

COMPETITION

T-BONE SLIM.

Nancy Langhorne Astor, (Lady) who came over from England last month to see how her native land was getting along, prescribed for flapperitis before sailing back to her beloved land.

Referring to the genus flapper as "those creatures in short skirts, gay hose and painted lips that ONE sees here and there", she declared she did not see any need of getting excited over them.

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No, Mrs. Lady Nancy, we're not excited, exactly, but—oh, you know what I mean—slightly interested—that's the word . . . interested! — They are a relief after gazing for generations at the **genus parasite**, those creatures in trailing gowns, silken hose, lying lips, perverted minds and borrowed sustenances, Nancy, a relief—Yes, Nancy Langhorne, a decided relief.

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"I think the parents are the ones to blame", she continued, "but if we cannot prevail upon the parents we can go at it in a different way—ridicule."

You said a mouthful, my dear Lady Astor, ridicule is the word!

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It will be remembered that Her Gracious Majesty, Lady Nancy Langhorne Astor was admitted into this country, about a month ago, as an expert on labor movements—where she got all her information . . . has not been divulged, but it is conceded, in well informed circles, that Her Ladyship acquired her great knowledge of labor movement through her acute powers of observation rather than through actual participation in the processes of production.

On April 24th, the Chi. Eve. American carried the following item—

"LADY ASTOR STUDIES LABOR"

(Note: Studies labor, not, performs labor.) Item continues —

"Lady Astor, who is now attending the convention of the National League of Women Voters, could tell people in Washington something about how not to go wrong in estimating and in analyzing the labor movement.

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Estimating and analyzing the labor movement!—Have you get that?

Allright, let us continue . . .

"Her method in London (dear ole Lunnnon) in this matter is very simple. It consists of really personally knowing labor people. At her home in London the guest list is just as likely as not to include leaders of trade unionists."

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Of course, dear reader, you must remember this method may work in England and still be unsuited to the needs of America—The best her gracious Majesty could provide might prove entirely barren of results so far as our own labor leaders are concerned—many of our "bluff old leaders" would many times rather escort "those creatures", the "genus flapper", to a week-end with the titled "genus parasite" in the gilded courts of Buckingham Palace.

will turn into a bunch of sobbers.

The same folks wouldn't blink a eye or heave the smallest kind o' sigh for those who die in labor fights, a-battling for their honest rights. They think the strickers is bad men who should go back to work agen. They think coal miners is all wrong beca se they don't go right along, a-piling up the profits high, so rich old owners can get by.

Has anyone illusions now about the recent Great Big Row? Does anybody really feel democracy upon us steal, or that old wrongs has been set right, because we went to France to fight? Does anybody really bite upon the war to end all fight?

It seems to me these folks who roam to Europe might shed tears at home. They might see millions out of work, not guys what really likes to shirk. They might see wages going down, and factories shut in every town, and men a-walking on the street, a-wearing shoes right off their feet, a-hunting the new world to be, when we shipped conscripts 'cross the sea.

But no, they go to France to shed their lukewarm tears above the dead. It never percolates their dome that they might bawl 'bout things at home.