



Martyrs To Mathematics

(N. Y. C. Notes)

About 8,000,000 unemployed—nobody knows how many. Nobody but I will say how many. 7,990,000 of those 8,000,000 believe they personally are the one and only unemployed. Each thinks he's *the only one* that is getting the dirty end of it.

How comes it that I'm the only one in all these United States that knows exactly how many men and women are unemployed? Newspapers don't know—if they do, they will not tell. Nothing but the most excruciating torture can make them tell, and then it will be a lie. They will not tell because they do not know.

But they will tell you, for instance, unemployment decreased one-tenth of one per cent, in the month of February—one tenth on one per cent of whatever it was. But what was it—2,000,000 or 12,000,000?

Gods knows—and me; us two.

How do they arrive at the figure one-tenth of one per cent if they know not the number of men out of work?

God knows—or mebbe the socalled printer's devil told 'em.

Well, why in hell don't they say so?

One tenth of one per cent. Hm, one tenth? One tenth of the workingclass get pie with their meals and meals with their pie.—That's the arrangement and statistics of national pie consumption will prove it; due allowance being given to pies eaten by democratic politicians and baptist preachers . . .

That part may be all right, considering, but when they introduce a system of keeping one-tenth of the working class perpetually unemployed, they are carrying the idea of perpetual monotony too far.

Considering what?

Considering the pies are one-tenth raisins and nine-tenths cornstarch.

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Even the lowly "liquidators," apostles of Willie Z. Fuster, are opposed to that much unemployment and make no secret of it in loud and prolonged terms of proclamation, vituperation, denunciation . . .

"Industrial Workers of the World are degenerates" they squeal hysterically; implying thereby that parasites of the world and political "morfodites" are just about the cream of the strawberry patch.

So great indeed is the outpourings of their soul-sufferings that Sidney Smith, the great "tribune" of the News was moved to heave a sigh and murmur:

The worst wheel of the wagon makes the most noise.

Comrades, was he refering to you?

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Short, Not Sweet—

Hoovers *porouperity* is full of holes,—or is it *perhappeserity*—leaks like a cal-lander, or something—'tis a sive—seine.

Prohibitionally, we are on the verge of going back to prewar stuff. Can no do! without prayer—methodists and baptists better start winding-up.

Decline of wholesale commodity prices in February to less than 1 per cent above the lowest post-war level of 1922 was reported by the labor department today (March 19).

That's all and more than they'll get—that's what they think they'll get—they'll think several more times, ho hom! The people are broke.

Hungry Bowery raids its own relief supply—A thousand hungry men staged a riot yesterday in which the sacred sidewalks of the Bowery were littered with jelly rolls—u, umh!—Cookies—haa-ah!—and bread (not so good)—yum, yum. Evidently the mission soup was too thin as well as the Army's gospel and the boys took this method of thickening their diet—an error on their part—the jelly in the rolls was imitation. The men attacked two automobile trucks loaded with the pastry—no pies, praise God. Had the trucks been loaded with "Mrs. Wagners" toothsome products the carnage would have been appalling—horrible.

As I said before, wholesale prices of commodities dropt to 1922 levels.

Speaking about levels: Progress in United States and Germany has reached the *stupidendious* level of over 4,000,000 unemployed—hock, hurrah!

Riots:

There's too much racket to riots for them to be born of sense.

Racket:

There's too much riot to racket for it to be born of intelligence.

Riot of words, a racket par delirium, is an eruption of hysteria of bodies in a trance.—non compos mentis.

Many a communist considers himself a linguistic Vesuvius and lays down a lava of terrifying rhetoric—*terrible*. But many as the words are, I fear the right word to emancipate slaves has not been found.

That word is organize—it's synonym is act.

Brass-banding, appertains to circus and winds-up as a show or sale of zinc-oxide ointment or arnica.

Organization winds-up in emancipation.