



EVO- LU- TION

We've been ill, but our illness was mild—the mere fact that we didn't die proves that. Infact, our death, no matter how appropriate and desirable, is long delayed—and we feel that illness glories in an exaggerated importance.

Like the wind-storm in Minneapolis: Newspapers headlined it and made a great *mackado* about it.

"Four killed; 30 Injured and 40 Houses Wrecked."—

There are 750,000 people in St. Paul and Minneapolis—and yet, only four was killed. I wouldn't call that 'a storm—it's merely a skirmish, of the elements.

"Thirty injured." Good Lord; first thing we know they'll headline a skinned knuckle.

Forty houses wröcked. Isn't it possible they fell down for the lack of wind to hold them up?

So, too, it is, with sickness—terrifically exaggerated.

But should we die—boys—we desire to be buried 7 a. m. sharp—because we always feel better after dinner.

(A man wouldn't want to be buried just when he feels good.)

Watch that!

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Likewise:

We have read and read and read about great, glorious grandiloquent Industrial Potentates and Productions Kings WHO employ 25,000 men.

We gasp—gasp for breath—Jimini Crimini!

Then we remember that Gen. F. (fellow worker) Foch bossed 12,000,000 men in 1917—and, you know, we begin to think that bossing 25,000 is pretty petty, hoozier-fied, haywire business.

Tell me more of your wonders and I will show you how kinder-gartenish they are.

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Evolution:

I have seen evolution with my own eyes: There is nothing particular or peculiar about it except the name. It has existed at all times during the period of my existence upon earth—nobody discovered it or invented it—it was in plain sight like a limb on a tree, at all times.

A man would *have to have* a cinder in both eyes not to see it.

Nevertheless great credit is due man for giving it a name; for having brains to put a title upon it—just like doctors who let the sunshine through blue glass and had the presence of mind to call the ray, Violet—if the glass had been a piece of a brown beer bottle they would have called the adulterated-light, maroon-ray. Yes, indeed, it takes smartness to christen the things we kick around in this world.

Iron-ore *evolutes* into steel.

A monkey *evolutes* in a mule.

Man *evolutes* into an ape (and vice-versa).

But the greatest single piece of evolution on record is the evolution of a scissorbill into a Wobbler.