



## TAXING OUR SPIRIT

Railroads are complaining that their pay-toilets are not money-making affairs—even at 5 cents a throw. At the same time they accuse the passenger traffic of "dropping off." Can it be possible the traffic has followed "free toilets?"

Brace up, railroads! The generous public will return to thee as soon as you set free comfort and quit that petty nickel game.

Of course they felt hurt—the public—when they got caught short and you, railroads, took advantage of it and squeezed a nickel out of 'em.

In this connection, I'm sorry to say that the public being averse to parting with the jit has functioned in a manner that lays them open to suspicion—where the doors of the pay-as-you-enter do not reach clear to the floor the public is frequently caught on his hands and knees either crawling in or backing out.

Now that looks suspicious, indeed.

An officer of the law extricated one such publican from such a compromising position and asked him, "Wot's the big idea?"

The heinous culprit produced a coin and explained that "just as he was putting it in the slot it slipped and rolled into the closet; that he was only fishing it out."

"Noble man!" exclaimed the cop, slapping the victim of circumstantial evidence on the shoulder so hard that the nickel again rolled into the exclusive booth.

Again, during rush hours, the traffic in this department is so great that the doors don't get a chance to lock before a new candidate has moved in—thus killing two birds with one stone. The railroads consequently lost many nickels that way . . . but I'm sure that the public who gain a nickel

that way, invariably give it to charity—drop it in the collection box—when they attend the more divine service—especially on Easter morning—otherwise, mebbe, they couldn't attend church owing to financial stringency.

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### WHEN IS A MAN CRAZY?

Ah, a very proper question, following the above treatise on sanitary taxation. The craziness of man depends (according to a popular bureau of standards) wholly upon the man's own words:

As long as he keeps his mouth shut he isn't crazy—that is, as long as he keeps his thoughts to himself he is considered a wise man. If he opens his mouth and speaks his thoughts, to somebody else, he is a nut.

But, if he thinks his thoughts resonantly to himself—talks to himself—he is crazy. A condition wherein his governor-belt has slipped off his "clarifier" causing his annunciator to transmit vocal variations of various mental vagaries "neck and neck" with the production of his deduction motor, idea-ocillators, thought-generator and also his knowledge-dynamo. But a writer, ah, he is never crazy—he may be queer, but that's all.

And so, as I was going to say in regards that lavatory deal, may it please the reader to have me produce right in front of his expectant gaze that the 5 cents tax on our sanitary efforts is merely a step in the direction of taking absolute control over our very lives—and let him note that the exchange reports a terrible slump in Castor Oil (unlimited) as a result of it.

It, the step, is a move to prepare the way for taxing our breathing, in the future. Radio will be perfected to the end that it will register (on a meter) in the Air Corporation's office the number of cubic feet of air you inhaled last month and a bill will be mailed to you—you'll pay it, or do your breathing behind iron bars. Of course, a 20 per cent discount will be allowed for dust and smoke. That's when, not only man, but men and women are crazy—or easy.

P. S.—Our author gathers from the above that capitalism is not yet at the end of its resources—it will approximate its end when it begins to keep tab of our breathing.

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Anent the British strike, says Wm. Randolph Hearst, a rising journalist for the New York Journal:

"A catastrophe which has overtaken England" (you mean, Eng. caught up with said cat-as-trophy?) "in the great strike, a catastrophe which might easily have been averted if only some one of the parties to the original dispute had had the intelligence or the patriotism to avert the conflict."

England should import a little intelligence—we could spare Hearst.

Dr. John Roach Stratton, Calvary Baptist Church, Manhattan, says "no better thing could happen than the whole rising generation be put under the strict authority of military training."

Not necessary—just feed 'em beans!

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No "better thing" could happen? Then why does Dr. John fool his time away—preaching?

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Great minds are still booting the "moot question" as to whether newspapers create public sentiment or merely reflect it. (Let me answer that, editor—it is my turn).

I believe the modern murder-messengers and advertising-argusies, after pruning the public of all sentiment, reflect the shorn—butt! To me the question is not "do they create, or do they reflect—but do they destroy sentiment?"

We know what they reflect—disaster, devastation and desolation. Dissolution, in fact!

And they refuse responsibility—debating as to whether they create or reflect public sentiment. Methinks they're "off the subject"—and "off" other ways, too—not so wise—and, really, it's a shame to pay three cents for the department store advertisements that's fit to read, and worth printing.