



## Mostly Song

Man feels in the humor for song only a short period of time, per day, per month, per year and per life time. And the more rotten the conditions, up to a certain point, the less he feels like singing—the less he feels like doing anything.

When in humor, he will go along humming a tune until about 4 p. m.; then suddenly he goes flat.

Before conditions became rotten, before life began to pale upon him we found him singing like a meadow lark upon a May morning—in September. Yes indeed, men would sing in September like a lark in May—and as a result of this singing, many low-browed intellectuals have gotten themselves into an opinion that singing is the cause of man's present condition. They reason that if man had refrained singing instead of singing refrains, he would now be as free from worry as are they who never hummed a tune in all their lives. . . .

If not that—then, at least, they bewail the fact that singing has brought sorrow to all hands, including themselves. Now, me thinks MacBeth, yon song hater has a hungry look. Methinks, oh noble Cassius, that yon song hater hates himself. And, lastly, me thinks he has fallen in love with the ideal of our 'Lord and Master.' Oh, ye songless slaves: "Sing nothing and saw wood."

Now, it happens that I have written a few songs—a few songs as rotten as the system itself—no more and no less—ROTTEN. And, I maintain that under proper conditions my songs would have been SWEET as the voicings of an unsuccessful candidate cooing under the protecting wings of the administration. And since this be so and since my songs can not be blamed for the conditions that are, I stand unsullied of any taint of responsibility for the terrible straits in which labor finds itself today and the singing of my songs can not make things any worse than they are.

\* \* \*

A. Brisbane says you can not outlaw war because of human nature. True, but you can make it more interesting by passing laws to execute all defeated generals.

Rent, interest and profit, one or all three, cause all wars and human nature as constituted in the persons of few profiteers is supposed to determine whether we shall have war or peace.

If we can not outlaw war, we might try outlawing those who select war for us. Why not invite them into an alley to test out their theories.

\* \* \*

The progress of special privilege IN ALL THINGS, including the ART of governing, can be likened to a man eating his dinner.

It begins its meal in a very democratic way with democratic soup—and nothing happens.

It picks up courage and digs into the more ambitious republican spuds and G. O. P. loin—and nothing happens.

It becomes reckless, pulls the aristocratic frosted pie of Autocracy closer and poises its fork to disembowel the pie—Alas, then it happened. Special Privilege lies writhing on the floor.

\* \* \*

Says the I. W. W.: "If he had let that pie alone, he would now be alive and well."

Says the communist: "If he had eaten the pie first, he would not now be dead."

Says the donkey: "If he had stuck to soup and fish, he would have been safe."

Says the G. O. P.: "Ah, my beloved, you would not listen to me."

Says T-bone Slim: "The damn fool! Tryin' to hog it all, eh?"