

A secret objective reminds me of a medicine-man that gave his patient each day a new prescription so as to keep him coming regularly and "shell-out cash" — and even offered to operate on him for floating kidney when X-ray showed his bladder had ballooned "it in" eclipse — Just a small item of energetic mediocrity. When the family doctor returned from his vacation, he laughed heartily, thought it a huge joke, and told the patient: "Go home now and rest — forget all about the undertaker and eat less potatoes, meat and sugar."

A new program each day condemns the program of yesterday and discredits the program of tomorrow.

Destroys faith, hope and confidence.

Let there be light, complete information!

The workers have not been betrayed. They are fully conscious of what's going on. All they lack is a method of organizing out of the trap pot.

For this they will consult the IWW

"As we used to talk together of the future we had planned, — Riley.

Hardest kind of work is the dodging of work (or looking for work) — the dodging of organization work, for instance. One gets pale around the gills in the end, and indolence takes its toll — a stiff price. Sons of Rest suffer and the industrious with them... and then the g'g' high-pitched voice in fearful protestation and alibi (halibut) deluxe. Or is it ring around the rosies the boys are playing?

Snapperline:

"When from The Discards Of The Crown The Ladies Severe Their Loves. —"

"That's not you call 'Natural Selection' — take what's left. Anybody that says we ain't sensible is erected worse than the Liberty Bell.