

Public Forum have been filled with sarcastic skirmishes and slander, for a stretch, and I think it is time for somebody to intercede.—C. McGarry, 712 S. Keeler Av.

HIKING IN THE HOT SUN.—Is it always to be woman's duty to repair the ravages wrought by the selfish pride-demands of men? It would seem that 20th century enlightenment could vouch for more, but, unfortunately, present conditions in Mexico point to anything but a humane reconstruction along those lines.

Is it a particularly inspiring spectacle to place before the eyes of American citizens that of a selfish, comfort-loving general lounging in an automobile in the lead of the regiment, demanding inhuman speed of poor, miserable hikers until they drop in the sun by hundreds?

No scoring of the pen of either man or woman is, in my judgment, adequate punishment for such criminal action. Physical ills in excess of these imposed upon his helpless subordinates would be more fitting for Gen. Jack Foster of the First Illinois national guard and any other officers who by their inhuman treatment prove false to the trust we have placed in them.

What a brilliant and encouraging contrast is formed by the repair work of Mrs. L. G. Clegg of San Antonio, a woman in every sense of the word. Each man, woman and child in Illinois bless her and her assistants in their efforts to succor the victims of the personal pride of our own so-called representative citizens.

It did not appear to these women that the boys had "quit cold," as Gen. Funston so bloodlessly expressed it. Why are we not making greater demands on Pres. Wilson that we may learn the "why" of this tropical summer outing?—Mrs. Florence Wyman Whitson.

P. S.—Impelled by the statement in the papers of July 25 that the of-

ficers of the 1st tried to make a record in hiking for 10-Mile hill.

KNOWING WHEN YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH.—One of the very greatest of life's accomplishments is the being able to know when you've got enough. All of earth's miseries are due to lack of this knowledge.

The overworked and underpaid wage slave is a victim of not knowing when he has had enough of his master's game. The master is victim of not knowing when to curb his desire for more, thus dwarfing or altogether extinguishing his power to view life as something else than an everlasting skin game. Both master and mastered show the effects of the game on their faces. The first, usually by a tense look, shows the effects of the sacred mission of curbing the avarice of beings who expect decent wages for and in order to do decent work. The other shows the effects on his face of having to live up to the body and nerve-wrecking demands of the gamblers' fight. They are both on the wrong track and would show real spirit if they kicked over the traces of custom once in a while. Neither has given the other a chance to see life in its best perspectives.

A person is always sure that he knows whether he has had enough of pain and he is equally certain that he has not had his share of pleasure. To study the meaning of the terms "pain" and "pleasure" would take out some of the biggest kinks in our philosophy of life.—J. Jacobson.

REPLYING TO "TAXPAYER."—In reply to the article of the 21st signed "Taxpayer," in which he states Dr. Slattery abuses the right of free speech and therefore shows no respect for the constitution, I went to all of his meetings and can truthfully say he did not; he only took the right the constitution gives us all. Mr. Taxpayer, when Dr. Slattery challenged any Catholic priest