



## Hysterical Record

A certain quasi-political labor-party is based upon the principle of "leadership—with the result that there always is a possibility of its members being "misled."

Now, I don't want to mention any names but you must know, oh labor, that there is a labor union that is not based upon leadership—consequently you are not and will not be and cannot be misled.

Now it also happens that that aforesaid political labor-party has never organized a labor union but has ever attempted to take control in unions already organized. This it would endeavor to do by capturing the office or "state" of the union.

But after capturing the "control" this party will find out that it has captured only a shadow—a reflex of power—to them a non-usable quality, except in the sense of a temporary pie-counter for its thick-headed egotists.

Otherwise these shadow-seekers are helpless.

Being shadow-seekers (head/hunters) it is said that they contemplate capturing the "state" or Government. (I presume that is for the purpose of supplanting them with a greater assortment of delicious pie. Can you blame them? They're a hungry lot! They quite forget "they'll get pie in the sky when they die.

When they capture the "state" (let us suppose) through a distraction supplied by a foreign nation, a threatening gesture by some power other than their own *silhouette* of power they cannot serve labor in the least because they have never learnt to organize labor to help itself, and, unorganized labor cannot help itself nor hold what it gets as a free will offering from the retiring masters.

But we must give them full credit. That political labor-party, although never having organized labor unions, has had great success in organizing "dramatic clubs" and young pupils boring-machines and "daughters of the revolutionary rhythmic heel"—not only those but a dozen other such societies as revolutionary cake garglers, linoleum lancers, and debating circles. A perfectly peaceable tribe!

There are two things they will not do:

They will not fight; they will not organize labor unions; they will not willingly "discomfort" capitalism—they merely desire to become our new masters. Modest, ain't they? Anybody that objects "IS A HANAR-CHIST," hain't they, comrade?

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"BOSTON, April 24, 1826.—A meeting was called (here) on Thursday evening to take into consideration the expediency of raising funds for the relief of the venerable Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States. A lottery is being drawn in Virginia for his benefit."—From the U. S. Gazette—(in effect).

That's how we used to do it 100 years ago—that was prior to the invention of *mysterious black satchels*.

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According to reliable reports Thomas was an industrious servant of the people, therefore it seems strange, to a lunkhead like myself, that the good things of life found other channels and drifted into paws that couldn't hardly write their names to say nothing about the Bill of Rights.

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Thomas Jefferson at that time was 82 years old, unless my arithmetic is out of date—today, 100 years later, a shaft was unveiled on the "spot where he was born," Monticello, and bears the legend, "Lover of Liberty." Good! Tom would get quite a "kick out of that" were he alive.

Lover of Liberty? That's hinting, anyhow, that Tom wasn't entirely cold-blooded towards liberty. Good!

Come to think of it—Jefferson, practically alone, Fought for Liberty—with Paine—and, if the Liberty is unsatisfactory in any way it is because Tom Jefferson (alone) was not stronger. No wonder he came near starving in his old age!

Other men, of course, fought for a change of rule—a substitute for British misrule. And well they fought, considering—they knew not what they fought for.

They wanted "a change."

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Only recently we visited Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and threw our eye over the beginning of things—that was after viewing the "progress made," at Washington. After resting my eyes on the present bunch of legislators I'm favorably impressed with the appearance of the bunch that "started things" (as pictured in oil and paint).

But, alas, I'm staggered to find four different men labeled "Geo. Washington." One of 'em looks like a Swede.

I'm worried.

Supposing somebody digs up a picture of Jesse James and labels it U. S. Grant! This won't do. This simply will not do! Three of those four Washingtons will have to change their looks.

Just now heard a horn-rimmed intellectual say, "This picture looks more like Washington." (He was about 30 years old, so, I fainted on the spot). How'd he know?

Now, if those pictures in the Independence Hall are "poetry, imagination, lies," instead of historical records, it may be that the bunch was no better or worse than the bunch at Washington—as much as they, the Washington bunch, have been retouched by the 'tegraphers and cartoonists.