



WATERED STOCK

When the good ship CAPITAL went down,
And many first class passengers doomed
to drown,
All her plates were rusted
And her bottom busted
When the good ship CAPITAL went down.

Built of super-profits, fore and aft—
All her girders forged of toughest graft—
Interest on loans,
Dividends and so-on's
Made the boat unwieldy as a raft.

When the good ship CAPITAL did sink
And her roster landed "in the drink,"
Down went lots of hooley
When the ship went blooley
In the surging sea of purple-ink.

Gallant ship, but ne'ertheless a pawn!
Her accounts and credit over-drawn—
Boilers overloaded,
She, no doubt, exploded
And the great ship CAPITAL was gone.

Down went good ship CAPITAL, kerplunk
Every plute aboard remarked "we're sunk"
All the gildedged betting
Got a grand old wetting
And the great ship now is "a la junk."

Not a soul was saved to bid or quote,
Not a loan did remain to float,
All was wrack and ruin
In that high-seas doin'—
Not a man thought to "bottle up a note!"

When the good ship CAPITAL went down
Down went something dubbed "supremely
sound"—

She was ill-begotten
From the start—and rotten
So the good ship CAPITAL went down.

NUANCE:

Looks like the "Unity League" will have
to change its name to Trade Union Annu-
ity League pursuant to the trade unions
going on record in favor of paying the
slaves yearly; in working by the year in-
stead of skip-stop, hourly, daily, weekly or
monthly; instead of starving every other
week, the slaves will have the pleasure of
starving every other year. Bright boys,
those!