



Figures of the Ludlow tent colony massacre tend to show the Colorado state militia prefers women and children first—for targets of their half-baked beastliness; six men, two women and eleven children.

Cromwell, in his religious fervor was no different.

*"Six hundred hicks, with their shooting-*

*sticks,*

*Piled on one starving striker—"*

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Thanksgiving Day, too, is here—ye gods! What is there new in that day of praise or eulogy; haven't I been thanks gibbering all year?

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Not that there is any connection between the dispatch with which Calles, the Republic of Mexico, put down its latest "revolt" and the aspirations of the workers.

There is none. It's merely a straw that shows which way the soda flows. Neither was there a connection, in a superficial sense, between the revolt itself and the workers of Mexico—it was more a private than a public movement. But the squelching of that revolt indicates that brother Calles is now in position to place his foot on the neck of labor if he thinks it for the best and desires to do so.

Word comes to me that it is the purpose of the government not to allow any strike at all, and that if any workers strike is declared the government declares it illegal.

How intriguing!

Just saw wood—and starve—and say nothing?

Mr. Government, aren't you asking a little too mucho?

On the other hand:

The latest exposure of Mexican government papers in the William Randolph Hearst newspapers shows, clearly, that our beloved and bewiskered Uncle Sam is "right to home" in Mexico City—he's the gallivantingest hombre imaginable. He just won't stay home.

If he isn't tiling down in Panama, he's digging ditches in Nicaragua—yes, canals—canals.

Now that that is that, wot's the matter with us hardworking men organizing for the purpose of guiding our masters heel off our lilly-white neck, or is that too illegal?

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I don't believe a word about this here now-British propaganda. It's unreasonable. Might as well accuse John of losing his mind—a sweet time Mr. Lord Bull, Esq., would have making anglophiles of our great American Pollacks and Skandinavi-ans, to say nothing about our Germans. He'd have to knight all the Irish police officers in New York City and other progressive burgs; make dukes and lords of all the Italians and pay England's war debt direct to our Hebrew brethren. By the time he got thru Mayor Thompson would be trying to squeeze his abundant self into the uneasy chair of realm, over in Lunnon.

In fact: it is high time for England to come into the great American fold, as one of the sovereign states of Senator Borah—for protection.

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The ledger is balanced. Vanzetti forgave them one and all—only guiltless men can forgive.

*Prisoner's Song. (Air: Boston Burglar)*

"Oh if Christ, HE, "the same WHOM we owe much,"

Was to come once again among men,  
Would he pass out the coffee and dough-nuts

To the guards at the CHARLESTON PEN?"

Would HE?

He would not! He'd say, "fasting is good for the soul."

A great lesson:

The Sacco and Vanzetti case proves, for all time to come, that marching and denouncing bring no results. Women and men wore themselves out *marching and sighing*; professors drank gallons of water denouncing politicians.

Therefore: I suggest that American labor do all its marching on Samany Comp-ers' Labor Day and all its organizing on the other 364 days—and devil take the hindmost.

When you kill a philosopher—even if you roast him by electricity—you ain't getting away with a blessed thing. The whole world reacts against it—consciously and Uncon-

sciously.

I'm sorry America has reached the stage when it thinks it a part of wisdom to "bump" philos off. The night Sacco and Van went out, I could not sleep between the hours of 10 p. m. and 12:30 a. m. Sleep? Ah! So sure was I that Massachu-

setts had brains.

T-Bone Slim.