

Faith: (a concert) —

XI

New York Times is satisfied with the work of its recent editor, now expired and demised, Rollo Ogden. "The New York Times," it says, "can do nothing better than pledge itself to carry on in the traditions of this great newspaper man."

That can mean only one thing twice: New York Times has found another superannuated editor and that we will have to go through the depression all over again. For, do most solemnly maintain, frailties of age effect both men and economic systems.

When I die, editor, if the Industrial Worker carries on in the noble traditions of my hokum, I shall haunt it, so help me, I shall haunt it both night and day and on all legal holidays.

We don't want any of that old crap. We want new stuff, just as it pours from the mill. Strictly fresh; fresher the better; even yea(h) unto "too fresh." You've all ate five minute egg, I know, but did you ever try eating a thirty day egg in August? I have — and I know just how it tastes. Rotten, that's how it tastes — so editor please, when I die, just close the lid and brush your hands. But, before you close the lid slip in a box of Lopen-hagen snuff, just in case I have to do some haunting.

(Note for the editor only: someday I will write you an article "all eccentricity" Yippee!)