



## ROUGH LOGIC: SEEING'S BELIEVING: POLITICS 'N POCKETS:

It makes no difference to us, the citizens of industry, whether we are robbed at point of bayonet, point of order or point of desperation; whether its done by broadcloth, cheese cloth or pure burlap—yea and likewise verily—be it done under *what/flag/so-ever*, white flag, black flag, rainbow, dish-rag, its all the same to us—the mere fact that we ARE robbed is sufficient unto the day if not too much.

But I fear its too much—more than sufficient and only less than calamity and its attendant HOWL. And what are you going to do about it?

Are you going to howl?

Are you going to lift your beautiful baritone in dirge of distress, or are you going to organize? I was thinking if you're going to howl I'm with you—let's yodle together, that's a mild form of organization: Two souls without a single cent; two lungs that howl as one. Can you beat it?

Aside from that, let me console the unorganized: We know you won't line up, voluntarily—you're too thick headed for so fast a move. You will need lots and lots of encouragement—otherwise you will line up after you are on crutches at the county poor farm or state infirmary. Right now you should be dressed in calico and sent to the old ladies home. I thank you!

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Fellow Worker Editor: In view of the fact that labor refuses to mind its own business (with the result that his pockets are empty save for a few blackened matches, a sweat-rusted toadsticker and two and a half second hand tooth picks) I deem it advisable, and it may not be amiss, to say a few words about the political situation in our beloved America.

As you know, Editor, all the political nostigators are up a tree and the tree is down . . . Cal's up in South Dakota, having heard about T-Bone Slim's accumulation of fat (10 pounds in seven days) in that great commonwealth.

But Captain Coolidge has it all wrong. He's in the wrong part of South Dakota. Where he wants to go is some place west of Aberdeen on the main line of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad and work in an extra gang—heat, drouth and high altitude will do the rest, provided, of course, he refrains from eating any individual dishes and confines his efforts to absorbing from the common pot.

He's as good as elected right now, but we have no vice-presidential cord-wood (timber I mean, timber I mean) outside of Roy K. Moulton, the "Tom Reed" of literature and oh, oh—he's too fat to run!—even in November. We don't know if Charles Dawes' famous underslung pipe is still burning. We haven't heard his cheery "Hell and Maria" for 27 months—looks as if he ain't running.

Newspapers coyly tell us Dawes is trying to get Cal's goat—wots he going to do, use it in place of the goat Cal collected? Ha haw! We don't believe Charley was after Cal's goat—we believe he was looking for his own pet. Either that or he was looking for a way out—a rear exit mebbe, to Chicago.

Oh ho! Al. Smith, A No. 1, is "down" at Sulphur Springs, recuperating. Some one must have thrown a monkey wrench in Al's chuck?

We know what it is—kidney trouble, heart "missing," lungs flapping, bones cracking, teeth dropping—Now,—not that there is any connection—old Seneca used to eat fruit and drink from running brooks. He's DEAD. Help yourself!

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Haven't seen a delegate in past ten months.

What shall I do? Walk to Chicago and pay my—my respects; or remain as I am, delinquent?

The I. W. W. should not be so contemptuous of money—it comes in handy.

T-b S.