



MEASURED TREAD

Conditions must be very bad when a fount of perpetual joy like myself starts dripping bitter tears and filling the ambient atmosphere with wails of hopping-anguish.

A batchelor, who no doubt experiences a certain revulsion against things, as they are, un-burdens his soul thusly: "Before I would raise a kid to go through what I am going through I would shoot him dead."

"What! Would you shoot a baby," interposes the clown of the bunch, "and deny him all the pleasures of childhood?"

"Well, no—that is, I'd let him have his fun—but after that—," What?

He paused and did not indicate just when the lad would cease to be and I got the notion the thought he was dealing with was father of another thought: "Chloroform them at the age of 45 years."

A Dutchman, discouraged, works himself into a destructive mood and roars:

"Gott dammit, if I had a forty-five?"

"If you had a forty-five, Dutch, what would you do?"

"I'd blow my gott dam head off," screams Dutch almost bereft of his senses.

"No need to do that, Dutch, I've got snuff" (I saw he was out of snuff).

He took a chew and his eyes brightened visibly—everything once again was hunky-dory. It's a good world after all.

Across the way, in Minneapolis, Father Dooley is holding forth for Jesus Christ and passing out real, genuine bread to the hungry listeners—bread is still the staff of life and it seems religion with all its modern development has been unable to make of faith its substitute—no meat is trusted with the chunk of bread lest it put faith in "the shade" altogether.

In the sumptuous 10-cent eating houses the none too clean and none too learned oracles discuss revolution and the proper way to make "those ignorant workers" toe the scratch. "Starve 'em out, that's the way Russia done," and other "valuable" information.

"But," says I, "suppose THEY take a notion to starve US out, me and you—what then? They might mistake us two for ignoramus and chop off our lunch, you know?"

A deadly fear gripped his vitals and he hastily tossed the rest of the hash into his mouth . . .

What was I doing in such a place?

Has it come to this? Our great author was—nossir, nossir, not by a darnsite—our great author wasn't eating there; he was working there. Got to work some place.

I have no doubt there is a revolution on tap; that a leaven, ferment, foment is working to that end and that it will be premature, precipitant, unorganized and retroactive . . . as are all unorganized movements.

At this time I am not able to decipher the identity of the parties that are about to wish a revolution upon an innocent people and I am not greatly concerned, for verily if the people fall for it I'll preach their funeral sermon and use the kindest words I can find.

True, the capitalist system is plunging headlong into dissolution, inevitable end and will finally fall into the discard; but that does not mean the engineers cannot manipulate that machine and bring on a panic ahead of time and stampede a trusting people into an artificial dilemma—

No? Is that so? You mean to say the egg shell cannot be cracked before the chick is fully developed—well sir, I'd have you know last summer I cracked and ate-up eggs that were developed very little. They tell me, too, it's impossible to eat an egg that has experienced a certain amount of development—I believe it, and it explains why my ma used to grab a persistent setting-hen and cool its "setter" in a tub of water.

Of course, I do not know the nature of this impending-revolution I can only speculate as to its origin and, if it's anything like I think it is, it would be better for it to die young like the child in the forepart of this article.

It may be another one of those imported things, shipped in from some country that had an overproduction of revolutions—such things are possible; instance the Australian ballot-system and women-suffrage. Revolutions are now a commodity, can be bought and sold ready-made or made to order—social intercourse permits of that much leeway—either kind or several kinds, depending wholly how you like 'em, straight or mixed.

At the present time, if not at all times, several countries in Europe, alone, stand to benefit by a revolution in America—it would put them on their feet nicely and be a paying proposition from their viewpoint—assumption being, a mechanical "revo." is now just finished and another one impossible.

A revolution conceived in Wall Street, would find hard sledding for those reasons and be further inconvenienced by having an angular twist applied to the "streets" Jiu Jitsu by the strapping racketeers that favor our land with their presence.

It is said the bourgeoisie will start a revolution and discontinue the age old custom of "good morning, sir; howdydo, sir thank you, sir" and that it will be an informal affair. The tired business man will—oh shucks. "Coo-Coo Klan will revolt"—How interesting! Ex-service will go on a jam-

boree, yes? Unemployed will assault the bread wagons? Odd Fellows, baptists, bricklayers and bums will all hold a private revolution of their own?

Let me tell you, nothing like that is going to happen—*nobody is going to do nothing for nobody.*

Join the I. W. W. and do away with the things that make you revolt . . .

That act in itself is revolution—and revelation.

JOIN THE I. W. W.