



TOPEKA, Kans.—Rabbits, you know, run in circles; great big circles—sometimes as big as political maneuvers—and, it happens, the poor rabbit winds up with its rear end chewed off. You and I know the rabbit makes those circles but, unfortunately for the bunny, so does the wolf—coyote.

Coyotes hunt in pairs or packs—they found it necessary to organize that way on account of the rabbit's great speed . . . When they come upon a rabbit one of them takes after him; the other stretches out and rests his weary legs.

The rabbit makes his round—a good run it was—and coyote is far, far behind. Just as the rabbit is beginning to think the coyote has quit the race, out jumps the other one.

It isn't fair!

On goes the race and it's no use for the rabbit to squawk, "I got no rest."

Look at 'em go—a fine race!

The other coyote, panting furiously, lies down to wait.

Watchful waiting, they call it.

Ah, here comes the rabbit back again. It isn't caught yet.—Why in the name of common sense doesn't the rabbit run straight and keep on going? "The rabbit is a fool," did I hear you say, "and unlike us men it can't think." Mebbe so. Mebbe so—let's watch him:

See that other coyote crouching—the dirty scoundrel—the rabbit is coming straight to him—why don't it run in curves—why, why, why?—out jumps the rested coyote. He's got him.—No he ain't—there they go—but the rabbit appears to be "all in." We're NOT gonna see that rabbit anymore—after a while this other coyote, when it gets its wind, will attend Brer Rabbit's funeral.

I've been merciful in extreme in bringing these facts before the public in their less grewsome light but I must add, without enlarging upon it, and to absolve the rabbit of the charge of foolishness, the rabbit was perfectly within its rights on that ground and that ground constituted its feeding ground. It ran in circles because it was unwilling to leave its table behind—a chair and a table has proved a trap for many a man . . .

Some one has said the working class runs in circles and that a bunch of coyotes is, may I say, practically trampling on its tail. We look over here and we see the class sprinting for dear life in the republican party; over there it is scratching gravel with the democrats; yonder it goes with the communists—the pack right on its heels, snapping at its bustleworks. What kind of a race is this? Why not stop running and have it over with? Why waste all the puffing? Pardon me, some people prefer to be chewed up when thoroughly winded—and just can't lay still, even while the feast is progressing—Restless souls!

Over there I see the class running with the coyotes, a part of the pack. I see them trotting along with Christ. I see them in a rout with robbers and burglars. I see them jumping off cliffs, into rivers. I see them guillotined by locomotives . . . Some race, eh! All for the sake of denying "service with a smile" to the coyotes. Life may be a paying proposition but all that running-around is wasted mileage.

But I'm not ready to say the working class is running in circles—I've merely de-

scribed the outstanding spots on the great oval—how it can be done—and its result. Participation in any part of that race indicates the class has no objective and whatever may come.

Now, if the workingclass had an objective, other than to throw the coyotes off scent, their course would be laid on a straight line, direct to the point and "their" speed would do the rest.

But no, the honorable body wants to run in the other fellow's alley—dozens of alleys. I'd like to time him in his own alley—I bet he would bust all records.

No percentage in running circles with coyotes—they "lay" for you.

To gain an unobstructed view of the sun I hid myself to the state of Henry J. Allen and William A. White—Kansas. Kansas is a highly moral state and a man coming from there is as a rule in high moral condition.

The first thing my optics rested upon, after leaving the virtuous Missouri behind me, was a sign "Interdenominational Revival"—put up, no doubt, by a strongly Antidemoniacal outfit with strong celestial and pro-divinity leanings.

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We read: "Ruth Bryan Owen Born and Reared in Politics"—

What a mess to be born in! I much prefer to be born in poverty and reared in obscurity.

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It's not the gray in the hair but under it that counts—bughouses are full of gray-beards.