

Comment on Things Doing

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Attacking the Rights of Snobocracy

THE Baltimore Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals must be composed of very strange and unreasonable persons. It seems that the best circles in Baltimore have a hunt club called the Green Spring Valley and of course it has been the practice of the club to have a meet every week. This is exactly in accordance with the usage of English society, which it is our duty to ape in every particular. All the world knows that English society rides to hounds once a week through the season, so what would any right minded person expect Baltimore society to do?

But the devil of it was that in Baltimore there was nothing to hunt. In England there are foxes bred, kept and trained for the reasonable purpose of being hunted and killed by the leaders of society and dictators of social form. But in this country, hang the luck! we are so rotten provincial and barbarous that we don't have any foxes. So our very best society is reduced to the beggarly level of chasing an anise seed bag dragged over the ground before the hounds. Such is the lamentable fact, fellow American, an anise seed bag.

But lately a member of the Green Spring Valley hunt got a brilliant idea. We haven't any foxes to speak of but we have coyotes out west. So this gentleman got a coyote and arranged to have him substituted for the humiliating anise seed bag, and of course when the good news was made known the other members of the club rejoiced and the hunt had a full attendance. Here was something that could be killed.

But when the coyote was turned loose he didn't start to run and allow himself to be chased like a well-trained English fox. On the contrary he got into a corner and fought the dogs. And there in the presence of the gentlemen and ladies of the hunt the hounds tore the coyote to pieces.

This is what the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is now making a fuss about. So strange! It says that it will hereafter watch the hunt meet and that if this sort of thing is repeated it will make trouble for somebody. Of course it does not propose to make any trouble for what has already happened. But if the law is violated again it will do something about it.

I hope this infringement of the rights of our best circles will meet with the condemnation it deserves. If our society cannot parrot and ape in all particulars the society of England, what's the use? I notice that one ribald western newspaper commenting upon the incident says that our best society might be better employed. Such unfeeling comments cannot be too severely reproved. The next thing we know some vile Socialist sheet will be suggesting that our best society ought to go to work.

THERE is somewhere in the rowdy west a rude, rough person named Ernest McGaffey, a poet or something of the kind, and once when a similar emergency confronted the swell hunt club of Chicago, McGaffey broke into print with a shameful composition of sarcasm suggesting that the true solution of the difficulty was to have a wooden fox, painted like the real thing and hung on wires so that it would move around in circles, while the hunt, mounted upon the wooden horses of a merry-go-round could chase it all day if they desired. I recall this now as a further illustration of the reckless spirit of disrespect that seems to have possessed our lower classes in their attitude toward their betters. I protest against it and call upon Mr. Baer and Bishop Doane to suppress it at once.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, whom some persons call the king of America, is a faithful son of the Episcopal church. His ministrations at St George's, where every Sunday morning he passes the plate, are well known. Mr. Morgan has still other activities within the fold. The Episcopal convention was recently held in Cincinnati and Mr. Morgan attended it. As a devout churchman the manner of his attendance may be worth noting. He took a train of special cars and invited to be his guests Bishop Green of New York, Bishop Doane of Albany, and the Bishop of Massachusetts. He took from Sherry's in New York a chef, a staff of special cooks and an outfit of waiters and valets. He stocked the train with the best in the market.

At Cincinnati he hired a palatial residence, furnished it throughout, installed his chef and the rest and entertained the bishop and others throughout the convention. As an example of the luxurious manner in which the house was furnished it is noted that the furnishings of Mr. Morgan's own apartments cost \$100,000.

In Bishop Green's diocese exist square miles of some of the vilest slums on earth. There is more overcrowding there than in any other region in the world. The misery is very great and very real. As a minister of Christ it is presumably his duty to protest against these conditions. One has a curiosity to know just how much his protest will be strengthened by his participation in Mr. Morgan's lavish hospitality. One would be pleased for instance to have Bishop Green step from Mr. Morgan's palatial train and give his opinion about the milk trust, which has lately raised the price of milk another cent a quart. One would also like to hear Bishop Green's judgment on the general opinion that the milk trust is one of the Morgan enterprises. He probably knows what an additional cent a quart means for the poor people of the tenement regions, and how much diamond-back terrapin that enhanced tribute will buy. One would like to hear the Bishop preach on some of these topics, first reading to his congregation the Sermon on the Mount, and the fifth chapter of the Epistle of St. James.

AFTER a day of gladness spent in rolling along in Mr. Morgan's palatial train, feasting on the good things done to a turn by the deft hand of Sherry's chef, the good bishop opens his bible and turning the attention of Mr. Morgan to pious things reads to him this:

4. Behold the fire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered with the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

5. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in a day of slaughter.

And so on. And Mr. Morgan listened and decided to abolish the milk trust.

Does he? Not so that you could notice it.

But the Episcopalian convention at Cincinnati was a great success.

So was Sherry's chef.

Did you notice how assiduously after the revolution in Portugal, the press dispatches spread the stories of riot and disorder and sought to create the impression that Lisbon was in the hands of a howling mob bent upon universal anarchy? At one time they even had the city in flames and the streets running with blood. Subsequently it appeared that all these were fantastic imaginations, that there was no disorder, and that the casualties on the night of the uprising were very few. But the lies have the emphasis and the right of way; the truth comes tardily and obscurely.

Let me then ask the American newspaper reader: Who is it that doctors your news always on the side of reaction and whose interests are served by that kind of doctoring?

I see that preparations are under way for the gracious coronation of his Gracious Majesty, George the Fifth and that the event will eclipse in splendor anything of the kind ever seen upon earth. This is indeed good news. If there is anything the poor old world particularly needs at this time it is a few more kings and a few more coronations.

Just fancy how a coronation improves the condition of the people in the east end of London! But I fail to find anything in the news to indicate whether the gracious event is to be graciously celebrated by another Durbar at Delhi, and that is what I particularly want to know.

The Durbar that marked the coronation of Edward the Seventh cost about seven million dollars and took place in a country where ten million people had just died of famine and where the plague was carrying off victims by the thousands. It is of course necessary for us to have kings, although no one can tell why; but what I am trying to learn in my humble way is whether it is also necessary

to have Durbars in a land cursed and afflicted as India is.

If a Durbar is held next year it ought to be enhanced by a special exhibition showing the great work the British government is doing in suppressing free speech, exiling editors and condemning for "sedition" native citizens that protest against the monstrous misgovernment of the country. Then if they had a booth filled with famine photographs and another with plague exhibits I should think the whole affair would be a grand success and reconcile any doubter to the beauties of imperialism and the joyous fact of the accession of another king.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S triumphal re-election in Indiana is assured. He has kissed more than 800 babies in one county alone. He has praised the cooking of 300 housewives, addressed sixteen farmers' fairs, told 16,000 people of the old days on the farm and attended no end of church societies. All Indiana cries aloud "Here is the man for us!" Now and then somebody arises and says that the function of a senator from Indiana is to try to devise something that will meet the economic crisis in this country, but the Indiana people know better. What they want is the glad hand and plenty of it and Beveridge is the boy that can give it to them and throw in the hot air gratis.

There is in New York a theater owned by members of the fashionable set and conducted for their somewhat languid amusement. Ordinarily the prices of admission are so arranged as to exclude all except our very best people. Lately occurred to somebody the grand thought of allowing the bad polon to enter the place just once.

So a performance was kindly provided for the East Side; prices of admission being reduced to fifty cents and the like. By dint of much persuasion the East Side was induced to respond in large numbers. A few of our best people dropped in to view the strange scene. They are reported to have been astonished to find the East Siders "so well dressed" and "so well behaved." Obviously they had looked for some strange and shocking exhibitions from the poor that they exploit, and were agreeably disappointed to find none. In fact, "people of that sort" seemed really to be more or less like human beings.

I observe with joy that enthusiastic praise is showered upon the directors of the theater whose kindness thus enabled the poor of the "East Side" to glimpse for once the luxurious amusements of their betters. It is, however, pathetically remarked that the experiment in condescension was very expensive to the management, "seats that ordinarily bring \$2.50 were sold for half a dollar. Thus the newspapers. What snobs we are!

I made some observations a few weeks ago in these columns concerning an institution called "The Short Ballot Organization," deeming it to be an institution worth suspecting. I learn now that it is conducting an active propaganda, distributing its literature and seeking widely for the support of public men. It has also an office, a secretary and apparently other accoutrements for campaigning. Knowing something of the difficulties of getting financial support for an altruistic purpose I am led to inquire who is financing this remarkable association. Nothing is said about that, but I should very much like to know.

Its purpose is to reduce the number of elective and increase the number of appointive offices. This most sinister design it cloaks under the pretense of advancing the cause of democracy. What appointive offices mean to the people any one may easily understand from the present condition of the federal judiciary—also what they mean to the Interests. If there is one federal judge that was not appointed by the railroad companies he has escaped general attention. Occasionally we get from some state judge a decision that is not wholly unjust and inimical to labor. Is it the scheme of the Short Ballot Organization to have these judges appointed instead of elected so that they also may be controlled by and for the Interests?

The fact that this campaign is made under some pretense of democracy redoubles the suspicion that thinking men will entertain about it. At least it will if they remember the wonderfully adroit and able campaign by which the public service corporations killed the municipal ownership movement in this country.

The cheering news comes from Germany that the German mounted troops are to be armed with a new style of lance. Its advantages are that it is made of steel tubing, thus securing increased strength and lightness, and also that it is provided with a beak four inches from the point. The purpose of the ball may not be quite clear at first, but I assure you that it is very useful, for it prevents the lance from sinking more than four inches into the body of the person that gets lanced. You might possibly be led to think that this is a mollycoddle device intended to prevent the lance from killing people and therefore to view the innovation with dislike as one showing a decline from murderous standards. Nothing of the kind. Science and observation demonstrated that four inches of lance steel is enough to kill anybody; therefore be not alarmed on this score. The advantage of the ball is very different. It was found that the old style lance being able to penetrate to any distance had an awkward habit of getting tangled up in the body of the lanced person. The ball operates to prevent this, so that the trooper, having lanced one gentleman may proceed without delay to lance another.

I trust this precious fact will not escape the attention of the good souls that assure us that the horrors of war are being ameliorated by invention and improvement.

By the way, how would it do to arm our Boy Scouts with these improved style lances? I fancy it would be full of information to the peace makers of the half-witted type to see the bright young lads taught early the noble art of sticking one another.



THAT story has never been printed and yet it is well worth recording. By 1906 there had grown up in this country a strong and general demand that the exactions and pilferings of the traction and lighting corporations should be ended here as they have been ended abroad by the public ownership of public utilities. To combat this movement the Gas Trust, Electric Light Trust and Street Railroad Trust, which have practically the same owners, made a concerted campaign. They published a magazine, the name and ostensible design of which would lead the casual observers to suppose that it championed municipal ownership. This magazine was scattered broadcast over the country. It contains articles purporting to show the results of municipal ownership abroad, in each case depicting its failure. This work was supplemented by a very active Bureau of Misinformation which prepared a series of elaborate pamphlets containing similar statements of the failure of public ownership experiments. The gas companies supplied the names and addresses of their customers and thousands of citizens in all parts of the country were surprised and flattered to receive these elegant and wholly misleading publications.

At the same time the country newspapers were supplied with editorials falsifying facts and supporting conclusions like those furnished by the pamphlets.

The result was that a majority of the people of the country were quietly convinced that municipal ownership was a complete failure abroad and the American franchise grabbers were left in secure possession of their privileges.

I wonder now if the Short Ballot Organization is financed in the same way and for similar beneficiaries.

Sadness dwells at the republican headquarters in New York. Col. Roosevelt and Mr. Stimson, the republican candidate for governor, cannot make their campaign tour of the state in private cars. They must travel in ordinary Pullmans. Think of the humiliation!

Just, however, that Col. Roosevelt will not allow his misfortune to impair the quality of his choice and recondite oratory. That would be a public calamity even greater than the spectacle of the nation's hero traveling like any ordinary person.

And what is the reason for this abominable death of private cars in a land teeming with prosperity?

Why the bankers are holding a national convention in Los Angeles and they have taken all the private cars that we have.

Fellow citizens, shall this outrage continue? Shall there not be private cars for national heroes as well as for bankers? This is the question of the hour and I venture to hope that your patriotism will provide a ready response. Let us lend a million private cars, if necessary, so that Col. Roosevelt shall always have one.

The cheering news comes from Germany that the German mounted troops are to be armed with a new style of lance. Its advantages are that it is made of steel tubing, thus securing increased strength and lightness, and also that it is provided with a beak four inches from the point. The purpose of the ball may not be quite clear at first, but I assure you that it is very useful, for it prevents the lance from sinking more than four inches into the body of the person that gets lanced. You might possibly be led to think that this is a mollycoddle device intended to prevent the lance from killing people and therefore to view the innovation with dislike as one showing a decline from murderous standards. Nothing of the kind. Science and observation demonstrated that four inches of lance steel is enough to kill anybody; therefore be not alarmed on this score. The advantage of the ball is very different. It was found that the old style lance being able to penetrate to any distance had an awkward habit of getting tangled up in the body of the lanced person. The ball operates to prevent this, so that the trooper, having lanced one gentleman may proceed without delay to lance another.

It Kills 'Em Neater and Quicker

I trust this precious fact will not escape the attention of the good souls that assure us that the horrors of war are being ameliorated by invention and improvement.

By the way, how would it do to arm our Boy Scouts with these improved style lances? I fancy it would be full of information to the peace makers of the half-witted type to see the bright young lads taught early the noble art of sticking one another.

Winter is Coming Early This Year



I Heard To-Day

BY R. PAGE LINCOLN
Softly, O so softly the shadows fell tonight, down over the meek landscape;
A long wand of gold suddenly stole thru the study window and left its fair presence upon the carpet—
I sat in my chair and dreamily looked out over the autumn fields, reveling at the wonder of it all;
Far off I heard the low of a herd cow and the tinkle of a bell—the voice of a care-free youth and then a peal of laughter—
Softer and drouzier fell the calm as the shadows melted into night—
Visions stole into my far-seeing eyes, visions of my brothers and sisters drudging home from a day of slavery in the far city—
I saw the weary look on their faces and felt the bitterness that raged within them;
In endless procession they streamed before my dimming eyes—
I saw the homes of poverty and distress—the scanty clad children—the gaunt woman who wordlessly greets her husband,
The frugal mockery of a supper—the cries of an ill-fed little one—the terror haunted look in the mother's eyes,
The dejected manner in which the husband and father clasps his little one to him, staring with pain stricken eyes down on the bare floor;
I saw the little hand pat the sunken cheek I saw the sudden joy that seemed to pass through him like an exhilarating tar—
And looking thus I felt as I had seen, and heard as I felt and saw!
Further my vision traveled into the glaring scenes of reality;
On the main avenue it stood—the palace of the moneyed lord, he who were able to live thus from the toiling of his slaves,
The golden board that the modern serfs amassed for him;
Within I beheld the gallant costumed servants passing lightly about as though treading on clouds,
The matchless beauty that shone on every side dazzled my eyes—the jeweled lights and the ample splendor—
I saw the dinner table set and the lord and his family seated to repast—
The baughty, seemingly frozen mistress silently nibbling at the dainties,
The moneyed lord in every respect like a well-bred, purple of countenance and squarish upon his seat like a toad,
The painfully rigid and beautiful daughter, the artificially compounded product of mighty wealth, arrayed in the usury of a queen—
I saw her cast calculating glances at the young man across the table—the idle inheritor of vast riches, soon,
Ah soon to unite the wealth of two great institutions!
All this I saw and more and long I sat gazing into the gloom;
Somehow my heart seemed drowned in sadness and then there rang
All sweetly it rang upon the evening breeze the bell in the belfry of the country church;

Clang—clang—clang until the rides of night resounded in melody—and I saw
It seems I saw an army of workers marching; I could hear the tread of many feet upon the road—and I heard too
A distant rumble of voices sounding ominous and foreboding, and then to my keen listening ear
Forth broke a thousand voices lent to the inspiring notes of the "Marsailles."
Mr. Schwab ascribes the depression felt in steel to the agitation of politicians. Conversely, it might be said the depression felt by some politicians is due to public agitation of steel.—Wall Street Journal.

Working (Father) for Money.
"I cannot understand," wrote the college boy, "why you call yourself a kind father. For three weeks I've had no check from you. Pray, what sort of kindness do you call that?"
And the father wrote back: "Unremitting kindness."—Lippincott's.
One Advantage of a Machine.
Maud—Tom had me talk into a phonograph so he can hear my voice while I'm away.
Clara—How lovely! And he can stop the machine!—Puck.

WARRIOR TRUTH BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD
With proof's linked armor on thy breast,
And words like swords to ward thee well,
And targe of daring, that can tell
Of all the strifes which thou hast pressed,
Alert and ever without rest,
Froning the false I see thee wait,
The fire of challenge in thy heart
And in thine eye the look of fate.
Or friendless 'neath the colder stars,
Or pilloried in the sun's hot glow,
Or vile betrayed by Judas' foe,
Or bound and gagged behind steel bars,
Or swathing round thy cruel scars,
Or bleeding, with life pouring fast,
Thy spirit none could overwhelm
Through all thy countless combats past.
Nay, thou art mightier than the might
Of every form of legioned lies;
Vaster in strength than hills that rise
And pierce the heavens with their height;
Greater than day or than the night;
Triumphant from thy first drawn breath,
Till torture bears thy battle song
Immortal on the lips of death.

Come Have A Smile On Us

FLINGS AT THINGS BY E. S. S.

The Master Mechanic.
J. Pierpont Morgan's hand,
The cities and the ocean,
The buildings, tall, expensive grand,
The ships in graceful motion;
And isn't he a kind old gent,
With philanthropic yearnings,
To let us live by paying rent,
Though it does boost his earnings?
Of course he had a little aid;
John D. that grand old actor,
Duz several oil wells with a spade,
And thus was quite a factor,
And Carnegie, the prince of Scots,
Put on a small steel piaster,
And little old New York in spots,
Was made by Waldorf Astor.
But it was Pierpont in the main
Who worked with faith unshaken;
We ride upon his railway train,
And eat his breakfast bacon;
Without him we would starve to death
And as his heart enlarges,
He freely lets us draw our breath,
But for the rest he charges.

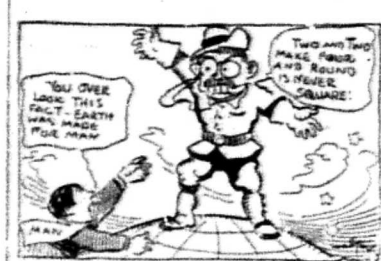
One Thing Lacking.

A member of congress was showing an unsophisticated constituent all about the capitol at Washington, leading him through the different departments and prusing for the hypnotized taxpayer to admire the ingenuity with which...

which the people who didn't earn it had spent money on useless gogaws.
This, he said, "opening a room at one end of the building is the senate chamber. Here Daniel Webster said 'Give me liberty or give me death' and here is where Guggenheim thunders against the trusts."
"Here seems to be one thing lacking," observed the constituent who had been stretching his neck until it was almost worn out.
"No," said the congressman, won-

dering if it were possible that congress had overlooked a place to spend money, "this is one of the most perfectly appointed rooms in the building. What improvement would you make?"
"It seems to me that strangers wouldn't have to ask so many questions if they had a large tag on the back of each seat showing which senator occupied it and how much he paid for it."

"It seems to me that strangers wouldn't have to ask so many questions if they had a large tag on the back of each seat showing which senator occupied it and how much he paid for it."



Drops Them Carelessly.
When he is feeling in the mood
And has the time to spare,
The Colonel sheds a platitude
Much as a cat sheds hair.
The Colonel says the earth is round,
His followers take notes,
Then hold it as a truth profound
And shout to spite their throats.
He thunders "Two and two make four
And round is never square,"
Of course these truths make Wall street wot,
But what does Teddy care?
With all his attitudes uncouth,
His dashes in the pen,
He cannot grasp this simple truth:
The earth was made for man.

He Caught On.
"Do you believe in thought transmission?" asked the amiable old party whose whiskers had been maintaining a boycott against the barber shops of long standing.
"I sure do," replied the intelligent listener.
"Have you ever experienced a concrete example?" asked the whiskered one.
"You bet. Anyway it was hard as concrete. A fellow hit me over the head with a brick once and I sort of gathered his meaning."



A Missing Fullness.
Men peep into their dinner pail
And only their reflection see;
The next campaign they should not fail
To get a written guarantee.

All Arranged For.
"Who is going to do the dirty work under Socialism?" triumphantly asked the man with an added cocoon full of stock objections.
"The dirty work?"
"Yes, cleaning sewers and handling garbage."
"Ohi, we will let the fellows who are bribing the legislatures now do that. Their trade will be gone and they won't feel natural without some dirty work."

Economic Motive.
Back to the land! It listens grand,
Of nature's feast to be partaker,
You hear the cry from some old guy
Who gets a rake off on each acre.

Stick to the Farm.
"Stick to the farm," say the president
To the wide-eyed farmer boy,
Then he lies him back to his white house home,
With its air of rustic joy.
"Stick to the farm," says the railroad king
To the lad who looks afar,
Then hikes him back on the double-quick
To his rustic private car.
"Stick to the farm," says the clergyman
To the youth on the worm-fence perch,
Then lays his ear to the ground to hear
A call to a city church.
"Stick to the farm," says the doctor wise
To those who would break the rat,
Then lies him where the appendix grows
In bountiful crops to eat.
—New York Sun.

See the Campaign

ELLIS O. JONES
"See the campaign!"
"Yes, I admit it seems strange and very exciting and, very hotly contested campaign."
"Can you tell me why the Campaign is?"
"No, O Sage, but I suppose it is because some great issue is at stake."
"Not at all."
"What you say astounds me. It is inconceivable that men should dispute and quarrel and rant and orate and yell and march and call hard names if there were not something at stake."
"Yes, I admit it seems strange and yet you must remember that men will yell and quarrel and call hard names about a baseball game or a prize fight."
"That is true. I had not thought of it in that light."
"Then that respect you are just like most people."
"I do not understand you."
"I mean to say that most people do not think of it in that light."
"Why should they so think of it?"
"I will tell you. So long as people think their duty is done when they act toward public affairs as toward a baseball game or a prize fight; so long as they think it is necessary only to quarrel a little and hurl a few epithets and refer to public matters cas-

The Nation which Work Built

BY L. F. FULLER
This is the nation which Work built.
These are the states, some large and some small,
Which, when united, nearly fifty in all,
Make up the nation which Work built.
These are the workers of mental station,
Who came to this country from every nation,
And who live in the states, some large and some small,
Which, when united, nearly fifty in all,
Make up the nation which Work built.
These are the people who sneekered and while skinning the workers who vote to be skinned,
While they do all the work for wretched poor pay,
And think they'd be happy in no other way,
While they live in the states, some large and some small,
Which, when united, nearly fifty in all,
Make up the nation which Work built.
These are the Socialists, they clearly see
That the worker's as foolish as foolish can be,
When he votes for the plutoc, who sneer and deride
While flaying the worker who loses his hide,
While he works like a dray-horse through all the long day,
And thinks he'd be happy in no other way,
While he lives in the states, some large and some small,
Which, when united, nearly fifty in all,
Make up the nation which Work built.
But the time's near at hand, if prospects mature,
When the worker, so servile, will cease to endure
The burdens he bears. He'll insist, when he works,
That the plutoc shall be his, not the fellow who sneers.
He will vote with the Socialists, who all clearly see
How stupid and foolish a worker can be
When he votes with the plutoc, who by cunning and stealth,
By getting his vote, also gobbles his wealth,
While he lumps his poor back through all the long day,
And thinks he'd be happy in no other way,
While he lives in the states, some large and some small,
Which, when united, nearly fifty in all,
Make up the nation which Work built.

How to Get Rid of Rulers

It's all off with a king when the people want to get rid of him and the army and navy join hands with the people.
Turning a monarchy into a republic is a very simple matter after all. The ruling class is always a mighty small minority. The power of the people is great enough to overcome the aristocracy any time—when the people are united.
But they are not united. That's why the few ride on the backs of the many. They put uniforms on the bodies of the young men, and guns in their hands. They teach discipline and obedience.
Then if the people, from whom the young men with guns in their hands sprung, get too strenuous in their protests against the cost of kingship—the king's officer says "Fire, and the sons of the people obey."
When the sons of the people don't fire at the people—why, then it is different. It's time for the king and his court to skeedaddle.
Quite a number of kings in the old countries now keep their skeddaddling clothes handy. They never can tell when it will happen.
Looks funny to us over here in America, where we don't have kings and czars and things like that doesn't it?
But it isn't funny when you come to think of it. We have aristocratic rulers but they are too smart to call themselves kings, czars and emperors. And they couldn't get away with any such thing, nor could make the sons of the people shoot down their own flesh and blood—except once in a while.
No—they have a better system than that. They get part of the people to arm themselves with one kind of ballots, and another part to arm themselves with another kind of ballots. Then they say "Fire!" and the people begin shooting ballots at each other. And no matter which side loses, Special Privilege—the ruling class—wins.
When the army refuses to obey the king's orders—it's goodby king.
When a free people, armed with the ballot, take off their party uniforms and vote together instead of shooting one another down with their ballots—then it's all off with Special Privilege in this land of the free and home of deluded partisans.—Knoxville World.

How to Be Popular

JAMES W. BABCOCK
To be agreeable, agree with everyone.
To be disagreeable, disagree with all.
To be popular, have no original ideas.
To be unpopular, break away from established customs.
To be clever, talk heedlessly.
To be queer, say little.
To be good, extol your virtues.
To be bad, be indiscreet.
To be generous, advertise your giving.
To be selfish, be economical.
To be right, be with the others.
To be wrong, stand alone.
999,999 hairpins are made in the United States every year but we still find hair in the butter.
Prosperity is coming at last. Even the rag man's business is picking up.
The statement that the panic is all over can now be verified; it is all over, all over the country.
Like Some Anti-Socialists.
Senator William Alden Smith tells of an Irish justice of the peace out in Michigan. In a trial the evidence was all in and the plaintiff's attorney had made a long and very eloquent argument, when the lawyer acting for the defense arose.
"Where are you going?" asked the justice, as the lawyer began.
"Going to present our side of the case."
"I don't want to hear both sides argued. It has a tendency to confuse the court."—Washingtonian.
"We must go to some quiet, inexpensive place next summer," said the man who worries.
"Great heavens!" exclaimed his wife, "don't talk so gruesomely. You know that there are no longer any quiet or inexpensive places except cemeteries."—Washington Star.

Lost and Found

Johnson lost his poodle dog,
He'd rather had a lickin'.
He never saw his pet again,
But ate him as canned chicken.



"DIVIDING UP" UNDER CAPITALISM



THE NEW BAIT.