanliness wedged in between immense areas of high tension sanitation and vibrant harmony, (the whole volatilizing and creating a vortex in the geyser of human virtues) culminating in over pressure back firing upon the lily pure cleanliness and touching off the whole works.

Baffled? Not me!

I never "pass the buck."

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Begging your pardon: That Mississippi flood, not only showing what prohibition will do (?), washing the feet of the great, chivalrous, unwashed South, shows also what the almighty goddess (Mississippi) can do in the way of fertilizing the 'raped' corn fields of that jerk-crop valley.

Millions were added to U. S. wealth.

Sixty lives were lost.

Price of corn drops.

Water is a great thing; that's why the "puritans" are in favor of it. Why, water added to hash transforms it into stew and vice into versa; then there's the "watered stock."

Mrs. Sippi, the father of waters, sure is mothering the sterile soil of fertile dixie!

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Fellow Workers: I've now reached the age when I begin to feel that I ought to be president of the United States and, I warn you, my feel is law and desire a fulfilled promise. Nevertheless, in decency, I must enwise the professional electors of my matured-availability in order that they may not enscramble the detail by picking some poor devil that don't know any better than to disguise himself with good man's shoes,—leaving me, the logical contender, practically barefooted for four years.

My platform:

I stand, irrevocably, for softer seats—and rubber heels.)

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The next step following this present dance of political-oleogarchy (democratic-autocracy) probably will be satanical-puritanism—but it will be only a step—then the deluge. (Del-uge.)

I'm getting to be quite a prophet.

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Pretty near time for that Browning to couple-up with another Ginger-Ella. Age must be served before tempo fugitis too much!—'xcuse the Latin, it's another prediction.

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"One of the greatest habits to be acquired is being happy."

'Tisn't so.

Gentleman (or gentlewoman) must think happiness is a pair o' pajamas that one wears walking in his sleep?

Happiness is economic and physical well-being—or rather, a product of those conditions. Grief in the form of tooth-ache is grief, and you cannot fool yourself into thinking you are happy while the tooth sorrows. Pull that tooth, do you acquire happiness? Naw. You simply get rid of that particular grief, the rent is gotta be paid yet.

Ya don't get even contentment—such is the depraved sappiness of Ghod's lucky-stroke, masterstroke.

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"Permit tomorrow to take care of itself."

Quite right, my learnt friend; truer command was never given.

Let the dish-washing wait till you're ready to use the dishes. Clean the lamp chimneys when you are ready to light the lamp. Time for everything. Why worry about the future? Don't look ahead when you walk—oggle athwart. Don't dodge when you see a fist coming—WAIT—see if it hits your nose.

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I'm an extremeist, perhaps, but not biggoted—I hope. I'll go either way.

F'rinstance: The newsboy may bring me a paper every morning—or no morning.

I'm liberal that way—the skip-stop system doesn't appeal to me. Why? Because when I miss an issue I'm WEENED. (All or none!) Most Wobblies are that way—but, unlucklily, they don't see the urgency of obtaining and distributing our papers (among themselves) with the result that the "weening process" continues.—Miss one issue: you, yourself, will notice the difference. Miss two issues: your fellow workers will notice. Miss three issues: the whole world knows you lack learning.

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There is hope!

"Judge" Bernard Shaw "admits need of prayer."

George can't be very low long's 'e can call for prayers—I reason a man don't need prayers when he confesses the need. If George had said, Avast, there—stow that intervention, mediation and intercession, I want no man interposing in front of the lord on my behalf,—that would o' been that and I'd 'a dropt on my prayer knuckles on the spot.

"In short", says N. Y. Eve. Journal, "the Queen (of England) is a lady." How surprising! We thought all along that it was the King who "is a lady," and that the pants somehow was handed to the wrong party. Glad to know which is which.

T-b S.