

The Taxpayer —

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Rockabye baby on the tree top
When you grow up you'll be fed by a cop;
Fountains are dry and springs full of sand
So when you grow up you'll drink from their hand.

Glorification of war and baseball should be discontinued in our Press. Minute accounts of plays by innings on baseball field and field of horror should not be permitted — it makes for hysteria. Mention of the winner and loser is sufficient.

Baseball should be seen; not heard.

War should be felt; not coveted.

Continue the detailed accounts of either and you destroy all thrill, including that in moderation and the (then) nuts will demand impossible exhibitions, moronistic sadism to assuage their cravings for stimulation. Our papers are rotten, no kidding.

Editorial comment is confined within the limits of a discourse on parks, plea for good roads, sewers and incinerators — in the latter case they could save time and energy by reprinting Cremation of Sam McGee once a week.

I fear their brain will crack rest of the way and fall in two pieces dry as chalk-stone or baked putty.