



Every time the people raid a bread wagon the "best-people" hand the Salvation Army another million dollars—every Tom, Dick and Harold runs a relief station—still the people cannot break themselves of their cravings for bread.

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New years resolutions did not hold worth a damn among the light-fingered gentry. 1931 was ushered into the tune of machine guns, bank robberies, etc.

Can it be said those-gentlemen really passed no resolutions and "did commit all those crimes in the exuberance of joy in having ahead of them a full new year of peace and plenty.

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Kind and gentle foremen with please control their inherent "restlessness" — a bunch of radio dealers are going back to work. Obviously it wouldn't do to drive them too hard till they are hardened up.

Besides, they ain't as young as they used to be. —

Here again we see the regular work-oxen discriminated against, in favor of the busted businessman.

Restaurant keeper: "No, no, no,—nothing doing; there's too many of you're guys".—

Goolash Fiend: "That's right, brother, our death rate is most discouraging . . . low."

Restaurant keeper: "Sit down! and for Christ's sake don't die in here—this is a respectable joint."

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Politics as a cure for mal-nutrition, undernourishment, hunger, is best exemplified, I believe, in Europe—every time things get bad, which is pretty much all the time, they, like a drunken man with a real or fanciful grievance, tip the cabinet over.

Hitler, Germany, hints he'll tip one-over in Febr. (Why don't they throw the alarm-clock for a change?)

No. Politics or the tilting of the cabinets will not remedy ANYTHING—tipping the table or cabinet amount to one and same thing, a minor crash, a part of a brawl and, when its echo dies, things are as before with a table, chair or cabinet to repair.

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It seems they can, and do, prognosticate, tell in advance, when the cabinet shall be dumped. In this they put it all over the drunk who hardly ever knows in advance if he's going to dump the table or smash the furniture when he gets home—all depending on the good woman and kind of liquor he consumed.

Nonetheless the fall of the cabinet is quite an exposition and attracts the attention of the good people for miles around while viewing the circus, political maneuver, are wholly unconscious of the fact that such entertainments do not grow hair on the belly.

A strapping politician pounds himself on the chest, and yells, "I'm the guy that's gonna save you, elect me — Me — ME", he roars and the good people go home convinced the porkehops are as good as on the table.

They've got a long wait!

Witnessing political shows, the dumping of cabinets, or kicking a cat, are barren of food value—or any value—true enough; yet in the absence of organized power the folks may as well get what joy they can from the antics of the political performers.

In our blessed and sensible land the tipping over of cabinets or administrations is discouraged as a piece of utter foolishness—so it is too—in fact all such moves are by law limited to occur once in four years and no two times in succession—thus the people are given more time to consider the serious side of life.

But will they do it?

They will not.

Their belly, pants, pantry and head are practically empty, yet they stand wistfully waiting another election so that they may exercise their suffrage, give their "will" a work-out and witness the stately clowns going thru their performance.

Were the people less circus-minded their cupboard would yawn less dismally and hams would be hanging on every hook.

Unfortunately the good people, deprived of many of the joys of life, find keen enjoyment in those few political entertainments and neglect in fact, and anticipation, the more important phases of life such as organizing industrially, a seemingly sensible thing to do.

—T. B. S.