



RAZZPECTABILITY!

Ralph Waldo Emerson and the celebrated Henry David Thoreau once discussed (or cussed) the advisability of paying taxes to a democracy that sanctioned the holding of slaves; they decided they would not "contribute."

In the show-down Ralph Waldo "came across," but Thoreau stood by his principles and was thrown in "the can."

Pretty soon Emerson went "with the money" to get Henry out and as he looked in on poor Hank, behind the bars, he said in mild reproof: "Thoreau, why are you in here?"

"Emerson, why are you not in here?" was Thoreau's scorching "comeback."

Rebels?

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"It is more blessed to give than receive."

Does that mean it is best to "yield" to temptation? Must be so; politeness alone would seem to dictate that.

"Let your conscience be your guide."

What's the matter with letting *cold feet chaperone your ankling*—it is one and the same thing, isn't it?

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Soon's Lindbergh landed right side up, Tommy Lipton worked up an appetite and decided to dine with the bankers.

I think the flying fool would much prefer a package of Bull Durham to all the honors this side of morality and beyond Moronia, Taffy!

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Our venerable author while slightly cock-eyed fell overboard and wet his cigarettes. Luckily they were Lucky Strikes and toasted, so he simply retooasted them . . . This will be a source of great relief and a lesson to all those whose feet need washing. The citizens in Kansas may well take this lesson to heart.

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"Thanks, God!"

'Tis easy enough to say that—and I suppose God 'ppreciates our politeness—but, nevertheless, it seems one-sided.

We never hear God saying "Well done my noble sergeant," nowadays—do we?

Why is that?

Is it possible that we're just a bunch of stinkers in his nostrils, on his rostrums and no nostrum in sight?

It didn't use to be that way. Years ago the old gent used to get behind our virtuous forefathers and "hock" and "hock" and "honk praises" till the devil got jealous—

Now, I would suggest to our ministers, Fosdick, Empringham, Bishop Brown, Jawn R. Straton, etc., don't be so bashful—stow your modesty. When the good Lord says, "Much obliged, Rev. Straton," as the case may be, get right up on your hind haunches and tell us about it—else we'll lose faith and you'll go the way of Massachusetts courts.

Nobody, of course, expects ministers to take a stand on anything, least of all on the two innocent men about to undergo judicial murder—any more than the stand they took when Christ was hung—(we expect, rather, that they will hoot resonantly with their trained voices)—dumb creatures.

And when religion, in addition, becomes an opium and is used to lull the slaves into submission, so much worse for religion. Pews are empty. Preachers feet are under the bosses table. A complete circle has been made. Evolution has turned once.

O Tempore O Morons!