



Beseech and Collect

"Ask-and you shall receive."

In these times, when Bryan tried to establish an alibi (for his feats and defeats) down in Sunny Tennessee, and the several contradictory editions of the bible are getting such an academic overhauling, I think it is proper to rescue the above headline from international damnation. Ask and you shall receive. Yes, yes—but be sure you are organized so s's'strongly that the master of ceremonies can hear you. He's deaf in one ear and near-sighted in the other.

Demand and you shall get.

That's better.

The mere asking doesn't seem to do justice to the subject at hand, for bosses are inclined to terrific listlessness and unaccommodating lassitude. The plea therefor must be emphatic.

Of course, it is against the law to ask—a form of vagrancy. For instance: If you pray one or all the gods for something—a pair of overalls, sox, spectacles or aces—it comes under the head of begging, but is allowed. The law knows you are wasting your wind. In fact they (the lawyers) like to see you do it because they know all you'll get is rheumatism, second-hand shirts and soup.

Yes, indeed, they like to see you "bum" God. There's only one more kind of praying they'd like to see you do—kneel to a telegraph pole and ask for more beans—and some pork—pork from contented sows.

By the way—right of way—all the bible's prophecies are coming true—the Milwaukee has laid-off half of its extra gangs as far as Hettinger, S. D. The world's coming to an end.

It is said that prayer is good for the soul—it must be. It must be good for something. It isn't good for the liver, heart, brain or bunions. It isn't good for shoes (3 in 1 is better). It's not good for beef steak (ketchup and salt for mine—when I can get the steak). So it must be good for the soul.

Asking, on the other hand, is a concession to politeness (I won't go into details; an illustration is better).

Ever see one of those little, sweet-faced, yellow, courteous curs; bowing his nose to the ground; licking the tallow from your Florsheims; doing the Hetchy-Ketchy shimmy, its tail safely ensconced beneath its belly—ever see one of these?

Well, that's what I call doggone politeness.

That's the dog's way of inquiring for a bone or a bologna skin—That's asking. That's begging. That's praying. That's pleading—beseeching. Beseech and you will be given the swill, the junk, the rags, the cot (bunk) and the poor house.

I won't go into details—I'll simply write down what you think:

Organize, and you will not have to beg—you can then suggest, propose or demand.

And since you know that beggars are poor—or selfish—I would demand that we, labor, make an effort to broaden out; transact our business in a dignified manner.

Ask and you shall receive is not strictly true—just like fishing: "We threw in our line and waited for a bite."

We're still waiting.

The postoffice doubled the postage on picture post cards, expecting to double its income—it's still expecting.

Why didn't it pray?

Prayer is the final eclipse of the soul.