



"YES"—MEN

The King is Dead!

Duke the Tobacco King Kickt the Buck-et.

The Baron of Durham, North Carolina inhaled his last whiff.

Benjamin N. Duke, famous tobacco magnet — magnate, I mean (and don't you dare to read it maggot; he's not dead long enough) died yesterday in New York, age 74. The body will be taken to Durham, N. C. — the assumption being that dead he can rest at peace where he could not bear to witness the misery of his employees while alive. He left \$200,000,000, plus.

They called him a philanthropist—(Upton Sinclair, have a look!)

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North Carolina has salubrious climate, clothes and practically unnecessary and Duke's employes never did wear any—and Duke never could see the sense of providing for any in the pay envelopes. Nothing but sow-belly and corn-bread.

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"Let the little ones come unto me," appeared to be his pet hobby and many's the little rascal that jumped out his diapers right into the tobacco factory—fell out of the cradle, you might say, in its anxiety to lend Ben a hand. (Durham has no cradles — the kids sleep on ironing-boards. Durham has no flatirons—gotta use the board fer suthing.)

They called him a philanthropist? The American newspapers, expert judges in such things called him "Philanthropist."

And I, expert judge in such things, call those papers LIARS—just liars—but liars with the mentality of a three year old.

Hypothetical question::

I have five dollars of other peoples money, I peel-off thirteen cents, (12½) from this five bucks, to help a college—am I a philanthropist?

Astute Journalistic three-year olds:—Ye need not answer that question—I know ye are incapable of distinguishing the difference between philanthropy and advertisement—ye are too young—to young!—ye undertook to do the serious work of life too early—TOO EARLY!

Your quota of mud pies remain unmolded.

Back to the clay pile, brats!

Apology:

My quarrel is not with Ben. N. Duke or his high pressure methods of extracting a few hundred million dollars in profits from the work of his employes and American people, his customers—and thru them from various other channels and sources.

My quarrel is with childiah toadyism of the "weak sisters" of journalistic buffoonery; the epicurean "side-kicks" of a plate of hamburger; the abject worshipers at the shrine of two-bits.

When they grow up, I want them to define philanthropy . . .

Is it the knack of relieving the nation of a billion dollars for the purpose of pensioning a starved out professor to study the effect of planked-steak on pelegra?

Please do not think me unseemingly brutal to the children of the press—it would never do to massage a dislocated joint with soothing syrup, it must be brought to place with a jerk.

And do not get the idea that they became sycophants only recently — their trouble dates back and back and, some more — and I shall recite an example to show that it's an old "sprain."

These very same three year olds were dishing out the honey when Devery was chief of police or something — a man that was under charges of one kind or another almost every minute of the time he was in office and during his compulsory vacation — and after his reinstatement — all those — years up to the time of his death. Well, sir, kind readers, when Devery died those same three years olds eulogized Devery till Hell wouldn't have it. —

They were liars and sycophants then, are now, and will be to morrow.

Read the I. W. W. papers.

— T-b. S.