

and again add to the coffers of the philanthropist.

You would think the scheme sufficiently contemptible to stop there, perhaps. But it goes further. This charity by which the stuff is to be sold to the poor, at a slight profit, is to be guarded by the organized charities and the poor must be investigated and recommended by some of these "statistical," cold-blooded guardians of charity before they will be permitted to buy your discarded, work-endowed furniture, at a profit to the "philanthropists."

Even a public wood pile is contemplated, where the out-of-work man may toil for a pittance and the wood be sold again through the statistical charities.

The benevolent fathers of this idea held a meeting yesterday to raise capital to perfect the organization and they should have no trouble raising the capital, for it is an investment that has proven by past practice to yield enormous returns.

But one wonders wearily how long the misery of the world is to be exploited by those who already possess so much that very shame should prevent their schemes to get still more in the name of misery.

And one wonders, too, how long it will be before the down-trodden awake to the thing that is being done to them, how long before they will realize that every money-making scheme like this foisted by the "philanthropist" only drives them deeper and deeper in the mire of commercial slavery.

And one wonders, too, how long it will be before the public, that portion of it that is still honest and justice-loving, will rise in protest against embracing a big, ugly, furry-legged, furry-bodied spider just because it is labeled a golden butterfly.

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"Who brought up the rear in the circus parade?" "The trained skunks." "Geel that was a strong finish."—N. Y. World.

PRETTY GIRL CLUB PROPOSES TO PUT BAN ON OLD WALTZ



Miss
Elenore
Lilley

Flatbush, N. Y.—Despite the recent frequently circulated rumor that the tango and the trot are on the wane, along comes another pretty maid with the announcement that the old dances—two-step and waltz—are not to have any place in her club. This girl is Miss Elenore Lilley, president of a junior political league. She says her club is going to put a ban on the old dances and that in half a century the dreamy waltz will have been completely forgotten.

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Wigwag—What do you find to be most irritating in writing?
Scribbler—The fact that I need the money.