

DAILY COMMENT ON PEOPLE AND THINGS

According to the trust newspapers, Pres. McCormick of the County Board is a regular little angel, a tin god on wheels.

But it is well to remember that McCormick plays the newspaper game, while some of the other members don't.

If Ragen, Bartz et al. would run errands for the newspaper bosses they would be jollied along just like Moriarity is—and McCormick.

We are inclined to believe that Mrs. Raymond Robins told the truth when she said the department stores kept a blacklist.

But how the dickens can we get 'em to stop it when they control the big newspapers?

Gee, but business must be bad with some advertisers.

The American ran a whole page ad yesterday urging people to take their dough out of the savings bank and run along and buy overcoats.

'Smatter with buyin' eggs?

Of course, the argument is that you can buy for less than cost price, but doubtless the real dope is the merchants need the money and the newspapers need the advertising.

John Harding's argument to labor appears to be that about all he was interested in was getting the label on school books.

Why not try getting it on some of the trust newspapers, John?

Chicago will have a monster Christmas tree in Grant Park. Many baskets will be given to the poor.

Then after Christmas the big tree will come down, and the folks who had a temporary spasm of Christmas cheer will forget it for another year.

Why not keep the tree standing the year around to remind the people who ride by in autos that the poor we have with us the year around;

And that it is our duty to be our brothers' keeper 365 days in the year instead of one.

Some politician that man McCormick, president of the County Board

Has the meetings packed with women so he can show them what a wonderful man McCormick is.

And then he plays his mayoralty politics to his nicely arranged audience.

The lesson he is teaching, however, is that a majority has no right to rule if their rule doesn't suit the president of the board.

McCormick was elected president of the board, but he wasn't elected to be the whole thing.

Now turn the unemployed men loose cleaning up the snow. There is work to do, and a man who wants to work for his living is entitled to the chance.

All right, hurry that currency bill through, and then pass out some of the currency.

What most people need just now is currency and more of it.

Now some mutt wants congress to arrange to have the bones of Columbus dug up and taken to the Panama Canal Exposition.

Why in thunder bother the musty bones of poor old Chris?

It wasn't his bones that discovered America. And we don't care much for bones anyhow.

If they could dig up his soul and show it to modern folks who are a bit shy on soul, it might help some. But nix on the bones.

Some Spaniards in Chihuahua, Mex., have appealed to Gen. Willie Hearst for protection, and want him to do all he can for them among his friends.

Willie might try an appeal to Gary, of the steel trust, or some of the other plutes who attend his pink teas on Riverside Drive, N. Y.

They might organize the Powder Puff brigade and cannonade the Mexicans with cream puffs.

If that doesn't work, have Brisbane write editorials at 'em.