

Rann-dom Reels

By HOWARD L. RANN

THE JOY RIDE.

THE Joy Ride is a successful method of killing dull care and anything else that gets in the way.

There are two kinds of joy rides—drunk and sober. Most of the automobile accidents which are played up on the front page every few minutes are due to the joy rider who is so full of booze that he can't tell whether he is in the road or the river. Every once in a while an automobile will fall into the palsied grasp



Two joy riders who are in a state of death-defying alcoholism meet each other head-on.

of some driver who has become soundly saturated up to his eyelashes, after which he starts out to see how fast the car will run when it is opened up to the bright blue sky. When two joy riders who are in a state of death-defying alcoholism meet each other head-on, there is a noise like blowing up a munitions factory, followed by the still, small voice of the hospital interne.

If every joy rider could be taken out of the front seat and tested for alcohol before being allowed to run down other people, it would be safer

to venture out after day with one's family. What we need in this country is a law requiring every automobile driver to drink nothing but buttermilk for forty-eight hours before starting out for a record run through the main streets. A man with a new automobile can do enough harm to himself without having to dodge a relay of oryried joy riders to whom death in any form would be sweet.

The best kind of joy ride to take is that which a careful husband and father uses when he hauls a 'carful' of wife and children out in the country. One of the nicest sights we know of is that of a man who would rather ride at fifteen miles an hour, accompanied by six pounds of cold chicken and nine hundred pounds of family, than snort over the roads like a runaway freight engine and fresco the lineaments of some people with dust.

(Copyright.)

The Dastard!

"Dearest, do you know that at the DeSwelles' tonight at dinner, I could distinctly hear you inhaling your soup?"
"Eavesdropper!"

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK by Nellie Maxwell

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.
To each man is given a marble to carve for the wall;
A stone that is needed to lighten the beauty of all;
And only his soul has the magic to give it a grace;
And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place.

For the Cooky Jar.

A well-made cooky, if kept in airtight cans or receptacles, will keep

UNDOING

By George Matthew Adams.
FORMATION is always better than reformation. The mended article is never as valuable as the original article. The field neglected and given over to weeds is never so fertile again. In like manner, the cells of a man's brain, given over to foolish and unprofitable thought are never so plastic for useful thought tracks again.

Everything is Easier and Better if always done Right—in the first place. The process of Undoing works havoc, not only upon the Character of the one who Works or Thinks wrongly in the first place, but in many instances upon countless multitudes, while the time spent in Undoing represents an irreparable loss. Every time you start a new duty or piece of work, bring to the front of your Mind this eternal truth—

Everything is Easier and Better if always done Right—in the first place. If we all could but view our acts in the light of Eternity—never forgetting that a single effort is never lost from Influence, we would set on guard our most trustworthy Sentinel to warn us against doing things Wrongly in the first place—which always means Undoing for us or somebody afterward. Why not write this down as one of your daily Mottos—

Everything is Easier and Better if always done Right—in the first place

PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

Shall Chaos or Reconstruction in Europe Follow the Great World War?

MEN CHANGED BY BATTLE

Soldiers Have Learned What Can Be Accomplished by the Use of Force, Sternly and Efficiently Applied.

Article IX

By FRANK COMERFORD.

Making a soldier out of a civilian does more than change the clothes he wears. It changes the man. Men who had never owned a revolver or rifle, who had never even shot one off, who had never killed anything in their lives, were given firearms. They were drilled, taught to shoot, taught to kill. The education was thorough and scientific. They learned to look down the sight of a rifle, pick out a human heart for a target, fire and eagerly watch for the man to fall. They were trained to rush madly at a wall of human beings and drive bayonets into men's heads and bowels. Many of these men a few years before would have faintled in a stockyard where cattle were being killed. For four years they have been in a human slaughterhouse, not only as spectators, but as part of the place. It steeled these men. Many of them contracted the undertaker's point of view towards life, a fatalism without fear.

Experience in battle taught them the meaning of the word "force." They discovered that the individual was only important and efficient when he acted in concert with a great group. Everything depended upon team work. Men learned that a group of men working in harmony, with nerve and rifles with fixed bayonets, could do wonderful things. They could take an objective. In other words, they could do what they wanted and needed. When these men came back into civil life and took off khaki and put on overalls, the taking off of the khaki and the putting on of muffi did not erase from their minds this lesson the war had taught them.

This lesson has borne fruit. The men look at the employer as an enemy. The employer thinks of them as a commodity. Hatred is cordial. The men want something. They demand it. The employer refuses. Their objective is to get the thing they want and need. The war taught them there is a way, a weapon—Force. Today in Europe men reason, "if we must take it, we have the force." Having grown habituated to suffering, accustomed to blood and death, they look with indifference on the question of danger, of price. They saw that when nations could not agree they resorted to force. They discovered that victory generally went to the nation possessing the greatest force.

Threat of "Direct Action."

In the labor movement of Europe we have this idea in what is called "direct action." "Direct action" is nothing more or less than applying war methods to peace conditions. It is an effort on the part of great groups of working men to compel recognition of their demands. They seek to secure their objective by force. No allowance is made for the fact that methods justifiable in war are not right in peace. Few people will deny that war is the supreme expression of force.

Many men got their first taste of fresh air and decent food while in the army. Very properly the allied governments gave the best of everything to the men in the armies. It isn't difficult to get accustomed to good food and fresh air; it is hard to go back to poor food and the tenements. Back home, many of the demobilized soldiers are not eating as well or as much as they ate during their service.

Notwithstanding the rigid discipline of army life, men are treated as men. The humblest man in the ranks has rights that must be respected. This is not always the case in civil life. Then, too, while in uniform the private was made much of. Class distinction was obliterated. He was looked upon as one of his country's defenders. Since he has been demobilized he has been forgotten and neglected. This has soured him. He resents it. Social distinctions have come back. He is only a working man now.

Another cause of unrest among the working men of Europe grows out of the war. Mobilization took millions of men from their jobs. A great shortage of labor resulted. Employers were forced to compete to get men. The usual competition was among men to get jobs. The law of supply and demand affected the labor market. Wages went up. The soldier went off to war. While he was in the trenches the wages back home were high. His pay was small. Our fighting men were not interested in pay. They went to fight for a principle. With the coming of peace a large quantity of labor was dumped upon the market. The demobilized men rushed for employment. Comrade competed for jobs. The same old law of supply and demand sent wages to boggling. The number of men who

wanted jobs was much greater than the number of places available. The returning soldier seeking a job was offered a much smaller wage than he knew was paid for the same work while he had been fighting. It incensed him. He figured that he had given four years out of his life, had come home tired and broke. He looked upon the decline in wages as a positive discrimination against him.

Comparison Breeds Discontent. Everywhere I have heard these men say: "We are out of luck. The bands played and we were applauded when we left to fight. While we were gone the wages went up. We don't begrudge the men who stayed at home the wages they got, but it's damn funny that when we come back down go wages. The cost of living don't go down. I guess we're out of luck."

I found two phrases inseparable in the speech of the discontented, "the high cost of living;" "the profiteer." Workingmen with whom I talked, freely admitted that some of the high cost of living was the legitimate result of the great demand for everything and the natural shortage, but in the same breath they insisted that much of it was due to the mercenary, ghoulish profiteer.

The profiteer took blood money during the world's greatest tragedy. He exacted usury from the toiler at home and the fighting man at the front. He drew dividends out of the tears and wails of broken-hearted women and fright-stricken children. He minted his gold out of agony, starvation, heartaches. He stands today the Judas of the war, the most despised man of earth.

The profiteer is not an Englishman, a Frenchman, Italian or American. He is found in every country of the world, a man without nationality, without conscience, without humanity. He is the pimp of civilization. He is still on the job.

The profiteer has given the United States a terrible black eye. A common comment of Europe is, "The United States made money out of the war." These people do not refer to the money we made legitimately. They point to the fact, a fact that has been given great publicity in Europe, that in August, 1914, there were about 7,000 millionaires in the United States, while at the time of the signing of the armistice it was estimated the millionaire colony had increased by 23,000, making a total of 30,000 millionaires in the United States. The profiteer is still on the job. He is holding up the world, a starving, cold world.

Profiteering Case in Point.

Under date of November 17, 1919, J. S. Bache & Co., members of the New York stock exchange, in their financial letter say: "In mercantile circles there is proceeding at the present time a vast amount of speculation on a very large scale in commodities. An incident is cited to us of one case of vegetable oils, which are in great demand, and the concern is holding them for higher prices. This is a distinct damage to the consumers, and keeps living prices in these things used daily, at top and increasing levels. Speculation of this kind is a real detriment to the community."

The pair of shoes the workman once bought for \$3.50 are now \$8 and \$10. It is true that the cost of labor and material have gone up, but not enough to warrant any such exorbitant prices. Business men have taken advantage of the situation, and justify their larcenies on the ground of the law of supply and demand. A shoe man with a prominent Chicago firm, a man long in the business, told me that the present unwarranted and outrageous price of shoes was due to the fact that American shoe manufacturers could get almost any price for shoes from the barefooted people of Europe.

Governments are blamed for not dealing with this species of holdup. The disconcerted ask "Why isn't profiteering treason—why shouldn't these Fagans be sent to the wall with a firing squad as an escort?" (Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

Greatest Hun Crimes.

Evidence that destruction wrought in France and Belgium by German armies was deliberate and unjustified by military necessity has accumulated since the signing of the armistice, according to a statement given out by the national committee of the United States for the restoration of the library at Louvain. Col. William Barclay Parsons, subway builder, who commanded the eleventh engineers, the regiment that went to Haig's aid with picks and shovels when the Huns were driving at the channel ports, in a letter to the executive committee, of which Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university, is chairman, called the destruction of the Louvain library, with its precious treasures, the greatest of Teuton crimes in Belgium. Noted Europeans were quoted as sharing similar views.

Germans to Be Prosecuted.

Prosecution will be carried out, according to announcement made in Berlin, of German subjects charged with offenses and crimes committed in Germany against the person or property of hostile aliens during the war and up to June 29 of this year. The attorney general will be obliged to prosecute crimes perpetrated by Germans abroad during this period if the crimes are also punishable under the law of the country where committed. The law covering general procedure in these cases has been submitted to the national assembly. It permits relatives or heirs of the injured party to appear as complainants.

LIKE THE ANGEL OF DEATH

No "Bolt or Bar or Brand" Can Shut Out Nervy Reporter Bent on an Interview.

The Hon. James Henry Smith, trust magnate and profiteer, sat in the mahogany and plush drawing-room of his mansion at Stingen-by-the-Sea and smiled. For days the federal grand jury had tried unsuccessfully to arrest him for raising the price of red flannel underwear. For weeks his wife had tried to serve a summons on him to appear and pay back alimony. For months a stenographer had been trying to collect a judgment for breach of promise.

Hon. James Henry Smith was entitled to smile. At Stingen-by-the-Sea he was safe. Armed guards patrolled his grounds. Charged wires protected the entrances. Bloodhounds sniffed the pathways. There was a bronze padlock to the front door to which the Hon. James Henry held the key. A detective sat in the hallway with a shotgun in his lap. Just outside the drawing-room door a burglar alarm was concealed under a rug. Yes, take it all in all, it seemed safe.

As the Hon. James Henry mused, a little, smiling individual appeared at the front entrance. He jumped nimbly over the charged wire, slapped the captain of the guards on the back, patted the bloodhound on the head, fitted a duplicate key in the padlock, shoved a cigar in the detective's face, skipped nimbly over the burglar-alarm rug, and, pushing open the door to the drawing-room, stepped inside.

"Hello Jimmy!" he said affably.

The banker rose heavily.

"Who in h— are you?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

The blithe, smiling individual chucked his hat on a table and pulled out a wad of copy-paper and a pencil.

"Who, me?" he chuckled. "I'm a reporter. Nice place you have."

And the interview was on . . . —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Illica a Creative Genius.

Luigi Illica, the famous poet and librettist who recently died at his villa, Castel Aquatto, at Milan, created the plots for more operas than any other writer for the last quarter century in Italy. His most famous operas were written in collaboration with Giuseppe Giacosa, and are "Boheme," "Fedora," "Manon" and "Adriana." He wrote "Iris" and "Maschere" with collaboration, and has at least forty less famous operas to his credit. Many composers drew upon him for plot and lines, says the Detroit News.

Although he was fifty-eight years old when Italy entered the world war, Illica volunteered for service and was with the artillery for one year. He suffered a fall from which he did not fully recover, and was forced to give up military duty. His latest important opera score was that of "Isabeau," for which Mascagni supplied the music. The opera was received with indifference, which discouraged Illica. There was considerable discussion about alterations made in the libretto by the composer and director, and Illica said the production gave an entirely wrong interpretation of his work.

Better Postage Stamps.

Whether or not one is interested in postage stamps, except as a very temporary possession, a lick and a promise, one might say, that the post office will deliver the letter, it is pleasant to know, on the word of a writer on philately, that the new stamps that come after the war are much finer artistically than those which formerly circulated. The subject offers itself to an essayist; and his study would perhaps show a steady improvement during the last few decades in the artistic quality of many everyday things, coins, banknotes and advertisements, for example, that prepared the way for the artistry of the posters that played so large a part in the design of the new postage stamps. Artists of distinction, in fact, have been called upon to design many of the new stamps, as during the war they designed many of the posters.—Christian Science Monitor.

Made Study of Ocean Currents.

Admiral Pillsbury, who has just died at the aged of seventy-three, never shirked a fight, yet in the development of his career he came to be known more as a scientist than as a fighter. He had made a more careful study of the Gulf stream and of ocean currents generally than any other naval officer; and in this field of research he had few rivals. Among those rivals was the prince of Monaco, who has also made a specialty of currents. Admiral Pillsbury's monographs contribute very largely to the world's stock of information. The ultimate destination of drifting mines gave particular value to this phase of oceanography, after the armistice.

He Didn't Care.

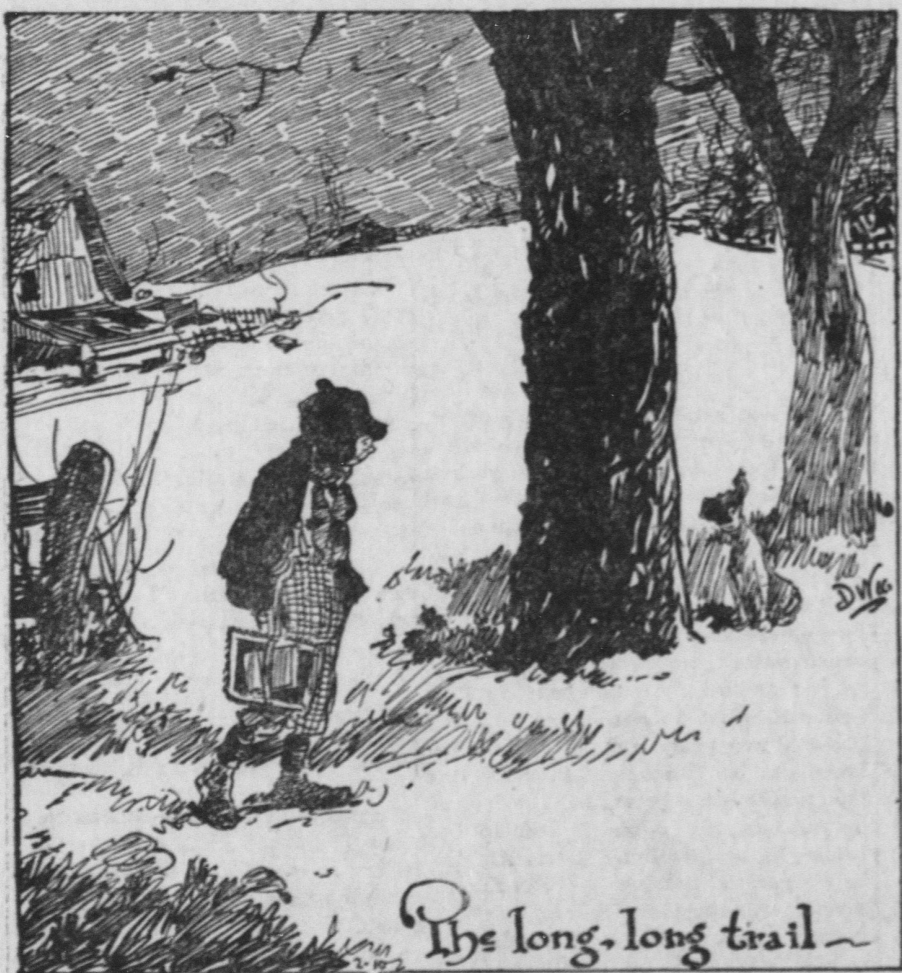
Pupils from Technical high school were making the usual afternoon trip to town on an overcrowded East Michigan street car. Mr. Flirt was also making the trip to town on this particular afternoon, and from an advantageous position was making eyes at the girls.

"That fellow doesn't seem to care who he winks at," suggested one of the feminine members of the crowd. Then five seconds later: "Oh, heavens—he winked at me."—Indianapolis News.

10,000 Tons Coal Daily.

Alberta coal mines have a daily output of more than 10,000 tons.

SCHOOL DAYS.



The long, long trail—

(Copyright.)

Last Night's Dreams — What They Mean

DO YOU DREAM OF CATS?

WHILE dogs are regarded with favor by the mystics as dreamland pets, cats are looked upon askance. The chief trouble with them seems to be their occult relation to slander and gossip; which is probably why you call that gossiping neighbor of yours an "old cat." Some people whom you regard as your friends are talking about you when you dream of cats. If the cat appears gentle or sleeping, so much the worse. But don't be alarmed; to be gossiped about is the common lot. Just drive the dreamcat away and all will be well. If the animal makes off in response to your energetic "Scat!" you will triumph over many obstacles. But choose your confidants carefully when you see dreamcats. It is not a good sign to have the cat attack you, for it means that the obstacles you will have to overcome will be great. Dreamcats also, strangely enough, seem to have a connection with robbers. If you beat or kill a cat in your dreams you are going to catch a thief, and if it is a cat you never saw before you will recover all he may have stolen from you. These are only general rules; the mystics are not agreeing at all with regard to the details of cat dreams.

Havelock Ellis, in his book "The World of Dreams," gives an amusing example of a cat dream by a poet

friend of his. The poet dreamed of a cat and the dream consciousness, for some reason, suggested the word "tipcat." The faculty of verbal association got to work and produced the following doggerel:

Call in the tipcat, cut off its tail,
Fold up some eggs in a saucepan;
Sit on the rest like an elderly male
And gulp down the rest as a horse can.

The analysis is an interesting example of the verbal association found in dreams. "Tipcat" suggested a cat's tail—its tip. "Cut off its tail" suggested a cooking recipe and led to "eggs in a saucepan." Eggs suggested "sitting," while "gulp"—which the dreamer noted appeared a gallop—suggested a horse. It is a singular fact that the dream consciousness sometimes gets in a merry mood when it is fond of making the most ridiculous combinations of words and perpetrating the most atrocious puns.

(Copyright.)

MILITANT-MARY

We women are an honest lot—
We're never going to STAND For graft!
We'll make the U.S.A. A SORT OF PROMISED LAND!

B. Fitzhugh

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE LITTLE SOULS.

He shall never live long who serves only himself,
He shall never be great who thinks only of self.

Though he grow to be gray
In his own narrow way,
He shall find that the gold
He has labored to hold
Is an empty reward for his long years of strife.

And too late he shall learn he has wasted his life.

He shall never be wise who thinks only of gain,
And toils for but what he, himself, may attain.
He shall sigh at the end
For the smile of a friend
And shall reap from his years
Only hatred and sneers,
And alone he shall sit at the end of his days

And wish he had traveled by kinder ways.

He shall never be big who has never been kind
But shall always be little of soul and of mind,
He may scramble and fight
By the stern rule of might
And may get to the peak
By destroying the weak,
But there he shall find that his conquests are spoiled
And robbed of their charm by the way he has toiled.

The service worth while is the service men give
That others in sunshine and laughter may live.

The big men are they
Who will pause on the way,
To play for another.
The role of a brother.
The great men are they who are gentle and kind;
They live when they die in the friends left behind.
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