

## Mysterious Disappearance Of Soap In Saddle Rock Cafe, Rolla, N. Dak.

Intercourse as between peoples has its compensations. The law of "give and take" (2 laws) internal friction distributes benefits and bumps with a lavish hand, indiscriminately. In where the toilers' hands are deplorably knotted, rough and wrinkled requiring the application of tremendous quantities of Palmolive, the parasites' hands are soft, smooth and velvety and require an insignificant amount of soap. Where the toiler uses buckets and buckets of water on his hands and feet and features, the parasite is but a minor strain on the pumping stations—despite the fact that he, in order to approximate an external purity and sweetness, immerses his whole body in aqua pura at frequent intervals.

Did the toiler and his despoiler have equally rough hands and foreheads and neck, the Colgate Soap Co. could hope never to ketch up with the demand—a desirable condition from their viewpoint insofar as the cost of production of that delectable commodity is insignificant.

My great grief at this time is the terrible coarseness of the working man's hand. He picks up a cake of, say, Gran-Pa's Tar soap and with one mighty rub half the cake disappears in the grooves and wrinkles of his mighty paw—why, a hoof-rasp couldn't make any greater headway through that soap and no other soap could resist the friction to the extent that does the Wonder Soap—

("Pop" Edwards will bear me out on that last statement.) though he may thirst for my blood afterwards.

I am not alone in my sorrow—the cafe owners that break out an occasional cake of soap, when overcome by enlargement of the soul, have been known to mourn the passing of a cake of palmolive with a mournfulness surpassing the grief over a stricken brother or an unauthorized raid on the cash register—and while thus unstrung have been known to throw elementary business caution to the winds and dish out to the smooth fingered gentry all the choice cuts of sirloin and unbroken cuts of cream pie . . .

I have here in mind also the velvety softness of the tin-horn gamblers, "patties" that makes for the possibility of juggling the bones, dice with a skill almost supernatural but which owing to the depression involving the "horn-handed sons of toil" is of but little use to him other than holding hands with the more susceptible waitresses, and trusting her to forget to issue the customary check, reducing the meal to a matter of mere formality and obviating the necessity of marching out in a trance or being accelerated through the doorways with a loss of dignity and composure—a deplorable condition.

The velvety softness of the hands can not be sacrificed at this time because work is an unheard of element even among the habitual performers and were it otherwise the undertaking of labor would soon disqualify them in their chosen profession and cause them to roll the bones with a clumsiness that would stamp them mere tyros in the eyes of all art loving people—perhaps cause them to become as unable to deal an ace from the bottom of a deck with a dispatch required in all well ordered poker games, possibly irk the patience of the art loving gamblers to the extent of causing one or more of them to draw their razors in righteous exasperation—a signal for a hurried exit.

On the other hand the bones, dice would ketch on the protuberances, callouses or peeled blisters and cause them to turn up a seven instead of a point, thus subjecting the unfortunate crap-shooter's hands to further injury at the point of production and eventually land him in a poorhouse.

In bringing out the foregoing lamentable condition of the tin-horn, it is not my purpose to slur him or to insinuate that he has no way out other than to adopt one of the more advanced forms of racketeering. Indeed it is only my intention to point out the unreasonable-ness of expecting a thoroughbred parasite who, no doubt, has passed through all such trying development, to undertake the earning of a living by the doing of manual labor—he will commit suicide first, a deed that would seem unnecessary in view of the fact that we can expect to see him displaced by the so-called racketeers even as the racketeers themselves are displaced by tinhorns and pool sharks—my sympathies

are with them, of course, and most fervently I hope they will not be discommoded in any way—where they go.

I'm kind of liberal with my sympathies this morning because I know how it feels to be displaced, having myself been displaced by modern machinery. The game of tag proceeds merrily; now one is "it", now the other . . .

A young working man grasps me by the ear today and prates as follows: "Well, it took the republicans six years to make of me a bum" (damned good grammar that). "Yes", he said, "last fall I thought they had me but I pulled through the winter in nice shape and didn't have to bum till the middle of the summer right in the heat of prosperity. (He had other and full-throated remarks but we must forego the pleasure of printing them, a homage to censorship. . . )

Now if only a part of his heart-felt sentiments are true and the democrats could have made, say, a better bum of him in less time, we must here recognize that that man's hands approximated the velvety softness of shammy (chamois) skin and that in a very short time we can expect him to displace some hard working gambler and so it goes.

The other morning at Devils Lake (Devilslake) several gentlemen of the sensitive touch could hardly wait for the jeweler, Mr. Huegson, to open up at 8:05 a. m., ere they robbed him—the officers, who had lost much of their virility, were on the sunny side of the street—'twas a cool morning. Great credit is due the robbers, considerate men, for not shooting Mr. Huegson and his three customers. (one of them a lady), full of holes and causing the janitor extra mopping with no additional pay . . . Indeed those self-sacrificing robbers went to the trouble and risk of binding the jeweler and his three witnesses with strong, coarse ropes, cords and lines, with their tender hands; incapacitating themselves for further robberies for at least a week.

Moral: Buy the officers woolen underwear.

Now we've got thus far in this article which normally finished requires 10,000 words, as the reader can see—but insofar as the question already is in somewhat "bold relief" why should I go to the pains of assuring the reader the parasites' competitive system of displacement will not work except to the sorrow of one and all.

No, we will not go into that matter. We will touch rather on an intimate matter that of the displacement of workingmen by machinery and by other workingmen already displaced. We will view the situation, without a job—true they can displace others; but only by sacrificing some of the wages. A futile endeavor insofar as the just displaced (bumped) can return the compliment—cutting the wages is not the way out; that can only wind up in a condition of "no wages; that, in turn, is a condition wherein no man will try to displace the one working for nothing and no man will coveth his neighbor's job.

Sounds good—it only sounds good. Well, it is pretty thoroughly here established no man can prevent himself being displaced by other men, as an individual—and it's going to hurt his pride—along comes a better highballer and it's "hit the trail, Jim" It is perfectly clear to everyone that when the supreme parasite cannot dodge displacement and must jump out the skyscraper window, no individual worker can stave off the inevitable.

Now if he can not hold back the displacement proceedings there must be a reason for it.

There is.

He is too weak, alone.

Well why in hell doesn't he organize? and be too strong—it might work—gang up on the problem, so as to say?

Whatever else they organize for is another matter—sufficient unto the day the workers can organize and absolutely prevent themselves being displaced by machines or morons—otherwise it's slow music and hats at half-mast. Another thing—it is said "no one knows" and "no one can say" what causes unemployment, falling prices, overproduction, underconsumption, etc.

All right, here goes, I'll tell—in three words: Mal-Distribution of Wealth.—how 'bout it, Art?

—T-b. 3.

P.S.—I wonder what became of that soap?

P.S.—For further information on these, any and all matters attend Work People's College, Duluth, Minn.

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