

MERELY COMMENT

Well, folks, it looks like war.

And all the newspaper editors are having one dickens of a time being patriotic.

Which is dead easy, because none of them will get within range of a Mex rifle.

Business will pick up with manufacturers of ammunition, guns and weapons of war.

Of course, everybody will be back of the president. There's nothing else to do.

Wilson did his best to keep out of it, but the interests that expect to profit by war with Mexico have brought it on.

Business is business, y'know.

And war is hell.

That isn't swearing. Gen. Sherman said it once, and we're only quoting him.

Do you know what patriotism really is? Neither do we.

But a poet once described a soldier's fate as follows:

"A dose of cold lead shot into his head,

And his name spelled wrong in the papers."

Wonder whether our own gallant Maje Funkhouser will go to the war?

And if he does who'll look after Chicago's morals while he is gone?

Maybe Arthur Burrage Farwell will enlist, too.

Likewise the Rev. Elmer Williams of North Side fame.

We are decidedly in favor of all our leading reformers going to war and helping reform our Mexican brethren, who refuse to salute the flag.

This will be the first war our navy has gone into perfectly dry, under our patriotic prohibitionist, Josephus Daniels.

And the patriot's song of Uncle Sam's sad sea dogs will run something like this:

Sixteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo ho, and a bottle of grape juice.

Certainly war is going to be hell for the navy.

MAYBE HE THOUGHT THE HALF WAS IN HER "BANK"

Lucille Clark, the beautiful young Lockport girl, still insists that the Rev. Charles H. Byles, pastor of the Congregational church of Lockport, reached under the table and unfastened her garter.

Miss Clark is particularly wrathful right now because she claimed she was tricked into signing a paper which exonerated the Rev. Byles from any amorous intent in unbuttoning her garter. The paper she signed was as follows:

"I, Lucille Clark, hold the Rev. Charles H. Byles, pastor of the Congregational church of Lockport, Ill., to be guilty of no indiscretion in regard to me. I believe that the act which I thought to be ungentlemanly at the time was entirely unintentional on his part. In the game we were playing at the time he could easily have given me the impression of being ungentlemanly without actually being ungentlemanly.

"Lucille Clark."

According to the girl's story the minister's curious hands began their tour of exploration while both were members of a church party and were playing a game called "Where is the half?" Mr. Byles, according to the girl, found the "half," in fact he found about nine-tenths.

The game called for the passing of a 50-cent piece under the table. Whene'er it came Mr. Byles' turn to pass the coin, the girl says, she felt his hand steal up her silk stockings. Twice she pushed it away.

But it proved a very persistent hand. Finally the hand got very bold and she felt a tug at her garter. The hand succeeded. The garter slipped down.

The minister was tried by the trustees of the church and acquitted by a vote of five to two, but the girl's friends want the case reopened.