

Among the migratory workers each job has equal number of idle men waiting in sight—how many are hid away in the "sylvan dells" is anybody's guess. One-third working? How about shortening the day two-thirds?

It is claimed "one-third of the working class can support the millionaires in the style to which they are accustomed."

I believe it, but why not forget the millionaires for a spell and throw a little bait to your brother and fellow worker now idle and in want.

They can't eat battleships or phoney democracy. Charity soup isn't much better.

Rainbow fired coffee and missile biscuits!

Red-tape and red-herring.

"It was the noble fireman—

We knew that he was dead;

For both his legs was missing

And—we couldn't find his head.

The marshal says the Bremen is sunk and if we are around the jungles tomorrow, he'll take us into protective custody. (Carnival in town—yippee!)

No doubt the owl did use his head

And yet refused to move his jaw:

"The more he saw, the less he said;

The less he said, the more he saw.—

England's workers will have a tough time feeding the raft of commercial blue bloods (exploiters) after the colonies cease dishing-up hand-outs to them.

The set-up presupposes support from several nations and when that support is denied them (shortly) they will become as if top-heavy for the decimated Britons to support—I wonder if they know how to burn.

Self (greed) is what causes the sparrows to scarp over a piece of bread—and yet that piece of bread is big enough to feed dozen birds.