

IT IS DONE



Now that young men and young ladies have learned to circumvent conventional restrictions by "marrying on approval," early and often, it begins to look as if we gotter put more teeth in the marriage contract and open our public schools to courses "How to live happy 'ever afterwards' on \$24 per week"—Porterhouse 75 cents a pound. Palmerhouse rolls 18 cents a dozen.

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The whole superstructure of our liberties is liable to drop if these amorous gypso's are not checked—the connubial undertakings are getting so now that they can no longer be called experimental.

Punks, without a shade of whisker pass themselves off as experienced "hubbies"—and flappers count that day wasted when they're not married at least once.

"What's the world coming to?"

None of our business—If they're old enough to earn their own living, they're also old enough to know what they're doing. Let us tend to OUR business, I. U.—

Labor Leader: (to employer) "You get up and state that 'existing wage schedule must remain'; I'll take exceptions to the word 'must' and we'll have it out—I'll argue that 'must' leaves no room for arbitration—then you get up and 'take it all back,' that will put me in solid with the membership—only the intelligentsia will get wise and they won't have the guts to point it out."

Employer: "All right, Sam, glad to help you—but I didn't know your position was as delicate as all that. . . ." (Curtain).

Seniority right to live?

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That reminds me that poor old Woodrow Wilson in his late years went stone blind—he spoke touchingly about the invisible-government. The thing we all saw was denied this great statesman. How it must have irked him that he could not stroll down Wall Street, on a beautiful spring day, and hear the beautiful voice of Morgan and Company—down below the dead line. He could not see—see to pick posies on Maiden Lane, or the Bowery—on the way down, alas.

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Abraham Lincoln fought four years to preserve the union—the railsplitters union. But hardly was he dead—bumped-off—when the "thinkers" began moving (and seconding) the fixtures, furniture and books down to Wall Street.

Upon investigation it will perhaps be discovered that Old Abe didn't long survive his remarks about predatory interests—be it noted: It took the united "cognoscenti," press, pulpit, and rostrum to establish the thing we have today.

The people trust their agents not wisely but too much—they're off the mainline, on a branch that ends in the wilderness of bewilderment. And the way out is back at the switch—back or perish.

There is no short cut.

P. S.—Competition among the slaves is keen and undeniable and general—no man has right to throw bricks—lack of organization is the cause for it.

On excavation jobs man with a shovel is shown preferment over a man without a shovel—in city—hence, men carry shovels to and from work. (The shovel is either purchased, borrowed or stolen—stolen, probably, since the slaves will not risk leaving it on the jobs nights). Next we may expect to see stenographers packing typewriters and engineers and firemen carrying locomotives.

There's a limit, ladies and gentlemen, there's a limit. And it's way back there—somewhere.

Somewhere bands are playing.
Somewhere hearts are light.