



Good Riddance

Learned men and skillful orators have now established that lofty thoughts are the cause of round shoulders. I "presume" they deduce this from the fact that round shouldered men (there being no women with thoughts lofty enough to put a hump on their back) always act as if the ceiling was not high enough for their towering presence.

At least it would seem so to a human person watching them shy at an eight-foot doorway. The contents of that wonderful head must not be disturbed, hence the natural bent of its possessor to stoop before conquering. Be that as it may. Onward we must.

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Cork screws are coming back in style. Recently we had occasion to study this burning question from a new angle and some of our friends (I got my eye on 'em) say the particu-lar angle was tragic or acute—hence, our observations should be enbalm-ed on history's pages in italics, (editor) in italics interspersed with interrogation points.

Now in order to disabuse your mind of certain suspicions, I wish to first and before all say that I do not believe the bootleggers are appointed to "get us." Nor do I say that they would deliberately poison us. No, nothing of the kind. I merely wish to say that they do poison us—and let it go at that.

Mind you I do not say there is a conspiracy against us inveterate veterans, to do away with us through the highly civilized medium of (bootleg) spruce alcohol. No, I merely state that now and then, all around us, old timers drop down to rise no more—and people pause and murmur: "Good riddance!"

Good riddance (get that?)—but why, in the name of all that is sensible, do you let them poison you with "hemlock?" Do you also think you are a good riddance? It looks like it.

But as I was saying, cork screws are coming back in style. Not because it is the desire of the masters to furnish us a better and milder form of poison. His solicitude for our welfare doesn't carry him that far. He would as soon see you kill yourself with wood alcohol as to see you hung on a frame-up. He knows and I know and you know that he can replace you with a 190-lb. foreigner and it won't cost him a cent, because he will take the fare out of the foreigner's wages. Yes, indeed, I believe the master would be more than pleased to see you go. In fact, I think he would be delighted.

In my own case I think he would be so overcome with joy that he would donate the pansies and buttercups—maybe detail a military band to play, "There's a Sucker Born Every Minute," which is my favorite tune.

But as I was saying, the curly cues are coming back. The collars of our best people are becoming sadly depleted. It is getting so that our beloved parasites can't get a drink befitting their lordly station; tally one. They are beginning to flirt with raisinjack! tally two and three. Hold on there, don't get the idea that there is a frame-up to dope our parasites.

I don't want it understood that there is a powerful ring of whiskey parasites that have been in the pasture these late years, consequently restless, and about to bring pressure to bear for the return of Johannes Barleycorn. I do not want you to get the idea, from anything I say, that a good liberal dose of purest poison will soon be introduced into the drinks of the "better class" so as to create a "public sentiment" favorable to saloons, because it isn't so. If any parasites get poisoned thusly, it will be because of an error in addressing the right stuff to the wrong place—but "public sentiment" will sit up and take notice; they're not going to stand for parasites being "bumped off" on account of careless penmanship; tally four, five and six.

Prohibition is "well set" and if it really prohibited, I would be glad indeed. But prohibition prohibits only insofar as dehorn has a rotten taste and insofar as those who drank it are now in the land of "corn and wine," forever prohibited from exhibiting the spirit of half fellow well met.

An epidemic of misdirected reffreshments, at this time, would amount to a calamity. The sudden calling away of some of our "best people," although it might lighten the burdens of those who support them, would still be a damage irreparable even so as the passing of a rotten egg—the passing of which is reparation sufficient. So, fellow workers, have a care what you eat and drink, especially in these days of chlorinated water. Consider the seven destroyers that sunk off the coast of California—the magnificent expanse of water, the biggest in the world, wasn't big enough for these navigators. Is it then a wonder that land lubbers find it difficult to navigate properly within the narrow confines of West Madison Street!

In conclusion: Until this burning question is settled I would advise myself, and my many friends, to drink nothing—unless they see sand on the bottom. We cannot afford to lose active men.