



WISE AND NOT SO WISE

It's all right to follow the races—with a broom and shovel. The ponies I mean.

Never follow the aces—the "kitty" licks up all the cream and "his-honor" laps up what is left. A case of "a trysting soul betrayed."

In spring an old man's fancy turns
To lining-bars—with deep concern:
In concentration thus he yearns
And never learns—never learns
He never learns—and ne'er discerns
Or feels the woe of courted burns—
Nor cares two boots and several "durns"
Of all he hears, fell snubs—and spurns
Returning Days—that ne'er return;
(Till autumn turns the leaves—adjourns).

"A union is all right if it's run right."
How come? So is a Ford. So is a train.
So is a ship—if it is run right.

A Ford is all right whether it is being run or not. So is a train; so is a ship; so is a woman—anything. And they're all right, as institutions, even when run wrong. So is a union.

A union that won't run itself is soon "run ragged." A union that depends too much on stale rules instead of demands of the moment, for motive power—will soon be calling for a tow.

The "Hobo College," one of Chicago's advanced institutions of higher learning, was raided by the police, April 2, and the raidees were tried before the "speeders court," Desplains St.

It is whispered that the "new found pep" is partly due to blood-infusions and an early spring—as usual the I. W. W. is blamed for both.

It seems that the gambols of this frolicsome body of prospective-workers carried them over the limit.

The judge took that into consideration and granted them every opportunity to provide themselves with approved speedometers.

In the meantime unemployment promenades her gorgeous splendor, brazenly.

The tri-star motto, "organization, education and emancipation" looks better every day—and hush, the education must come from within, not from without. Imported education is inferior. Foreign teachers are handicapped.

It has come to my inferior notice that the "problem" is not now to elect peoples' representatives but how to eject the one elected: They hang, and hang, on and on, even after the people have quit applauding them; even after the people have quit throwing their hats in the air; after they're quit standing on their heads—they hang and hang, on and on, and, when the people quit turning handsprings, they murmur something about a third term and settle down in "the chair"—when they should be "out" looking for a new master. Apparently there is no way to fire 'em—for instance: The presidents of this country have never known what it is to "get fired"—yes, I believe I can say without fear of contradiction, that the general belief is that some of them were in office too long—if so, why?

True, few of them left office dramatically—but that is not the point? The point is that they were not fired in the regular manner. Which proves that the people are poor bosses.

The great scandals in Little Britain has been a large shock to our Anglo-Saxon prejudice. And it is therefore in a spirit of deep concern I disclaim and discount all blame and absolve myself from all responsibility (as to the habits). "Am I my sister's keeper"—It wasn't that way when I was over there—they've spoilt since.

Wives of great men all remind us
We can fill our soul with grime
And departing leave behind us
Marks of shoulders in the slime.

—(Longbellow).

P. S.—Nothing can rescue the situation now save the throwing of our own Lady Astor into the breach. They will not observe their own code of morals!—

I recognize the frailty of codes and rules, and, therefore, I am my sister's keeper in the sense that I shall defend her right to do as she pleases—peculiarly, too, the law in its liberality and flexibility, gives her this right, subject to consequences.