

Miss Albrechtson —

I found
this loose page
in my desk this
morning. I'm
sorry I didn't
notice it before.
W.S.

Hicks

HAPPY JIM, THE CONSUMER

In my Home Town, ^{when} in the autumn evenings ^{close in,}
The Salvation Army, ^{round} ~~a camp~~ ^{in the street} ~~at~~
a naphtha lamp, lift up the Confession
d their sins. On such occasions queer local
characters, such as the Happy Jim of the
~~folks~~ ^{broken by fate.} home that follows, leap and dance in
a sort of religious ecstasy. The Happy
Jim of Economics, rejoicing in his own suffering,
is the Consumer of I am, and have been, a
Protectionist. I was brought up to understand
that a Free Trader was not quite a Gentleman.
In spite of this, I think that in our un-
happy world, the tariff business has been
overdone, and threatens to drive us crazy.

Leacock's Hellments of Hickonomics

Hickonomics

HAPPY JIM, THE CONSUMER

Letter Leacock

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before typing second
five

1

HAPPY JIM, THE CONSUMER

Happy, Happy, Happy Jim

With his Tamborine and its Rattling Rim

What's the matter, the matter with him?

Jimmy, the Consumer?

Happy Jim with his foolish Face,

But all lit up with Heaven's Grace

By a naphtha Lamp in the Market Place,

Crazy, that's the Rumor.

Very often a passer-by

Asks whos' the queer half clerical Guy

And the raggedy Boys around him cry

" He's Jimmy the Consumer "

Happy, happy, happy Jim,

Look now, he's going to start a Hymn,

Just wait, keep still,

He's thinks, it's a Prayer Book he's got in his hand,

It is'nt really, you understand

It's a tattered text book, at second hand

By Mill, Stuart Mill.

. # . # . # .

continued... especially Jimmy's Prayer
... & what can we do for Jim.

(3)

Now these are just the Elements,
& The Elements of mill,
And in Book Four ^{are} Things in store
More Complicated Skill

These are just El-, These are just El-, just El-
Elements ~~at~~ at will

So join and yell, and yell like Hell, the
Elements of Mill

x x x x x ~ ~ ~

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(very small type)

Jimmy Sings

Now join and sing the words of Mill,
The words of Stuart Mill,
And if you have a soul to save
Then he can save it still.

For read with me in Mill's Book 3
Admittedly his best,
And what says Mill? All saving will
Result in Interest.

Result in Int; Result in ~~Int~~ Nit; Result in
Interest

This is his Fundamental Prop-
-osition number One;

O! Do not stop to look on Tot
Till Fundamentals are done.

For what says Mill? The Bottom will
Support the whole Extent
Of Proofs that go to help him show
To show his Fundament.

To show his Fun, to show his fun, to show
His Fundament

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9/

(3)

Now ~~these~~ are just the Elements,
The Elements of mill,
And in Book Four ^{are} ~~and~~ Things in Store
More Complicated Still

These are just El-, These are just El-, just El-
Elements ~~at~~ at will

So join and yell, and yell like Hell, the
Elements of Mill

x x x x x - x ~

II

How old would Jimmy be, anyway?
 Why that would be very hard to say;

from his face you couldn't tell.

He talks of Ricardo and Adam Smith
 And Macaulay and Bright and Cobden ~~etc~~ ^{as if}

He knows the whole of them well.

“Why don't they send him Home and to Bed?”

He has no Home and he ~~st~~ sleeps in a Shed,
 And all that was Home for Jimmy lies dead

In the Graveyard ~~at~~ ^{under} the Hill.

x x x *

Jimmy went crazy with taxes and debts
 Long years ago and he's crazy yet.

Look as he lifts his Hands in the Air
 Where under his sleeves his arms are bare,

Shrunken and grey with dirt;

Look at his pitiful overcoat,
 Pinned and fastened about his throat,
 Jimmy has got no shirt.

(5)

They taxed it off him, shred by shred,
Taxed it down to the latest thread

To the very, very end.

Each time that Industry needed a Spart
They wore off a Section of Jim's Shirt
For a textile Dividend

They taxed his Boots, they tore off his
Coat

They snatched the Muffler from off his Throat,

They smashed his Head.

Like an old time Martyr draped through the
Towns,

Beaten and buffeted, ~~and~~ pounded down,

He was like that.

(6)

You see for yourself the state he's in

He's crazy: he thinks he's rebuked for Sin

He stunts ~~like a martyr~~,
with a martyr's ecstatic ^{hain} pain

"Tax me again, Lord, tax me again

" Lord, I was sinful: I'm sinful still.

" I wouldn't listen to John Stuart Mill.

" Tax me some more!

" Open my eyes, Lord, and let me see

" All taxes finally rest on me!

" Mill is quite sure.

" O! Lord, I hadn't read Seligman

" ~~And~~ Forgive me, Lord, I will if I can.

" But in thee, O Lord, I will put my trust

" All Incidence falls on me, as it must.

" : Hit me again

" . Amen .

.....

He leaps in the Air as he ends his Prayer
 And he smashes his Tambourine,
 Leaps and dashes,
 And yells and smashes
 And in between the music crashes
 And the raggedy Urchins scream

Come, come away; it's too sad to stay
 But we must do something for Jummy Sunday
 But what can we do? Every Government plan
 Finds Jummy a quite subaltern man

Thus it happens that every now and then
 The Government sends to our Town some Men
 To stay at the best Hotel,
 To hold a Hearing with John and Ben
 And to gather up Evidence why and when
 The Nation is going to Hell.

And they listen to all the World but John.
 But why should ever they think of him?
 What Government ever went looking for Light
 By a Wahatta Lamp in the street at Night?

But the Bankers come in two by two,
 The Embazzlers three by three,
 And the Plutocrat with the sickle Hat
 And the Motor Promoter sited all oil and fat,
 And here comes Linoleum over the Mat,
 Now what shall the Tariff be?

Here ^{come} Men with abdominal
 Paunches phenomenal
~~Walking like you or me,~~ Holding companies, Gee!
 And iron and steel walk Heel to Heel,
 Heavy and hard + short of Breath,
 Twin Cousins of War and Allies of Death.

(9)

And they show their Figures of cost and Price
Their Figures of price and Cost
The ledgers that show what a terrible slice
Their public spirit has lost.

And a Textile Company sobs aloud

Too feeble almost to Knit,

And a Paper Man falls down in the crowd

And is carried out in a Fit ○

And carpets and Linoleum

Moan ^{and} ^{till} there's no consoling 'em

Till a Manufacturer makes Grand Slam

With a Paid Economist's Diagram, -

And gives the Tariff, - That's it

Then the Industries come out one by one,

And the Bankers two by two,

But alas for you, poor Jim, my son,

This is never the place for you

For what world you do but babble and rave
- ~~Like~~ (An Ophelia with Flowers from Cobden's
grave)

Of nations and brotherly Love,
Of the ties that ~~bind~~ ^{bind} and ~~to~~ join mankind
In a world-wide trade where the world may find
The Blessings that fall from above,
If you're mistaking a tract
For a Taut Act

Go back to your bunk and your sheet,
Poor Jim

Go dance in your naphtha Flame
Sing your Unwined Brotherhood Hymn
With your rapt Boys & your share

x + + + + x

So a while ago, some of us, knowing Jim
Felt the Time had come to look after him
We got him admitted, with perfect Good Will,
To the Big, Big House just over the Hill

Where the Bug House People lie.
The wind-swept House, all gardens and bowers
With zig-zag flower-beds red with Flowers,
~~For the People who ^{And with crooked Paths for the idle Hours} eat~~

~~For the~~ People who cannot die.
For the People far better dead, Ah me,
Till God had ^{laid} ~~set~~ his hand on their Head
And set them fancy-free

And they talk and laugh,
On the crooked path,
In the zig-zig allée of flowers,
No Rhyme, no Reason,
No Time no season
To vex the Flight of the Hours,

In a world all bright as Bubbles of soapy
And smashed to a coloured Kaleidoscope,
All meaningless and absurd
With splinters of Sunlight off the Trees
And hickered Shadow that jumps and flies
As fast as a Humming Bird,
When the Mind that has cast the Burden of Sense
Recovers its first Incoherence.

(12)

But Jimmy, of course, knows nothing of that,
oh nothing, nothing at all.

He thinks it's a sort of college he's at;
He calls it Consumer's Hall.

And fancies that every guest on the list
Is some by-gone famous Economist

--

So there ~~sits~~^{sits} Jimmy as proud as Punch
with the Bug House People seated at lunch.

"Good morning ~~Bentham~~^{Bentham}, ~~Good M.~~ "How are you Mill?"

"Where's Macaulay, boys? Is the writing still?"

"~~Bentham~~^{Ricardo}, I want you to meet Lord Brougham

"Sit right here Rousseau, next David Hume"

~~It is~~

As proud and as pleased as Punch is Jim
And the Bug House People are proud of him
For with Bug House People everything goes,
They live in a make-believe world, God

When each man sees what he wishes to see
God touched their heads and he made
them free

#

I may say that the second
 installment of Dr Murray's
 fascinating romance will appear
 in the next number of the
Illuminated Bookworm, the

great adult-juvenile vehicle of
 the newer thought in which these
 theories of education are expounded
 further

Stephen Lea. M