

No matter what mistakes young Meisenberg may have made in his youth, he became in his death one of Chicago's most eminent and successful citizens.

And so it will go on until our national habit of thought changes, and we teach our boys that it is more blessed to live for humanity than to die for one's country.

I have no disposition to dig up Sammy Meisenberg's record. I would hope to find it a good one if I did dig it up. But I wouldn't have any grudge against the dead body even if it turned out to be otherwise. Sammy has paid the price. What more could any man do?

And shouldn't we be rather proud of our Chicago humanity in the thought that it made a bigger fuss over Sammy than it would over a dead millionaire who piled up a good church record and a vast fortune?

Personally I am not a hero. I haven't the slightest intention of dying for my country. But I am willing to take off my hat to those who like that sort of thing.

So far as Sammy Meisenberg is concerned, I don't care what his record was or might have been. It would make not the faintest difference in my hero worship—such as it is.

That old notion that we shouldn't speak evil of the dead is all right as a rule, although the rule has its proper exceptions. The rule probably grew out of a spirit of fair play. A dead man isn't here to defend himself from attack, and unless some good may be done the living by telling disagreeable truths about the dead, it just as well for us to keep our mouths shut.

The truth is we say that one shouldn't speak evil of the dead, and we really mean that the other fellow shouldn't. For there is a disposition on the part of every one of us to do the very thing we say the other fellow shouldn't do.

I think too much praise creates a

counter-irritant—too much boosting starts enough knocking to strike a balance. None of us like to look UP to other humans—so we try to drag them down to our level—where we can look them in the eye.

On the other side of it, we really do like to lift the fellow who is below us up to our level just as we like to pull the fellow down who is above.

When a man is dead he can't get in our way any more, so we are considerate of him. All of us are then quite willing to vote for resolutions of respect.

But if the resolutions lie too luridly and offend us by too much exaggeration of the dead one's imaginary virtues, then we just naturally resent it. We'll stand for a little exaggeration, of course. But we don't like it laid on too thick.

We expect resolutions of respect, like the preacher's remarks about the late lamented, to be untruthful, but we don't mind it if they are what the Supreme Court might term reasonably untruthful.

I think the Elks strike the happy medium of charity for the dead when they say of a brother: "His errors (or vices, I forget the exact word) we write upon the sand, his virtues upon the tablets of love and memory."

That's the easiest way out of it, and I think the best. Anyhow, I can think of better things to do than kick a corpse.

LOOK FOR STRIKE

An immediate strike of the railway switchmen and trainmen may be called. With the strike vote all taken it is reported that 95 per cent of them want to strike if their demands for better wages and decent conditions are not met.

Their grievances have been submitted to the board of railway managers and if they are not given a definite answer by Thursday the strike will follow.