Will Rogers' WEEKLY ARTICLES

Volume 1

The Harding/Coolidge Years 1922-1925

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INTRODUCTION

Will Rogers was a man who "wore many hats," who led a life filled with variety. He began his career with wild west shows, performing internationally billed as the "Cherokee Kid," an expert roper. Later, he moved into vaudeville. He starred for years with the *Ziegfeld Follies* as a lassoist and comedian who developed a knack for piercing, home-spun philosophy. Later he starred in many motion pictures and was a top "box-office draw" when he met his untimely death in 1935.

Rogers in his hectic career also developed talents as a writer. Penning a host of books, magazine articles, and newspaper columns, Rogers became the spokesman for the common people. It is with this writing that this volume—the first in Series IV of *The Writings of Will Rogers*, edited by the Will Rogers Research Project—is concerned.

Rogers began writing a weekly feature for the McNaught Syndicate in December of 1922. Shortly before, V. V. McNitt, president of the syndicate, had watched Rogers' performance at the *Follies* and decided that the humorist-philosopher's remarks could be made into a regular newspaper feature. At first Will insisted that he could not write but agreed to "give it a try." Thus Rogers wrote his first column for the *New York Times*, a column which appeared on December 24, 1922. Then on December 31 it went into syndication with McNaught. Ultimately, approximately 600 daily and weekly newspapers carried the column. Rogers later explained its runaway success: "When I first started out to write and misspelled a few words, people said I was plain ignorant. But when I got all the words wrong, they declared I was a humorist." Rogers wrote the weekly column from 1922 until his death.

As has been the practice with earlier volumes in the Will Rogers series, the editors have tried to present articles just the way Rogers intended. And in this present series the editors' task has been made easier because most of Rogers' original typescript copies of the articles survive. In those instances, the original has been presented verbatim. In rare cases where the original copy of an article is missing, the editors chose from among the *New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times*, or the *Tulsa Daily World* as the source for presentation.

As was the usual case with Rogers' writings and as was the case with earlier books in our Rogers series, much of the material in this volume is of a topical nature, geared to the happenings of the day. He often referred to people and events which are not common knowledge to the present generation. Consequently, endnotes have been used to identify people or explain events which would no longer be widely known. To avoid needless distractions to the reader, the editors have footnoted sparingly. When events or personal identification are explained in context, the editors have not addended notes.

This first volume in the Weekly Articles Series (Series IV of *The Writings of Will Rogers*) spans the presidential administrations of Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge from December of 1922 until March of 1925. Subsequent releases in this series, six volumes in all, will present articles written in the later Coolidge years and in administrations of Herbert C. Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

WEEKLY ARTICLES — 1922

1 BATTING FOR LLOYD GEORGE

I want to apologize and set the many readers of THE TIMES straight as to why I am blossoming out as a weekly infliction on you all.
It seem THE TIMES had Lloyd George signed up for a pack of his memoirs.[1] Well, after the late election Lloyd couldn't seem to remember anything, so they sent for me to fill in the space where he would have had his junk.

You see, they wanted me in the first place, but George came along and offered to work cheaper, and also to give his to charity. That benevolence on his part was of course before England gave him his two weeks' notice.

Now I am also not to be outdone by an ex-Prime Minister donating my receipts from my prolific tongue to a needy charity. The total share of this goes to the civilization of three young heathens, Rogers by name, and part Cherokee Indians by breeding.[2]

Now, by wasting seven minutes, if you are a good reader—and ten to twelve if you read slow—on me every Sunday, you are really doing a charitable act yourself by preventing these three miniature bandits from growing up in ignorance. So please help a man with not only one little megan, but three little megans.

A great many people may think that this is the first venture of such a conservative paper as THE TIMES in using something of a semi-humorous nature, but that is by no means the case. I am following the Kaiser, who rewrote his life after it was too late.[3] I realize what a tough job I have, succeeding a man who to be funny only had to relate the facts.

Please don't consider these as my memoirs. I am not passing out of the picture, as men generally are who write those things. I want to warn you of a few pitfalls into which our poorly paid but highly costing politicians are driving us daily.

We pay an awful lot of dough in the course of a year to try to get our country run in such shape that a certain per cent of our citizens can keep out of the poorhouse. The shape we are in now, over and above all the taxes we pay, allows us to hang on to about 8 per cent of our gross earnings.

Now, that's entirely too rich we are getting—too prosperous. So they are talking of lending Europe about a billion and half more. I knew there would be something stirring when Morgan visited Washington last week.[4]

He goes down once every year and lays out the following year's program.

Europe owes us now about eleven billions.[5] Lending them another billion and a half would make it just even 12.50. You see it is so much easier to figure the interest on 12.50 than on 11. Of course the interest ain't going to be paid, but it's got to be figured.

The government could charge it off on their income tax to publicity. I only hope one thing, and that is, if we make the loan, Europe will appreciate this one.

The Allied Debt Conference broke up last week in London.

It's getting harder every day for nations to pay each other unless one of them has some money.

They called that an Economic Conference, and, as we didn't attend, it was. Why don't somebody lend Germany the money so they can pay France what France owes England, so England can pay us the money to lend Germany to pay France?

It only needs somebody to start it. Senator Borah opened up and told the U. S. what he thought of this loan.[6] For speaking right out in church he is the Clemenceau of America.[7]

They are bringing over Ambassador Harvey.[8] He don't know anything about it; over there he has been too busy learning speeches. If they don't have a concert on the ship coming over, his trip will be spoiled.

I see they have been holding another Peace Conference in some burg called Lausanne.[9] They are having those things now just like Chatauquas—you jump from one to the other.

This one must have been somewhere near Italy, as that is the stopping place of the Ambassador that we sent there. He didn't go officially, as we don't belong to the League of Nations. (We only finance it). Well, this fellow Child, as I say, he went as a kind of Uninstructed Delegate.[10] He got into the game, but his efforts were more like a cheer leader at a football game. They heard him, but he had no direct effect on the game.

It seems that the Allies (that is those of them that are speaking to each other) wanted Turkey to promise to protect the minor nations within her territory. Now this Turkey is a pretty foxy nation; she's got her mind on something besides wives and cigarettes.

Turkey says: "We'll agree to give minor nations the same protection that you all give yours."

Well, that was not exactly what the Allies wanted, but they took it as a compromise and hope at some future time to get full protection for them.

2 SETTLING THE AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

As I told you last week I am Doubling for Lloyd George.[1] To those of my circle of readers who are at a loss to know who he is. I will state that

he was at one time connected in some minor capacity with the British Empire, and was Stage Manager for the late war.

But it seems that he really dident become known in a Newspaper sense untill the last few weeks when he proved himself a real Author by receiving advanced Royalty from two different concerns for the same set of Jokes.

You see he signed up with a Pamphlet somewhere in America called the N Y Times and another in the Provinces somewhere, to write his Memoirs. He was to receive for this outburst on the Corona, 200 thousand Bucks, showing right there that he was no writer or journalist, for they would have written the same thing for that many Marks.

Now England put up a howl and said they dident want their secrets told at so much a word, that they wanted to use those same secrets in the next war, that they had been good with the exception of 76, for years and there was no reason why Lloyd should reveal them.

Well Mr George (sounds like a first name but its really his last) He has always been obstinate like that he turns everything around, well to quiet the Ku Kluxes of England he said he would give the Dough he was to receive to Charity. That's the surest fire way out in the world if you ever get caught at anything. Funny our Burglars have never tried that when captured, I guess they would if one was ever captured.

Well in the meantime there was an election, that's the trouble with a Politician's life somebody is always interrupting it with an election.

George pulled a Freylinhausen at this gathering of humans over twenty one.[2] So a truck backed up to No. 10 Downing Street next day and asked where the remains were to be sent.

Now this fit of generosity with the 200 thou, dident fit in with a rent payer so Lloyd conceived the Idea why call them Memoirs. I will do like the Movies do when they want to use the same Story. I will change the Title but use the same plot. And I will sell to somebody else, and when I do I will see that no exzema of Charity break out on me again.

Now you see these papers all over the Country had left a nice clean place open and had nothing to put in its place. So this little short foreword above will explain why I was called into the Clinic. They wanted a Man like George that wasent a writer, but still a man of broad intellect, and refinement, in other words a Gentleman and a Scholar. So naturally their first thought drifted to ME.

Now while George was to cover the question from the inside or intimate angle, I am taking up the banner and discussing the affairs from the downtrodden Tax payers' angle. Every Sunday (as long as I get paid for it) you will find me in this (the best paper in this community) I bet they dont cut that out. You will find me writing and fighting and giving my last Joke for the Working man, oh yes and Women, Viva a La the Proletariot. Now I

know millions of my readers cant understand England's attitude in not wanting their secrets written. Because its different with us over here. We Have No Secrets.

If any man in coming out of office in this Country can find a Paper foolish enough to pay for what he has learned while he was in our Government why then they deserve to be stuck. No court of law would uphold them in a suit for damages.

For instance just suppose all the Army of Secretaries of State under the Wilson Administration had come out trying to sell their Memoirs.[3] Besides they had no Memoirs, they had no time to get any. They couldent even send their Laundry out, for they dident know how long they would be there. Besides I guess Mr. Hughes is about the only one we have had that knew what the word Memoirs mean.[4]

And even if he wrote his they would be so highbrow he would have to serve an interpreter with each edition.

No, that thing Diplomacy that these other Nations dote so on and procure so much on, we dont go in much for that. We train men for everything else. We just wait till we hear of a Conference somewhere, and send a Man or bunch of 'em, whose only bargaining up to then had been with their Grocer, or Local Bootlegger.

We generally try to pick a man socially equipped so that he wont cut himself during the gathering. When we have done that we feel that we have succeded. When it comes to gathering around the old mahogany Tablet where there is not a Dish on the Table, where Nations train em for years to say one thing and mean another, why about all America ever comes out with is the check. To quote a little remark which I made in the Follies, that has been favorably passed on several times Editorially:

AMERICA HAS A VERY UNIQUE RECORD. WE NEVER LOST A WAR OR WON A CONFERENCE IN OUR LIVES.

It's cheaper for us to fight a Nation than to confer with them.

3 SETTLING THE AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD AS THEY SHOULD BE

Everybody is writing something nowadays. It used to be just the Literary or Newspaper men who were supposed to know what they were writing about that did all the writing. But nowadays all a man goes into office for is so he can try to find out something and then write it when he comes out.

Now being in Ziegfeld Follies for almost a solid year in New York has given me an inside track on some of our biggest men in this country who I meet nightly at the stage door.[1]

So I am breaking out in a rash right here in this paper every Sunday. I will cite an example to prove to you what you are going to get. Last week there was a mess of Governors here from various provinces. And a good friend of mine brought back to the stage and dressing room Gov. Allen of Kansas.[2] (Hurry up and print this story or he wont be Governor).

Well, I stood him in the wings and he was supposed to be looking at my act, but he wasn't. He was a watching what really is the backbone of our show. He anyway heard some of my gags about our government and all who are elected to help missrun it.

So at the finish of my act I dragged him out on the stage and introduced him to the audience. He made a mighty pretty little speech and said he enjoyed Will's Impertinences, and got a big laugh on that. Said I was the only man in America who was able to tell the truth about our men and affairs.

When he finished I explained to the audience why I was able to tell the truth. It is because I have never mixed up in Politics. So you all are going from time to time to get the real Low Down on some of these Birds who are sending home the Radish Seed.

You know the more you read and observe about this Politics thing, you got to admit that each party is worse than the other. The one that's out always looks the best. My only solution would be to keep em both out one term and hire my good friend Henry Ford to run the whole thing and give him a commission on what he saves us.[3] Put his factory in with the government and instead of Seeds every spring mail out those Things of his.

Mail Newberry one every morning Special Delivery.[4]

I tell you Folks, all Politics is Apple Sauce.

The President gave a luncheon for the visiting Governors, where they discussed but didn't TRY Prohibition.

It was the consensus of opinion of all their speeches that there was a lot of drinking going on and that if it wasn't stopped by January that they would hold another meeting and try and get rid of some of the stuff.

Senator Curtis proposed a bill this week to stop Bootlegging in the Senate, making it unlawful for any member to be caught selling to another member while on Government property.[5] While the bill was being read a government employee fell just outside the Senate door and broke a Bottle of Pre-War Stuff (made just before last week's Turkish War). Now they are carpeting all the halls with a heavy material so in case of a fall there will be no serious loss.

Well, New Years is here now and I suppose we will have to hear and read all these big men's New Year greetings, such men as Schwab and Gary and Rockefeller and all of them.[6] Saying the same old Apple Sauce. That they are optimistic of the coming year and everybody must put their shoulder to the wheel and produce more and they predict a great year. Say, if we had those Birds' Dough we could all be just as optimistic as they are. But it's a good joke and it's got in the papers every year and I suppose always will.

Now the Ku Klux is coming into New York and kinder got it in for the Jewish People. Now they are wrong: I am against that. If the Jewish People here in New York City hadn't jumped in and made themselves good fellows and helped us celebrate our Xmas, the thing would have fell flat. They sold us every present.

The Ku Klux couldn't get much of a footing in New York. If there was some man they wanted to take out and Tar and Feather, they wouldn't know where he lived. People move so often here their own folks don't know where they live.

And even if they found out the Elevator man in the Apartment wouldn't let 'em up.

See where there is bills up in Congress now to change the Constitution all around, elect the President in a different way and have Congress meet at a different time. It seems the men who drew up this thing years ago didn't know much and we are just now getting a bunch of real fellows who can take that old Parchment and fix it up like it should have been all these years. It seems it's just been luck that's got us by so far.[7] Now when they get the Constitution all fixed up they are going to start in on the 10 Commandments, just as soon as they find somebody in Washington who has read them.

See where they are talking about another Conference over here. The Social Season in Washington must be lagging.

Well I think they ought to have it. Those Conferences dont really do any harm and they give certain Delegates pleasure. Of course nothing they ever pass on is ever carried out (Except in Greece, where they are all carried out). But each Nation gets a certain amount of amusement out of it.

Borah himself admits he don't know what its for or what they should do.[8] But it looks like a good Conference season and there is no reason why we shouldn't get in on one.

BESIDES, DID YOU EVER REALIZE THIS COUNTRY IS 4 CONFERENCES BEHIND NOW?

Next Sunday I will tell you about Ambassador Harvey.[9] I am going down to HEAR him land, and see if he has on his Knee Breeches.

WEEKLY ARTICLES — 1923

4 SLIPPING THE LARIAT OVER

Well, old New York has just staggered through a holiday gift of pocket flasks never before equalled in the annals of a law-abiding nation.

The flask has supplanted the necktie as a universal gift, as it is even more appropriate for the female than the male.

They are making a copper-lined one now at a small extra fee, that will hold wood alcohol, until it can be emptied into the prospective corpse.

On account of New Year's Eve falling on Sunday night, I will say this in favor of the enforcement officers: they certainly acted in a Christian-like spirit and stood by and saw that no one started drinking til after 12 o'clock midnight. They certainly took care of the Sabbath. Why, that one fellow they arrested in New York only tried to beat the law by 10 minutes, but they wouldn't let him get away with it. He tried to plead that his watch was fast. But you can't fool those fellows.

Last week the worst storms that were ever experienced at sea were raging. England's debt cancelling delegation was on one boat, and Ambassador Harvey on another.[1] But they both finally landed; even nature is against us. Well, you might know how the storm was; for two days the Ambassador couldn't make a speech.

Doc Coue has landed here too.[2] He came to practice Auto Suggestion, which Mr. Ford originated when he started to build his Synopsis of a Car.[3] They say the Doc's trip here is to be gratis, no money making at all. That feature alone will make him the outstanding novelty of all European visitors.

There is also another Greek Near King too.[4] Quota on Greek Kings must be about used up this month. This one is going right on to Palm Beach. He was booked there by an opposition hotel for the Season. He is Exhibit A.

American girls have been striving and marrying for years to try to be Queens and Mrs. Leeds came nearer it than any of them.[5] She only lost by two Revolutions.

They used to only have to promise to support their husbands, but in these troublesome times they have added "protect" to the wife's obligations.

Well, I will just tell you how bad this marrying into Royalty has fallen off lately: some of our girls have just reconciled themselves to marrying Americans.

Things sure were popping down in Washington last week. It's got so now when Borah gets up they don't wait to hear what he has to say.[6] It's just like a lion getting out on a circus ground. Everybody hunts a high pole and holds their breath til they hear they got him back in again. Well, when Borah starts, a fire in the capitol building would be a funeral compared to the rush. Why, last week six prohibition senators dropped their flasks when the news spread that he was on his feet.

He certainly deserves a lot of credit. He has taken a show that when opened looked like a complete flop, and has by those monologues that he inserts from time to time built it right into a success. He is the only Senator that a Congressman will walk the length of the building to hear. They have an alarm clock in the Lower House that rings and wakes them up when he goes on.

This time he wanted a conference. They gave him one last year, and sooner or later he will get this one because they have to keep him satisfied; he is the only drawing card they have got. If he ever goes out of there they can sell those Gallery Seats for firewood.

The President wrote a letter and Senator Lodge put on a messenger's cap and delivered it.[7] In this letter he told Borah that why didn't he ask Hughes for all the news before he went asking for a conference, maybe they had been figuring on one themselves.[8]

He told Borah that from time to time they heard from Europe in a kind of a postcard way. And also told him that a conference at this time would be liable to give Europe encouragement to think they didn't owe us anything. You see Europe is awful easy encouraged that way; just a little hint dropped now and again and we may get nothing. They are not sensitive about their debts. If they had paid something every time they discussed 'em we would be even now.

Then he told Borah that while the last conference was a social and artistic success that in a material way about the only thing scrapped so far have been friendships.

Then he said as for land Disarmaments he didn't believe he would bring that up at all if he was Borah, that a lot of nations over there felt that they should be allowed to get a least about two more wars under their belt with their present armies before letting them go.

You know, it don't hardly pay to keep a lot of soldiers on salary just for one year. The overhead is too big.

Well, when Borah heard that letter he was the maddest sheep herder that a cowboy ever let live in Idaho. He said, "Why should I go to Hughes for my information? Can't I read as good as Hughes? Didn't I hear Clemenceau on a diet of nothing but 14 eggs a meal, and onion soup for breakfast as a chaser, say that they needed us?[9] Would a man get up at 4 o'clock and eat that stuff

if he wasn't sincere? Ain't the farmers clamoring for it, especially the poultry and onion raisers?"

Well, we had quite a few notables in to see our show this week. I have a scout out and he tells me when we have some front page bird out front and I always introduce them to the audience and they stand up and bow. Well, last night we have General Pershing.[10] And say, from the reception he got from a packed audience it sounded like the days of 1918. Introduced him as "the man that Congress won't listen to in regard to preparedness in peacetime yet stake our entire future with in war." It seems we may have to have two more wars to find out who won the last one. But one thing, if it hadn't been for him, we would have known who won the last one without any argument.

Well, bless my soul, who should pop in tonight but the Princess Anastasia and her husband, so I had to let my confidential audience in on them, and they were certainly sweet about it and got up and bowed and were very gracious. By the way, ladies, she is very pretty and he seems like a regular guy. You know after all, we can't help our birth even if we wanted to, and he looks to me like a fellow that didn't choose it personally. So any little thing that I may have said earlier in this article (as I am writing this page later) we got to give this royalty a chance when they come, as they really are repenting and have suffered greatly.

Don't miss next week's mess of news, for Congress and the Senate are all warmed up now and they will do something funny, you see if they don't.

5 SLIPPING THE LARIAT OVER

Well, readers, as I sit down to chase this herd of news into one corral, and get it all rounded up and cut out on the typewriter, there ain't a whole lot of things going on that's really vital to us. Now, of course, there is a mess of conferences going on, but they are just like the poor and the Democrats, they will always be with us. As I go to press with this one-gland Corona of mine there is just about to be wound up in Paris what is called an Economic Conference which at this early day and date looks like it will be awful lucky if it don't wind up in an awful nice war.[1]

England wants to settle one way with Germany and France has a different plan. Now, as Germany owes both of them, there is no reason why each couldn't settle in their own way. But, no, that's too easy. Nations don't do things that way. If they did they would be no diplomats, and diplomats are nothing but high-class lawyers—some ain't even high-class. You see, the more arguments your country is in the more publicity for the dips.

What is it to England what France makes Germany pay, and what is it to France if England wants to tell Germany, "Kin-folks, we are even."

Germany made some sort of proposal that there would be no more wars for a century. I don't know whether they meant for a hundred dollars or a hundred years. Well, anyway, I guess it means years for it was turned down by England and France. You see, they been fighting every 40 years and it's awful hard to go against custom in those odd countries.

You see, France and England are business nations and they figured up what it would cost to keep an army idle for a hundred years, and that makes the overhead too high.

They wanted Germany to shorten the time and kinder promise them a war earlier.

But Germany couldn't promise anything earlier. It will take them a hundred years to make enough iron crosses for another war.

Belgium is just hanging around those various Conferences—keeps them broke following them up. Course, they got to go in case any body does get something they want to get their car fare and back out of it.

THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE

There is another conference at Lausanne—sounds like a song—where they are trying to talk Turkey out of some oil wells, some nations go to war for gold, some nations for territory, some to make the whole world free for Democracy.[2] But if you want to make a war with England, you show 'em an oil well.

These Turks had the record for long-distance burning and massacreeing. But last week some Red Cross investigated where the Greeks had been outside the war zone, and found that as burners and pillagers, why, those Greeks made a Turk look like an amateur.

You know, they must be pretty bad when they shot their cabinet. Now, none of us is a-denying that from our own personal experience there has been times when such marksmanship practiced right here at home on some of ours would have been welcome—still it ain't hardly the humane thing to do.

Well, in addition to having one company of Diplomats at Lausanne and another one in Paris, England still has enough left to send a troop of debt canceling ones over here.

Now, that is where these other nations have got it on us. They can play a half dozen Conferences at once, while with us, if we can find a man to send to one, why, we are lucky, and we always feel uneasy till he gets home.

Ambassador Harvey landed and said, "England will pay."[3] Two days behind him comes the paying teller of the Bank of England and says, "Yes, we will pay, BUT—how much?"[4]

If these nations had used the money paying their debts that they have spent trying to keep from paying them, the whole world would be about even by now. They always bring a pack of experts and technical men along

to advise. I have always noticed that any time a man can't come and settle with you without bringing his lawyer, why, look out for him. Well, any way, it seems good to have something doing in Washington. Dressmaking was at a standstill.

CUSTOM OF 150 YEARS BROKEN

Al Smith, Democratic Governor of New York broke a custom of 150 years last week when instead of having his message to the legislature written and handed to each of the members, he took no chances on the ones who couldn't read.[5] He went in person and delivered it. Even then some of the Republicans didn't seem to get it.

He came out for light wines and beer. If they can get beer any lighter than they have it now, I would like to see it.

Al's a mighty good man and is kinder figuring on the White House in a couple of years. That is, in case they are going to make a change. And a-speaking of Governors, we had my old friend Governor Edwards in to see the show lately.[6] I introduced him to the audience, and, say, he sho' got a big reception. I insisted on his making us a little speech. So he said, "Well, what do you want, Will?"

I said, "Well, if it's all the same to you, we will take a drink." Well that got a big laugh from the multitude.

But, say, he just come right back at me and topped it when he said, "All right, come over to Jersey and you can get it."

He knocked 'em off the seats with that. You know he is quite a fellow; he talks wet and don't drink himself. He come back in the dressing room to see me and bid me goodby. He is going into the Senate. I always like to shake any friend's hand when he is going into that body, so in after years I can say, "Well, I knew him when he was straight."

The Big National Automobile Show was in town last week. All the high priced cars had exhibits in the hotel lobbys. Ford had an exhibit in the Dairy lunches.

They showed a steam car that would run by building a fire in it out of hay, old shoes and newspapers. Why, the man told me you could get 100 miles out of a Bryan speech.[7]

The manufacturers say that in 10 years there will be an auto to every man, woman and child in the U. S. They are making preparations to build them. Now all they got to do is control the birth rate.

Well, next week we ought to have some wars to talk on. Turkey has been laying off two weeks now.

6 SETTLING THE AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD AS THEY SHOULD BE

Well, this week just passed has been pretty busy in New York. It looked like my home town of Claremore, Oklahoma, on a Saturday afternoon. The Automobile Show was here. I don't know why they come clear from the Coasts to see the same cars they can see in their local Show Rooms but they did sure come and brought their Wives—well, I won't say brought. I mean their Wives came with them.

I had a very busy week, me being the gabbiest old thing in New York. I was conscripted to make a speech to the Automobile Chamber of Commerce, which is all the Manufacturers. They are a pretty fine bunch of men. Most of them have had their money now for a few years, and they are getting so they act like they always had it. Golf has supplanted the Carburetor as a national topic.

I often wonder how they distinguished a Gentleman in the old days when there was no Golf.

The Distinguished Lawyer, Mr. Martin Littleton, and I were the annoyers for the evening.[1] I was there, not through any entertaining quality I might have, but to offset the glibness and humorous speech of Mr. Littleton. He knew nothing about Automobiles; being a Lawyer he knew very little about anything, so I apologized for him and soon put the members back into a serious and business-like mood.

Mr. Littleton, as you know, specializes in Lunacy Cases. He defended and saved Harry Thaw.[2] He also defended Mr. Newberry and made it possible to get him out of the U. S. Senate.[3] So you see he works in direct opposites. One Man he got into the insane Asylum, and the other he got out of one. And personally I think Newberry should be the more Grateful of the two.

Mr. Durant of the Star Car says that in 10 Years every man, woman, and child in the U. S. will own an Automobile, or, rather there will be one per Capita.[4] He is laying out his manufacturing schedule along that line. Now all he has to do is to control the Birth Rate.

As an Exhibition, during the week a Dodge crew assembled an entire Car in 19 Minutes. I didn't see it. I can imagine what they did the first 3 minutes, but I don't know what they were doing the other 16.

On the next night I was invited, on account of being a light eater, to speak at the Automobile Accessories Banquet. Littleton wasn't with me on this. He had gotten a paid job in the meantime keeping some Sane man out of the lower House of Congress.

Now these Accessories are the Bootlegging end of the Industry.

They sit back and make all the Parts and the Manufacturers have to go out and sell them.

I launched a Ford for President movement. You see I am figuring on going in the Cabinet, as he will have to be like all of them and pay off his political debts with jobs. You see, all these other Cabinets are picked, not on ability, but what they have done for the Party. Well, we ain't going to have any party. It's to be called the "All over the Road Party" with Mr. Ford for leader. Our slogan will be "Come with Ford and you will at least get somewhere." I will probably have to be Secretary of State, although I don't think I could stand the round of Conferences. I think Vice President would be about my speed. Of course I do hate to stay hid that long because I like for people to know who I am, but if it looks best for the Party for me to be sacrificed, why, I would do it.

I would love to see Mr. Ford in there, really. I don't know who started the idea that a President must be a Politician instead of a Business man. A Politician can't run any other kind of business. So there is no reason why he can run the U. S. That's the biggest single business in the World.
I just would love to see Mr. Ford, when Congress pulled one of those long stalls of theirs, going around and lifting up the hood and seeing what is the matter.

Well, that's all for Automobiles and Politics but what of some of the affairs of the world. The big news of the week was President Harding ordering our boys back.[5] Senator Jim Reed reminded the President and Congress that they were still over there.[6] I tell you it's lucky some time to have a fellow around that keeps his eyes open for little things like that.

I doubt if they will come home without being conscripted, at least not if they have heard from home lately.

I would hate to be the man to hand one of those real Soldiers his first glass of Near Beer, after 4 years of German brew, when they land here.

Of course we must get 'em home. That's no place for a Soldier and a war coming on. I wish they had let these boys have stayed there and Refereed the next war. Then at the end say who is the winner and just what does he win.

I tell you wars will never be a Success until you do have a Referee, and until they announce before they start just what it's for.

I see where they are talking of bringing home these Unofficial Representatives we have had strewn around at these various Conferences.

We are the originators of the unofficial Representatives. It's like a man going to a Dinner when he was not invited. Now he may have come unofficially, but still he eats just as much as if he had been invited.

Col. House was the originator of this form of entertainment.[7]

Well, France has gone into Germany. She said, "I am going to get in there some way, if I have to have Peace to do it."

That's another case of that Unofficial business. France says it ain't war officially but they are like the uninvited Guest. They are in there eating, ain't they?

Nations never seem to get much nourishment out of these Unofficial invasions. If memory don't fail me I think we made a pilgrimage into Mexico unofficially.[8] All we got was Sand in our eyes.

Either make it official and go in a shooting, or stay out!

France says Germany was back in their Telephone Pole delivery; also shy some sacks of coal. Now you can't invade just for lack of Coal. If you could, why, look how long the Republicans let the Coal strike last, last summer before they tried to settle it. And now we have no coal.

Well, can't the Democrats invade the basin of the Monongahela and take over the west bank of Allegheny and claim that they haven't been getting the coal that was promised during the last campaign?

I claim they could do it. But the trouble is the Democrats have beat their Guns and Sabers from the last war into Pocket Flasks.

Germany says France sent in some Black troops which they object to. France says they didn't send in any real colored ones, that these were only a kind of a dark bay.

7 DOUBLING FOR PRESIDENT HARDING

Well, this last week has been quite a week, oratorically, around New York. The Ohio Society of New York had their annual Bouquet-throwing at the Waldorf. This is the biggest State Society in this city, which is certainly a compliment to New York.

That born New Yorker who lives in Ohio has been trying to get up a Society of New Yorkers out there, but you can't incorporate with only one Member. I, myself, belong to the Oklahoma Society in New York. We meet every year in a member's single room at the Mills Hotel—all four of us. Now judge for yourself which is the best State.

Besides, the people from my State don't have to come to N. Y. to have a big feed. We have a Governor down there that feeds everybody on his inauguration and will do so as long as he is inaugurated.[1] He fed Three hundred Thousand at a big three day Barbecue, where they killed hundreds of beef.

Of course, I know you read where lots of them ate too much and got sick. But you must remember that here was a bunch of people who had been living, or rather existing, under a Republican Administration for two

years, in a Democratic State. So you can forgive any undue haste in storing away their first real meal.

The Slogan of the Feast was "FEED THE CHILDREN AND THE DEMOCRATS FIRST." For the Children of today are the Voters of tomorrow.

Of course, I will admit that this generosity on the part of our Governor, was not as liberal as it might look on paper. He cunningly waited until after the Republicans had been in for two years and Cattle were hardly worth killing, so the outlay for foodstuffs was practically Nil, as the Farmers couldn't sell it anyway.

Being a Dry Governor, and not wanting to handle it himself, he sold the Bootlegging privilege for enough to carry him through any lean years in case the Democrats should run into another lay off.

Of course, everybody brought their own as they always do in States where they vote dry. But an Oklahoman can only carry enough to last him for one day, so they had to erect emergency Stills right on the grounds to take care of extra Prohibitionists.

It was the biggest success ever pulled off in any State, both Beveragelly and Gastronomically.

Now, as I said, I was asked to speak at this Ohio incense burning, they figuring, on account of me not knowing anything about the State, I might accidentally say something good about it.

But in reality I was doubling for President Harding, who they expected to have but couldn't come, so I was chosen to take his place. I said about what I figured he would have said if he had been there. They sent me a Book of Society and it had the speeches of the last two years in it, including one Mr. Harding made there two years ago. So I told them in case they were disappointed in me substituting for him I would read this previous speech of his. Well, nobody said read it so I guess they were pleased. It don't take much after all to please an Ohioan.

The Gallerys were packed with Beautifully Gowned Ladies, and what jokes the men missed the Ladies got. I met, by the Way, Mrs. Pomerene and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid who were very gracious and could make even a Cowboy feel at ease.[2]

Mr. Pomerene, Mr. Gillette, Speaker of the House, Admiral Plunkett, and I were the annoyers of the occasion.[3] Mr. Pomerene spoke on Ship Subsidy, which of course we should have. If you don't think so, just go around the Docks here and see how few American Flags you see on all the Ships that are here. But, of course, Mr. Harding has not been able to put it through. It's too sensible to ever get by.

Mr. Gillette, Speaker of the House of Representatives, spoke. I thought Upshaw was speaker of the House.[4] Upshaw wants Congress to dry up. And Congress wants him to dry up. I told the Ohioans that I was a little

disappointed at Mr. Gillette's speech. I thought he would have something funny to tell, after sitting there day after day listening to Congress. I know I only go there one day a year and sit in the Balcony but I get enough stuff to last me a year.

Now I heard a Mr. Snyder, who is keeper of the Big New York Zoo, make a very funny Speech relating little Anecdotes of the various Animals that he ruled over.[5] So I knew, if he would do it, Gillette is the only man in the world that could improve on Snyder's speech. Unless it might be Mr. Coolidge.[6] (Of course that's a separate and distinct thing that Senate. It's not fair to compare anything with that.)

Just today as I am writing this (as I have to get it away early as they make up these Sunday Sections, some of them, ahead) the sad death of a fellow Movie Actor is reported. Now I want to say my little of good, for you will no doubt hear people say things who can only see the bad in anything.

Four years ago when I was going to the Coast to make my first pictures, I was booked to stop off for one night in Kansas City and speak at the opening of a New Beautiful Theatre. Now there that night was Wallace Reid who had come from the Coast to appear also.[7]

I met him for the first time. He was one of the most likeable chaps I ever met. He took an unusual interest in me on the way back to California. I am sure I meant nothing to him, still he knew I was new in the Business and he wanted to be of any help to me he could.

Now, mind you, while he was paying me every attention he was the Admiration of everybody. You can't imagine his popularity. He was a King to a lot of them. On account of being able to do an Act on the Stage I was asked to appear at a great many Benefits in Los Angeles and Adjoining Towns. Now, out of all the Movie people out there, Wallace Reid was the one I met at all of them.

He was a very good Musician. He could play any Instrument in an Orchestra. He had a very pleasing Stage Personality and could tell Stories well. Now, mind you, lots of these affairs were away at little Towns where it took up your whole evening, so he couldn't have been so wild for parties always.

Now he falls into bad Company, through being a good fellow. He sinned. He has paid the highest penalty you can pay. He gave his life. He has left a Mother, Wife and Children, one of them an adopted child. Now a Bad fellow don't adopt children. He don't even want Children.

Now don't you let a living Soul say an unkind word about Wallie Reid. He was just a big overgrown Kid, who never knowingly harmed a living soul. So let God judge him, not us. I'll bet he will be judged to be away above the average.

8 THOUGHTS ON THE RUM FLEET AND OTHER THINGS

Well, readers, as this heavy editorial goes to press there is quite a bit of news in the papers.

America has always wanted an adequate coast defense, something that would really protect our shores. Well, at last we have it; twelve miles off our eastern shore is a flotilla of ships which we never hoped three years ago to be able to produce. And, mind you, all this is done without a ship subsidy. I tell you, it is with a great feeling of security that we here in New York can go to sleep at night knowing that just a mere twelve miles away we are being guarded and protected by the entire merchant marine of the world.

They are so thick that an ocean liner going to Europe has to give two days' notice so they can open up and make a path through to let it by. They have the ships laid out in streets, and named according to the produce sold. Scotch avenue is really the elite—it's the Fifth avenue of the Atlantic. Rye street is more solid and conservative. Gin alley is really the Broadway of the foam. It's the night life. To get your motor boat parked on that alley you have to reserve space days in advance.

It's worked on the same principal as the cafes on land are worked. On land you go in and drink till you get full or broke, which ever happens first; then you go out. Well, out there you tie up your launch beside one of the more popular wholesailing places, and buy till your launch is full or you are broke, same as on land.

If you are a kind of adventurous or artistic nature, they have a miniature Greenwich Village, where wood alcohol is sold exclusively. It is put in copper lined containers, where it is kept till brought ashore and poured into the prospective corpse.

There has been some talk of hauling dirt and making an island, but they figured that there was enough stuff consumed on the premises so that the empty bottles would eventually form their own island.

At the rate it's growing at out there, in two years it will be the biggest wholesailing district in the world. But why shouldn't it? You often hear it said that bootlegging is the biggest industry. Well, that is not quite correct, but prohibition is the biggest—that is, taking both sides, money spent for and against it, not only the bootlegging and enforcement end of it, but when you speak of an industry you must consider the by-products. For instance, there's the doctors, the undertakers and the coroners. The increase in doctor's prescription paper will reach an astounding sum.

Figure up the time consumed by the United States senate and congress and different state legislatures. Figure it up at their wages and you will see

what a big by-product just speaking about it has been. If all the time had been used in this country on study that has been used up arguing prohibition, we would be the smartest nation in the world. (Don't say we are already, 'cause China is. They never had a shipping board and they never had a dollar-a-year man in a war.)

Also, as I go to press today, Mr. Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League of New York is in court trying to explain where some of this by-product dough went to.[1] It seems that mere money has entered into the realm of what was thought to be a work of love. It seems that the fellowman's interest was to be protected, but at so much a fellow.

Dr. Percy Grant has made the front page again.[2] Everything, even in religion, seems to have a trend to the liberal nowadays. Congress wanted a short time ago to rewrite the Constitution. Now Dr. Grant wants to go over the Bible and kinder brighten it up in spots where it appears to him to drag a little. A liberal is a man who wants to use his own ideas on things in preference to generations who, he knows, know more than he does.

Well, Mr. Harvey went back to England to start embarrassing again.[3] Some talk of Mr. Hughes resigning a short time ago.[4] I don't know, but I think that Greece shooting their cabinet caused a kinder uneasy feeling among the cabinet workers all over the world.

Mr. Harding has had quite a little sick spell lately from which he is recovering. I sorter think it's those doctors these presidents have. They are promoted from a horse-and-buggy trade in the country to an admiral in the U. S. navy, or a major general in the U. S. army so quickly that I really believe they have to give so much time trying to learn to salute and to getting their uniforms on proper side forward that they haven't really had time to devote to our President's health. So, with our next President, I hereby start a movement to let his doctor keep his bagged kneed breeches and his ole slouch hat, and I get you that, without the welfare of the army or navy on his hands, it won't give him a thing to think about but just what he has always thought about.

I was called on to speak last night at the thirtieth anniversary of the Empire theater. Mr. Frohman's theater.[5] I don't know why I should have been there; I had never played in the place. I suppose I had really contributed more to its success by not playing there. We had Mr. Belasco and he is as good an audience as he is a producer.[6] The Barrymores and everybody of note in the theater were there, and a lot of critics.[7] I was as much in the dark as to why a critic should be at a theater celebration as I was over being there myself. Their contribution to the success of most theaters is in about the same ratio that a fire would be.

I had played in this theater one night at a charity benefit by mistake. I was booked to play an Irish benefit and came from Philadelphia to play it.

I had forgotten what theater it was and it was near one that was having a Sunday night benefit for some Hebrew orphan asylum. Now I go in the wrong one, and ask to go on right away so they put me right on. It was then Ireland had just gotten their home rule and was in doubt as to what to do with it. So I had prepared a bunch of Irish gags. I started in on all my irish stuff, about "Move England away from Ireland to prevent wars, but when you moved them don't let Ireland know where you were taking them or they (Ireland) would follow them and get 'em." But nobody seemed interested in Ireland, so I said, after a few looks, this audience ain't Irish and it dawned on me that I was in the wrong place.

Mind you, I would have played this too, if I had been asked as I had just as many jokes on America trying to get their freedom from the Jews and a lot of good natured kidding with them. So I switched my stuff and got off and never let them know that I knew I was in wrong. You see, I was in doubt. I thought, well, maybe those Irish are smart enough to give this benefit and sell all the seats to the Jews, and it might really be the right one after all. Well, it supplied me an act down at the right one anyway, so you see the only time I was ever able to get into the aristocratic old Empire theater where Miss Maud Adams reigned for years was by accident.[8]

9 OUR MARGOT KICKS UP SOME DUST

Well, a terrible lot of news has happened since we went to press last week. We have finally developed a Margot Asquith of our own, right in Washington.[1] It took political defeat to do it but it was worth it. Mrs. Miles Poindexter has pulled a Margot and is letting us in on some—well, you wouldn't call it dirt, it's really only dust.[2]

It seems, as a Senator's wife, she has gotten tired dodging these government cars furnished by the government for the cabinet's wives. She says if you are the Secretary of the Navy's wife you can have little boats running around your house, and a band, and life preservers and sea sickness and everything. I suppose if you are Secretary of War's wife you get a cannon to shoot at sunrise and sunset, and maybe an army mule to mow your lawn. And if you are Postmaster General's wife you get to read all the postcards and get all your stamps at cost.

But she forgets that for these privileges these Cabinets take a chance. Greece's Cabinet was shot. Now a Senator was never shot. That has perhaps been an oversight on somebody's part, but it's true, nevertheless. And look at the uncertainty of a Cabinet position. Why, look, under the Wilson Administration they didn't last long enough to give a party.[3]

But I think, myself, that they ought to let some of these officials' wives in Washington help run things. I don't mean their Husbands, as they do

that, of course. But let them help with the Government. Why, when I play Washington, every afternoon I am out at some of the Roosevelts or Mrs. Longworth's and I have heard more real constructive dope on the Government than I heard among the men.[4] I don't think there is a brighter person, man or woman, in this Country than Mrs. Longworth. Mrs. Ned McLean and Mrs. Medill McCormick, who inherits her wonderful cleverness from her father, Mark Hanna, I have heard discuss things, and I wish they would put some of them in there.[5] I bet your percentage of bright women in Washington will stack up with the men on political affairs.

Now I understand they are going to exile the Poindexters to Peru, where they are to be ambassadors or something.[6] Well, they won't be lonesome down there in South America. Mr. Hughes comes down every few weeks.[7] Still there's that Cabinet's Wife again. You can't go anywhere in the World and escape a Cabinet member and his wife nowadays. We really do need a Margot Asquith, who would give us some real dope on things, and I am sorry Mrs. Poindexter's career was ripped by this Peruvian escapade.

I met Margot over there, too, and heard her first speech in America where she spoke for an hour on Fox Hunting to a New York City audience. There wasn't ten people in the Audience who had ever seen a Horse, much less a Fox.

Well, things are kinder settling down in the Episcopal Church here. They were going to let Dr. Percy Grant out, but he was such a big drawing card they couldn't afford to let him go.[8] He is the Valentino of the Clergy.[9]

Well, everybody is always wondering what will happen to poor Germany since the invasion.[10] We have the same thing happen here every day. When a man can't pay his debts he is thrown out of his home, family and all. It's called Foreclosure, but nobody ever gets heated up enough to worry what becomes of them.

If you remember, France paid Germany one time and we didn't worry how they got it. We would be a fine Nation to tell some other Nation how to collect Debts. Why say, France and Germany both have forgotten more about manipulating coin from one pocket to another than we will ever know. We've got it now, but I bet you in 15 years they will have it all back and we will be giving them our I.O.U.'s. Ask one of our returned Soldiers if France don't know how to get the dough. And you never got rich trading with a German, did you? Pitying them, trying to get money from each other, just like pitying a Bootlegger, Poor Fellow. They are not going to war. It ain't time. They only fight every 40 years. If either of them went into a war they couldn't deliver the original cast they had before.

Talk about us telling somebody how to collect something; why, just this week, England talked us out of four and a half Billion Principal and a million a year interest. When I say "us," I mean Us. We, that are living now.

The principals don't have to be paid for 62 years. Now, personally, I can't work up much enthusiasm about what I am to receive 62 years from now. I would rather say, "Brother, just slip me a Dime now on account." If you Birds think we made a good deal you go into a Bank and tell them to lend you some money and you will pay it back in 62 years. You go in. I will wait outside and catch you as you come through the swinging door.

It originally was to be paid in 25 years. Not bad, eh, to come over on your own Sea and get your note extended for 37 years. You often hear it said we need Diplomats. We don't need Diplomats; we need a Keeper or a Warden. Of course, as I am writing this, Congress hasn't started arguing over it yet. They will talk on it so long it will cost us more than the interest is worth.

Now there is another thing I want recorded here in my Congressional Record. This bird, Sir Percy Baldwin, made some slighting remarks about our Senate and House of Representatives.[11]

Now, McKellar and Heflin and I resent that.[12] President Harding and I can get vexed at Congress sometimes and say things, but we are all of the same family. We resent any foreigner coming in here and knocking our Representatives. He said if it hadn't been for Congress having something to do with it he could have settled it with our reparation committee and perhaps got the debt cancelled entirely and paid something besides, but that it had got into the hands of Congress. It semed quite a surprise to him that you all had found it out.

You see it's just the difference in England of a little matter of 4 or 5 Billion debt. They don't like to bother the Dukes and Earls with those trifles. You see, they got the King's children's weddings to go to every little while and it takes years to learn where your place is in line. So you can't expect them to be troubled with Knick Knacks.

The worst thing was, Sir Percy said our Congress was Rural and Pastoral. Now I can understand Congress not calling him down 'cause they are like me. They didn't know what this Pastoral Gag meant. But, offhand, if I had to give a meaning to it, I would interpret it, and would say it means HICK.

Now, if Congress won't defend themselves, I will enter protest. I knock 'em but I like 'em, and understand 'em. I know they go wrong sometimes, but they mean well. They just don't know.

Sir Percy says all they know is how to raise Hogs and wheat and sell them. He is wrong. They don't even know how to raise Hogs and wheat. He should be ashamed of himself. If I went somewhere and a man gave me 5 Billion and told me, "You don't have to pay this for 62 years," why I would have rushed up and complimented him quick even if I didn't mean it. Why, I would pretty near kiss Lodge and Volstead for that much.[13]

10 SETTLING THE AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD IN HIS OWN WAY

Well, they brought our Soldiers back from Germany last week. Would have brought them back sooner but we didn't have anybody in Washington who knew where they were. We had to leave 'em over there so they could get the Mail that was sent to them during the war. Had to leave 'em over there anyway; two of them hadn't married yet.

Savannah certainly give the Boys a great welcome, but imagine how welcome they are going to feel the first payday over here, "before and after taken"—Home.

Since I wrote you all last week, an awful lot has happened at the Studio in Washington, D. C. You know out where they make the Movies, the place we make them is called the Studio. We are a great deal alike in lots of respects. We make what we think will be two kinds of Pictures, Comedy and Drama, or sad ones. Now you take the Capitol at Washington. That's the biggest Studio in the World. We call ours, Pictures, when they are turned out. They call theirs laws or Bills. It's all the same thing. We often make what we think is Drama, but when it is shown it is received by the audience as Comedy. So the uncertainty is about equal both places.

The way to judge a good Comedy is by how long it will last and have people talk about it. Now Congress has turned out some that have lived for years and people are still laughing about them; and as for Sad productions, they have turned out some that for sadness make "Over the Hills" look like a roaring farce.[1]

Girls win a little State Popularity Contest that is conducted by some Newspaper; then they are put into the Movies to entertain 110 million people who they never saw or know anything about. Now that's the same way with the Capitol Comedy Company of Washington. They win a State Popularity Contest backed by a Newspaper and are sent to Washington to turn out Laws for 110 million people they never saw.

They have what they call Congress, or the Lower House. That compares to what we call the Scenario Department. That's where somebody gets the idea of what he thinks will make a good Comedy Bill or Law, and they argue around and put it into shape.

Then it is passed along, printed, or shot, or photographed, as we call it, then it reches the Senate or the Cutting and Titling Department. Now in our Movie Studios we have what we call Gag Men whose sole business is to just furnish some little Gag, or Amendment as they call it, which will get a laugh or perhaps change the whole thing around.

Now the Senate has what is considered the best and highest priced Gag Men that can be collected anywhere. Why they put in so many little gags or amendments that the poor Author of the thing don't know his own story.

They consider if a man can sit there in the Studio in Washington and just put in one funny amendment in each Bill, or production, that will change it from what it originally meant, why, he is considered to have earned his pay. Take for instance the Prohibition Production. That was introduced in the Congress or Scenario Department as a Comedy.

Well, when it come up in the Senate, one of the Gag or Title Men says, "I got an Idea; instead of this just being a joke, and doing away with the Saloons and Bar Rooms, why I will put in a Title here that will do away with everything." So they sent around to all the Bars in Washington and got a Quorum, and released what was to be a harmless little comedy made over into a Tragedy.

Then they put out a Production called the Non Taxable Bond, or "Let the Little Fellow Pay." Well it had a certain Vogue for awhile with the Rich. But it flopped terribly in the cheaper priced Houses.

Another one they put out a lot of you will remember, was called the Income of Sur Tax. It was released under the Title of, "Inherit your money and your Sur Tax is Lighter."

The main character in this one was a working man on salary, with no Capital investment to fall back on, paying more on his income than the fellow who has his original Capital and draws his money just from interest. That Production has been hissed in some of best houses.

They started to put on a Big one that everybody in America was looking forward to and wanted them to produce called, "The Birth of the Bonus," or, "How Could You Forget so Soon." But on account of Finances they couldn't produce that and the "Non Taxable Bond Production" both, so they let the Bonus one go.

They are working on two dandies this week. One is called "Refund, Refund, I am always refunding You." It's principally for British Trade.

Then they got a Dandy Comedy; well, it's really a serial as they put it on every year. Everybody in the whole Studio is interested in it and get a share of it. It's really their yearly Bonus in addition to their Salary. It's called "I'll Get Mine."

They got some of the funniest Scenes in there where they take 56 million Dollars of the People's money and they promise to make a lot of Streams wide enough to fish in. Now I saw a Pre Release of it and here are some of the Real Titles: In Virgina, their Gag Senator has thought of a River called the MATTOPONI. In North Carolina, their writer, Overman, thought of a name, the CONTENTNEA CREEK.[2] But the funniest Title in the whole Prouction is the CALOOSEHATCHIE, in Florida. It's located right in the Fairway of a Golf Course and Congress must move it or in two years it will be filled up with Golf Balls.

Then they have a scene applying for funds to dredge TOMBIGBEE CREEK, and the BIG SUNFLOWER, in Mississippi. Well, that's money well spent to do that, as they may find some of the missing population.

And there's the CLATSKANIE in Oregon. Now, what I am wondering is how our Navy is to make the Jump from the Harbor of Tombigbee to the Docks in Oregon on the Clatskanie. Of course, that's a different appropriation, or production, and will be arranged later.

Now I am off my Senators from Oklahoma, especially Robert Owen who is a part Cherokee Indian like myself (and as proud of it as I am).[3] Now I got names right there on my farm where I was born that are funny, too, and Owen don't do a thing to get me a Harbor on the VERDIGRIS river at OOLAGAH in what used to be the District of COOWEE-SCOOWEE, (before we spoiled the best Territory in the World to make a State).

Right across the river from me lives Jim TICKEATER. Now suppose a foreign fleet should come up there. We can't ask those Turtles and Water Moccasins to move out without Government sanction. If they haven't got enough water in there to fill the harbor, (we are only 18 miles from NOWATER, Oklahoma) why, we will have to ask all the Neighbors to drain their Corn Liquor from their stills in there for a couple of days. Then we could float the Leviathan.[4]

Of course I don't get anything done for my Harbor because my River really exists.

Now, Folks, why patronize California made Productions? The Capitol Comedy Co, of Washington, D. C. have never had a failure. They are every one, 100 percent funny, or 100 percent sad.

They are making some changes in their cast down there and later I will tell you about that. Also something about the Director.

So long, Folks; I will meet you at the Naval Manoeuvers on CONTENTNEA CREEK next year.

11 SETTLING THE AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD IN HIS OWN WAY

There used to be some sort of an old saying, I think it was by Henry Cabot Lodge, which run, "An awful lot of water has passed over them Boulders since last I saw you."[1] Well, friends, an awful lot of Snow has rolled off your Shovels since I communed with you last week. I see where the Weather Bureau predicts more Snow for the Northwest. Good joke on the Weather Bureau. They can't have any more. They haven't got any place to put it.

I would love to see this storm and Snow end as quick as anybody, but I would love to see it get cold enough so that these Girls with these Goulashes on would hook up the top two Buckles. They sound like a runaway Mule with Chain Harness on.

The Storm hit everybody, I guess, in this country except the people who ride in the New York City Subways. By the time they find their right trains and get home on them it's Spring.

See a lot in the Papers about the Four La Montagne Brothers, Society Bootleggers, who were sent up for four months each.[2] Now, I knew those Boys. I don't mean to be Egotistical or high brow when I say that I knew them, as I was not fortunate enough to know them in a Social way on account of not being able to patronize them. But I was saving up, and if I had had a good season this coming year I was going to buy a Bottle from them. Well, they were Dandy fine Boys, nothing stuck up about them at all, when you consider that they had reached the top in their line, and were purveyors to the richest, and of course prohibition families. They did this in what is already an overcrowded Profession. Still they were just as plain as you or I. They didn't seem to realize their importance or the envy they had aroused among the great majority of our People.

Just show you that Class will tell. Look on the opposite, or prohibition, side. William Anderson, chief of the Anti-Saloon league, lost his head completely the minute he reached the top of the Prohibitionists.[3] He couldn't stand prosperity. His name was in all the Papers every day and he billed himself like a Circus. He gloried in his position, while these real fellows with 10 times the Class and prestige—you never heard of them at all. Why? Because they were Gentlemen and their dealings had always been with Gentlemen. You see, when it comes to the showdown, Class will tell. He couldn't even plead guilty.

Look what the Warden said after they had been there a few days, "These are real fellows and I wish we had more like them in here." Now did you ever hear of a Warden complimenting a Prohibitionist that way and saying, "I wish we had more of them?" No! Nobody ever did.

New Jersey broke a life long precedent last week. She made the front page without a murder. They put on a little religious Tableau similar to the Passion Play over in (I can't spell that name). Anyway, they put this on in a Church on Sunday, and all were hauled up and fined for immorality and Vice. Now they are changing all Psalm singing in Jersey from Sunday till Monday, and then, I suppose, pay a Theatrical license.

They will be arresting some Preacher next Sunday and claim he was doing a Monologue on the Sabbath. I think this play disturbed the peace of the Detectives who are working on the Hall Murder Clues.[4] What's worrying me is how the Police ever found out where the Church was.

We had quite a few Notables in to our Show last Week, which I introduced to the audience. We had Stanislavsky, the head and the principal Actor of the Russian Art Players, in to look us over.[5] Wanted to learn just how not to act by seeing us. I tried to get him to speak in his native tongue and I would interpret it for him (he speaks no English) as I do that very often when I am introducing some Moving picture Producer who don't use our Mother Tongue either.

Well, these Russians are having a wonderful season here in New York: even the weather is with them. I doubt if a Russian in the summer time would be as attractive. Nobody in New York knows what they are talking about so it has developed into a fad or game to make your neighbors, sitting around you, think that you know. Nothing, outside of Grand Opera in a Foreign Tongue, has BORED the rich out of more money than these (so called) simple Russian Peasants.

We are a fine Nation to call some other Nation simple. The best acting I saw there was by the audience. When you take three thousand people that act like they like a thing when they don't know what it's all about, that's real acting, on the Audience's part.

We also had in Morris Gest the Great Theatrical Manager who brought them over.[6] He is the first man to discover that the price is the thing. Keith and the Orpheum Circuit had been trying 20 years to get Vaudeville even up to $1.50.[7] Along comes Morris Gest with a Vaudeville troupe from Russia and charges $5.00 and they have been here for two years.

You know there is a great tendency all over the Country now to be High Brow. Everybody is four-flushing and pretending they are not what they really are, especially here in New York. More people should work for their Dinner instead of dressing for it. Half the stiff bosom Shirts worn nowadays, the Laundry is due on them yet.

There are men belonging to swell Golf Clubs today, who, if their Wives ever wanted a Cook, would faint. Their dues are paid before the grocery bill.

We also had Mildred Harris Chaplin, Charlie's first wife, whom I introduced and, say she is beautiful.[8] An awful lot of divorcing going on now in the Movies—geting ready for next Season's marriages.

I see where my good friend Harold Lloyd got married.[9] Now there is one of the finest Boys you can find in this or any other Business. The income that he makes now is really astounding, yet he is just a plain lovable fellow and I want to join along with the rest of the World in wishing him happiness. And the same goes for Charlie when (I say "when") he gets married. For he is a Genius, and they don't raise many of those things any more.

I have often been asked if Charlie Chaplin is funny off the screen. YES! I have never had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with him, but

enough to have heard him pull some terribly funny stuff along any line you mention, and he is also of a very serious mind and well informed on the deep questions of the World.

Been an awful lot in the papers about some old king in Egypt, Tutankhamen.[10] They are digging him out with all his junk with him. Well, the U. S., not to be outdone by Egypt, opened up one of our Sailor's graves to see if the Russian Crown Jewels were not buried with him. Even if they had been, what right did they have to dig him up? So you see there is nothing as silly as a Government when they do pull a bone. This fellow was just a Sailor who died in Russian Waters, so they think he has the Crown Jewels.

Suppose if King George lost his Crown they would search Harvey.[11]

12 UNRESTRAINED FLESH AND UNRESTRAINED SPEECH

Since I wrote you all last week there has been an awful lot of fashion shows and all their by products held here in New York. All the out of town buyers from all over have been here. So, on behalf of New York City, I had to help welcome them at their various banquets. There was the retail milliners' big fashion show at the Astor Ball Room, where they showed 500 hats and me. Some of the hats were just as funny looking as I was.

Well, I settled the hat and dress business to the satisfaction of everybody but the milliners. So the next night at the Commodore Hotel I mingled with those princes of Brigans, the Leather and Shoe Men, and in a later article I want to tell all you people just how they operate. For we never paid more for our shoes and were nearer barefooted than we are today, so don't think that I am bought off this week by those pasteboard highbinders; it's only that I want to talk to the ladies today.

During this reign of indigestion I was called on to speak at a big banquet at the Waldorf to the Corset Manufacturers. Now that only shows you what a degrading thing this after dinner speaking is. I want to get out of it in a few weeks and back to the movies.

This speaking calls on a fellow to learn something about articles that a self-respecting man has no business knowing about. So that's why I am going to get away. If a man is called on to tell in a pubic banquet room what he knows about corsets, there is no telling what other ladies' wearing apparel he might be called on to discuss. So me back to the morals of Hollywood before it's too late.

I was, at that, mighty glad to appear at a dinner given by an essential industry. Just imagine, if you can, if the flesh of this country were allowed to wander around promiscuously! Why, there ain't no telling where it would

wind up. There has got to be a gathering or a get-together place for everything in this world, so, when our human bodies get beyond our control, why we have to call on come mechanical force to help assemble them and bring back what might be called the semblance of a human frame.

These corset builders, while they might not do a whole lot to help civilization, are a tremendous aid to the eyesight. They have got what you would call a Herculean Task, as they really have to improve on nature. The same problem confronts them that does the people that run the subways in New York City. They both have to get so many pounds of human flesh into a given radius. The subway does it by having strong men to push and shove until they can just close the door with only the last man's foot out. But the corset carpenters arrive at the same thing by a series of strings.

They have what is known as the back lace. This is known as a one man corset.

Now the front lace can be operated without a confederate. Judiciously holding your breath with a conservative intake on the diaphram you arrange yourself inside this. Then you tie the strings to the door knob and slowly back away. When your speedometer says you have arrived at exactly 36, why haul in your lines and tie off.

We have also the side lace that is made in case you are very fleshy and need two accomplises to help you congregate yourself. You stand in the middle and they pull from both sides. This acts something in the nature of a vise. This style has been known to operate so successful that the victim's buttons have popped off their shoes.

Of course, the fear of every fleshy lady is the broken corset string. I sat next to a catastrophe of this nature once. We didn't know it at first, the deluge seemed so gradual, till finally the gentleman on the opposite side of her and myself were gradually pushed off our chairs. To show you what a wonderful thing this corseting is, that lady had come to the dinner before the broken string episode in a small roadster, she was delivered home in a bus. They have also worked out a second line of control, or a place to park extra string on the back. You can change a string now while you wait, and they have demountable strings.

Now, of course, not as many women wear corsets as used to, but what they have lost in women they have made up with men. When corsets were a dollar a pair they used to be as alike as two Fords. A clerk just looked you over, decided on your circumference and wheel base and handed you out one. They came in long boxes and you were in doubt at first if it was a corset or a casket.

Nowadays with the wraparound and the diaphram-control, and all those things, a corset manufacturer uses more rubber than a tire co. Imagine me

being asked to talk at a corset dinner anyway; me, who has been six years with Ziegfeld Follies and not a corset in the show.

Men have gone down in history for shaping the destinies of nations, but I tell you this set of corset architects shape the destinies of women and that is a lot more important than some of the shaping that has been done on a lot of nations that I can name off-hand. Another thing makes me so strong for them, if it wasn't for the corset ads in magazines men would never look at a magazine.

Now, to jump from corsets to the U. S. Senate is quite a leap, for since Ham Lewis left, there has not been a corset seated there, with the doubtful exception of Mr. Lodge.[1] You see we jump directly from a neccessity to a luxury.

The reason I want to touch on the Senate today is that, as I am writing this, they are having what is called a fillibuster. The name is just as silly as the thing itsef. It means that a man can get up and talk for 15 or 20 hours at a time, then be relieved by another, just to keep some bill from coming to a vote, no matter about the merit of this particular bill, whether it's good or bad.

The whole foundation of our government is based on the majority rule, so they have done their duty when they merely vote against it or for it, whichever they like. There is no other body of lawmakers in the world that has a thing like it. Why, if a distinguished foreigner was to be taken around to see our institutions and was taken into the Senate and not told what institutuion it was, and heard a man ramble on, talking that had been going for 10 to 12 hours, he would probably say, "You have lovely quarters here for your insane, but have you no warden to look after their health—to see that they don't talk themselves to death?"

Why, if an inmate did that in an asylum they would put him in solitary confinement. And, mind you, if any demented person spoke that long there would be something in his speech you would remember, for he, at least, had to be smart or he would never have gone crazy. These just mumble away on any subject.

Imagine a ball player standing at bat and not letting the other side play, to keep from having the game called against him; or an actor, the first one in a show, talking all night to keep the rest from going on. You know how long he would last. It's against all the laws of American sportsmanship, never mind the parliamentary part of it.

One Senator threatened to read the Bible into the record as part of his speech, and I guess he would have done it if somebody in the Capitol had had a Bible. Now that would have been a good thing, for it would have given a lot of them a chance to hear what it says. But, of course, that was even too sensible to go through.

Instead, they just did their own act for 10 to 12 hours each, which they thought would be better than anything they could find in the Bible. To imagine how bad this thing is, did you ever attend a dinner and hear a Senator speak for 50 minutes or an hour? If you have, you remember what that did to you! Well, just imagine the same thing only 12 times worse.

13 WE NEED MORE FRED STONES

Now, I am not going to tell you any jokes today, as jokes are not good for you to read every Sunday. You will have to look to the Washington dispatches from Congress for your Humor this week.

A comedian is not supposed to be serious nor to know much. As long as he is silly enough to get laughs, why, people let it go at that. But I claim you have to have a serious streak in you or you can't see the funny side in the other fellow. Last Sunday night a young girl who had made a big hit in the Salvation Army preaching on the street in New York decided to go out and give religious lectures on her own.[1] So on her first appearance I was asked by her to introduce her. She said she would rather have me than a preacher, or a politician, or any one else. Well, I could understand being picked in preference to a politician, as that is one class us comedians have it on for public respect, but to be chosen in preference to a preacher was something new and novel.

The meeting was held in a theatre, as you have to fool some New Yorkers to get them in to hear a sermon. Well, it took no great stretch of imagination to say something good for the Salvation Army, which, by the way, lots of people think was made by the late war. Why, the Salvation Army was just as great 10 years ago as it is today—not so big, but just as great. Ask any down-and-out fellow and he will tell you he knew of the good of the Salvation Army long before he ever heard there was a Kaiser.

Well, it seems like a coincidence that, as I was trying to say something in a serious way for the first time before a New York audience, why away out in Butte, Montana, the best friend I have was going up to a minister with a Bible in his hand and asking him if he didn't think "The Lord would recognize a comedian."

JUST A SHORT JUMP

So that is why you will get this story and no jokes today.

Now, a great many people, knowing my regard and friendship for Fred Stone, asked me if I was surprised.[2] No, I was not. It was the shortest jump, from his life to a religious one, that any man ever made.

But it was a big thing to do, and I am certainly pleased that he did it, for it will have a tremendous influence for good, not only on the people of

our profession but on every one who reads about it. When you consider that the biggest and highest salaried and busiest man we have in our profession can stop and give some of his time to religion, it is a lesson to the rest of us. Now, it has been my good fortune to have been very close friends with Fred for years. I have lived in his home and spend all my spare time there while playing in New York. We rope and ride and play together all the time. He has two wonderful homes on Long Island, one all fixed up like a western ranch with lots of horses and polo field of his own on his place.

Then I am asked why he did this do I suppose. He did it because from childhood he had been raised up by the dearest old mother and father you ever saw. That Christian teaching which she put into his head as a little kid, when he started out doing a tight rope walking act in a little circus, is just coming out. He was brought up to do right and never knew anything else. Just to watch him with his mother and father today you will understand he didn't have to go far to see a preacher.

Then he has the most ideal home life. His every thought is for his family. His wife is of the profession and I have often heard my wife say that Mrs. Stone is the most wonderful and devoted mother she ever saw (and women have a way of knowing these things.)[3]

And three lovely daughters, the oldest, Dorothy, 16, who will be with him in his next show and is as talented as her father and mother.[4] And so are the others. All are being trained for a stage career. So you see he don't think so bad of the stage.

FRIEND OF MOST EVERYBODY

He is the best loved actor on the stage today. He plays to the highest type audience of any musical show. He is the only musical comedy comedian that has matinees packed with children, for none of our other musical comedy comedians has ever been able to please the children and the grown ups too. He is as great a pantomimist on the stage as Chaplin is on the screen.[5]

Now, people must not get the idea that this is a remote case in our business. It is, of course, on account of the prominence of the man that we have heard so much of it, and if he had known that it would be broadcasted in this way it would have been the only thing to make him hesitate. No one can say that Fred Stone was ever a publicity seeker. He is too sincere in all that he does for that. I think if all churches in communities where theatrical people live were convassed you would find there as many of them in attendance as any other line of people. And when you come to charity and trying to help some one who is in need, you will find them, not only holding their own, but far in the lead of any other class.

This could not have come at a more opportune time, as preachers all over are telling us that there is a gradual weaning away from the church. If

this will only make people think just for a little it will have done worlds of good.

I have sometimes wondered if the preachers themselves have not something to do with this. You hear or read a sermon nowadays, and the biggest part of it is taken up by knocking or trying to prove the falseness of some other denomination. They say that the Catholics are damned, that the Jews' religion is all wrong, or that the Christian Scientists are a fake, or that the Protestants are all out of step.

Now, just suppose, for a change they preach to you about the Lord and not about the other fellow's church, for every man's religion is good. There is none of it bad. We are all trying to arrive at the same place according to our own conscience and teachings. It don't matter which road you take.

MILLIONS OF FRED STONES

Suppose you heard a preacher say: "I don't care if you join my church or the other fellow's across the street. I don't claim mine to be better or worse than any other. But get with somebody and try and do better." Hunt out and talk about the good that is in the other fellow's church, not the bad, and you will do away with all this religious hatred you hear so much of nowadays. Then you will not only have one Fred Stone, but millions of them.

Besides, it's not that we need more people just to join churches. It's that we need more Fred Stones, either in or out of a church. For this man's life is an object lesson to every young man or boy starting out on a career in any line of business. Sincerity put him where he is. He never faked. No man his age in America has worked harder and been more conscientious.

Another coincidence that happened during the last week applies directly to this case. I was called on to testify in court if I thought a certain team of popular performers were unique and extraordinary.[6] The whole case was based on those two words. Now, those two words mean a terrible lot. They mean you must do something that no one else can do. So, regardless of the popularity of the performers, and with all due regard for all that others can do, I said they were not.

And I claim that the only one I know of in our entire profession who I could rightly claim was unique and extraordinary is this man that went into a store and asked for a Bible. Went out and studied it according to his best knowledge. (Which, by the way, is not so much as book learning goes. As Fred and I have figured up once. He got as far as the fourth reader, while I only reached the third. So that is why I think we always hit it off together so well, neither was liable to use a word which the other couldn't understand.)

Fred Stone can do more things and do them well than any man in or out of the show business or the movies.

Why can he?

He is 49 years old and has spent 45 years practicing. Now, we have not another man in America that has done that. He started at 4 or 5 years of age and has worked on new stunts every day of his life and still does. He always wanted to have something new for the people every year. We have performers that have specialized on one thing that are great, but not a one that can do the variety of things that he can. And the wonderful part is it is clean, wholesome entertainment that you are glad to have your children see. So the clean does pay after all in any line of business.

He was the originator of the present style of eccentric dancing on the stage. In his dances he dances, not only with his feet, but also his body and face show you what he is trying to convey. The greatest compliment ever heard paid a dancer was said to him by another great dancer.

"Fred Stone can dance in a barrel where you can't see his feet and still be a great dancer to look at than the rest of them out of one."

NOTHING PHASES HIM

A corking good all-around acrobat. He practiced for years just to get a perfect one hand stand and never used it—just wanted to learn it. He is one of the best actor ball players. Boxed for years with Corbett, who has always said that Fred could have been champion at his weight.[7]

Here's a little tip for you, too. He can lick more men single-handed, if they start something with him, than can any hero in the movies where they are trained to fall.

He took up fancy rope throwing after he was 37 years old, and today there are not a half dozen boys in this country that can do more tricks than he can. He learned in 12 years what it's taken me 40 to learn. Hired rinks to stay open after their seasons closed and paid instructors for three years to perfect him in fancy ice skating. He learned bareback riding for a circus act, and every kind of wild west trick riding. Bucking horses he learned to ride after he was 43, just when at that age most riders are quitting. He bull dogged a steer at Cheyenne and had never done it before in his life. Now that takes nerve. I wouldn't jump off a horse on a steer even if he promised to lay down. He is a good polo player; we had a team composed of the late Vernon Castle, who, by the way, was a good horseman and a nervy fellow; Frank Tinney, Fred and myself.[8] Well, in our clown games we took it as a joke but Fred took it serious. He wanted to know the thing from every angle.

Now, to me I didn't care whether I hit the ball or not. I knew it would be laying there when I come back. But not so with Fred.

Well, there was a lot of falls and spills. The audience who watched us play every Sunday got to learn that in a spill if the falling rider hit on his

feet it was Fred Stone. If he hit on his head it was me. We would both be equally safe.

He is one of the best shots in the country, has practiced for years with Annie Oakley, the greatest shot this country ever saw.[9] He hunted big game with his brother-in-law, Rex Beach, in Alaska.[10] Went to Greenland to lassoo, not shoot, polar bears, hunted mountain lions in Arizona, and bears wherever he could hear of one.

Now that he has taken up religion and the Bible, he won't have to ask a preacher to advise him long. Preachers will be coming to him for he don't half do anything. So when he comes back, and Sunday comes, and I go down to rope and ride and play, if he wants to knock off and go to church I don't think I will mind, and if they will let me in, I may go too.

14 BANKING AND AFTERDINNER SPEAKING; TWO NON-ESSENTIAL INDUSTRIES

Well, this has been a kinder quiet week. One night I had to buy my own Dinner. And another night a friend took me out and I didn't have to make a speech for it. In fact, that was the reason he took me. It was with the understanding I was to keep quiet.

But the Newspaper Women of all the Papers formed a Newspaper Woman's Club and they give a big Ball at the Ritz Carleton hotel, and had a big show and I was asked to announce the acts. You know what an announcer at a Benefit Show is. Instead of letting the show run along smooth and nice one act after the other, they have somebody come in and help drag the show out. He is kinder like a Train Caller, only worse. I had some jokes about the first three or four acts; then I run out of jokes and from then on I was better.

I was glad they had it at the Ritz as it gave a lot of us a chance to get into that Hotel that would never have gotten in there any other way. My main job was to introduce Gov. Al Smith of New York.[1] You see, everybody was there.

You know, Women are doing about all the writing on Newspapers and Magazines now. Of course there are lots of men working on them too, but they mostly just put titles under the pictures. You know, if you are going into the Newspaper business nowadays, don't get a pen or a typewriter, get a camera. There are thousands that buy a paper for the pictures that don't know the reading is in there at all.

We had there Women writers that cover everything. It would have been the greatest place in the world for some woman to have shot her Husband. She could have gotten a lot of publicity out of it. There were Women Mur-

der Writers that can tell from the smoke the Caliber Pistol used. Then there were the fashion Editors that could have described her Chemise Frock while she did the shooting. Then the Sob Sister Squad who could have almost made you deel sorry she only had one Husband to shoot. Then we had the Movie Writers who can tell you that Charlie and Pola will be engaged just before each releases a picture, all during the year.[2] Then, in case some man should have felt at home and wanted to knock his wife down, why the Heart Interest Writers would have been on the job. So you see us People in public life want to stand in with those Girls as we never know what might happen.

Now, I had read up on this governor's history, for he is of interest to all the whole country, for if the Democrats decide to enter anybody in the next Presidential election, why, he looks to be the Cat's Corsets. Personally, I don't think the Democrats will enter anybody. If they are wise they will let it go by default. There is only one way to get even with Harding now, and that is to leave him in there another term.

Besides, the Democrats come nearer getting what they want when they have a Republican president than they do with one of their own. They wanted this League of Nations thing and couldn't get it with their own gang. Now it looks like the Republicans are going to give it to them under an assumed name. Of course, it may just be for spite.

Then the Democrats wanted the Farm loans. Well, they got that. They didn't want the Ship Subsidy, so they didn't get that. So, personally, I think it has been one of the best Democratic Administrations that the Republicans ever put on.

I can't see any advantage of having one of your own Party in as President. Take Senator Hiram Johnston of California.[3] He is a Republican. (I don't know what branch of Republicanism he is in, but it's got something to do with the Party.) Take him, or Borah, (another Republican Subsidiary) or Lafollette, (the Trotsky of Wisconsin).[4] Now, do you think it's any help to those men to have a Republican President? Why, that Airdale, Laddie Boy, will no more let one of them stick his nose inside that White House grounds than Joe Tumulty would have thought of allowing Jim Reed to pass up the same Street that Woodrow Wilson lives on.[5] So what's the use of having your own President? I would rather be able to criticize a man than to have to apologize for him.

Now this Farm Loan Bill is going to be one of the best things to bankrupt the Farmers I know of, outside of running a Thrashing Machine. That used to be the surest indication of becoming poverty stricken.

Well, as I say, that, and borrowing money on what's called "easy terms," is a one-way ticket to the Poor House. Show me ten men that mortgage this land to get money and I will have to get a search warrant to find

one that gets the land back again. If you think it ain't a Sucker Game, why is your Banker the richest man in your Town? Why is your Bank the biggest and finest building in your Town? Instead of passing Bills to make borrowing easy, if Congress had passed a Bill that no Person could borrow a cent of Money from any other person, they would have gone down in History as committing the greatest bit of Legislation in the World.

I was raised on a Cattle Ranch and I never saw or heard of a Ranchman going broke. Only the ones who had borrowed money. You can't break a man that don't borrow; he may not have anything, but Boy! he can look the World in the face and say, "I don't owe you Birds a nickel."

You will say, what will all the Bankers do? I don't care what they do. Let 'em go to work, if there is any job any of them could earn a living at. Banking and After Dinner Speaking are two of the most Non-essential industries we have in this country. I am ready to reform if they are.

Now, of course, I am not going to put these bankers out of business right away. This article will kinder act as a warning or a 6 months disposession clause, in other words. Of course, the Ali Baba of this gang is J. P.[6] Now, I give John credit. It's no small job, when you have to handle the finances of the world in addition to your own country, to suddenly have me deprive him of his livelihood.

Then there is Otto Kahn.[7] I talked to him at a dinner the other night and he is one of the most pleasant men I ever met. And Charlie Schwab, who without a doubt has the greatest personality of any man in America.[8] Of course Charlie don't hardly come under the heading of Banker. He only owns just the ones in Pennsylvania. He was so darn nice and congenial. I didn't have any money with me at the time, but I really felt like borrowing some and handing it to him. And he may have been disappointed that I didn't.

Then the other night, Barney Baruch was in the Theatre with all the War Industries Board.[9] They are just sitting around waiting till another war shows up. You remember Barney. He was the Tutankhamen treasure of the Wilson Adminstration.[10] Well, he is another great fellow. So you see it's not from a personal view that I am abolishing Banks. It's just that I don't think these Boys realize really what a menace they are. As far as being good fellows, personally, I have heard old timers talk down home in the Indian Territory and they say the James and Dalton Boys were the most congenial men of their day, too.[11]

Oh yes, away back yonder I started to say something about Gov. Al Smith. I hope you haven't forgotten about him by now. You know you can forget a Politician so quick. Well Al Smith is just about the most popular man we have back here. He is the FLASK amoung Public Men.

In delving into his History I unearthed the following facts, and related them right out loud to an assembled multitude, two of which were sober enough to listen. Al started in as a barefooted Newspaper boy on the East side. (Every prominent man raised in N. Y. always started as a Newsboy.) I know now why so many Country boys never amount to anything; they never have a chance to be a Newsboy.

You see, in those days, there were two professions open to the youth of New York City. One was Newsboy and the other, Bootblack. Al chose the newsboy as there was no work attached to it. Newsboys all turned out to be politicians and the bootblacks all turned out to be bankers. Al left the Newsboy job as they didn't print pictures in the paper in those days, and there was almost the same percentage of people unable to read printing as there is today.

He next worked for a Fish Market as he discovered that there were 5 fish consumed in New York to every Newspaper. Then some Animal trainer come along and taught N. Y. that they could eat meat. I think it was Armour that sent him here.[12] This cannibalism drove Al right into a Clerk's job in the Juror's Court. This Fish thing was a side line as he only sold on Fridays.

Then to the State Legislature for 13 straight terms; that's almost a record. Here on account of his hollering out his Papers on the street, he was made Speaker of the House. There is only one man that ever stayed in Albany 14 terms. He is now on Ward's Island with the Violent ones. So Al, you see, was a pretty smart duck. He beat it by one term.

Then he was Sheriff of New York, but the crooks got so bad he couldn't go out at night alone and he couldn't find a Policeman to go with him. So he happened to think there was nobody Governor and he says, "Well, I will be Gov." So he was Governor for one term.

Then come the election when the People were sore at Wilson because he was right, so they took it out on Smith.

For the first time in his life he had to come home and go to work. So he appointed himself President of a trucking Company. He operated this trucking company so thorough that at the end of two years he hauled Gov. Miller and all his belongings out and moved his own back in again.[13]

Now he is spoken of as getting his Truck ready to move overland to Washington. He is not so strong for it himself because of the Ghost of one Jimmy Cox who was making the same identical jump when he busted a tire and went in the ditch.[14] There is really only one thing will keep Al out. That is, he is too competent.

Well, Congress finally adjourned. THEY HAD TO! THEY RUN OUT OF LIQUOR.

15 FRIENDS, POLITICIANS, BOOTLEGGERS

They pinched Washington's favorite bootlegger last week, and he published all their names.[1] That was the most publicity some of them had received all year. This list of names will be used as next season's social register.

I will say one thing for this captain of our first industry. He had no political affiliations. He had an equal number of Democrats and Republicans on his list. The only one thing that predominated on his list was the drys.

Well, all our Senators and Congressmen are away from Washington now. This is the season of the year when they do the least damage to their country. They are scattering all over the nation. Some are going to Europe, some even to Turkey. A Senator or a Congressman will go anywhere in the world to keep from going back home and facing his people after that last Congress.

Some are going to England. You see Ambassador Harvey is kinder behind in his speech making so they are going over to help him advise the rest of the world.[2] Borah is going to Russia to speak.[3] Is there no rest for that troubled country?

Denby, Secretary of the Navy, went down through the Canal again.[4] When it's an off day and nothing else to do, why, Denby goes through the Canal. That's the only place our Secretary of the Navy can travel without getting seasick—back and forth through the Canal. I suppose the Secretary of War spends his spare time in a shooting gallery. Congressman Upshaw of Georgia, who gained fame in the closing hours of Congress by not drinking in public, is going out on a Prohibition lecture tour.[5] That's one of the curses of drink, that a man full of liquor will listen to anything. So he is sure of a full house wherever he goes.

You know statistics have proven that listening to prohibition lecturers has driven more people to drink than any other cause. Volstead wanted to go out and talk, but his amendment created such little interest, that the lecture managers decided that he wouldn't be known by the Chautauqua crowd.[6]

Dear old Uncle Joe Cannon just hopped out to Danville, got all the Main Street slickers into a poker game, and wound up with a mortgage on their Fords.[7] So you see, after all a man does learn something in Washington.

One of our most able Senators was back in my dressing room last night for quite a chat. That was Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi.[8] He has such a good sense of humor that you would hardly take him for a statesman. His other accomplice, John Sharpe Williams, resigned.[9] He was one of the most picturesque and learned men that body ever housed. I liked what he said

when he left and they wanted to give him a big blowout. He said, "No, I just want to put on my hat and go home, get up in the morning and tend to my mint bed, and maybe mix a few juleps now and then."

I told Senator Harrison how wonderful that was and tried to shame him into resigning. But a politician is just like a pickpocket; it's almost impossible to get one to reform. I showed Pat that if he stayed East and drank these Lysol cocktails that he was liable to get weaned away from Mississippi, and when he got back a Julep wouldn't taste good to him, it would be so tame.

Mr. Harding went South for a vacation. But I see where five senators went with him. So that does away with any chance of a rest. If he invited them he certainly was a glutton for punishment. But the chances are they just went anyway.

They are all playing golf. After all, about all that there is to prominent men nowadays is their golf. It has always been a mystery to me how our old time men ever got even as good as they were without golf.

Just imagine if Lincoln had had golf to add to his other accomplishments. There is a boy you would have been proud of.

Well, I see where my old friend Henry Ford give stockholders four million that he was not obligated to do.[10] First thing you know that Bird will prove a theory that you can pay the highest wages, gives everybody a square deal and still wind up by being the richest man in the world.

Young John D. pulled off a big deal, too, last week.[11] He sent a million dollars worth of tapestries back over to Europe and bought them there. So. you see, we have bootleggers in tapesties the same as in booze. One of these was called the "Chase of the Unicorn" It's been renamed; it's now called, "Dodging the Income Tax." I only cite these two incidents to show you how our two richest men operate yet both arrive at their colossal fortunes.

Just an hour ago I got home from a luncheon, (where I come from we would call it dinner, and, by the way we would have had more to eat, too). This was a meeting of the Child Adoption League, a very fine and worthy charity which is doing real good. Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, is the main one and she asked me to come and annoy with a speech.[12] You know you all have read a lot about Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, one of the famous Langhorne sister of Virginia, who is a sister to Mrs. Astor, the first woman member of the British Parliament.

When she wrote and asked me to come and I answered that I certainly would as I wanted to see this famous beauty who was the original and the inspiration of the famous Gibson girl. She wrote back a very cute letter, "I am a grandmother now and not beautiful—but I am nice." Well, say, I want to tell you ladies, she was not overrated one bit. You know they are the ones who entertained Clemenceau when he was here.[13] I wanted to meet her and

find out if all that onion soup for breakfast junk I had read about was on the level. Because we, over here, had always considered the onion more as an odor than as a breakfast food. Well, she says the soup was really correct, and that he was such a nice old man that he could almost persuade you to eat it with him. Now he might appeal to her but there ain't no man living so nice that he is going to get me our of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning and get me to inhale a tourean of onion odor.

Mrs. Fiske and Laurette Taylor were there and spoke.[14] Mrs. Fiske had adopted a baby. Now that made a hit with me, and when I see her act now she will be twice as good an actress to me as she was before. Mr. Morgenthau spoke.[15] He used to be Ambassador to Turkey when the Democrats were speaking to the Turks. Turkey is so busy now with wars they haven't time to entertain any Ambassador.

I went to this child adoption thing thinking maybe if they run short of children I could palm off a couple of my little roughnecks on some prospective adopter. But a child has to have references so that let mine out.

Then I thought I will adopt one. But I found they look up your Mayflower history, physical, moral, and spiritual, and financial record before they let out a child; so, as my home would not stand too severe a test, I was stuck again. So, the luncheon was a total loss to me, as I could not get rid of or get any more children.

But I did like Mrs. Gibson. She is just like some ranchman's wife out west. She is so plain and nice that some newly rich woman would consider her ordinary.

Oh, yes, there was a woman convicted here in New York last week for killing a man. These women will learn after a while that you can't go out and kill a man you are not married to and get away with it.

If you see some man you want to shoot, why, marry him first.

The law only protects a man as far as the altar.

Then it is every devil for himself.

16 SPRING IS HERE WITH ITS BATH TUBS

Well, there has been quite a bit happened since I last communed with you. Spring is coming; I can tell by the poetry and real estate ads. A poet exists all year just to get his poem published in the Spring. Then when he sees it in print he starts getting next Spring's verse all ready. These early Spring real estate ads read: "This house is located on the shady banks of a beautiful stream." Say, if there is a beautiful stream anywhere now the railroad runs along it and all you have to do is to get run over by a freight train to reach this beautiful stream.

A favorite ad is, "Beautiful home in heart of the most exclusive residential district, 5 master bedrooms and 9 baths; owner going to Europe." Now, let's just take that ad out and dissect it and see what it is.

Now, in a real estate man's eye, the most exclusive part of the city is wherever he has a house to sell. The dog pound may be on one side and the city incinerator on the other, but it's still exclusive. And it is, too, for it will be the only house in the world so situated.

Five master bedrooms! Now, they get that master junk from English ads where the man may be the master. Still, I don't know why they call all the rooms his. Over there they call them master bedrooms, but the wife will pick out the poorest one for him, and keep the other 4 good ones for company.

Now, to the ordinary man on reading that ad of 9 baths, that would be an insult to his cleanliness. A man would have to be awful busy to support that many baths, unless, of course, he neglected some of them. The ad might better have read, "Buy our home and live in a bath tub." The biggest part of city homes nowadays have more baths than beds. So, while they can't always ask their company to stay all night as they have no place to put them, they can at least ask them to bathe. So, when you are invited out now, you can always be assured of your private bath, but you must leave before bedtime.

When you visit a friend's newly finished home you will be shown through all the bath rooms, but when you leave you couldn't to save your soul, tell where the dining room was. They seem to kinder want to camouflage or hide that nowadays. There is such little eating being done in the homes now that a dining room is almost a lost art. Breakfast is being served in bed, dinner at the Cabaret with dancing attached, and lunch—no up-to-date man would think of going anywhere but to his clubs for lunch. Besides, didn't he hear a funny one and must get to the club to bore his alleged friends with it? He will talk everybody's left ear off all day and come home and bite his wife's off if she asks him to tell her the news.

And then they have such an enlightening custom nowadays. Everybody who can think of a name has a club. And is not Congressman Blindbridle, who has just returned from a free government trip to Bermuda, going to deliver a message at today's luncheon on "Americanism, or What We Owe To the Flag!"

Now, as the dining room space has been eliminated to make room for an additional bath, most of the eating, if one happens to be entertaining at home, is done off the lap. This custom of slow starvation has shown vast improvement of late. Instead of the napkins being of paper, why, they have been supplanted by almost-linen ones with beautiful hemstitching. That's

to try and get your mind off the lack of nourishment. As I say, the napkin is hand sewn but the lettuce sandwiches still come from the Delicatessen.

Why, in the good old days, they couldn't have fed you on your lap 'cause you couldn't have held all they would give you. Now you have to feel for it to find it.

But the husband does come home some time during the day or night, for is not the overhead on his outlay of baths going on all the time, and shouldn't he be getting home to get some good out of some of them?

It's not the high cost of living that is driving us to the Poor House—it's the high cost of bathing. The big question today is not what you are going to pay for your plot of ground, but what kind of fixtures are you going to put in your legion of bath rooms. Manufacturers of porcelain and tile have supplanted the pocket flask as our principal commodity.

The interest on unpaid-for bath rooms would pay our national debt.

Now, mind you, I am not against this modern accomplishment, or extravagance, of ours. I realize that these manufacturers of fixtures have advanced their art to the point where they are practically modern Michael Angelos. Where, in the old days, an elephant hook was almost necessary for a wife to drag her husband toward anything that looked like water, today those interior bath decorators can almost make one of those things inviting enough to get in without flinching.

But, in doing so, they have destroyed an American institution and ruined the only calendar that a child ever had. That was the Saturday night bath. Nowadays a child just grows up in ignorance. From the cradle to the alter he don't know what day of the week it is. In those old days he knew that the next mornng after the weekly ear washing he was going to Sunday School. Now he has not only eliminated the bath on Saturday but has practically eliminated the Sunday School, for neither he nor his parents know when Sunday comes.

THAT WAS AN EVENT

But, in those days, that old kitchen stove was kept hot after supper. And not only the tea kettle was filled but other pots and pans, and the family wash tub was dragged up by the fire, and you went out to the well and helped your Pa draw some water to mix with that hot. While you was doing that, your Ma, if you stayed lucky and had a Maw up to then was a getting out all the clean clothes and a fixing the buttons, and a laying out the schedule of who was to be first. And she was the only one who could tell just how much hot water to put in to make it right. And if anybody had to feel of the hot water, and get burned it was always her, not you, and she found dirt behind, and in your ears that the highfaluting fixtures in the world can't find today.

Now that was an event. It meant something. It brought you closer together. But now bathing is so common there's no kick to it. It's just blah!

Why, now they don't even lay out clean clothes for it. Half the people that bathe every day put on the same clothes again. That would have been considered almost heathenish years ago. So that only proves that we were cleaner in those days than we are with all our multitude of tubs today. But we have sure got pretty bath rooms.

The Romans started this bath gag; now look what become of them. They, used to have the most beautiful baths, kind of a municipal bath, where they all met and strolled around and draped themselves on marble slabs. It was a kinder society event. It compared to our modern receptions. I have seen some beautiful paintings of them, but I have yet to see a scene where a Roman was in the water. But they did look, oh, just too cunning, sunning themselves out on the concrete banks of those pools. It must have been like visiting our modern beaches were no one can swim but the life guards, and they don't know that he can as he has never been called on to go in. But, like those Romans, our girls can arrange themselves in the most bewitching shapes out on the sand, which, after all, must be much more comfortable than the asphalt that those little Caesars had to spread themselves over.

I tell you if baths keep on multiplying in the modern home as they have lately, it won't be five years till a bathtub will be as necessary in a home as a cocktail shaker.

If two members of the same household have to use the same bath, it is referred to now as a community tub.

Statistics have proven that there are twenty-five bathtubs sold to every Bible.

And fifty to every dictionary, and 389 to every encyclopedia.

Proving that, while we may be neglecting the interior, we are looking after the exterior.

If the Father of our Country, George Washington, was Tutank-hamened tomorrow and, after being aroused from his tomb, was told that the American people today spend $2,000,000,000 yearly on bathing material, he would say, "What got 'em so dirty?"[1]

17 HOW TO STOP THE BOOTLEGGIN'

Well, I haven't had much time lately to dope out many new jokes. I have been helping the girls in the Follies make out their income tax. A vital question comes under the heading of salary. You know that's a mighty big item with us, when I say us, I don't mean me, as no one has given me anything yet, but I stick around in case a few crumbs drop.

I have been looking for a bribe from some of our prominent men to keep their name out of my act, but the only ones who even speak to me are the ones I mention. So I guess about the only way you can get a man sore nowadays is to ignore him.

One girl wanted to charge off taxi cab fares to and from the theater. I told her she couldn't do that. She said, "Well, how am I to get there?" I said, "Well, as far as the government is concerned you can come on the subway." She said, "Oh! What is the subway?"

Another girl who has been with the various Follies for 10 years wanted to know what she could charge off for depreciation. And she was absolutely right because if, after being with them for that long, and you haven't married at least one millionaire, you certainly have a legitimate claim for depreciation.

I reminded one of the girls that she had neglected to include two of her alimony allowances. She said, "Do I have to put them in?" I said, "Why certainly you do." The girl said, "Well, how did the government keep track of them? I couldn't."

One girl charged off a non-providing husband under the heading of bad debts. We charged off all cigarets smoked in public under the heading, advertising.

One sweetheart who paid for a girl's dinner every night, went thoroughly broke in Wall Street by trying to corner canned tomatoes in the late Piggledy-Wiggedy uprising.[1] We figured up what the dinners would be for the rest of the year and charged him off as a total loss.

And right here I want to say what an honest bunch these girls are. They don't want to beat the government out of a thing. One girl who had been away for a few weeks last winter to Palm Beach, left a husband in the good hands of her girl chum. When she returned the girl chum gave her a $2,000 bracelet. Now she wanted to include this item in her tax and we couldn't figure out where to put it. Finally we decided it was rents, so we put in "For Rent, of one husband, $2,000."

Of course while the girls had these tremendous salaries I was able to help on account of my technical knowledge of them, (as I dress with their chauffeurs) and on account of my equal knowledge of making out an income tax, with any man in the world. As none of us knew a thing about it.

Look what I saved them on bathing suits! I had them all claim they bought various suits. And I defy even a Congressional investigating committee, (you certainly can't pick any more useless body of men than they are) I defy them to say that a bathing suit on a beautiful girl don't come under the heading of legitimate advertising.

Now, as I say, these girls all wanted to do what was right, as they could afford to but this income tax has not acted that way with the men. (The income tax has made more liars out of the American people than golf has.)

Even when you make one out on the level, you don't know when it's through if you are a crook or a martyr.

Of course, people are getting smarter nowadays; they are letting lawyers, instead of their conscience be their guides.

There is some talk of lowering it, and they will have to. People are not making enough to pay it.

And, by the way, the only way they will ever stop bootlegging, too, is to make them pay an income tax. (At present it is a tax exempt industry.) Income tax has stopped every other industry, so there is no reason why it won't stop bootlegging.

Of course, some of our more thrifty girls have followed the example of their male tax dodging friends and incorporated (as the rate is lower on corporations). Wall Street attended to that little matter when they were drawing the tax bill up in Washington.

These girls had to do it, the same as men, to protect their salaries. Of course, the big gamble in buying into these individual corporations is the lucky chance that she might make one or more wealthy marriages during the year. When of course, her being incorporated, all she gets come under the heading of income, and you, as a stockholder, get your pro rata share. If she lands a big one you have struck oil. Then, on the other hand, she may marry for love. In that case you have brought in a duster.

For example, down on the Exchange you will find the Anastasia Reed, incorporated along with General Motors and Blue Jay Corn Plasters.[2] At the end of the year, stockholders, after adding up the salary along with the accumulated alimony, can either declare a dividend, or vote a dinner and put the undivided profits into the growing concern.

Now, I can't tell you the name but I was lucky enough to land five shares just before a blonde corporation married a multi-millionaire who was over 70 years of age. Us stockholders have figured out at our last meting that if he dies when we think he will (and we have no reason to believe otherwise, unless the poison acts as a monkey gland) why, just those five shares make me independent for life.

I don't want to use this space as an ad, but I have been able for a small monetary fee, to tip off my friends just what stock to buy. You see I am in a position to judge as I watch who is in the front row every night and I can just tell when Meddlesom's Spring Song will start percolating for some particular corporation. Now, at the present time, there is every night in the front row a millionaire Oklahoma oil magnate and a bootlegger, both angling for the same corporation. If this bootlegging person lands her, why her

stockholders are made for life, but if the oil magnate comes through, (for sometimes these female corporations are swayed by sentiment) why the stock won't be worth within a thousand percent of what it will be if the bootheel party lands.

Now, take me personally; this income tax thing don't bother me at all. You are allowed $200 for each child, and my children and my income are just coming out even now.

Well, we have had quite a few prominent visitors in to look us over lately. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, with a party of friends, were in last night, and were good enough to come back in the dressing rooms and give me all the latest on Washington.[3]

She is sure a chip off the old block. Talk about pep! And sense of humor! I told her I had heard her husband, Nick, might be the next Speaker of the House.[4] She said she didn't know. I told her I would hate to see that as now he had an awful lot of friends. Being Speaker of the House is just like jumping, in a small town, from town marshal to Justice of the Peace. That is as far as you can go politically. So I hate to see Nick get in bad and spoil a promising career. I can understand him wanting to be Speaker of a House as I have visited them at home, and it will at least be a novelty for him.

I asked her who it looked like the Democrats would run. She said she heard more of Ford than any one. Well, that will at least save everybody the trouble of asking who is he, and what has he done?

Among the prominent movie visitors last night was Sussie Hayakawa the Japanese screen star and his cunning little Japanese wife.[5] After introducing them to the audience, I said that they were a movie couple who were still married to each other, which might not mean so much in their country, as perhaps it was a native custom to stay married in Japan. But that in this country it was a novelty.

We had quite a sensational murder here of Dorothy Keenan, and on account of the prominence of a mysterious Mr. Marshall they wouldn't tell his real name.[6] They had us all worked up, and when they did tell it nobody knew any more than they did before. He was better known by "Marshall" than by his own name.

After all the fuss the papers had made over the prominence of this friend of the girls, I thought it would at least be Bryan or Lodge, or maybe Uncle Joe—at least somebody we had heard of.[7] How was the man going to be well known.

Well, see by the papers where the Prince of Wales over in England fell off his horse again today.[8] That's got so it is not news any more. If he stayed on it would be news. England is all worked up over what to do as they are

afraid he will be hurt. I should suggest they have men follow along on foot with a net and catch him each time as he falls.

18 THE LOW DOWN ON BOHUNK RUGS

I have just come in from the train where I was seeing my wife off for what I think is her eighth trip back west since last June. The children are in school in California. You see, when I promised Mr. Ziegfeld to come in the Follies and assist him in glorifying the American girl, from what I thought I knew of American girls I didn't think it would take over three months to get her properly glorified.[1]

My wife used to bring one of the children back with her, each trip, but we soon run out of children, so she has had to make it alone but this time, going back, she conscripted one of Fred Stone's daughters to take out and join her father who is playing out there.[2]

She has traveled so much lately that every time she hears a locomotive whistle, she grabs her hat, stuffs a kimona in her bag and starts running. When we go out to dinner here, she unconsciously asks "How many cars ahead is the diner." She can look out of the train window any place and tell you what Station you are at.

Now, all this is what I call true devotion, and I want to take this means of publicly expressing my appreciation, and also to register a hit that if R.R. fares keep getting higher, this devotion is either going to bring on bankruptcy, or divorce.

I am negotiating now for a 10 trip ticket. Then, when she is through with that, like Ambassador Gerard after his sojourn in Germany, she can write a book, "My Four Years on the Santa Fe Railroad," or "The Only Commuter from California to New York."[3]

Among our notables who were in the show last night was that wonderful musician and march king, John Phillips Sousa.[4] The audience gave him a great welcome, and well they should, too, because the movies could not show a parade on the screen without his music. I didn't hardly recognize him as he had shaved off his identification. I told him he should either wear his whiskers or his medals. I think he will go down in history as being the greatest composer; he has the only music that even an amateur band can play and it still sounds like music.

Among the events of the week where I, like a pet dog, had to bark for my dinner, was one last night at the Astor given by the entire detective force of New York. Of course I had to go, as the business I am in now of telling the real truth on certain men, detectives may come in handy to me. All the city officials were there including Mayor Hylan, (who, by the way, I layed

off of, as I have found out that when nespapers knock a man a lot, there is sure to be a lot of good in him).[5] Then there was Governor Edwards of N. J. and Dr. Royal Copeland, both of whom are sentenced to the U. S. Senate, if it ever meets again.[6] (And, not that I wish these two particular men any hard luck, but there is at least 90 million wouldn't care if it never met.) Well, they were there trying to stand in with the detectives too.

A good conscientious Senator, when he goes to Washington, needs a detective to help him find out what they are doing. And even they couldn't find out. The dinner was quite a success. It would have been bigger, but most of the detectives couldn't find the Astor Hotel.

A few months ago there was a N. Y. detective who had been going with a girl for two years and one night he found out she was married, and had been, all the time. He killed her and himself. He was one of their best detectives. It's too bad he wasn't one of the ordinary ones or he never would have found it out.

Another one of my free feeds during the week was a big banquet at the Commodore Hotel, eleven hundred rug manufacturers and dealers. There was a fine den to go in amongst, but I was glad, as in building a home, I had encountered two troops of brigands. I thought, when I had paid the plumbers the height of highwaymanship had been reached. But, boy, when my wife commenced to try to get those floors covered to try and hide the dirt, I wanted to rush back and kiss the plumbers and apologize. So it was just my good fortune that I should be asked to speak to all of them. They couldn't find any one else that would say even as much good about them as I did.

Now it's all right to go out and skin a man—that's fair play, but when you take a poor woman who is already in from perhaps having to chloroform her husband to even set enough to buy some floor polish, much less rugs, and those rug ruffians get hold of her and take an old wool fiber rug and make her believe it is a real antique, a Kabystand, or a Tabreeze, or a Surrook, or any of those bohunk names, that's going too far. Even Jesse James never robbed a woman.[7]

I read, before I went over there, in one of their scandal sheets, or rug trade papers, a chart showing that over 50 per cent of all rugs and tapestries were bought by women and girls between the ages of 18 to 30. Now any man knows that that is the boob age. A woman will do either one of two things between 18 and 30. She will either get married, or buy a rug; and, if she is extra feeble minded, she may do both.

Over in Armenia the rugs are made by the wives and lady friends of the men. Over there they sometimes take as long as 5 years to make one rug. Over here we sometimes take as long as 10 years to pay for one. Of course, all the foreign rugs, the older they are the more they are worth, but over

here, we have no old rugs. The minute the newness wears off it's gone; it never gets a chance to get old in this country. It don't last long enough.

The only way you can get an old American rug is to put the fuzz sweeping back together again out of some old garbage can.

Over there they make the patterns like the Indians used to name their babies, after things that they see, and also the name of the rug is the town that it comes from. There is one very crooked river over there and you can trace in lots of them this winding river. Now can you imagine, if that custom was in vogue over here, and the weaver put in what he saw or thought of every day. You would see a man making his way into a mansion with a load of cases; that design would be the family bootlegger, wending his way into the home of the dry politician. Then murder scenes would be the predominant designs.

Then imagine naming them after towns and having to take a guest into your living room and point out, "Here is a Khamokin, Penn.; it's very old, my grandfather bought it on a pilgrimage to Pittsburgh six months ago. You can see it's aged—look at the holes in it."

Here is an exact ad that appeared in one of their papers; "Over half the customers who bought six months ago have reordered."

The life of their rugs depends on the amount of sweepings. You will see a rug advertised to last a year—if you don't sweep it.

Each sweeping removes just so much of your rug into the ash can.

And these new vacuum cleaners, those strong ones that operate from a truck out in the street, they have removed at one sitting a cheap rug right out into the truck. They not only clean your rugs, but they clean your floor of rugs.

In investigating their business I found that there had never been a rug manufacturer that failed. If things look bad, all he had to do was make another rug and sell it and open up a branch factory with profits. It's the only business in the world that nobody knows anything about. You don't have to, because your customers don't know either, their big sales are done by auction, like some second hand dealer. This was their fall meeting; their spring auction is in October. I told them and showed them their whole business was cross eyed. Can you imagine any other merchant selling overcoats in April and straw hats in October.

And the funny thing about it was they were a fine lot of fellows, and there wasn't a one of them but what could have gone out and made a living in a legitimate business.

I want to also tell you ladies some time about going over to Philadelphia this week to talk to the wholesale silk stocking manufacturers at a big luncheon. I had a fellow with me that had a patent to prevent runs, or broken threads in stockings. Well, do you know they bought him off, so you

will go on having runs in your stockings and keep on buying them. Now, I did the best I could for you. I tried to get him to sell, but these sox scoundrels got him. So don't trust them any more than you would a rug highwayman.

19 WILL ASKS WARREN FOR A JOB

Mr. Warren Gamaliel Harding
President of these United States and
Viceroy of the District of Columbia.
Chevy Chase Golf Club, Washington, D. C.
My Dear Mr. President,

I see where Mr. Harvey (I mean Col. or, rather, Ambassador) Harvey is coming back here again.[1] Now I don't know if it's a slumming trip or just what it is, as he was here a few days ago. Maybe he forgot something in one of his speeches and is coming back for an encore. But in a later paper I see where he is talking of resigning and not going back. Now, if that is the case, I hereby make this an open letter to you, Mr. President, as an application to take said Mr. Harvey (I mean Editor) Harvey's place.

I can tell by observation that it does not come under the Civil Service or competitive examination. Neither, on the other hand, is it a purely Political appointment, as Mr. Harvey adapted his Politics to fit the occasion. Now that would not be even necessary in my case as I have no politics. I am for the Party that is out of Power, no matter which one it is. But I will give you my word that, in case of my appointment, I will not be a Republican; I will do my best to pull with you, and not embarrass you. In fact, my views on European affairs are so in accord with you, Mr. President, that I might almost be suspected of being a Democrat.

Now I want to enumerate a few of my qualifications for the position of Ambassador to the Court of James. (I don't know whether it's St. or Jesse). But, anyway, it's some of the James family.

My principal qualification would be my experience in Speechmaking. That, as statistics have proven, is 90 percent of the duties of a Diplomat. Now I can't make as many speeches as my predecessor, unless, of course, I trained for it. But I would figure on making up in quality any shortcomings I might have in endurance. For you know, Mr. President, there is no Race of People in the world who appreciate quality as the English do.

Now, the way I figure it out, what one has to do is to make his speeches so that they will sound one way to the Engish, and the direct opposite to the Hearst readers back over here.[2] Now George, (I don't mean King; I mean Col.) was rather unfortunate in that respect; he made them so they would sound two ways, but both Nations took the wrong way.

Now, for instance, if I wanted Mr. Balfour to take something back, I would just kid him into it; make him believe I didn't care whether he took it back or not.[3] You know how it is, just like the Democrat Senators do with Lodge.[4]

Another qualification that must not by any means be underestimated is my Moving Picture experience. You see, for an official position nowadays, we must pay more attention to how our public men screen if we are to have to look at them every day in the news films. We must not only get men with screen personality, but we must get men who know Camera angles and know when they are getting the worst of it in a picture and not be caught in the background during the taking of some big event.

Europeans are far ahead of us in this line of Diplomacy, and, if you don't watch them, you are liable to be found photographed with the Mob instead of the Principals. The thing is to do some little thing during the taking of the picture that will draw the audience's attention to you. For instance, during some Court ceremony, I could just playfully kick the King. Now you don't know how a little thing like that would get over with the public. Or, at one of the big weddings in the Abbey, I could just sorter nonchalantly step on the bride's train, as they passed by, perhaps ripping it off, or any little Diplomatic move like that. You don't realize how just little bits like that would make our Ambassador stand out over all the other Countries.

We have had an example of screen training right here at home. Take Josephus Daniels when he was working.[5] We spent 4 years sitting in Picture Houses watching him launch ships, and at every launching he could place himself at such an angle that you not only could not see the Democratic Governor's Daughter who was to break the Ginger Ale, but you couldn't even see the ship.

Now that was not accident, that was Art.

And did you ever notice in the weekly news picture how some Senators can take a chew of Tobacco right in the scene and you catch yourself watching them and no one else? Now those are just a few of the little things that we have to look after if we want to hold our own as the greatest credit nation north of Mexico.

Now, another thing, I ride horseback, so the Prince of Wales and I could ride together and, on account of my experience with the Rope, I could catch his horse for him.[6]

Then I play a little Polo, just enough to get hit in the mouth, but the English would enjoy that. When they heard the American Ambassador had got hit in the mouth and would have to cancel his speech at the Pilgrims Club, why, that would of course be good news to everybody. You see you have to give as well as receive in Diplomatic Circles.

Now, to offset the above mentioned qualifications, I may lack a few Social ones, but what I lacked in knowledge I could make up in tact. I would not at any dinner pick up a single weapon until I saw what the hostess was going to operate with first. When in doubt, tell a funny story till you see what the other fellow is going to do.

Then, of course, any glaring error on my part would be laid onto the customs of my Country, and not on me personally.

Then I have an economy measure to recommend me. The Government is putting into commission the Leviathan, our biggest ship, and I could, by entertaining on the Boat going over, save passage fee.[7]

I could arrange a Monologue on, "The Benefits and Accomplishments or Prohibition" and, as we passed the three mile limit, I could start in delivering it and perhaps relieve, or rather add to, the dryness of the trip. We would have to explain this to the Farmers of the country so they would not think the ship was getting this feature for nothing. It could not be considered as Ship Subsidy.

Now the feature that I feel rather modest about referring to, but which is really my principal asset, is my being able to wear silk Knee Breeches—not only wear them, but what I mean, look like something in them.

It seems that the Lord instead of distributing my very few good points around as he does on most homely men, why, he just placed all of mine from the knee down. Now that this thing has come over there, it almost seems like I was inspired for the part. Say, I can put on those silk Rompers and clean up. Now I don't like to grab off a guy's job by knocking him, but you know we haven't had a decent looking leg over there in years. Now Harvey's! Oh, but what's the use arguing? You know you can't stay in the Follies 7 years on nothing. Well, it wasn't my good looks. So what was it but my shape?

That brings us down to Golf. Now I will have to admit that my political education has been sadly neglected, as I have never walked over many green pastures. Horses are too cheap for a man to spend half his life walking over the country looking for holes in the ground. But I understand this lack of Golf will not handicap me in England as it would over here, as Mr. Volstead has not percolated into that land and the game is still fought out at the 19th hole.[8] And, if I do say it myself, I do talk a corking Game of Golf. Then another thing, in looking over the results of the last two International Golf Tournaments I don't think they play the game there at all.

Now Mr. President, if this suggestion receives the consideration that I think it deserves, I should like to get the appointment at once, as I want to get over there before all the king's Children are married. If one can't attend a royal marriage, why their ambassadorship has been a failure as far as publicity is concerned for that event is the World's Series of England.

Now, if you can't send me there, don't, just because I have criticised some of the feminine members of the official life in Washington, don't for the Lord's sake, send me to Chile or Honduras or some of those outlandish places. I will even promise to hush rather than that.

Now, as to Salary, I will do just the same as the rest of the Politicians—except a small salary as pin money, AND TAKE A CHANCE ON WHAT I CAN GET.

Awaiting an early reply, I remain,

Yours Faithfully,
Will Rogers.

P. S. If you don't want me, Turkey wants me to represent them in Washington.

So where would you rather have me—in England or Washington?

20 NOW IT'S MARATHON DANCING!

Well, the baseball season opened up for New York. Boston and Brooklyn put on their uniforms every afternoon, too.

New York broke the record with a crowd of 72,000 people at a game. They have the largest grounds in the country. They had to make them large so they would hold all the policemen. Counting the policemen, there was easily 100,000 at the game. If you go to anything in New York, no matter if you pay 50 cents or $5, there will be a policemen standing just in front of you.

This all happened on a Wednesday, a matinee day; everything of any importance always happens on a day when we have to work in the theater. I'll bet that when the world comes to an end it will be on a matinee day and I will miss it.

I am trying to hold this article back as late as I can so I can tell you all who is the latest long distance dancer. There is a magnificent sport! What a proud feeling it must be for a fond mother to point out her young hopeful daughter as "The longest-winded dancer in the United States." We only have one other degree of inability which compares with it in this country. And that is the filibusters that are held in the Senate and Congress at Washington. They sometimes go on for days talking, but, of course, we don't expect any more of them. But these girls that are doing this dancing seem from their pictures to be normal in every other respect. It just shows you what this generation is coming to. I'll bet you the time ain't far off when a woman won't know any more than a man.

Now I see a lot in the paper where they have investigated and found that this is a kind of a mania that has happened for generations back—this

continuous dancing thing. They say it always happens just before a revolution. Now that is a wonderul thing; just think what a relief a revolution would be after a siege of this dancing. Why, a revolution would be a blessing, following one of these things. So after all, nature kinder evens things up.

Married women haven't taken it up yet, as it would take too much time away from shooting their husbands.

Well, we have had quite a bit of excitement here in New York. Some bird in the State Legislature up at Albany accused the Police Commissioner of New York City of being the biggest bootlegger in the United States. Now the Police Commissioner is suing this fellow $100,000 for flattery.[1] Both political parties are kinder looking for a candidate for the presidency, and if this Commissioner can prove that he is the biggest bootlegger in the United States, why there is your Presidential candidate right there.

There was another terrible thing happened here last week too, Mr. Charles Murphy, the leader of all Tammany Hall Democrats—well, it seems that, during the war, a gang of low principled persons inveigled him into a scheme.[2] He didn't know what it was. (He is just a big hearted, trusting fellow.) Well, after they got him into it, he found out that it was a money-making scheme. They were going to sell Glucose, or something to make beer out of, to the English govenment. Well, naturally, the minute he saw what it was, (being a good Irishman naturally he wouldn't want to skin the British Government out of a cent,) he pulled right out of it. It only shows you never know who to trust nowadays. He thought, of course, that it was some charity organization he was lending his name to. Come to think of it, I'll bet you there is alot of big men in public life get led into things like that, only maybe they are not as lucky as he was, to get out before they could give him any money.

I see where the Supreme Court of the United States decided that women of the District of Columbia were not entitled to a living wage. It's the law in a lot of states. Some time the United States Government will annex that District. If they don't, some other nation will step in and grab it. Maybe they could persuade Rear Admiral Chester to take over the concession there, and build schools and sanitary facilities and educate these people up so they could vote.[3] I think the possibilities are there, the same as they are in Anatolia, Turkey. Of course they haven't got the oil that Asia Minor has, but the natural gas possibilites of the District of Columbia are unexcelled anywhere in the world.

Of course, if these Chester people can get this mandate over the District, the first thing they would do would be to get that Capitol out of there. Now, over in Turkey, when they take over these towns, the biggest problem they have is to rid the town of these bands of stray scavenger dogs, who just

wander around and live off the town. Now that is the same condition they would be up against in Washington. They would have to poison all these lobbyists and politicians that infest the District and live off the town. That would be their big sanitary problem—getting all those out of the way. The harem system which prevails in Turkey is pretty well established in the District already, and would need very little encouragement to ever out rival Asia Minor.

Get all those Foreign Legations out of there. They are only underselling honest bootleggers because they have no overhead at all. A foreign government don't need to send a Diplomat to represent them any more; all they need to send is a bartender.

Get Clark Griffith's ball team out of there.[4] They have been there 20 years, and if you can't learn to play ball in that time you never will.

Now that is my scheme to get you people of the District into the U. S. by the way of a Chester Concession. Get him to get you so you can vote. It won't take long for him to learn you. All you have to do to vote is just check your brains on the way to the Polls and then go cast your ballot.

The Supreme Court was divided almost in half on the decision. Talk about an International Court. How could we ever agree with a lot of foreigners when we can't even agree among our own Judges.

Well, I see where England is having another Royal wedding.[5] Americans are flocking over there to try and see it. That is one thing I will say for Engand—she is not mercenary. If she wanted to, she could charge Americans to get in to see these weddings and make enough to pay off their National Debt. That is the unfortunate thing about this country. We have rich people over here who would pay to get into purgatory if they knew they were not wanted in there. They are kinder worried about the Prince of Wales; he stands up with all these others that are making the leap but they can't get him to say, "I do."[6] Now, you mind what I tell you, there is a young man that has got away above the average intelligence of most Kings, and a whole lot of Commoners.

Then another wedding over there last week that I was mighty glad to see was that of Matilda McCormick and Max Oser.[7] That will relieve us reading about them every day now. He is the livery stable keeper that struck oil. She is a very sweet appearing young girl. She used to come to the show in Chicago last Spring and good-naturedly laugh at my little jokes on her prospective husband, the best of which was, "Miss McCormick says she has looked all over this country but she can't find anyone who compares to her Max. Well, I doubt if we have anybody in this country old fashioned enough to run a livery stable."

See where Princess Yolanda of Italy grabbed her off a commoner just on account of his horsemanship.[8] Maybe that's why the Prince of Wales is trying to learn to ride.

I tell you it is a great year for horsemen. I have been displaying my ability around here thinking maybe I might land something worthwhile. But, up to now, all I have to show for it is a split lip trying to digest an opponent's Polo mallet. Then once I fell off, but fortunately hit my head and there was no hurt. So, take it all in all, the Prince and I both have had rather a disastrous and unsuccessful season.

Guess Mr. Harding is going to Alaska. I see where the Governor up there has made an appropriation to clear off the snow and put in a links. They are painting the balls black, so on days that it does snow, the day won't be entirely lost.

21 TALKING TO THE EDITORS AND PRAYING FOR THE SUBSCRIBER

You know, I have been speaking around here at so many of these Banquets and Luncheons that I got to be a sort of a pest, so a couple of days ago they got a speaker and brought him on here. They got him from the front porch of Ohio, Warren Gamaliel something, I forgot the other. Well, he wasn't bad. He has a lecture tour booked through the west and didn't know just what to talk on. So he come here to try out an act. I guess it is the one he will use. Anyway, I guess he didn't make good as a speaker here in N. Y. as I see they didn't keep him; they let him go back, and invited me to take up where I had left off before, He didn't come to hear me in the Follies. I went to hear him. I am broad minded that way.

Now I don't want to make any play for favor, or throw Bouquets at myself but I just want to show you the kind of a Patriot I am.

Mr. Harding wants to see the Follies, but, on account of the humorous relations between the White House and myself being rather strained, he naturally feels a kind of hesitancy about coming, for, at the present time, you can't see the American Girl being glorified without being annoyed by a jarring presence among them which I am free to admit is myself.

So, on the first of June, I am leaving; not because I want to (for, speaking candidly, it's not the worst position in the World, as my surroundings here have been most beautiful). But, even though you wouldn't judge it by my writings or grammar, I have some politeness and courtesy, and, being a fair American Citizen, (I won't say "good" as I think I have heard that used before) I certainly have a high regard for the chief Executive of this great Commonwealth, and I won't do a thing to stand in the way of any

pleasure that he may wish to enjoy, no matter how small. So I am willing to get out, and sacrifice a living wage.

There is no reason why a National Institution that is viewed night after night by the best Male members of our Government should not be seen in its mission of Glorifying Young Womanhood by the leading Citizen of our Land at least once. Now, if this is Treason, make the most of it.

Mr. Harding spoke on Golf, accuracy in Newspapers, International Court, Mexico, and more Honesty to Party pledges. Now we shall review them in the order in which he spoke of them. Naturally, Golf heads the list, I quote: "When I returned from my southern vacation, I picked up a paper not unfriendly to me (That was the Marion Star, but of course he didn't mention the name.) and saw on the front page where I had broken 8 Golf Clubs in 5 weeks. Now I don't mind that; only it puts me in the Duffer Class of Golfers." Now that was a good joke and showed he is a pretty good fellow to tell one on himself. Now, about the International Court, he spoke very highly of and for it.[1] Now, if I was a President and wanted something I would claim I didn't want it. For Congress has not given any President anything that he wanted in the last 10 years. Be against anything and then he is sure to get it. He quoted several Republicans Platforms adopted by the Party from 1900 on down to show that they had been for the Court. But that don't prove anything. You can take any one of our Party Platforms that they promise before election and they promise anything. The same fellows that make them make out these insurance Policies. That is, what they say on one page they can deny on the other.

He said we were on good terms with all the Nations of the Western Hemisphere but one, and that was Mexico. That's the only one we ever had any trouble with. But he said we were dealing with them now as to a settlement. Mexico must have struck more oil.

Last, but not least, he dealt with Party Pledges. He appealed for more honesty in Party Politics. That was all right, everybody knows there is plenty of room for more Honesty among Parties. As for sticking to your Party, nobody knows where their Party is. A lot of them would like to stick to it if they could find it. But, take it all in all, it was a good speech and will no doubt make a lot of friends for the League, via the Court.

Then, the other night the Newspaper Men and Owners from all over the Country held their big Banquet at the Waldorf. It was given by the advertising end of the Newspaper business. Naturally it had to be, as the advertising end is the only one which could pay for a thing like that. If the Editorial Department ever gave a Dinner everybody would have to bring their own Sandwiches.

There was 32 at the Speakers' Table. Eight must have got caught, as I have heard Ali Baba's original cast was composed of 40.

Well, I was unfortunate enough to get mixed in there with them. I didn't know when I started in to write that I was going to have to associate with these merely Owners, and the class of Speakers they had me speaking with. There was Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania, who made a very fine and earnest speech.[2] Most all new Senators are earnest and mean well. Then the Air of Washington gets in their Bones and they are just as bad as the rest. He spoke very feelingly on ADJUDICATE. You know what it means? I don't either, but I am going to devote the rest of my life finding out, and in subsequent articles you will hear some adjudication from me.

That Dinner proved one thing—that Advertising pays. It pays the fellow you pay it to for the Ad. Each Paper was seated according to their importance, that is, according to how much Advertising space they sold.

A Bishop opened the Dinner with Prayer for the Newspaper men. I never in my life wished to know how to pray as I did then, for I wanted to offer up one for you readers and Subscribers. Nobody said a word for you but me. I tell you, the more I hear these big men talk, the more I realize I am the only one that is trying to uphold the rights of the common People. Now I don't want anything from you YET, but, if things keep on, I may make a call for funds to carry on Truth.

The Toastmaster was a little bit of a fellow from the New York Times named Louis Wiley.[3] He has been decorated by every form of Government in the World. He has 40 from Russia, as every time a new Government comes in he is sent a New Medal. You see these Foreign Countries strike off these Medals and they want to see how they look on somebody, so they try them on him, figuring if they can be seen on him they will do for anybody. He didn't wear any last night as he is so short they wouldn't show above the table. At that, he stood on a chair to announce the speakers. The last medal he got was from the Egyptian government. You know the New York Times bought the Exclusive rights to the Obiturary Notices of all exhumed Kings. So he got a Medal for putting that through.

Then there was Lord Cecil who is over here trying to revive Interest in Article 10 of the League of Nations.[4] Now I met the Lord and he is a great fellow, nothing Up Stage, not important. You know what I mean by Important—it's the fellow who has just taken up Golf. I told the Lord we were glad to welcome a Lord over here as we had been about fed up on Sirs. Our Lecture Platforms are just clogged up with these English Sirs advising us how to run our Country. Lord Cecil spoke on the League of Nations. I think I heard somebody do that somewhere before. I forget when it was.

Then come Ambassador Gerard that was.[5] There is a fellow who got an unlucky break. We have an Ambassador or Consul in every Country, and he has to got be in the very one we go to war with, and had to come back. That

had never happened before in the History of that Country till he got there. That's what I call a tough break in Ambassing.

Then my old friend Will Hayes was there but he didn't talk.[6] They put him in Silent Drama to hush him up. Of course I had to tell a few on Bill.

According to all the speeches it was a mighty momentous occasion, and I never felt so impressed in my life as to be able to be at a Table when the affairs of the World were settled. Each said we were at a Crisis. I tried by best to get them not to settle it till they talked it over with you all, but they seemed to think if they didn't arrange it right there that they might not ever have a chance.

The reason I am telling you all this is I wasn't right sure that you knew about this critical point of our existence we were facing. I didn't, till I heard them say it. So if affairs don't go to suit you from now on you can always blame it on the Dinner.

22 JOIN THE NAVY AND GO OUT THREE MILES

Well, the big news of the last week was the Supreme Court decision handed down in the Prohibition on Boats case. It was kinder unique in decisions. It said, "You can sell booze on American Boats but you are not allowed to have it on there." There's one for the book for you. I bet you nobody in the World but a Supreme Court could have ever thought of a decision like that. It would be like saying, you can shoot a man but not with a gun.

It says foreign ships must sell out before they reach the three mile limit coming this way. That won't be any trouble; their only worry has been having enough to reach this far.

It encourages immigration too, but not away from this Country. Of course, what they will do now is, outside the three mile limit every steamship line will have its filling station just like automobiles have. And, of course, if that takes too much time, they will arrange a trough like these fast railroad trains do, where they will just scoop it up as they go by. There will be a Beer trough, and a Scotch trough, and a Gin trough. Now, they say Foreign Boats can't come in here with any on board after the 10th of June. If it's against the law after the 10th of June, why isn't it against the law now?

But the big news of the week is that Mr. Harding and the Cabinet are talking of using the American Navy to chase these Booze boats off the coast. Now, I think that would be a terrible thing. I am not in favor of them being there, but I am certainly opposed to use such a fine body as the Amer-

ican Navy to chase them with. Why not use them to catch murderers, or robbers or some other criminals, if they are going to use them at all? But that is not what they educate and study all these years for. Wouldn't it be a fine thing for a boy, after he had won the highest competitive examination at home to be appointed to Annapolis and, after spending 4 years of hard study there to be graduated, and then spend the rest of his life chasing a launch loaded with Gordon Gin.

Just imagine this slogan to get boys in: "Join the Navy and go out three miles."

Imagine a mother kissing her son goodbye just before an important cruise out to the three mile limit on an American Dreadnaught to do, perhaps, mortal combat with a 50 foot Rum Runner, with a possible fighting force of 6 men. Now, wouldn't that be a great thing to ask a boy to leave home and devote his life to!

Can you imagine the entry of the Great Atlantic Fleet into the Harbor of New York City after an important battle, after meeting and defeating 5 Bermuda Sailing Vessels? Why, Dewey's entry into the City after the Battle of Manila would be small time stuff compared to this.[1] Why, they would build a triumphal Arch as high as the Woolworth Building all out of empty bottles, with the Electric sign across the top, *Bottle, you shall not enter full.*

Then, of course, if we use the Navy on the seas to catch the Boats, why, of course we would use the American Army on shore to chase the elusive Booted Party. Just think how jealous men like Gen. Washignton would be that he did not live in this day and time when he could have really done something worth while for his country.

Of course, it will give Gen. Pershing a chance to command the American Forces and will be a great opportunity for him to do something besides just merely winning a World's War.[2]

The Army Slogan will be, "Join the Army and chase the Bootleggers." What a great type of Manhood we could muster! Enforcement officers have shown us that.

Of course, they would have to change some of the courses taught in West Point and Annapolis. They would have to develop an acute sense of smell, where you could detect liquor by just looking at the smoke from the boat. Then the main maneuvering tactics would be to get to the windward side of a vessel. That's why, in the last few days, they decided not to raise the range of the guns on our battleships. You see, they are now inferior to Japan's or England's but they knew they were good for three miles and that's all we care about.

Of course, this will be a great argument in favor of no more wars. We couldn't go into another war. Our Army and Navy will be too busy fighting bootleggers.

Just think, in years to come, how the honorable discharge of one of our retired Admirals would read:

"Admiral Smellum, you are hereby honorably discharged after 30 years of untiring devotion to the Morals of your Country, during which time you have cruised down the coast as far as Florida."

"Last night, a Banquet given to the retiring old Salt there was over 40 barrels of water consumed. The old Sea Dog related many stories of his narrow escape while on his Flagship Pluto, from sometimes as many as three Row Boats loaded with desperate rum runners."

Here would perhaps be a familiar item in our Daily press: "Captain Whiterock, who just last spring finished from West Point and has only been in active service 4 months, was yesterday decorated by Secretary of the Navy Bromo, of Clearwater, Texas, with the Congressional Medal of Honor (the highest gift within the power of the American Government). The citation read as follows:

"For entering a Nest of Bootleggers single handed three blocks in advance of his command, with nothing but his Trench Hammer to assault the Bottles with. He broke the Bottles so fast he had to swim out for his life. He not only destroyed their deadly liquor, but he got photographs of what is thought to be the real owners. So, for bravery and gallantry, far in advance of anything expected of a Soldier, he was presented with the Medal designed in the shape of a Faucet."

The Secretary in presenting it said, "It's on the shoulders of such as you that the tradition of the American Army and Civilization of the United States rest."

On graduation day at Annapolis or West Point, instead of Diplomas, each Cadet would receive a Search Warrant.

Then, of course, they would use our Air Ships, too. Then, instead of McCready and Kelly simply being known as flying across the Continent without stopping, they could attain the distinction of being American Aces, after bringing down 5 thousand quarts.[3]

But the principal reason I am against using them against Bootleggers is that UP TO NOW THE AMERICAN ARMY OR NAVY HAS NEVER BEEN BOUGHT OFF.

Well, they are holding a Convention of Police Chiefs from all over the World here this week, so, yesterday, I was asked to address the Convention. Although I had never caught a Crook, neither had they, so we had a mutual feeling.

The first Country that catches a Crook gets the next Convention. They just had one here about 6 months ago, and some of them come from all over South America and Japan and China. The Delegates to this one didn't have time to wait till the Delegates from the last one got him. So, no won-

der they never catch anybody; they spend all their time trying to get home from the Conventions.

Now that the Police have an Organization, it looks like the Crooks will have to organize for protection. They could hold their Convention at the same time in the same town; they would never meet.

I tell you one thing they sure got down pat, and that is that fingerprint thing. They seemed very elated over that. As the President of the Convention said, they had the fingerprint of every Crook there is. Now all they got to do is find the fingers.

You know that would be a big consolation, if you had a friend or relative murdered, to know that you had his fingerprints. It's like a robber leaving his hat or handkerchief on the scene. You have always got the consolation that some time he will have to come back for it.

I bet you didn't know Ireland had a Chief of Police. Well, it was a surprise to me, too, but they have, or had, I don't know what they've got today. But he was here and he is the finest little fellow you ever met, named O'DUFFY.[4] The Duffy would have been enough to establish him, without the O. He made a dandy speech and spoke real Gaelic. Well, the place was full of New York Irish Policemen but they didn't understand their own Language. The Chief of Police from Jerusalem got up and made a speech in his native tongue and every N. Y. Cop knew every word he said.

The big Scotland Yard man from England lost his watch and return ticket the first day in the convention room.[5] New York certainly did entertain them royally and made them feel at home. They put on robberies and murders for them every day they were here.

23 CHINA ADOPTS AMERICAN WAYS. THEY'VE EVEN GOT BANDITS

Well, here is quite a little taking place in the papers the last day or so. I bought some stock in a Chinese bandit corporation yesterday. I studied whether to buy that or New York hotel stock. Their ideas are similar; they both work on the ransom plan. We have been sending missionaries over there for years; I knew they would get those people educated up to American ways.

As I write this, the people are still being held, and ours, and all the other governments are threatening China with what they will do![1] Years ago Chinese brigands killed two Germans, and Germany took about a fourth of China as pay for them. That was the highest price ever paid for two individuals.

Just suppose some foreign government took part of this country every time a foreigner was killed over here. The United States would consist of Rhode Island.

These governments ought to get together and do something about this. Those heathen Chinese should not be allowed to have bandits in their country. If you let 'em keep on, the first thing you know they will have pickpockets and taxi robbers over there. I bet you England wouldn't stand for them annoying one of their citizens. They would take their oil land away from them. And if they didn't have any, they would make 'em get some.

Missionaries must of been working up around Boston. I see where some woman bandit held up my friend old Charley Schwab for 325 thousand.[2] But she improved on those heathens; she got her ransom first. I certainly am glad he wasn't taken out into the mountains and held. For, with Judge Gary convalesing after the steel workers last raise in wages, Charley is the only sensible after-dinner speaker we've got around New York now.[3]

We don't any more than get a law sorter halter broke, and get people kinder used to it, when some judge comes along and says it ain't so. Last week Judge Knox comes out and decides that a doctor in prescribing for the modern American illness can prescribe any amount he thinks necessary.[4] Now, according to the Volstead Law as passed by Congress, no patient is allowed to get sick over a pint's worth every 10 days. So, along comes this Judge, and says "Congress is no doctor (they are all patients.) How do they know how sick a man can get? Why, for a pint every 10 days, a man would really not be sick at all; he would just be indisposed." So now, when a fellow comes to see the doctor, the doctor will say, "What's the matter with you?" The patient will say, "Why, about a gallon, Doc."

Or the Doctor, after looking over one of his perpetual patients, will say, "Why you are looking great today; your case has improved from two quarts to one. If you don't look out you will get well."
Instead of Doctors studying at a medical school as they used to, now he just takes a course in rapid penmanship.

It looks like a great year for fountain pens.

Heretofore, drug stores used to make their deliveries by a boy sent from the store. Now every drug store will have to deliver in a truck. You will fill your prescription now in a two-gallon milk bucket.

Of course, all this is right now, but you will wait till that Supreme Court of the United States gets a hold of the Judge's opinion! They are liable to diagnose the case different. They are liable to cut out the patient's illness entirely.

Well, they had another big convention here this week—the Chambers of Commerce from all over the United States. Being big sound business men, they wanted some good conservative business man to address them,

and also wanted some frivolous or light talk that would sound amusing but mean nothing, in other words, something to get their minds off their hotel bills.

So Herb Hoover of Washington, D. C., but better remembered from Belgium, drew this last frothy or carefree assignment, and he had those babbits just rolling off their seats telling them about the prosperous condition of this country, and a funny line about sending our gold reserve back to Europe.[5]

Then he knocked 'em coocoo with a gag for the government not to go into business. He said the standard of living had advanced so far in this country that we could lay off two million men from work and the rest of the people would live just as good as they did 10 years ago.

He didn't say what would become of the two million he laid off. But you take a busy man like that, he can't stop to worry about trifles like a couple of million men.

I thought he would surely have some funny gag on sugar, but he just let it go on up, he didn't mention it. He predicted a coal shortage and asked everybody to get their coal this summer. So that means coal, by the time you read this, has jumped at least $10 a ton. If your prominent men would only just stop predicting maybe we would be able to lay by something.

Well, the next night after Mr. Hoover spoke, why, they were ready for some real conservative business talk. So I went over and instructed them. They had some from every city and their wives come with them. You notice I say "come"; I didn't say were "brought." A funny thing-they were here the same week that the police chiefs from every town were here. Rather a coincidence that it should be necessary for the police to follow their most prominent citizens to New York.

You know what the Chamber of Commerce is, don't you? You remember the old ladies' sewing circle in towns years ago that knew everybody's business and were into everything, from the local marble championship to the next war. The minute a fellow gets into the Chamber of Commerce he quites mowing his own lawn.

Ambassadors Harvey from England and one from Spain and one from Germany have all come back home.[6] By bringing them home in a bunch that way the government gets a party rate. Mr. Harvey just run over between weddings. I don't know what he will do when the King runs out of children to marry off.

I see by the papers that President Harding is going to return from Alaska by the way of the Panama Canal. It seems a man can't hold an official position nowadays in Washington without commuting through the Panama Canal.

A couple of weeks ago a bunch of Congressmen and Senators left from Kansas City, Omaha and Salt Lake to go to San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal.

You used to be able to go from Washington, D. C., to San Francisco in four days but, since the Canal has been built, officials traveling at the government expense make it easy in 18 or 20 days now. If the government had charged a bounty on every official that has gone through there the Canal would be paid for by now.

I don't know what's in that Canal but I am going to try and get myself elected to something, just so I can go and see it, too. Some men can't hardly wait till they get elected, to start traveling some place.

Well, the day before the prize fights for a real charity, the milk fund, Jess Willard was up in the dressing room.[7] He looked in great shape. They figured to take in $400,000 or $500,000. Just think of that, a half million. I come from a cattle country and there ain't enough cows in the United States to give that much milk. Somebody's going to see some condensed milk.

24 GIVE THE MINISTERS INSURANCE— NOT PENSIONS

Just reading in this morning's paper the outcome of an election held in Indianapolis by a Presbyterian Conference for Moderator. It read like old times, W. J. Bryan was defeated by the Rev. Dr. Wishart of Wooster, Ohio.[1] You can't beat these Ohioans for office. Like all conventions, the man that goes in with the most votes never gets it. Bryan had the most votes by far; then they stampeded the convention in favor of the Rev. Dr.

Now Mr. Bryan can appreciate how Mr. Champ Clark must have felt in Baltimore years ago, before Article X become our national Argument.[2] So, you see, political methods prevail in spiritual proceedings as well as in Politics.

Bryan said, before his defeat, he had two speeches prepared, one in case of defeat and the other in case of victory. the great team of Black faced comedians, McIntyre and Heath, used to have a line as follow: Heath, after taking McIntyre away from a good job in a livery stable where he eat regular, promised him everything on the road with a show.[3] He even taught him table manners to use when they got out on the road. They are later broke and haven't eaten in two days when McIntyre says to Heath, "You promised me everything; you even had me practicing eating with a knife and fork. That's one trade I learned I ain't never worked at." That's W. J. That speech of Victory is one speech he prepared he ain't never worked at.

Of course, they claim what beat him was all his talk about us not evoluting from a monkey.[4]

Church people all over the country are divided and arguing over where we come from. Never mind where we come from, Neighbor. Women living next door to you will find out where you come from, and all about you, better than Bryan and all the preachers. Just let the preachers make it their business where you are going when you leave here.

Just think what a difference if a wonderful personality like Bryan with a tremendous following had used his influence to stop beating prisoners in his home state, instead of waiting for one paper to shame them into it. That would have gotten him further than all the Monkey talk and half-of-one-percent arguments in the world.

I have beat my way on trains but the personal danger and hardship endured by everybody while doing it more than paid our fares.

Bryan and every prominent man in that state have beat their way. They used to issue passes to every political fellow with any kind of a pull. If they didn't, politically, give the railroad back something in return, they beat their way.

Now, at this very Conference of Ministers my friend Will Hays made quite an impassioned speech in favor of a drive to raise a Pension Fund for Preachers.[5] Now, that is a real Cause. The Ministry in all denominations are the poorest paid workers in the world. They would form a Union and demand more pay, but they don't get enough to pay dues into a Union, so they can't form one. They can't demand regular hours for they don't know what hour some of their constituents may need a christening or a wedding ceremony. They have to be respectable and the high cost of living advance is nothing in comparison to the high cost of respectability. Why, I can remember when a man could be considered respectable without belonging to a Golf Club.

Now, I have a plan that I would like to suggest instead of Will Hays' pension fund. Not ask for more pay, as that is what made them poor now—asking for more pay. They haven't got a chance to get more salary out of their congregations. They will only pay so much for their Souls being saved. They want to save up everything else first. Then they charge what they do give off on their Income Tax at the end of the year as bad debts. Of course, you got to take into consideration why some of these people don't pay their Preachers any more to have them. Their Souls ain't worth any more to be saved.

Here is my scheme: Make every Minister carry an Endowment Policy, say, payable at the end of 20 years, to be paid at maturity to him in monthly installments for life. Every church is made to pay the yearly premium. As

they are all taken out for the same amount, in case of a change, why, they pay for whoever is at their church that year.

Now, the Insurance Company collects direct from the church, and if they don't pay, it's advertised that such and such a congregation are delinquent in their minister's insurance. Then, if they don't pay, threaten them with publicity. That's one thing a lot of the Deacons and Elders can't stand, especially if it's personal publicity.

Now, that would give every Minister something to look forward to in his old age and not be dependent on some Charity Drive for a Pension Fund. Look at the protection in case of death for their Wives and Children. For, as it is now, a Wife can't subsist very long and raise a family on a swallow tail coat that is already worn slick. You know that Parsonage she occupies, rent free. When he stops preaching, she has to start moving, and our charity brethren soon forget that she was once the Wife of our respected Clergyman.

Then you have in there a sick and disability clause. For, on account of not being paid enough to dress comfortably, they are more susceptible to colds than most of their Clients. Now, what is the matter with my scheme? What church is so poor that they couldn't support an Insurance Premium? The rate should not be high, unless on account of their scarcity of sufficient food they would be classified as hazardous risks.

I think the improvement in the grade of sermons you would get would pay you a good dividend on your investment. For the minute you relieve his mind of the physical outcome of the future, you will give him more time to devote to his sermons. I know, because if there is something worrying you, you can't do a good act, and after all, our occupations are similar—we both have to amuse. They have to instruct, also, but in their instruction, they have to amuse with it, or it would be too tedious and dry. No audience will listen to all instruction.

But the most sensible suggestion I have to offer is make each Congregation when their Miniser has an increaase in his Family, raise his salary on a Pro Rata basis and so on for each Child. Why should a man, preaching and trying to support 8 children, be paid no more than a single one with only the upkeep of a Tennis Racket to worry about? Besides, he can live cheaper; somebody is always asking him out to Dinner. But whoever asked a preacher with a wife and 10 kids out to dinner? No, unfortunately, our Christian Spirit hasn't reached that far yet.

Now before we start in regulating the affairs of all the world and all our neighbors, let's do a little humanity work right under our nose. I am going to do some missionary work, for it looks like a fertile field. Who will be the first congregation, no matter what denomination, (Only the House of David barred)?

Who will be the first one to insure your Preacher; who will raise his salary on the arrival of each future Citizen? Now get busy and let me know and I will see that you get deserved publicity and proper thanks through the more than 100 papers I write for. Now, come on, what are you going to be, a Humanitarian or just a church member?

25 PROSPECTING THE MOVIES FOR PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER

New York City is trying to land the Democratic Convention. But its too late now. I have already launched the Candidate right here in New York in open Convention. Mr. Wm. G. McAdoo was in to look our Show over the other night.[1] I introduced him to the Audience and had the distinction of nominating him for President.

I thought it was hard. I had read a lot about these Conventions where someone would get up and make the nominating speech and get a lot of credit for it. Why, it's a cinch; I wasn't scared a bit. We had Delegates from every State, too, and they all seemed to agree. But I just pulled one of those old fashioned Penrose things and rode rough shod right over everything and put my man over.[2]

He was accompanied by the financial Department of the Democratic Party, Mr. Barney Baruch.[3] Any likely candidate does well to be accompanied by Mr. Baruch. That's what comes of his being the Party's only rich man. Of course, if he was a Republican, he would be no novelty. They are all mangey with dough.

Well, anyway, after the show they came back to my dressing room which showed they were not displeased with my excellent selection. But Mr. McAdoo has a pretty good sense of humor founded on facts; he said, "Why did you launch me so soon, Will? It gives People time to look up my record." You see he remembers what the Republicans did the last time they nominated so unexpectedly, and fast, and late that people had no chance to investigate the candidate.

The more people study about you, nowadays, the less they think of you. Mr. Baruch came back stage to make me apologise as one time I called him the Freylinghausen of the Democratic Party.[4] So I did apologise. I told him it was said in the heat of Political battle.

There have been lots of Presidents and prospective Presidents in to see the Follies but McAdoo is the only one ever nominated in there. Now, who he was and what he has done in the past: You remember during the war, well, he practically took charge of the home end of that encounter. If there was some important position and you didn't know who was occupying it,

that was him. His name was embroidered on every Railroad towel and doily from the rum running coast of Maine to the Iowa settled shores of sunny California and each job had a private Secretary for him. Well, he had to speak to them in Battalions every morning or he wouldn't get around to them all. Why, a little job like being President and having to run but the United States, that would be a vacation for him. We would have to dig him up something for his spare time—fix him up some side line.

When I played in Washington last year I met the 10 men who took his place. When the Democrats were let out on account of a short circuit of votes, why, he got a job in the Movies where we all go when we want to recuperate our finances.

He was Lawyer of Uncle Dug and Aunt Mary.[5] But nobody sued them, and they didn't have a divorce, so they let him go. A film star can't afford to keep a lawyer if he is having no Breach of Promise Cases or Divorces.

He first started into Politics by digging the McAdoo Tunnel from New York under the Hudson River to Jersey.[6] That came about in rather a strange way. Prohibition was coming on, and he was digging a Cellar and accidentally come up in Jersey. Since then they have all dug straight down to save such another calamity.

He made a race of Ground Hogs out of New Yorkers. It's only during certain hours that they ever come up for air.

Now some of you might think that my convention was not bonafide because I did not nominate a Vice President. Well, that is generally done through malice, and I hold no Vice Presidential malice toward no one.

Now, of course, at various times, I may nominate other Presidential Candidates either on one side or the other, as the Presidential Market fluctuates. You see conditions in this country change so rapidly that a man who would be a good President today might, tomorrow, be entirely unsuited for the job.

Now, take the case of W. J. Bryan; he would make an ideal Sunday President.[7] But would be an absolute liability on week days.

Some men would be good Night Presidents. They might have a Dress Suit and look well behind a Banquet Table. Some men are congenial, can tell a good story, play a fair game of Golf and consequently make ideal Week end Presidents.

Now the same thing applies to Governors. Look at the case of Al Smith of New York State.[8] He was a dandy Governor till he had a decision to make.

Then again, perhaps in a few months our Politicians will change. They will have forgotten about Europe and how we are needed there and commence to think of home here. You know Politicians, after all, are not over a year behind Public opinion.

Now, I am going out in the Movies and I may pick up just the Type for President, as you know everything comes down to Movies sooner or later. I may pick up a couple and cast one for each Party. I understand just the type of man you all want. We want a man in there who can handle men, and man who when his Hired Help gets to acting up, down at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, can hop in his car, go down there and tell 'em who is Boss and where to head in. Don't confer with them—just soak 'em.

You see the class of help a President gets in the Senate and Congress since immigration has been restricted. You can't treat them with kindness. A Congressman or Senator is not used to kind treatment, even at home, so you have got to be rough with those Birds. Use a little Florida methods on them.

I'll find the fellow for you. It may take a little time but I will find the type yet.

Well, to get our mind off Politics, our old headliner, Mr. Stillman, bobbed up across the front page this week.[9] He has walked out on another one.

He ought to grow a long Beard and take King Benjamin's place in the House of David.[10] Flo says she wants him to continue her allowance of 1500 Berries monthly.[11] If she can get him to do it, and she can do as well on it as she has on just that much in the past, she will own New York—if she can get him to keep it up for another year.

She says she didn't get even as much as a man would allow his own wife. That's a very poor comparison, 'cause a Wife is the cheapest thing you can get in the long run in the Female line. Why, if 90 percent of the Wives in this country ever got an allowance of $1500 in their lifetime they would have their husbands examined by a lunacy commission.

She says she don't know how she is going to educate little Sturdie on an 85 thousand dollar Apartment house and 50 thousand dollars worth of Diamonds. I would advise her not to raise him on diamonds. That is what is the matter with part of this country now.

Why 85 thousand, where I was born in the old Indian Territory, there wasn't that much money in the whole Cherokee Nation. For a hundred thousand you could have bought the whole State of Oklahoma. And after you bought it, if you happened to have 14 dollars over, you could bought Kansas.

'Course I guess it has advanced now. I haven't been there in years. Chances are it has doubled since then. Still, both States managed to turn out some pretty good Sturdies.

26 MR. FORD AND OTHER POLITICAL SELF STARTERS

Well, there has been quite a stir in the Political news. The big news of the last week was the Ford for President talk, made more important by Mr. Hearst announcing that he would back him if he run on an independent ticket.[1] It only shows you what both of the old line parties are degenerating into. Nobody wants to associate with either one of them.

I think that it will be the biggest boost Mr. Ford will have—that he don't belong to either party. It's getting so if a man wants to stand well socially he can't afford to be seen with either the Democrats or the Republicans.

I expect, if it was left to a vote right now by all the people, Mr. Ford would be voted for by more people than any other man. But, if it come to a question of counting those votes, I doubt if he even run third. For, with all the mechanical improvements they have in the way of adding machines, and counting machines, they can't seem to invent anything to take the place of the old Political mode of counting. Two for me, and one for you.

More men have been elected between Sundown and Sunup, than ever were elected between Sunup and Sundown.

And, say, talking about Presidential Candidates, another one of the likely starters in 1924 Handicap for the 75 thousand a year Grubstake made one of the most impressive showings of his entire career during the past week. And that wasn't anybody but the present Skipper of the Mayflower, Mr. Gamaliel Harding. He spoke on Decoration day at Arlington Cemetery, and when I say he spoke, what I mean is, he said something.

Our public men are speaking every day on something but they ain't saying a thing. But when Mr. Harding said that, in case of another war that capital would be drafted the same as men, he put over a thought that, if carried out, would do more to stop Wars than all the International Courts and Leagues of Nations in the world.

Of the three things to prevent wars, League of Nations, International Court, and this Drafting of Capital, this last one is so far ahead of the others there is no comparison. When that Wall Street Millionaire knows that you are not only going to come into his office and take his Secretary and Clerks but that you come in to get his dough, say, boy, there wouldn't be any war. You will hear the question: "yes, but how could you do it.?"

Say, you take a boy's life, don't you? When you take boys away you take everything they have in the world, that is, their life. You send them to war and what part of that life you don't use you let him come back with it. Perhaps you may use all of it. Well, that's the way to do with wealth. Take all he has, give him a bare living the same as you do the Soldier. Give him

the same allowance as the soldier—all of us that stay home. The government should own everything we have, use what it needs to conduct the whole expenses of the war and give back what is left, if there is any, the same as you give back to the boy what he has left.

There can be no profiteering. The government owns everything till the war is over. Every man, woman, and child, from Henry Ford and John D. down, get their dollar and a quarter a day the same as the soldier.[2] The only way a man could profiteer in war like that would be to raise more children.

If Mr. Harding went before the people on a platform of that kind and put it over, he could remain President till his whiskers got so long he could make a fortune just picking the lost golf balls out of them. But, no, it will never get anywhere. The rich will say it ain't practical, and the poor will never get a chance to find out if it is or not.

Lincoln made a wonderful speech under similar conditions one time: "That this Nation under God, shall have a new Birth of Freedom, and that Government of the People, by the People, for the People, shall not perish from this earth."

Now, every time a Politician gets in a speech, he digs up this Gettysburg quotation. He recites it every Decoration day and practices the opposite the other 364 days.

If our Government is by the people, how is it that the candidate with the most votes by the people, going into a Presidential Convention never got nominated?

Now Lincoln meant well, but he only succeeded in supplying an applause line for every political speaker who was stuck for a finish. And that's the way with Mr. Harding; he certainly meant well, for I can imagine his feelings after having to mingle for the last 2 years with some of our War Millionaires who are hanging around Washington, just laying off between Wars.

And, in after years, so will this speech of Mr. Harding's be quoted, but the minute the fellow gets through quoting it he will go sign a War Contract for Cost Plus 10 Percent.

In our Decoration day speechmaking Mr. Taft spoke at some unveiling of a monument in Cincinnati.[3] He made an alibi for the Supreme Court. I don't know what prompted him to tell the dead what the Court was doing, unless it was some man who had died of old age waiting for a decision from that August body.

We can always depend on Judge Gary for a weekly laugh in his speeches.[4] But last week he had the prize wheeze of his career. He had his accomplices make an investigation of the Steel Industry, and they turned in a report that it was much more beneficial to man to work 12 hours a day than 8. They made this report so alluring that it is apt to make people who

read it decide to stay the extra four hours on their jobs, just through the Health and enjoyment they get out of it.

I never knew Steel work was so easy till I read that report. Why the advantages they enumerated in this report would almost make a Bootlegger trade jobs with a Steel Worker. But here is the kick. Judge Gary got up to read this report before the stock holders who had made it out. He read for one hour in favor of a 12 hour day. Then he was so exhausted they had to carry him out, and Charles Schwab had to go on reading the sheet.[5]

Now, if the judge couldn't work an hour, how did he expect his workers to do 12 every day?

After Schwab read for two hours the audience was carried out.

It was the greatest boost for the 12 hour day I ever heard of. I am thinking of going out there and working for them, but, if it is such a pleaure to work 12 hours, I am going to try and get them to let me work 18 at least, for I don't believe I would get enough pleasure out of just 12.

So if you don't hear of me next week you will know I just enjoyed my self to death in Judge Gary's Steel Mills in Pittsburg.

27 WAITING FOR THE PRINCE AND THE DEMOCRATS

Well, we had quite a few notables into our tavern of beauty last week. Our constant audience was Will Hays (Ex-man of letters), but now engaged in the lucrative position of making movies appear at least outwardly respectable, and he has done wonderful work.[1] He has the morals all adjusted and up in good shape. Of course, the pictures are no better. But I tell you it's a big source of satisfaction, when looking at a picture, to be able to say, "Well, that was a terrible picture, but Will Hays certainly has got those players' morals looking better."

Well, Will brought in as his guest among various other notables, Mr. George Harvey, the late ambassador to the weddings of the municipal court of Jesse James (somewhere in England).[2] Well, that gave me a good chance to relate to the audience a few little personal characteristics, and say he sure did prove himself a good fellow. I introduced him to the audience and he stood up, and, after insistent applause, he thanked them. And he pulled a real gag, which showed that his sense of humor had not been dulled by coming in contact with objects foreign to it.

In the show, Mr. Brandon Tynan, a splendid legitimate actor, gives an imitation of a notable character.[3] The deception is remarkable. Well, Mr. Harvey said: "I hope I am as good an imitation of an ambassador as Mr. Brandon Tynan gave of another notable."

Now, that is what I call quick thinking. Or, I should say, on account of his just returning from England, that was "unexcelled repartee."

I told him that on account of us carrying such little trade with foreign countries I doubt very much if we will send an ambassador over any more. I told him how glad we were to see him, but were just a little disappointed that he did not have on his knee breeches. All of which he took in the very best of spirit. Well, naturally he would, as a diplomat's job is to make something appear what it ain't.

You think I say something bad about these prominent men. You ought to hear what he used to say about them in that paper he had, called Harvey's Weekly.[4]

THE HIGHEST BIDDERS

Why, he got so bad he had offers from both political sides to buy him off. The Republicans got him, on account of this ambassadorship to offer, as, of course, the Democrats had nothing to offer him. They didn't have anything for themselves. So now they have got to keep him in work or he will revive the paper again.

Of course, you must always remember, before Harvey and I say anything about these men, we have the goods on them. They can't sue us. The only thing they can do is to buy us off. So I am just going to string along and wait until the Democrats get in. Perhaps by then the Prince of Wales will have learned to ride horseback, and he may be able to get married, so of course then we will need a representative over there again.[5] So I, after various refusals, will probably accept.

Now, all I have to wait for is the Prince to learn to ride and the Democrats to get in, both seemingly impossible feats.

And, girls hold your breath, sitting there with the Ambass. was Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, who I also introduced.[6] He had just finished a wonderful picture for the steamship Leviathan of Mr. Harding. I told the audience I bet they didn't know he painted men's pictures, but I knew it because I was at Will Hays's house one time and I saw one he painted of Will. So I knew then he was slumming in art. And what a beautiful wife Christy has!

Well, Mr. Al Smith of New York signed the bill, as I predicted to you all the time he would.[7] He knew what he was going to do. He didn't have to get all those people up there to make up his mind for him. We will see now whether he lands in the White House or the ash heap. Sentiment in this country is overwhelmingly wet. But the votes in this country are overwhelmingly dry.

Now, no matter who you are or what business you are in, you appreciate brains and a man that uses and succeeds by his brains, no matter even if you don't like prize fighting. Well, the audience last week gave a big re-

ception to the little 125-pound featherweight champion of the world, Johnny Kilbane of Cleveland.[8]

He came up in my dressing room to see me—a little gray-headed gentlemanly man you would take for a banker or a businessman. He apologized to me for his wife laughing during the show. He said she would get to laughing and he wasn't able, on account of her size, to stop her. I wanted to kill him for trying to stop anybody from laughing in a show. We get it so seldom.

Well, since that night he has lost the championship. He was knocked out by a war-scarred French Poilu, and the reason I am writing this is that he said, "I lost fair and square and I am going to quit, and go home to the farm."[9] No excuses, no alibis, no nothing. He had held the championship in his class longer than any man ever did. So what a brainy finish to a career that was based on brains! And the next time you bring your wife to a show I am in, Johnny, you let her laugh if she will. If you don't, I'll jump down there and maul you myself, now that I see it can be done.

New York is in the midst of what they call a Silver Jubilee.[10] It's celebrating the 25th anniversary of something, nobody can find out just what. There is no reason to just pick out 25 years and start celebrating it. But I think the reason was that this was as far back as any of them connected with the city could remember.

Personally, I think it was to celebrate the starting of the Hat checking privilege, which originated here and has been copied successfully everywhere else, but never with the finesse that it has in the Mother Lodge here.

Or, on account of being called a Silver Jubilee, it may be celebrating the passing away of all Silver coins, as that small denomination has vanished entirely here.

They have an exhibit representing progress, showing how much faster we cross the streets compared to what we used to. Now it's a run, and if you don't make it, and the probabilities are you won't they show how quick they can get you to the hospital, so you can die there instead of en route, as you used to.

FUNERAL SPEEDSTERS

Then they show the modern hearses, which go so fast they have killed more people than they carried. You know we don't stop to realize it now, but in the old days it was nothing for a man to be late to his own funeral. But now, if you are going to a friend's funeral and happen to be held up in a traffic jam a few minutes, you will arrive there just as his widow is coming out of the church with the next husband, counting the insurance money.

Also, in this exhibition of progress of 25 years, they show the old saloon where you had to walk to the corner to even get a drink. With the modern method it's brought right to your home.

It showed how the city's money was spent for city government. Not all of it, of course, but the 20 per cent, which is spent for it, it showed.

It showed police methods years ago compared to now. In the old days they had to hunt till they found the crook. With modern methods they have his finger prints. So what's the use getting him, if you know who he is. Then, if he ever surrenders, you know if he is telling the truth or not.

It shows the advancement of the art of ticket speculating. An Irishman named Louie Cohen was the only one in town 25 years ago.[11]

Now there are hundreds of them in offices where a stranger in the city can go and buy the last row, without going near the box office.

It showed 25 years ago they still had a few street cars pulled by horses, but they were up on the level of the ground and were very unsanitary—bad air and everything. Now it shows you how you can be in a nice tunnel under the ground where the air is good. You know it's good because there have been hundreds using it before you got a hold of it.

Then, if you got stuck in old cars, you had to walk to get another car. But now you can stay right under there, sometimes all day, and read over somebody's shoulder and not get out at all. Oh, I tell you things do move.

Then they had a parade. Everything nowadays has to annoy with a parade. They gave all the city employees a day off without pay, and all they had to do was to march 20 miles.

28 ON TOUR BOOSTING CHILI CON CARNE

Well, folks, I am writing my little Swan Song to New York. I am like Merton of the movies; I am going out into the broad spaces.[1] I have been for 52 weeks, one solid year telling my mangy little jokes to Broadway. I only came into New York expecting to stay three or four months. They have been mighty good to me here, but I want to get out home and give them a rest for a while, and maybe in the year or so that I am gone I may possibly learn a new joke or two for you all to hear when I come back.

I have spoken at so many Banquets during the year that when I get home I will feel disappointed if my wife or one of the children don't get up at dinner and say, "We have with us this evening a man who, I am sure, needs no introduction."

Of course, a great many will think that it is Dyspepsia that is driving me away from behind the old Banquet Table. But it is not. There is only one way a person can survive a year of banquets and not wind up with a Burlesque Stomach, that is, not to eat there at all. And a better plan still—don't eat there, but try to get there late enough to miss the speeches too. If you follow those two plans you will never have a spoiled banquet.

Now I will tell you how I did. There is a little Chili joint on Broadway and 47th Street where there is just a counter and a few stools, but, comrades, what chili! Well, on any night I had to go to a banquet, I would go in there and play about two rounds of enchilades and a few encores on the chili, and I want to tell you that I was fortified, not only to refuse anything that might be offered to me at the dinner, but I would just sit through almost any kind of speeches.

I tell you that is what has made Texas. Did you ever listen to a Texan make a speech? Now, you thought it sounded terrible, didn't you? That is why they sound so good at home and so bad away from home. Now, you take a man on that banquet routine, and he ain't in any shape to listen to the worst.

We will, just as the old Doctor says, diagnose the Banquet Menu, they are all alike. They start with a little Fruit Cocktail, as they call it. I don't know where they get the cocktail part of the name. After eating it, it's almost a wonder also where they got the fruit.

Then comes thin Consomme in cups, (you know you never want to give a man too much Consomme. Hot water ain't good for you before you eat.) Then, thirdly, comes the fish (generally weakfish). That's to match the speeches. Then comes that inevitable Chicken, broiled, of course. It was broiled before the guests were even invited to the affair, so naturally it's dry. That is so there will be no grease to splatter on your white shirt, which you had such a time getting the buttons into.

Sorter what they call garnishing. In the same corral with this chicken there is always little Saratoga Chips. They have been calling from a box in the Grocery store for months to you. Then, on the side where the Bottle used to sit, is a quarter of a head of lettuce, swamped by Bolsheviki, or Russian, dressing. Nobody but a Russian on a Revolution could ever thought of a concoction like that.

Now for the big surprise. I bet you can't guess what it is. It's Ice Cream. It's different colors (that's a novelty), and if it's a big banquet and they have spared no expense, it will be in the shape of whatever the organization represents. For instance for the Automobile Dinner it was a spark plug. Then, for the Real Estate Dinner, the cream was patterned in the shape of a little mortgage. For the Bankers, it was a Blackjack, or Billy.

After the Ice Cream, of course, comes the Coffee, served Demitasse. That's to prevent any possibility of drinking out of the saucer. This coffee is to try and keep the guests awake during the speeches. But, according to my observation, it has proven an entire failure.

Now, you know a man can't listen to good heavy speeches on diet like that, especially if the speaker is a man with a message. You know a man with a message is a whole lot harder to listen to than any other species of

speaker. That is why I recommend Chili. It's the only thing I have ever found that will strengthen a man up to listen to all he hears.

Now, as I say, I am getting out. I have talked more and said less in the last year in New York than any man outside of Public life. So me for Los Angeles and the Movies for at least a year and perhaps two. You see, when I left there a year and a half ago, they were cleaning up the Morals of Hollywood and I had to get out. But now that we both have reformed, I am returning. It seems that Rudolph Valentino can't get his troubles straightened out, so I am going to take his place.[2] Rudolph has been out on the road with some kind of Medicine Show, selling some kind of mud that goes on your face, and they say that if you use enough of it it will get you into the Movies.

They tell me in towns where he played that, after he left, they found girls mired down in every mudhole you come to. They wanted to get in the Movies, not only with their face, but all over.

Now, I have had as much mud on my face in my time as anybody my age. I can't remember the day from boyhood up that I didn't have a few streaks of it dried on there. Still, they have never come and asked me to go out and show what it did for me. So don't believe all you see advertised, 'Cause, while Mud may have made Rudolph's face, it durn near ruined mine.

Now, I was thinking of going out exploiting some worthy commodity, and I have figured it out that that Chili I was talking to you about a while ago would be about the best thing I know for a suffering humanity. You know, that would be a Godsend for those Rotary, Kiwanis and Commercial Clubs. For those 75-cent Luncheons are terrible, and those speeches on "How I Double My Sales" are nearly as bad. So, if you see a Speical Car touring the country in opposition to Rudy and his Mud, it wll be me and my Chili Con Carne.

You see, I have figured that if Mr. McAdoo could go out to Los Angeles and live and be away from his Public, I could do it too.[3] Besides there are just two towns in the United States where everybody goes. One is New York, so's to get where you can act different from what you vote, and the other is Los Angeles, to have a test made to see how you screen.

So don't think I am letting these prominent men get away scot free. I will continue to give you the low down on them every week, as they all come out there every winter, as they have to see their constituents, and I will be able to find out more about them out there. You can't find out anything in New York. Everybody comes there, but on account of the Volstead law not applying in that state, why, they are never sober enough to tell you anything. So I really think I can give you more details from Los Angeles on the Great American People, their habits, manners, and customs.

Then, too, I see where Bryan and Borah both are going out there to speak, so things can't be so bad—yet.[4] I was going to do like President Harding and work my way across the continent by speaking. Then I thought well, that wouldn't hardly be right; it would just take the edge off his trip.

He has got a tough trip ahead of him. He is a hitting that stubble field and roastin' ear country right in the hottest weather, when wheat is only half a crop, oats is cheap, and babies are teething. Its going to take an awful lot of perspiring to get them interested in any part of Europe.

29 BACK TO THE OPEN SPACES, ALL FOR SALE

Well, Clara Phillips and I arrived back in Los Angeles about the same time.[1] I tell you, Honduras or New York, either one can't compete with this country. Clara could have come clear if she had just pleaded insanity. Any Los Angeles jury in the world would have voted her insane, just for leaving here. Still, she claims she was kidnapped away so that squares her with all of us.

I, myself, wasn't kidnapped away. It was poverty that drove me out of this paradise. I was living fine on the climate out here but those kids of mine have no sense of the value of climate and beauty. They demanded meat and bread, so I had to go forth back into the narrow spaces, with no sunshine to protect me and toil every night and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons to procure enough to allow me to return to the broad spaces where every man is as good as his close up.

I arrived at my hut in Beverly Hills just in time to keep real estate men from plotting off and selling my front yard. They will sell you anything or anybody's in the world as long as they can get a first payment.

Well, I have been away from here for a year and a half and I never saw such a change in a place in my life. It used to be only Iowa that was out here but now they have three or four adjoining states interested and they are here, too. Real estate agents—you never saw as many in your life; they are as thick as bootleggers. You know, in most cities, after tending to your business and seeing the town you feel that you are through. But not in this town. You can't get a room in a hotel till you show that you have bought a lot.

You buy lots in Los Angeles with the same frequency you would newspapers in other towns. After buying it, you put it back in the hands of the agents again, for don't think you are going to get away with that lot. It has to be sold three or four times that day. Why, every lot out here has its own agents. Agents get rich out here just off the various commissions on one lot. If an agent handles two lots he opens up a branch office and has an as-

sistant. And you call one a real estate agent and he won't sell you anything. He is a REALATOR. It's the same as what the old fashioned real estate agent used to be only the commission is different.

Lots are sold so quick and often here that they are put through escrow made out to the 12th owner. They couldn't possibly make a separate deed for each purchaser, besides he wouldn't have time to read a deed in the 10 minutes he owned the lot. Your having no money don't worry the agents, if they can just get a couple of dollars, or an old overcoat, or a shot gun or anything to act as a first payment, second hand Fords is A-one, collateral.

It's the greatest game I ever saw. You can't lose. Everybody buys to sell and nobody buys to keep. What's worrying me is who is going to be the last owner. It's just like an auction; the only one stuck is the last one.

They had a big function here the other night celebrating in honor of a man from here who had been over to Europe and landed the 1932 or 1942, I forgot which, Olympic Games, for Los Angeles.[2] He could have gotten them here sooner but he wanted to give the town time to do a little advertising ahead. They have a committee out working now on the next centennial of Columbus' discovery of America which takes place 1992. The same officials will handle both events.

The Columbus Celebration has rather an added significance to Los Angeles, as they want to celebrate the good fortune of his landing on the Atlantic instead of the Pacific side, because if he landed out here he never would have gone back even to tell the Queen. He would have stayed right here and nobody would have ever known it but him.

Then they have bid for the 1950 Republican and Democratic Convention—both. They want to make a big event out of it if they get it, that is, in case of course, if the Republicans have an organization by that time. The real treat of course will be W. J. Bryan stampeding the 1950 convention.[3]

You see, if we get all these things we will be setting mighty pretty out here. Now of course a lot of you all wonder why we look so far ahead. Well that's on account of the clear climate. We can just see further ahead than anywhere else.

You see we have got to look ahead on account of living so much longer then anywhere else. An old man kicked here the other day on account of the owner wouldn't only give him a 99-year lease on the house he was living in. Said he didn't like to be moving every few days! He would like to get something permanent. Where most cities have sanitariums Los Angeles has Cafeterias.

I live near Sawtelle where the old soldiers of the Civil and Revolutionary wars have their home, and last week they beat the Los Angeles Coast League team playing baseball.

Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you, they are getting the tickets printed now for a big historical pageant which takes place 1949, commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the first camera to be brought into Hollywood. It arrived in a covered wagon. They have already celebrated the wagon. So in ’49 they are going to take care of the camera in fitting shape as they feel that it has done more for Southern California than the wagon. Also, in conjunction with this camera celebration, will be added a fitting tribute, to all the moving picture plots which they have used for all these years, and which arrived on that same wagon—ALL THREE OF THEM.

Oh yes, and just so we will be all ready for our Oympic Games in 1932 and to show you that there is something doing all the time, we are having a Movie Industrial Exposition and Monroe Celebration right this very summer. I don’t know what ex-President Monroe had to do with moving pictures that he should be coupled in the betting with them.[4] Neither do I know what industry has to do with the making of moving pictures. I guess, on account of Monroe being the author of a Doctrine, they figured he was the author of the first Scenario.

When I started this article I wasn’t going to say a word about California, but the climate got me before I got through.

30 TOURING THE FORD BELT

Well, as I go to press, everybody is on a trip somewhere if they work for the government. I wonder when the taxpayers take their trip. The feature trip is the Leviathan.[1] Now there has been a lot of newspaper discussion on that joy ride. Of course the ones that didn’t get to go are against it, and the ones who did, are for it, so, as there was only 600 who got to go and something over a hundred and ten million that did not, the odds are sightly in favor of the “It-should-never-have-been-alloweds.”

Now, I may be a little prejudiced in favor of the trip as I was asked to go, but, on account of being the only one working for a living, I couldn’t spare the time. I also felt like this celebration would be kinder tame in comparison to one that my wife and I made to Europe on the ship’s first trip home when she was called the Vaterland. I was going to Europe to play.

I never in my life saw such enthusiasm. They had brought all the designers, architects, landscape gardeners, and everybody that had anything to do with building it, over on this first trip and, going home, how those birds did celebrate! So I knew that nothing on this trip could touch that, as that was when Volstead was still plowing corn out west.[2]

I remember very well they said she was built to transport troops in case of war; they said her wide decks were to drill on. That might have been

what they would have done, drilled on them, but our boys didn't have to train on her decks. Both of their days' training was done over here. You know lots of people in Europe wondered how America could train men so quick. Well, when you only have to train them to go only one way you can do it in half the time.

Believe me, she is some tub. I was on her three days before I got near enough to the edge to see the ocean. We were on the stern end of the boat and we landed in Europe two days behind the people in the front end.

I think she should be paraded around all over, for we should be proud of her. Her and Cooties are all we got out of the War.

Now personally, I think the trip was framed up to kinder get people's mind off Mr. Harding's trip. You see, all the humorous writers and Congressmen were on the Leviathan, so it looked to be a good time not to have any of them following him. He is making a one night stand tour of all the principal precincts of the Ford Belt. The show opened in St. Louis. I never heard of a good show playing St. Louis in the summer time—nothing but circuses.

He spoke on an International Court but changed his act the next night in Kansas City. He said the Court did not suit a lot of Republican Senators as he first proposed it but that he would change the idea around so it would suit them. He spoke as though Party Harmony was more important than mere Court details. So, if any of you want a Court, you better get your plans in now before they get the Scenario of this one all written out.

The next one night stand was Kansas City. The Loew Circuit play you three days there now. The President spoke on transportation. I don't know why he thought Kansas City was more interested in getting somewhere than St. Louis was. You know, in a lot of these towns, it is going to be hard to get a subject.

His lips got so sunburned while he was making a speech in Convention Hall in Kansas City that he had to have his Doctor call in a physician.

When you speak in a St. Louis or Kansas City building, either one, in the summer time, you want to always hold an umbrella over you.

He discussed the government taking over the railroads. I can't remember now, but didn't we have them once?

Next the President stopped at a town in Kansas called Hutchinson. He is not only the only President that ever visited Alaska, but he will go down in history as being the only President that ever visited Hutchinson. The nearest was Bryan in a Tent every Chautauqua.[3] He is the second President since Lincoln that ever heard of Hutchinson.

By the irony of fate, he rode on a Ford Tractor that pulled a Wheat Binder. Now the question is, who are the farmers going to vote for, the man that rode the tractor or the man that made it?

He met an old childhood sweetheart. He said he had not heard of her in 40 years. If she had wanted to have been truthful and returned the compliment she could have said, "Well, Warren, up to 2 and a half years ago, I had not heard of you in 40 years."

It must be getting near election time; he has commenced taking up all the babies and kissing them. That is a sure sign of election. Mothers when you see your baby picked up by someone, nowadays, it is either one of two men. It's a kidnapper or a politician.

He spoke there on agriculture, and it was really wonderful how well off the farmers are and didn't know it until he explained just what had been done for them. He said that the War Finance Corporation had loaned the farmers and stock men lately $400,000,000, besides what they had borrowed from the Federal Loan Banks.[4] He said he thought that they would improve from now on, and that next year they should be able to borrow twice as much, as the Administration had been doing all it could for them.

So I don't see what kick the farmers have coming. Where could they ever owe that much money before? Now, he said, in closing, these very words: "I have reserved for the last what we may well call the crowning achievement of the entire list of things we have done for farmers. I refer to the Agricultural Credit Act of 1923, which furnishes the most enlightened scheme of farm borrowing of any of the others, and will enable the farmer to carry on his business on a sound business-like basis."

Now that is marvelous, when you think how they can get out next year and borrow better than they did this year. That is just what has been the matter with the farmers of this country, they just haven't got out and borrowed enough. But that is all being remedied now. This last thing he spoke of must be a third mortgage scheme. It has to be for the farmers are carrying two already.

Say, my article of a few weeks ago on Life Insurance for Ministers to be paid for by the congregation has stirred up something. It was recopied in all insurance papers and a half dozen church papers, and I have had many letters of endorsement from some who are going to try and start it. So keep up the good work and let me know what congregations believe their Ministers are human, and deserve something in their old age when they can't any longer do their chosen work.

31 A FEW SHOTS OF SCOPOLAMIN

Well, as I write this, between breaths in a comedy chase scene away out here in the broad spaces, where an actor is no better than his double, I am reading about the Dempsey and Gibbons fight.[1] In no business is a man en-

titled to more than he can draw and every man is entitled to a fair share of every cent he can draw. One of the boys in the picture just remarked that they should shut both of these fighters up in a room alone and then open the door and see what had happened. Why, they would find Dempsey had sold Gibbons something and that Kearns was waiting outside to get 50 per cent.[2]

Say, we have a discoverer out here in California, a Dr. House of Texas, who has invented a serum called Scopolamin, a thing that when injected into you will make you tell the truth, at least for a while, anyway.[3] Now, I don't know that the stuff is any good, but he certainly come to the right state to get material to try it on. If he can make us fellows in California tell the truth his experiment will be a total success. He don't have to look for subjects—just jab his needle into the first guy out here and await results.

He only has to ask one question if he has a Californian under his spell. All he has to do is ask him if he don't think it is a very hot day. If the patient says, "Yes," why, his experiment is a assured success. But if the patient says, "Well, it is warm today, but that is very unusual for this time of the year," why, then he might just as well throw his serum in the creek. It is a failure.

They started in by trying it on some convicts in various prisons out here. I don't know on what grounds they reason that a man in jail is a bigger liar than one out of jail. The chances are that telling the truth is what got him in there. Anyway, it has worked wonders; every man they tried it on said he didn't commit the crime. The chances are he would have said the same thing if the injection had been hydrant water instead of Scopolamin.

ITS EFFECT ON MOVIE STARS

But it has done wonders outside the jail and has proved that it really has Aladdin qualities. They tried it on a male movie star in Hollywood and he told his right salary and his press agent quit him. They then tried it on a female movie staress and she recalled things back as far as her first husband's name, and remembered her real maiden name.

They tried it on a movie magnet from New York who manufactures moving pictures and when he come out from under the influence of it and found they had had an interpreter there and took his speech down in English and that he had told what his pictures really cost, he committed suicide.

Their only failure to date has been a Los Angeles real estate agent. They broke three needles trying to administer the stuff to him and it turned black the minute it touched him, so they had to give him up. He sold Dr. House three lots before he got out of the operating room.

It really is a wonderful thing, and if it could be brought into general use it would no doubt be a big aid to humanity. But it will never be, for already the politicians are up in arms against it. It would ruin the very foundation on which our political government is run.

If you ever injected truth into politics you have no politics.

Everybody in jails are for it, for they want to prove their innocence. But everybody out of jails are against it, for fear they will get in themselves under its influence. Even ministers are denouncing it now.

So the chances are that this learned Taxan will return to obscurity, the same as his illustrious namesake of the same state, Col. House, who also had great plans of an ideal existence among nations of the world without conflict.[4] Humanity is not yet ready for either real truth or real harmony. So I look for these two House boys to finish back on their original lots.

Come to think of it, what a big aid to the cause of anti-prohibition that truth serum would be. Just before a voter goes in to vote, give him a shot, and then have a committee ask him if he drinks and if so, to vote that way. This country would be serumed right away from the bootleggers. I wonder if Bryan would volunteer to undergo a seige of it and then be asked if he hadn't had just a little nip at some time or another.[5]

Well, guess what Hollywood discovered in grading the side of a mountain to sell lots, right in her own town! Why, it is a road up the mountain where, if you stop your car, take off the brakes and put your gear in neutral, your car will start rolling up the hill instead of down. That's a fact.

THE CRADLE OF HIGH ROLLERS

Now, you know it's always been hard for a man to go uphill in this world. But you come to Hollywood and roll uphill without an effort. So now we have a new slogan: "Why is Hollywood the cradle of high rollers? Because we possess the only hill in the world you can roll up in neutral."

Well, as I pen these never-to-be-remembered lines, Pres. Harding is wending his way westward, the advance guard of the 1924 election. He canvassed Denver on "The enforcement of the law." The bootleggers all agreed with him that the stricter the law is enforced the better it will make prices. Why, in some places it was getting terrible; the prices had dropped to almost what they were before the law went in. If there is one thing that will starve out bootlegging it is cheap prices.

That was quite a compliment to Denver to be picked out for the only law enforcement speech of his tour. Shows you what an enviable position they gained in America's principal commodity.

Next Mr. Harding went to Salt Lake City. He spoke in the Mormon Tabernacle on "Thou shalt have no other wives before thee."

Mr. Senator Elder Reed Smoot introduced Mr. Harding by telling what the lately passed tariff bill had done for Utah and the sugar beet, and what it had done to the Housewives.[6]

Then he went into Idaho, just to prove to people that Borah does come from somewhere.[7] A hundred people have heard of Borah that never heard of Idaho. It was a wise move on the President's part, for, up to then, the

people of Idaho thought Borah was President. But Mr. Borah was a good sport and went right with him and admitted to the people that Mr. Harding was President.

Well, Senator Borah certainly acted the part of the real host. He never said a word against his guest untill he had left. Then he started in taking the President's speeches apart to see what made 'em stop.

So, in Idaho, it was the case of the Lion and the Lamb lying down together. But the Lamb had government detectives to see that the Lion didn't walk in his sleep.

So long, readers; I will meet you next in Alaska.

32 ROGERS PRAISES SPIRIT OF TULSA

Well, I see by this morning's papers that our old friend, Mr. Gary of the Steel Trust, after much letter writing and persuasion from President Harding, has sent a letter to the President which he received the day before he started mushing his way over the Dawson Trail to that gold cursed land near the Pole.[1] Well, in the letter he promised the President that he would do away with the 12-hour-a-day work in the Steel Mills (just as soon as it could be arranged). He said in the letter that it would take some time to arrange it.

Now, he promised the President to do this, but you know, so many Republicans have promised him things since he has been in and then didn't make good that it is getting so that a Republican promise is not much more to be depended on than a Democratic one. And that has always been considered the lowest form of collateral in the world.

Now Mr. Gary says it will take time. You see, a man who has been working for years for 12 or 14 hours a day, and you cut him down to 8, and you have a physical wreck on your hands. You take a person who is used to the cool air of a steel furnace for half the 24 hours of each day and bring him to the stuffy atmosphere of outdoors, or a home, and he can't stand it.

Well, the 4th of July just passed and 62 people passed with it, beside 262 wounded. A great many of the deaths were due to gunshot wounds, some accidental, but most of them were from Roman Candles shooting from the wrong end. I wonder if it would not be just as easy for the manufacturers of those things to make them shoot out of just one end. It looks to us ignorant like it would be easier.

TRICKY WIVES' PISTOLS

After reading the casualty list every 5th of July morning, one learns that we have killed more people celebrating our independence than we lost

fighting for it. We would celebrate the ending of each of our wars but we haven't got enough people to go around. Some of these affairs were caused by husbands trying to celebrate with their wives' pistols and didn't get the wives to show them how to properly do it.

Of course, the worst case of a Roman Candle going off at the wrong end on the 4th of July was when Dempsey picked up Tom Gibbons at Shelby, Montana. That was supposed to have been hand picked and prepared. Now, in searching for material to write about and asking advice as to what people would be interested in, quite a few would say, write about Shelby and the fight; that would be funny.

And I have heard lots of kidding about Shelby's failure to raise so much money. Now, I generally try to see the funny side of most of our national calamities, including politics, but to save my soul I can't think of a funny thing about Shelby, Montana. They went into what they thought was a sporting proposition, but they soon found out that the only thing that was not connected with it was sport.[2]

They wanted to do something to put their little town on the map. They believed in it; they believed, contrary to New York and all the so-called experts, that Gibbons would make a creditable showing. They went out and spent their money as far as it went, and that's as far as any one can go.

Years ago, I remember a similar incident of a never-heard-of-hustling little town that was hardly known as far as the county line. It was located about 30 miles from where I was born and raised. They, like Shelby, wanted to do something that would attract attention to their little town. This stunt I am going to tell about may not be new now, but I believe it was then. They hired a special train for 10 days and made a trip to what to us was back East, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Chicago and Kansas City.

THE "LITTLE ROPE'S" DEBUT

It took just about all the town could raise, but every business man dug up all he could. They loaded the baggage car with things their country would raise. The reason I remember this case so well was because I had the good fortune to be invited to go along, and it was one of the first cases of me and my little rope making a public appearance.

Well, it was a joke—a hundred men getting off a train, marching with a band, boosting a place nobody had ever heard of. But business men in the places we paraded commenced to realize that there must be something in our town or we couldn't do all this.

Now, if you are anxious to know whatever became of this tank town it's Tulsa, Oklahoma, which would have been a real town, even if its people weren't greasy rich with oil, for it is founded on the spirit of its people.

They plunged and they won. Shelby had the same spirit and lost. I can't become tickled at it, myself.

It's the towns, big and small, that don't do or try to do anything at all that are funny to me. Personally, I think they made a bad selection of a mode of publicity. People a prize-fight would attract wouldn't settle in any town. They won't even stay in New York. So how was Shelby going to hold them?

The most pathetic part of this for this little cow town is to come yet. Through the fruits of their idea and financial failure, some so-called wise eastern promoter will reap a fortune by rematching these two men again. All reaped at the expense of Shelby's idea. More power to all the other Shelbys in the west who are trying.

Well, all I read in the papers now is about some fellow named Edward Bok offering 100 thousand dollars for some one to suggest a plan where they stop wars.[3] Now he is receiving serious editorial mention for his idea and philanthropy. People that praise his idea laughed at Henry Ford's for trying to just stop one war, while this fellow offers just 100 thousand dollars to stop all of them.[4]

I claim that both men were equally sincere, but, on the other hand, if there is to be ridicule, I claim they should share equally in that, too.

The very terms of this make it ridiculous. He is to give half the money when the trustees accept the plan, and the other half when the Senate accepts and passes it.

Now, I am no Philanthropist. I am hard to separate from money; if I killed two birds with one stone I would want the stone back. But I will just raise Mr. Bok's offer 100 thousand dollars. I will hereby make a bona fide offer of 200 thousand dollars to any man in the world who can draw up any kind of bill or suggestion, I don't care on what subject, no matter how meritorious, and send it to the Senate of the United States and send this paper a copy of the bill submitted, and if the United States passes the bill as you sent it in, you get 200 thousand.

Talk about stopping war, I will bet any man in the United States 5 thousand even that there ain't a man in this country that can draw up a bill that the Senate themselves won't go to war over while they are arguing it.

Can you imagine the bunch of multi-millionaires made by the last war agreeing to stop all chances of a future war for 100 thousand dollars? I am only an ignorant cowpuncher, but there ain't nobody on earth, I don't care how smart they are, ever going to make me believe they will ever stop wars.

We ain't as smart as the generations ahead of us, and they tried to stop them and haven't been able to. In fact, every war has been preceded by a peace conference. That's what always starts the next war.

Ever since, I think it was Noah's two boys, there has been conflict. Cain, I think it was, picked up an oar and slew his brother Abel so hard with it that he knocked out the side of the zoo. I suppose a hundred thou-

sand dollars would have stopped that. Why, a hundred thousand dollars couldn't even stop the Dempsey fight.

The only way to do is just stay out of them as long as you can, and the best way to stay out of them for quite a while, instead of teaching a boy to run an automobile, teach him to fly, because the nation in the next war that ain't up in the air, is just going to get something dropped on its bean.

As I told you in an article a few weeks ago, Mr. Harding has the plan, and by the way, I see on this trip he has suggested it several times again. His is better than any that will come in through this offer and he should get the 100 thousand. And it is only a few words—that is, "Draft capital as well as men." Any time you take everything that every man has got the same as conscript, Boys, there ain't going to be no war.

Now, I think you will agree that would be great, but you see if Congress passes it. If it does, I will give Mr. Harding the dough for getting the idea through. I say, IF Congress passes it.

33 ROGERS PRAISES CLAREMORE AQUA

Now, in my more or less checkered career before the more or less checkered public, I have been asked to publicly endorse everything from chewing gum, face beautifiers, patent cocktail shakers, ma junk sets, even corsets, cigarettes and chewing tobacco, all of which I didn't use or know anything about. But I always refused.

You never heard me boosting from anything, for I never saw anything made that the fellow across the street didn't make something just as good.

But, at last, I have found something that I absolutely know no one else has something as good as, for an all-seeing nature put this where it is and it's the only one he had, and by a coincidence it is located in the town near the ranch where I was born and raised.

So I hereby and hereon come out unequivocally (I think that's the way you spell it) in favor of a place that has the water that I know will cure you. You might ask, cure me of what? Why, cure you of anything, just name your disease and dive in.

Claremore, Oklahoma, is the birthplace of this Aladdin of health waters. Some misguided soul named it radium water, but radium will never see the day that it is worth mentioning in the same breath as this magic water. Why, to the afflicted and to all suffering humanity, a jug of this water is worth a wheelbarrow full of radium. Still, even under the handicap of a cheap name, this liquid god-send has really cured thousands.

Now you may say, "Oh, you boost it because you live there," but I don't want you to think so little of me that you would think I would mis-

guide a sick person just for the monetary gain to my home town. We don't need you that bad. The city is on a self-supporting basis without patients, just by shipping the water to Hot Springs, Ark.; Hot Springs, Va.; West Baden, Ind.; and Saratoga, N. Y.

Now, as to a few of the ignorant who might still be in the dark as to where the home of this fountain of youth is located. I will tell you. I shouldn't waste my time on such low brows, but, unfortunately, they get sick and need assistance the same as the 95 million others who already know where Claremore is located.

It is located, this mecca of the ill, about 1,700 miles west of New York (either city or state, depends on whichever one you happen to be in). You bear a little South of West, after leaving New York, till you reach Sos McClellan's place, which is just on the outskirts of Claremore.[1] Before you get in the city proper, if you remember about 500 miles back, you passed another town. Well, that was St. Louis, most of which is in Illinois.

Now, if you are in the North, and happen to get something the matter with you, we are 847 and a half miles South by West from Gary, Indiana. We have cured hundreds of people from Chicago, Ill., from gun shot wounds inflicted in attempted murders and robberies. There is only one way to avoid being robbed of anything in Chicago and that is not to have anything.

If you are from Minneapolis, our radium water guarantees to cure you of everything but your Swedish accent. If you are from St. Paul, we can cure you of everything but your ingrown hatred for Minneapolis.

I will admit that these waters have quite a peculiar odor, as they have a proportion of sulphur and other unknown ingredients, but visitors from Kansas City, who are used to a stock yard breeze, take this wonderful water home as a perfume.

Approaching this city from the North, don't get it confused with Oolagah, Oklahoma, my original birthplace, which is 12 miles to the North, as both towns have post offices.

From the West, if you are afflicted and you are sure to be or you wouldn't have gone out there, why Claremore is just 1,900 miles due East of Mojave, California, one of the few towns which Los Angeles has not voted into their cafeteria. You come East till you reach an oil station at a road crossing. This oil station is run by a man named St. Clair.[2] You will see a lot of men pitching horseshoes. Well, that is the post office of Tulsa, Oklahoma, and the men are millionaires pitching horeseshoes for oil wells, or for each other's wives.

You should, by this description, have the place pretty well located in your minds. Now, if you are living in the South and are afflicted with a cotton crop under a Republican administration, or with the Ku Klux Klan, or

with the hook worm, we guarantee to rid you of either or all of these in a course of 24 baths.

Claremore is located just 905 miles North of Senator Pat Harrison's mint bed in Mississippi.[3] In coming from the Gulf Country some have got off the road and had to pass through Dallas, Texas, but have found out their mistake and got back on the main road at Ft. Worth before losing all they had. You easily can tell Fort Worth. A fellow will be standing down in front of the drug store making a speech.

Now, before reaching Claremore, you will pass, even though it's in the middle of the day, a place where you think it's night and you won't know what is the matter. Well, that's Muskogee, Oklahoma, and this darkness is caused by the color scheme of the population, so put on your headlights and go on in. This Muskogee is really a parking space for cars entering Claremore. Of course, if you want to drive on into the town of Claremore proper, it's only 60 miles through the suburbs from here.

LOCATED ON CAT CREEK

The city is located on Cat Creek, and instead of having a lot of streets like most towns and cities, we have combined on one street. In that way no street is overlooked.

You might wonder how we discovered this Blarney Stone of waters. In the early days, us old-timers there, always considered these wells more as an odor than as a cure. But one day a man come in there who had been raised in Kansas and he had heard in a round-about-way of people bathing, although he had never taken one, so, by mistake, he got into this radium water.

He was a one-armed man—he had lost an arm in a rush to get into a Chautauqua tent in Kansas to hear Bryan speak on man vs. monkey.[4] Well, he tried this bath, and it didn't kill him and he noticed that he was beginning to sprout a new arm where he had lost the old one, so he kept on with the baths and it's to him that we owe the discovery of this wonderful curative water. Also, he was the pioneer of bathers of Kansas, as now they tell me it's not uncommon thing to have a tub in most of their larger towns.

Now, it has been discovered that you can carry a thing too far and overdo it, so we don't want you there too long. A man come there once entirely legless and stayed a week too long and went away a centipede.

I want to offer here my personal testimonal of what it did to me. You see, after this Kansas guy started it, why, us old-timers moved our bathing from the river into a tub. Now, at that time, I was practically tongue tied and couldn't speak out in private, much less in public. Well, after 12 baths, I was able to go to New York and make after-dinner speeches. I stopped in Washington on the way and saw how our government was run and that gave me something funny to speak about.

So, in thanking the water, I also want to thank the government for making the whole thing possible. Now, had I taken 24 baths I would have been a politician, so you see I stopped just in time.

The only thing I get out of this is I have the "thrown away crutch privilege." If you don't get well and throw away your invalid chair or crutches I get nothing out of it, so that is why we give you a square deal. If you are not cured, I don't get your crutches. There is no other resort in the world that works on that small a margin.

W. J. Bryan drank one drink of this water and turned against liquor. Senator LaFollette drank two drinks of it and turned against everything.[5] So, remember Claremore. The Carlsbad of America, where the Frisco Railroad crosses the Iron Mountain Railroad, not often, but every few days.

34 VILLA ONLY MAN TO "DEFEAT" U. S.

Well, as I go to press, the news has just reached me of the 100th death of Pancho Villa of Mexico.[1] It looks like this one is permanent, though. It really seemed like old times yesterday, picking up a paper and seeing the headline "Villa Shot."

Villa was really the reason of William Randolph Hearst having an afternoon as well as a morning paper in each of our large cities.[2] His morning papers used to capture Villa every day so he had to have an afternoon paper to let him escape again in, so the morning one could get him again the next day. (Now, I know that joke is good, because Mr. Hearst, himself, used to laugh at it more than any one else when I used it in the Midnight Frolic in New York in the days before Volstead and the assassins got Villa and me, both.)[3]

I won't be right sure yet that it was not one of his doubles that was killed. One thing makes me doubt it—it happened at 6 o'clock in the morning and no retired bandit gets up that early even to be shot.

One of the most regrettable things about it is that the American Movie Companies will be flooding the market now with pictures of his life. They were afraid to make them before for fear he would see some of them.

He was 47 years old, considered unusually old, as life in Mexican bandit circles is judged. He leaves many friends and wives. The government had settled some two or three hundred thousand acres of land on him, so it will be interesting to see his children claiming his estate. They ought to just give each child an acre apiece as long as his land lasts.

He was an uneducated man, and had been raised in this country, he would have become wealthy and gone into politics, and perhaps have been mentioned as presidential timber. In fact, America has not been able to pro-

duce such a man. He was a combination of the traits that have made some of our greatest men. He had the bull headedness of a Senator La Follette, the courage of William Borah, the cunning strategy of a Senator La Follette, the "get in wrong" proclivities of a William J. Bryan, the Alpine horsemanship of a Max Oser, the romance of a Valentino, the marksmanship of an Annie Oakley, the leadership of a Will Hays, and the mustache of William Taft.[4]

THE ONLY PEACEFUL MAN

I look for a lot of war down in Mexico now, as they have killed off the only peaceful man they had down there.

And right here I want to go on record as being the only person that has written about Villa since his death that did not claim that they knew him well at one time or another. They know now there is no way of having it denied. Well, he certainly must have been a martyr if Mexico farms had not paid any better than American farms in the last few years.

I doubt if you could get one of our bandits to come in and surrender if you gave him the whole state of Iowa, and told him he had to make a living farming it. That was the only foolish move I ever read of Villa doing.

Some of our wheat farmers wish somebody would ambush and shoot them before the second mortgage comes due. You will hear very little expressions of regret over his death by farmers; they will just figure him lucky. I had just read in the papers a few days ago about his complaining to the government authorities that some one was stealing his stock and asked for protection.

With the passing of Villa, not only Mexico but the world at large, will lose a national character. He started America on its career of note writing, a thing in which we are equalled by few and excelled by none. He was responsible for the typewriter supplanting the bayonet as our national arm of defense. Did you ever realize that at one time in our negotiations with Mexico this country was 4 notes behind?

He was personally responsible for our only losing war. Of course, after losing it, we changed the name of it from a war to a punitive expedition.[5] As it turned out, it was a very good thing, for shortly afterwards we matched a real war and used this Mexican one as a training station. It was the best rehearsal for a war that America ever had.

It was a coincidence that the same fellow who went down to tag Villa was the man responsible for winning the real war, so Villa really holds a decision over the champ. That was Jack Pershing.[6] He went down and marched around for three months down there but couldn't find anybody to fight with. So, if we ever have another war with them, let's have it understood and in the contract, just where they will be and when.

THE UNDERHANDEDNESS OF VILLA

The whole thing started over a raid that Villa made at Columbus, New Mexico. It was like Shelby, Montana; it took a fight to make it famous. It was a government army post and we had a man on guard that night, but, just to show the underhandedness of Villa, he didn't sneak up on the side this fellow was watching on. But, even at that, they got up and chased Villa over the line into Mexico till they run into a lot of American red tape and had to come back.

So, finally, when he didn't come in and give up, why, they sent some troops down from as far back as New York, all new recruited ones. Well, they naturally thought they were in Mexico when they got 20 miles west of Trenton, N. J. They wouldn't have known Villa if they had seen him. They didn't even know Pershing.

Well, they camped on the border and ate chili and thought that was war and sent a lot of post cards home of the Rio Grande River to show where the water could run if there was any there.

At one time the regulars that Pershing took in with him had Villa surrounded at a town called Los Quas Ka Jasbo. But nobody knew where Los Quas Ka Jasbo was. They should have caught him. They had him hemmed in between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and all they had to do was stop up both ends.

At one time our troops wanted to use the Mexican Railroads, and the Mexicans did give us permission to use them—coming this way.

One time there was a headline in the paper, "Villa escapes net and fleas." Now I knew right then that they would never get him. I have been in Mexico, and any man that can escape fleas! No army ain't going to catch him.

We have a commission down there now trying to get Mexico to recognize us. We have changed so in the last few years that very few nations KNOW us now. The way we are trying to make up with them now—they must have struck oil lately.

I never could understand why we wasn't nicer to them than we are; they don't owe us anything. That alone makes them a novelty.

Well, I don't suppose Washington will protest this last affair. It will be the only thing they haven't protested that has happened down there.

I have always felt that the reason Villa come in and gave up was because when he heard what bootleggers made in America he got discouraged with the bandit business. He saw what a punitive business it was. So he just figured, what's the use?

I think Mexico did the wisest thing in the world when they got him to give up. I wish America could get some of the political bandits that live off this country to come in and give up. Then we would know just what we

were paying them to live on, instead of the present system of letting them grab what they can.

One thing, they can't claim robbery as the cause of the murder. Statistics have proven that there has not been a farmer in either Mexico or the U. S. even threatened by a robber in the last three years.

Well, I guess there is a lot worse ones than Villa, and, poor soul, he filled his life's ambition. He died what's called a natural death in Mexico. He was shot in the back.

P. S.– Just last night, when I was writing this out here in Los Angeles, we had the whole house trembling and shimmying around. Now don't get me wrong, it was no earthquake—just a disturbance, they call 'em.

Don't say much about this. We keep these things quiet so 'Frisco won't hear anything about it. They always make a lot out of nothing. My typewriter fell off the table, but it was just a disturbance. So just skip this part of the article. We don't want anything said about it. That's why I ain't mentioning it.

35 ROGERS APPROVES SONG OF BANANAS

The subject for this week's brainy editorial is resolved that, "Is the song 'Yes We Have No Bananas,' the greatest or the worst song that America ever had?"[1]

I have read quite a lot in the papers about the degeneration of America by falling for a thing like it. Some lay it to the effects of prohibition, some say it is the after effects of war, that it is liable to follow every big war. I see where some have written editorials on the song claiming that things are always in an unsettled state the year before a presidential election. I claim it's due to none of these causes at all; neither is it due to the French occupation of the Ruhr.[2] I claim that it is the greatest document that has been penned in the entire history of American Literature.

EVERYBODY UNDERSTANDS

And there is only one way to account for its popularity, and that is how you account for anything's popularity, and that is because it has merit. Real down to earth merit, more than anything written in the last decade. The world was just hungry for something good and when this genius came along and got right down and wrote on a subject that every human being is familiar with, and that was vegetables, bologna, eggs and bananas, why he simply hit us where we live. You know a war song will only appeal to people that are interested in war, a love song to those who are in love, mammy song to nobody at all, but when you get down and write of cabbages, potatoes and tomatoes, you just about hit on a universal subject.

You see, we had been eating these things all our lives but no one had ever thought of paying homage to them in words and harmony. It opens up a new field for song writers. I look for an epidemic of corned beef, liver and bacon, soup and hash songs to flood the market. So more power to an originator. Did you ever stop to realize that that song has attracted more attention than anything that has taken place in this country since Valentino gave up the screen for a mud face preparation?[3]

Magnus Johnson of Wisconsin or Minnesota (they ought to put those states together; nobody can ever remember which one anything ever happens in, generally the same thing happens in both of them); well as I say, Magnus was unfortunate enough to be elected to the United States Senate at a time when bananas was at its height.[4] Ten thousand people can sing the song that don't know that Magnus can milk a cow with one hand and broadcast a political speech with the other. Millions can hum the song that can't tell you what Lloyd George is sore at England about.[5]

Hiram Johnson arrived from Europe a presidential possibility, and spoke to 2,000 people.[6] The creator of bananas to music, penned one gem of constructive thought, and spoke not to 2,000 but to 110,000,000.

Then some editorial newspaper writer has the nerve to sneer at this marvelous song, when perhaps his writings never cross the county line. Why, Italy has already made arrangements on account of his honoring her national diet to place his name alongside of Michael Angelo, Garabaldi, and Louis Firpo.[7] It is already bringing on international complications. England is sore because he didn't say something about tea and cake.

If we had a man like that to write our national anthem somebody could learn it. It wouldn't take three wars to learn the words.

Mother has been done to death in songs and not enough consideration shown her in real life. We thought when we sang about her we had paid her all the respect there was. I tell you, conditions were just ripe for a good fruit song.

COHAN HAD AN IDEA

George M. Cohan wore out more flags than a war waving them to music.[8] He transferred the flag from cloth to paper, he made it a two-verse and chorus affair. Now George was original. He saw an idea; he knew that a big percentage of the American people had seen the flag, so that would give him a subject to write on that people knew about. But look what a universal subject this bird hit on. There are thousands of foreigners landing here daily that know Spin-ish and Honions, that don't know an American flag from a Navajo blanket.

TAKE THE BANANA CLASSIC

Did you ever just dissect the words to some of our so-called popular songs? One has the words "It's not raining rain, it's raining violets." Now can you imagine any more of a cuckoo idea than that? You can't hardly raise the

things, much less rain 'em. Now which do we owe the most to, the violet or the banana? Even such a genius as George M. Cohan himself has a song, "You remind me of my Mother when Mother was a girl like you." How can any man remember his mother when she was a girl? It's a physical impossibility. You would have had to be born almost simultaneously with your mother.

Now on the other hand take the banana classic, "We just killed a pony so try our bologna, it's flavored with cats and hay." Now that's not only good poetry but his honesty should be rewarded. He is on the level, he is telling you just what you get. Then those history-making lines, "Our hen fruit, have you tried 'em, real live chickens inside 'em." Now I think in the rhyming line that is a positive gem, and will live when Gungha Din has lost his hot water bottle. That shows originality. He is not just simply going along rhyming girl and pearl, beauty and cutey, bees and knees.

This boy has got the stuff. Get this one and then read all through Shakespeare and see if he ever scrambled up a mess of words like these, "Try our walnuts and co-co-nuts, there aint many nuts like they." Not just off hand you would think this is purely a commercial song with no tinge of sentiment, but don't you believe it. Read this: "And you can take home WIM-MENS, nice juicy PER-SIM-MONS." Now that shows thoughtfulness for the fair sex and also excellent judgement in the choice of a delicacy. Then there is rhythm and harmony that would do credit to a Walt Whitman, so I defy you to show me a single song with so much downright merit to it as this has.[9]

AS FOR OTHER SAYINGS

You know, it don't take much to rank a man away up if he is just lucky in coining the right words. Now take for instance Horace Greeley, I think it was, or was it W. G. McAdoo, who said, "Go West, young man."[10] Now that took no original thought at the time it was uttered. There was no other place for a man to go, still it has lived. Now you mean to tell me that a commonplace remark like that has the real backbone of this one: "Our grapefruit I'll bet you, is not going to wet you, we drain them out every day." Now which do you think it would take you the longest to think of, that or "Go West young man."

Some other fellow made himself by saying, "War is hell." Now what was original about that? Anyone who had been in one could have told you that, and today he has one of the biggest statues in New York. According to that, what should this banana man get? He should be voted the poet lariet of America.

Now mind you, I am not upholding this man because I hold any briefs for the song writers. I think they are in a class with the after dinner speakers. They should be like vice used to be in some towns. They should be segregated off to themselves and not allowed to associate with people at

all, and should be made to sing these songs to each other. That is the only way you will ever do away with the song writing business.

Another thing that has made it bad is these people that used to send scenarios to moving picture studios, after getting them back have turned them into songs. It's been a godsend to the picture business but a blow to the music business. And those mammy songs,—those writers should have been banished to Siberia, and as they went through on their way to Siberia don't let them stop in Russia to see their mammy. But when one does come along and displays real talent as this one has proven, I think he should be encouraged. Some man said years ago that he "cares not who fought their countries' wars as long as he could write their songs." But of the two our songs have been the most devastating.

I understand this boy was a drummer in a jazz band before this world renown hit him. Now I personally have always considered the drummer the best part of a jazz band. I think if all the members of a jazz band played the drums it would make better music. I would rather have been the author of that banana masterpiece than the author of the constitution of the United States. No one has offered any amendments to it. It's the only thing ever written in America that we haven't changed, most of them for the worse.

36 LETS TREAT OUR PRESIDENTS LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

As I am writing this away out here in California days before you read it, it's Sunday and everybody's thoughts and sympathies are with a train rushing clear across our country, passing sorrowfully through little towns with just folks standing bareheaded paying their respects to just folks going back to Marion to stay with just folks.[1]

He goes to his resting place a martyr, a martyr to the boneheadedness of reception committees. You wouldn't ask your hired man to do in one week the amount of real physical work that each committee asked him to do in one day. Imagine three long speeches in one day in Seattle at different places, and parade for two hours in the hot sun with his hat off most of the time, besides a thousand other things he was asked to do.

Just suppose for instance you had a guest coming to visit you. Would you start in having him entertain the neighbors the minute he got in the house, and then keep every minute of his time occupied till train time, and then turn him over to the next bunch? Why, no, you wouldn't think of such a thing. The first thing you think of when a friend comes from a long journey is to have him rest, but because it is your president he don't need any.

So when the next Congress meets they should pass a law to shoot all reception committees, or teach them consideration for other people.

If Jack Dempsey had left Washington and undertaken this same strain, when he got back Uncle Joe Cannon could have licked him.[2]

Any of you who have slept or tried to on a train at night and got into a town early in the morning, you know you don't feel like speaking or parading. You want to go to a hotel and go to bed. Now can you imagaine the president's case? Every morning at 6 A M, to be awakened by a band (it wouldn't be so bad if it was a good band) and you look out and there is the town's best citizens in antique hats, ready to show you the Fire House, the new Aqueduct, the High School, and City Hall. The smell of the moth balls from the long tail coats of the committee, morning after morning, would give a man some kind of disease.

Now, every man on that committee was nearly tired out at night and took a vacation the next day, but the president must go right on the same thing the next day, only worse, for every town was trying to outdo the other. It's not only a hardship on the people you are entertaining but hard on everbody participating.

One town will have a flag composed of 5 thousand children, assembled and standing in the hot sun for hours, not only spoiling their whole day but subjecting them to every known contagious disease. The next town to be original will get 10 thousand children to make up their flag, and make their parade 10 miles as the last one only paraded 5, even if they have to exhaust their guest to do it.

Then of course, he is always asked to speak out in the open. They have 60 acre fields and put seats around them and call 'em stadiums, and expect a man to talk in them. Anyone who has ever spoken outdoors knows what outdoor speaking does to your voice. The town with the cheapest land and most concrete can have the largest stadium.

I have always claimed that parades should be classed as a nuisance and participants should be subject to a term in prison. They stop more work, inconvenience more people, stop more traffic, cause more accidents, entail more expense, and commit and cause I don't remember the other hundred misdemeanors. And what good are they? Half of them going along you don't know who they are, or what they are for. Even the people in them hate 'em. The most popular joke I had after the war in New York when the boys were coming back and parading every day was, "If we really wanted to honor our boys, why didn't we let them sit on the reviewing stands and make the people march those 15 miles?" They didn't want to parade, they wanted to go home and rest. But they wouldn't discharge a soldier as long as they could find a new street in a town that he hadn't marched down yet.

Of course, keep circus parades, for they really give enjoyment not only to kids but us old ones too. As a remedy for this parading I would suggest that each town set aside a street, away out where there is nothing to interfere and give them that as Parade Street; then when some fellow or gang wants to try out a new uniform or honor somebody, why let them parade up and down there just as long as they want to. If you think parading is popular just see how many would go over there to see it. Parades nowadays think they are drawing a crowd when it's only people trying to get across the street to their business, not to see you parade at all. So just set them aside a street—that will stop it. The minute a parader sees that no one is watching him he will stop and in that way you will eliminate all parades.

I was on the reception committee of the movie industry that was to have met the president here in Los Angeles. Well, just as an example of what I said about the others, they decided that it might be showing partiality if they took him to any one studio, so they decided to take him to all of them. In that way they could take up his entire time. Now, no one knew whether he wanted to go to any of them or not; we were deciding for him. Can you imagine being a guest of the city of Carnegie, Pa., and the committee showing you through all the steel mills in town?

Now President Harding was quite an admirer of the movies, so I imagine he liked sausage, too. But Chicago didn't rush him off to the packing houses the minute he got there to see it made.

According to his itinerary here, he was allowed 15 mintues to call on an aunt whom he hadn't seen in years that lived here. That was to be his only relaxation while here. We were waiting to see how long Frisco's parade would run so we could run ours longer.

Now, as just an example of the trip, he loved golf, (and as the later sad events have proven) it was good for him; it was the very recreation needed. But do you think these communities let him do it? No sir, he only got out three times on the entire trip. I offered a suggestion here when they were making the arrangements, but like everything coming from a comedian it was considered not practical. I wanted to let the reception committee go ahead and rent the suits and be at the station looking funny just like these others he was used to day after day, but instead of dragging him off where he didn't know where he was going, why just say, "Mr. President, we have engaged a room at the Central Hotel. Here's a Ford car at your disposal. Here's a card to any golf course in our town. Now we know you are tired, so you just make yourself at home these few days; do just as you please, we have no plans for you at all."

Well, my plan wasn't adopted; it was too late. But if it has been even partly tried in all the towns on this trip we would have all been happy and had him with us today. The first town that ever does do that with their vis-

iting guests and treat them as if human, will soon be wondering where all their popularity comes from.

You may have read in the papers last year that the diplomatic relations were strained between President Harding and some of my jokes on the administration. Now, I want to say nothing was further from the truth. That was simply newspaper stuff. It was reported that he couldn't stand jokes about the administration. Why, he had a great sense of humor and could stand all the jokes ever told about him or his policies. The first time I met him Will Hays introduced me to him in the White House and he repeated to me a lot of jokes that I had told away before.[3]

And I told him then: "Now Mr. Harding, I don't want you to think I am hard on you-all. You know I told some pretty hard ones on the Democrats when they were in; in fact I think I told funnier ones on the Democrats, as they were doing funnier things." I explained to him that it would not be fair to the Democrats to kid them while they were down, but the minute they get their head above water again I will take a whack at them.

He didn't come to see our show, that's true, but he went that night to a better one, so he not only had a sense of humor but he had good judgment. I met Will Hays just before I left New York in June and he said, "Will, I had lunch with the President last week and he had me tell him all your new stuff on the Administration."

No, I don't think I ever hurt any man's feelings by my little gags. I know I never willfully did it. When I have to do that to make a living I will quit. I may not have always said just what they would have liked me to say but they knew it was meant in good nature.

I never go to Detroit that I don't spend an entire day out with Henry Ford and I don't suppose there is a man living (barring the owners) that have told any more jokes on him than I have.

I liked President Harding. You see I had met him, and I don't believe any man could meet him and talk to him and not like him. Why, I said after first meeting him, "I thought I would be scared when they took me in but he made me feel just like talking to some good old prosperous ranchman out home." That's why I can understand him wanting to meet as many people personally as possible, for to meet him meant another friend.

I only hope our future presidents can be gifted with his sense of humor and justice.

He was a mighty good friend to us theatrical people; he was a good friend al ALL kinds of people.

For he had the right dope after all. Everybody is JUST FOLKS.

HE WAS A REAL HONEST-TO-GOD MAN.

37 BACK TO REAL LIFE

Now my wail this week is on a subject that is really growing serious, and if something is not done about it pretty soon it may bring on very complicated results.

Since I have been out here working in pictures I have had a chance to see quite a lot of movies, and observe their looks and style of dress on the screen.

Now the thing I want to speak about was really prompted by my being asked to speak before a Doctors' Convention at the hotel where they were meeting. I had not been sick for a long time and did not really know what a doctor looked like, only of course from the ones I had seen on the screen, who all wore Vandyke beards trimmed very neat, and a cutaway coat. So I went into the hotel where I was to speak on the subject, "Odds and Ends Left inside after Operations," or "Mistakes Doctors have made and covered up." I saw a room full of men but not one of them had on a Vandyke beard, so I thought I was in the wrong room. Finally I spied one lone guy with a Vandyke, so I immediately rushed up to him and said, "You are Dr. Alibi, aren't you?" He said, "Why, no, I am not a Doctor, I am the secretary of this Doctors Association that's in session here, but I am only a clerk myself."

Now I wouldn't believe these men were Doctors at all as not a one had the earmarks of a Doctor, and to make it still more doubtful there wasn't a cutaway coat in the room. There were alpacas, cotton, sear sucker and every brand and vintage of coat in the world, but not a single cutaway. So you see, by not knowing how to look or dress, I just realized what fools moving picture actors were making out of these Doctors. Why, I bet you a lot of real Doctors have been called in to attend some steady movie fan (for no person in the world needs a Doctor more often than a constant movie fan), and I bet you the fan would not let the Doctor in till he went home and put on a beard.

Now it wouldn't be so bad if it was only the Doctors in real life that were making themselves ridiculous by not knowing how to dress or look, but the same thing has percolated into almost every line of business you can think of.

Another bunch of men that think they are doing well (and they may be financially, but to a movie fan they are the laughing stock of the country) are the Bankers. Any one with a grain of movie sense knows that all Bankers are big and fat. Still, in New York just before I come out here, I spoke at their banquet where the richest were gathered from all over the U. S. I spoke on the subject, "Widows you have foreclosed on," or, "Yes the Legal Rate is 8%, but try and get it."

Well, when I got into the room, the first fellow I saw looked like the ideal screen Banker. He had on a dress suit and was big and fat, so I said, "You are one of the Bankers, could you give me some information?" He said, "Why, I'm one of the waiters here, I am no Banker." So I looked all around to see if I could see one. Finally I did see one, and made for him. He weighed about two fifty, but after the usual question, he turned out to be the assistant manager of the hotel. So I asked him where the Bankers were. He said, "Why, here they are all around here." I said, "What! These little weasly undernourished men?" They were the most dyspeptic looking bunch of little runts I had ever seen gathered together.

Well, I'll tell you how bad they looked. I got so scared I went to the manager and told him to "feed 'em before I talk to them because some of them look like they ain't going to live anyway."

So you see how much more popular they would be with all the movie fans if they were like they ought and are supposed to be, big and fat. And what makes it worse, they have got the money they could do it on too. But of course if they want to go ahead and let actors make fools out of them, why, it's none of my business.

Another case that I had forcibly brought to mind lately was a fellow who sold me a lot and took part of the Money down. I found later he had sold the same lot to three other people and had done the same thing with them. He was a little fat, blonde, jolly fellow. Now anybody in the World that's ever seen just one Picture knows that a Crook or Villain that would do a thing like that is tall with Black hair and Eyes, has a Mustache and smokes cigarettes all the time. That little fellow will never get any credit at all for being a Crook. His whole life's work is wasted simply because he don't look right. He didn't smoke at all, or even wear a high hat.

Now you see if he had looked like I have been used to seeing villains look, I would have known right away what he was and given him credit for being a sharper. But this other little grinning runt that beat us all out of our money over the lots, will never be known in the movies as anything. I can't understand it at all, when people know how popular movies are, that they can't take the tip and be as they are represented.

Even women who as a rule are much smarter than men make the same mistakes. Now I have seen young women with babies whom they said were theirs, and some really young ones that claimed they had a whole bunch, maybe five or six. Now you know, and anybody that has ever been to movies knows, that that ain't so. A woman don't have children unless she is at least gray-headed. As for being the mother of 5 or 6, why her hair must be snow white and she must be on the way to the poor house. So I don't see how these young women in real life ever make anybody believe these children are theirs.

Sheriffs in real life are a source of great merriment to all movie fans because a lot of them will persist in appearing without being tall and lanky and having a mustache. What a joke they are to regular movie fans! Can you imagine a sheriff on the screen that is not tall and has no mustache?

Another thing I saw the other day when visiting a big ranch out West here was a cowboy chasing an animal, and he was running it part of the time up hill. Well that struck me, who had only been looking at pictures for years, as being a strange thing to do. I had always seen everything chased down hill and never up. So I just thought how foolish of this Cowboy doing this when on the screen it had been proven absolutely unnecessary. But this boy was away out there on that ranch and he didn't know much. Why, he was even chasing where there was no road! That was a novelty to me. I had always seen a fellow chasing like mad down a road. So I asked him why he didn't run down a road when he was after something, and his excuse was that he had to follow what he was after. Silly remark, wasn't it. Why out here in the movies we train everything to run down the roads. That's all they would have to do on a ranch. But then, in a lot of places they haven't got as good roads as California, so I guess that's why they don't chase their stock and outlaws up and down them like they do in the movies. Of course, after all, when you sum it up, there are two sides to everything so a lot of people that act primitive really some times have an excuse for it. Of course everything can't hope to reach the perfection that we have reached in our industry.

Another practice that they tell me is still in vogue in certain parts of the West is to shoot a gun so much that you have to reload it. Now what a silly practice when producers and actors have been working and striving to educate people for 10 years to know that no matter how many times a man may shoot a six shooter in a battle he don't have to reload it. Of course sometimes it gets so hot you have to dip it in water to cool it off, but I never yet saw one shot so many times it had to be reloaded. But as I say, it will take some people years to learn what we are trying to teach them.

They are certainly suckers now.

I happened into a hospital not long ago and there I saw some real homely nurses. Well I could hardly believe my eyes, as in all my movie experiences I had never seen a nurse that beauftiful. So then to make sure I asked this nurse if she wasn't going to marry her patient, and she said, "No!" That seemed strange to me. I had always been used to the nurse being beautiful and marrying the man-patient. They were working in that hospital but you can't make believe they were real nurses. You see these little things just show you that people in real life have got the wrong angle on life and dress altogether.

I am proud to be connected even in a small way with an industry that is trying in every way possible to set real people right, and make them see where they are wrong. They have either got to change or be the butt of every movie fan's ridicule.

38 WHY DON'T COOLIDGE FIX IT?

The Masterpiece of Literature this week is on the failure of President Coolidge.[1] From what I have read about what people want him to do he seems to be about the most colossal flop of any president we ever had. Now I will just enumerate a very few of the reasons why he has been a failure.

First, you take the farmers. There has been no rain in a great many states where they have growing crops, and if rain don't come pretty soon it will just about be the ruination of them. Then, on the other hand, there are states where they were trying to harvest their crops and they have had too much rain. Now you see, he has been in there over a month now and it's time he was declaring himself.

Of course it wouldn't look so bad, but it's been the Republican states that have had the rain when they needed it, and the Democratic ones have been left dry, and even papers that ordinarily want to be fair have commenced to comment on it.

Not only the rain, but you just look at the boll weevil on the cotton. He has had plenty of time to say what he was going to do with the weevils. Other presidents have settled the thing by coming out against them and why don't he!

Personally, I have always advocated taking those weevils and as long as the South has to feed them and nourish them, and getting some way of using them after they are mature. Get a guy like Burbank to cross them with some other animal that is short sighted and see if he can't train them to live off cuckle burrs instead of the cotton stalk.[2]

Or get some famous New York chef to frame up a dish made of them. Just tell the New Yorkers it was eaten in Paris and they would go wild over it and pay any price.

Or get some breakfast food co. to use them. They are using everything else. Just think what wonderful advertising possibilities the name has: "Eat a Bowl of Boll Weevil before Breakfast." Of course, they could stop raising cotton for one year and starve them out and then, when they started cotton growing again in the next year, there would be none to bother them, but nobody ever thought of that.

It's not my place to tell people what to do. That's what we pay Mr. Coolidge 75 thousand a year for. I can't think of everything. I am not get-

ting paid for looking after the nation's affairs, so it's not for me to settle the boll weevil. I simply tell you how it can be done; but why don't he do something?

Now take Skiatook, Oklahoma, near my home town of Claremore, Oklahoma, (the home of the greatest magic water in Rogers County).

Well, do you know that Mr. Coolidge has not yet come out in the open and appointed a new postmaster.

I am not knocking, mind you; I am a tolerant taxpayer, but why don't he say who is to be postmaster in Skiatook?

Right here in Beverly Hills close to where I live, Charlie Chaplin has built a home.[3] He is outside the city limits and can't get city water and he can't find any by digging. Now what is Coolidge going to do about it?

Of course, I will admit that Charlie never thought of needing water, but that don't excuse Mr. Coolidge for not doing something about it. If he don't, the first thing you know, we will have a dry comedian on our hands.

Wheat is only worth 90 cents a bushel. He has been in a month and it's still 90 cents. Why don't he issue a message and say wheat from now on is $1.50 a bushel?

For the last few days out here it has been foggy and cloudy until almost noon and we couldn't shoot any pictures. Now that never happened during any other administration that I can ever remember. So why don't he do something?

France and England are about to go to war over how much they owe each other. Why don't he (President Coolidge) come out at once for the League of Nations and stop this coming war?

All of Europe looks on the verge of war. Why don't he come out against any entangling alliance for America, and stop any chance of us getting into European affairs? He could very well do both of these things if he only would, so why don't he do it?

France owes us a bunch of dough. All he has to do is make them pay it. Why don't he come out and do it? He has been in for over a month now.

The railroads are in terrible shape (really worse than usual, which don't seem possible). Now what has he done to remedy the situation? Not a thing! It's funny to me he can't remedy these things when other presidents have always coped with them so readily and satisfactorily.

The coal situation has been dragging along ever since he first took the office. Still he has not done a thing to settle it to the satisfaction of both sides.

Louie Firpo hasn't smiled since he come to this country.[4] We have been mighty good to him in a financial way, so why should he look on us with a sneer on his face? Still, he has been doing this for over a month now and

not a statement has Mr. Coolidge issued in regard to it. You let things like that go and it will gradually bring on international complications.

What has he done for Capital? Nothing! What has he done for Labor? Nothing! As I say I don't like to complain and won't; nobody ever heard me utter a word against the management of our government, but when a man is neglecting his duty and failing to come out and settle things once and for all it's simply more than even my patience can stand.

Now they are trying to make Babe Ruth change the style of bat he uses.[5] Can you imagine a president standing idly by and not doing a thing?

Russia wants to be recognized, and you know if a man can't recognize you in a month's time, why the chances are you don't know him at all.

He should have come out on all these problems the night he was sworn in up in Vermont. Why, if he had been the right kind of president, do you suppose he would stand idly by and see all the Negroes going North? (Even if they hadn't been doing anything down there) why didn't he stop them?

What about the German mark? Is he just going to sit there and let them get cheaper than Fords?

I see by the papers that Valentino is wearing suspenders and his hair is getting bald.[6] Now what has Mr. Coolidge done about it? That's a National Calamity and still, for the last month, he has just let it drop till the first thing we know we will all be worshipping a toupee.

Now what makes it harder is that when Mr. Coolidge went in I had a lot of confidence in him; he always struck me as a quiet competent man, and I can't understand why he is not doing a thing in settling these various questions which I have enumerated.

Look at Mary Miles Minter![7] What has he done for that poor down-trodden girl? I tell you the time is coming when these picture stars will come into their own, and if Mr. Coolidge don't take their part we will elect some other man that will. They have been getting the worst of it long enough.

What has he done for the drinking man? Liquor never was so high, from what the papers say. He hasn't done a thing to bring the necessities of life down to the reach of the common people. I tell you, you can look up the history of the world and you don't find a single nation that ever amounted to anything on 15 dollar a quart liquor. The poor man simply can't pay rent and do it.

What he has been doing these 4 weeks is more than I can figure out. Everybody is wondering if he is going to call Congress in extra session. About the only way I know of for him to make himself solid, after all these colossal failures is to not only not call congress now, but not call them at all. I tell you if he did that he would go down in history as another Lincoln.

39 ROGERS STUDYING ETIQUETTE RULES

Somebody must have seen me out in public; I think it was Emily Post, for she sent me a book on ETIQUETTE that she had written herself.[1]

It has 700 pages in it. You wouldn't think there was that much Etiquette, would you! Well, I hadn't read far when I found that I was wrong on most every line of the whole book.

700 pages of Etiquette and not a line how to remove dogs and cats and still remain non challant.

Now, you wouldn't think a person could live under fairly civilized conditions (as I imagined I was doing) and be so dumb as to not have at least one of these forms of Etiquette right. Well, when I got through reading it, I felt like I had been a heathen all my life. But after I got to noticing other people I met I didn't feel so bad. Some of them didn't know much more about it than I did.

So I predict that her book and all the other things you read now on Etiquette are going to fall on fertile soil. Now take, for instance, being introduced, or introducing someone; that is the first thing in the book. I didn't know up to then that inflection of the voice was such a big faction in introductions.

She says that the prominence of the party being introduced determines the sound of the voice, as she says for instance, "Are you there?" and then on finding out you are there she says, "Is it raining?"

Now the inflection that you use on asking anyone if they are there, is the same inflection that you are to use on introducting Mr. Gothis, if he is the most prominent of the two. Then for the other person, who Mr. Gothis probably got his from, why, you use the "Is it raining?" inflection.

You see, a fellow has to know a whole lot more than you think he does before he can properly introduce people to each other. First he has to be up on his Dunn and Bradstreet to tell which of the two is the more prominent. Second, he has to be an Elocutionist so he will know just where to bestow the inflection.

Well, I studied on that introduction chapter till I thought I had it down pat. So I finally got a chance to try it out. My wife had invited a few friends for dinner, and as she hadn't finished cooking it before they come, I had to meet them and introduce them to each other.

Well, I studied for half an hour before they come, trying to figure out which one was the most prominent so I could give her the "Are you there?" inflection. It was hard to figure out because any one of them couldn't be very prominent and be coming to our house for dinner. So I thought, well, I will just give them both the "Is it raining?" inflection.

Then I happened to remember that the husband of one of them had just bought a drug store, so I figures that I had better give her the benefit of the "Are you there?" inflection, for if prohibition stays in effect it's only a matter of days till her husband will be prominent.

So when they arrive I was remembering my opening chapter of my Etiquette on introductions. When the first one come I was all right; I didn't have to introduce her to anyone. I just opened our front door in answer to the bell which didn't work. But I was peeping through the curtains, and as I opened the door to let her in 2 of our dogs and 4 cats come in.

Well, while I was shooing them out, apologizing, and trying to make her believe it was unusual for them to do such a thing, now there I was! This Emily Post wrote 700 pages on Etiquette, but not a line on what to do in an emergency to remove dogs and cats and still be non challant.

The second lady arrived just as this dog and cat pound of ours was emptying. She was the new prescription store owner's wife and was to get the "Are you there?" inflection. Her name was (I will call her Smith, but that was not her name.) She don't want it to get out that she knows us.

Well, I had studied that book thoroughly but those animals entering our parlor had kinder upset me. So I said, "Mrs. Smith, are you there? I want you to meet Mrs. Jones. Is it raining?"

Well, these women looked at me like I was crazy. It was a silly thing to say. Mrs. Smith was there of course, or I wouldn't have introduced her, and asking Mrs. Jones if it was raining, was most uncalled for, because I had just looked out myself and, besides, any one that ever lived in California knows it won't rain again till next year.

But that didn't discourage me. I kept right on learning and from now on I am just mangy with Etiquette.

Why, just the other day, I heard what I had always considered up to then a well behaved woman, introduce one gentleman friend to another and she said, "Allow me to present."

Now anybody that's ever read the first five lines in the book knows that the word present, is never used only on formal occasions. You should always say "May I introduce" on all informal occasions. There was a woman who, to look at her, you would never have thought she could possibly be so rude and uncultured as to have made a mistake like that.

It just spoiled her for me. I don't care how many nice things she may do in the future, she just don't belong.

Rule 2, Chapter 5—: "No Gentleman under any circumstances chews gum in public." Now that kinder knocked me for a goal, for I had been chewing gum before some of the best families in this country. But from now on it is out. I am going to live according to the book.

Chapter 6—: "Gentlemen should not walk along the street with their cane or stick striking the picket fence. Such habits should be curbed in the nursery."

Now that rule didn't hit me so hard for I am not lame and I don't carry a cane yet, and furthermore, there is no picket fences in California. If they had enough pickets to make a fence they would take them and build another bungalow and rent it.

Outside of eating with a sharp knife, there was no rule in the book that lays you liable to as much criticism as the following: "Whether in a private car, a taxi, or a carriage, a lady must never sit on a gentleman's left, because according to European etiquette a lady 'on the left' is no lady."

I thought at first when I read that it was a misprint, and meant a lady should never sit on a gentleman's lap, instead of left. But so I guess you can go ahead and sit on the lap. It don't say not to. But don't sit on his left, or you can never hope to enter smart society.

Then it says "the owner of the car should always occupy the right hand side of the rear seat." No matter how many payments he has to make on it, that is considered his seat.

Chapter 7 is given over entirely to the Opera. What to wear, when to applaud—it tells everything but how to enjoy the thing. The fellow that figures out how to enjoy the Opera in a foreign tongue, without kidding himself or fourflushing, has a fortune in store for him.

Chapter 12 tells how the Butler should dress. You don't know what a relief it was to me to find that news. I never had one, but if I do I will know what to costume him in.

The book says: "At six o'clock the Butler puts on his dress suit. The Butler's suit differs from that of a Gentleman by having no braid on his trousers."

Now all you birds that never could tell the servants from the guests, except somebody called one of them a Butler and the other a Gentleman, you can't tell them that way. More than likely the Butler is the Gentleman of the two.

But I can tell the Butler. He has no braid on his trousers.

Now, all I got to do is find out how to tell the Gentleman.

If you see people walking around looking down at trousers, in the future, you will know they are looking to see if the braid is left off.

40 TWO LONG LOST FRIENDS FOUND AT LAST

Well sir, I have a real message for my readers this week. It looked like it would be just the ordinary article with no flavor or backbone or truth,

and with no real underlying news or wisdom, that is, nothing that the people would be glad to know and read. As I say, that is the kind of article I thought it would be. But as I picked up the morning papers, why I read who was in our midst out here in sunny California. Well, sir, it struck me like a thunderbolt here was news which my public had been longing for for years and here I had found it out!

Well, I says to myself, this is too good to keep, for here people had been wondering all this time for just what I knew now. I kinder hated to leave the East on account of thinking I would be out of touch with some of our national characters but I find that sooner or later they all arrive out here and start in fighting off real estate men the same as shooing away mosquitoes on Long Island.

Well, who should blow in but two of our old long-lost friends, and I know that even 'Frisco (who is jealous of any one being here) will be glad to hear they are here well and hearty, and rehearsed their old act here yesterday and people enjoyed them just as much as they did in the old days.

Both of these boys were on the big time and were well known all around the circuit, and any time they took the platform standing by the side of a pitcher of ice water and a glass, why, it just meant 6 columns starting on the front page and ending among the want ads. I bet you hadn't heard of them in years and will thank me for resurrecting this information for you.

I can't keep it any longer, I did want to keep it 'till the finish of this to tell you but I must tell you now who they are—William J. Bryan and Billy Sunday![1]

Neither did I, but they are, and looking fine.

You know, if you have lost any one, look out here, because sooner or later they will come here to visit relatives, for anybody that has relatives comes here so he can write back to the other relatives.

They are both just resting here, (so is everybody else). Mr. Bryan is waiting till he finds out where the next Democratic Convention will be held, and then be there ready to knock any aspiring presidential candidate on the head the minute it shows above the mob.

The only way they will ever fool W. J. is some presidential year decide not to run any one. Then it will be a good joke on him; he will have no one to object to.

Of course, now we don't hear much of Democratic candidates, as both sides are busy watching to see what Cal will do. When he first become President there seemed to be quite a sentiment to nominate him again for Vice President, but the last few weeks there seems to be a change of sentiment to shift him up to the No. 1 position.

Everybody was wondering how he would come out of the coal strike situation, and figures his political life or death depended on how he de-

cided, so he just fools everybody by appointing some other man to settle it. Now, no other President had ever been smart enough to think of a thing like that; they tried to do it themselves, so I think he will go a long ways. He figured, why should I get in wrong when I can get some man to do it for me, so he just looked around until he found some other fellow who had a political future.

He said "Gifford, you go get in wrong with which ever side you decide against."[2] Now, the minute a crisis comes up, all he has to do is to remember some Republican name and appoint him to settle it for him.

Now the only crisis that Mr. Coolidge can possibly get into, himself, is running out of Republicans to appoint. In that case he would have to appoint a Democrat which would bring on a worse crisis than the one he appointed him to settle.

But I am not here to talk about Cal and what he is doing. I am here to tell you of these two long lost prodigals that I discovered in the wilds of this village. They were preaching in a pulpit. I guess that's why no one had seen them for so long. Both these boys, in the good old days, used to talk in a tent. Now you can always attract a crowd in a tent, for they figure that it might be a circus. Come to think of it, their acts were similar; either one of them could take a dictionary and sink an enemy with words at 40 paces.

Bryan's speeches have been the only thing to look forward to at a Democratic Convention for years. He has sent more presidential candidates home without a reception committtee meeting them than any monologist living. He can take a batch of words and scramble them together and leaven them properly with a hunk of oratory and knock the White House door knob right out of a candidate's hand.

Bryan has made more political speeches than Germany has marks. He kissed, when they were babies, every man and woman in the United States who is now up to the age of 45. He has juggled the destinies of America more than any two Presidents because he has had the choosing or rejecting of them.

His career has varied from non intoxication to evolution; his hobbies have jumped from grape juice to monkeys. He tries to prove that we did not descend from the monkey, but he unfortunately picked a time when the actions of our people prove that we did. He, undoubtedly, is one of our greatest minds and in most of his theories he has been just too far ahead of the mob.

He preached prohibition at a time when it meant political suicide for himself. I bet the next Democratic candidate for President, no matter how strong he may think he is, would rather have the support of W. J. Bryan than any doubtful state in the Union.

Now that brings us to his accomplice Willie Sunday, who I discovered staggering from one of our local pulpits last Sunday. To some of you who can't or don't wish to remember, Billy passed out just as Andy Volstead made his entrance.[3] Now Barnum invented the tent, but Billy Sunday filled it.[4] He can get more people into a tent than an Iowa picnic at Long Beach, California.

He is the only man in ecclesiastical or Biblical history that ever had to train physically for a sermon. He brought more converts to prohibition before the 18th Amendment come in, than the 18th Amendment has converted to prohibition since it went in.

He is the first preacher to specialize on liquor. While Bryan's oratorical wrath in the later years has been hurled at Darwin, Billy Sunday picks his opponent with a carelessness that is almost reckless.[5]

I suppose that he has had more mortal worldly combats with the Devil himself than any man living. He has challenged the Devil publicly more times than Wills, the Negro, has Jack Dempsey.[6] People have been going for years to hear Billy, just figuring that if they didn't go that night it might be the very night that the Devil would hear what Billy was calling him and come up, and they might miss what would happen.

I don't know this Devil myself but if he heard Billy say these things and didn't come up and call him for it, I think less of him than Billy does. Of course the Devil may be just good natured, and figure, well, he can't hurt me, and if he can get anything out of it why let him go ahead.

Now, of course, you can get a fellow wrong. Billy used to lay all the drinking on to this Devil, and claimed that if we had prohibition we could lick this Devil. Now we got prohibition, I don't think we can legitmately lay the present drinking onto the Devil.

Course, from this I don't want you to think I am taking sides in this thing, I don't know either one personally. But, as I say, there is a chance that they both may have each other wrong, I say, Billy must have something on the Devil or he wouldn't dare to call him what he does, especially if the Devil can hear him, and I tell you the Devil must be pretty low if he don't answer him, that is, if he hears him.

I have always figured that the reason that the Devil didn't arise and respond was Billy's slang was too much for him. But Billy sure did do a lot of good in the old days, and no matter if you didn't like his style of sermon, you sure didn't get a chance to do any sleeping.

So I hope we can keep them both out here with us, and help to get some of our population's mind on the church on Sunday instead of being continually looking for lots.

41 MEXICAN ECLIPSE CAPTURES ROGERS

Well, I have just this minute returned from Tia Juana, Mexico, where I along with some thousands of other scientists went to observe the total eclipse. That is, that was their excuse for going. You know it don't take much excuse to get a man or woman either, to go to Mexico nowadays. So when the scientists said that Los Angeles was only to get a 99 per cent eclipse (that is about the only thing I ever knew Los Angeles to fall down on; they are generally 100 per cent), it kinder hurt their pride. It was first time nature had ever handed them a mere 99.

I don't really think they would have ever gotten over it but San Francisco only received some 85 or 90 per cent so that kinder salved things over.

READY FOR THE NEXT ECLIPSE

But the Chamber of Commerce has held a meeting and voted resolution to apply for the next eclipse in its entirety. They claim that it was due to the club not giving the matter more thought that they lost the one percent on this one.

Well, the scientist road map showed that Catilina Island and San Diego and Tia Juana, were right in the path of total blackness. Everybody that could get out of a cafeteria line in time to make the trip started for one of these places. Catilina Island offered wonderful possibilities. You could get two rounds of sea-sickness, see the eclipse and get your chewing gum at cost—all in one day's pleasure.

San Diego is a town built in the most south westernly part of the United States where Americans who are coming out of Mexico sober up before being able to go to their various homes, and it is really remarkable what a thriving town it is. You would be surprised at the business they do.

There are nice hotels there with ice water in every room, and even banks where you can draw drafts on your home bank after a day in Mexico at the tables, (as they say in Monte Carlo books). San Diego catches very few going down into Mexico (only the punctures), as most people are in a great hurry to get there, once you begin to reach this oasis.

So you see it didn't take much decision on my part to decide that if I, along with the other scientists who were to write on this traffic accident in the skies, wanted to pick out an observatory, there was no particular reason why we should select a dry one.

Well, my friend Mr. Henry Ford may or may not ever be President, but I want to publicly say this to him, that the people he sells cars to are of a very high type of intelligence. I never saw so many owners of one make of car so interested in astronomy in my life. There were not only autos of every make but people of every make, jammed two rows for 150 miles struggling to reach Tia Juana, Mexico FOR THE ECLIPSE.

You would see people going to Mexico to see the eclipse, who, if you looked at them, you wouldn't think they knew when Sunday passed between Monday and Saturday, much less when the Moon passed between the Sun and Earth.

Now, as I say, we passed through some 70 miles of United States territory that was to be blotted out totally, but there wasn't an observatory in the entire region. Being my first year as a journalist and this being my first assignment to cover a total eclipse for the various papers who crave my scientific knowledge, I am really ashamed to admit it but, outside of no even knowing what an eclipse was or when one was to happen, I had never even entered one of their observatories where they watch these eclipses; so it was with the greatest anxiety and enthusiasm that I dashed up to the Mexican line.

The country to the South of us we have lately recognized (the receipt for any other nation that wants us to recognize them, is to strike oil, or some other commodity that our capitalists want), but this editorial is not on our foreign relations. That I will take up in due time as we have some foreign relations. This is to be on the planets, their various routes, mode and speed of travel.

A great many scientists, I had read in the papers, were bringing cameras to photograph this remarkable phenomenon. But most of the scientists that I saw had jugs and flasks. Well, not being up on science, I didn't know what to bring. You know these scientists are such a queer lot I wouldn't be surprised at anything they do.

Well, I asked the customs inspector where the observatory was. He said, "Which one?" I said "Lick" (that was the only one I had ever heard of). He said, "Right over there is one, if it ain't licked up."

You never saw such an accommodating country in the world. Just think of the preparations they had gone through for the visiting scientists' pleasure. They had built these observatories all over the place right up to the line where you would lose no time. You could start observing the minute you got into the country.

Now, there is apt to be among my readers some who are as ignorant as I am about the inside of an observatory, so for their benefit I will explain just what it is like. On the left, as you enter, is a long table affair, that runs the length of the room. It's really higher than a table, and back of it is a long mirror where you get the reflection of any local eclipses that might happen. Then on the bottom, outside this high counter, is a little low railing that Singers' Midgets could look over if they wanted to see an eclipse.[1]

Now, up here in Los Angeles, they talked about smoked glasses, but down there they just filled them and looked through them, and the more glasses you used, and the more different kinds of glasses, why, the more eclipse, you could see. Some men would have to get the man to let them try a dozen different glasses before they could get the right focus.

SOME REAL SCIENTISTS

Then on the other side of the room, if you didn't want to look through glasses upside down, why they had various other instruments of knowledge. One was a table with little cubes cut square (or apparently square) with dots on them and the scientist would shake them in his hand and lay down some money, and then let them empty out of his hand. Then another scientist, even more of a scientist, would pick up the money in one hand and the little squares in the other and hand the squares to another scientist and put the money in his pocket.

I asked a visiting astronomy professor what the idea was. He said, "You can see if you are right." I says, "What has that got to do with the eclipse?" He says, "Why you bet on the passing." So I bet him I would pass but I didn't so now I want the scientist to figure out in what year I am going to pass.

By that time it was 12:50 P. M. so I come out of the observatory as that was the time it was supposed to be total, but there wasn't a soul on the streets or outside any place. Everybody was on the inside looking at the eclipse. It was pretty dark on the street and a Mexican who lived in the edge of the town started milking his cow, and raising the mischief with his wife because she didn't have his supper ready.

One fellow staggered out of an observatory and I asked him if he had seen the eclipse and he said, "Which one?" But it certainly was a success from a scientific point of view, for away along in the evening after it had gotten light, I saw astronomers piled up in every observatory just overcome by what the scientists call the corona, or after effects of an eclipse.

Oh, yes, the Mexicans also put on for the visitng astrologers a bull fight. It was held at the lower end of the town. You had to pass every observatory in town before you reached the bull ring.

Well, I went down and there was lots of natives but very few Americans. As I say, it was held at the wrong end of the town for them to reach it. I guess it was the only fight ever held during an eclipse.

Can you imagine getting in a pen with a bull in the dark. I wouldn't even get in with one in the light. Well, the bulls turned out to be steers. I guess on account of the eclipse and the condition the Americans would be in, the Mexicans figured they wouldn't know the difference. They didn't kill the bulls, and the bulls wasn't lucky enough to do any damage themselves. As a strict humane man I could see nothing to kick about, only from an audience's standpoint.

IF THEY HAD COLLIDED

So I left Tia Juana and come back to this side where everybody had looked at the eclipse from out of doors, and they all seemed to be kinder disappointed. It didn't do, anything. You see from the amount of press stuff written about it most people kinder thought it would do some tricks, maybe

juggle or shimmy or something like that. It just passed-that's all. I personally, along with all the others couldn't see anything so wonderful about its doing that. If the two planets hadn't passed but had hit, that would have been something to see.

Of course, I will admit in this day of congested traffic, for any two given objects to meet and pass without hitting is considered wonderful.

Everybody I talked with seemed to be unanimous that they would rather have seen the Dempsey and Firpo fight.[2] So I guess that is why they only have eclipses every 100 years so they won't have to draw from the same crowd twice.

But no one who saw it from Mexico had any fault to find with it at all. If there is any great thing happening and you are not right sure you will enjoy it, why, go to Mexico and see it.

I tell you a thing looks different from a foreign country. I wish, as I have to go to the Democratic and Republican Conventions, that I could see them from Tia Juana.

The eclipse was kinder overrated but I tell you Mexico ain't.

42 BLAMES ALL ILLS ON EARTHQUAKE

Well, all I know is what I read in the papers. That Japanese earthquake in addition to being the greatest calamity in the history of the world, even at the time that it happened, has, according to newspapers and experts, not reaped half of its destruction yet.[1] Every day something happens and we don't know exactly just what it is, and it will turn out in the morning paper to be the earthquake in Japan that caused it.

We lost seven self-destroyers on the rocks just above here the other day.[2] People thought at first that it might have been a fog, but it wasn't it was the earthquake in Japan.

You know, come to think of it, it does sound plausible. They were getting along fine, going some measly little 18 or 20 knots an hour. Then the floor walker or main guy of the whole 15 self-destroyers happened to think of the Japanese earthquake and got to brooding over it until he decided that they were going entirely too slow. So he ordered some 25 knots an hour. So you can very readily see that the earthquake was directly responsible.

They used to use compasses on boats so they would have some idea whether they were going ashore or away from shore. People out of the Navy have always wondered why they kept their boats in a row. It's so if anything happens to the first boat, why, the others will have no trouble having it happen to them.

They have been holding an investigation here, but the officers in charge of it say that the public will learn just what they want them to learn, so it looks like the cause will be the earthquake.

SOME CREDIT DUE LOUIS

We have had no sunshine out here in the mornings, and we could not shoot any pictures, but I see where they claim it is due to the earth's disturbance. I see where a great many of the negroes who went north to work, when the old breeze hit them struck out for the south again, but I see it wasn't the cold weather, it was the earthquake that scared them back.

I will give Firpo credit, in addition to his gentlemanly conduct in the ring, that he has not blamed his downfall on the earthquake.[3]

I read where Will Hays went to Europe with Ambassdor Harvey.[4] Now I don't know if that was politics or the earthquake—either one is equally destructive. I think Will went over to see if he couldn't get Mr. Harvey in the movies on the other side.

See where the Prince of Wales is up in Canada on his ranch.[5] As a pest of an after dinner speaker would say, that reminds me of a story. When the Prince was up in Calgary the time before, a very wealthy old ranchman who I have known for years, and who originally came from Texas but now owns the biggest ranch up there, decided that the Prince ought to have a Canadian ranch.[6] So, as there was one adjoining his, he got them to buy it, saying that as it was too big he would take part of it and let the Prince have the other part.

A WISE OLD BIRD

Now half of this ranch was very good, and he had been wanting it for years to add to his big one, but he couldn't buy the good half and not take the bad. But when His Majesty graciously came along, he was able to obtain the half for himself that he had so long desired. And incidentally to have only a barbwire fence separating you and the future Viceroy of India, don't hurt the value of your land any to speak of. Can you imagine what he could have rented his ranch for this fall to some old Newport matron, with a couple of empty bob-headed girls of marriageable age?

This same old gentleman, who is a great character, and known and liked by all the notables that ever visit western Canada, was present a few years ago when the Duke of Connaught and Princess Patricia were in Calgary at a big rodeo celebration in their honor.[7] Charley Russell, the great cowboy artist, and the finest painter of the West we have, had an exhibition there and the Duke saw them and bought some, and wanted to meet this cowboy who painted them.[8] So he asked Mr. Lane, this old Ranchman, and a lifelong friend of Russell's where he could find Russell.

So Mr. Lane says, "You won't find him around here with these white folks; he will be over back of the fairgrounds with them Injuns. Come on

Duke and we will hunt him up." He never called him anything but just Duke. It was Duke with George Lane, and the Duke really liked it and got a kick out of it.

Well, he dragged him through the dust till they found Charley. Then he said, "Charley, I want you to meet Duke," and Charley, who is also like Mr. Lane, one of our characteristic Americans, said "Howdy, Duke."

AX HANDLE A LITTLE OFF

The Duke said, "I have enjoyed your wonderful paintings. Mr. Russell, you are a genius." Charley said, "No I am just an ordinary Dobber." The Duke said, "Dobber? Dobber? What is a Dobber?" He turned to Mr. Lane and said, "What does he mean—Dobber?"

Lane said, "Is that what he said he was?" The Duke said, "That is what he called himself—Dobber."

Lane thought a minute, he didn't know what Charley was kidding himself about, but he wasn't going to be stuck by any question the Duke might ask so he said, "Well, if Charley says he was that, you can depend on it, Duke, he wouldn't lie to anybody."

Charley was telling me about painting old man Lane a picture of a bunch of cowboys around the chuck wagon in the morning, some of them eating and some getting on their horses and one horse bucking through the campfire. Near by was an ax and wood for the fire. It was a big picture with lots of people and action in it.

Well, he sent for Mr. Lane to come down to Great Falls, Mont., where Charley lives, to see the picture. Lane looked at it quite a while and Charley said he began to feel that there was something terrible wrong with it. He knew the old man knew for he had been a cowpuncher all his life.

Finally he said, "Charley you ain't got that ax handle wrapped with rawhide. You know them cooks was hell for breaking ax handles in them days."

Charley picked up a brush and wrapped the ax handle with it, and the old cattleman handed over his paltry 10,000 bucks for it and took his ax handle back to Canada.

A HANDICAP FOR WALES

When the Prince was up there before, he went out to Lane's ranch where they were rounding up a big herd and was riding around on a horse. Finally Lane yelled at him, "Hey, Prince, get out of there. You are getting in the way of my cowboys' working."

I would love to be up there working around as a cowpuncher and hear what that old bird will tell the Prince this trip.

This Prince seems to be a mighty fine kind of guy and it is a shame that he should have been handicapped by birth, for there is a boy who would have made something out of himself.

I guess that the King of Spain will be buying a ranch in Canada or Mexico or some place.[9] Spain just pulled off a bloodless revolution. You know those bloodless revolutions are the ones that hurt the King business more than a fighting one does. A King can stand people's fighting but he can't last long if people start thinking.

I see where President Coolidge is not going to chase the bootleggers with the American navy. Wouldn't that be a fine spectacle, seeing one of our dreadnaughts going into these golf and country clubs trying to shell the prominent bootlegger.

Members, can you imagine a subchaser stationed at the front door of every drug store? When you went into the Navy, instead of learning you to shoot, they would develop your sense of smell. Just think of the Navy returning to their home base after a cruise of raiding two stills.

As it is, we have the flower of American manhood in our Navy, but just think what the slogan would be then: "Join the Navy and prevent fermentation." Why, in the grape season no one in the Navy could get a leave of absence.

No, just let the bootleggers alone; they are getting so prosperous they are drinking each other's wares now, so they will gradually kill each other off.

43 BRINGING BACK THE BUNK—A DRAMA

This is a drama. The scene is laid in the Smoking and Drinking Room adjoining the United States Senate Chamber in Washington, D. C.

Time—the day of the opening of Congress this fall.

Characters in the drama—all the Senators and Congressmen who have been able to return from Europe. They are heroes. I, myself, in disguise of a newspaper man am the villain.

Senator Synthetic, who is just handing the empty flask back to Senator Apple Sauce, opens the conversation by remarking as follows:

"Well, Apple Sauce, where did you spend your vacation on government salary?"

Apple Sauce retorts as follows: "I went to Russia, and I want you to know that I have a Bill all ready to present to this session of Congress to do something for those poor and razorless people. You wouldn't believe the misery and vodka that those poor souls are living in. I tell you, this country has got to wake up. The poverty of those poor farmer peasants is appalling."

Here I, as newspaper man and villain, horn into the conversation as follows: "Senator Apple Sauce, if you think the Russian farmers are poor, what do you think of the condition of the American farmers?"

Apple Sauce replies: "Oh, I don't know anything about American farmers. I have been away on a mission, and I want to tell you when I answer roll call here for the opening of Congress, and get this month's check, I am going out on the platform and open people's eyes as to the true condition in Russia."

I, as villain, (writing and furiously misspelling words) am taking down every pearl of Wisdom dropped by this late Man of the World.

I questioneer as follows: "But, Senator Apple Sauce, why did you choose Russia for your visit? Aren't United States Senators' lectures on Germany paying a dollar and six bits per lecture more than the same lecture on Russia?"

"Yes, you are right, Cub Reporter, and I would have gone there but my wife wanted to see the spot where the Czar and his daughters were murdered.[1] So I let sentiment interfere with my business instinct and am hence the loser."

Senator Synthetic, after the episode of the empty flask, is not so strong for Senator Apple Sauce and his views as he was before. So I asked him: "Well, Senator Synthetic, where did you get your lecture information during the summer?"

Synthetic relates as follow: "Oh, I went to Cheeko Slovakayah; I got a foreign map and my daughter picked it out 'cause it had such a pretty color on the map, and I want to tell you that there is a country that we owe a terrible lot to, and I want this term of Congress to help out these unfortunate souls. Why, do you know, their wheat is selling for less than what $1.80 a bushel would be in our money!"

Enter villain into conversation. "But, Mr. Senator, what do you think our farmers here are getting for their wheat?"

The Traveled Gentleman replied: "I have been away on a mission this summer and have gotten kinder out of touch with mere local affairs, so I really don't know."

A fresh flask enters in the person of Senator Slapstick whose lectures on the Chautauqua in the summer and at the Lyceums in the winter generally are in demand, because the tent he is speaking in always reminds him of a darky story with a tent in it, and the cars outside remind him of an original on Henry Ford. He is such a funny fellow and takes the world so lightly that one would hardly think that he had time for the more worth while matters of State..

Villian interrogates as per schedule: "Mr. Slapstick, where did you pick up some old stories for this winter's audiences?"

"Me? Oh, I went to France and I tell you those people are not able to pay us. Why, they have settled right down to work since the War and they deserve encouragement. They are turning out some of the greatest bomb throwing airships in the world, and I am for cancelling their debt in full. Give them a chance to protect themselves. I will tell Congress so, too, as soon as I get a chance."

Question by Villain—"Then, Mr. Slapstick, I guess you are in favor of an adequate Air Force for this country, as you are well aware that an airship will be no use in the next war."

Senator Slapstick says: "I don't know anything about our Air Force. I have been away on a very important mission to humanity all summer, but I want to tell you that France has a perfect right to protect herself and I am going to devote my time and energy to that end."

Enter Senator Bo-Weevil with the conventional black broad brimmed hat and narrow black tie accompanied by the conventional southern thirst. "Mornin', Honorable Colleagues. Might any of you be escorted by a toddy this sumptuous morning? I sorter acquired the habit while sojourning in the land of the hospitable Spanish dons this past summer. As you might know, I was on a secret mission to learn the real conditions as they exist among those most interesting people. They are developing the art of cotton raising and are really in need of financial aid from this most hospitable Republic, and I will so advise at the first opportunity."

"But, Senator Bo-Weevil, what of the over production of cotton and the non rotating of crops, and the price of cotton in your native Southland?"

"I am really not in a position to state. The importance of my trip and learning the names of the Spanish towns for my lecture has occupied my time entirely. Thanks, Slapstick, that's good liquor. Why, the Nigger that runs my still couldn't turn out better corn liquor than that is. I tell you that was mighty bracing—just what a man needs that does things."

Enter Villain, and asks: "Mr. Bo-Weevil, do you think this term of Congress will do anything towards modifying the Volstead law?"

Bo-weevil replies: "Why, it's a law ain't it? Why monkey with a law that has been made? It's as dead as slavery. Certainly Congress will do nothing about it."

Senator Droop-Horn from the West moves over from a bunch of emptys and, after complimenting the liquor, enters the conversation:

"Well, boys, you ought to go to South America. I tell you there is a fine country. All they need is just a little help by our packing interests. I tell you, the minute we get our packers all operating down there, those people will get real money for their beef. It takes a mighty good steer down there to bring 10 cents a pound."

Plot thickens again, Villain horns in: "Senator Droop Horn, did you know that it takes a mighty good steer up here to bring 7 cents a pound? Do you know that you sell a steer at 50 dollars, and buy him back as beef at 15 hundred dollars?"

The Senator says: "I know nothing about what cattle are bringing out home. As I say, you give that Argentine a chance and it will go ahead, and that is what I want to advocate to Congress. Of course, as far as the price of things, that's all regulated by supply and demand. Let's see the initials on that flask again, Slapstick. I didn't pay much attention to them at first."

The Villain, not being invited to partake in deciphering the initials, leaves them and moved over to a body of 18 or 20—who had all been over, separately, investigating Germany. One Senator tells how he had been particularly fortunate in his travels. He didn't let them know that he was a Senator. He says: "You know those people have just been investigated to death." But it is the unanimous opinion that something would be done for them by an act of Congress.

Senator Sheik, just returned from Turkey, reports conditions are beyond belief. He said: "Why, there are Turks in that country that don't know where their next wife is coming from. And the war! Why, their whole country is armed. I never saw such an armed force in my life. Every man has a gun ready to shoot somebody. I am submitting my investigations to Congress to have them all disarmed."

Enter Villain: "But, Mr. Honorable Senator Sheik, if you think Turkey is armed, have you seen my native heath of Oklahoma? Firpo and Governor Walton have become National Characters over night."[2]

Senator Sheik replies: "I know nothing about Oklahoma, Walton or Firpo, but I tell you Turkey needs assistance."

Villain asks one Senator what he thinks of Calvin. He says he has just got back and hasn't heard he was President. He has been to darkest Roumania on a mission.

End of Drama—Sargeant-at-Arms knocks and all these Summer Tourists wipe off their mouths, and file in to make laws to protect America. Villain sneaks away hoping some day he will be elected to office so he can go to Europe.

44 TO BE A PROMOTER IS COMMON URGE

Everybody at some time in life feels a call within him or her, as the gender may be, to try and promote something or other, that is, to form a company and sell stock. We have all bought so much and been stung so

often that we want to try the side where the money comes in, instead of going out.

One-third of the people in the United States promote, while the other two-thirds provide. There are more commissions paid out to stock salesmen than are ever collected by stock buyers. So, after living honest for years, the thing naturally becomes monotonous and we feel a hankering to promote.

Now, I had reached that stage in life where I had thought maybe I would get by clear to the end without promoting something and sticking my friends, but the old bug has bit me; the old make-it-easy-without-working has got me. So I am now branching out as a promoter, throwing the rope, chewing gum, acting a fool in the movies, robbing Ziefgeld and writing for a living.[1] All these are side lines from now on. I am now a promoter. A promoter is a man who would rather stick a friend than sell Henry Frod a synagogue.[2]

Of course, my proposition is different. (Did you ever hear one of them pull that gag before?)

My proposition is of interst to every town of any size in America. I am forming clubs, called swimming or bathing clubs, or any aquatic name. A great many towns have been denied the privilege of having these clubs, heretofore, as they were not situated near any body of water. Now I have been to all the prominent beaches in the East, and this summer have had a chance to study the various water resorts of California.

I have paid particular attention to the habits and procedure of club members and their guests, and I think I can do the same for the non-irrigated portion of this country as is being enjoyed by the tidal wave region.

ONLY $500 A PIECE

I come into your town and start promoting (we will call it a swimming or beach club). I sell memberships for, we will say, the nominal sum of $500 dollars a piece. That makes it high enough to keep out the substantial people who really after all are rather old-fashioned, and allows us to take into our club some of our most prominent bootleggers, oil magnates who have worked their way up from the bottom in the last year, and just the people of the town who do things—in other words, the ones who belong.

We build the club house (a rather long, rambling affair) on some ground which we can get at a nominal figure (as I will explain the value of citizens like we will have being located in their midst, and what our club will do for the surrounding land). Now, the great advantage that my clubs will have over the present ones in our beach cities is that we will build ours right in the heart of the town, so the tired business man can reach it even for lunch, whereas in other places they have to go miles to reach a beach

club. We will have a uniformed man at the door to meet the cars, as nothing impresses the newly rich so much as gold braid.

Our cafe prices will be high enough so that if a member takes a friend any other place he will be considered rather a short sport. Each member will have his private locker (including a corkscrew), where he can change his bathing suit. There will be a wide Veranda under awnings where members may dine in their suits, and other tables which are not protected from the rays of the sun, where the more hardy members may sit and acquire a tan.

Of course, one item of expense in connection with these clubs which will require me to expend quite a tidy sum is having ocean sand transported to these towns. And then by truck to the center of the city.

This sand must be spread very, very thick, as the principal pastime of the members and guests will be to lay right down on it and try and cover each other entirely up. Oh, it's a ripping experience that you in the inland cities have missed, if you have never tried it.

Mind you, this 500 dollars which I receive per each will not all be profit, as I will be called upon to purchase a medicine ball or so. That is a beach sport that only the most athletic and reckless of our membership would dare enter into—this tossing this ferocious ball from one to the other. I have seen a game of it last, if there was female spectators, as long as three or four minutes.

Then, for the more skilled, there is baseball on the beach which is played with a rubber tennis ball. I have seen men graduate from that right into some of our best tea and cake hounds.

We will have beautifully striped umbrellas paced at intervals over the beach for those who become fatigued in parading. When there is a big crowd and you have to walk by everybody in your bathing suit, it tires one more than the uninitiated would think. And we'll have a life guard (perhaps a native of Honolulu if we can procure one). At any rate, we will get the most sunburned one we can, for the less fortunate ones to compare their tan with. We will be provided with smelling salts, and other restoratives in case a wife should unexpectedly discover her own husband with some other one piece suit female companion.

There will be life lines across the sands, so the more foresighted of the members can find their way during the afternoon back and forth to their lockers.

Now, I think I have enumerated all that is required to successfully operate one of these beach clubs. Or course, most of them heretofore have had water, but in all my experience (which runs over a term of years) I have never seen a member willfully enter this water. Years ago at one of the eastern beaches they claim a man went into the water, but this has never been

verified, and so far as the ladies go, there hasn't been a swell bathing suit wet since Kellermann retired.[3]

WATER ABSOLUTELY UNNECESSARY

Now you see my scheme. I have laid it before you. Nobody ever thought of it because they were not a close observer like I have been. They just naturally thought water was required, but it is the most unnecessary thing connected with a beach club. Of course, showers are provided for those who do not care to sleep with sand in their bed.

Just think of a club right at your door where you can run down and change clothes and display your figure without having to go to Palm Beach or Del Monte! Besides, I am showing you how you can display it to the people you want to see it—not to a lot of strangers. Show it right where it will do you the most good.

If I had thought of this sooner and we had had one in my home of Claremore, Oklahoma (home of best radium water in the world), and I could have paraded up and down with my shape, I would have been able to settle down a lot earlier.

I tell you my scheme is a boost for home talent. Many a girl, if she could have shown off properly at home, would have never had to leave there. Now, if you think my scheme is crazy, you go to the ocean where there is no beach to prarade on and see, how many you ever see in there, where there is nothing but swimming water.

No, sir, the sand and the clothes are the thing-not the water. So I will put my scheme over, not only for the selfish motive of making money, but because I want to do home to something for the home town girl who hasn't the money to go Narragansett Pier to be properly appreciated, but can stay at home and show how and what she is made of.

45 THOUGHTS ON THE KLAN AND THE TWO GEORGES

As I pick up my New York newspaper all combined into one little paper (for on account of a Pressman's strike all the papers combined and got out a daily together) I see at last miracles are at hand. I never thought the day would come when those papers would ever agree on anything, much less be printed on the same pages with their rivals. But, when it comes to dollars and sense, policies and hatreds are discarded.

It really hurt my pride tremendously to have my paper, the New York Times, mingle its name on the same headline with various lowbrow publications, and I hereby take this means of informing my VAST CIRCLE of readers that it was not with my approval that the thing was done. I was

away on location making a Covered Wagon Picture (I found two Covered Wagons out here that had not worked in the original so I decided to put them on the screen, as I think that every Wagon that has a clean sheet should be seen by the multitudes).[1]

Well, as I say, I was away when Mr. Ochs of the New York Times wired me and asked if I had any objections to my editorials appearing in this combined paper.[2] Me being away, and him not hearing, why, he supposed of course that it was O.K. But had I known about it the thing never would have happened, because I feel that my Literary standing has been lessened, and I take this means of informing my Public and most of all my old College friends and Alma Mater that I had nothing to do with it personally. Had I known that Mr. Ochs didn't have enough money to get out his paper alone without mingling with those other small timers, I would have personally made him the loan.

Each paper was supposed to contribute something. The Times, as expected, contributed the intellectual reading matter (due, of course, to a couple of other writers assisting me.) The New York World contributed all the news of the Klan; the New York Herald contributed the Republican alibis; the Daily news contributed the pictures of their Public who can't read; the New York Staatz Zeitung contributed words, but nobody knew what they spelled; Il Progresso Itali-Americano contributed Louis Firpo's memoirs; The New York (America first) American, contributed Spark Plug and Hiram Johnson's latest speech.[3] So as you read this combined New York paper you could tell at a glance just what paper was responsible for it being in there. So I hope I have made it plain to my public that I had nothing to do with my articles slumming, as they have been lately.

The only bad publicity move that my home state Governor Walton, has made, is to pick a time when all papers are combined in New York and hence there was a lack of space for him.[4] But I am not far enough away to express an opinion on that case as I don't want any White Robed Gentlemen leading me forth in the middle of the night and massaging me with any Tar, and sprinkling feathers on me for a chaser.

No, sir, I am not expressing any opinion even for Political purposes. I live down there and know a lot of those birds. "Rest in Peace" covers many a man's head down there, who spoke out of his turn. I am kinder like President Coolidge is on All Public Questions—I know when not to say anything.

There are old guys down there who have an old Squirrel Rifle laying up over the door on some deer horns, and if they shoot at you and don't hit you in the eye, why, they call it a miss. I want to conduct myself so that when I go back home to Oklahoma I can shake hands with all my friends-not just have to wave at 'em as I am running.

I ain't going to tell some people 2 thousand miles away how they should conduct their business. I am like a song that Bert Williams used to sing in the Follies, "I ain't got much education but I got good common sense."[5]

Well, that disposes of the Newspaper strike, and the Battle of Oklahoma; now we will take up the leading of Lloyd George of England, who personally conducted one War to victory, and was let out over there because he didn't hold his Tea Cup at the right angle.[6] He is practically useless now to them until they get into another War.

He writes for papers, too, but I never read any of his stuff. I don't think one writer should read another's stuff. He is apt to find himself copying the other's style. Or course, from what I have heard, his writings are more local; he just writes on what France owes Germany. My writings don't deal particularly with any personal Grudge or Country, they are more broad and universal in their scope.

As a matter of fact, I took his place on the New York Times. They had him signed up and then he found out that he couldn't sell what he had learned during the war. That was England's private business. So the deal was cancelled, and he went to writing some other stuff and sold it to some other parties.

So then the Times started negotiations for me to write and tell America's secrets during the War. Well, as we had none, there was no demand from Washington to keep them. There's the one thing no nation can ever accuse us of and that is Secret Diplomacy. Our foreign dealings are an Open Book, generally a Check Book. If he comes out here, I want him to meet Charlie Chaplin the two greatest men of every country should know each other.[7]

He chose a very opportune time to come. We have nothing on our minds over here now, and can entertain him; at any rate, if they take him to Washington during Congress we can at least amuse him. Had he come just after the war, we were entertaining foreigners so thick and fast that we couldn't ever remember their names, much less take care of them.

But he landed at a time when he has absolutely no opposition. Walton is barricaded in Oklahoma, and Firpo has sailed for the Argentine. I hope at some future time to return his visit, and see again dear old Whitechapel, and the various Inns that I missed on my three previous visits.

So here is good luck to you George! You are the first foreigner that has come here in years that we could properly pronounce his name, and, as one writer should be able to say to another, "Here's looking at you."

Now we have got rid of the Strike, the Klan fight, and George, what is the next bit of business to be taken up? Oh yes, the return of Col. George Harvey, Ambassador to England.[8] He is giving up his knee breeches, bring-

ing all his after dinner speeches and coming right back to America. You see an election is coming on some of these days and George runs Harvey's Weekly and, believe me, George can tear off a mighty wicked editorial. A political party don't know whether they would rather have him with them or against them.

Mr. Harvey claims this ambassing business is a financial failure. The first affair he gave over there cost him 600 bucks just for the rent of palms for decoration, to say nothing at all about appetisers and the cordials.

You only get $17,500 for ambassing. One visit from the King and that is gone!

So, about the only way I see for an Ambassador to get along over there on his salary is not to mingle with that class of people at all. Just go with the same class of people that he was accustomed to go with if he was home. Take Mr. Harvey for instance, he should have just associated with a lot of politicians over there like he did here. They wouldn't have cared if he had any palms for decoration or just as long as the drinks held out.

He took Will Hays back over there with him the last trip.[9] Maybe that is what broke him. Will is used to visiting film stars' homes and is accustomed to a lot of service.

I made application to the President a good while ago to take Harvey's place and told my requirements for the position. But that is off now. I wouldn't give 600 bucks for all the palms in Brazil.

It is a very peculiar position. There is only one graft in it, and that is introducing Americans to the King and Queen, and most of them are women that, while they may promise you a lot to get them or their daughters introduced, it's awful hard to collect from. Then the King got onto it, and now an Ambassador has to split commission so many ways that there is practically no real profit in it.

I wouldn't be surprised to see the office abandoned entirely. It was started in the early days to give America a chance to send someone over there to learn Society manners. But now, as practically the same manners prevail in this country as that, there is no use of the office. Both countries' manners are equally bad.

46 'LIZZIE FERTILIZER' MAY BE FORD'S MUSCLE SHOALS PLAN

Well, as I go to press away out here in the broad spaces where a man is no better than his press agent, I have just been reading of the late war between Secretary Weeks and Uncle Henry Ford.[1] Diplomatic relations have been strained for some time between Uncle Henry and authorities in Wash-

ington over this Muscle Shoals. That thing has attracted more attention politically than the soldiers' bonus. They are afraid to let him have it for political reasons and they are afraid not to let him have it for the same reason.

You see they figure if he gets this Muscle Shoals he will make a cheap fertilizer for the farmers, and they are afraid that the farmers will figure, "Well, any man that can make and sell me cheap fertilizer is good enough to be my President."

So the politicians figure if we can keep him from getting this place why maybe the farmers will forget they ever wanted cheap fertilizer. That is about as far sighted as the politician ever is when the farmer is concerned.

Anyway, this Secretary Weeks picked a bad bird to start a public argument with. Uncle Henry may not be packing a head full of facts on past historical events, but he is lugging a powerful lot of public confidence with the people who believe in past performances.

They make this stuff from nitrate or somthing they get out of the air. Mr. Ford himself tried to explain it to me one time when I was at his home and was asking him about this place, but I don't remember anything about it. It seems like there is a river there with a big down hill slope to it where they can get cheap power. It's the Tennessee River. I don't know what the Tennessee River is doing in Alabama, or what kind of air they got there that they can make anything out of.

If they have gone to making things out of air, I want to buy the Washington rights around the Senate. This is the first time that this style of fertilizer has become a political weapon.

Another thing, I don't know what got Uncle Henry's mind from knick nacks to fertilizer. I can't figure out what the two have in common. Why I have seen those little tin rascals raised where they had never ever heard of fertilizer. There are thousands of people in this country that own those little mongrels that can't even spell fertilizer, much less buy it.

SEES CROP OF TIN LIZZIES

Personally I have always thought he must have some scheme where he can take this fertilizer and plant these things of his in there and raise them. Of course, that is just my personal opinion. He didn't tell me what scheme he had, but you can bet it is something like that. Secretary Weeks could sue him for libel for what he said about him, but I guess he figures it wouldn't do any good. He couldn't get anything, for the chances are that Uncle Henry has what little he has in his wife's name. Even if Weeks got a judgment he would have to wait for years to collect it.

And, speaking of Secretary Weeks, one of our illustrious Cabinet, I had the pleasure yesterday of meeting another member of that cast, Secretary of Labor J. J. Davis.[2] He come out to our studio to see us make those wonderfully funny pictures. You see the studios are getting particular about let-

ting in visitors here lately as several have just laughed themselves to death, and the uplift pictures and the dramas why, tourists have been known to cry so loud on seeing them made that they had to be removed from the lot entirely.

Of course, the principal reason that they stopped visitors was to keep the public from seeing the stars' doubles. It's awfully embarrassing to be standing talking to visitors and at the same time looking at some one with your clothes on jumping out of a third-story window for you. The stars were so conscientious about it that they had to cut out the visitors.

HOW SECRETARY DAVIS GOT IN

But at any rate, this Secretary Davis got in. He had a letter of recommendation from Will Hays, who used to be in the Cabinet before he was promoted.[3] Well, this letter got him in, not because he was Secretary of Labor, for goodness knows, a man investigating labor would be lost in a movie studio. Well, he came in to see us work, and everybody got up and spoke to him.

He has charge of Labor in this country and was out on a tour tying to find some of it. He spoke as though he would be out for some time yet. He was on his way to Frisco and had stopped over here one day. But the Los Angeles papers had it that he had come here and was returning home by way of Frisco. I asked him if he was investigating labor, why he had left Washington.

I had read quite a bit about him being a self-made man, and I was anxious to meet and talk to him for that reason, as I had heard so much of late years of self-made men that I was anxious to see what one looked like. I think the same fellow who started that self-made man gag started that other asinine expression, "100 per cent American."

Every human from the time he is weaned is self-made. And how do you tell when a man is made anyhow? He may be only partly finished when a lot of guys call him made.

A made man is a finished man and I doubt if we have one in this country now. If we have, for the Lord sake let's find him!

A real self-made man would have to be one who had received no learning or knowledge, or assistance from any person or source. All of this, mind you, has nothing to do with the case of Secretary Davis. He is such a fine and deserving man that I hate to see him go through life with that terrible moniker tacked to him, self-made man.

The woods are full of those birds. Every toastmaster at every 75-cent luncheon introduces from 3 to 5 self-made ones every day. But I don't think the woods are full of Davises.

He started out in life working as a puddler. Now where, naturally, would a puddler end but in the United States Cabinet? But from what I have

read of him and from what I learned in my lengthy chat with him, he is one of the few men who we have in Washington who has not remained a puddler.

CASE OF TWO-YEAR-OLD UNCLE

He is also the big head of the Moose Lodge, and has been for years. That lodge was formed during the epidemic that struck this country a few years ago to do something for different ones of our national animals and birds. So they formed lodges where they could stay away from home another night a week and drink the health of "these noble animals."

But in later years, due to the influence of such men as Mr. Davis, they only toasted these noble animals with clicking glasses but have broadened out and done deeds for orphans, old men and women, so that now in all these lodges they have embraced humanity in addition to the animal. Still, mind you, in isolated cases, don't think that the animals' health is not properly beveraged even in this day and time.

Mr. Davis talked to me on immigration. He says we must import a better class citizen. Why not raise a better class of citizen? But I don't suppose they ever thought of that.

He told me a great many stories of these tales you hear of people landing here and not being allowed to come in, and of all these inhuman acts you read of done by the immigration department. But when I heard his side it didn't seem so bad as the papers had said.

Take the case he told me of the papers making a terrible yell about a poor orphan being held and not allowed to come in. The papers said it had no mother or father or relatives but an Uncle in this country.

Well, Mr. Davis is, if anything, a very humane man. Orphans are his particular hobby with the Moose Lodge Charity Fund. So he started in to investigate this poor Russian orphan and the Uncle who was to care for him. The orphan was just 42 years old, and the Uncle who was to care for him was 2 years old.

So everything you read in a newspaper is not as sad as it reads—even this article.

47 IT'S TIME SOMEBODY SAID A WORD FOR CALIFORNIA

I attended a dinner the other morning given for the old settlers of California. No one was allowed to attend unless he had been in the state two and one-half years.

I was the last speaker on the menu. They put me last, figuring everybody would either be asleep or gone by the time I begin.

Well, Sir, do you know, by the time it got to me there was nothing left to talk on! But I just happened to notice that in all the other speeches no one mentioned California, so as that was all I had left I just had to go ahead and do the best I could with California.

A NEW SUBJECT FOUND

Now, it ain't much of a speech but it is at least a novelty, because in all my time out here I had never heard the subject used before at any dinners or luncheons.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen, and members of the Old California Settlers Association: Your previous speakers have taken up so much time boosting and praising other states and their people that it is now most daylight, and I am at a loss to pick a subject, but at the last minute I just happened to remember that no one had said a word for California. So I will take up this very remote subject and see if I can't do something to drag it out of obscurity in which it has been placed here tonight.

Being one of your old timers (I have been a resident of this state now for nearly four years; there is only one other older member in the organization) I want to say right here that you often hear it said, "What is the matter with California?" Well, I will tell you what is the matter—it's modesty, that's what it is, too much modesty.

LET'S BOOST OUR CLIMATE

If we got out and blew our own horns and advertised and boosted our state like Delaware, and Rhode Island have, we wouldn't be so little heard of. So, whether you like it or not fellow statesmen, I for one am going to throw modesty to the winds and just tell the world off-hand a few of the things that we have got out here.

Now, just picking subjects at random, what do you suppose we could do if we wanted to say something about climate? Why, that item alone would draw peple here. But what do we do? We just set here and say nothing. We go out of the state and we are so darn generous that all we do is brag on the place where we are. We never think of handing our own state a little free advertising.

But you take, as I say, a fellow from Delaware, and he is preaching Deleware and all its advantages from the time you meet him till you leave him, and by golly, it pays to do that. Look at Delaware today! So never mind this old good fellow spirit of giving the other fellow the best of it. I believe in throwing in a little boost for the old native heath.

Now I know you other members don't agree with me and think that we should think of our proud traditions and stoop so low as to have to advertise, but I tell you that this day and time is a commercial age, and we have got to throw our pride away and let the world know just what we have here.

There is no reason why other people from neighboring states shouldn't know of our climate. Why keep it hid? It's here. We got it. They can't take it away with them.

PICTURE POST CARDS HELP

Of course I will admit that we have done a little good in a small way with picture post cards. Five years ago Iowa was a prosperous and satisfied state. They had no idea of leaving. They had shoveled snow for five months every year and figured they would always shovel snow five months every year. But finally one day a $20 bill came into the state and a farmer wanted to get change for it, so he started out trying to get it changed and wound up in Long Beach, California.

A fellow selling roses in January changed it for him, and when the farmer pulled off his mittens to count the change he found that it was warm and he didn't have to put the mittens back on again.That made quite a hit with him and he decided to stay awhile. So he sent a picture post card back with the picture of a man picking oranges off the trees in January, and told them how fine it was and everybody that read the post card, including the postmaster, come on out.

So when they came they sent back picture post cards to all their friends who like oranges, and in time they came, too, and so on, each newcomer bringing out just as many more as he could afford post cards. Now in the short space of five years look what has happened. The whole of the state of Iowa is here. The only ones left back there are the ones who can't read the post cards, or people who don't care for oranges, and now I see where they have put in schools to teach those to read so that means we will eventually have them all, with the exception of the ones who don't like oranges.

Now, as I say, if all of that can be done with just picture post cards what do you suppose could have been done if the newspapers of our state had thought to have said something in praise of our climate? So, fellow old timers, if we can get the grand state of Iowa out here on a picture post card of an orange tree, what could we do with some of these other states if we really devoted a little of our time to it!

EASY TO HOOK BOSTON

Why, oranges are a small time commodity with us. We raise more beans on one farm here without irrigating than we do oranges in the whole state. If we had picture post cards of bean fields instead of orange fields we could get the whole of Boston here the same as we did with Iowa. You will do even better with Boston than you did with Iowa, because everybody there likes beans. So let's get busy and let them know what we are doing in the bean line.

Take the case of oil. You all know we struck oil here in southern California. But did you let anybody else know? No, you didn't say a word

about it, and consequence, a man can't even find a place to buy an oil stock. Now there are lots of people would buy shares and units, but no, you are so darn modest you won't let the world know what we have.

I would like to have seen what Delaware would have done if they had found this much oil. They would have sold so much stock that if the Pacific Ocean had been oil it wouldn't have paid back the buyers.

Look at Real Estate. Here we have the greatest land and lots that ever laid out of doors, but do we do anything with them? No! We just sit here. We never advertise them; we never boost them. I wish you would see what the state of Delaware would do if they had the same class of lots that we have here. Why they would have sub-divisions all over the place. They would have barbecues, and drawings, and screen stars personally appearing, and men under umbrellas selling each lot. But no, we are too conservative; we like to sit here and let the stuff speak for itself. But I tell you, fellow old timers, you can't do that nowadays. It's all right for a state to build up a reputation for modesty and be known as always having a good word to say for the other place, but I tell you we have carried it too far for our own good.

FOR THE GOOD OF ALL

Of course I can appreciate you other old timers' feelings in the matter. You have been here and helped build it to what it even is today, and you resent these Johnny Newcomers coming in and spoiling all of our old customs and traditions. I know it is hard to change with the times. We old timers who have seen this place grow from what it was two and a half years ago to what it is today, must realize these stacks of young fellows coming in here the last two weeks must have the right idea, and we must begin to realize that after all it is the general welfare of the entire community we are after.

So, fellow members, if my little speech has been the means of changing just one of you from your iron-clad rule of modesty in regard to your home state, why I will feel that my little efforts will not have been in vain.

So from now on I am for letting the world know of California even if the rest of the state does disapprove of it, and I sit down amid hisses from the modest old timers.

48 COME ON, BOYS, LET'S RESCUE THE POLITICIANS

As I go to press this evening away out here in the open spaces where every man is a man, and not a politician, all I am able to find in the papers is: "Is Henry Ford a candidate for President and, if so, on what ticket?"[1]

Everybody and every paper seems to be worrying about it and think it is strange that nobody knows what party he belongs to. I think that is the biggest asset he will have when he enters the race. I know if I was running I would be ashamed to let anybody know which one of those partys I belonged to. Now, take the last three years, it looked like the Democratic Party was the best party. But the 8 years previous to that it looked like the Republican Party was the best. The only way in the world to make either one of those old partys look even half way decent is to keep them out.

Now you take, for instance, a Republican. Now there is lots of people that won't speak or associate with one. They think they would catch some grafting disease, but I have met several of them and you take one, when he is out of office, and he is as nice a fellow as you would want to meet.

They are a good deal like the Negro down home where I was raised, (Claremore, Oklahoma, greatest one night stand health resort in the world). They are better when they are broke. You keep a Republican broke and out of office and pretty near anybody can get along with them.

As I say, they are unbearable now because they are prosperous, and I don't blame Uncle Henry for not allowing his name to be associated with them, for whatever you might say against Mr. Ford you must admit that he has a certain amount of personal pride.

Now, on the other hand, take the Democrats. They are a great deal like France. France wants to so entirely crush Germany that they will never be able to rise up and attack them again. You see Germany has pounced on them every 40 years, and France is trying to fix them this time so the Time Limit will be Extended. Well, that is the way with the Democrats. Every time they got in office and started to get ahead and accumulate something, why the Republicans would rise up and crush them. They didn't even wait for 40 years like Germans, but would generally pounce on them about every 4 years. So it has got the Democrats so hardened against them that when he does get in power all he thinks of is to so completely put the Republicans out of commission that they can't possibly recover and attack them again at least in his lifetime.

Now, while personally I hold no brief for either side, you must admit that France and the Democrats have some ground for this inborn hatred, so if something is not done about it by some intervening outside party, it looks like another destructive War next November in this country, with the poor but innocent tax payers bearing the brunt of the burden as usual.

So I am like Lloyd Meagin George; I am for peace.[2] Let some outside party step in and tell them both what they have to do. You take a Demo-crat and a Republican and you keep them both out of office and I bet you they will turn out to be good friends and maybe make useful citizens, and devote their time to some work instead of lectioneering all the time.

The way our politicians are now, they are just like a man who thinks he has oil on his farm. He stops all work and just lives on the hope and prospects of this oil, but after they have bored a well and found it dry, and he knows he has no chance of easy money, why he will settle right down and go to work and maybe amount to something in the long run. If he strikes oil he is ruined. He is a total loss to everybody but the bootleggers.

Now that is the way I claim it is with these old line partys. If they knew they had no chance of ever getting any easy money by striking oil in Washington after every election, why the chances are they would be just like the oilless farmer. They might be rescued to decent society and be a help and a comfort to their families.

Now I am not saying who or which this third party will be but whoever they are let's elect them for life. Now, mind you, I don't want to have you think I am advocating this for any personal gain myself, for I am like Uncle Henry; I have not aligned myself with any party. I am just sitting tight waiting for an attractive offer, and I may have something to announce in the next few weeks. But right now I am a missionary. I am going to devote my life's work to rescue this country from the hand of the politician, and also rescue the politician to a life of Christianity.

The reason I advocate electing our officials for life is for two reasons. The first is that no matter what man is in an office the one that you put in his place is worse. If we had kept our original cast that we had to start with we would have been better off. We had no business ever letting Washington (George, not D.C., I mean) go. We ought to have kept him till we got ahold of Lincoln. Then been more carful of the protection of his life and preserved him to a ripe old age down to where Roosevelt was, say, about 15 years old.[3] Then we could have turned it over to him. He could have run it as good at that age as most men could at 50.

So you see we never get anywhere by switching around. A man don't any more than learn where the Ice Box is in the White House than he has to go back to being a lawyer again.

Then the second reason for a life term is that when a man is working for the government on an elected office he never knows how long it will last. He can only give half his time to his job. He has to give the other half to trying to find out where he is going when this is over. So I believe if we guaranteed them anything permanent they would do better; at least we always have the satisfaction to fall back on that they couldn't do worse.

And that would eliminate 9/10 of the discontent that we now have. It's always the fellow that is out of office and wants in that is discontented, but if he knew there was no chance why he might maybe turn to some essential employment, maybe writing jokes for the newspapers or any of those WORTH WHILE industrys.

Of course, you take a fellow like Ford and I doubt if he would take it for life. The chances are that he is ambitious and in the years to come he might want to devote his old age to trying to think up some different shape radiator for those things of his.

He told me when I visited him in Detroit that that was his life's ambition. I told him that it was not only his ambition but everybody's life ambition.

Now by this morning's paper I see where the Prohibition Party is trying to claim him as their very own. That is not exactly the party that I would like to see him enter Washington for life with. It wouldn't be hardly becoming for a man to be Prohibition's head who had furnished the conveyance for more fermented juices than all the brewery trucks of Anheuser Busch and Pabst combined.

You remove all the bootleg booze from Ford cars in this country and you not only diminish drinking 90 percent but you create an invention by making them so light they will fly.

49 THE WORLD TOMORROW

Now for the last few months I have been writing and I have become ambitious and want to do "Bigger and Better things." I realize that my writings up to now have only appealed to the Morons. (That's not Mormon misspelled. It's Morons, just as it's spelled.) So I have been a close student and admirer of some of our great editorial writers and I have tried to study their style and, beginning with this article, I am changing my entire method of Literature, and I hereby bid Adieu to my half-wit audience. (As writer's writings never appeal to a higher grade of intelligence than the writer himself.) So, from now on, I am going to give these learned and heavy thinkers a run for their laurels. I am out to make the front page. My column will be called The World Tomorrow, not only commenting on the news of Today but predicting what the morrow will bring forth.

A Race Horse, In Memorandum, beats the great Zev, the international favorite and my own thrown in for good measure.[1] That news will perhaps interest 40 million human beings, and 2,000 bookmakers, while the news of the unearthing of a prehistoric skull at Santa Barbara, California, linking us up with the Neanderthal Age will only be appreciated by a small majority of us thinking people. Some anthropologists, however, consider the extinct Neanderthal man as a separate specie (Homo Neanderthalenis) intermediate between the Java Man (or Pithecanthropus). According to Linneaus, Humanity comprises four races: the Whites, having a light colored skin, belonging to the Caucasian race; blacks, the completist possible nega-

tion of white; The Republicans, a form of genus Homo Male in his earliest Prehistoric State; and, last of the four races the Democrat.[2] The Democrat doubtless originated in the eastern Hemisphere. The main structural characters distinguishing him are his gait, the modification of the feet for walking instead of prehension, and the great Toe being nonapposable, and most of all the enormous development of the brain, and smooth rounded skull.

But what cares the man of today for the Neanderthal Age! He is of the Speculative Age. If he can get 10 dollars down on the nose of a winner at about 15 to one, he don't care if we descend from goat or ape.

As Demosthenes, the Great William Jennings Bryan of his time, so aptly put it when he casually met Confucius, the originator of Mah Jong, on Epsom Downs: "Good Afternoon countryman, art thee risking a few Shekels on thy favorite Crow Bait in this race?"[3] And Confucius pulled the following nifty which has been handed down through the ages, and made him the Philosopher of Shanghai:

"No, Demosthenes, betting is a form of unintelligence, so long as we have betting, we will know we have the ignorant with us."

That little remark of Confucius was well said, and the fact that we had 40 million interested in the race, and only a handful interested in the Neanderthal man, proves we have a long way to go yet until Civilization is thoroughly reached.

The Crown Prince of Germany is to be allowed to return, proving that War don't pay.[4] You only have to go back into History a short way to the Trojan Wars. What happened to Priam the King of Troy when Prince Paris his Heir and son was born? Eros, Goddess of Discord, threw out a Golden Apple to the most beautiful, and Juno, Minerva and Venus all claimed it. Paris was to decide. He gave the apple to Venus. Helen of Troy, the most beautiful woman in Sparta, got jealous of Paris and that culminated in the war of Troy. Troy was besieged for 9 years. This Trojan War alone should prove to the greedy interests that War don't pay. And sons born of Kings don't pay. A law should be passed that all offsprings of royal birth should be of the feminine gender.

An American army airman flies at the rate of 258 miles an hour.[5] What does this astounding feat mean to the world? What did Napoleon say at Austerlitz in 1805, just after the battle of Ulm, and after the Old Corsican had rushed his troops from Cologne? He said, "An army travels on its stomach."

Look at the progress that has been made in the mode of transportation from the Napoleon days to this! I don't know exactly how far a man could travel in a day on his stomach. If he had a good stomach and was an apt traveler he might make pretty good headway. There was no way in reckoning speed in those days as there was no way of fixing a speedometer on

a soldier's stomach, but if you take a soldier going away from the enemy, and if his stomach held out, he certainly ought to have had the abdominal record of his time.

But has Congress heeded what the Airship is doing? No, they go ahead building battleships which will be as useless as a shipping board. Transportation advances but our lawmakers are still traveling on their stomach.

Lloyd George goes home to England after inviting us to join in the salvation of Europe.[6] You have only to turn to Hugo's Oration on Voltaire to find out if we should meddle in the selfish affairs of European turmoil.[7] Hugo said, "Before going further, let us come to an understanding, Gentlemen, upon the word Abyss. There are good abysses; such are the abysses in which evil is engulfed. Rabelais warned royalty in Gargantua. Moliere warned the people at Tartuffe." That proves right there to any thinking person that we should not meddle in the affairs of these envious nations. The more trouble you get them out of, the more they get in to. No, the time has come when this country has got to bank up our own fires for a cold morning. Just remember Cicero's words speaking at Glasgow in regard to America's participation in the World's War: "La premiere femme du monde la tete montee en se couchant." Those who want to adjust Europe's Carburator should remember Horace Greely's immortal gag: "Go west, young man. Not east."[8]

A lady in Chicago is arrested for killing a casual acquaintance. That's news. If she had killed her husband or lover that would be commonplace. But friends are seldom killed. What does the 8th chapter, second verse of the first book of Matthew teach us? That verse should be enough to teach us that friendship should be trusted. We will never have true civilization until we have learned to recognize the rights of others.

Judge Gary, the head of the great Steel Corporation, eats only the white of a soft boiled egg for breakfast.[9] Which should be a lesson to some of you who think you have to eat the whole egg to subsist. We should look and learn from our men who have done things. Read Einstein's Theory on what constitutes over-gorging.[10] He says: "Light rays, if obstructed, have an observed constant velocity irrespective of the relative velocity between the observer." That should show even the ignorant when they have enough.

A little girl in Brooklyn started to school and forgot her books and had to go home for them. There you have a bit of news that is valuable. We are at that age when we are rushing headlong and paying no attention to small details. It's only the big things in life that interest us. For instance, the little girl was only interested in getting to school, not in what she had when she got there. If we only stopped to realize that it is really after all the little things that count, why, we would be a wiser and more contented race. People that can't remember should remember what Socrates said to Plato on the subject of forgetfulness. He said: "Where then I wonder shall we

find justice and injustice in it? With which have we contemplated? Has it simultaneously made its entrance?"

A professor of Columbia University won a prize for writing a book in 15 hours. That's a good thing. The quicker the authors write them the quicker they can get to some useful work. But if Pascal were on earth today and heard of that feat he would say: "That's fine, Professor, but what did you do with the other 10 hours?"[11]

It takes two and a half tons of marks to buy a stein of beer in Berlin. Before the War you could have bought two and a half tons of beer for a mark. What does Wall Street think of that? It shows you that selfish interests can't rule the people, when they make up their mind to rebel.

P. S. You see Mr. Brisbane and I both have an Encyclopedia.[12]

50 LASSOING A SCOTCHMAN IN THE DARK

I dropped into a theatre out here in Los Angeles the other night not because I wanted to go to a show but because I happened to know the manager who had always been such a good friend of mine for years back East, and he stopped me in passing and asked me in. Well, as it didn't cost me anything, I thought, well, I will go in and help him out. The chances are he is out here with some ham and eggs troop and needs somebody in to help make it look like a crowd. So I humored him and went in. I didn't ask him what kind of troop he had shanghaied out of New York.

Well, when I got in, I found I didn't have any place to sit down. The show was going on and every seat in the house was full. I thought, my Goodness, he must have dug up a lot of friends out on the sidewalk besides me, because this was the Auditorium Theatre, the biggest one out here, and the only other times I had seen it filled was on Sundays by a preacher named Whitcomb Brougher, who has proven that talking and not preaching is appreciated.[1]

Well, I was wondering what dragged all this Los Angeles gang away from buying lots, when all at once a funny looking little bow legged guy came a bounding out on the stage. He had on some little plaid skirts, and crooked old cane. Well, the house just broke loose. You would have thought Henry Ford had just been elected president. They applauded like mad and then from that into laughter. Then he started to singing a song and all through the song they just died laughing and after each verse applauded. Now I don't even know what the song was and I don't think anybody else does. It didn't seem to make any difference. He could have sang the alphabet and got just as many laughs and applause. Then he talked, and when he talked he was better than he was when he sang. Then he went off and

changed clothes and come back and sang and he was better than he was when he talked.

Well, he kept this up for one hour and a half solid and could have kept it up all night as far as me and that audience was concerned. Now I had had some few trials in trying to entertain an audience single handed with no aid from anyone, and when I can keep them awake for 15 or 20 minutes I think I am doing pretty well. But here is a man who can just take them and juggle 'em for an hour and a half and make 'em do tricks for him, whenever he wants to.

I didn't have a program so I didn't know who it was but in going out I told the manager I would like to meet this bird and talk to him, so he made a date with me for the following night to come down and he would arrange an interview with him for me.

So the next night I was right there at 8:15 and the mobs were rushing in just like it was a remnant sale. Some of them didn't know where or how to buy a ticket. They had never been in a theatre before. Some asked for the same seat they had for this same fellow last year. I thought, what manner of man is this that can get people to come who don't know a box office from a telephone booth?

They told one old lady they would have to give her a seat in the gallery and she asked, "Does he sing up there, too?" Finally he come in through the front of the theatre and I knew he must be a pretty big performer or they wouldn't let him do that.

So this manager introduced me to him. His name was Lowder, or Lauder, or Lawler or something like that.[2] I didn't get it very plain. I remember his first two names. One was Sir and the other Harry. He said, "Hoot Mon, 'tis a braw bricht moonlicht nicht th' nicht, lad."

I couldn't understand half he said. These foreigners should be made to learn the language before they let them come into this country.

On our way back to his dressing room he stopped behind one of the boxes and peeped out to see how the house was. He turned with a smile so I guess it was all right. Then he said to me, "You are the fellow who came in and stood up and didn't pay for your standing space last night, ain't you?" So I admitted that I was and apologized and offered to pay him now, but he said he had already collected it as he had made his manager pay.

The conversation opened up after we got into the dressing room by his seeing me with a new overcoat on. (It is getting Fall and rather chilly.) So he dug down into his old basket, not trunk, and dug out an old straw hat and tried to trade it to me for this overcoat. He said it would be fair and if I didn't think so he would trade back with me next summer.

There was a candle burning in the dressing room for he said they charged for whatever electric light was used, so he used his own candle.

I asked him to tell me the story of his early life. He said, "I will, but before I start, I will just blow the candle out. We can talk as well in the dark."

As well as I could get this story told in the dark, he was born in Scotland of poor but Scottish parents. He was the oldest of 7 children. His father died and he had to start earning his and the others' living when he was only 13 years old. He worked in the coal mines from 13 until 21. He sang around little home talent entertainments, finally getting a few shillings for doing it. He married the mine foreman's daughter and is living with her yet.

He joined a show troop at 35 shillings a week, $8.75 in our money. He and the piano player and the tenor singer all had to sleep in one bed. So if, today Sir Harry Lauder has any shortcomings at all, he is not to blame for them. It was all on account of sleeping with a tenor. I believe if I had had to sleep with a tenor in my earlier career I would have been in Sing Sing by now.

He sent his wife 5 dollars a week of this $8.75. You see his wife, while she was the daughter of the foreman, was still a Scotchman's daughter. He said his greatest treat was on Saturday night when he and his pals could each afford a bottle of ale. My, that's no hardship. We can't get even a bottle at the end of the year.

Well, from then on his story reads like an American magazine millionaire's—Pluck, Perseverence, and taking advantage of his opportunities.

He likes to tell stories on himself of his thrift, as he calls it. In Australia where he was just arrived from, he was stopping in a hotel and had put his shoes outside his room door to be shined (a custom which prevails there and in England). A man passed the next morning and found the boy shining the shoes at the door and asked him why he didn't take them downstairs and do it as he did all the others. The boy said, "I can't take them down; they are Harry Lauder's and he is holding the strings under the door."

Now some have come to look on Harry Lauder as the champion stingy man of all time. Yet he raised for wounded soldiers more money than any other one person in the world. He did more charitable war work during the war than any one single person and was Knighted by the King of England for it.

Personally, I think that Knighthood is a liability instead of an asset, so what manner of man can this be who is the stingest man in the world, yet he is the most generous.

He would make a good president. He can be the two opposite things at once.

He gave me one of his epigrams which is his belief: "Give a friend all he wants and he will take all you have." I asked him to what did he attrib-

ute his success and he said, "Enthusiasm for my work." He loves it, he is raring to get on that stage every minute. He writes all his own songs, words and music—both, works out his own costumes, and originates all his own stage jokes. I asked him if he was going to stay with his manager (who is William Morris, a Jewish Gentleman, and the most universally liked man in our entire profession).[3] He said, "I started with Bill in this country 17 years ago and I will stay with him as long as I play over here, no matter what anyone would offer me."

He plays to more money in a week than any man on the stage, including Grand Opera. Caruso could only sing 2 or 3 times; Lauder does 10 shows a week and plays to from 35 to 50 thousand a week with no expenses compared to other shows.[4] And won't play Sunday! So he can't be stingy, for he could, by giving 2 shows Sunday, play to a thousand more.

I would like to see some of us, so-called, Big hearted Americans turning down 8 thousand dollars every Sunday for 52 Sundays. I personally, attribute his wonderful success to sincerity. Think what an enviable position he holds. The greatest single entertainer in the English speaking world, which no doubt means also the greatest in the entire world. It was a pleasure to meet him. He has not only entertained us but has taught us what a man can do with clean wholesome entertainment.

When he finished and had to light the candle to put on his make-up, I borrowed a lead pencil off him to jot down some notes. He told me of the two Scotchmen near the Bay in Scotland where he kept his Yacht. You know sea gulls always follow a boat to pick up any refuse thrown overboard. The Scotchmen were watching a yacht sailing and one asked the other whose boat it was. The other replied, "Well, I don't see any sea gulls following it. It must be Sir Harry Lauder's!"

He says he likes to keep the Bell Boys from grabbing his bag when he comes into a hotel, by telling them, "Oh, I am still working; I haven't retired yet. When I retire you can carry my bag."

I just wonder if it ain't just cowardice instead of generosity that makes us give most of our tips. When I went to leave he reminded me that I still had his lead pencil. I apologized, and he said it was all right, as I hadn't sharpened it.

He wasn't too busy with his art and his title to forget that nickel lead pencil. Yet he wouldn't play the next day (which was Sunday) for 8 thousand dollars.

But he will go to a hospital and sing for the soldiers every Sunday, and Good Old Bill Morris his manager will let them in free to the theatre. So, give us some more Stingy Guys like Harry, if they only have half his other qualities.

I am a bit of an American Harry Lauder myself; he didn't get the overcoat for that straw hat.

51 THE RING IS FILLING UP WITH HATS

As I go to press away out here in the Mortgaged spaces, where every man is either in jail or the movies or in Escrow, I pick up my morning paper and start in the review the political situation, as it effects the honest man. Talk about hats in the ring! Why, yesterday it just rained hats.

Senator Hiram Hearst Johnson, late of California, just yanked his old sombrero off and, after brushing the second choice dust of various campaigns from its wrinkled folds, decided that it would be able to weather another convention defeat.[1] The dull thud of its landing in the political soup had hardly sounded around the world when William Jiggs McAdoo decided that he was bareheaded from now until the Democrats meet next June to pick their worst man.[2]

So, as I go to press, I am the only Resident of glorious sunburned California that still has his hat on.

Mind you, this was not all the day's gathering of hats. This was only California's contribution to our national rubbish pile. Other states have littered up the entire premises of the garbage ring with every known and unknown form of headgear from Senator Underwood's old black flopped brim (nearly Beaver), with the scent of the Julep fresh on its crown, to the Radiator capped slopes of Michigan, where they are ready to contribute the one man top of their favorite son.[3]

We spend millions of dollars every 10 years trying to collect the census of this inglorious commonwealth of America, when all we would have to do is wait until a presidential year, and then count the candidates.

Mr. Cox, of Ohio, is the only name in America that has gone through this entire year without the smirch of a Presidential insinuation.[4]

This having been a year of Prehistoric unearthings, even the roofing of William Darwin Bryan has been again cast asunder and lit just casually on the edge of the enclosure, where it will await the verdict next June of some 5 thousand uninstructed modern Chimpanzees.[5]

Kareful Kal Koolidge, with the usual New England thrift, throws nothing into a ring, not even a hat, until he is sure it will be returned with 75 thousand a year interest. He got so used, as Vice President, to have no one pay any attention to what any of them said, that he can't realize that we might listen to him now.

I thought for a while, the way Lloyd George was complimenting us over here, that he might possibly be considering tossing that old Welsh cap

of his onto the White House lawn.[6] But I, along with various other slow thinking citizens of our land, find that he didn't come here just to put wreaths of England's foes of former days out of any particular love for them. He knew that we are the Champion Yap Nation of the world for swallowing propaganda.

YOU CAN TAKE A SOB STORY AND A STICK OF CANDY AND LEAD AMERICA RIGHT OFF INTO THE DEAD SEA. He read the life of Lincoln coming over on the boat, and we marveled at his knowledge and admiration of our great commoner. Perhaps he used the same adjectives that he had many times applied to Cromwell in England.[7] His next jump was direct to Mount Vernon to the Tomb of Washington.

Now, you know what he thought of Washington. You know what Firpo thinks of Dempsey.[8]

He is super A politican. Instead of going through the country, doing the old gag of kissing the babys of the voters, he pulled a New One. He visited all the graves of our departed heroes who he knew were dear to us and he complimented them and told what they would do for civilization if they were alive today. He knew they couldn't rise up and deny it. You didn't hear his complimenting any of our living did you?

He is a wonderful little man; a marvelous personality and the greatest salesman that England ever sent over here. He is so good that he darn near sold us another War.

England is always sending some big men over here claiming they come just sightseeing, and only want to see the country. But you can't see this country from a speaker's platform inside a hall.

Now, for some unknown reason, we had Ambassador Harvey returned back to us.[9] I look for ex-Ambassador George to take off his powdered wig which he used on State occasions over around the King, and cast it into the Political Mud Hole. Mr. Harvey would make us a good social president. He could tell you at what hour tea should be served.

I am glad Mr. McAdoo has come out in the open and declared himself. I had a very pleasant evening over at his home here in Los Angeles just before he went East the last time. I thought I would get all the political news from him and find out if he was really going to run. He showed me all over his house. He seemed to be more interested in how cheap he had gotten in than in who was to be President. We had a lovely dinner, and here is one for the drys. He had nothing to even offer for drinks. Well, that was such a novelty I feel that it is worth mentioning.

After seeing how modest he lived and the way he talked as though a dollar was really a dollar, I related conversations I had heard during his term in office that he would "after holding all that authority, and controlling all that money, retire the richest man in this country." It was not polit-

ical enemies but people that really thought—here is a man that has a chance to clean up.

He laughed and told me the real story of how he had to retire from the Cabinet because he simply had no more money to maintain his position on. Here he was, handling and paying out the most colossal sums ever dreamed of during the war, and he had to borrow money on his small insurance policy to keep his children in school.

I said to him, "Why, if I handled all that dough, I would manipulate around some way to raise my salary privately, or casually sweep out a couple of billion dollar bills." Then he said to me, almost sadly, "No, Will, there is so much Red Tape you can't get a cent—even the Secretary of the Treasury." Maybe that is the true story of why he resigned. Now he wants another office where there is not so much Red Tape.

He is back lawing for his living. That's one thing these politicians, when they can't make politics pay, can always fall back on the honorable practice of law.

Whatever we can ever say about graft and the thousands of millionaires that was made by the War, you can rest assured that the Treasurer who handled all the money come out broke. So, if Bill is lucky enough to get back into Washington, I want to see him get a position this time where he will be able to get ahold of something.

I asked him about the railroads. He said all he got out of that was his name on the towels.

So from what I learned from him these Cabinet jobs don't look so good to me. These U. S. Senators look to be about the best graft, as there is no one to watch them. Guess the people figure that the class of men they send to the Senate would get caught if they took anything, whether they had any one watching them or not.

52 PROSPECTUS FOR REMODELED CHEWING GUM CORPORATION

Last week I made, on account of my movie work, a trip to Catalina Island and along with the glass bottom boat I had pointed out to me the home of Mr. William Wrigley on the top of the highest mountain.[1] He also owns the Island. We were not allowed to go nearer than the gate as the guide said some other tourist had carried away a grand piano, and he had gotten discouraged at having them around. Another tourist was caught right on the lawn chewing an opposition brand of gum. That is really the thing that gummed up the tourist parade.

Then I remembered having seen his wonderful building in Chicago, Ill., mind you, accumulated on chewing gum at a cent a chew. Now I felt rather hurt at not being allowed to at least walk through maybe the kitchen, or the cellar, because I know that I have contributed more to the building of that home than any one living. I have not only made chewing gum a pastime but I have made it an art. I have brought it right out in public and chewed before some of the oldest political families of Massachusetts.

I have had Senator Lodge (who can take the poorest argument in the world and dress them up in perfect English and sell them) after hearing my act on the stage, say: "William (that's English for Will) William, I could not comprehend a word of the language you speak, but you do masticate uncompromisingly excellent."[2]

This reception which I received at the Wrigley home was so in contrast to the one which I received at Mr. Adolphus Busch's in St. Louis.[3] When he heard that one of his best customers was at the outer gate, Mr. Busch not only welcomed me but sent me a fine German police dog to California, the stock of which had come direct from the Kaiser's kennels in Pottsdam. The dog did wonderful until some one here by mistake gave him a drink of one percent beer. He would have been six years old next May.

After looking at Mr. Wrigley's home with much admiration and no little envy, the thought struck me: A man to succeed nowadays must have an idea. Here I am, struggling along and wasting my time on trying to find something nice to say of our public men, when I should be doing something with dividends connected with it. So then the thought struck me. WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE CHEWING GUM THAT IS USED IN THIS COUNTRY?

I just thought to myself, if Bill Wrigley can amass this colossal fortune, and pay the manufacturing charges, why can't I do something with second hand gum. I will have no expense, only the accumulation of the gum after it is thoroughly masticated. Who would be the most beneficial to mankind, the man who invented chewing gum, or me who can find a use for it? Why, say, if I can take a wad of old gum and graft it onto some other substance, I will be the modern Burbank.[4]

With the ideas I have for used gum I may be honored by my native state of Oklahoma made Governor, with the impeachment clause scratched out of the contract.

All Wrigley had was an idea. He was the first man to discover that the American jaws must wag. So why not give them something to wag against? That is, put in a kind of shock absorber.

If it wasn't for chewing gum, Americans would wear their teeth off just hitting them against each other. Every scientist has been figuring out who the different races descend from, I don't know about the other tribes,

but I do know that the American race descended from the cow. And Wrigley was smart enough to furnish the cud. He has made the whole world chew for Democracy.

That's why this subject touches me so deeply. I have chewed more gum than any living man. My act on the stage depended on the grade of gum I chewed. Lots of my readers have seen me and perhaps noted the poor quality of my jokes on the particular night. Now I was not personally responsible for that, I just happened to hit on a poor piece of gum. One can't always go by the brand. There just may be a poor stick of gum in what otherwise may be a perfect package. It may look like the others on the outside but after you get warmed up on it, why, you will find that it has a flaw in it. And hence, my act would suffer. I have always maintained that big manufacturers of America's greatest necessity should have a taster—a man who personally tries every piece of gum put out.

Now lots of people don't figure the lasting quality of gum. Why, I have had gum that wouldn't last you over half a day, while there are others which are like wine—they improve with age.

I hit on a certain piece of gum once, which I used to park on the mirror of my dressing room after each show. Why, you don't know what a pleasure it was to chew that gum. It had a kick, or spring to it, that you don't find once in a thousand packages. I have always thought it must have been made for Wrigley himself.

And, say, what jokes I thought of while chewing that gum! Ziegfeld himself couldn't understand what had put such life and humor into my work.[5]

Then one night it was stolen, and another piece was substituted in its place. But the minute I started in to work on this other piece I knew that some one had made a switch. I knew this was a fake. I hadn't been out on the stage 3 minutes until half of the audience was asleep and the other half were hissing at me. So I just want to say you can't exercise too much care and judgement in the selection of your gum, because if it acts that way with me in my work it must do the same with others only they have not made the study of it that I have.

Now you take Bryan.[6] I lay his downfall to gum. You put that man on good gum and he will be parking it right under the White House dinner table.

Now, some gum won't stick easy. It's hard to transfer from your hand to the chair. Other kinds are heavy and pull hard. It's almost impossible to remove them from wood or varnish without losing a certain amount of the body of the gum.

There is lots to be said for gum. This pet piece of mine I afterwards learned had been stolen by a Follies show girl, who two weeks later married an oil millionaire.

Gum is the only ingredient of our national life of which no one knows how or of what it is made. We know that sawdust makes our breakfast food. We know tomato cans constitute Ford Bodies. We know that old second hand newspapers make our 15 dollar shoes. We know that cotton makes our all wool suits. But no one knows yet what constitutes a mouth full of chewing gum.

But I claim if you can make it out of old rubber boots and tires and every form of old junk, why can't I after reassembling it, put it back into these same commodities? No one has found a substitute for concrete. Why not gum? Harden the surface so the pedestrians would not vacate with your street. What could be better for a dam for a river than old chewing gum? Put one female college on the banks of the Grand Canyon, and they will dam it up in 2 years, provided they use discretion in their parking.

Now, as for my plans of accumulation, put a man at every gum selling place. The minute a customer buys he follows him. He don't have to watch where he throws it when through, all he has to do is follow. He will step on it sooner or later no matter where they throw it.

When he feels it, he immediately cuts off the part of his shoe where it is stuck on, so he can save the entire piece. Then he goes back and awaits another buyer.

I have gone into the matter so thoroughly that I made a week's test at a friend of mine's theatre. At one of Mr. Sid Grauman's movie theatres here, I gathered gum for one week and kept account of the intake every day.[7] My statistics have proven that every seat in every movie theatre will yield a half pint of gum every 2 days, some only just slightly used.

Now, that gives us an average of a pint and a half every six days, not counting Sunday where the Pro Rata really increases. Now figure the seating capacity of the Theatre and you arrive at just what our proposition will yield in a good solid commodity.

Of course, this thing is too big for me to handle personally. I can, myself disrobe, after every show, one theatre and perhaps a church on Sunday. But to make it national I have to form it into a trust. We will call it the "Remodeled Chewing Gum Corporation."

Don't call it second hand, there is no dignity in that name. But if we say "remodeled" why every bird in America falls for that.

Of course, it is my idea ultimately after we have assembled more than we can use for concrete and tires and rubber boots to get a press of some kind and mash it up in different and odd shapes.

You know there is nothing takes at a dinner like some popular juice flavor to our remodeled and overhauled product. I would suggest wood alcohol. That would combine two industries into one.

I want to put flavors in there where we can take some of this colossal trade away from these plutocratic top booted gentlemen. If we can get just enough of this wood alcohol into our reassembled gum to make them feel it and still not totally destroy our customer we will have improved on the modern bootlegger as he can only sell to the same man once.

Now gentlemen and ladies, you have my proposition. Get in early on, "Old gum made as good as new." Think of the different brands that would be so popular, "Peruna Flavor Gum," "Jamaica Ginger Gum," "Glover's Mange Gum," "Lysol Gum."

It looks like a great proposition to me. It will be the only industry in the world where all we have to do is to just pick it up, already made, and flavor it.

I am going to put this thing up to my friend Henry Ford. Think, with no overhead, how he could keep the cost down. It's a better proposition than being President.

53 CASTING THE LARIAT OVER WEEK'S NEWS

The great trouble in writing for the papers every week is that you are so apt to hit on some subject that does not appeal to a certain class of people. For instance, if I write a learned article on chewing gum I find that I lose my clientele of readers who are toothless, because they naturally are not interested in chewing gum if they have no teeth. Then when I write on just strictly politics, I find that the honest people are not interested. Then if I write solely on some presidential candidate I find that there are so many of them that few know the one I am writing about.

TOO MANY ANTI-BATHERS

I wrote an article on bathing and I found that I lost the interest of most of my readers as they were not interested in bathing either by tub or beach. Then I wrote an editorial for high brows and I found a high brow is a man who wouldn't read anything that was not written by himself. So I have finally thought out a scheme where I am going to try and appeal to all classes.

I am going to work along the same lines as a newspaper. I am going to touch on each subject, with a heading over each one, so you will know where to look in the article for just what interests you. For instance, I find that there are people in the country that are really interested in the saxo-

phone. Now, as my articles gain headway, I will have a section devoted to the uses that you can put a saxophone to without playing it.

One of the readers of mine and two of somebody else are still primitive enough to be interested in housekeeping. So for him, I will run a little paragraph on the proper treatment of doilies, and how they should be kept. Now it has been said that it is impossible to run a paper unless you have advertising. So I will not make the mistake of trying to prove it can be done. What little advertising I do, will be of a very high class and in a dignified manner, and will be headed as such.

MURDERS—I will feature murders. So if any of you are contemplating a murder in the near future, communicate with me at once, and I will give your particular case the benefit of all the advance billing that it deserves.

Now this applies principally to the ladies. You know months before you are going to shoot your husband, so why not let everybody know. Think of the novelty of a woman advertising that she was going to shoot her husband on a certian day, and then doing it, without changing her mind.

SCANDAL—I will feature scandal; not enough to be disgraceful, but just enough to be interesting.

MOVIES—I will have a movie department, and tell almost the truth about them.

SOCIETY—I have a friend who used to be on the edge of society, and you know that there is no one who can tell you as much about society as the one who has just been on the edge.

CHURCH NEWS—will be strictly non sectarian.

KU-KLUX-KLAN—will be given the benefit of any and all doubts.

SPORTING NEWS—will embrace everything except heavyweight championship battles. They will be found in the financial section.

AUTOMOBILE NEWS—I will do everything but publish a dealer's picture standing on the running board of his newest model, as all dealers' pictures look alike.

Now, of course, in this first issue today, I can't cover all the subjects that I will later be able to embrace, as I have taken up so much of my time in the laying down of the policy of my mineature paper. But, no matter what you do or say, be careful or you will fall under the heading of some of my departments, and we will treat them all alike.

FOREIGN NEWS

By radio, G-I-M-M-E Station. Ex Royalty speaking. The Kaiser wants to return to Germany as it is today.[1] The old guy has courage of which we never suspected him before.

The Crown Prince says all he wants is to be left alone.[2] That's all a burglar wants.

Paris, France—France, our Ex-Allie, wants to lick Germany this time alone, just so she can make more favorable peace terms.

London, England—Lloyd George says: "Peace in Europe can't last."[3] Who wants this kind to last!

Rome, Italy—By leased wire, "King of Spain visits Mussolini."[4] A King is never so popular nowadays as when he is away from home.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

By special graft wire—"Congress meets." Everybody is asking, "What is the matter with this country?" Those two lines above tell you what is the matter with this country. Congress met that's what's the matter with this country. They meet to make laws. We have more laws now than Germany has marks. And the quality is about equal to the mark.

The government keeps statistics on every known thing. But there is yet to be a statistic on how many laws we are living under.

Mr. Coolidge makes straightforward appeal to right our wrongs. He wants "help for the farmers." But don't want anyone to have to pay more for their food. He is for "lower taxes," but the country must receive more revenue.

He certainly seems to me like a very agreeable man, and if he can do these things as I have enumerated them above, he deserves serious consideration in the choice of our next president.

DRESSMAKING NOTE

Mrs. Vernon Castle married for the third time.[5] She is now in her senior years.

SOCIETY NOTE

Quite a lot in the papers about a dinner in Chicago which Mrs. Harold McCormick, the first, and Ganna Walska, the present Mrs. McCormick, "Both attended but didn't meet."[6] They must be holding their private dinners in the White Sox ball park if two wives can be at a private dinner and not meet. Of course, this shows that Chicago is slowly getting out of its rut, and into the Los Angeles and New York swing of things. Why, in either of these two places, it would be impossible to give an affair of any magnitude unless it contained at least two or three old wives, and it has been known where four ex-wives of one man clustered around one cocktail tray.

I don't see why they raise such a fuss over them meeting after marriage. It's before marriage that you don't want to let a prospective one meet one of the old timers.

The other night at a benefit, back stage, I introduced a dozen screen friends to each other, and then had them say: "Why, Will; we used to be married to each other." Well, I just got discouraged and quit trying to be sociable, and introduce anybody.

PROHIBITION NOTE

Thanksgiving, the races opened at Tia Juana, Mexico, just over the line

from San Diego, Calif. There was so many Americans there that they run out of stuff to drink and had to send back over into California to get more.

CHURCH

My good friend from the movie days at the same studio, Miss Geraldine Farrar was forbidden permission to sing in an Atlanta, Ga. church.[7] Her voice would be so different from what is usually heard in there that it would be sacriligious. Imagine saying to a friend, "I have Elder Johnes' pew tonight to hear Farrar sing "Zaza."

It would have been a novelty for grand opera devotees to have gone into a church.

Under this heading of church notes I am going to debate next week against Dr. James Whitcomb Brougher, our most popular preacher out here, in open debate, question: "Resolved, that the movies have been more beneficial to mankind than the preachers."[8]

It's the most uneven question I suppose ever debated. I have the movie side, and he is such a nice fellow that I really feel ashamed to see him try and bring preaching up to the level of one of the arts.

All I have to do is to mention the scandalous conduct of some preachers and the number of them in jail. While, look what a fine chance he has trying to dig up something of a questionable character connected with the movies. Not a word of scandal has ever crossed our doorstep! NEXT WEEK I WILL REPORT THIS DEBATE.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

Rates on application. You have tried my cars and they have made good. Now try me! Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan.

54 A STRAW VOTE ON KAREFUL KAL'S MESSAGE

Kareful Kal Koolidge a couple of weeks ago read to Congress his message. The message itself seemed to be quite an achievement. The only thing to be desired was the delivery, which was rather amateurish. But when you figure that the gentleman hadn't used his voice for months, why, any little defects in delivery can readily be overlooked. At a great telegraphic expense I have gathered together the opinions of some of our best paid politicians and I will do just as the Literary Digest does, I will simply put down their opinions as they were uttered, with no personal editorial comment from me at all. I am just simply reporting the straw vote of the country:

Senator Lodge, Republican, of Massachusetts—It is a message that could not possibly be improved upon.[1] Massachusetts can at last say it has two of us favorite sons. Of course I took the message before delivery and

brightened up the English. But he deserves great praise nevertheless. I think it is one of the best messages since I delivered my memorable one on the unknown islands of the Pacific Ocean during the disarmament conference.

Senator Robinson, Democrat, of Arkansas—I have been reading messages ever since I can remember and if that is a message then I am Babe Ruth.[2] Even the English was very bad.

Senator McKinley, Republican, of Illinois—The President's message is what I call a real message.[3] It is short, concise and to the point.

Senator Dill, Democrat, of Washington—It was the longest, most garbled, and got nowhere at all.[4]

Senator Reed, Republican, of Pennsylvania—It was marvelous.[5] It was a second Gettysburg Address.

Senator Jim Reed, Democrat, of Missouri—It was terrible.[6] It was a second "Yes, We Have No Bananas."[7]

Senator Greene, Republican, of Vermont—It makes me proud that I am a Republican when I read such messages as that.[8]

Senator Wheeler, Democrat, of Montana—It makes me proud that I am a Democrat when I read such messages as that.[9]

Senator Jones, Republican, of Washington—His position on home problems could not be improved upon, but I wish he had been a little more generous with Russia.[10] The message was no disappointment to me.

Senator Shipstead, Farmer Labor, Minnesota—The message was no disappointment to me, as I expected little.[11] His stand on Russia was perfect but his home problem treatment was terrible.

Senator Pepper, Republican, Pennsylvania—A clean cut communication of definite ideas.[12] There is no vague talk and no fine writing. He gives the line on which to attack each problem.

Senator Magnus Johnson, Farmer Labor, of Minnesota—They thought I would be out of place up here in Washington.[13] Well, if they have messages like that I will be out of place. Back in Minnesota, where I come from, there are men who can milk a cow with both hands and never lose a drop, and sing a better message than that in Swedish.

Senator Moses, (No relation to the Moses of Bull Rushes fame) New Hampshire—It was strictly American.[14] It took a true son of New England to utter it.

Senator LaFollette, Wisconsin—I was away sick and glad of it.[15]

Senator Capper, Republican, Kansas—The President was very unfortunate in falling heir to all the vexing problems of two past administrations.[16] But I think he disposed of them in a manner that will be suitable to all Republicans who, after all, are all that amount to anything.

Congressman Charlie Carter, Democrat and Chickasaw Indian, Oklahoma—it was one of the best messages I ever slept through.[17]

Speaker Gillette, Republican, Massachusetts—Not since the Pilgrims landed on Massachusetts' fair shores, have such utterances come from a fellow statesman of mine.[18] It will please the country immensely.

Senator Pat Harrison, Democrat, from the Julep Beds of the Sunny South—He didn't guess a single problem right.[19] And they call that a message! I wish they could have heard Bryan's Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns message years ago.[20] There was a message that will live as long as there is a Democrat.

Ham Lewis, late Senator, of Chicago, and late Fashion Plate of the Senate—I didn't like the color of his vest, otherwise the message was perfect.[21]

Representative Berger, Socialist, Wisconsin—it sounds good, but a guy couldn't be elected even vice president on it.[22]

Congressman Longworth, leader of House, Republican, Ohio—I haven't had time to talk to Alice yet, but offhand I would say that it will reflect many votes on the Republican party.[23]

Senator Owen, Plutocrat, Oklahoma—Although retaining my membership in the U. S. Senate, I haven't visited the old place for years.[24] I spend most of my time abroad, and know little of American affairs so had overlooked the message.

Editor's Note. Now in order to get the real opinion I not only asked politicians but went into business and social life for opinions.

Judge Gary, Head of the Steel Trust, Plutocrat, New York—It was a masterpiece, nonpartisan, conciliatory, frank and fair to every form of big business.[25] Give us more messages like that and Steel will double in price in one year.

Cap Lane, farmer, Chelsea, Oklahoma, (18 miles from Claremore, best town in entire west)—Give us one more message like that and farmers will read it in the poor house.[26]

Jack Dempsey, Wall Street and financial world—I think the message will be a big aid to big financial undertakings.[27] Under a message like that I can see nothing ahead but a prosperous year.

Charlie Chaplin—His stand on the reduction of income tax was excellent.[28] Under a good old stand pat Republican Administration, I can see a great year ahead for humorous pictures. His stand on Peru was to the point.

Mary Pickford—I haven't read the message.[29] Douglas just won't take a paper.[30] But I will still say, as I told Los Angeles last week, girls should have mothers.

Jackie Coogan—His position on Child Labor was by far the outstanding feature.[31] I also heartily endorse his advocating lower taxes on earned incomes. You let some of our rich get out and really earn their money and they will see what hardship it is. but, take it all in all, it's the best message we have had since McKinley declared war on Spain.[32]

Ex-Governor Walton, Oklahoma—I haven't read the message.[33] The last thing I read was my two weeks notice. What did he say about the Klan?

Wives prominent in Washington political life who were present say:

Mrs. Coolidge, Massachusetts, wife of principal speaker—It was simply wonderful.[34] But then, I had never lost confidence in him.

Mrs. Alice Nicholas Longworth, wife of wet representative of Ohio, and herself a politician par excellence—Bully! It was great! I didn't think Kal could do it. But he certainly woke up and showed them something. By the way, is Nick perking up too. I think it's just the association with those indolent congressmen that held him back.

My neighborhood presidential candidates' opinions:

Hiram Hearst Johnson, California, Republican, Democrat, Progressive—It was just the message I would like to have an opponent deliver.[35]

William Jiggs McAdoo, Democrat, California, Kentucky, New York, District of Columbia—It was just the message I would like to have an opponent deliver.[36]

55 WILL ROGERS FOR THE BONUS: HAS SCHEME TO RAISE FUNDS

Just been reading in the Literary Digest what both sides have to say for, and against the Bonus. Now, while nothing I would say would be quoted, as what you say for Humanity doesn't have near the appeal as what you say for political purposes, especially on a presidential year, still my opinions on the Bonus question are not issued after first taking the opinions of any constituents, and then stringing with the majority.

My opinion is based on what I heard uttered to soldiers in the days when we needed them, when they were looked on not as a political organization with a few votes to cast, but as the pick of one hundred million people, the saviors of civilization. We never looked on a soldier in his uniform but what we who didn't go felt he was worth 10 of us. He went—did more than we even expected him to, now why is he not just as much to us today? What has he done to lower himself in our estimation? He still looks like 10 to 1 to me, and the same to a lot of others if they will be honest and tell the truth.

You promised them everything but the kitchen stove if they would go to war. Now a lot of our wealthy men are saying, "Oh, I am willing to do anything for the disabled but nothing for the well." It wasn't these boys' fault they didn't get shot. (I don't see them doing anything for the SICK.) When he went away you didn't tell him he had to come home on a stretcher before you would give him anything, did you?

$1.25 A DAY AND KNITTED SOX

We promised them EVERYTHING, and all they got was $1.25 a day and some knitted sweaters and sox. And after examining them, they wore the sox for sweaters and the sweaters for sox. They deserve a bonus just for trying to utilize what was sent to them.

They got a dollar and a quarter a day. Out of the millions of bullets fired by the Germans every day, statistics have proven that an average of 25 bullets were fired at each man each day. That figures out at the rate of 5 cents a bullet. Now I am no agitator for an unfair wage, or trying to hold anyone up, but the boys in this Bonus want the salary at least doubled. And I don't think that 10 cents a bullet is an exorbitant price.

At the price things are today, I believe that to offer yourself as a target at 10 cents a shot is not too much. Some days he worked 24 hours but the pay was just the same. Those Germans would not observe the 8-hour law. Then they are not asking anything extra for gas bombs, air raids, and cooties. Those things are accepted gratis.

Now the way to arrive at the worth of anything is by comparison. Take shipbuilding, wooden ones, for instance. (That's the only way they were ever taken—for instance. They were never taken for use.) Statistics show that the men working on them got, at the lowest, $12.50 per day, and, by an odd coincidence, statistics also show that each workman drove at the rate of 25 nails a day—the same number of nails as bullets stopped or evaded by each soldier per day. That makes 50 cents a nail.

Now I am broadminded enough to admit that there is a difference between the grade of these two employments. But I don't think that there is 45 cents per piece difference. I know that bullet stopping comes under the heading of unskilled labor, and that ship-building by us during the war was an art. But I don't think that there is that much difference between skilled and unskilled. That makes him 10 times better than the unskilled, while I claim he is only 5 times as good.

"KAREFUL KAL" AGAINST ME

I may be wrong in my estimation of the two jobs. Kareful Kal Koolidge is against me on this. It's the first time he and I have disagreed on one of the big questions. He is new and I want to give him the benefit of the doubt. I realize that our opinions have been formed somewhat by our associations. He has been thrown, especially lately, with the wealthy, while I have, except on VERY RARE occasions, been thrown with the common herd.

Now, as I say, while the soldiers got no overtime, the nail expert got time and a half for overtime, up to a certain time, then double time and salary after that. Of course, he lost some time in the morning selecting which silk shirt he should nail in that day. And it was always a source of annoyance as to what car to go to work in.

Now, I may be wrong, for these rich men who are telling you that the nail is 10 times harder to handle than the bullet know, for they made and sold both of them to the government. I haven't read it, but I suppose some Puttee manufacturer will come out against the Bonus pretty soon.

ANOTHER PET ARGUMENT

Everybody's alibi for not giving them the Bonus is, "We can't commercialize the patriotism of our noble boys." "They didn't go to war for money, they went for glory." Then another pet argument is, "The better element of the returned soldiers are against it themselves." These wealthy men say, "All for the disabled; nothing for the well."

Now I have a scheme that I don't think has ever been proposed. Of course, coming from one with no political office to back it up, I doubt if it will be considered. Pay the Bonus to all. Then let the boys who don't want it give their share to a fund to be added to the disabled ones in addition to their regular share. Everybody wants the disabled to be cared for first and best. This plan would doubly care for them. We will say that there would be as many boys who wouldn't take their money as there are wounded ones. That would give each wounded one a bouble share. Then, if it reached even more, put it in a fund for the disabled ones and divide it according to their affliction. The more serious getting the most. This disabled money would not have to be paid to them at once. It could be left with the government and paid out in yearly installments. That would cut down the amount of money that would have to be raised immediately. That gets the disabled more than any scheme I have heard of, and also eliminates any returned soldier of the embarrassment of receiving $2.50 per day. His conscience would be clear.

I also have a plan of raising this Bonus which I haven't heard brought up. That is, raise it by a tax on all tax exempt securities. These boys helped their country in a time of need. Tax exempt bond buyers knowingly hindered it in a time of need by cheating it out of taxes.

In 1916 there were 1,296 whose income was over $300,000 and they paid a billion in taxes. This year there were only 246 whose income was supposed to be over $300,000 and they only paid 153 million.

SKEPTICAL TO THE 246

You mean to tell me that there were only 246 men in this country who only made $300,000? Why, say, I have spoken at dinners in New York where there were that many in one dining room, much less the United States.

That old alibi about the country not being able to pay is all apple sauce, There is no debt in the world too big for this country to pay if they owe it. If you owed it to some foreign nation you would talk about honor and then pay it. Now what do you want to beat your own kin out of anything for? You say, "Oh, it's not enough to do him any good, anyway." If it's not enough

to do him any good, it's not enough to do you any harm when you pay it. Tax exempt securities will drive us to the poor house, not soldiers' Bonuses. This country is not broke, automobile manufacturers are three months behind in their orders, and whiskey never was as high in its life.

And don't forget that there are many and many thousands of boys who came back and are not classed as disabled but who will carry some effect of that terrible war as long as they live. I never met 10 who were not injured in some minor way, to say nothing of the dissatisfaction. I claim we owe them everything we have got, and if they will settle for a Bonus, we are lucky.

Now if a man is against it, why don't he at least come out and tell the real truth?

"I don't want to spare the money to pay you boys." I think the best insurance in the world against another war is to take care of the boys who fought in the last one. YOU MAY WANT TO USE THEM AGAIN.

WEEKLY ARTICLES — 1924

56 THE WEEKLY EXPOSURE IS ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE SHERIFF

Editorial Policy. This being the second week of the life of "The Exposure," we feel called upon to say a few words in commemoration of our second issue of this little gem of truth. In the first place, we want to thank our readers who have made it possible for us to get out this second spasm. I have looked up the statistics of the newspaper business and I find that 92 percent perish after the first issue. The Sheriff takes the place of the subscriber when the bills come in after one edition. So we are among the 8 percent when we are able to go to bat the second inning.

Now let's get down to bed rock and find out what has kept us among the elect 8 percent. Just one thing, and that is truth. We are staking the reputation of our periodical on the assumption that nothing in public life (or out of it, for that matter) is any good. Now what we have set out to do is to find the worst. It's no trouble to pick out the bad but I tell you, readers, when you sit down to pick out the worst, you have to set some task for yourself.

The issue this week will be known as the Lament Number, or Hearts and Flowers Week. The week just passed has been the saddest of any known

to all alleged humorists, paragraphers, and stage comedians. When I picked up my morning paper one day recently and read one of the headlines, my wife had to pour water on me for 30 minutes to bring me to. The headline read:

"Henry Ford not to run for President." Here I had been laying awake nights stacking up Ford jokes and I felt better fortified for the coming campaign than a prize fighter with a rock hidden in his glove.

I had some gags that I had never pulled. I was just nursing them along, until the heat of the campaign come and then I was going to cut loose with them. Well, that announcement just knocked me cuckoo. It was just like taking away a man's bread and butter. You take a Ford joke away from an article or a monologue and you have just about ripped the backbone out of it. I tell you people, you don't know what they mean to you until they are taken away.

Then also you must take into consideration that I really wanted him to be president. It was just as big a disappointment to me as it was to millions of you other folks who wanted him. Of course, outside of my personal friendship and admiration for Mr. Ford and his many great qualities, I had (I will admit) a monetary thought in mind, had he been elected, because the more I see of public affairs and public offices, the more I realize that a comedian has a wonderful opportunity if appointed to one of the high presidential appointments.

Comedians always have held those positions and there is no reason why I can't go in and do as bad as some of the rest.

So you will see this Ford Boom busting a tire has been a double disappointment to me. I think Mr. Ford is wrong when he says "90 percent of the people are satisfied." 90 percent of the people in this country are not satisfied. It's just got so that 90 percent of the people in this country don't give a damn.

Politics ain't worrying this country one tenth as much as parking space. How to pass one car without meeting another one, gives people in this country more thought in one day, than all the messages delivered to Congress since Washington wore golf breeches.

There is millions of people in this country that know the color of Mary Pickford's hair, but think the Presidential office is hereditary.[1] So Mr. Ford should not mistake apparent prosperity, for satisfaction. There is more mortgages in this country than there is votes. This country right now is operating on a dollar down and a dollar a week.

It ain't taxes that is hurting this country; it's interest. Mr. Ford says" "America is on wheels today." He means "America is on Tick today." If an automobile manufacturer could make a car so good that he could advertise it as follows: "Will last 'till it's paid for," he could put Ford out of business.

The only way to solve the traffic problem of this country is to pass a law that only paid-for cars are allowed to use the highways. That would make traffic so scarce that we could use our Boulevards for children's play grounds.

No, it's not politics that is worrying this country; it's the second payment. The only thing that makes it look bad is that, just before this announcement of Mr. Ford's, he had held a conference with Mr. Coolidge. Of course a lot of people intimate that he was bought off. Now, speaking editorially I don't believe that he was. What made it look bad was that, the next day after his visit, the White House ordered a new Lincoln Sedan and Ford delivery truck.

Of course, you give an automobile manufacturer a chance to sell a couple of cars and he will do almost anything within reason. So you couldn't have blamed him if he had kinder looked out for himself in this transaction.

After all, this running for president is sort of a hazardous business. Statistics have proven that out of 110 million people there is only one gets to be president. It's what you might call a long shot office, and you can't condemn a man for not investing in campaign literature.

So, in closing, let us say that the country not only lost a good president but his decision spoiled some of the best jokes I ever had in my life. But there is one gleam of hope on the horizon. While Ford fell down on us comedians our next best standby, Prohibition, furnished more than its quota.

There has been a terrible scandal in Washington. Official Washington is said to have been buying their liquor from the foreign embassys instead of getting it through permits from government warehouses. Now our officials are getting to be a fine sort when we can't even get them to patronize home industry.

What's the use having permits to get whiskey out of overloaded government warehouses if our own servants of the people are not going to use those permits. Of course they are excusing themselves now by saying it was just some cordials and fancy drinks, that they had gotten from the foreigners. They say they have gotten their staple liquors through the usual channels right here at home. Liquor sales is probably what maintains some of those embassys. Why, there is countries got embassys over here now, that before prohibition couldn't even maintain a flag. That's why America has such poor embassys abroad. We haven't even got our own buildings. It's because we have nothing to sell over there to keep them up.

Now, if England would only prohibit tobacco over there, why that would give us a chance to really do something with our embassy worth while. We could bootleg enough tobacco in a year over there to get us as good an embassy as they have over here.

You know foreign nations don't send diplomats over here any more. They just find the best bartender they have and appoint him.

57 ALL THE NEW YEAR'S MILLIONAIRES ARE OPTIMISTIC

The Exposure is a weekly publication, but if things keep on as they are we will have to go to press daily to take care editorially of all the mismanagement that exists in our grand and glorious commonwealth.

Now, after gathering all the returns of the New Year's, I find in hundreds of newspapers all over the United States that they devoted years of space to what some of our rich men think of the business prospects of the coming year. It's the same old thing every year. It's got so a working man hates to pick up his paper New Year's morning, for staring him in the face will be:

"Judge Gary, the head of a Steel Trust, says, 'I am at heart an optimist, and I look to the coming year with great fortitude.[1] I think if everybody buckles down and gives 12 hours of labor for 8 hours pay I can see nothing ahead that will affect the present prosperity of our grand nation.'"

Then Mr. Mellon is quoted and says, as follows: "I am by nature an optimist.[2] I never want to feel pessimistic. Because of a presidential election there is some uneasiness. But I look forward to one of the best years financially I have ever had."

Mr. Ford also says as follows: "There was some loose motion in the body of our political life. But after I made an adjustment on the differential of the Koolidge Kampaign, and tightened up the loose parts with my declaration of where I stood, why things are all oiled up, and going smoothly, unless Hiram Hearst Johnston or McAdoo carelessly thrusts a heavy pedestrian in front of the vehicle.[3] But I am at heart an optimist and I have great faith in the coming year. Speaking from a personal business angle, you just can't imagine how many people want those things—pardon me, I mean buy those things."

Then will come what Charlie Schwab has to say: "I am at heart an optimist.[4] I think the coming year will be the banner year of 1924."

Then will follow a dozen other rich birds, depending on where the paper is printed and who is the richest man they have in their town. Now these same gags you have to read every New Year's. They don't even change the wording. Every New Year holds the same thing in store for them. But they are as sure to make the front page every New Year's as a

screen star is of having her previous husbands all enumerated every time the papers write up her latest divorce.

Why, in the name of common sense, don't they ask somebody else what they think of the coming year? What those guys think is pretty well established. Sure they are optimistic of the future. If we had their dough we would be optimistic too. I would not only be an optimist for that much Jack, I would even be a vegetarian.

Why don't they ask me what the New Year has in hiding for me? Well, I want to tell you that it don't look any too rosey from where I am sitting. With every public man we have elected doing comedy, I tell you I don't see much of a chance for a comedian to make a living. I am just on the verge of going to work. They can do more funny things naturally, than I can think of to do purposely.

Instead of asking Gary what he thinks, why don't they ask a farmer. There is 10 million farmers and only one Gary. See what the farmer is paid every year for his optimism. And he has to be an optimist or he wouldn't still be a farmer. Why don't they ask Connie Mack what the New Year has lurking for him and his Philadelphia Athletics.[5] See if he can rake up any optimism after hearing every afternoon: "Well, we should have won that one."

So The Exposure hereby and hereon goes on record editorially to try and have a new bunch of names to view on New Year's, next Jan. 1st. Of course while the backbone of any paper is its editorial policy, why, at the same time, it must have some few news items, and various other departments.

This past couple of weeks foreign news has just swamped us. If it had not been for Magnus Johnston milking a cow in Washington, we not only would have had no milk, but we would have had no local news.[6] Magnus milked in a contest for quantity, against Secretary Wallace of the Interior.[7] Magnus' cow had just been milked a few minutes before he started in on her. But that made no difference to him. Where he comes from milking is continuous. Magnus lost the contest. He said he hadn't milked lately and didn't have his hand in. Showing you that the United States Senate has already spoiled a darn good milker.

For the convenience of our political readers from now on we will conduct a dairy department in The Exposure. By the way, both of these men milked without washing their hands, to show their constituents that they were dirt farmers.

FOREIGN NEWS

Newspaper headline says: "King and Queen of England dance with their servants." My Lord, do you have to dance with 'em to keep 'em now. If the King has to dance with them what on Earth will the rest of us have

to do. But if Kings are dancing with servants our War for Democracy has not been in vain.

Other foreign news by picture section of our press was that King George's red bull had taken the prize at a cattle show.[8] So, between bulls and blue ribbons and servants the Royalty had a strenuous week.

Speaking of what the War did for Democracy and to stop all future wars, I see where we have the exclusive contract to furnish all ammunition for this and the next five wars in Mexico, with the option to furnish for the following 5, if there are any receptacles left to shoot into. That's a good idea. If you can't match a war yourself, why get the contract to furnish the material for some other wars. You know, that's a great thing. You take a lot of nations and if they were not able to buy ammunition why they just couldn't go to war. I tell you there is nothing in the world as disheartening to a country as to want to go to war and can't. So I think we are to be heartily commended for obliging a suffering humanity.

INCREASE IN POPULATION NOTES

A baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lem Strutters of 211 South Main Street. Mother doing fine; child seems to be sore at the world.

LONDON ENGLAND

"Mr. Frank Kellogg, New American Ambassador, arrives in London in a Fog."[9] That's the way all of them arrived and most of them have remained in one as far as America was concerned. Mr. Kellogg said: "This is the most critical time in the world's affairs." Where have I heard that remark before? Did you ever know a politician that was not facing the most critical time in the world's affairs every time he spoke in public. I don't know what could be so critical with Mr. Kellogg. The world is going along about as usual, having about the usual quota of wars, robberies and murders.

IMMIGRATION NEWS

New York, N. Y.—Arrivals last week fom Europe 5,200. 5,150 of which are lecturers who are to tour the country telling us what we should do for Europe and what is the matter with us.

Next week we will get out our Midwinter number if the tourists from back East don't run over us.

58 SEND MEXICO OUR WOODEN SHIPS, TOO

Editor's Note.—The Exposure is a weekly periodical devoted to art, commerce, science, and anything pertaining to uplift, and for the better things in our community.

COMMERCE. Jack Dempsey has gone to Florida to get accustomed to the association of big sums, in preparation for his forthcoming commercial year.[1]

SCIENCE. The past week 9 women in various parts of the U. S. shot and killed their husbands. In no line of our modern scientific advancement has progress been more marked than in the marksmanship of our weaker sex. Husbands are being hit in these days and times who in years past were just merely shot at. It is true that woman is the weaker sex physically. But the automatic (with its sprinkling of bullets) has proven to be the great stabilizer between the two sexes. Remington, and Smith and Wesson, have done more to advance the cause of womans' sufferage than all the arguments of its millions of believers. Man used to be bigger than woman, but now woman carries the difference in her vanity case, neatly oiled and loaded. If you will notice in any of your towns you will find located as near as possible to the Marriage Bureau, a firearms store. In some cases the gun is bought with the License, but in most cases, the pistol is procured the day following the betrothal.

If you see a woman or young girl at a shooting gallery at any of our resorts or amusement places, you will know at once that she is engaged, and is practicing for the inevitable. So The Exposure, after carefully examining the steps made in all scientific lines, awards the palm to the woman's marksmanship.

Now we must go from the scientific standpoint to the practical side. What has been accomplished by this continuous parade to the cemetary? Has it improved the character of our husbandry? No, it has not. The Exposure believes that the type and stability of husbands were never lower than at this particular era. This rattle of musketry in the homes has made more dead husbands, but has not made any better ones.

Of course, another thing the modern husband will not realize is that the modern woman, in additon to being a wife and a marksman, is also a detective. When you marry nowadays you not only have a helpmate, but you have a little Pinkerton in your home. Wives are finding out things on husbands today that in th old days even their mothers could not find out for them. Of course, in some rare instances, wives have casually mislaid their artillery for a few moments and it has fallen in the hands of their husbands who promptly took advantage of the opportunity and opened fire on the wife. But these cases have been so rare and the direct hits so seldom that it has made it practically a one sided warfare.

I would suggest in the forthcoming war (I don't know if we have one booked now) but when we do, instead of using the men on our side, just use the women. Have them meet the enemy and marry them. Then give each woman a gun and the war would be over in 24 hours.

Speaking of wars, I have just read the Bok 100 thousand dollar sweepstakes plan.[2] Well sir, at first it almost sounded new. I hadn't read it in 4 years. Just think how things have advanced in price! Here they are giving 100 thousand berries for our old familiar article. Somebody will offer a prize for the best original oration on America, and then some one will bob up with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

Imagine having to pay for a plan to stop wars! At that, this thing if it was properly applied would stop war. Just make every nation read it before they started and by the time they got through it they would be too old to fight. Then go even further make them try to understand it. That would stop them.

I see my old friend Jim Reed of Missouri was the first to spot the thing.[3] He can smell a League of Nations Article 2 days before it's printed. Now some bird is going to get 100,000 for rewriting that, while I have a plan which I will never receive 5 cents for but still it would stop all future wars, and everybody could understand it for it's only two words, DRAFT WEALTH. Any time big business know that their money is going to be taken away from them and used for war, the same as their clerks and stenographers, you will stop all wars.

Our government has made a wonderful business investment in Mexico. They have sold them a very large quantity of ammunition, which we not only will be paid for, but that will some day be returned to us gratis. So our slogan is, "Why be shot with somebody else's bullets? Wait and be shot with your own."

Obregon means well, but Mexican cemeteries are full of presidents who, during their short life, meant well.[4]

If we must sell them something let's sell them the wooden ships built during the war. Then let the revolutionists capture them and try to escape in them. That's the surest way to wipe out the revolution entirely.

So far, The Exposure is the only paper of any magnitude that has not made editorial comment on this small time war being argued out in the Episcopal Church. It's bad enough to have to expose the political affairs without having to give our version of the Bible. If some of those birds would spend their time following His example instead of trying to figure out His mode of arrival and departure, they would come nearer getting confidence in their church. There is no argument in the world carries the hatred that a religious belief one does. It seems the more learned a man is the less consideration he has for another man's belief.

Speaking of not believing, I don't believe that Noah took a pair of every kind of animals into the Ark, for I have seen men, since Prohibition changed their drink, claim that they saw animals that Noah never even heard of. But just because I don't believe Noah's African adventure, maby

others do, and besides with my small experience with animals I don't believe Noah could round up all the animals in one herd without the skunk causing a stampede.

That is no reason why I should go around shouting about it, and be arrested for heresay. I can enjoy a good zoo as well as any one. Whether the animals come here by ark or by subway makes no difference to me. If they are going to argue religion in the church instead of teaching it no wonder you can see more people at a circus than at a church.

59 WEEKLY EXPOSURE DISHES UP THE NEWS

As The Weekly Exposure (a paper devoted to the unveiling of the truth) goes to press this week, we have been reading the papers, not that we could learn anything from them, but we did it just to get a line on what our competitors are doing. I notice all of them are featuring advertising.

It's awful hard to find any news. A thing that struck me very forceably is that Mr. Ford is being editorially complimented in Republican papers, which before the late Coolidge announcement, he couldn't even get an advertisement in. Now I have read, as I say, these papers and I will just give you the news as I see it.

POLAR NEWS (any one of you figuring on touring the arctic this summer don't overlook this feature). "The U. S. Government is going to send an expedition to the North Pole by Air." That's nothing new. That's the way Cook went—by air.[1]

"Scientists figure that there might be another country undiscovered up there." Wouldn't it be great if we could just find another nation. That would give us another entry in the next war.

And just think of the loans we could make them. I bet you if they do find anybody up there, they will find a Californian among them, subdividing the land and selling it out in lots.

They are going to try to make the trip in the Shenandoah, one of those Zeppelins.[2] Well, maybe it can fly up there in that Northern Altitude. None of them have ever been able to fly very long down here. This one flew from Lakehurst, N. J. to St. Louis. That's mighty poor recommendation to start out on. Lots of guys have made the trip from New Jersey to St. Louis that I would hate to trust with important news to carry to the North Pole. A dirigible is one thing America has never had to retire for old age.

Of course, The Exposure is not speaking from a scientific standpoint. It is looking at it purely from the taxpayers' angle. Our experience in the frozen North consists of playing one week in Duluth, Minn. in the month

of September. The audience had on light mittens and two suits each of woolen underwear. They hadn't really dressed for the winter yet. There was only one snow plough working on the streets.

Oh, yes, I did get up to Edmonton, Canada, one time. That's just a thousand miles further North than Cook got. After six o'clock dinner at night we went to a ball game, and double header. Then we come back to theatre and gave a show. After the theatre, we came out and sit around waiting for it to get dark enough to go to bed.

So if The Exposure don't seem to get overly excited over this Expedition, why it's because I am afraid they will find some other nation up there, and I can't see any good of discovering 'em.

Find the guy that discovered Europe, and see if you can get anybody to get enthused over him. We had better let these Esquimoxexs alone, they might turn out to be another Europe.

Well, that was all the Polar News I could find, so if our Polar department fell down this week, it's just because there is nothing doing North of 98.

CONTINENTAL NEWS. I see by the papers that they say "Germany is going insane." I wish you would name me a nation that is competent of judging insanity.

Russia. "Russia wants us to recognize them." Our government say they won't recognize them. We will sell them something but we won't let on that we know them. Russia wants us to recognize them, so they can send over an Embassy. Then they can get in on this bootlegging.

Russia should take a tip from Mexico. Mexico got along fine the last few years till we started to recognize them, and immediately they broke out into another Revolution.

RURAL AND DOMESTIC NOTES. There is a good deal in the papers about giving my native state of Oklahoma back to the Indians. Now I am Cherokee Indain and very proud of it, but I doubt if you can get them to accept it—not in its present state.

When the white folks come in and took Oklahoma from us, they spoiled a mighty happy hunting ground, just to give Sinclair a racing stable, and Walton a barbecue.[3]

Washington, D. C. papers say: "Congress is deadlocked and can't act." I think that is the greatest blessing that could befall this country.

It's a poor day now when you don't read in the papers of some presidential candidate flopping over to Coolidge. There is only one way to stop Coolidge now. That is to have Bryan come out in favor of him.[4]

Some of these presidential candidates who are resigning in favor of Mr. Coolidge are taking their supporters with them—both of them.

Coolidge is the first president to discover that what the American people want is to be let alone.

If the Republicans can just keep from doing something from now until next fall they will walk in.

The only chance the Democrats have is to try and get the Republicans to pass some bills. The more bills the Republicans pass the more chance the Democrats will have. Of course, this is the time of year when a presidential candidate can be bought off mighty cheap. Catch him just when he is figuring out what his campaign literature will come to.

They are having quite an argument over Mr. Mellon's Tax Bill.[5] Mellon wants to cut the surtax on the rich, and leave it as is on the poor, as there is more poor than rich. I suppose the majority will win.

"White House in Washington declared unsafe," says a dispatch from Washington. That was before Ford's declaration. I imagine it feels safer now. There is nothing will bolster up a political house like votes.

New York. John D. Rockefeller says: "Love is the greatest thing in the world."[6] You take a few words of affection and try and trade them to him for few gallons of oil, and you will discover just how great love is.

Washington, D. C. (Dairy Department). Magnus Johnston says he is "going to use common sense in the Senate."[7] That's what they all say when they start in. But if nobody don't understand you, why, you naturally have to switch.

East Orange, N. J. (Local Notes). "Scientists say that the next war will be fought with electricity." I am glad to hear this as it means it will be a light war. Now the editor of The Exposure will admit that that last was a very low candle power joke. But when you take into consideration that we deal in facts and not in humor, why that wasn't so bad, at that.

I see by the papers that they are going to do away with all the nuisance taxes. That means that a man can get a marriage license for nothing.

America is following slowly in the footsteps of England. We have a liberal party. Ours is whichever one is in power.

Headlines in papers say: "Europe criticises U. S." If memory serves me right we haven't complimented them lately ourselves.

They say hot air rises. And I guess it does. An airplane flying over the Capitol the other day caught fire from outside sources.

60 PUTTING BEVERLY HILLS ON THE MAP

The Exposure is a weekly publication, devoted to straight reading matter. We have no picture section and I doubt if we will appeal to over one per cent of the public as the success of a publication is based nowadays on the

amount of pictures and advertising that they have in them. Of course, all our news comes by radio. But The Exposure is a tried and operating paper. In fact we are old timers in the field. This is our 4th issue and we have just bought out and combined The Weekly Blowout, a paper that was sponsoring Mr. Ford's detour to the White House.

After his famous announcement that 90 per cent of the people in this country were satisfied, why, The Blowout couldn't withstand such untruth. Had Mr. Ford gone through and been elected The Blowout would have become the mouthpiece of the administration. So, while not crowing over the misfortune of a competitor, we were able to procure the title of said paper as soon as it had lost the chance of getting our government run as Mr. Ford would have run it on a "Tighten a bolt as it goes by" system. Now The Exposure and Blowout combined, is looking for some other likely candidate to boost. We have even got down to such sore straits that a populist would not be overlooked.

BEVERLY HILLS IS SHOCKED BY PARTY

Bill Hays and Pauline Frederick Feature in Scandal

The Exposure has some real inside Hollywood dirt to dish up to you this week. For fear some competitor will get in and publish it first I will tell just what happened at a wild party that was given tonight at the home of the editor of this very gem of truth. And what makes it worse the head of our industry that was hired and supposed to keep the scandal from our doorsteps, was the main guest, Will Hays, (the only man in the history of industry that was ever hired for a job without him or the people that hired him knowing what he was hired for, yet still made so good they couldn't replace him).[1] Will Hays, the man who made Harding president, and the movies (partly) behave.

Well my wife and I, aided and encouraged by daughter Mary decided to put on a wild party. Hollywood had been getting all the publicity and selling all the real estate through their scandal, and here was Beverly Hills who could put it on just as wild as they could, and we couldn't seem to get anywhere. So we looked around to find some guest that would be well enough known, so that when we carried him home he would be recognized.

We thought of Will Hays. So about 6:30 p.m. who should come staggering in from across the street from the hotel but our guest. His brother was to have come with him, but the brother is a lawyer from Sullivan, Indiana, and not having had the experience and capacity of Will he had gone completely out earlier in the evening while being entertained by the Woman's Federation of Churches.[2]

WEARING DRESS SUIT

Well, Will was so loaded that he had on a dress suit. It was the first one that had ever been in our house, so Bill Jr. and Jim, who had just come

in from public school and refilled their flasks commenced to laugh at the suit, and we put a sheet over the chairs so that he wouldn't get it dirty.

But by this time he was feeling so good he didn't care anyway, for the industry had bought it for him, and about this time another guest who lives right near fell into the door before we knew it. That was Miss Pauline Frederick.[3]

She was all primed for a real, old prolonged rough house. She had brought the stuff along with her. She had under her arm a big bag of knitting. She was knitting a blanket for one of my polo ponies. So we all staggered around there till one of the children thought of introducing Miss Frederick and Will.

Then, to make the party real devilish, I was to go and get another man's wife while he was away at work. She lived next door so I sneaked out while my wife wasn't looking and dashed right into the home of the young Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jrs.[4] She slipped on something and we both complimented each other on account of her husband having to be at the office getting out his newspaper. She asked if the party was to be so wild, that she should take her gun. I said "Sure, let's do it right." So we blew back just as they are ready to get real wild and start eating. By this time Jim and Bill are becoming reconciled to Hays' suit and start playing baseball in the house. Hollywood can't put on anything wilder than that. Hays by this time is feeling so good he is telling a story complimenting a Democrat.

We all start off with a fruit cocktail and everybody commenced to loosen up and tell their right salaries. Then comes some consomme and I can tell you this old mixing of drinks is getting in its work. Daughter Mary started doing a wild dance in the living room until Jim laid her out with a baseball bat. Then Hays got to telling what his boy would do and the party just went from one debauch into another.

TOLD ABOUT TRIP

Will told us of his trip to England with Ambassador Harvey.[5] He said he went for pleasure, and I tried to get him to really tell what he went for. I think it was to get the Prince of Wales to come out for Coolidge.[6]

Between drinks of broiled chicken I tried to find out if he was going to be the campaign manager for Mr. Coolidge. But he seemed to think it was such a sure fire thing, that they would waste some less expensive man. I kinder sobered up for a minute and asked him what he thought they would do in this investigation into the Tea Pot Dome Oil Lease. He said he didn't think they could show where Sinclair ever gave Secretary Fall anything.[7] He knew Sinclair was too smooth a giver for that.

I asked him what he thinks of us sending warships to Mexico. So he tells me what a hard time they had down there. Washington wired to the nearest one to go down and it runs on the rocks before they got through

reading the telegram. You know our navigators now depend on radio to tell them where they are.

The Navy hasn't had a compass in three years. They start on a trip and the radio operator tunes in and gets Paul Whiteman's orchestra playing somewhere, and when he comes too he is in a life boat.[8] Bedtime stories have put 9 ships to sleep.

Then I asked him who we were going to protect down there, he said, why the oil men. I asked him who protects the Mexican sheep herder in this country if somebody interferes with his industry, and if Mexico had a Navy would she send it up here to protect him. He said no. So the moral of this is, be an oil man not a sheep herder, and be sure to be born in a country that has a Navy.

By this time we are all so full we have to leave the table, and the noise of moving chairs is something deafening.

GETS RIGHT LATE

It's now eight thirty and the neighbors can see the light in our house and begin to phone in about it to the police. Miss Frederick's yarn runs out, and she begins to yawn. Jim, Mary, and Bill being youngest and less unaccustomed to the revelry, had to be literally carried to their beds. Scandal was running rampant, while my wife was getting them off. That left Bill and I with two women. I says, "What will we do, Bill?" And he says, "Oh, I am in for anything." So I just up and said, "Let's go down to the barn and look at the horses." So out we staggered at 9 o'clock in the night in the heart of Beverly Hills. Bill Hays, a man that is a leader in the Presbyterian Church—but it only shows you when this old movie spirit gets in you, you will do anything.

I lassoed four or five horses and bring them out and show them to Bill, but he is still all excited talking to the ladies. They wanted to take a ride, but I didn't want to carry this thing too far. So we go back to the house and I finally get them into their coats and hats and walk them home.

My wife and I we figure the walk will do them good. So when we come back and get in the house why it's actually 9:15.

So I hope by the aid of Bill to put old Beverly Hills on the map as a wild town. Bill says to me, "Will, if the Woman's Club ever finds this out they will stop your pictures." I says, "That's a good joke on the Woman's Club, my pictures have never started."

61 WANTED: A WET NURSE FOR THE OIL INDUSTRY

The Exposure is generally very prompt to detect any shortcomings in our national affairs and to chastise them editorially through the columns of this very valuable and able periodical. But this week we have been saved the trouble of exposing them, as, through the stupidity of their own actions, they have exposed themselves. I am referring of course to the Coffee Pot or Tea Pot Dome, or some such contrivance of kitchen apparel.[1]

Tea started one war we had, but nobody ever thought that a Tea Pot would boil over enough to scald some of our most honorable financiers. The only lamentable thing about it, as I am writing now, is that the U. S. Senate is investigating it. Statistics have proven that the surest way to get anything out of the public mind and never to hear of it again is to have a Senate Committtee appointed to look into it.

You read where they go in session, and then you never hear any more of them unless one of them dies. Then it may come out that he held an appointment on this certain Committee. Now if they had turned this thing over to some Justice of the Peace, and give him power to act, with no appeal, why we would be reading this morning what millionaire so and so had served in his cell from the outside for breakfast.

Now I see only one way out of this lamentable scandal—that is to do as the movies did, appoint a Will Hays to wet nurse the oil industry, and see if he can keep their nose clean.[2] When you come to think of it there is a great similarity between the two industries. Both of them, with the exception of bootlegging, are the newest industry we have. Neither one is a public necessity. We got along great a few years ago without either. But the minute something shows its head in the movies that smacks of scandal, why a howl goes up like a pet coon.

The great criticism of the movies is that people are suddenly thrown into possessions of money who were never accustomed to handle it before, and that they lose their heads. Did you ever think of oil people? Why they are rich so quick they are millionaires before they have time to get the grease off their hands. They jump from a Ford to a Rolls Royce so fast that they try cranking the Rolls through force of habit.

So you take the two industries, scandal for scandal, and bribe for bribe! The Editorial writer of The Exposure after reading over back files of old newspapers, finds that oil has blackened the reputation of 99 percent more people than movies. Just the other day right here in our fair and untarnished city of Hollywood, didn't one of our week end oil magnates go into a cafe in our midst and publically and for no reason take a whollop at our poor lit-

tle inoffensive Charlie Chaplin?[3] Who had never harmed a soul in a single reel in his life.

And then Charlie, when taunted almost to a point of generosity (which is the furthest he can be taunted) to use the modern slang of our day, arose, busted him on the nose and, while the magnate was arising, Charlie took two bows.

Now this man sells oil stock. Well, all I got to say is that any man that Chaplin can lick, his stock ain't worth much.

Now, what I propose is for the Women's Clubs to take action the minute a thing like this happens, and have that particular brand of oil banished. Let each state act separately, and if a man is suspected (make it like the movies, he don't have to be convicted) why, get busy at once and don't allow any of his oil to be publically sold. For if there is one thing that we want to inculcate into the minds of the youths of this country it is that honesty and fair dealing with our own government is the foundation of this nation.

Our history honors many names whose morals would not stand the acid test, but our history honors no man who betrayed, or attempted to have betrayed a government trust. I don't want the patriotism of my children endangered, by driving around in a car that is propelled by gasoline manufactured from profits derived from tampering with the integrity of those noble officials whom we trust with not only our lives but our oil.

I have never been a mother, but I wish that I had so that I could get right up in club meetings and declare what the coming generation are endangered with.

Now mind you I am not against the good work that club women are doing for the public good. I am only in favor of them carrying it further and embracing some industry where it will do even more good.

The public is always after the stage and screen for some unfortunate happening, but can you imagine for a minute Sir Harry Lauder sending a hundred thousand dollars to a man, by way of a suit case.[4] We of the screen are supposed to be very careless of our English, but never have I heard one of us mistake $68,000.00 for 6 or 8 cows.

The very day that all this testimony came out in the papers, there was in the same paper a picture showing a Negro with one of those truth machines fastened on his wrist, they are supposed to make you tell the truth, or rather to tell when you are lying. They had brought this Negro out of jail where he had been sentenced for 99 years. Now if he admitted that he killed the party he would get life. It meant either life or 99 years with him and they waste all this time on him, when that very day in Washington here were guys testifying with nothing on their wrists but silk shirts. God bless America for a sense of humor.

If they had ever taken one of those truth machines to that investigation there would have been more Americans sailing for Europe than went during the war. One good thing about these investigations in high quarters, they always give the party a chance to come back a second time so he can explain how he was misunderstood at the first one.

Now I am in favor, as I say, of appointing a keeper for them like we have. I would just off hand suggest William J. Bryan, or Dr. Percy Stickney Grant.[5] What they most need is some one whose reputation is above reproach, and some one who will add a certain dignity to the oil business which is sadly lacking now. Now I think Bryan would be the best of the two as it would get his mind off this business of descending from a monkey. Then he could not only add a certain prestige to what has degraded into a greasy industry, but he could also advise them when and with whom to place their bribes where they would not be apt to creep out.

Now there is all this talk about making this a campaign issue. I think that is a good thing. We have no issue. This looked like the only campaign in history with no issue. Just think of what a dull election we would have with no issue. The only resemblance to an issue we have had up to now was tax reduction. And both parties claimed that. The Republicans claim they thought of it first, and the Democrats claim they needed it worst. So now the campaign cry is, "Have you a little scandal in your party." Of course it would be a cinch issue but some of the fellows are Democrats, so that kinder complicates matters.

But I can sympathise with their industry. I can remember when the movies looked bad and it was thought we would never be able to show our heads again. So if they can just get a Will Hays to chaperone them back into decency again, we may yet be able to save some of our oil for what is left of our Navy.

62 WILSON COULD LAUGH AT A JOKE ON HIMSELF

Some of the most glowing and deserving tributes ever paid to the memory of an American have been paid in the last few days to our past President Woodrow Wilson.[1] They have been paid by learned men of this and all nations, who knew what to say and how to express their feelings. They spoke of their close association and personal contact with him. Now I want to add my little mite even though it be of no importance.

I want to speak and tell of him as I knew him, for he was my friend. We of the stage know that our audiences are our best friends, and he was the greatest audience of any public man we ever had. I want to tell of him as I

knew him across the footlights. A great many actors and professional people have appeared before him, on various occasions in wonderful high class endeavors, but I don't think that any person met him across the footlights in exactly the personal way that I did on five different occasions.

Every other performer or actor did before him exactly what they had done before other audiences on the night previous. But I gave a great deal of time and thought to an act for him, most of which would never be used again, and had never been used before. Owing to the style of act I used, my stuff depended a great deal on what had happened that particular day or week. It just semed by an odd chance for me every time I played before President Wilson that on that particular day there had been something of great importance that he had just been dealing with, for you must remember that each day was a day of great stress with him. He had no easy days. So when I could go into a theatre and get laughs out of our president, by poking fun at some turn in our national affairs, I don't mind telling you it was the happiest moments of my entire career on the stage.

The first time I shall never forget, for it was the most impressive and for me the most nervous one of them all. The Friars Club of New York, one of the biggest theatrical social clubs in New York, had decided to make a whirlwind tour of the principal cities of the East all in one week. We played a different city every night. We made a one night stand out of Chicago and New York. We were billed for Baltimore but not for Washington. President Wilson came over from Washington to see the performance. It was the first time in theatrical history that the president of the United States coming clear over to Baltimore just to see a comedy show.

It was just at the time that we were having our little set too, with Mexico, and when we were at the height of our note exchanging career with Germany and Austria. The house was packed with the elite of Baltimore.

The show was going great. It was a collection of clever skits, written mostly by our stage's greatest man George M. Cohan, and even down to the minor bits was played by stars with big reputations.[2] I was the least known member of the entire aggregation, doing my little specialty with a rope, and telling jokes on national affairs, just a very ordinary little vaudeville act by chance sandwiched in among this great array.

I was on late, and as the show went along I would walk out of the stage door and out on the street and try to kill time and nervousness until it was time to dress and go on. I had never told jokes even to a president, much less about one, espeically to his face. Well, I am not kidding you when I tell you that I was scared to death. I am always nervous. I never saw an audience that I ever faced with any confidence, for no man can ever tell how a given audience will ever take anything.

But here I was, nothing but a very ordinary Oklahoma cowpuncher who had learned to spin a rope a little and who had learned to read the daily papers a little, going out before the aristocracy of Baltimore, and the president of the United States, and kid about some of the policies with which he was shaping the destinies of nations.

How was I to know but what the audience would rise up in mass and resent it. I had never heard, and I don't think any one else had ever heard of a president being joked personally in a public theatre about the policies of his administration.

The nearer the time come the worse scared I got, George Cohan, and Willie Collier and Frank Tinney and others, knowing how I felt, would pat me on the back and tell me, "Why he is just a human being; go on out and do your stuff."[3] Well if some body had come through that dressing room and hollered "Train for Claremore, Oklahoma leaving at once" I would have been on it. This all may sound strange but any who have had the experience know, that a Presidential appearance in a theatre, especially outside Washington, D. C., is a very rare and unique feeling even to the audience. They are keyed up almost as much as the actors.

At the time of his entrance into the house, everybody stood up and there were plain clothes men all over the place, back stage and behind his box. How was I to know but what one of them might not take a shot at me if I said anything about him personally?

Finally a warden knocked at my dressing room door and said, "You die in 5 more minutes for kidding your country." They just literally shoved me out on the stage.

Now, by a stroke of what I call good fortune, (for I will keep them always) I have a copy of the entire acts that I did for President Wilson on the five times I worked for him. My first remark in Baltimore was, "I am kinder nervous here tonight." Now that is not an especially bright remark, and I don't hope to go down in history on the strength of it, but it was so apparent to the audience that I was speaking the truth that they laughed heartily at it. After all, we all love honesty.

Then I said "I shouldn't be nervous, for this is really my second presidential apperarance. The first time was when Bryan spoke in our town once, and I was to follow his speech and do my little roping act."[4] Well, I heard them laughing, so I took a sly glance at the President's box and sure enough he was laughing just as big as any one. So I went on, "As I say, I was to follow him, but he spoke so long that it was so dark when he finished they couldn't see my roping." That went over great, so I said "I wonder what ever become of him?" That was all right, it got over, but still I had made no direct reference to the president.

Now Pershing was in Mexico at the time, and there was a lot in the papers for and against the invasion.[5] I said, "I see where they have captured Villa. Yes, they got him in the morning editions and then the afternoon ones let him get away."[6] Now everybody in the house before they would laugh looked at the president, to see how he was going to take it. Well, he started laughing and they all followed suit.

"Villa raided Columbus, New Mexico. We had a man on guard that night at the post. But to show you how crooked this Villa is, he sneaked up on the opposite side." "We chased him over the line 5 miles, but run into a lot of government red tape and had to come back." "There is some talk of getting a machine gun if we can borrow one." "The one we have now they are using to train our army with in Plattsburg, if we go to war we will just about have to go to the trouble of getting another gun."

Now mind you, he was being rode on all sides for lack of preparations, yet he sat there and led that entire audience in laughing at the ones on himself.

At that time there was talk of forming an Army of 2 hundered thousand men. So I said, "We are going to have an army of 2 hundred thousand men. Mr. Ford makes 3 hundred thousand cars every year. I think, Mr. President, we ought to at least have a man to every car." "See where they got Villa hemmed in betwen the Atlantic and Pacific. Now all we got to do is to stop up both ends." "Pershing located him at a town called, Los Quas Ka Jasbo. Now all we have to do is to locate Los Quas Ka Jasbo." "I see by a headline that Villa escapes net and fleas. We will never catch him then. Any Mexican that can escape fleas is beyond catching." "But we are doing better toward preparedness now, as one of my Senators from Oklahoma has sent home a double portion of garden seed."

After various other ones on Mexico I started in on Eruopean affairs which at that time was long before we entered the war. "We are facing another crisis tonight, but our president here has had so many of them lately that he can just lay right down and sleep beside one of those things."

Then I first pulled the one which I am proud to say he afterwards repeated to various friends as the best one told on him during the war. I said "President Wilson is getting along fine now to what he was a few months ago. Do you realize, people, that at one time in our negotiations with Germany that he was 5 notes behind."

How he did laugh at that! Well, due to him being a good fellow and setting a real example, I had the proudest and most successful night I ever had on the stage. I had lots of gags on other subjects but the ones on him were the heartiest laughs with him, and so it was on all the other occasions I played for him. He come back stage at intermission and chatted and shook hands with all.

Some time I would like to tell of things he laughed at during the most serious stages of the great war. Just think there were hundreds of millions of human beings interested directly in that terrible war, and yet out of all of them he stands, 5 years after it's over, as the greatest man connected with it. What he stood for and died for, will be strived after for years.

But it will take time for with all our advancement and boasted civilization, it's hard to stamp out selfishness and greed. For after all, nations are nothing but individuals, and you can't stop even brothers from fighting sometimes. But he helped it along a lot. And what a wonderful cause to have laid down your life for! The world lost a friend. The theatre lost its greatest supporter. And I lost the most distinguished person who ever laughed at my little nonsensical jokes, I looked forward to it every year. Now I have only to look back on it as my greatest memory.

63 ANOTHER CONFESSION IN THE OIL SCANDAL

I wish this oil scandal would hurry up and be settled, as it is very hard for one writing on affairs of our country to tell, in writing of our officials whether to refer to them as Secretary So-and-So, or Ex-secretary So-and-So.

Up to now I claim a very unique distinction. I am the only person I know of that has not been mentioned as receiving something in the nature of a fee from some big corporation. But I am going to get in early and tell what I received so when my name comes up later on people will say: "Well, there is a man who has accepted fees, but he was honest about them and come to the front and told it."

I know a man that went to Washington to testify as to money he had received and there was twenty-nine cabinet and ex-cabinet members in line ahead of him, so he had to just write it and send it in. Now this whole thing was a strictly Republican affair until Mr. Doheny (who never lets politics interfere with his business) appeared before the committee, and when it looked like he was the only oil bespattered sheep in the Democratic fold, he just kicked over an oil can and hiding behind it were a flock of Democrats that reached almost as far back as Jefferson's administration.[1]

Personally I am glad that he did unearth members of both parties, for if this thing had gone through showing no one but Republicans it would have cast a reflection on the shrewdness of the Democratic party. In other words, they would have looked rather dumb to be standing around with these oily shekels falling all around them and not opening their pockets to catch a few. For the American people are a very generous people and will forgive almost any weakness, with the possible exception of stupidity.

But to get back to my confession, for I want to be set right before the people by the time we meet in Madison Square Garden in June to select the worst man. Mine starts out like a fairy story.

A MILLIONAIRE IN THE OFFING

Once upon a time I had just gone to work for Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., and was playing in what was called "Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic" on the roof of the Amsterdam theater, New York.[2] Prohibition and my jokes were equally responsible in closing the place up. Now my home is Claremore, Ok., the home of the best curative waters in the world and, by the way, one of the best towns in the world to live in if any of you are think about making a change.

Well, after I had finished my little fifteen minutes of annoyance in the Frolic one night, one of the waiters come to my dressing room, which I used to hang my ropes in, and said, "There is a party of folks out front at one of the tables from Oklahoma and they want you to come out and see them." I asked what place in Oklahoma did they come from and he said, "I don't know, but they certianly got the dough; they have ordered everything in the place but the kitchen stove." I said, "They are from Tulsa. I will be right out."

Well, I hid what few dollars I had down in my sock and went out to see them. It was Harry Sinclair.[3] I had never heard of him before, for he hadn't bought Zev or the Teapot Dome up to then. But we soon felt like we knew each other on account of him being from Tulsa (a residential suburb of Claremore, where we park our millionaires to keep them from getting under our feet).

A REFERENCE TO MONEY MATTERS

Well, this Mr. Sinclair was an awful nice fellow. We hit it off pretty good. We kinder consoled each other, on account of being so far from home, and trying to eke out an existence from these shrewd New Yorkers. He took a fatherly interest in me, and asked. "Now, Will, you are working here, but what are you doing with your money." So I told him just what I was doing with it—that the last three months' wages had gone to paying a doctor and a nurse, for assisting us in accumulating another baby, and that the three months previous to that my wages had gone to making the first payment on a second hand Overland car, and that the year still previous to that I had bought a baby buggy and a Victrola.

He seemed mighty pleased that I was putting my money into such staple commodities. So I asked him what he was doing with his. He said, "I struck oil, but oil is no good unless it's capitalized."

That was news to me. I thought you could just sell the oil itself. But I learned that you can get twice as much for the capital as you can for the oil.

OIL STOCK TO THE ROGERSES

So then he asked me the names of my private herd. I told him I had gone to a great deal of trouble and thought in naming them and after months of research among pretty and odd names of novels and poems, I had decided to name the children, Bill, Mary and Jim.

He had never heard of anything more original. The names I thought struck him very odd, as he wrote all three of them down on the back of an envelope. So I left the table as I didn't want to be there when the waiter presented his check. For I had seen several casualties from this same cause.

I never thought much more about it. I went home and told my wife about meeting him, and what do you think happened! In a couple of days here comes three official letters addressed to Bill, Mary and Jim, and they each had enclosed a share of Sinclair oil stock free. Well we thought that was a mighty fine thing for him to do to be so thoughtful to our little tribe. I accepted it in as good faith as McAdoo did his fee.[4]

NO INFLUENCE PROMISED

I don't know if the senate investigating committee wil get around to them soon or not. Of course they will have to get through before election for the whole thing will be a total loss after election. All I have to say is that the children were private citizens and did not promise to use any influence in any way. Of course, I, as the father and guardian of the children, will be apt to come in for considerable criticism, and I may go so far as to lose any chance I may have as being named as a presidential possibility.

Now I hate, for the children's sake, that all this must come out for it is liable to put a stigma on their names that they will be two campaigns living down. One thing, of course, will be in their favor when it all does come out and that is that it was sent openly through the mails. It was not delivered in a suit case.

They have had these shares for years and have also received at various times a dollar or so interest on said stock. When this expose came out Bill and Mary were for resigning and sending in their stock, so they could show that they were not connected with the corporation, but Jim the youngest, who has a touch of Republicanism in him, why, he said, "No, let's stick until they throw us out. Let them prove we took these stocks for some other reason than charity!"

As for Mr. Doheny giving me or mine anything, we live right near him here in Beverly Hills. His son did promise me a key, so I wouldn't have to ride clear around his estate when out horseback riding, but I never got it yet.

64 AT LEAST ONE LAWYER FOUND FOR EVERY BARREL OF OIL

The Exposure, a weekly publication, has devoted its life work to ferriting out the persons and things in our national affairs which are not just exactly up to snuff. Now I see where the senate investigating committee has called a recess for 10 days. Scandals were unfolding themselves so fast that the committee couldn't get one bribe straight in their minds before another one would bob up. So they have retired to kinder see where they are at.

Now, while that committee may be resting, The Exposure never rests; we are on the heels of the evildoer 24 hours of every bribing day. I hope by the time this reaches an eager waiting public that they will have two lawyers to conduct this oil investigation. Just think America has one hundred and ten million population, 90 per cent of which are lawyers, yet we can't find two of them have not worked at some time or another for an oil company. There has been at least one lawyer for every barrel of oil that ever come out of the ground.

MONEY NOT IN OIL

You might wonder if they pay so much to lawyers how do they ever make anything out of the oil. Foolish question! They don't make anything out of the oil. They only make money out of the stock they sell. You buy a share of oil stock and for every dollar you pay, 60 per cent goes for lawyers' fees, 30 percent to over capitalization, and 10 per cent goes to the boring of a dry hole.

If a company just put down wells for oil and then sold the oil legitimately, they would have no use for lawyers. But oil men engage their lawyers nowadays even before they have leased the land or know where they are going to prospect. For the lawyer has to make the lease. It's not like any other business where the owner and the man who is going to lease can meet and do business. Oh no, lawyers must do that. Then, if they happen to be leasing from the government, why they not only have to be lawyers but have to be political lawyers.

Now, I bet a lot of you thought after the company had got the land leased, that the next thing to do was to hire a driller to put the well down. But you are wrong again. You go out and get another lawyer to draw up the contract with the diller.

GET ANOTHER LAWYER

Then I bet you that you think the next step is to wait until you see whether you have oil or not. Say, don't make me laugh out loud again. You don't wait for anything of the kind; you engage another lawyer to draw up some pretty oil stock paper with nice flowered edges. Looks like a mar-

riage license—only worse. Then you start selling the stock claiming that the Bohunk Oil Company are putting down a well on Smith 29, North East 40 of South West 80. Then if they do strike something, they shut it up and claim it was a duster.

Then you get another local lawyer who knows everybody around that neck of the woods, to go out and buy up or lease all of the adjoining land. Then when they get it all leased, they go back and pick the stopper out of this well, double the capitalization of stock under the direction of still another lawyer, and then they are in a position to hire more lawyers to investigate getting a lease from Persia, or Jugoslavia. This just kinder gives you a rough idea of what all these lawyers do and why we can't get any to help prosecute this oil scream.

The Exposure will have to take editorial attention of the resignation of Sectry Denby.[1] Mr. Denby was requested by the Senate to resign. Now that in itself is a mighty good omen that he is an unusually able man. Of course, where I think he got in bad was in saying, if he had the same thing to do over again he would do it. It is always bad for anyone on trial to say he would do the same thing over again. *American people like to have you repent; then they are generous.*

But you see lots of times a man gets in wrong just by an ill timed remark. Look at Mr. Doheny's reported remark that he would "make 100 million out of the Elk Hills lease."[2] That will go down in history as the highest priced gag ever pulled. That's why Mr. Coolidge never gets in bad. If a man will just stay hushed he is hard to find out.

Personally and editorially, I don't think Mr. Denby is guility at all of any wrong doing that he knew of. But somebody has got to go in this thing, and before it's all over you are mighty apt to find a few innocent along with all the guilty, strewn along the pipe line.

By the way, sometime this country, just by accident, is going to get some man Sectry of the Navy who has at least received a picture post card of Annapolis, sometime during his career. Josephus Daniels has never been in anything bigger than a rowboat up to the time he was made Sectry of the Navy.[3] The first battleship he got on he kept looking for the paddle wheels on the side that made it go. He found the officers in those days had cocktail and cordial glasses with their table wear. He made them throw them all overboard. He thought they would sink the ship. What he lacked in seamanship, he made up in morality.

Then come Mr. Denby who had received his maritime education by looking at the Detroit River, (which is so thick which booze boats that you can't see the water). Naturally his aquatic viewpoint is rather warped.

I guess young Theodore Roosevelt comes nearer being an old salt than anyone connected with our ex oil owners (the Navy.)[4] He did live in Oys-

ter Bay overlooking Long Island Sound, and had to look at the Joy Line cruising, $1 daily to Providence. Then he had to subway under the East River to get to New York. So I guess he is the only Sectry we have that knows just by looking at one which end of the battleship is the front. By the way, I hope he stays in there, as I don't think you will find a tinge of scandal ever rightfully touching a Roosevelt.

Judging by the experience of some of our Sectrys, of various things in our cabinets, it has always been a source of great anxiety to me just why a veterinarian has never been appointed either Sectry of War or Post Master General.

Now by the time this reaches our scandal loving public, I don't know who will be left in Washington. The chances are, when I visit the old stomping grounds again this summer, as I will be on my way to the convention (if they decide to have any) I will have to make entirely new acquaintances. But I will always have the feeling, "Well the old boys were not so bad. They were just unfortunate in getting caught."

HARD YEAR FOR BONUS

It certainly looks like a tough year for the soldier's bonus. Politicians are so busy trying to hold down their own jobs that they don't have any time to look out for anyone else. They will be voting a bonus to men who lost their livelihood in the great morality panic of 1924.

Children in future years will ask their parents, "Father, how much did you get in the great year 1924?"

It's been a fine thing for Washington. The hotels are crowded. Every time a guest registers the clerk asks him, "I suppose you will be here until you testify." It's bigger thing for Washington than the Shriner's Convention, because it has all of them, besides a lot more.

If they would all tell the truth the first time they testify they wouldn't have to testify again like they are doing now, and they would get the thing over a lot quicker. *They ought to pass a rule in this country in any investigations, if a man couldn't tell the truth the first time he shouldn't be allowed to try again.*

Now we have another scandal in the Veterans' Bureau.[5] But we are just in such shape that we can't take care of but one scandal at a time. If any other small affairs come up during the coming week that look like they might develop into a scandal I will let you know.

65 POLITICS REACHES STAGE WHERE IT'S ABOUT TO JELL

The Exposure, after reviewing the news of the week, find that politics is sure at the point when it is about to jell. My old friend Jim Reed from the

smelly banks of the Kaw River has broke out again.[1] If you have done anything against the welfare or conventions of the United States, and everybody has passed their various opinions on you, and you think you have been roasted to a dark bay, why until Jim Reed breaks out on you, you haven't been called anything.

Well, it was kinder funny Jim was to make a Washington Day speech. Naturally everyone supposed it to be on George Washington, but it was the only speech ever made on Washington's birthday that didn't have a word about Washington. He didn't even mention his name. I don't know that McAdoo, Denby, Daugherty, Doheny, and others will consider it much flattery, but it will go down in history as being the only time they ever replaced Washington.[2]

Reed wouldn't have been any good making a speech on Washington, anyway. He would have been expected to compliment him, and I doubt if he could think of anything George had ever done that really was worth while.

A few weeks ago Vanderlip made a speech at the Rotary Club of Ossining, New York, that astonished the United States.[3] Now that speech didn't astonish me near as much as the knowledge that Ossining had a Rotary Club. For the sake of the unfinger printed ones, I will state that Ossining is the town where Sing Sing is perman-ently located. Now if Ossining has a Rotary Club they certainly had to take in some lay members from this musically named institution.

But when you come to think of it, just think what a distinguished Rotary Club they could have at that Rotary if composed of one of the best of each line of work or buiness. Just think what a competitive thing it would be trying to find in Ossining the leading burglar sojourning with them at the time, or the most representative pickpocket to represent them in the club. There are more bankers in Ossining than any town of its size in the United States.

A two year residence is necessary to be able to join the Rotary. Can you imagine them questioning members of Sing Sing, "Have you been a resident of the town for two years?" and the answer would be "Yes sir, constantly."

So, as I say, it was not the things Mr. Vanderlip said that attracted the unusual attention. It was the distinguished audience that he delivered it to. Just to show you the difference: Appearing before the Rotary Club of Sing Sing he caused a commotion by his speech. He took the same act down to Washington and nobody would listen to him. It shows you have to have an intelligent audience. Up in Sing Sing they got what he was talking about, but down in Washington it went right over their heads.

I know, for last winter while playing in New York I was asked to go over to a big charity affair given by the 400 of Fifth Avenue. I thought I had a pretty good line of gags, as there was quite a lot happening every day of public interest. So I go over and start in telling them what I had read in the paper and nobody even cracked a smile, much less laughed. So I just kept on trying remarks on every subject that had been in the papers since Bryan last got a hair cut.[4] But it was about one of the worst flops I ever encountered, and I have had some beauts in my time.

WAS A REAL FLOP

Well, of course, I felt terrible about it, so just by a coincidence on the very next night I had promised to go up to Ossining and do an act for (at that time it wasn't called the Rotary Club). I think they called it inmates. Well I never knew I had as many friends in the world. I knew everybody up there. I was twice as much at home as I had been on Fifth Avenue the night before. So now I know why Vanderlip picked Ossining for his annual February oration.

I started in on those same jokes on up-to-date things that had flopped so completely at the millionaire's charity affair. Why, say, they just started right in dying laughing at them. I was sorry Ziegfeld wasn't there, as I would have got a raise in salary if he had heard how my act went.[5] I don't care what I talked about they knew all about it.

Ordinarily, I only do about 15 or 20 minutes, but up there I did an hour and a quarter. I was so tickled I offered to take all the whole audience of 12 hundred down to the Follies and pay their way in to see our show. Now you know I must feel pretty good with myself, when I offer to spend my dough like that. A lot of people would be kinder sore at the 400 because they didn't laugh like these 12 hundred did, but I am not. I don't blame them. If I had their money I wouldn't read either. So I can understand very readily why Vanderlip's act didn't go so big in Washington as it did in Ossining.

Of course Van and I use just the opposite methods in our stage performances. Every gag I tell must be based on truth. No matter how much I may exagerate it, it must have a certain amount of truth. Vanderlip based his gags on rumor.

Now rumor travels faster, but it don't stay put as long as truth. I will, however, give him credit for one thing. While here lately everybody is telling what he has heard, and all about this and that rumor. Why, he thought of by far the best ones I have heard up to now. That's no small accomplishment I tell you, in this year of rumors, to be able to say at the end of it: "Well, I told the best ones."

His were so good that before his audience got through applauding at Sing Sing (or rather Ossining) why they had him on the stand at Washing-

ton. That's the first time a theatrical troupe ever jumped from Ossining to Washington.

PAVES WAY TO QUIT

They even put him on ahead of Fall, Sinclair, and all the headliners.[6] I suppose by the time this reaches an eager public that Mr. Daugherty will have resigned, as I see where he says he "won't quit under fire." That is the usual remark before leaving.

Mr. Coolidge is going to let them all go as it is a lot easier to get a new cabinet than it is to get a chance to run for president. I guess this whole thing will end up all connected with it resigning.

And say, did you see a few days ago in the papers where a burglar sent in his income tax to the government? That is not the first time a burglar has sent one in, but it was the first time one ever admitted his calling. The only thing that sounded amateurish to me was that he apologized for not doing better in his hauls. He said he hadn't done so well this year. Well that's on account of a presidential year. Competition is too keen.

He said he wouldn't beat the government out of a thing. He also sent the government his address which he said he knew they would keep a secret. Now what the government ought to do is to erect a monument to that bird, and make every man that has all his money in non-taxable bonds to be there every day and take his hat off and bow to him and repeat: "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

66 A COMEDY DRAMA— 'BORING FOR GUSHERS'

Place—Washington, D. C. Time—from 1924 to 1930. Scene—One of the forty investigating rooms of the United States Senate. Cast of Characters—Everybody that ever worked for, or just worked the United States. Hero—Senator Walsh, assisted by Lenroot and accomplices.[1] Villains—entire list of Who's Who in America. The scene opens on a greasy Monday morning with John F. Major being quizzed by Senator Walsh.[2]

Senator Walsh—Do you work for a man that runs a newspaper?

Mr. Major—I draw a salary from him.

Senator—What right have you to send telegrams to a man in Palm Beach if you are only working for him?

Mr. Major—I couldn't get him on the telephone.

Mr. Walsh—What did you tell him in your telegrams?

Mr. Major—What was going on in Washington.

Mr. Walsh—What did he tell you in his telegrams to you?

Mr. Major—What was going on in Palm Beach.

Mr. Walsh—What was going on at the time in Washington?
Mr. Major—Why, the Senate Committee was investigating somebody.
Mr. Walsh—Who were they investigating?
Mr. Major—They didn't know themselves.
Mr. Walsh—What did he say was going on in Palm Beach?
Mr. Major—I am ashamed to tell you.
Mr. Walsh—Who were these telegrams from in Palm Beach?
Mr. Major—I can't remember.
Senator Walsh—Did you lease a wire from Palm Beach to Washington?
Mr. Major—I can't remember.
Senator Walsh—Why did you lease the wire?
Mr. Major—So we could say we had a wire to Palm Beach. It was good advertising.
Senator Walsh—Who operated this wire?
Mr. Major—A telegram operator.
Senator Walsh—What was his name?
Mr. Major—I think it was Jones, or Smith; maybe it was Brown.
Senator Walsh—Who operated the wire from Palm Beach?
Mr. Major—Johnny.
Senator Walsh—Johnny who?
Mr. Major—Johnny—John-N-N-Y.
Senator Walsh—Did the operator on this end work at the White House also?
Mr. Major—Yes, he was the waiter there.
Senator Walsh—Did he work there during the Republican or Democratic administration?
Senator Lodge—Mr. Committee, I object to that question.[3] This is not a partisan affair; I refuse to have the honor and the glory of the great Republican party dragged into a thing where up to now their fair name has never been.
Senator Caraway—Mr. Committee, I object to the Senator from Massachusett's slurring remarks of the Democratic party, a party which has housed such illustrious names as Jefferson, Cleveland, Akron, Youngstown, Bryan, McAdoo, and sometimes Jim Reed.[4]
Mr. Major—Senator Walsh, have you got a cigarette on you?
Senator Walsh—No, I just got some cubebs here.
Mr. Major—Never mind, I will go across the street and get some. See you next time I am called.
Senator Walsh—Gentlemen, I think the committee should retire for a week to consider the testimony of the gentleman who has just testified.
Senator Lenroot—But, Mr. Chairman, Mr. Doheny's yacht is waiting to take him on a cruise of the Mediterranean, and I don't think it's fair to keep him waiting.[5]

Senator Wheeler—Mr. Chairman, I make a motion, that the committee make a motion, that Attorney General Daugherty resign.[6]

Senator Lodge—Mr. Chairman, I object. His motion is out of order. I had a motion before the committee to make a motion, to ask him to stay. Now, by all the rules of parliamentary motion making, mine antidates his. And I will stake a reputation on it that goes back to the first class passengers that landed from that mother ship of mine, the Mayflower, who have so gloriously populated the fair state of Massachusetts.

Senator Robinson—Mr. Chairman, I object.[7] The fair state of Arkansas houses one direct decendent of the Plymouth Rock expedition. And I protest when the gentleman from Massachusetts claims the entire cargo of that ill-fated voyage. Never as long as I represent the majority constituency of my glorious state will I stand by and hear the ozone swept Ozarks spoken of disparagingly, especially by that moron state of Massachusetts.

Senator Willis—Gentlemen, I don't think that Mr. Daugherty should be let out without a trial.[8]

Senator Wheeler—Why, he has had three years' trial already. His trial is what's letting him out.

Senator Walsh—Whom will we call next?

Doortender—Why, just get a census return, and call anybody's name on it; they are waiting outside.

Senator La Follette—Why don't you call somebody unexpectedly, and maybe in their confusion they will tell the truth accidentally.[9]

Senator Lenroot—Who said anything about wanting the truth?

Senator Heflin—I want to ask the committee why they called on Mr. Fall at his hotel in private.[10]

Senator Walsh—We wanted to see where he got the hundred thousand. We may retire ourselves one day.

Senator Heflin—Why didn't you tell, at the time, that you went to see him?

Senator Walsh—Wait a minute; who is running this investigation? Am I supposed to ask the questions, or to answer them?

Senator Lenroot—Where is Sinclair?[11]

Mr. Zevely (whose running name is Zev)—My client, Mr. Sinclair, has gone to the races and it will be impossible for him to appear until after the season is over.[12]

Mr. Walsh—Well, how about McLean?[13] Can we get him?

Senator Caraway—You can get him by telegraph, I guess. Everybody else has.

Mr. Walsh—Well, where is Detective William J. Burns?[14] He was supposed to testify here today.

Doortender—Mr. Chairman, I met him on the street and he couldn't find the Capitol building.

Senator Moses—I make a motion that we examine the income tax and see what Mr. Doheny contributed to the Democratic Campaign Fund.[15]

Senator Jim Reed—I object. Senator Moses is a Republican and he is only throwing a smoke screen to try and hide his party behind it. This is not a partisan question and I object to politics being dragged into it in any way. Let's handle this thing in a dignified way, and don't let politics play any part. As it was the Republicans that did it, I am in favor of justice being served.

Doortender—Mr. Forbes is here and wants to testify.[16]

Entire Senate—My Lord, is he in this too?

P. S. This play to be continued every Sunday until somebody tells the truth.

67 TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO 'PRUNES' IS

Same scene as last week, third degree room of the Grand Jury of the United States Senate. Senator Walsh, leading question asker of a body of men noted for their inquisitiveness.[1]

Doortender of this torture chamber—Who'll we call first today?

Mr. Walsh—Call the editorial writer of the newspaper.

Doorman—But, Mr. Walsh, we just called him yesterday.

Mr. Walsh—I know we did, but call him again. A whole lot is happening in this country between yesterday and today.

Mr. Walsh—Now Mr. Bennett, who was it that you referred to as the principal in those wires to Palm Beach?[2]

Mr. Bennett—Why Senator Curtis.[3]

Sen. Heflin—Curse on the luck![4] I thought it was Coolidge.

Sen. Harrison—Wish it had been Coolidge.[5] It's no novelty to get a Senator in wrong.

Mr. Walsh—What did you confer with Curtis about?

Mr. Bennett—About the editorial policy of our paper.

Mr. Walsh—Well, what does the editorial policy of any paper amount to? You don't suppose anybody reads those things, do you? That will be all for you, Mr. Bennett.

Sen. Caraway—Just a minute before you go.[6] Who was Peaches in those telegrams?

Mr. Bennett—I don't remember.

Sen. Robinson—Yes, and who was Prunes?[7] I hope it referred to no Democrat.

Mr. Walsh—Call Mr. Curtis.

Mr. Walsh—Sen. Curtis, will you tell the Grand Jury in your own way just what happened between you and this editorial writer of the Washington Post?

Mr. Curtis—Yes Sir.

Mr. Walsh—What was it?

Mr. Curtis—Nothing.

Mr. Walsh—You mean you didn't confer with this gentleman?

Mr. Curtis—I did not.

Mr. Walsh—But you know him.

Mr. Curtis—Never saw him in my life.

Mr. Walsh—But you have heard of him.

Mr. Curtis—Never in my life.

Mr. Walsh—But you know of the Washington Post.

Mr. Crutis—Yes, sir, I have heard of it.

Mr. Walsh—Heard it? What do you mean you have heard it?

Mr. Curtis—I have heard Sousa's Band play it many a time.[8]

Mr. Walsh—Play what?

Mr. Curtis—Washington's Post.

Mr. Walsh—It's not a tune; it's a newspaper. You talk like a Congressman. Where are you from?

Mr. Curtis—Kansas.

Mr. Walsh—That will be all.

Sen. Caraway—Just a minute, Mr. Curtis. Who is Peaches?

Mr. Curtis—I don't know, unless it's Jim Reed.[9]

Sen. Heflin—Hold on. I object to the Republican Senator's slur on the fair name of the Democratic party. This investigation is supposed to be non sectarian, and I object to having politics dragged in just to make a Republican holiday.

Sen. Robinson—And I want to know who Prunes was.

Mr. Curtis—You mean you want to know who Prunes is.

Sen. Lenroot—Mr. Walsh and gentlemen of the vigilance committee: There is a bell boy over at my hotel and he just got it from the chauffer of a prominent oil man, that Major Leonard Wood's son had just heard that his father was offered the nomination for the presidency 3 and half years ago, if he would appoint Mr. Jake Harmon Secretary of the Interior.[10] Now that is a very serious charge and one that I think this committee should look into at once. Public affairs have come to a fine climax when a man in this country offers to make another one president. I tell you it is undermining the confidence of the great American people and when you do that you shake the very bulwarks of the American Constitution. I think a subpoena

should be issued for Mr. Wood's son at once and if this is so I am for a swift and speedy trial for the culprits.

Mr. Walsh—I am for calling Mr. Woods himself. There's one thing that this committee has proven that it won't take, and that is heresay evidence. So call Mr. Woods himself.

Mr. Moses—But Mr. Walsh, Mr. Woods is in the Philippines.[11]

Mr. Walsh—I thought he was home. Haven't they got their independence yet?

Mr. Moses—No, Mr. Coolidge wouldn't give it to them.

Mr. Walsh—What's the matter? Haven't they struck oil, too?

Mr. Moses—No, Mr. Coolidge told them that a nation that would not support Wood's administration certainly would not be able to support one of their own.

Sen. Heflin—Well, how did America get independence? They didn't support Wood.

Sen. Reed—Who said we had any independence?

Sen. Lodge, the Confuscious of Nanant—I object to having the president of these United States' name dragged into this thing.[12] I think when a man occupies the exalted position that he does that his name should not be degraded by having it mentioned in the Senate. Now I know that he is doing the best he can. I have known him ever since he got prominent enough for me to know. In the eight months that I have known him, I have found him to be patient, honest, and a man who would not knowingly rob a single Filipino of his liberty. This is simply a political trick to drag his name into this Philippine puddle.

Sen. Harrison—Does the exalted Senator from Massachusetts recall that during the late Democratic administration he himself, during the talk on European affairs, mentioned not only once, but twice, the name of the then president, Mr. Wilson? Now he doesn't want us to mention his president.

Sen. Heflin—Well, it's funny to me that a country can't get their liberty, when they have advanced far enough to have the champion bantamweight prize fighter of the world. I know countries that have their liberty when they can't even produce a good golf player, and that's the lowest form of civilization.

Sen. Caraway—I would like to ask Mr. Lodge if he knows who Peaches is.

Sen. Lodge—I do not. It's the only subject I ever admitted being ignorant on.

Sen. Robinson—Well, I want to know who Prunes is.

Sen. Lodge—You mean who Prunes am, don't you?

Sen. Robinson—Darn it! That man is a bear on grammar.

Mr. Walsh—I think the committee should adjourn until we can get Mr. Woods himself.

Doorman—Excuse me, Mr. Walsh but there is a gentleman out here who wants to testify in regard to the Doheny and Sinclair leases.[13] What can I tell him?

Mr. Walsh—Oh, yes, I had forgotten about those. Tell him as soon as we get this Woods for president affair settled, and Jack Dempsey's mysterious sickness, and Babe Ruth's collapse, that we will be able to get to that oil lease thing again.[14]

Sen. Copeland—Mr. Walsh, I was in New York last night and I heard Mr. Vanderlip make a speech to the Rotary Club of Coney Island, and he said, "I have it on absolutely reliable authority that George Washington never crossed the Delaware, and that the fellow you see in the picture in the middle of the boat was a fellow doubling for him, and if I am called I will be glad to give this information that I possess to the Senate Investigating Committee."[15]

Sen. Walsh—Mr. Secretary, call Mr. Vanderlip at once.

Mr. Lenroot—Let's not call him until tomorrow, Mr. Walsh, as he will make another speech tonight perhaps on what he discovered about Lincoln. So we can quiz him on both men at once.

Mr. Caraway—Before we adjourn, I want to know who Peaches is.

Mr. Robinson—I want to know who Prunes were.

(Next week new testimony on everything but oil.)

68 MEETING 2½ CARLOADS OF LAWYERS

The Exposure, published weekly, is right in the heart of things this week. The Oil Investigation has been transferred to Los Angeles. Mr. Doheny arrived here in three private cars—two and a half cars of lawyers and a half car of evidence.[1]

There were lawyers on those private cars that had never been on anything but the New York subway. Mr. Doheny seemed mighty cheerful, especially considering his association with this herd of lawyers for 5 days. You know association with just one lawyer can get a man mighty vexed, much less two and a half car loads of them.

Did you ever see two and a half car loads of lawyers? I never had, so I went down to the station early one morning to watch 'em unload. (It seemed like old circus days.) There was a big crowd around as lots of people, just like me, had never seen two and a half car loads of lawyers.

Well, they unloaded the first car just at daybreak. They were just the little ones. Chances are there was not a one in that car whose fee run any

higher than, oh maybe 40 thousand a case. In fact they were just kinder engaged to carry the brief cases.

Well, they herded them out to one side, and called the roll. But none of us spectators were much interested in that gang. It was at the second car load that we commenced to prick up our ears, for we were now getting into the big money.

Lawyers came out of that car who wouldn't argue even a speeding case in a traffic court for less than a hundred thousand. And then maybe you would have to give them a retainer in case you got pinched again.

There were men in there who had procured divorces for every one of the 400.

Well, when they had unpacked this second car and got them safely away to individual private suites at our home talent Biltmore, why, then come the real headliners. Just a few big ones that were in real touch with Mr. Doheny personally. Real lawyers! men who, on a case like this which involves perhaps about 400 million dollars, why they consider that slumming. They just come out for the outing.

Now I know lots of you people think he must have hired all the lawyers in the East. But such is not the case. This is only half of them. The other half took the northern route. The Tea Pot Dome Gang, they went to Cheyenne. Mr. Sinclair unloaded at least 4 cars there.[2]

The Supreme Court has closed up entirely, there is no one there to plead the cases. There is a great chance now for some young lawyer to get in right back East now. Mr. Doheny's special came through Three Rivers, New Mexico, but they ordered the blinds pulled down, and no one was allowed to speak above a whisper. There wasn't a single private car there as they come through.

Well after seeing this wonderful pagentry of lawyers arrive I thought, well, now me for the station to see Uncle Sam's Battalion of Justice arrive. For the United States of America is not to be outdone in the marshaling of legal talent. So if these people have three cars, what will Uncle Sam have!

So I go down to the station next day, and finally a local pulled in. I had no idea that the defense of the American Republic was on that train, but, sure enough, they were.

Just then a special pulled in also with 5 private compartment cars, so I thought this must be it and not that local over there. But I found out that this special was Ziegfeld's "Sally" Company with a private compartment for each girl.[3]

So back to the local, and who do you think emerged? Why, Atlee Pomerene and Mr. Roberts.[4] They came crawling out of a day coach where they had been sleeping on the back of their necks from Cheyenne. They didn't even have a caddy to carry the legal proofs.

Well, I just looked at them and then visioned what I had beheld the day before when that Doheny Brigade arrived. And I thought to myself, "Uncle Sam, no wonder you never get anywhere." Of course this is not saying anything against our men, as far as they went—both of them.

I do, by the way, wish Mr. Pomerene had a different first name. That Atlee don't seem to add quite the dignity that I would like to see associated with one who is 50 per cent our oil salvation.

Of course there is one silvery lining for the Navy's fuel. That is the other side has so many lawyers they may get to fighting amongst themselves and we would win accidentally.

But they are so well fortified against every emergency. They are just like a baseball team. Now if it should happen to be a dark rainy day when they argue the case, why they have dark day lawyers—men who are better in the dark than other lawyers.

Then they have expert technicality lawyers. That is, a lawyer that don't know or have to know anything at all about the case, but who, if it goes against his side, why he can point out that witness So and So had on the wrong color tie when he testified, and that in signing his name he had failed to dot one of his I's, and that therefore that rendered the whole of his testimony null and void.

He is a man who could take W. J. Bryan and show you on technicalities how he is entitled to be president.[5]

Then they have one car load of just postponement lawyers. Men who can have the falls of Niagara put back on account of the water not being ready to come over. Men who on the last Judgment Day will be arguing that it should be postponed on account of lack of evidence.

Then there is just the plain every day long-winded lawyer who argues so long and loud that they decide in his favor just to get him to stop. So you see, when you have every species of lawyer there is, you are a hard man to beat.

Of course there is the corporation lawyer. In his mind the individual has no more rights than a bull frog unless he is incorporated. Then he deserves every protection.

I had a particular friend that committed murder, and went to what he had heard was a good lawyer, but who happened to be a corporation lawyer. He wouldn't take the case until my friend went back and incorporated. He told him, "If you are incorporated, I can get you out of anything." So now my friend has engaged him for all his future murders.

Well, I tell you just how high Mr. Doheny went to procure talent for his case. He has Jack Dempsey's lawyer!![6]

Now I don't know how this thing will come out. If our two lawyers who arrived by local can beat this train load of trained fee hounds, why it

will certainly be a personal triumph for Mr. Roberts and Pomerene. It will prove that one ex-Senator has made good. You know a stray in that body generally ruins most men for any useful work.

Oh yes, I like to forgot; I went down last week to see the American fliers off who are going to fly around the world. I don't see any particular thing in that, as they don't expect to get back until fall. What's worrying me is where are they going to spend all their time. One of them is liable to get in a hurry and jump on a horse and ride on home.

69 ANOTHER OKLAHOMAN WANTS TO TESTIFY

All I know is what I read in the papers. I thought this week I would be able to write you something nice clean and uplifting, with no trace of scandal. But I just can't find anything. Why, even if you talk about the church now you are just as apt to be discussing some of their scandals as you are if you talk on oil.

Now I had a nice little article I wanted to write about Judge Wilbur, the new Secretary of the Navy, and just as I was ready to write it I read in the paper today that he had stopped off in Chicago on his way to Washington to take up his new duties and he went to church there to pray for moral courage to give him strength to refuse.[1] Now at these times I can't go and write about a man that is doubtful of himself.

I see where they have found a record in Annapolis, where he made the highest kick ever made. He may have made the highest ever recorded but LaFollette, and Reed are tied for the longest kick ever made, covering a period of some 40 years.[2] But the funny thing about it is that they generally had grounds to kick on. So you see it is mighty hard to compose a few lines on the days' news without Daugherty, or Roxie Stinson, creeping in between the lines.[3]

Then another thing, this investigation is getting nearer and nearer every day. Didn't they call Al Jennings, that other Oklahoman.[4] Well, one thing, an ex bandit will feel right at home among the senators. Al has been a movie actor too. But I notice in all his reference to himself he mentions the train robberies more than the movie acting. So I guess he is more proud of the first than the latter.

Al wired them he knew all about Mr. Harding's nomination. I am going to wire them that I know all about ex Governor of Oklahoma Walton's barbecue.[5] They have investigated everything else. I will ask for transportation both ways and a room at the Willard.

It's the greatest publicity I know of. Why, it beats murder for publicity. Every paper in the United States runs what you say, even if you don't say anything. Look at Sinclair![6] Every paper was full of what he didn't say. And the Senate got mad because he wouldn't argue back with them and they are going to haul him up and make him say something.

Now who pops up on the stand but my good friend Will Hays![7] A funny thing; he was out to my house just when this thing started and I was asking him about it, never thinking, mind you, that he was mixed up in it, because if I had known that he was mixed up in it I would have been more careful.

The position I am in, I can't afford to let it be known that I associated with any of those fellows. We hired Will to keep us movie people out of just such contaminated influences as this. So you see if Will Hays in his position as purifier of the movies, would find out that I had associated with Will Hays of political life, (whose name had been linked with Kerosene Kings) why he would set me down maybe for 6 months in the movies. Will said he nicked Mr. Sinclair for 75 thousand berries, for the campaign fund. Mr. Harding was elected by the biggest majority of any president. What would they spend on an election if it happened to be close?

By the way, I have about forgotten it, but what was it that Newberry was let out of the Senate for?[8]

I tell you, it looks like pretty near all my friends have been on the stand—the Roosevelt boys, Will Hays, Tex Rickard, W. G. McAdoo, Al Jennings, and Harry Sinclair.[9] It just looks like a fellow would be socially ostracised unless he strung along with his bunch. So I have wired Mr. Walsh,[10] Presiding Elder of the Interrogation Committee, that I am ready to come and tell what I know about Charlie Chaplin and Poli Negri.[11] Bull Montana and I are about the only men I know of that amount to anything that haven't been called.[12]

Week before last the investigation left oil and got off onto bootlegging from Government warehouses. I tell you it is hard to do anyting in this country nowadays without having our national industry come into it.

The only one you never hear mentioned any more is ex-secretary Fall.[13] He and the oil leases passed out of the picture so long ago that people have about forgotten them. While the Senate have been investigating everything from chewing gum to parking spaces, the poor old House of Representatives couldn't get a speck of publicity, so they just go out and pass a bonus bill.

All the soldier has to do to get a bonus now is to die. Those that they didn't get to die for nothing they are offering an inducement to die now for somewhere in the neighborhood of 500 dollars.

If your bonus comes to less than 50 dollars, why they are going to pay that to you. They ain't going to ask you to die for 50 dollars. No, 60 is about

the lowest. Now this was the House who passed this. It will be about 6 months before the Senate even hear about it. Then they will investigate. By that time there will be another war, and people will be so excited about it that they will forget who won this one.

Then another day when the members of Congress were not up to the Senate laughing at the denials of the witnesses, they said, "Let us pass a tax bill!"

So Mellon says, "I got a good one you can pass."[14] They said, "Yes, that is a good one but it is a Republican one, and there must be something the matter with it somewhere."

So some fellow named Garner said, "If some of you will bring my lunch in at recess I will stay in and write one."[15] When they all come back he had one.

It was no better than Mellon's. He had taken the tax off the fellows that Mellon had put it on, and put it back onto the fellows that Mellon had taken it off of.

So Nick Longworth dropped his fiddle one evening at home, and wrote him a tax scenario which was half as good as Mellon's, and half as bad as Garner's, which made it just equal to each of the others.[16] But he was smart enough to leave both the Republican and Democratic labels off of it, and it passed.

You can get any bill you want passed, if you don't brand it Republican or Democratic. But politics is one thing they absolutely won't stand for.

I have a scheme that I think would be very beneficial and add to the efficiency of this investigation. That is, have certain days for certain things. Now, say for instance, Mondays. That is for confessions. Everybody that wants to confess come and confess Monday. Tuesday, is for accusations. If you want to accuse anybody come Tuesday, and accuse from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Then that leaves Wednesday, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays for denials. You see it takes you longer to deny than anything else. That would make it a lot easier on the spectators. They would know when just what days to go.

They could sell the house out Tuesday. Everybody wants to hear accusations, and nobody wants to hear denials. So you are just taking up spectators' time by having them there on days when all they hear is, "It's absolutely false. I didn't receive the money, and if those 18 witnesses have testified that I did they must have been mistaken." Or here is another favorite line: "I don't remember."

I tell you folks, if American men are as dumb as some of them have appeared on the witness stand this year, civilization is tottering.

So, readers, if I am called I will guarantee to you that I will remember, and I will tell 'em more things than Vanderlip told the Rotary club in Sing Sing.[17] I won't hide behind my vast wealth and refuse to answer.

I will tell 'em some things about Hollywood that will rock the very foundation of censorship.

And I look to be called. Now that they have called one Oklahoma bandit, they are liable to come right down the line.

Remember, all I want is transportation both ways and a room at the Willard.

70 FOUND: ONE MAN IN OIL WHO IS PURE

A few weeks ago I engaged in a good natured debate before a very large audience, with Los Angeles' most able and popular preacher on the question: "Resolved: That Cowboys have been more beneficial to Civilization than Preachers." I hope you won't all think me egotistical when I say that I won, not on account of me, or my flowery arguments, but simply because I was lucky enough to have the cowboy side. Of course he, out of good sportsmanship, presented his preacher side, but he had so little to work on that it practically went to me by default.

Now in that debate I enumerated the deeds of all our valiant buckaroos, from Theodore Roosevelt down.[1] But there is one I failed to mention. If, as the saying goes, "It's the things that we have done that are remembered after we are gone that really amount to anything." Well, I have a cowboy friend who is doing things today that will live longer with people who know and appreciate art and beauty and genius, than anything any cowpuncher ever did.

Think of a 40 dollar a month cowhand, who never had a lesson in his life, taking a little paint brush, a few daubs of paint and producing scenes of our west, which are fast passing, that have sold (not only one, but three of them) to England's future king, (if they will just keep him off a horse) and which will hang for generations to come in ancestral halls, (if Ramsey McDonald don't object) along with Rembrandts, Whistlers, (I would mention more but that's all the original cast of painters I can think of).[2] Even the Duke of Connaught, in his Own Your Own Apartment in London has two.[3]

The reason I mention first the notables from abroad who have his work is not to appear snobbish, or try to cater to the aristocracy, but because those two birds I mention come from where art is art. And, incidentally, they jarred themselves loose from 10 thousand dollars (not shillings) for each, (not in bulk) but for one single-portion picture each.

Now you know from the present rate of exhange that where they come from for 10 thousand dollars they would wrap up the whole museum along with any picture for that much dough. For they not only have art there but they have art at a reasonable figure.

Among the American homes where his work hangs is that of the late Theodore Roosevelt. (Now wouldn't a man have a fine chance landing a western picture into his collection if there had been even a steer with a horn leaning the wrong way.)

Wm. Howard Taft has one in his home, hanging high up so he can see it. [4] Mr. Mellon of Pittsburgh, Sectry of the Treasury (Mr. Couzens' friend) has one too.[5] By the way, there is another scandal for the committee. How can a man on the Secretary's salary afford a ten thousand dollar picture? I will take that up with Mr. Walsh at once.[6] Mellon needs watching. They all do.

This is not mentioning at all the oil and movie billionaires, who have his work (for this article is dealing with art, and not with scandal).

I don't need to mention his name to any art conniseur. (I can't spell that word but it means a kind of a floor walker among artists.) Now they all, as I say, know who I am talking about already, but the trouble is that there is so little percentage of artistic people who read my articles that I will have to tell you his name.

It is Charles M. Russell, of Great Falls, Montana.[7] He went west from his home in St. Louis at the age of 15, and landed by stage coach in Montana in 1880, and has lived there ever since.

A lot of these birds go west to some dude ranch, or tourist camp, stay 3 months, and then either write stories or paint pictures of the west, and say, "I know, for I have been right over that very country." Charlie says he don't know nothing but Montana, and he don't paint anything but Montana.

To give you an illustration—he went on a trip all through old Mexico, and yet he has never painted it. He says "It is beautiful, the coloring and dress of the people is great for an artist. but I don't know enough about it. Why, I would have to live there 25 years before I would attempt to paint those people."

He gained his first local fame in Montana, in the winter of '86 and '87. It was a terrible cold winter. He was working for a cow outfit and they had been snowed in all winter and the cattle had about all died. The owner finally got word through to ask the boss how everything was. The boss wrote him a letter telling him the bad news. Then Charlie, who was just one the hands, drew a picture of one old lone cow in a blizzard. She was surrounded by a pack of wolves, and he had under it "The last of the 10 thousand, or Waiting for a Chinook." A Chinook, by the way, is one of those warm winds

which come in that country which melt the snow and it feels warm like summer, and the stock has a chance to get something to eat.

Well, when the boss saw that picture, just painted on the back of an old envelope, he said, "Why write him a letter? Just send him this! It will tell him more than I can write." And that is held in Montana today as one of the most famous of Russell's paintings.

He used to paint a picture, bring it in and sell it if he could for a few dollars, and if not, give it over the bar for a round of drinks for himself and friends. For in those days Charlie was a pretty wild kind of a hand. So, as a consequence, the Silver Dollar Saloon housed many a Russell masterpiece, and it became noted.

Then Charlie got to riding up to Cascade, a little mining town near and it was noised around that there was a school teacher up there that must be sitting for a portrait. They were not sure until they heard that he had given her his favorite horse. Then "Old Yank," a character, miner, stage coach driver, and all around town philosopher, said, "Charlie sure is going to marry that gal. Now I hear he give her his horse and he will have to marry her to get him back."

He got not only the horse back but a wife, and not only a wife but a manager.[8] The last Russell painting has gone over the bar. She said: "You paint these things. I will attend to the distribution end of this enterprize." She enlarged his market from what had been purely local consumption to one which embraced two continents. (I think that's what these writers call "two nations who are joined together by a single ocean.")

Now for another side of this remarkable woman. Lots of people forgot when they were celebrating over the remarkable good that prohibition would bring, that it was also putting out of business a few good men among saloon keepers, who had always paid their license and were conducting as legitimate a business as any other, and did not just switch to a bootleggery. Well, the Silver Dollar Saloon happened to be one of them, and the owners had misfortune and they had their home mortgaged and would have lost it, when in steps Mrs. Charlie Russell, sold just part of the pictures paid off the home, and left the owner comfortable fixed, and still able to enjoy art such as few have.

Charlie is the greatest story teller I ever heard, and most of them are on himself. There was a very ugly cowpuncher who was a great bucking horse rider. So Charlie painted a bucking horse and rider, and all of them in the saloon saw the resemblance to this homely one, in Charlie's rider. So Old Yank was called on to pass his opinion as to whether it was him. Yank said" "The horse looks a little like him."

He painted a picture of an old deserted mining town away off in the distance. They were all admiring it, till finally Old Yank, who was also the

local critic said: "Charlie this ain't no tropical climate. It gets might cold up here." Charlie says, "Yes, I know it does." Yank says, "Well you ain't got nary a chimney on one of your houses."

An Eastern tourist was looking at a picture of his where an Indian had just killed a buffalo. The tourist says, "But why did he kill the buffalo?" Charlie told him, "Well, they had a grudge against each other and they finally shot it out and the Indian killed him to get even." Tourist says, "How extraordinary!"

When the Prince of Wales was in Canada, Charlie was out to Mr. Lane's ranch when the Prince was so the boss was catching out their horses when Mr. Lane said to the boss, "Now Fleming, put the Prince on a gentle horse. You know there will be hell to pay if we kill a king on this ranch."[9]

The first one of his pictures which brought a big price naturally attracted a lot of news in the home paper. One of the cowpunchers on reading it went to Charlie and said, "Charlie, what is it that makes them pictures cost so much? Is it the brush or the paint?"

He is the only painter of western pictures in the world that a cowboy can't criticize. Every little piece of leather or rope is just where it would be. Eddie Borein, the greatest etcher of western subjects we have, is also a great painter himself, and a real ex cowpuncher.[10] He says Russell is "The master." So you see in these times of scandal, it is a real pleasure to point out to some of you someone who is IN OIL, and still remains pure.

Now every story should point a moral and this one is: If you are going to paint (or do anything else) know what you are painting about and if you are going to marry, marry somebody that can manage you RIGHT.

So here is to an old 40-dollar-a-month cowpuncher, whose work will live for centuries. Maybe longer than that. Maybe as long as the Republican party is under suspicion.

71 JOKESMITHS WARNED TO SPARE PRINCE

I want hereby, and hereon, to publicly issue a protest this week to my fellow writers, and comedians, against the use of cartoons, editorials, paragraphs, free verse, or any form of public notice, jibing, or poking fun or attempting to be funny, at the expense of the Prince of Wales, falling off his horse.[1]

My reasons are two-fold, first on account of it being passed, and secondly on account of the happenings of the past week to my own immediate person. Now everything is funny as long as it seems to lose some of its humor, and if it keeps on happening, why the entire laughter kinder fades out of it.

Last year in New York it was one of my sure fire subjects to remark about the Prince of Wales staking himslf out in a six foot claim in some part of England. And I remember one choice morsel of gossip I had was that I was going to get appointed as Ambassador to England so I could go riding with the Prince and be able to rope his horse and bring him back to him. And another was, "I see where the Prince of Wales fell off his horse again today. But that ain't news any more. If he stayed on that would be news." Well that always knocked the audience right back on their flasks.

Now in those days, which was a year ago, that was very comical both to me and the audience. But of course now it has finally reached the comic strip cartoons, really earlier than a joke generally does, and even the editorial writers are commenting on it, in what they term a lighter vein. Now an editorial writer is the last man in the world to find anything out, so you see how old and out of date it must be to refer to now.

But all this has nothing to do with my real reasons. I always have a few old ponies for me and the children to play around with, so somebody said, "Will, why don't you play polo. Anybody that can ride can play polo." And me, like a fool, believed him. Why that is as absurd as saying anybody that can walk would make a good golf player, or anybody that looks good in a bathing suit will make a good swimmer.

Now I want it distinctly understood that I did not take up polo for any social prestige, or to make myself pointed out as a man about town. If I was the champion polo player of the world, I still couldn't drink a cup of tea without the saucer. And another reason I always hesitated on taking up the game was on account of the white breeches. I had always been reared to believe that white breeches should be concealed beneath black and gray ones—at least in public.

The people that think riding a horse is all there is to polo, are the same people that think curls are all there is to Mary Pickford.[2] I can also walk, but I can't sweep a golf ball into one of those holes with a broom.

Well, I got me some of those long handled hammers and started in at polo. You know some men like to have their fields harrowed and plowed, and I had not played polo two days until I was offered a job to come over and play on their ground as they wanted it dug up. Finally I got so every once in a while I would hit the ball. But it seemed like every time I hit the ball it would get mad at me and go off in an opposite direction.

Well, finally I got to playing in practice games, more for the comedy I would cause than through any good I might do my side. If the purple and whites had a game I might wear a purple jersey, but in reality I would be playing with the whites.

Then come a polo tournament held at Coronado Beach. So I was scheduled to play in one of the minor league, or small time events, I go down and

one day we are having a friendly practice game with a few looking on. Three of us beginners all bump together mind you, we are all three on the same side. We knock our horses down, I fall on my head and of course, am not hurt.

The referee called an unusual foul. He said I had fouled by running over two of my own side. Well, the next day was the big game; we were to play the 11th Cavalry from Monterey. They sure were a fine bunch of boys, and hard riders. Things were going along pretty good until along about the 3rd act, I was on a new pony who suddenly reared up and fell back on me. There he was, a laying right across my intermission, my head was out on one side and my feet on the other; that was all you could see. When he got up I knew for the first time how the Prince must have felt.

Well, everything goes O. K. for two more periods. I am on a friend's horse and coming lickety split down the field, when for no reason at all the horse crosses his front legs and starts turning somersaults. They picked me up just south of Santa Barbara.

The crowd all said, "Oh, that's Will Rogers the comedian. He just does that for laughs." The papers next day all said, "Comedian spills off horse twice at polo game."

Now I will admit there was not quite the same publicity given to all my various falls, as to those of the Prince. But the hurt was just as bad. Everybody that reads about it had been kidding me about being the local Prince of Wales of America. But what I wanted to know from some of these newspaper riders is what I am supposed to do in case the horse falls.

Are the Prince and I supposed to fall with the horse, or are we supposed to stay up there in the air until he gets up, and come back up under us? Every fall that the Prince has had has been caused by a falling horse, not by being thrown from one. In the future the Prince and I will personally pay in the papers for the extra two lines that will announce that "The horse going down had something to do with our going off."

England is all worked up over his numerous falls, but up to now no one has manifested much interest in any of mine, only for laughing purposes. At least none of the prominent Washington politicians have asked me to cease my riding. I want some concern paid to my welfare. In my falls I am not fortunate enough to spill any royal blood, but it's my blood, and it's all I got. It's kinder funny but no matter how common our blood is, we hate to lose any of it.

I saw a picture in the paper last summer where the Prince was on one of his horses and its name was Will Rogers. Now I got all swelled up when I saw he had a horse named for me, but maybe that was the one that has been doing all this high and lofty tumbling. As a suggestion if our respective countries want to do something to protect our welfare the best thing I

can suggest would be to get us some horses that can stand up, for the Prince and I both have to take every precaution to protect our looks. It would be terrible if his face was marred. And I certainly don't want anything to happen to mine to make it look better. My living depends on it, just as it is.

The only thing that makes me sore is that I haven't got the nerve to do some of the riding stunts that the Prince goes after. He goes over jumps that I wouldn't have nerve to climb over on foot. Then if he gets a fall a lot of us alleged humorists (who would be afraid to lead one of his horses to water with a 20 foot halter rope) start in rewriting original jokes about the Prince's horsemanship.

I saw a picture of one of his falls, where the horse had fallen trying for a water jump. Why that jump was so wide, that I bet we haven't got a joke writer in this country who could swim across it, and not over two could row over it.

I am not overly strong for royalty, but if I had to have one of them over me I don't know of one that I would rather have than this same bird, and most of this admiration has been won by his horsemanship, not by the lack of it.

Lots of women have it in for him because he has not married, but with all of them making a silly play for him, I admire his judgment as much as his horsemanship. So here is an appeal to my fellow jokesters; if you want to kid somebody on their riding go to Central Park, don't go to England unless, as I say, you have some solution for a man staying up while the horse is going down.

P. S. I only had one thing to be thankful for in my falls. I practically ruined the only pair of white breeches I had. Of course, it's all right with the Prince—he can wear his daddy's. But from now on I will get to play in chaps.

72 GREAT SEASON FOR QUESTIONERS

All I know is just what I read in the papers. Now the president has been telling his hired help up around the Senate that they ought to do something towards making some laws instead of trying to find out what each other had been doing. You go to trying to find out how a Senator spends his off hours and you've got an investigation on your hands that will run well into the next term.

Mr. Mellon wrote to the president and told him the boys had been picking on him so he up and snitches to the teacher.[1] The teacher just sends the letter of Mr. Mellon's to the Senate and ask them to lay off Andy. It seems the Senate Committee has been trying to find out where Andy got his

clutches on all this stack of dough. Any time a man has got more than a Senator they are suspicious of him, and rightly so, for they know how they got what they have. And the more a man has got the more he hates to be investigated, for things that might pass as honest in a court of law don't sound so good when some bird blats them out at an investigation.

HENRY FORD OF PITTSBURGH

Of course Mr. Mellon is the Henry Ford of Pittsburgh, and any time you are the richest man in Pittsburgh you are figuratively and literally, dirty rich.

Now here is what a man like Mr. Mellon is up against. Here he has all this money of his own, (and a little batch belonging to the government) and along comes a good investment. Now whose money is he going to put into that, his, or the company's? It is human nature for a man to look out for himself. He is an honest man—no one denies that, but the trouble is, have we as a government got enough to interest him? Us leaving our money with him is just like the old family cook forgetting to draw her check for a couple of months. He don't even know he has it.

Of course, I can see the Senators' angle, too. They figure here is a man with our loose change in among his bills, now in the end will he forget to give us our usual 5 per cent? But, on the other hand, suppose we let him go and get a poor man who probably has only seen the change rack on the cashier's window. When you show him money in bales like a huckster buys cabbage, why immediately he wants to see his name at the bottom of a check, so some of it will loosen up.

This thing of getting rid of a man in the cabinet is all right, but there is one bad feature to it that few of the people ever realize. That is, that unfortunately every one of them is replaced by some one else. If it just was not for that, this resignation business would be immense.

HARD ON CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

When Mr. Coolidge sent this quiet reminder up to the Senate it was an inspiration to the Republicans but an insult to the Democrats. Jim Reed from Missouri made a motion that the president's message be blotted from the Congressional Record.[2] That it was a slam against "The honest and fair mindedness of our August Senate." Now I consider that a direct insult to the President. If I wrote something and somebody suggested that it was not good enough to go into the Congressional Record, why I would consider that my literary talents had reached about the lowest ebb it was possible to mire.

So personally I think Mr. Coolidge has a libel suit against my good friend Jim Reed from the smelly banks of the Kaw.

By the way, my old Oklahoma fellow worker Al Jennings has not arrived back out here in California.[3] Guess he has decided to go on to New

York and testify in that church fight, between the old fashions, and the new fashions. That's what I figure on doing when I go East—kill off all those testimonies in the one trip. The last time Al went East he was robbed. I hope he gets back out here with something this trip, for it is certainly getting tough out here. There are days when a man can't lay up a thing, testifying.

The queerest investigation that has sprung up in Washington, (and it has to go some to be queerer than some of the others) is one that happened lately. Mr. Wheeler who has been presiding questioneer at one of the various investigations, was himself indicted up in his home state, and turned right around and caused an investigation to be made, and a committee formed to investigate where they got the ground to indict him on.[4]

MORE INVESTIGATIONS

Now the people who had him indicted will appoint a committee to investigate where he found out that he was indicted. So we will go on as long as there is a man who will act on a committee.

Just last week out here in Los Angeles they dug up a lot of old human bones that are supposed to be hundred of years older than old King Tut and the fancy undertakers who flourished about his time.[5] Now there were three of these old fossils dug up out here and among them was a rock gavel. So the supposition is that they were holding a committee meeting, investigating somebody, and one of them as the chairman had the gavel. It only shows you how bad things are getting out here in the broad spaces, when they have to dig down 200 feet to find a sucker. Generally we await them at the depot or at the community camping ground.

Our old friend Hell's Maria Charley Dawes will be trouping in here right away.[6] If he fixes up this German reparation thing, he will just be unlucky enough to get back here in time to start out with Mr. Coolidge's next cabinet. It don't hardly seem right does it for a man that has served his country so well!

Just been reading about the great amalgamation, and buying and selling and combining of New York newspapers. And that brings to mind that this weekly of mine which I have named "The Exposure" and of which this editorial is the backbone, has been approached during this epidemic of amalgamation. I hope it is not betraying a business secret when I say to my myriads of readers that the Congressional Record has been trying for weeks to amalgamate The Exposure, retaining the best features of each.

For instance, the editorial policy of The Exposure would be retained. But this monotony of just reading common sense would be broken up by also retaining the humorous angles of the Congressional Record. I wouldn't consider it for a minute as The Exposure is breaking into fields where the Record could never hope to ascend.

But, on the other hand, one must consider the names and class of writers who contribute to the Record. Just think of having one's name sandwiched in between a hunorous paragraph on taxes by Henry Cabot Lodge, and a pastoral scene of cows returning laden with milk by Magnus Johnson.[7] And then maybe an occasional little personal advice by Calvin Coolidge. You see the Record had never been a paying proposition. They are anxious to link it up with something that is on its feet financially.

Heretofore it has been a periodical that statesmen mailed out to their voters free. Now that has got to be stopped. Men are gradually realizing that a thing that is free is of no earthly importance. And, besides, it has lost men more votes than it ever gained for them. All one has to do to get his speech reprinted in the Congressional Record is to find a stenographer that can stay awake long enough to take it. Then you mark in the "Applause," and "laughter" parts yourself.

PREFERS POLICE GAZETTE

Now they have been after me, they want to get the Exposure, and the New York telephone directory and amalgamate the two, which would give us a lot of names for a sales argument, and then sell out the whole thing to the radio. But just between us two I would rather tie up with the Police Gazette than the Congressional Record. The old Gazette may be yellow, but her soul is white.

You reach a voter when he is shaving and I tell you you can make him think. Besides, the Police Gazette was the first paper to publish pictures with their news. Now all the papers have stolen their idea, only they forget to publish any news with their pictures. Besides you will admit that The Gazette uses far better judgment in the selection of their subjects to be pictured, than our dailies do.

So here's to The Exposure, who is like a modern statesman. We won't sell until we get our price.

73 APPLESAUCE TEST FOR DIPLOMATS

Well, all I know is what I read in the papers. And all that the Ambassador from Japan knows is what they tell him from home. I have always maintained that there was something the matter with ambassadors, as none of them ever seemed to ambass properly. They are all right as long as nothing important shows up for them to do, but when it does they seem to flop miserably.

You see in the first place they are only supposed to call on the president and leave their cards or attend a dinner and know what ribbon to wear

across their chest. Then in some cases they are supposed to speak and then the speeches are always as follows:

"It affords me great honor to be called upon at a magnificent occasion of this kind. I know it's not me the man that you are so honoring, but it's my nation who I happen to have the good fortune to represent at the capitol of your most wonderful country. And I want to thank you for the cordial relations that at the present exists between our two most friendly nations. My government has asked me to convey to you through me, the high honor and esteem in which they will always hold you. So allow me to drink a toast to the health and future prosperity of your most esteemed country."

All of which is a lot of apple sauce! His government don't even know they are having any such affair as this.

TOASTMASTER COMPLETES THE RUIN

Then the gag about the future health and prosperity of our country! You know how much any foreign ambassador wishes us future prosperity. So the whole speech taken apart and carefully gone over means absolutely nothing. Then to help go on and ruin the evening entirely, the toastmaster will arise again and remark 99 cases out of 100, as follows:

"What a pleasure it has been to us all to listen to the well-chosen and so aptly put words of our dear ambassador from Jasbo. And I want to assure him that it is not only his nation that we are pleased to welcome but he himself, and the wonderful forethought of his farseeing nation in sending such a type of man to safeguard the affairs of their noble land. So let us drink a toast to the continued friendship of the lands of America and Jasbo."

Now we will take this gab apart and we find that his reply is even more inane than the first fellow's. Such things as that go on night after night and take up the valuable time of men who are at least supposed to be busy. Outside of the drinking the toast, there is absolutely nothing to the whole evening.

I have always kinder given these Japanese the best of it when it comes to diplomacy. As an example of it: They have accumulated more territory in the last few years with less effort than any other nation on Earth. If times are hard they just kinder diplomatically saw off a chunk of China and declare it a part of the island empire "until, of course some future time," as they say, when China can repay them some unheard of sum for protecting it for China. Then on Saturday their diplomacy starts working again and up on a detour into Russia they go and whittle out Sakhalin or some other prospective oil field.

So, as I say, I have always considered them the peers of diplomacy. And when Ambassador Hanihara wrote in those two fatal words GRAVE CONSEQUENCES, he brought things right up to what has always been my contention.[1] There ain't no diplomats in nobody's nation.

I will give Congress and the Senate credit; they did nobly. When the Grave Consequences was read (Hughes had read it before but he didn't know what they meant.[2] His English is kinder sad), it got to the Capitol, and right away Lodge, who is the English interpreter up there said, "Why, say, this here Grave Consequences gag in this here Jap's essay means a sort of a veiled threat."[3]

Well, when the others found out what it meant, why they just reared right up on their hind legs and said, "Who is going to bluff who? Who is going to tell us who we can invite into our house?"

You see Hanihara figured that they could get it by on account of the Senators and Congressmen not knowing what Grave Consequences meant, and he did get it by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Coolidge. But when it reached the Confucius of Nahant, Mass., why he just up and called the turn on the definition. You can fool Mr. Lodge about everything in our national affairs but the English language, and not even a Jap can fool him on that.

Well, this Mr. Ambassador woke up the next morning to find himself famous. His name went in with the notables such as Sinclair, Al Jennings and Roxie Stinson.[4] It looked like he was going to get a trip home that he didn't expect.

Now, as to who wrote the thing, nobody knows. Maybe he is just the goat, as we say when another cabinet member is let out. But at any rate he and his troop have found out that you can diplomat America out of almost everything she has, but don't try to bluff her, especially as long as she has Lodge to tell her what the words mean.

Now as to the merit of the thing—will some learned reader kindly tell me why a nation or race of people want to come in where somebody else don't want them to come? If any one didn't want me in a place I certainly would not want to go in. This country is our own home, and we should be allowed to regulate traffic. Americans can't go to Japan and buy lands, and Japan restricts Chinese coming into their country. If my neighbor don't want me in his yard, you don't see me making any efforts to get in. So all this honor that nations speak of don't seem to be working.

The Japanese are a good race of people in a lot of ways. We may just as well admit it; we can't compete with them when it comes to work. A clock and a bed are two things that a Jap farmer never used in his life. A Jap will raise a crop while the American will be telling his neighbor over the back fence what he is thinking about putting in this year. And, as for working after hours, there has not been a chore done after supper on an American farm since the radio came in. If you go out to throw the horses some hay, you will miss the Distraction Saxophone Hounds, or Professor Broke's Essay on Thrift.

Then again the American farmer can't seem to get over the habit of wanting to look meat in the face two or three times a day, also a routine of vegetables, and a few slabs of pie. The Japanese don't even have to stop work for dinner, for he knows all he will have will be rice, so why knock off for that! The American farmer thinks all rice is good for is to throw at daughter after a wedding when she is so kindly bringing him in another mouth to feed.

Then there is the picture bride thing. We are as a nation sometimes kinder careless how we select our brides, but we haven't become that careless yet. I think that any one who even sends a picture post card nowadays has something mentally wrong with him—much less get married by one.

74 FOOT AND MOUTH QUARANTINE INCLUDES AVIATORS

I am writing this away out here in California, and I don't know if it will get through or not. We have an encounter out here with the hoof and mouth disease, and they are quarantining about everything that goes out of the state. Arizona is the worst; they tried to stop an aviator the other day that was flying over the state from California to Texas.

They don't allow passengers that are going through the state to get off the train. They have to carry the disease, if they have it, on into New Mexico. Of course, if they don't care to get off there they can go on into Kansas or Oklahoma with it. They stopped a shipment of furniture. I guess they figured that a cow might have occupied one of the beds at some time or another.

Now it has never been proven what carries the disease, so of course each state figures it out itself what might be lugging it around. Arizona has doped it out that it is automobiles, especially Ford automobiles, on account of them being what is classed as cloven hoofed. You see a cloven hoofed animal is the only one that gets it. They get it first by breaking out between the slit part of their foot; then they lick it and it infects their mouth. That's where it derives its name, the Foot and Mouth disease.

Well, the Ford car gets it between the places where you crank it, and the place where you look in to see what is the matter with it. Then it licks itself, and scatters it by running into another Ford. If they could keep them from running together there would be no danger of the disease scattering but that has been impossible. Whenever there are two on the road sooner or later they will tangle.

Now with animals, when a case breaks out they shoot every animal of that same kind in the state. So that is why they are so particular with Fords.

If an epidemic ever broke out among them it would take years to shoot every Ford in the country. Besides, if they shot and buried them as they do the cattle, they would come up again as soon as spring and a good rain set in. A lot of people are censuring the Governor of Arizona for being so strict with them, but I tell you he recognizes the seriousness of the thing in case one comes into the state infected. For if you wipe out the Fords and the Burros, you have just about eliminated Arizona's mode of transportation.

Some states just dip cars into a kind of sheep dip, but that is no good with a Ford. It will come out of one of those dipping pools, shake itself just like a dog who comes out of the water, and all your dipping is off and it is just as contagious as it was when it went in. I have talked with big veterinary doctors out here about it and they say the hot sun will kill any germ that is being carried, especially if it is exposed to the sun for 12 hours.

Now can you imagine anybody going into Arizona, at Yuma, or at the Needles, and then turned back after being delayed there for a couple of weeks? Why, that would not only kill the disease if they have it but it would melt a man's car if he had to wait there 3 days. 12 hours in that heat not only would kill any germ but would fry it and serve it well done. Yuma is the place where, if when a man dies and it is thought his chances of going to heaven are none too good, some kind friend will bury an overcoat with him.

Now of course it's a terrible serious thing, but the more serious a thing is the more common sense would be used in handling it. They have gone so far in some cases that they are almost humorous, and in some cases have not gone far enough. You see it is the only disease that they know absolutely nothing about; still it has been in other states without all this hysteria.

It started a hundred years ago somewhere in Europe and they didn't know what it was; so the veterinarian just shot and killed the cow. Well, years later, another case broke out and that vet having read about what the first one did (that didn't know what to do) he did the same thing. He shot the cow and as there happened to be another cow standing by this one and he happened to have two bullets, why, he just shot her too.

Well things just went along from one war to another until finally another case was discovered and this veterinarian having read the history of the two previous cases says to himself, "I will not only see them but raise them," so he shot the afflicted cow, then shot all of her friends. So that's the way the disease has drifted just from one shooting to another. Each epidemic that breaks out they just take in more territory with their shooting, until now if a red cow gets it they shoot every red cow that can be found. There has never been a cow that has died from it. In fact, they don't know if she would or not. They shoot her before they have a chance to see what would happen. Perhaps it would be beneficial to her—nobody knows.

It's the only disease in the world where shooting is the remedy. Instead of developing veterinarians' medical knowledge it has only developed their marksmanship. A veterinarian don't carry a case of medicine now, all he carries is a rifle. The U. S. Government appropriated one and one half million of dollars the other day just for more ammunition to help eradicate the disease. The whole state has been put under federal marksmanship.

They have put an embargo on fruit and vegetables being shipped. now, if there is a man living that can tell me when a cabbage has the foot and mouth disease and where, I will be glad to retract, and I don't care if carrots do have it; I hate them anyway. They are especially strict on dogs and horses. They say there was never a case in history where a dog or a horse ever had an attack of it, but that they don't want them to.

Now they could find out something about how the disease works if they had the time, but the minute it breaks out, why, they call a conference and they all get together and decide where the next conference will be. Then the following morning's paper will say, "The whole of the State Health Board will meet again tomorrow to discuss means of quarantine. This time they will meet in "Frisco." Then the next day they hold another conference with the governor, this time in Sacramento. Then they all adjourn for a conference on Thursday at Los Angeles where they are to confer with the federal officers. So the disease is just one conference after another.

If doctors of humans held that many conferences, everybody in the United States would die while they were conferring.

You wire the state or the federal government that our cow or dog is sick and they will send out experts from Washington and appropriate money to eradicate the cause. You wire them that your baby has the dyptheria or scarlet fever and see what they do. All you will do is hire your own doctor, if you are able, and there will be a flag put up on your front gate. Where children that don't know can still go on in and perhaps be exposed to certain death, the government won't have guards at every entrance to keep you back from that exposed house.

If your hog has the cholera the whole state knows it and everybody is assisting in stamping it out. You can have 5 children down with the infantile paralysis, more deadly 10 times over than any foot and mouth disease, and see how many doctors they send out from Washington to help you.

I heard Dr. Copeland, now Senator from New York say that there was more money spent on hogs' sickness by state and federal government than there is on children, when one child's life is worth all the hogs and cows that ever had a disease.[1] If you want the government to help you don't tell them it is any human sickness. Tell them it is boll weevil or chinch bugs, and they will come a running, because they have big appropriations and men paid for that.

How many children die every day from some contagious disease, that would be living if we exercised the same vigilance over a child that we do over a cow? Hundreds of people are passing through the adjoining states to California every day who have been exposed to some contagious disease, and nothing is said of fumigating them, but if you try to come through and haven't been any nearer a cow than a can of condensed milk, why, you must be fumigated.

I fully believe that every sane precaution that is being exercised is necessary, for it is a very serious thing, but while we are all thinking of it, why can't we get a government to at least do for a child's protection, what they do for a cow or a hog?

75 OUT FOR THE JACK

Well, I just got back in home from opening up a new theatre. They have a new system out here now. When a new theatre is to be formally opened, instead of having a big blow out and having the Governor, and the Mayor, and the President of the Commerical Club or Chamber of Commerce all make speeches, why they just go ahead and have as good show as they can, and let those fellows go to the Rotary luncheons and tell how the city has grown and grown until it's now in its infancy. But in dispensing with those professional boosters' services, they figure that they have to have some one just to say a few words. So, through some strange process of reasoning, they have picked on me, as they know I will say little and what I saw will be littler still.

A few weeks ago I was drafted to preside at the opening of the new Biltmore Theatre, in connection with the new Biltmore Hotel. (You know any town is old fashioned if it has not a hotel called the Biltmore. Good hotels have lost their entire clientelle because in building they happened to pick out some inferior name other than the Biltmore.)

Well, Mr. Abraham Erlanger, being one of the owners of it, and me having played in shows for years in which he was interested, why he thought it would be a good idea to get me to do something for nothing for him.[1] Then another reason they wanted me was on account of the novelty. I was the only one they could think of who did not own a dress suit, and so my clothes naturally was the only suit in the house without the smell of moth balls.

I was afraid when they saw me pop out there they would be disappointed, so I thought I better explain my presence by repeating to them just about what a Governor or a mayor would say if he was there. That would kinder tide over the audience's disappointment. I had heard politicians open

so many things that I had it down pat: "Ladies and Gentlemen, especially the Ladies, for I don't know when I have seen before me so many beautiful faces, I mean female faces, (that gag always gets its usual titter, and has, for something like 200 years). We are gathered here tonight to witness the formal opening of this magnificent temple of amusement. It is indeed an honor to be privileged to grace this luxurious auditorium which these public spirited men have brought to our very threshold. It is a milestone in the progress of our fair city. A landmark in the artistic development of our high minded population. This edifice would do credit to a metropolis, and we want to thank the builders, and congratulate ourselves on picking this Eden on Earth for our permanent domicile. It is the spirit of this city that has made this luxury possible for us to enjoy."

After hearing me say this, why they felt they had heard just what any public official would have said. All of which would have been apple sauce. It was no milestone in any progress of the city. Some man coined that expression 100 years ago and public speakers can never get over it. Something is always a milestone to them. In fact the present generation don't know what a milestone is. They go by so fast nowadays that miles mean nothing.

Then, speaking of a theatre as an artistic development: I said this theatre might talk art but the minute an "Abie's Irish Rose" come along they would forget all their artistic ideals and book it in.[2] Those shows have set the intelligence of audiences back 10 years in this country.

Then they always speak of the spirit of the city. There is no such thing as spirit where there are no dividends coming in. Old community spirit waves just so long as everybody is collecting. Spirit had nothing to do with building this theatre. These birds found a good spot where a lot of people passed every day and they got themselves a cheap lease and are out for the Jack. The first losing week that comes along the old spirit stuff will be at a low ebb. So you see while a theatre may not get the apparent boost from me I at least tell the truth about how it was founded.

You know, after all, anybody can open a theatre. It's keeping it open that is the hard thing. We have a very popular chief of police here who officiates at many functions but they didn't feel like having him, as he might close the joint up any time. Theatres are more numerous now they are built on the choice corners where saloons formerly were. It remains to be seen whether they are an improvement over their predecessors.

Charlie Chaplin was there.[3] I called on him as the logical opener but he is making a snow picture in the summer time so that keeps him about as busy as an Eskimo trying to keep warm with a Palm Beach suit on. By the way, Charlie has given me a new idea for a series of comedies, and I am going to try them. If they turn out I will tell you what they are.

We missed Doug.[4] I see where he has been carrying Mary on his shoulder over in Europe to keep her from being crushed, by the crowds.[5] If little Mary can only just reach Doug's shoulder she is safe even though the hordes of Europe are clammoring at her heels. Mr. De Mille in "The 10 Commandments" commanded the waters of the Dead Sea to split 50-50, and Lasky's property boys immediately carried out the miracle.[6] But that is nothing as compared to Doug when he commands the mob to desist.

California by some is considered kinder slack just now. As an example of hard times, they say you can't sell a lot now until it has come through escrow.

The primaries are over. Mr. Coolidge is certainly doing well in his own party. The Democrats out here didn't want to run anybody at their primary. But when told they had to put up somebody so as to hold their franchise, why, they finally did.

The Foot and Mouth Disease is slacking up. They had the golf courses quarantined. You know when an animal gets it they shoot all the others and the government pays part, perhaps two thirds, of their value. So they didn't want it to get in among the golfers, as there would be no way to establish what a golf player would be worth in case he was shot, as nobody knows what a golf player does when he is not playing golf.

Pola Negri, the foreign movie queen gave a party the other night.[7] I read about it in the papers. I didn't get to go. Well, one thing, I wasn't invited. I jump around so much I guess she didn't know where to get ahold of me. Up to then, Hollywood had been behaving itself pretty good. They got some cafes over there now and I see where they are about to take up dancing in them. I hate to see that start, as the first thing you know Hollywood will become as wild as all the other towns.

That's about all the scandal I can gather from Hollywood, so I will be closing but in doing so I want you to know if you have a theatre and want somebody to open it in a different way, why, I am just about the guy you are looking for. I add a certain amount of class and dignity. (I think the French call it finesse.) That is hard to get among politicians, and, after all, that's all our public men are. Now I don't like to knock Governors and Mayors, but why have them open your theatres? That's the only way I have getting into one without paying.

76 BACK TO BABBITS, BOOZE AND BANK ROLLS

This week's Exposure is in the nature of a travelogue. I myself, the editor, chief editorial writer, reporter, and copy reader, (in fact what I am not,

ain't) are shaking the dust (of which there is no better in Southern California) of California's little heralded climate from my feet and am slowly trudging my way via Santa Fe Limited, back across the burning sands to (Mecca) New York City. That city from which no weary traveler returns without drawing again on the home town bank. That city of skyscrapers, where they have endeavored to make the height of their buildings keep pace with their prices. That city of booze and bankrolls, where the babbits from Butte and Buffalo can pay the spectators, $8.80 for a $2.20 show, view the electric signs until 12 o'clock and then write home of the Bacchanalian revels.

In leaving California, this land of perpetual publicity, where a lot on the corner is worth two in the middle, I do so with great regret. I know that I am exchanging the subdivision for the subway and one single California flea for a billion Long Island mosquitoes.

I am leaving a city where English is the dominant tongue, to return to a city where it is seldom heard and never understood. I leave from the land where the movies are made, to return to the land where the bills are paid. I leave from the ex-regime of Hiram Johnson to enter the ambitious home of Tammany Hall.[1]

I am leaving the political home of William G. McAdoo (my neighbor and friend) who says if nominated he will meet me where Pennsylvania bends.[2] I am now speeding across Kansas, that state which is sometimes noted for its broad and narrow ideas. We have just left Dodge City, that ex frontier town which made my old pal Bill Hart's picture "Wild Bill Hickok" famous.[3] Bill Hart killed more people in one reel in his picture than ever lived in Dodge City. But he afterwards explained it to me, he said: "'Will, my public like to see me shoot actors; in fact I think most audiences like to see not only me but anybody shoot actors." He was just reloading his gun (a thing he seldom does) so I thought, as he was looking straight at me, I better be leaving.

I have been looking for this politician "Allen" all the way across Kansas and have asked everybody about him but no one seems to know him.[4] You know he and I worked in the Follies year before last together, and he told me then he came from out here somewhere.

I would not have left California but I do love a No. 1 good California oranges and fruit. So I am going back to New York to get them. I have survived for a whole year on culls, or seconds. Then things are kinder slowing up out there in the real estate line. A fellow sometimes has to wait until he gets his lot out of escrow before he gets a chance to see it at a profit. Well you know that's discouraging. I bought a lot and held it a week and when no offer come, I just said, this is no country for a staple business man; I am

going. Of course I could have stayed and sued the salesman who sold it to me, as he said I would double my money in three days.

When I stated to get Pullman reservations I didn't think it would be any trouble. I had been reading in Los Angeles papers of the thousands coming in by every train, but I had never saw a thing where any one ever left. So when they told me I could not get any seats for days it was a terrible blow to me. I thought these trains all went back empty.

You see the Californians come out by the covered wagon, but they all want to go back by the Limited. Arizona is still quarantined against California on account of the hoof and mouth disease, although the disease has been forgotten in California for weeks. There's a sheriff follows the train clear across the state in a Ford to see that no one gets out and spreads the disease. At Albuquerque, New Mexico, they let us get out and walk around, no matter what disease we had. That's ex-secretary Fall's state.[5] They figure nothing can hurt them now.

Fred Harvey runs a department store at the depot, and no matter how big a hurry you may be to get where you are going he has the train stopped 40 minutes.[6] Everybody that didn't buy a lot in Los Angeles buys a Navajo blanket at Albuquerque. Those who did buy a lot can only afford a bow and arrow. I don't know why but they all seem to want to spend their last money for a bow and arrow. I suppose an undertaker meets us in Kansas City.

I hear the Navajos have struck oil on their reservation. That will give the white man a chance to show his so-called 100 percent Americanism, by flocking in and taking it away from the Indians. Everybody out through here is all hopped up and excited over the proposed dam at Boulder Canyon on the Colorado, in Grand Canyon. That is attracting almost as much attention as dear old Al Smith's religion.[7]

California wants all the power and water, Arizona says: "Just half of it belongs to you, so if you want to, why dam up your own side of the river and use it, but don't use any of our side. Utah says,"You are both cuckoo."

Brigham laid out that river through Utah the same time he installed the organ in the tabernacle.[8] Nevada claims part of it and says, "It's as much an institution with us as divorce." Wyoming claims it started up there with them under the name of Green River, but that Volstead had it changed to the Colorado, and that now, that Volstead is embalmed in his own amendment, why they should receive it and its name back again.[9]

Colorado says, "It is named after us and we want it. Our gold millionaires are partly civilized now, and the rest of the U. S. has nothing to laugh at us about." Mexico is not saying a word and there is where the river goes too, so I guess if the river wants to go anywhere, why let it go where it wants to. Anyway the dam won't be built this week, as everything is held up on account of election.

I didn't tell you I am going back to join the new Ziegfeld Follies which will open in the early part of June. This is a political year as some of the candidates might have told you, and I thought it better that I be near the heat of the battle. Then things are so unsettled on the Democratic side that I thought on account of a compromise candidate I better be handy. Also Mr. Ziegfeld tells me there has been a demand for me, not among his audience but among the candidates themselves, as there is no one that can really say the nice things of them that I can.[10]

I know part of the presidential candidates personally—well, I know about 18 or 19 or them. The others I know by reputation. So I am going back to give you real facts as I see them not from the eye of a biased political writer but from a big broad minded journalist whose paper has no policy to write in accordance with.

Something tells me that both parties are going to be terrible so I am going to be in Cleveland and also in New York to help pick the worst ones.

We are now nearing Kansas City, and instead of going directly on to New York, I am branching off and going down for a few days to my home around Claremore, Oklahoma. That is the home of the radium water, a curative liquid that will cure you of everything, even a presidential ambition. I think the time will come when everybody will be made to stop off at Claremore on their way to any place they may be going.

Fred Harvey can stop you for 30 minutes to make you buy a Navajo blanket. I should be allowed to stop you at least long enough to give you a bath, especially as when traveling through there you can generally use one to advantage.

We don't want your money. Los Angeles and Albuquerque will clean you financially. But we will cleanse you physically, free of charge.

So I am mighty happy I am going home to my own people, who know me as "Willie, Uncle Clem Rogers' boy who wouldn't go to school but just kept running around the country throwing a rope, till I think he finally got in one of them shows."[11]

One of those lyceum managers had me booked for three or four dates to lecture at Seattle, Spokane and Portland, where I was to be the whole show and deliver a so-called lecture like a regular ex-Senator or Bryan, or any of those.[12] But I passed it up just to go on home, not to do any talking, but to listen, and see all my old friends and hear 'em call me Willie, and they will give me some political opinions that will beat all your Lodges or Borahs, and maybe I will tell 'em a little about Hollywood, and the night life, for I want to keep on the good side of them.[13] They don't know how I make a living. They just know me as Uncle Clem's boy. They are my real friends and when no one else will want to hear my measly old jokes, I want to go home. It won't make no difference to them.

77 REMINISCENCES OF AN ALLIGATOR SKIN BAG

The last letter I wrote to you was penned as I was speeding across Kansas on my way to Claremore, and Chelsea, Oklahoma. Well, I finished the letter at Emporia Gazette. I think there is a town by that name. I remember the porter calling it out. It is edited by one of the greatest and best known newspaper men in the business.[1] I forget his name just now, but everybody remembers him.

Well, I finished my letter there on this Santa Fe train going into Kansas City from the outskirts of Hollywood. I was going to leave the train at Kansas City, and go home on the fast Frisco train which did not stop at Chelsea, Oklahoma, where I was to stop off and see my sisters. So the conductor told me to wire to the Frisco passenger agent at Kansas City and ask him to please stop and let us off. I wired him but I didn't think he would do it. So at this Emporia Gazette which, as I say, has a town named after it, the conductor handed me a wire telling me that all had been arranged.

I was awful tickled. Then I happened to think that in the weekly letter which I had just finished and mailed on the train there was a joke which told about our town of Claremore, Oklahoma, having the greatest baths in the world, and that everybody passing through there should stop off and take one, for even if they had already had one that week, they could use another on account of being on the 'Frisco.

Well after I received this nice wire from their agent, I happened to think of what I had said in my article, and I felt plum ashamed. Here, after this man being so nice to me, why I was saying his road was unclean. I had already mailed it, and I didn't know what to do, and then they met us in Kansas and were so nice to us. That rubbed it in more than ever. So I happened to think I will wire in to have the spelling corrected and have the gag about the untidiness of the Frisco Railroad cut out and put in the Missouri Pacific instead.

That was certainly smart in me, thinking of that. Why, I wouldn't have had that come out in an article for anything. I would be a fine fellow, wouldn't I, after officials doing me such favors, to go and tell things on their road. I realized afterwards that I should have included the Missouri Pacific with them in the first place. I was absolutely wrong in discriminating. It certainly learned me a lesson. Never knock anybody as long as they do favors for you. Even if I was right in the first place, I shouldn't have put that in, until I had at least heard from them to see if they were going to stop the train.

The reason I am telling you all this is, just to show you how near I came to being very ungrateful. Why, I wouldn't have that get out for anything in the world.

Come to think of it, it was not me that thought of sending the wire; it was Ed Wynn, the comedian.[2] And when I say comedian, I mean comedian. He of the Perfect Fool fame, he and his wife were on the train with us. Ed and I spent three days on that train trying out jokes on our wives that we were going to use in New York this year. I just looked at Mrs. Wynn who is a lovely woman, and perfectly sane and Mrs. Rogers, who is I do say it myself, after sixteen years of forced laughter, is bearing up remarkably, and under happier surroundings might retain her faculties for years. In a kind of abstract moment, I just looked at both of them, and thought what have these women done in their lifetime that they should be subjected to this brand of jokes, not only for three days, but for life. Truly providence acts in a strange manner and justice is sometimes long delayed.

When the Women's Hall of Fame is laid out, along with Joan of Arc, Nellie Revell, Florence Nightingale, and Mrs. Chapman Catt, I will be much disappointed if I don't find a tablet which reads about as follows, "To the loving memory of those unselfish, and long suffering women who have married comedians (and remained so)."[3]

Well, when we got into Kansas City, in that wonderful big depot, it reminded me of the times of the old station there, which was really just a valise, or grip, exchange. I popped through there one time jumping to Seattle, Washington, to do my little act on the Orpheum Circuit. Well, do you remember in those days every man that traveled any farther than from the house to the barn, thought he had to have an alligator bag, with big warts on the side of it, that would rub bunions on the side of your legs if you carried it over a block. That and a diamond ring, were the first things you were supposed to buy, especially if you were a traveling man or in the theatrical business.

So I had just worked long enough to have both. One toothbrush, a couple of shirts, and five ropes, were nestling in this crockadile bound inclosure, with not only warts but horns on the side of it. I had to buy a ticket, and in those days it took an agent longer to make out a ticket to Seattle, than it did to go there. It sold by footage, one foot to the mile. The excess baggage on your ticket cost you more than your fare. He handed it to you neatly folded in yard lengths. You only had to sign it for each town you went through.

Well, the afternoon I spent buying my ticket, I forgot to keep one foot solidly implanted on my deceased crockadile. Some lover of animals kindly annexed my prosperous trade mark, and when I turned around, the one year's savings I had invested in hides was just passing over the Kaw River. I went to relate my unhappy ending to a policeman, and found a line longer than Congressional Investigating Committee witnesses, all trying to find out where their grips had gone to. I didn't even get a chance to tell him

about mine. And if it had not been for that long ticket to the coast and back, I would not have had a clean thing to put on every morning till I got there.

And, by the way, coming back I played Butte, and lost the diamond ring. So it took two thieves to at least TRY and give me the appearance of a gentleman. Now when I see a man wearing either a diamond ring, or an alligator valise, I offer up thanks to the two men who robbed me.

After we boarded the train at the hands of their agent who was so nice and thoughtful of our welfare, and who said he always went to see my pictures, (but couldn't think of the name of any he had seen) why he and the conductor showed us one of the very newest model sleeping cars. They raved over it, and it was beautiful. The porter went to make down the berths in our room in it and a pillow was caught in that chain that lets down the top.

Well this poor anti-Klu Klux assisted by everybody on the train including the engineer, held a clinic. I was getting sleepy and tired, and was sorry I had wired to have that joke taken out, and was just about to wire them to put it back in again, when I happened to think—this was the Pullman's fault and not the Frisco's. Along toward daylight they gave it up, and moved us into another car. I guess they had to send it into the factory to have that pillow amputated.

Like any sickness or operation, it caused all the rail road men to reminisce. They remembered when lead pencils, and women's hair (that, by the way, was in the old days) had got hung in there, and they had just had to let 'em starve to death to get 'em out. They said the Pullman people had offered rewards for any one that would invent something that would replace those chains, that lower the top berth, principally on account of their noise.

I am mentioning this as it may be the means of stirring the ambition of some mechanical genius. Someone will do it sooner or later, nothing is beyond the realm of possibility. Didn't Henry invent the Ford radiator? Didn't somebody invent "Yes We Have No Bananas?"[4]

Now, I ask you, who but a comedian, could a fool thing like that happen to? As I say, it's just another one of the bad breaks for any woman who marries one.

78 CONGRESS IS FUNNIEST WHEN IT'S SERIOUS

I just got back from Washington D. C. (Department of Comedy). I had heard that the Congressional Show was to close on June the 7th, I don't see

why they are closing then. They could bring that same show with the original cast they have, to New York, and it would run for years.

I am to go into Ziegfeld's new Follies, and I have *no* act.[1] So I thought I will run down to Washington and get some material. Most people and actors appearing on the stage have some writer to write their material, or they reproduce some book or old masterpiece, but I don't do that. Congress is good enough for me. They have been writing my material for years and I am not ashamed of the material I have had. I am going to stick to them. Why should I go and pay some famous author, or even myself, sit down all day trying to dope out something funny to say on the stage! No sir, I have found that there is nothing as funny as things that have happened, and that people know that have happened. So I just have them mail me every day the Congressional Record. It is to me what the Police Gazette used to be to the fellow who was waiting for a haircut. In other words, it is a life saver.

Besides, nothing is so funny as something done in all seriousness. The material on which the Congressional Record is founded is done there every day in all seriousness. Each state elects the most serious man it has in the District, and he is impressed with the fact that he is leaving home with the expressed idea that he is to rescue his District from certain destruction, and to see that it received its just amount of rivers and harbors, post offices, and pumpkin seeds. Naturally you have put a pretty big load on that man. I realize that it is no joking matter to be grabbed up bodily from the leading lawyer's office of Main Street and have the entire populace tell you what is depending on you when you get to Washington. The fellow may be alright personally and a good fellow, but that Big League Idea of Politics just kinder scares him.

Now, they wouldn't be so serious and particular if they only had to vote on what they thought was good for the majority of the people of the U. S. That would be a cinch. But what makes it hard for them is every time a bill comes up they have a million things to decide that have nothing to do with the merit of the bill. They first must consider is, or was, it introduced by a member of the opposite Political Party. If it is, why then something is wrong with it from the start, for everything the opposite side does has a catch in it. Then the principal thing is of course, "what will this do for me personally back home?" If it is something that he thinks the folks back home may never read, or hear, of why then he can vote any way he wants to, but politics, and self preservations must come first, never mind the majority of the people of the U. S. If lawmakers were elected for life I believe they would do better. A man's thoughts are naturally on his next term, more than on his country.

The first day I got there it was a dandy show. In the House of Representatives they were arguing on the bill as to whether we could raise the el-

evation of the guns on our battleships. Now, when you stop to think, that would be just like arguing on, "Can we use bullets in our guns or must we just carry them and throw them at the enemy?" because naturally if you are allowed to have a gun at all you certainly ought to be allowed to point it any way that will get you the most good out of it. But most of them thought as our guns had always pointed toward the water instead of up in the air, why naturally, they should be kept pointing that way. Butler of Pennsylvania, and Britten, of Illinois, both members of the Naval communities like to come to blows on it, both being Republicans, the Democrats urged them on in hopes they would murder each other.[2]

Well, any way, they killed that bill instead of letting the Navy point the guns or elevate them where they thought best. They are to put them where Congress things they will do the least damage in case we ever have to use them in battle. The ones opposed to it were afraid Japan would object and get sore at us. That's why we wanted them elevated, to keep them from getting sore at us. If we had enough guns, and they all were elevated to the right height, no one would ever get sore at us.

Well, a friend from Texas a member of the House saw me sitting up in the gallery just soaking in all this gun raising patriotism, and he called attention and introduced me to the House of Representatives.

Well, I felt that quite a compliment, but there was nothing I could do. An ordinary comedian like me would have no chance there. I was the most unfunny man in the entire building.

Then I went downstairs outside the Congress Hall and met all my old friends, Representatives from Oklahoma, Los Angeles, Texas, Kansas, Arizona, and from all over, and I want to tell you they are as fine a bunch of men as any one ever met in his life, they were all full of humor and regular fellows. That is, as I say, when you catch them when they haven't got politics on their minds, but the minute they get in that immense Hall they begin to get serious, and it's then that they do such amusing things. If we could just send the same bunch of men to Washington for the good of the nation, and not for political reasons, we could have the most perfect government in the world.

I went to lunch in the Congressional Restaurant with my fellow Cherokee Indian Representatives; they are my breed and my kind. One of them, Charlie Carter, part Cherokee and part Choctaw, is one of the oldest members of the House, a friend of my father's.[3] Charley is a good Injun without being dead. The other is Will Hastings who I have known all my life.[4] With the other Oklahoma congressmen, and Senator Harold of Okla., and Mrs. Hastins, we killed a lot of food and nominated a lot of presidents in the small time we had to do it in.[5]

Met Mr. Upshaw of Georgia and we had quite a pleasant time kidding around.[6] He wanted me to accompany him to Gettysburg to hear his address to the dead heroes, on Memorial Day. He was going to address them on the evils of Prohibition. I don't know of any class of heroes that have had to put up with the varied assortment of lectures that the Gettysburg ones have. For fear of perhaps joining them I didn't go. But he like the others, is a dandy fellow to meet, and like all the others when he is not serious, he is immense.

I went from there to the Senate. You see they have two of these bodies—Senate and Cognress. That is for the convenience of visitors. If there is nothing funny happening in one there is sure to be in the other, and in case one body passes a good bill, why the other can see it in time, and kill it. Before I went up in the gallery I met them all.

I had known quite a few before but I had always been anxious to meet Senator Borah.[7] I am a great admirer of him and his work. He was thinking of running for Vice President but I advised against it. He is much too able a man to be Vice President especially during the next term. Then met Mr. Underwood, a very possible nominee of the Democrats.[8] A very pleasant wholesome man and spoken well of by everybody. My old fighting friend Jim Reed asked me out to dinner but I had just made a previous engagement.[9] Another old crony has quit the Senate entirely for the last three months just to write his keynote speech—Pat Harrison.[10] He looked like he wanted to read it to me but I was only going to be there two days. If the voters will only believe half what Pat promises in his speech, the Democrats will walk in.

I haven't the time in this small space to tell you half that happened during my stay, talking to senators, and listening to them from the Press Gallery. They had a better show than the House that day but I will write you later. I went out to Mrs. Longworth's for dinner, where you get the smartest and most authentic political dope in Washington.[11] The next day for lunch was out at one of MY PUBLISHERS Mr. Ned McClean.[12] I reprimanded him severely for not including me among his telegraphic acquaintances from Palm Beach. Had he done so even in regard to what gum I chew I would no doubt have been called to testify and as there were things of far less importance being investigated, it would at least have rescued me from oblivion during part of last year.

Oh yes, I have to tell you also next week, that they put on a special investigation for me the second day. Gaston Means was on the stand.[13] I must tell you what all he told, that the papers didn't print.

So all in all I had a very pleasant visit in Washington, found that with all my kidding and knocking our public men, they all seemed to be my

friends, It's only when they are actually in action and serious that they are funny. Off the stage they are the finest bunch I ever met.

79 NOW IF THEY'D ONLY HANG SOMEBODY!

Well, by the time you read this, some poor fellow will know the sad fate that he is to run as Vice President on the Republican ticket. I am going out to the convention to see him get his. It will be the only thing in the way of excitement that there will be out there. Coming from that convention back to New York to this free for all, will be like jumping from a prize fight into a war.

I went down to Washington last week to try and get some advance information on who would be nominated as Vice President out there. I found out everything else but. They even put on an investigation for me. Senator Wheeler, Senator Brookhardt, Senator Ashurst, and Senator Moses, brought out Mr. Gaston Means, who is the best man they have for a show witness.[1] So I felt rather elated that they would put on their best man for me.

He had not been on the stand in a long time—perhaps a couple of weeks—and at times he seemed to forget just what the questions were going to be until they were asked. He was one of the head detectives under Mr. Dougherty.[2] He lived up to your idea of a detective. He was fat, wore black broad-toed shoes, a felt hat crushed in and the brim turned down over his forehead. A five-year-old child would hardly have known he was a detective. It's a strange thing, but detectives are the only profession in the world that any one can look at and tell what they are. Doctors will fool you; lawyers sometimes, but detectives are recognized as quick as toupees.

Well the day I was in there he testified about Mr. Mellon being the biggest bootlegger in the United States.[3] Now that's not bad testimony, when you can find a man nowadays that can pick out for us the biggest bootlegger in this country. That don't only take a detective, but a wizard. And Mr. Mellon certainly should feel flattered, because if he is why it will get him more recognition than being Secretary of the Treasury.

He seemed to know so much about Mellon that I was sorry that they didn't ask him something about some of the other Cabinet members. He said Mellon's banks backed the bootleggers, and loaned money on warehouse certificates. Well I know a lot of bankers out in the farming and the cattle country that have been loaning on farms and live stock that would like to have as good collateral as a few hundred barrels of Old Crow. So if Andy did loan on that security I would call him a better banker than 90 percent of the rest of them.

Means certainly had an assortment of what he called definite information, on any subject in the world. The questioning was as assorted as a spelling lesson. Right in the middle of the Mellon glorification, why Chairman Wheeler, head Questioneer, asked him what "Tex Richards did with the movies of the Dempsey-Firpo fight."[4] But just as he was describing who won, and what the picture cost, Mr. Wheeler asked him if it was "true that a man named Jones worked for Governor Cantou of Mexico"[5] He said he was not sure! That was the only thing in the world he seemed to be in doubt about.

But he had a letter from a preacher who used to lecture before Rotary Clubs, and if they didn't mind he would read it. It was 28 pages of closely written foolscap. It didn't mention either Jones or Cantou, but it told how this preacher lost his job, (which was queer for the preacher must have died of old age writing this letter,) I figured up those four senators' time to the country just during the reading of this letter and it amounted to a fraction less than $150 without counting the clerks and light.

I couldn't understand why he didn't ask him something important. For instance, "Who will win the National League Pennant this year" or "What kind of a show did he think the Follies would have." They went from this clergyman's lament to "When did he, Means, quit working for the Department of Justice." Means said, "They quit paying me in April but I did as much for them right on after that as I had done before." In other words you could not tell by looking at him whether he was working or not.

Right in the midst of it somebody asked whether Mr. Howland (one of Mr. Dougherty's attorneys) would give Mr. Means a job cleaning out spitoons.[6] I don't know what that had to do with bootlegging, oil in Mexico, or Tex Richard's transporting movies of a prize fight. But being the first of these investigations I had ever attended why naturally I would not be any too familiar with their usual line of procedure. Well, he said he wouldn't give Mr. Howland a job cleaning spitoons either, as he had heard what kind of a lawyer Mr. Howland was. That like to brought on a fight. Howland dug up the testimony from one of Means' previous investigations, and showed him where he was not doing the same act at this one that he did before. Means couldn't remember just what gags he had pulled before, so he couldn't think of an alibi to answer this. But Ashurst of Arizona thought of one, and started to say something when Senator Moses interrupted and said, "You can't interrupt while we are waiting for the witness to answer a question."

Senator Ashurst said, "Who can't interrupt? Don't you interrupt me when I am interrupting him."

Ashurst then related as follows: "I interrupted him first and I won't have you or anyone else, especially a Republican, interrupt me while I am busy interrupting somebody else."

Well, Moses withdrew his interruption and the very dignified proceedings went on. Right in the midst of this, for no apparent reason, why Means said he was trying to find out where Congressman somebody or other from Minnesota had gotten the money to buy him a house. While he was explaining how many closets the house out in Minnesota had, Senator Moses asked him, "Means, what did you have hid in my office that time you found out everything I said! Was it a dictaphone? I couldn't see it." Means said, "I was put on to watch you fellows."

I gleaned from the investigation that every Senator or Congressman was having the other one watched. Then in case one got more than the other why they could change clients.

Mr. Wheeler threw a scare into me once. He looked right at me as I was sitting at the press stand table right by Means, and said, "What about this moving picture business?" Boy, I was scared. I thought here is where they ask me something about Hollywood and Will Hays is not here to tell me what to say.[7] Then Mr. Wheeler kinder grinned at me and asked Means about the fight films. It certainly scared me—coming right fresh from Hollywood, and me knowing all that I do. Just think, if I had had to tell them of all the new churches and Sunday Schools, and school buildings that I have seen go up there, in the last year! But it was not me that they were after; in fact, I couldn't ever tell who they were after.

Means next jumped to Henry Ford. He said he had been put on the track by the administration to find out if Ford liked the administration, and why he disliked the rich Jews. But just as he was about to find out what Ford eat for breakfast, why he was put on a case to investigate the Lloyds of London, the big insurance people who insured Harold Lloyd against having twins.[8]

They will bet with you on anything and let you take either side you want. If you give them enough odds they will bet you Bryan will be arrested for drunkedness at the New York Convention, or bet you that La Follette winds up by being a Republican.[9]

Well, Means said he found out after diligent investigation, that Lloyds' stock was owned by Englishmen. (Seems rather odd, it being an English concern.) He said they had made millions out of it, and then people tell you gambling don't pay. But as soon as he found out that the name of the concern was Lloyds, why he was taken off that case.

Well this thing kept up all day. He told of everything in the world but why Mr. Stearns of Boston gave up his business there, to come to the White House to sort out New England visitors from the riff raff.[10]

I had all year felt very hurt that I did not get in on any of the investigations but after I got there and heard this one I know now I would have been a total failure. My knowledge is limited to not over three or four subjects, while a man to get in as a witness there has to know more than a hotel detective.

Now this Mr. Wheeler struck me as being a very smart, straightforward, consciencious man; Brookhardt, Moses and Ashurst, the same. It's too bad they can't do something with these men that they have found out all this stuff on. The American people would trade 10 investigations for one conviction. If they would only hang somebody, no matter if they were guilty or not, just for an example, why we would forgive them for all their investigations. Still these Senators may be doing this just to get out of the Senate during the day for, after all, Means is easier to listen to than any one I heard over there.

80 RADIO FAIRY TALES OF REAL LIFE BEHIND SCENES

I don't often talk theatre to you. Most people in any business talk it all the time. But I have bored you all with politics lately and shall have to feed you portions daily when the Democrats meet for their fight; so I would like to take you all on a little jaunt behind the scenes with me, and we will visit the new stars in this wonderful fairyland of make-believe. (I know this sound to you by now like one of those radio stories that all good children are supposed to go to sleep by.)

Now, all you little ones who can read bad English, sit right still, and your Uncle Will will tell you a few short stories for all you good little theatregoers.

This is a true story, and I want you to put your nose right up against the paper so you can read every word. There is not a rabbit or an old br'er fox in it. If your inclination runs to animals or insects, why, you had better drop this and reach for the instrument where the static comes out, for we are dealing with real fairies in a real fairy story. We must be up and away before old sleep-eyes gets us.

HARD-WORKING PARENTS

Once upon a time there was a good father and a wonderful mother, and they had three little fairy daughters.[1] And the good father and the good mother had to go away from home every night to work to make money to support a nice beautiful home for the three little fairies. They had to work hard and long, and practice up new and novel things, for these fairies worked and lived in a land of make-believe. They had to sing funny songs,

and learn funny and clever dances, to try to amuse the practical people, who are not in this make-believe land, but still come to it to forget their daily troubles.

So the good mother and the good father would tuck their little treasures in bed, and then off to work, and even if one of the little angels were not feeling well, the good mama and the good papa had to go just the same, every night, because they had to make practical people laugh.

The practical people thought it was all fun. They didn't know that some times when this old funny fairy clown was making funny faces his heart might be heavy, though his feet were light.

They worked, and saved, and prospered for years, until those practical people got to learn not only that they were funny and made them laugh but also that they were good, and loved each other, and were a very happy little family in this land of buffoonery.

Then came a wonderful night in this enchanted palace where these two loved ones toiled to make others merry. It was the opening night, when they were to show their new tricks and make new merriment.

TALENTED DAUGHTER

Now old Mr. Practical audience didn't know that in addition to all else they had done, they had been teaching the eldest of the fairy daughters all this magic of make-believe. For this good father and good mother had decided that if this land of mimicry was good enough for them and had made them live happily, why, it was good enough for their fairy daughter.

So the mother cared for the other little ones while the father taught his daughter his accumulation of dances of a lifetime, and when she appeared and did these wonderful things those old practical people made it the night of a lifetime, long to be remembered in the hearts of the people of make-believe land. And today the fairy daughter reigns as absolute queen over the biggest city of all the western world and she don't even know or realize it.

She only knows she wants to please and amuse. That should be the moral of this little story. "No matter in what field, you may do something to be acclaimed." For be it make-believe, or be it practical, remember the lesson of this little creature who doesn't know how wonderful she is and will always be that way, even though she is the newest and biggest star today of all theatreland.

Some day it will be all five, all in this little enchanted old merrymaking house where people come to be amused, for the two little sister fairies are playing make-believe and following in the steps of their wonderful sister. They will have much hard work, and will have to cut out some of the play. But, won't it be worth it. Instead of being put to bed every night they can go to this old merrily haunted house and play jokes on the old father,

and make the practical ones laugh because he won't be nimble enough to catch them.

That will be all for tonight, children. What? One or two of you are not asleep yet? What's the matter with you? Want to hear another one? All right.

Once upon a time there was a little poor boy.[2] Oh, he was awfully poor, and he lived in a great crowded city, and his old grandmother couldn't make enough to support them, so he had to sell papers on the street. He learned to sing a song, and he used to sing in little cheap theatres on amateur nights. He was just one of a million of the same race but with not half the chance of most of them. Yet he kept trying, and bringing the pennies home to his old grandmother, and he learned all he could about this wonderful make-believe.

He kept working up and up, with none of the advantages that the little fairy girl had. He didn't have a good father as a wonderul teacher to show him. He had to learn just as the little fairy girl's good father had learned, by what these old practical people call hard knocks.

He wasn't much to look at. He didn't have the little fairy girl's beautiful face, and he was little and skinny. But he wouldn't be discouraged. He would put black soot all over his face because it was cheaper than makeup, and he became known by that. He was ambitious, and he studied what the practical people wanted, and he tried his best to supply it, till one day a big (what make-believe people call) manager come along and put him in a wonderful fine show, and last year he was heralded as one of the kings in all the mighty realm of fun making.

WHY THE HERO CRIED

What become of the old grandmother who raised him, do I hear one of you wideawake say? One night when our little hero was climbing this ladder of success, he had come to this funny factory where he was to make people merry later in the night. He was huddled over in his dressing room, not as you practical ones think, laughing at something funny he was preparing. No, he was crying when another old merrymaker entered the room they were sharing.

On sudden inquiry the old intruder learned that the crying was over the thought that the poor old grandmother had not lived to hear and share in his success at this time when he could give her every luxury.

"Oh, but wait a minute, Uncle William, how do you know all this? You are only telling us this to make us go to sleep, maybe."

Now listen, children, does Uncle William have to tell you everything? The story is all you need to know. You don't need to know who it was that Uncle William shared his dressing room with.

Now, here, it is getting late, and I am going to tell you only a short one. Once upon a time there was another little boy in another big city.[3] He

worked on a huckster's wagon, selling vegetables. When he couldn't sell them he would juggle them. The people got so interested in his wonderful feats in juggling that they would forget to buy any, so he always had plenty left to practice with. If they had bought him out he would still be on that wagon, because he would not have had anything to practice with.

His feats, of course, led him into this queer assortment of souls in this make-the-band. He never spoke a word. He got to be recognized as the king of pantomime stage comedy. He traveled the world over many times. He reached the top in his chosen profession. But it was not the one his ambition inclined to, so one day a good fairy in the shape of a manager put him in a show and made him talk, and the practical people went to hear this mere juggler make them merry without juggling, and today he is crowned king among merrymakers.

One day on his climb up the ladder he was surprised in his dressing room by an intruder (who was assisting him in trying to chase the gloom away from the practical people). Well, this juggler, who even then had gotten so high in the make-believe world that you would hardly think he would associate with a carrot or a potato, was fondling an old picture of a horse-drawn wagon overladen with an array of vegetables. The vegetables looked as if they had all the peelings worn off them where they had been captured from the air in every conceivable manner. Respect and sentiment were written on every line of his face as he gazed at this picture.

"But, Uncle William who told you the story? The intruder?"

Never mind who told me the story. Haven't I seen pictures of horses and wagons, and people looking at them? Now, that's enough. You will get no more stories tonight.

"But Uncle William, why did you just pick out those three?"

Say, now, you go to sleep. Suppose three of your little boy and girl friends all had some wonderful good fairy visit them in the same year, and you knew about them and liked them. Wouldn't you tell your children friends of their good fortune? Sure you would.

Now go to sleep before a bug bites you.

81 THE TROUBLE WITH THE STAGE IS THE AUDIENCE

Well, as I sat in a compartment on the special train carrying the company back from Atlantic City, where we had been trying out the new show, I just got to thinking of the heart aches and disappointments compared to the hopes and expectations of the same bunch of people going down this time one week ago. This does not only apply to chorus but to every person

in the show. I don't mean by this that we have a show that is not up to our expectations, for it is said that it is the best show. But what struck me is the hard work—disappointments and blasted hopes that the finished show is based on.

You people of the audience see the finished product with everybody laughing and doing their part as though they never had a worry. But you don't know how many were turned back—some discharged, some put in minor parts, and hundreds of things changed around from what you originally expected to do, maybe lots of this through no particular fault of theirs at all, lots of times just through unfortunate circumstances. Everybody is ambitious, in the theatrical profession I think more than in most any other business.

Every chorus girl dreams of the day when she will get a little bit or part to do. Perhaps she has been promised it in this show. They may have it handed to them at rehearsals, and work hard on trying to perfect it as the stage manager wants it. It may be with one of the comedians. Opening night, the girl may do it great, but the stunt don't appear funny to the audience, or maybe the comedian himself is bad in it and the whole thing is out, all through no fault of hers, she has to take her place back in the chorus line or get out. It's just one of those tough breaks.

Ever since I came back East to join the show I have been thinking night and day on some novel little things to do and of course had built up great hopes on them. Well, I want to tell you honestly I didn't have a single one that turned out. Well—yes, they were turned OUT just as fast as I did them. The first part would be in the alley before I got through with the last part. One of my marvelous bright ideas was to put out a card which read, "Songs and jokes we would like to forget but they won't let us." Well, another comedian and myself went out doing the songs which had been done to death lately and jokes which were not too old but yet had been told a lot lately. I had the idea of doing this behind a woven net drop that come down to keep the audience apparently from throwing and hitting us with something. It was the old Cherry Sisters stunt.[1]

Well, the songs we sang didn't seem to the audience to be old enough to be funny or new enough to be good. So the net was given to a poor fisherman. One of the actors said to me, "I think that net killed it. If you had done the act without the net I think it would have gone." I said, "Friend, I wouldn't do the same act again for a thousand dollars without the net. The next time we would have really needed it."

Then another one I had laid great stress on was an old fashioned illustrated song with slides. The song was called the "Men of Yesterday." It was the best ballad lamenting the men who had passed and what great men they had been in their day. Now at the same time I was showing on the screen

such prominent men as McAdoo, Al Smith, Charley Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Dawes, Underwood, Jackie Coogan, and Ben Turpin.[2] I leave it to you if that idea don't contain some humor, to be singing a sad song lamenting these down and outs and then showing the pictures of these men including a lot more equally prominent.

Well if you think it's funny I wish you had been in the audience. You would have been a novelty. I never saw a song that it seemed so long to the end. It died standing up, sitting down, and rolling over. I asked people about it later and they said "Why, McAdoo and those fellows you showed are not down and out." Now will you tell me what's the use of trying?

Ann Pennington has worked for the last two years with Brooks Johns who plays the banjo for her to dance by.[3] Well, I conceived another bright idea of learning one chorus of her dance, and dressed as him, going out and doing it as the audience were accustomed to seeing him do it. I got a teacher and nearly drove everybody out of the theatre for two weeks hammering on this banjo. Got to dress rehearsal at Atlantic City and found that her dance come right ahead of my own roping specialty. I couldn't do it there and so that was another idea gone into the ocean. Going down last Sunday, I was singing and playing all the way. Today that banjo is in a crepe bag in the baggage coach ahead. Two weeks of good banjo practice gone for nothing.

We started in with a plot. I had a scene with a little girl who I was supposed to have raised and she had won a beauty prize and was going on the stage and leave me. Well, I thought, here is where I will do some of my moving picture acting. It is a pretty little scene, as I realized that she was going and that I had learned to really love her. Everybody at rehearsals said, "Oh, that's great." I got so I could do it so good I cried—really. Well, opening night they listened for a few minutes and they didn't hear me pull any wise cracks, so they just made themselves up something to laugh at. They didn't want to hear me serious. They wanted to know what I thought of Coolidge or what was going to become of the Democrats. Now, I don't mind telling you I had visions of that little scene getting me in a dramatic play, where I could leave the ropes in the barn. The whole plot was dumped into the ocean.

The audience didn't want to hear a lot of talk. They wanted to see girls and action. So consequently all those whose parts pertained to the plot had to change to something else or get out. So you see we have all had our trials, and worries, I came back with nothing that I went down with. Everything is something else that developed while there.

There is enough material thrown out of one of these shows after the first performance to build Ringling Brothers Circus. We had so much show I wanted to send the first act on the road and take the second act into New York.

So a plot and a corset are two things you will never see in our show.

You may have a scene and you like it and think you are good in it, and they find it don't fit into their scheme of the show, or maybe it's not funny enough. Girls are disappointed about their costumes and are crying—maybe they have been taken out of numbers for some reason or other. Principals may have what they think are their best songs or dances cut out, for this is one big machine and no little or big cogs are supposed to mar the ultimate end. If you are ground under, it's just your hard luck, not one chance in a hundred that it was your fault, but things just broke bad for you.

The boss has them himself more than anybody. He builds and plans all year to see big ideas go wrong at dress rehearsal or on opening night. So nothing that happens to us can we blame on him. He is gambling two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on each one of these, so what are our worries compared to his? Of course, after we all get into New York and get started why we forget some of our disppointments, and others will get other jobs. But right at the time when we were speeding in, all on edge as to what New York would think of us, I just thought, here is the great advertised show, which is supposed to be a light-hearted and care-free organization, and supposed not to have a worry or a care, yet I bet you there was more real downright drama on that train than on any other that was going in. But during it all they just gritted their teeth and stood it, rehearsed all night and half of the days, everybody trying their best without a murmur, stage hands, musicians, actors, owner and all the bosses, going all night and day, everybody ready to gamble their future on one night's showing.

I want to tell you there are some game people in our much maligned profession. I want to tell you, folks, you will never know what a blow it was to me not to be able to sing about those noble "Men of Yesterday" and play that banjo for Ann Pennignton's bare knees.

If you see the show and I am sad, you will know what it's from.

82 THEY NOMINATED EVERYBODY BUT THE FOUR HORSEMEN

As I pen you these few lines, the Democratic National Convention is still going on; going on to where, nobody knows. But it has to end some time for even a delegate can only stand just so much oratory. Perhaps by the time you read this they will have nominated a man for president, but I doubt it very much.

All the first week was taken up with seconding the nomination of McAdoo and Al Smith.[1]

It looked like they were going to run out of people to do it, and they would have to second each other.

I wish you could have been here and heard what great men we have in this country. We started out with 16 men for president. Here is what each one of them was. "The only man who can carry the Democratic party to a glorious victory in November. Whose every act has been an inspiration to his fellow men. Not only loved in his home state but in every state." Well, there was six continuous days of that.

Then the Klu Klux Klan argument come along, and really it was welcome even in New York. Just to get people's minds off that continuous, "The man I am about to name to you."

One day and up to two thirty in the night they fought and argued the Klan. It was the most exciting and dramatic night I ever saw in my life.

After 11 hundred delegates voted and recounted and voted the thing stood only about one vote apart. In fact a fraction of a vote, due to North Carolina, instead of having an election and naming 24 delegates, just letting the whole state come as delegates and giving each one the usual Volstead Ratio, half of one percent of a vote.

Alaska voted one Klu Klux Klan away up there. Can you imagine a man in all that snow and cold with nothing on but a thin white sheet and pillow slip?

My old friend W. J. Bryan made one of his characteristic speeches.[2] He said that if they split the Democratic party with this Klan issue that another great party would arise to take its place. Some guy away up in the gallery started booing him. He just stopped and waited a minute until the heckler quit, then he said: "But no great leader of any party has ever come from the gallery." After that they laid off him.

Ex-secretary of War Baker made a speech on the League of Nations and spoke of the 4 Horsemen of the Apocalypse, meaning I suppose, Borah, La Follette, Johnson, and Brookhart.[3]

I arrived late one morning, well only about 15 minutes late, and they had nominated 5 men for president already. I asked a man in the press stand who they were and he said, "You weren't here and you know them as well as I do."

I had a friend who wanted to be nominated but all the nominating speakers were so given out that he had to let it go until next election, that is in case they ever have another one.

If the one who is nominated can only swing the votes of the ones who were defeated he will give Mr. Coolidge a tight race.

Talk about presidential timber. Why, man, they had whole lumber yards of it here.

There was so many being nominated that some of the men making the nominating speeches had never even met the men they were nominating.

I know they had not from the way they talked about them.

Every time the speaker nominated somebody, why the band would strike up what they thought was an appropriate tune. The bird nominating Governor Brown of New Hampshire kept talking and referring to "The Old Granite State. That glorious old Granite State."[4] When he finished the band played "Rock of Ages." There was granite for you.

They nominated from a list of all Democrats. They drew them out the night before convention.

Some man named Stuart from Illinois got up to nominate somebody, and we knew we would hear something about Lincoln being born in Illinois, and sure enough we did.[5] He kept quoting Lincoln's famous remark about "God must have loved the common people because he made so many of them." Well this bird kept talking about his man being for the common people, and he flopped terribly. You are not going to get people's votes nowadays by calling them common. Lincoln might have said it but I bet you it was not until after he was elected.

The fellow that nominated Charley Bryan from Nebraska was the only truthful one.[6] He said, "I am gong to nominate a politician." You know nobody at these things dare mention politician. Matchless leader, or successor to Jefferson are about as low as they ever mention. This fellow told how Bryan had lowered the price of gasoline in Nebraska, and a crowd of people was seen to leave the hall. I think it was John D. Rockefeller and his Bible Class.[7]

In the Charley Bryan demonstration staged by Nebraska, Florida joined in out of brotherly love.

When Bryan was presented the band played "Way Down Yonder in the Corn Field."

When Jimmy Cox was nominated the band played, "Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot."[8] Jimmy Cox is a mighty fine man, but I don't know of any quicker way in the world to be forgotten in this country than to be defeated for President. A man can leave the country and people will always remember that he went some place. But if he is defeated for President they can't remember that he ever did anything.

Smith's demonstration lasted an hour and a half. McAdoo's almost as long.

But most of them just managed to last through a verse and one chorus of the band.

Matthews of New Jersey nominated Governor Silzer also of New Jersey.[9] He made a plea for him on the ground that he came from the same state that President Wilson did. That don't mean anything. Look, I come

from the same state that Harry Sinclair did.[10] Yet I couldn't find an oil well with a search warrant.

His principal pleas for Silzer was on the highways of New Jersey. So if people west of the Mississippi and down south want a president who will keep the roads of New Jersey up in good shape you can't do better than have him.

A guy from Utah talked so long and loud that all of us couldn't see how it could be anybody in the world he was nominat-ing but Brigham Young that matchless father.[11] But at the finish he crossed everybody by saying he was seconding McAdoo's nomination.

You could never tell until one got through who he was going to name. They would pull the name last. That would be the only surprise they had.

Quinn of Minnesota throwed the biggest scare into the Convention.[12] He praised his man so high that everybody in the hall knew it couldn't be anybody but LaFollette but he fooled us all by seconding Smith. In his talk he never spoke of anything east of St. Paul, and in Smith's travels he has never been west of Syracuse. So you can see for yourself how hard it was to follow who they were going to name.

At the time I am writing this it looks like Smith will be the lucky one, so I think they will nominate Ralston.[13]

83 IN THE MIDST OF A 7 YEAR HITCH

Well, I guess you heard about my presidential boom. You know every calamity in the world befell the Democrats while they were here in session the last couple of years.[1] First they started in nominating. The entire first week was taken up with that. They nominated so many Democrats that if it had kept up another day they would have had to gone over into the Republican column. They talked their delegates and audience to death the first week. No wonder they couldn't agree, there was no two delegates that could remember the same candidate.

Well, it ran along week after week and the longer it ran the more confused the delegates got. They began to get this convention mixed up with the San Francisco one because it had been so long since they left home, why, both conventions seemed about the same distance off.[2] One delegation got to voting for Cox thinking it was 'Frisco.[3] The chairman had no more than got that straightened out and explained to them that this was an entirely different year when what does my native state of Oklahoma do! They woke up the chairman of their delegation right quick one day to answer roll call and he blurts out "Oklahoma votes 20 for Robert L. Owen."[4] Well the chairman had to explain to them that this was not 1920, and that Mr. Owen was

not a candidate, he was only a delegate. The Missouri delegation, when they could get any two to agree, voted for two days for Champ Clark, until telegrams commenced to pour in telling them of his demise.[5]

Nebraska voted for Bryan, and got sore when the rest of the convention thought it was W. J.[6] They said it was a son or a brother or something of his. Mississippi and Louisiana started out voting for my old friend Pat Harrison and Pat's bottle run out, and they found an old Hoffman House Hotel Register and from then on they just voted for the names on it.[7]

Alabama was the only state that you could absolutely depend on. It seems that years ago Alabama sent a delegation to some convention instructed for a candidate and that when they got there they sold out and voted for another. So they have passed a law that any time they send a troup away again that they were to vote for the man they told them to until the candidate's body has been duly pronounced dead by the home coroner. Well, that knocked any chance of profit out of this trip as far as Alabama was concerned.

La Follette, out in Cleveland, wrote a platform, held a convention, nominated himself, and went home.[8] All this happened during the time they were polling the Illinois delegation here at this convention.

Women delegates started in with Bobbed Hair and wound up by being able to sit on it. One Woman sent back home for her washing machine. The Arkansas Delegates started in whittling up the board floor and whittling their way from the back of the hall up to the speaker's platform. There was so many shavings under their chairs that if a fire had ever broken out in the buildings, between these shavings and the long whiskers, why, there would never in the world have been a way to stop it. There was one old long bearded man from Utah, that when the voting on the Klan got close shook 4 delegates with half a vote each out from under his whiskers and decided the issue right there.

All the members of the National Committee had gold badges to start in with. The thing that had only gone along a few weeks when they commenced to turn green and finally you couldn't tell whether it was a badge or a shamrock.

It's too bad because all the delegates here will lose their votes when they go home this fall. The law plainly states that you must have been a resident of the state for the last 6 months. If they were not thoughtful enough to register when they come to New York, they will lose their votes entirely.

Lots of delegates also had wives who were delegates, and this has been the longest time they ever spent together in their lives. I bet you will never see another man go on a delgation to a Democratic Convention when his wife is on one. South Carolina has no divorces, so of course this conven-

tion gave all their members a chance to get out of the state, claim a residence of 6 months, and be divorced before they get home.

Now mind you, as I pen these lines for this weekly letter to you, this thing is still going on. It's Monday morning of the third week. I don't know now who they will nominate. In fact people have lost interest. If they ever do nominate somebody, some of the papers may carry it and you may know it by the time you read this, but I doubt if he will even be nominated by then. If he is, it will be too late to get his name on the ballot by November, as the racing forms have already gone to press for the November classic. I am certainly glad that La Follette entered. That will give Coolidge somebody to run against, anyway.

If they don't hurry up they will be the only party in the world that ever nominated a candidate and got him defeated on the same day.

In number of population the convention is holding its own. The deaths from old age among the delegates is about offset by the birthrate. Personally I think that the candidate who will finally be nominated will be born in this country.

I have been writing a daily account for the papers for this even years' HITCH. I took it for so much for the job. If I had signed by the word I would be able now to walk by and hiss Rockefeller.[9]

In 1860, the Almanac says, a Democratic Convention was moved from Charleston to Baltimore. There is nobody here in this convention to verify it so I doubt if it ever happened. But, anyway, they talked for two days about moving this one, on account of us being held here in New York where one of the candidates lives. Well, they got to figuring and there was no town they could take it to that didn't have a candidate who lived there.

Of course their thoughts naturally turned to Claremore, Oklahoma, the best town between Foyil and Catoosa in Oklahoma. Then, when Arizona showed such splendid judgment in putting me in nomination, why of course we couldn't go there on account of the galleries there being biased in favor of my nomination.[10] Then they figured they might just as well stay here. Everybody had got used to the place, and if they moved them they would just have to get used to sleeping in strange chairs again, and maybe by a different seating arrangement they might be sleeping next to someone they didn't even know. It meant really alot of trouble, anyway, opening up new credit accounts and getting used to a different climate.

I want the Democrats to just pass this election by without getting beat and then center all their forces on 1928. Cal will be ineligible then, unless they may pass a Constitutional amendment to elect a President for life—and he is so lucky they are just liable to do it. But if he is out, the Republicans will have to get a new man too. Then it will be an even break.

But go ahead with this convention and pick him now. In fact I would pick out three or four to run in rotation, in 1928, ’32, ’36, and so on, because you will never get Democratic delegates to ever give up the best part of their lives by attending another one of these things. If they are wise today down there they will pick Jackie Coogan, for President and Baby Peggy for Vice President.[11]

84 BROTHER CHARLEY WEARS A SKULL CAP BUT HE’S NO RABBI

Well, hello folks! I just woke up. I have been asleep for two weeks. I suppose you heard about the late Democratic unpleasantness finally ending. Some of the old time papers had lost interest in it. So I better repeat who it was in case the paper you generally read is up to date and don’t print old news.

A fellow named Davis![1] The Davis’s, Smiths and Jones’s are slowly coming into their own. His first name is John, so they figured if he can only just carry the other Davis and the John vote that he will walk in. Then there are 8 million men named the whole name, John Davis. Each of those will be allowed double voting privileges, on account of having both names. Just before they left the last night they nominated a Vice President. They didn’t think they would need one. You see Coolidge has none now, and so they figured if they could only just do as well as he is doing that that would not be so bad. But finally they dug one up. Now in selecting his name they were not as fortunate as they were with the Davis name. They picked out a man named Bryan.[2]

To the general public there is only one Dempsey, that is Jack.[3] Only one Chaplin, and that is Charlie.[4] And only one Bryan and that is W. J.[5] Now Bryan has been years building up his reputation, such as it is, and now they go and nominate another one named Bryan and it will take him just as long to get the general public to understand that he is not to be confused with W. J., only in blood. The question arises in my mind whether in the short space of time they have left, whether they can educate the public up to know that the two are different, if they had known they was going to nominate Bryan they would never have let the convention go so long, because they were losing all these weeks when they could have been alibiing his name.

Out in Cleveland at the Republican Follies, W. J. and I were together quite a lot. You see he was lucky to get some one to associate with him out there. But when we got here he tried to high tone me. He started in giving me the Ritz. Because a few Democrats hollered “Hello” at him and paid him some attention, why, he plum forgot me who had befriended him in an

Alien City, when nobody would associate with him. Because, I will say this for Republicans, they are more careful of their associates than Democrats are.

Well, one night at dinner he talked to me for an hour about this same brother. He was like a father talking about all the bright things his baby does. He told me how this brother Charley, as he always called him, had always took care of his (W. J. Bryan's) money and invested it for him, and how he had worked his way up out in Nebraska from one political job to another, how one time he had been elected for Mayor of Lincoln, but that when they counted the votes and found Charley Bryan had the most the political ring put him in as Street Commissioner or Traffic Officer, or something. Any way he didn't get to be Mayor. They practically told him "Why can't you take a joke?"

Well, W. J. talked all during dinner about brother Charley and incidentally talked through a six dollar and eighty cents check, which I, the Boob, was paying just to hear about brother Charley and what he had done for the Ford owners in Nebraska, by lowering the price of coal. He remarked then, between orders, that Charley should be president. Well, of course, I just looked at him and laid it to his age and living in Florida. Because a Florida or Californian both get light headed if you start feeding them a little heavy. He said he wanted me to meet his brother, and I said yes, I would be glad to. You have to be polite to everybody, but at the same time knowing that I would not be in Nebraska soon or his brother be out of there soon.

But when the Democrats commenced to stagger in here for the convention, here is this brother on this excurison east. I am to appear one night at a big swell affair for Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, at the Ritz Hotel that she is giving for a lot of the delegates.[6] Well, I told a lot of truths up there, which the crowd all took as jokes. Oh everybody was there that had ever lived off of federal or state funds. I talked with a lot of them afterwards, including Arthur Brisbane, Barney Baruch, Governor Sweet of Colorado, Mr. Hearst, Senator Copeland, Mr. Phelan.[7] You couldn't step without tromping on at least a Governor or a Senator.

Well, a fellow with a black skull cap come up to me and introduced himself to me. I thought at first that he was a Rabbi. He said he was Brother Charley. Well sir, he was the nicest fellow, a regular two fisted man. He started to make some apologies for his brother and I stopped him, and told him I understood. I had been in New York long enough to know what heat would do. He said: "This is a dam fine party, ain't it Will?" I looked at him. I couldn't believe it. Then in a few minutes he used the word Hell. He seemed so jolly and nice, said he would come and see our show, (the Follies mind you) I got away from him and went over to Mrs. Hearst and asked

her if that was really Bryan's brother. She verified it, and I have never known her to lie to me yet.

Well the next day W. J. and I who wrote for the same syndicate would meet in the office writing our stuff. I said to him, "Mr. Bryan I met your brother Charley last night. He is a regular guy. He said Hell and Dam, and everything." W. J. looked at me sorter funny, and said "I will have to get after him about that." You know W. J is never stuck for an answer.

But, on the level, this other Bryan is O.K. and if the Republicans think they have got it on the Democrats because they have a Vice President like Dawes with his Hell's Maria cussing, I want to tell you they are cuckoo.[8] Bryan has them beat at their own game.

That Maria stuff of Dawes, with all his cussing, that sounds like a girl or an amateur trying to say something naughty and afraid to while this brother Charley just brings his out just like they were meant. Now I am just tipping you fellows off that bet on elections, if this is to be a profane campaign don't you be too sure of this bird Dawes laying it over his Democratic opponent. You see what I heard him say things where he had no reason to. Just imagine if he got mad what he would say! Any man that has drove a cultivator up a corn row in Nebraska, no man that comes out of a bank is going to beat him cussing.

Another thing that is going to help Charley Bryan, he don't lecture at churches. He seems perfectly satisfied to let people use their own judgment as to what they shall do. While William Jennings was trying to prove that our ancestors did not hang by their tails and bounce coconuts off each others beans, why brother Charley was licking the Standard Oil in Nebraska. You see the minute W. J. got out of Nebraska and got into Florida, why this other Bryan commenced to get somewhere. I write this not for any political purposes, but simply out of my love for all mankind. I don't want to see a man get in wrong even if he is Bryan's brother.

As far as politics is concerned personally I am trying to get Debs to run on an eighth ticket, and I will be his cussing Vice President.[9]

Here is a little incident that actually happened that illustrates the very good nature of both these boys. I sent Governor Bryan a message the day after his nomination: "Congratulations. Won't you please have your birth records looked up and see if you are not really a cousin of W. J. instead of a brother? If you can, it will aid us greatly in the campaign."

Well, W. J. took that and showed it all around as a joke on himself.

There is a great chance for some good cusser to get in as Vice President with La Follette.[10] He ought to have heard McAdoo when this convention was over.[11] He would have hired him quick.

Well, here is my honest summing up of the whole convention. The Democrats, after floundering around here for the best part of 1924, accidentally picked the best two men they had.

Next week I want to write you about the prominent women of the convention. There is where the brains are, and that is what kept it so long. You couldn't frame up political trades with them.

85 CANDIDATES' WIVES ARE NICE FOLKS, TOO

It's been a year since that Democratic nightmare ended yet I can hear through my dreams ringing: "Alabama, two dozen for Underwood."[1] But there will always remain one bright spot. Well, not only one bright spot, but many, for thanks to the 19th amendment there were many bright spots there.

Now, mind you, all through that Epileptic Epidemic of 1924 I did not just sit in the press stands listening to the nominating speeches or to: "The Secretary will again call the roll." No sir, if I had done that I would not be able to write you these few lines. I got out and mingled around with the delegates and everybody. And I want to tell you that the whole thing will always remain a happy memory to me just on account of the lot of great people that I was able to meet—especially the ladies.

Now, I am not much of a ladies' man. But when I can meet some women and we can get started off on, "What ages are your children?" and, "I have some just the same age," why, then I can always hit if off pretty good. Well, we had them here. Don't you people think because women are in politics that they haven't got time to stand herd over a troup of kids.

We will start in with the wives of the presidential candidates. Mrs. McAdoo I had known for a long time—her and her husband.[2] I want to just tell you something that she did. A few years ago I was in New York and my wife happened to be in California with the children. It was Thanksgiving and she rang me up and asked me where I was going to have Thanksgiving dinner. Now, mind you, I know them only casually. Well, she wanted me to come over and have dinner with them, with only their family. Now I thought that was pretty fine. Here was an ordinary comedian spending a lonesome Thanksgiving away from home and they happened to think of me. Afterwards, when they came to California, they did me the honor of calling at our rats' nest. So I would go up in her box at the Garden and have many a merry chat with her, and she always had a smile whether they were voting with or against her husband. Her sister, Miss Margaret, was generally with her.[3]

Just below her, in a box almost close enough to touch, sat Mrs. Smith, the wife of Governor Smith, the other leader in the balloting.[4]

Now I want to tell you of a little incident that happened, to show you what kind of sports these wives were. A newspaper woman met Mrs. McAdoo rushing out of the Vanderbilt Hotel one morning and asked her what her hurry was. Mrs. McAdoo said: "I am hurrying to the Garden. They are going to nominate Al Smith this morning and I want to be there. You know yesterday when they nominated my husband and the demonstration lasted for over an hour, Mrs. Smith stood up in her box and waved and applauded, and I am going to be there to do the same for her husband, if it lasts all day and all night." Now I claim that was a thoroughbred thing to do. Both of them.

What an example that should be to our men candidates! Mrs. McAdoo was the most simply and plainly dressed woman in the boxes. Some of the women alternates had on evening dresses for the morning session. But breeding will tell even in a Democratic convention. She is a true daughter of a great president.

Mrs. Smith is another Al. She either got it from him or he got it from her. But, to meet either one of them, you know why New York is so strong for them. She always has some of her family with her, and I was standing talking to them part of the time during that hour and a half demonstration (the like of which has never been equalled for noise) at the conclusion of her husband's nomination. There was 15 thousand raving friends of Al Smith marching, hollering, screaming. Armistice Day was a Sunday School Picnic compared to it. And here was the wife and children of this man who, regardless of race or creed, is beloved by all that know him. I left my press seat while all the writers were fast scibbling news to their papers all over the U. S. as to what states were joining in the demonstration. I wanted to see and hear what she, the wife, thought of all this. The human part of a thing has always appealed to me more than the spectacular. It took me at least 20 minutes to work and shove my way across to where they were.

Now, as this article is for and about the women, I want to tell you confidentially, she did have tears in her eyes, for though the gamest women can keep back tears in sorrow, they can't keep them back in happiness. I asked her what she thought of it. She just said: "It's wonderful." But she didn't say it boastingly.

Now, as I saw and talked with these two wives in victory, I also sat and talked with both of them in defeat. When all the votes were going to somebody else, they were just as game and I don't think that down in their hearts, personally, they were either one disappointed. Mrs. McAdoo would greet me every day with: "Well, what new jokes have you today?" And up in my dressing room wall at the theatre, along with telegrams for J. W. Davis,

Charley Bryan, McAdoo and others is one from Al Smith thanking me "in behalf of Mrs. Smith for my chats during the weary months of the siege."[5]

Mrs. John W. Davis I did not meet but I did meet her husband, and they say she is equally the class that he is.[6] So if a Democrat reaches the White House we will have a mistress to preside, who no titled European visitor can embarrass by doing the right thing first. She will never tip her soup plate even if she can't get it all.

Mrs. Leroy Spring from the Carolinas, the only lady who was ever nominated for the Vice Presidency, was another one I was fortunate enough to exchange daily jokes with.[7] She afterwards come to our theatre, and I introduced her and she received a rousing welcome. She could have remained right with us in the Follies as few of our girls had it on her for looks. She made a hit with me by saying her husband always read my stuff in the papers. And me, like a boob, fell for it.

Then there was another very able and charming lady, Mrs. Miller from Pennsylvania.[8] I defeated her by one half vote for the Presidency of the United States. She is the first woman to ever receive a vote (or half vote, rather) for the Presidency, and I am the first acknowledged comedian to receive one (not the first comedian, mind you, but the first *acknowledged* one.)

She made a seconding speech for Al Smith that knocked the old men politicians right back onto their flasks. Imagine a smart woman like that bringing up children in a place like Pittsburgh. I tried like a true Californian to sell her some lots in California. She was dandy, and next to the best speaker there, either man or woman.

The best speech made there was by Mrs. Izotta Jewell Brown from Virginia.[9] She seconded the J. W. Davis nomination late in the evening when all these old windbags had been going all day, and she knew what to say and still more important, she knew when to stop, AND DID. She used to be an actress, and if it will do any of these long winded men any good I am in favor of making actresses out of them for a while if it will learn them what to say, and when to quit.

Princess Bibesco, the daughter of Margot Asquith and wife of the Roumanian Ambassador to Washington—I sat up on the Speaker's stand by her several times.[10] Say, she savies American politics! She is a chip off the old block. Mother had got nothing on her daughter for wise cracks. She was too fast for me. I could just reach up and get the dull ones. She was also the fashion plate of the Speaker's stand. She and Mrs. Cordell Hull and Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, and Mrs. Harriman.[11]

Well, along towards the last night, I met the finest woman, just like down home folks, she and her husband, both. I had never met them before

and if you ever get a chance, look them up. That's Mr. and Mrs. Josephus Daniels.[12]

Oh, I can't tell you all the ones I met. It would take a book for this was truly a woman's convention, and during the last few days who pops in but my good friend Mrs. Alice Nicholas Longworth.[13] I don't know what she was doing slumming around a Democratic Convention, but I certainly was glad to see her, as she knows more politics in a minute than all the floor leaders that ever spoiled a candidate's chances. This was the only time I ever saw her stuck. Even she didn't know who was going to be nominated. Nick was with her so we would all guess together. Nick said he was right half of the time as he had guessed who the Republicans would nominate at Cleveland.

If this Roosevelt woman had been born a man we would not have to be worrying all this time over who would be one of our Presidents.

Met and had gab fests with two other charming ladies whose husbands received many presidential votes. One from my home state, and one from my wife's state: Mrs. Robert L. Owen, from Oklahoma, and Mrs. Joe Robinson of Arkansas.[14]

The women can well feel proud of their record at this convention. They made better and shorter speeches, didn't sell out, look better, dressed better, stayed awake better, and had they been running it, they would have cooked up some candidate earlier and we would all have been home.

86 RANDOM SHOTS AT THE NEWS OF A WEEK

Well, all I know is what I read in the papers. I see where Uncle Henry Ford has a new rule in force out in his factory where they paste those knick-knacks together. Every man working there has to have his breath smelled every morning. That, of course, seems like a pretty strict rule to put in force in a so-called free country, and it has come in for a lot of criticism in the papers, but they way I look at it, it is absolutely necessary. Should a man go to work in there who had had a few strong shots of some of our national drinks of today, he would blow his breath on one of those F. O. B.'s, and blow all the bolts right out of it.

Now, Mr. Ford is a very smart man and in passing these rigid rules I bet you he knows where to stop. I bet you that he won't instruct his salesmen to be so strict with a purchaser. In fact his salesmen smell of your breath when you come in to buy one and if it shows no signs of drink they don't try to sell you. He is smart enough to know a sober man would never buy one. Mind you, all this smelling of breath is done, not on the company's

time, but on the time of the workers. Some men have to get up at four o'clock in the morning to get their breath examined so they can get to work at eight. Imagine a line of fifty-thousand all waiting to blow a single individual tester! Think what he must be with all those Italian workmen passing by him. He is just 180 pounds of garlic by night.

The University of Michigan is putting in a chair in their faculty devoted to the art of breath detecting. But there is always a way to defeat any reform. Drinkers will learn to hold their breath like a diver.

GIBES J. P. MORGAN

While we are on the subject of papers, why, Mr. J. P. Margan just sailed for Europe.[1] Today's papers here in New York are full of it. They made all the photographers and reporters get off the boat, and they put in a special gangway for him to go on the boat. He had dozens of policemen and officers to see that no one molested him by even looking at him. Then you will hear some bonehead say we have no classes in America like they have in England.

Why, if J. P. Morgan was as democratic for just one day as the Prince of Wales is every day, Morgan would feel like he was slumming.[2] He was asked, the day before sailing, if his trip had anything to do with the Dawes Debt Plan being discussed in Europe now.[3] He said, no, "Absolutely nothing at all." No, he is no more interested in that loan than Babe Ruth is in base ball or William J. Bryan is in electric fans for Chautauquas.[4]

He said he was just going over to Scotland for the Grouse shooting season. Can you imagine what would happen if some one told him he was trespassing during his hunting over there. He would just say to his valet: "Boy, buy this lower end of Scotland for me, and send my secretary the bill; and, by the way, boy, purchase a couple of more million grouse and turn them loose here. Fix it so that no matter which way I shoot I will at least hit one."

HIGHER COST OF TELEPHONES

New York City has had a big telephone rate fight through the courts. The company wanted a 10 per cent increase and got it. The judge handed down a decision and I'm told it declared that they were only being paid for the number that they got for you; that if they could collect for the wrong numbers they would be able to lower the rates, but that they only got about six right numbers in a day, hence they should be allowed the raise. If the courts try to phone the company that they have won the case the company won't hear it until away into next fall unless they write them.

BOBBED-HAIR ISSUE IN MEXICO

We had no more heard the news that Mexico was all settled down and that they had had an election down there and most of the ones elected lived through it, when, all at once, a war breaks out about girls bobbing their

hair. Yesterday's casualty list read: 4 deaths and 2,176 bobbes. Just when we thought they were getting civilized down there they bob up with a barbarous custom and show that they are just as far behind civilization as we are. It will be a complete novelty in Mexico for the men there have never bobbed their own hair yet. So, it will look funny to see long haired men and short haired women. Villa died just in time.[5]

WHY CARPENTIER REALLY WON

We had a big prize fight here the other night—Tunney and Carpentier, the Frenchman.[6] Everybody is arguing over who won it. Tunney got the decision but I see by the papers today that Carpentier got fifty thousand and Tunney twenty-five thousand out of it, so I figure Carpentier won. Some question his gameness. Say, if he had not been game he never would have got up that first time Jack Dempsey knocked him down in their fight. A man has to be game to get in the same ring with that bird. Why, I know fighters that wouldn't stay in the same hotel with him. If you told them they had to fight Dempsey they would jump off Brooklyn Bridge even if they couldn't swim.

PILGRIMS WHO ARE NEVER WEARY

Mr. Hughes, our secretary of state, has been over in England, and made a speech before the Pilgrims' Society of London.[7] I don't know what the Pilgrims' Society is but they must feed somebody every night. It's almost impossible for an American to go to Europe and not be dined by them, and seal the good-fellowship of the two countries by a speech. If I ever go over I will have one of those cut and dried hands-across-the-sea speeches all ready to deliver there, even if I am not invited. I suppose if a man even told the truth at one of those dinners about both countries he would breakup the club.

WARNING TO RADIO LISTENERS

If you have a radio, the next three months is a good time to have it get out of fix. All you will hear from now until the 4th of November will be: "We must get our government out of the hands of predatory wealth." "The good people of this great country are burdened to death with taxes; now what I intend to do is...."

What he intends to do is try and get elected. That's all any of them intend to do. Another one that will hum over the old static every night will be: "This country has reached a crisis in its national existence. Can we afford to stand aloof from our worldly obligations?"

Of the defeated candidates I am the only one who had the nerve to remain in New York. McAdoo went to Europe, and Epinard the French race horse came over here.[8] So you see we are trading our slow candidates for their fast horses. Al Smith went back to his Follies in Albany, and I stayed right here with my Follies in New York.[9]

VARIED SPEECHES OF ACCEPTANCE

All the Sunday papers today are full of beautiful pictures of the various candidates getting their acceptance speeches ready. You know, a funny thing, they haven't been notified yet. Be a good joke on them if the people changed their mind. And if it was left to the entire vote of the people that is just about what would happen to all three of them. Mr. Coolidge has notified us that his acceptance speech will be very long. Well, he being the president, just out of respect to the office, we will have to listen for a while even if we can't stay awake through the whole thing.

Mr. John W. Davis says his will be very short.[10] La Follette says his will be very loud.[11] So there you are; you can take your choice. A long speech, a short speech, or a loud speech. I wonder why one of them don't announce he will make a good speech. But why expect the impossible!

"DOUG" AND MARY HAULED FORTH

We had Douglas and Mary Pickford in to see us the other night and I brought them up on the stage and they each made a very pretty little talk.[12] I certainly was glad they did that for me, as it helped me out. It showed Ziegfeld that I know some pretty big people.[13] He, with all his money and influence, couldn't get Mary Pickford in the Follies. But I did, and none of our girls had anything on little Mary for looks either. The audience sure did give them a great welcome.

I am laying now for W. J. Bryan. I am going to get him in the Follies some night, if I can get him when he is not lecturing in a tent somewhere. He wouldn't know how to act in a regular theatre with no hay to walk on and no dogs running around under his feet.

WAITING FOR THE PRINCE

Well, so long. I am going out to a polo game. That club I used to furnish the fun and falls for out in California is back here playing, and one of their team, Eric Pedley, not a rich millionaire but just a poor honest to goodness boy, has made so good back here in their practice games that he will no doubt be picked to play No. 1 on the international team.[14] Hurray for the West! He is California bred and raised.

I am waiting for the Prince of Wales. I want to match him single handed for falls.

87 AL AND THE MOOSE MAKE HITS

Well, I had an addition to my act this week in the Follies, and if I can make arrangements with him I would like to use him all the time. He was the biggest hit on his first appearance on our stage of any one we ever had appear. You might have heard of him, he has been playing around these lit-

tle Bush League Circuits and is fairly well known especially among the political and undesirable element. The amusement places of Albany, and Tammany Hall have been his principal sources of employment. He works a good deal like I do, (not that he has copied my style) but he just stands up there and talks on stuff he has read in the papers. He takes the thing, and injects some truth into it. He is just now the biggest thing in New York, and I would feel mighty proud to work with him, I would be willing to let him have his name first in the billing: "SMITH and ROGERS, Al and Will, Those two Boys, in an Act, entitled: The Truth about Politics. Both defeated Candidates but who have proved themselves bigger in defeat than most Politicians would be in Victory."[1]

In fact I myself feel that I am bigger in defeat than even I myself would have been in victory. The late Democratic Dementia which finally closed its prolonged Epileptic fit has made broader men of both Al and I. In fact we both leave the convention much older men than when we entered. They used to advertise beer as "being aged in the wood" but now they advertise Democrats as being "aged in the Madison Square Garden."

Well, he was at our opera house the other night and I want to say this for him he brought his own wife which is considered enough of a novelty to attract attention, even if he were not governor. So I spotted him out and got him up on the stage.

Now I thought that was a pretty Democratic thing for him to do to come up there and help me out, he being the governor of the biggest state in the Union. But that only shows you the kind of a guy he is. He told better jokes on me than I ever could think of on him, and, say, he like to tore the house down with applause.

I tried to get him to announce to us whether he intended running again for governor but he would not commit himself. Politicians will never announce anything until everybody else knows all about it. Then they do it as though it was a great mystery.

I offered him the appointment as Mayor of New York City. I told him Hylan kinder wanted to be governor.[2] Personally I don't think there is any comparison in the two jobs. Why, I told Gov. Smith on the stage that night, a man is lost up in Albany. There is nothing to see up there but the State Legislature, and you know what all State Legislatures look like. I told him to come to New York and stand on the City Hall steps and meet all the Foreign Lecturers that come to this country to tell us how to run it. Look at the parades you can review here, while up at Albany if a parade ever started it would use up all the space and be over in Troy with the overflow.

Mr. McAdoo, just before he left for Europe, was in to see us one night and also helped me out.[3] He has gone to Europe and seems to be staying quite a while. I don't know if his long stay means that he is establishing a

residence over there for political purposes. Still I don't know of anything over there that anyone would want to run for. In fact, you don't have to run for anything over there. If you have the money you just buy it.

The Moose held their convention here last week and have all left town already. I am glad to know they had more manners than the Democrats. I was asked to address them at their opening convention in Carnegie Hall. In fact I was the keynote speaker. I had heard so many political speeches that I found myself saying: "The man I am about to nominate." I had to welcome them to the city as the mayor was out working on Mr. Hearst's ranch in California.[4]

I told them things were pretty tough here now, as the Democrats had drank and eat up about everything we had. This man Davis who is Secretary of Labor in Mr. Coolidge's Cabinet is at the head of the Moose and to some of you that were like me and are not up on the lives and habits of these wild animal fraternities, why this particular one seems pretty good.[5] I told them I thought they were just like some other lodges just sort of a bootleg organization, so it was a source of great satisfaction to learn that they care for hundreds of orphan children and aged people and have a town founded just for that purpose.[6] Anything is just as good as the head of it and no better, and I want to tell you that this fellow Davis is a regular guy. He is a Welshman. The Island of Welsh has produced three great men. Lloyd George is one and Davis is the other two.[7]

He was in to see our side show last night. I introduced him to the audience as the Henry Ford of the Moose. We also had in Mr. Samuel Untermeyer, the great lawyer.[8] During the convention he entertained all the delegates and alternates at his magnificent country home at Greystone at Yonkers. There was a couple of thousand or more of them. He had big circus canopy stretched out on the grounds near an artificial lake and all the food and things already to serve when a big storm came up and blew the whole thing into the lake—eats and all.

Well, it took him and all his servants to keep the delegates from diving in for the sandwiches. Now everybody in the world gets hungry at some time or other but no animal in the world gets quite as hungry as a Democrat. Well, a rain come up with the wind and here come these thousands rushing into the house tramping over the antiuqes and eating the Persian rugs and tapestries. It took him two weeks to clean all the Democrats out of his house. Now a Democrat can't get nearer to his home than Tarrytown, that's 15 miles away.

John W. Davis landed back here.[9] He is the first one from the convention that has had the nerve to come back to town. He has been spending three weeks up in Maine with Charles Dana Gibson, the owner and publisher of Life, the humorous paper.[10] Davis has been working on his ac-

ceptance speech. So if the people don't like the speech, he can sell it to Life. It's always good for a public man to stand in with editors that way. Hearst takes everything Hylan writes. I met the managing editor of the Police Gazette and he offered to use any of my stuff that the people didn't want.

The papers are full of these Defense Day arguments. Our Army and Navy has degenerated so since the war I guess a lot of governors are ashamed to have a parade and show how little they have got. We are the only nation in the world that waits till we get into a war before we start getting ready for it. We are mighty glad to listen to General Pershing's advice during the war, when we trusted the lives of millions of our boys to him.[11] I don't see why they can't listen to him now. Pacificists say that "if you are ready for war, you will have one." I BET YOU THERE HAS NOT BEEN A MAN INSULTED JACK DEMPSEY SINCE HE HAS BEEN CHAMPION.[12]

88 A SKINNY DAKOTA KID WHO MADE GOOD

Out of the west came a little skinny runt kid. He was born away out in the hills of South Dakota. On Sundays the cowpunchers and ranchers would meet and have cow pony races. On account of his being small he was lifted up and a surcingle was strapped around over his legs and around the horse. He was taken to the starting line of a straightway and was "lapped and tapped" off. He had the nerve and he seemed to have the head. So they cut the surcingle and he got so he could sit up there on one of those postage stamp things they call a jockey's saddle. He kept riding around these little country shooting gallery meets, and merry-go-round gatherings, until he finally got good enough to go to a real race track at New Orleans. There he saw more horses in one race than he had ever seen at one track before.

His first race he run 2nd. Then he said to himself. "Why run second? Why not run first?" And he did. They begin to notice that this kid really savied a horse. He spoke their language. Horses seemed to know when the kid was up. He carried a bat (Jockey's term for a whip) but he never seemed to use it. Other jocks would come down the stretch whipping a horse out when the best he could finish would be 4th or 5th. But not this kid. When he couldn't get in the money he never punished them. He hand rode them. He could get more out of a horse with his hands than another jock could get with the old battery up both sleeves.

He got to be recognized as one of the best, and he passed from one stable to another until he landed with the biggest, a real trainer and a real sportsman-owner. How many thousands of people in every line come to

New York every year that want to make good, get ahead and be recognized! They come by the millions. How many, if anything happened to them, would get even a passing notice in the busy and overcrowded New York press. If some millionaire died, the best he could get would be a column. Then perhaps it wouldn't be read through by a dozen. But what blazoned across the front pages of every metropolitan daily a few days ago, in bigger headlines than a presidential nomination, bigger than the Prince of Wales will get on his arrival?[1] In a race at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. a horse had fallen, and carried down with him a little skinny kid (that had slept in this youth not in a 5th Avenue mansion but in box stalls all over the country with horses, the horses he know how to ride and the horses that loved to run their best for him).

Here was the headline: "SANDE IS HURT. He may never ride again."[2] They don't have to give even his first name; few know it. They don't have to explain who he is. The don't have to tell which Rockefeller or Morgan it was. It was just Sande. There is only one. Our Sande! The boy who had carried America's colors to victory over England's great Papyrus and their premier jockey Steve Donahue.[3]

The ambulance rushes on the track and picks him up; it is followed by hundreds afoot running. The entire grand stand of people rush to the temporary track hospital to see how Sande is, and hoping and praying that it's not serious. He revives long enough to tell his wife he is all right. Game kid that. Then he faints again. Mrs. Vanderbilt and the elite of society are assisting and doing all they can to help.[4] A personal physician to a president of the United States is working over him.[5] He could not have shown any more anxiety over the president than he did over this kid. When those thousands of pleasure seekers and excitement hunters rushed from the stands and saw them lifting that frail lifeless looking form from that track ambulance there was not one that wouldn't have given an arm off their body if they had thought it would save his life and that goes for touts, and grooms, and swipes, as well as the public.

Some western people who don't know are always saying the Easterners have no heart, everything is for themselves and the dough. Say, don't tell me that! Geography don't change human nature. If you are right, people are for you whether it's in Africa or Siberia. A wire was sent by Mr. Widener, a millionaire racing official, to Dr. Russell the great specialist of Roosevelt Hospital, N. Y., "Come at once. Spare no expense. SANDE is hurt."[6] That's all Secretary Slemp could do if President Coolidge was hurt.[7]

Mr. Sinclair withdrew all horses from the remaining races.[8] He would withdraw them for life if he knew it would restore this kid who worked for him, back to normal again.

Now what made this one hundred and ten pound half portion of physical manhood beloved by not only the racing public but by the masses who never bet a cent on a horse race in their lives? The same thing that will make a great man in any line—his absolute HONESTY. The racing public are very fickle and when they lose they are apt to lay blame on almost any quarter, but, win or lose, they knew it was not Sande. To have insinuated to one of them that he ever pulled a horse, would have been taking your life in your hands. What do you suppose he could have gotten out of some bunch of betting crooks to have pulled Zev in the big international race. Why, enough to retire on and never have to take another chance with his life by riding. He could have done it on the back stretch and no one would have ever known.

Ablity is all right but if it is not backed up by honesty and public confidence you will never be a Sande. A man that don't love a horse, there is something the matter with him. If he has no sympathy for the man that does love horses then there is something worse the matter with him. The best a man can do is to arrive at the top in his chosen profession. I have always maintained that one profession is deserving of as much honor as another provided it is honorable.

Through some unknown process of reasoning we have certain things that are called arts, and to be connected with them raises you above your fellow man. Say, how do they get that way? If a man happens to take up painting and becomes only a mediocre painter, why should he be classed above the bricklayer who has excelled every other bricklayer. The bricklayer is a true artist in his line or he could not have reached the top. The painter has not been acclaimed the best in his line hence the bricklayer is superior. Competition is just as keen in either line. In fact there is more good bricklayers than painters. If you are the best taxi driver you are as much an artist as Kreisler.[9] You save lives by your skillful driving. That's a meritorious prefession, is it not?

A writer calls himself a literary man or an artist. There are thousands of them, and all, simply because they write, are termed artists. Is there a Sande among them? Caruso was great but he only had to show ability.[10] He didn't have to demonstrate any honesty. Nobody tried to keep him from singing his best by bribery.

Now if you think the racing public and millions of well wishers are hoping for this kid's recovery, what about the horses? They knew him better than the humans did. Why, that horse would have broken his own neck rather than hurt Sande. Who is going to ride him in the next race and make him win and not whip him—not Sande. Who is going to sit on him just where he will be the easiest to carry? Not Sande. Who is going to lean over and whisper in his ear and tell him when to go his best? Not Sande. Who

is going to carry a bat and not use it? Not Sande. Who is going to watch his hand on that starting barrier and have him headed the right way just when the starter springs it? Not Sande. No, the horses are the ones who are going to miss him.

If we could speak their language like he can, here are a few conversations that you will hear through the cracks in the box stalls: "Gee, I can't run. I don't seem to get any help. I wish Sande was back."

A three year old replies, "I wish there was something we could do. If they would just let us go up to the hospital and talk to him, he would savy. I wish we had him here in a box stall. I would stand up the rest of my life and give him my bed. I would fix him some clean hay to lay on. He don't want those white caps and aprons running around. He wants to lay on a horse blanket, and have his busted leg wrapped up with bandages like he knows how to use on ours. I bet they ain't even got Absorbine up there. That kid would rather have a brand mash than all that goo they will feed him with up there."

The old stake horse 4 stalls down the line overhears and replies: "Sure, I bet they have one of them bone specialists. What that kid needs is a good vet."

The old selling plater butts in: "Sure, we could cheer him up if he was here. Them foreigners up there don't speak his tongue. That kid is part horse. Remember how he used to kid with us when he would be working us out at daylight when the rest of the star jocks was in the feathers. One morning I told him if he didn't quit waking me up so early in the morning I was going to buck him off. He got right back at me; he said, 'if you do I will get you left at the post your next race.' Gee, he sure did throw a scare into me. And, say, you couldn't loaf on that bird either. He knew when you was loafing and when you was trying. I throwed up my tail one hot day to make him think I was all through. He give me one cut with the bat and I dropped that tail and left there so fast I could have run over Man of War.[11] Gee, those were great days; do youse reckon Zev knows anything about it? I hope they don't tell him; it would break his heart. He sure did love that kid."

Patient readers, Lincoln went down in history as "HONEST Abe," but HE NEVER WAS A JOCKEY. If he had been a jockey he might have gone down as just "Abe."

89 ABOUT PEGGY, THE PRINCE, CANDIDATES, AND COOLIDGE

Well, all I know is just what little I read in the papers. I see where one of our old Follies alumni has made the front page again. Peggy Hopkins Joyce has just jarred herself loose from another husband.[1] You know, I know Peggy. We used to be in the show together. I tell you when it was. It was in her sophomore marriage. I didn't meet her again until her senior husband. Then those post graduate ones I didn't know at all. Now I never was married to her myself, but she is just a good natured, good hearted girl that when a fellow asks her to marry him, she just has not the heart to refuse. I will say this for Peggy, a poor guy don't last any longer than a rich one with her. Some of them want to be supported in the manner in which Peggy is accustomed, instead of the manner in which they have been accustomed.

That champion marrying prize fighter Kid McCoy got himself into a fine mess.[2] I see where he is going to plead insanity. Well if he can produce all nine of his marriage certificates he can prove it. In fact I don't believe he would have to produce them all. He could leave 3 or 4 at home and even then convince a jury.

I have heard and read much of his shrewdness in the ring but the best one happened in South Africa. He had gone there on some gold mining scheme, and no one knew him as Kid McCoy the prize fighter. So he matched himself against a big burly negro, a native Zulu down there. This big burr head always went barefooted. In fact, he had to; he couldn't get anything big enough to cover those polangus colored dogs of his. The Kid had heard about his fighting barefooted, so he got a box of carpet tacks and concealed them in the palm of his boxing gloves, and as he went out to meet the big jigg, he just casually dropped them on the floor of the ring. The coon stepped leisurely on about a half dozen at once, let a howl out of him that even frightened the other Zulus, picked up his foot with his hands, and as he did,—I say, as he did,—the kid swung a right from as far back as he could reach and clipped Mr. Barefoot right in the chin, and spread him so completely over that ring that it took them days to pick the tacks out of his body.

As I go to press they are still listening to the alienists and insanity experts out in Chicago in that case. There are two things that I don't care how smart you are, you will never understand. One is an alienist's testimony, and the other is a railroad time table.

Well, the heat spell finally broke here in New York. It broke and rained on the night J. W. Davis made his acceptance speech.[3] So the Democrats immediately claimed credit for it.

The wheat crop in Russia failed and made the price go up here. So the Republicans claimed that as their contribution from the administration.

Everybody is making preparations for the visit of the Prince of Wales.[4] He has been offered every private home to live in east of Altoona. I don't know his address over there or I would write to him and tell him what I had to contribute. So I will just do so publicly through the press in this article. He wants to avoid crowds and be off by himself so I think I have just what he wants.

Now, in offering this, I have no (what is it they call it?) ulterior motive. I have no daughter of marriageable age that I have visions of occupying Windsor Castle. What I have to offer is not as elaborate as some he has been offered but it might be just what he wants. I have a nice large dressing room at the Follies and I can have a cot put in and he can have the use of it as long as he cares to stay.

Of course he will have to go out for his meals, but everybody that is anybody here in New York does that anyway. There are not ten modern homes in N. Y. with a dining room in them at all. As to this equerry, or whatever it is that he carries with him, I have no place for hired help. He would have to board them out some place.

I have heard and read that he loves dancing and the association of beautiful girls. Now that should make my offer attractive. We have one hundred of the world's Best that would be passing his door, and that he will not see the likes of I don't care where he and his Equerry go. And he loves dancing. Now where can you get girls and dancing right at your door like I am offering him? There is nothing like it on Long Island; I have been all over that.

Now I hear he is going to have lunch with President Coolidge. After all that excitement he will want some quiet place to rest, so I don't think he can do better than to accept my offer.

By the way, I was just reading all day yesterday and today President Coolidge's serial on the Republican administration. Who said he never said anything? He certainly has been saving up. The question arises whether a man who has been an established success and has absolutely gained the confidence of the American people by not shooting off on everything that come up—whether it is good policy for him to break that rule. Personally I think he made a mistake.

Now, take my case as an example. I have made a comfortable liv-ing by telling the truth about public men and politicans. I have had all kind of suggestions and offers to stop telling the truth about them and start lying for them, buy, NO, I have gotten by this far on one thing. Why should I change, and take a chance of failing?

So that is exactly what I think in his case. He has established himself and gotten to the top; now, why change it by starting in making long winded speeches? He was working and acting for the people and the government all the time. Everybody knew that. Now why does he stop and start telling about it? He is just a politicians, shouting around over the radio "What my party has accomplished." If he had just said: "Boys, I accept the nomination. If you think from what I have done I deserve a chance, why I will he much obliged to you."

I don't care how smart you are, if you say something you are liable to say something foolish and the smarter you are, and the longer you talk the more fool things you will say. We had pictured him as the quiet active man that does instead of says. But, NO, like all Republicans, he has been badly advised, and now he is just a politician seeking re-election.

And I want to tell you that, the way he puts it, I don't see how a fellow can exist and have any self respect and not belong to the Republican party. I did not realize that so many great things had been accomplished by them in the last four years. He states a thing in his first paragraph that I bet you a lot of you did not know and thought the same as I did. He says:

"Our system of nomination is not the outcome of chance, it is the product of experience." I didn't know that. When Mr. Harding was nominated in Chicago after Hiram Johnson had gone there with almost a majority of the votes of the people, and also Mr. Lowden with a big block af them, and that in the deadlock Mr. Harding was chosen, I was always foolish enough to think that chance did have something to do with it.[5] I was even silly enough to think that even in our selection of a Vice Pres., chance entered into it. But now I find that the Boston Police strike had nothing to do with it.[6]

Even as late as this year out at the Cleveland Convention when Dawes was chosen as the Vice Pres. I kinder thought that the custom which makes a plan or a bill bear the chairman's name such as the Dawes Plan bore his name because he happened to be chairman.[7]

We had other members on that excursion who perhaps did excellent work, but because they did not happen to be chairman and have the bill bear their names we can't even remember who they were. Well, I thought that perhaps the publicity accumulating from this Dawes Plan might have had some influence in his being chosen. But it seems I am wrong again. That chance of a bill being named after its chairman had nothing to do with it.

I also, in one of my most coo-coo moments, thought that the geography of the state a man happened to be from entered as an element of chance into our nominations for President and Vice President. I had wondered if Dawes, for instance, (with the same amount of ability) would have been

chosen if he had been from Vermont or Massachusetts instead of Illinois. Would this have been a good Vice Presidential year for him? But I am wrong again. Luck or chance played no part in his being from the West on this particular year. All of my illustrations have been picked from the Republicans as of course when Mr. Coolidge made that famous remark of "No chance entering into it" he was referring only to his own party.

No one would dare to insinuate that there had ever been an element of chance entering into the Democratic Party. Their nominations are not through chance. They are through necessity. If the Democrats nominate by chance, God forbid that they ever take time to deliberate on their choice.

Now that we have learned that chance has no place in politics, and only experience and ability are considered, why not choose our Presidents on the competitive or Civil Service basis?

90 FROM NUTS TO THE SOUP

A couple of weeks ago in my weekly hamburger, I had the following, "If Mrs. J. W. Davis ever gets into the White House we will have a mistress to preside whom no titled European visitor can embarrass by doing the right thing first.[1] She will never tip her soup plate even if she can't get it all."

Now comes along an old friend of mine, Percy Hammond, a theatrical critic on a New York paper (pardon me, Percy, for having to tell them who you are, but my readers are mostly provincial).[2] He takes up a couple of columns, part of which follows:

"For years I have been tipping my soup plate, but never until Mr. Rogers instructed me, did I know that I was performing a social error. Consultation with the polished and urbane head waiters of the Middle West, where I spent by boyhood, taught me, I believed, to eat soup. One wonders if Mr. Rogers has given as much thought to soup as he has to the lariat. Perhaps he does not know, being recently from Oklahoma, that in many prominent Eastern dining rooms one may tip one's soup plate, without losing his social standing. I regard Mr. Rogers's interference as prairie, impudent and unoffical. The stewards of the Dutch Treat Club assure me that it is proper to tip one's plate, provided (and here is the subtlety that escapes Mr. Rogers) provided that one tips one's soup plate from and not toward.[3]

"Mr. Rogers might well observe the modesty in such matters that adorns Mr. Tom Mix, his fellow ex-cowman.[4] Mr. Mix, telling of a dinner given in his honor at the Hotel Astor, said, 'I et for two hours and didn't recognize a thing I et except an olive.'"

ONLY A SOUP CRITIC

Them are Percy's words. Now Percy (you notice I call you Percy, because if I kept saying, "Mr. Hammond, Mr. Hammond," all through my ar-

ticle it might possible appear too formal), Percy, I thought you were a theatrical critic. Now I find you are only a soup critic. Instead of going, as is customary, from soup to nuts, you have gone from nuts to soup. Now, Percy, I have just read your article on "My Ignorance of Etiquette" (I don't know if that etiquette thing is spelled right, or not; if it is not it will give you a chance for another article on my bad spelling). Now you do not have to write articles on my lack of etiquette, my ignorance, my bad English, or a thousand and one other defects. All the people that I ever met or any one who ever read one of my articles know that. That would be just like saying W. J. Bryan was in politics just for Chautauqua purposes.[5] It's too well known to comment on. Besides, I admit it.

Percy, I am just an old country boy in a big town trying to get along. I have been eating pretty regular, and the reason I have been is because I have stayed an old country boy. Now I wrote that article, and technically I admit I may have been wrong, but the newspapers paid me a lot of money for it, and I never had a complaint. And, by the way, I will get the same this week for writing about you that I did about soup. Now both articles may be wrong. But if you can show me how I can get any more money by writing them right, why I will split with you.

Now you took my soup article apart to see what made it float. I will see if we can't find some small technicalities in your literary masterpiece. You say I came recently from Oklahoma, while you came from the Middle West and "by consultation with the head waiters have learned the proper way to eat soup." I thought Oklahoma was in the Middle West. Your knowledge of geography is worse than my etiquette. You say you learned to eat soup from a head waiter in the Middle West. Well, I admit my ignorance again; I never saw a head waiter eat soup.

Down in Oklahoma (probably near Siberia) where I come from, we won't let a head waiter eat at our table, even if we had a head waiter, which we haven't. If I remember right, think it was my mother who taught me what little she knew or how I should eat, because if we had to wait until we sent and got a head waiter to show us, we would have all starved to death. If a head waiter taught you to eat soup, Percy, I suppose you were sent to Borden's to learn how to drink milk.

Then you state: "The stewards of the Dutch Treat Club assure me that it is proper to tip one's plate." Now if you had learned properly from the great social head waiters of the urbane Middle West, why did you have to consult the stewards of the Dutch Treat Club? Could it be that after arriving in N. Y. You couldn't rely on the information of the polished head waiters of your phantom Middle West? Now I was in the Dutch Treat Club once, but just as a guest of honor at a luncheon, and of course had no chance to get into any intimate conversations with the stewards. At that time, the

place did not impress me as being one where you might learn the last word in etiquette.

SELF-PROTECTION, NOT ETIQUETTE

And as for your saying that "anything of subtlety would escape me," that I also admit. I attribute it to my dumbness. But as for me being too dumb to get the idea of "the soup plate being tipped away and not toward one," that's not etiquette; that's just self-protection. As bad as you plate tippers want all you can get, you don't want it in your lap. Custom makes manners, and while I know that it is permissible, to tip plates, I still say that it is not a universal custom.

Manners are nothing more than common sense, and a person has no more right to try and get every drop of soup out of his plate than he has to take a piece of bread and try and harvest all the gravy in his plate. If you are that hungry, they ought to feed you out of a nose bag. So, "prairie impudence" or no "prairie impudence," I claim there are lots of them that don't do it, even if it is permissible, head waiters and Dutch stewards to the contrary.

Now, Percy, suppose they all did as is permitted. Picture a big dinner with everybody with their soup plates all balanced up on edge, with one hand holding them up and the other hand with the spoon rounding up what little soup was left. They would resemble a lot of plate jugglers instead of dinner guests. Why, if that was the universal custom, I would invent a triangle shape side that could be pushed under the plate, so it would permit you to have one hand free, in case you were sitting next to your own wife, or if by chance you might want to use your napkin. According to your hungry plan, every guest practically handcuffs himself during the latter end of the soup course. He is absolutely helpless. So don't ask head waiters and stewards what to do, Percy, look around yourself. You will find hundreds of them that are satisfied with just what soup they can get on the level. Why I bet you are a fellow, Percy, if you took castor oil, you would want to lick the spoon.

A CRITIC OF ETIQUETTE

You know, Percy, I might know more about etiquette than you think I do. I wrote a review on Emily Post's Book on Etiquette, and it was recopied in the Literary Digest (and by the way, it did not mention the Digest's name and it's unusual for them to re-copy anything unless they are mentioned in the article).[6] Now have you or any of your Mid-Western head waiters or retinue of stewards, ever been asked to write a criticism on such an authoritative work as that? So you see I am somewhat of a critic myself. I am the Hammond of the Etiquette book business.

Another thing, Percy, I spoke of a particular case; I mentioned Mrs. Davis. Well, I happened to see the lady in question eat soup, and she did not

try and corral the whole output. She perhaps knew it was permissible, still she did not seem eager to take advantage of it.

Now, you speak of my friend, Tom Mix, where he says, "He et two hours and did not recognize anything he et but an olive." Now, that is bad grammar, even I will admit, but mighty good eating. Don't you kinder envy him, that he has lived his life physically so that now he can eat two hours? I bet you that you would trade your knowledge of the English language now for his constitution. Tipping that soup plate at all your meals for years is what put that front on you, Perc. Leave some, that's why I am trying to prove to you it's permissible to tip the plate, but it's bad physically. The fact that Tom has done something to be given a dinner for, should make him immune from attacks from the press table.

Vice Dawes, the profanity end of Coolidge's campaign, just went through New York last week cussing everything, and everybody, a Hell 'n Maria'ing all over the place.[7] But he has other qualities to offset his cussing, so personally I don't think this word "et," on Mix's part will seriously affect the drawing power of his pictures. You see, Percy, Tom said, "et," but you know better than him what to say. Still, if a western picture was to be made to amuse the entire world, I would trust Tom's judgment to yours. You know, Percy, everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects.

So Perc, you string with the high brows, but I am going to stick to the low brows, because I know I am at home with them. For remember, if it was not for us low brows, you high brows would have no one to discuss. But God love you, Percy, and if you ever want to leave them and come back to us where you started, we will all be glad to welcome you, even if you do feel like you are slumming. You must remember, Percy, that the question of the world today is not how to eat soup, but how to get soup to eat.

91 WHAT WOMEN NEED IS PERMANENT NOSE PAINT

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers! I see where Ma Ferguson was elected in Texas.[1] Texas has gone from the Nightgown back to the petticoat. And when I saw Ma was elected, I mean elected. For when they nominate a Democrat in Texas they stay nominated. You don't catch them wasting any nominations. They won't even let a Republican pass through there on a train if they know it. Men have been set free for every crime on the calendar—murder, robbery, and parking near a fire plug. But if a prosecuting attorney can show where the defendant ever voted the Republican ticket the jury don't even retire to deliberate. A Republican in Texas has about the same social standing that a gentile does in New York

City. I was certainly glad to see a long haired woman get somewhere. If we can just keep Ma from wearing sport clothes now, Texas may do something worth while yet.

The reason Ma was elected was she didn't stop to powder her nose. That's what is holding women back nowadays. I tell you when you take time out for powdering, the day is just about gone. It's getting so this country only has two occupations now. One is the women pawing at their nose with a powder puff, and the other is the man talking about their golf scores. I don't know what started all this color scheme in women's noses. In the old days there didn't seem to be any particular reason why the nose couldn't go along bearing some light resemblance in shade to the rest of the face. If it happened to be red, why it at least was pale in comparison to the men's noses of that time.

In those days, the nose was a thing considered just for blowing purposes, and it was never thought it would some day be used as a background for 50 million amateur female scenic artists. The blowing of a nose was done in those colorless days just before arriving in a crowd, and not after you were in the midst of one. In fact I think that custom still prevails. You are supposed to blow your nose in private and paint it in public. Why the blowing, which is an absolute necessity, should be performed on exhibition, is beyond my understanding.

Everybody is talking about what this country needs. What this country needs is less powder puffs and more babies' rattles. The ratio of sales of the two objects is now about 20 to 1 in favor of the puffs. And why should a mirror always accompany the kalsomining operation? With all the practice they get, any woman that can't find her nose without a mirror should not be allowed to have a nose. Suppose the man of the species, (who usually is more dumb than the female) had to take out a mirror to find his nose every time he wanted to blow it! Suppose he had lost his mirror! His nose would have to go blowless.

If this thing keeps on and women keep hammering at their noses even with such a frail thing as a powder puff, in two generations you will have your nose hammered right down into your face, because, as Lloyd Geroge so aptly said, "Even the dripping of water will wear away at a stone."[2]

Why you want your nose, which has a natural tendency to be red, to be changed to white, while your cheeks which are naturally white to red, I also don't know. You take a freshly powdered nose against a red background of the rest of your face, and there is nothing that you so much resemble as a white face (Hereford) cow.

Mind you, I am not criticising, because I am working on a scheme whereby I will benefit financially far beyond my expectations. I am going to arrange, like the hairdressers do with the permanent wave. I am going to

mix up a some kind of preparation that will give your nose a permanent shade.

Just think of the joy of a woman going out in the morning knowing that she can be gone all day and never have to worry about her nose being shiny! Look at the advantage of a permanent roughness and shade about the nose. Another benefit of this permanent coloring is this: Did you ever notice every time a woman powders her nose whe draws her mouth down out of shape. I don't know why she does it but she does. Now, in the course of a couple of generations that will begin to tell on the race and you will all have drooped mouths.

My permanent nose paint will even allow you to go in bathing, and still retain its original blend. Noses are receiving entirely too much attention anyway. You can hardly pick up a paper nowadays without the story of some prominent person having the contour of his or her nose re-assembled. In the old days you used to be born with an appendix and a nose, and you went through life practically ignorant of the shape of either. Now the appendix in a bottle has replaced the Family Bible as an exhibit in the home, and a nose that has not been overhauled, don't *nose* nothing.

There are today in New York City more doctors removing superfluous noses, than there are dentists removing teeth. Every nose has a doctor all its own. They are landscaping noses just like flower gardens. If an architect has not drawn up a blue print of your nose you are as old fashioned as red flannel underwear. I haven't had mine charted yet, as the face gardener said it would take more than a readjusted nose to do me any good. In fact, he said my nose was about the only thing about my face that seemed to be properly laid out.

Well, the Prince of Wales is here now and everybody has put on her best nose and is trying to see him.[3] I see where he won a booby prize at some affair on the boat and the papers have been kidding him about it, and belittling the accomplishment. I want to tell you that with the stiff competition one has nowadays, it is hard to win a booby prize in any line. It's no credit for a person to win a prize where he has real merit to diplay, because he has no opposition, but it's hard to win a booby prize as there is so many boobys.

He only danced with one girl out of the 700 debutantes. The rest of them went to the steamship office to try and get their money back. Can you imagine the temper of some of those old fond mothers on that boat, after wasting a new dress on their daughter every night.

He took boxing lessons on the boat all the way over, so you won't get me to tell any jokes about him while here.

America seems genuinely glad to see him, part of it on account of his personal popularity, and part out of respect to his position. But the thing

which I think makes his visit so universally popular is the fact that he is not going to lecture to us. He will be the first foreigner that ever landed on our shores that didn't advise us on something. Another thing his visit will accomplish—he will give a lesson in Democracy to some of the untitled rich in this country.

Last night 10 British golf champions were at the show and come back in my dressing room. They were the biggest, huskiest, strongest-looking gang I ever saw. I just thought if you could only get men like that to work at something, what a help they would be, and it's the same over here.

I told them they will find golf a lot different over here. In their country when they get to the 19th hole they have their scotch and soda. Over here they will find it the custom to drink wood alcohol and creosote at every hole. The caddy carries the clubs and the player carries the 19th hole in his pocket with him. I am not a golfer myself, still I think the game itself is not so bad. It's the talk they do about it that is so terrible. It's the only game in the world where it takes longer to explain than it does to play. You play it in 2 hours, and it takes the other 22 alibiing for what you didn't do.

The British polo team is here too. I guess that Labor government in England is what is driving all those loafers over here.

92 CHUKKERS AND CHUCKLES FOR THE PRINCE

Well, friends, this has been a very busy week, between hobnobbing with the Prince, trying to stay on my horse in a polo game against him, making speeches to him, and trying to help New York keep track of him after 12 o'clock at night, besides all the other weekly affairs, such as Benny Leonard's thumb being so sore he couldn't stand a physical examination, so his fight was postponed, also Firpo's trouble.[1] His thumb was all right but they thought his morals were bad.

Then Washington and Brooklyn base ball teams played to the entire satisfaction of the 105 million people who don't live in New York. They raised up and showed that it's a long worm that has no turning. If Washington can just win that pennant, I want to tell you that it will be the greatest achievement in the political annals of the Republican Party.[2] If Washington wins there will be no way of beating Coolidge. He will have accomplished something that no other President has ever been able to do.

Just think what it will mean to the city of Washington to have thousands of visitors coming to their town to see a ball game instead of to see their congressmen to get their taxes adjusted. Just think, Washington winning the pennant after all these years trying! It sounds like W. J. Bryan

being elected President, (and it will no doubt have its effect on inspiring him).[3]

I should be speaking to you through my Equerry. I shouldn't address the masses only by appointment. My cards (if I had any) should read down in the corner, S.H.W.T.P. (shook hands with the Prince) or "purveyer of American gags to his Majesty the Prince." It's going to be awful hard for me to come back on to my raising—corn bread, beans, and fat bacon.

But, all kidding aside, the kid is there. He is a regular guy, and that is saying a whole lot in his case, for everybody around him and that meets him seem to try their best to keep him from being human. They mean well but they get stage fright and are afraid to treat him like he would like them to. I want to tell you that for a young man that has had the world's attention showered on him like he has and come through the way he has it is really remarkable.

Last week during a performance of the Follies I was using quite a lot of material and jokes in regard to the Prince's visit here, because it is the biggest thing of interest since the Democrats took 300 ballots on a president and a half ballot on a vice president. So, one night after the show, a man sent his name up saying he was Major Metcalf, Equerry to the Prince of Wales.[4] Well, he come in and thinked me for what I had said about the Prince, (because I have never been one of those joke writers or comedians or editorial writers that could see any fun in kidding a man because his horse had fallen with him. The Prince's falls have all come through horses falling in Steeplechase races. Now I may have a poor sense of humor, but a horse falling with a man never struck me as being particularly humorous. And I could never see any particulary bad horsemanship in a man when he had a horse fall with him. I also can't get much fun out of a fellow poisoning a well, or shooting his wife, or any of those trifles that most columnists get fun out of. I have had too many horses roll over with me to get any nourishment out of it. I would just as soon have a tatooed mark on my chest as a horse lying on it.)

Well, this equerry gentleman said that the Prince had heard of me and my remarks and was very anxious to hear and see me. The Polo Association who was giving this big afffair to the Prince at the Piping Rock Country Club had asked me to this dinner to speak and when the Prince expressed a desire to hear an old ignorant country boy talk, why I began to think how I could make it. The Polo Players, I knew all of them, wanted me to come. So I went to Mr. Ziegfeld and to show you the kind of a Prince I work for he took everything I do in the show and put it up early in the first act and they had a fast car there for me and away I went to annoy royalty.[5]

I didn't get scared until just before it come time to go, then I happened to think of the Tower of London and remembered that its whole reputation

was built up on obituary notices of people who had displeased Princes and Kings. I thought to myself, I will about pull some crack that will sever Diplomatic Relations between Charles Evans Hughes and Ramsey MacDonald.[6] All the wars in the world have been started on less things than a joke, up to the last war and it also was started by one—the Kaiser.[7]

Then I got kinder scared at what could I say to a man that perhaps will some day be the King of the British Empire. Then I happened to think, well, I spoke before W. J. Bryan years ago one time, when he expected to be President, so I thought, what can they do with me if I kid the future king! If they arrest me I can plead insanity. It's being done for every other crime, so why not this! Well, any way, I went out and when I got there he was just speaking, so I had to follow him. That's a tough spot, as we say in show business.

Did you ever have to make an after dinner speech following a Prince? Now the audience was composed of 150 of the most prominent men in the U. S. A man with only 5 million at the dinner would have been a waiter. I stumbled over the feet of 10 of the heads of the oldest families of New York trying to arrive at the Speaker's table.

Well, this little Prince guy just seemed to enjoy it immensely. The speech went great, it sounded like La Follette making a speech in Wisconsin.[8] You see it was not the merit of the speech that made it go; it was the way he received it. You know, when you are telling a joke on a man, the audience may listen to you but they will look at the person you are telling it on, and if he reacts pleasantly to it, it goes with them. Well, he even worked it up to such an extent that he grabbed me by the coat tails and whispered suggestions in my ear, of ones he had heard of me telling on him but which I had not told there yet. I never do over 15 or 20 minutes and out there I did 50.

So you will pardon me for raving over this distinguished visitor. If you want to win the way into the heart of a comedian, why laugh at his jokes. If he had hissed my gags I probably would have said he was the poorest excuse for a Prince I ever played to. But he struck me during a 20 minutes talk with him after I had finished and sat down, that he was just a modest retiring, pleasant soft spoken, human being.

After the dinner he went to a dance which lasted until 6 o'clock, but he was out at the polo field before 12 all dressed to play. He beat me of course. That is about the poorest recommendation a polo player could have. His side beat us 8 to 5. I couldn't discover anything wrong with his riding, and I had a good chance to see it as he was always in front of me. He wants you to treat him the same as you do any one else and try and ride him off the ball. He is rather slight of build and small and of course is not a hard heavy hitter, but he seems to love the game and plays his position all the time.

America has been trying to keep up with him. You see we promised England we would take good care of him and we have, up to one or two o'clock in the morning. But after that we have lost track of him. England herself will have to care for him from midnight on.

Lots of people have wondered when he ever sleeps. Say, no foreigner comes to America to sleep. He can sleep when he gets to England. A man leaving England for this country should have enough sleep stored up to do him a lifetime.

The other night the New York Reporters thought they had found him at a Cabaret in the city here. They saw a foreign car outside. That's what gave them their cue. I guess if they had seen a horse hitched outside they would have thought Jessie James was inside.[9]

As a matter of fact he don't use a foreign car; he uses Lincolns. Mr. Henry Ford on account of the business that England has so generously bestowed on this product put 15 Lincoln cars at the disposal of the Prince and also the British Polo Team. So he is generally in a Lincoln and is hard to find because there is such a mess of them.

He is going to his ranch in Canada. I talked to him about it as I happened to know the man he bought it from and who ranches next to him. Well, we talked like a couple of old neighbors. He told me all about the place and how everybody was getting on up there. So if you ever meet him don't be scared; just treat him like a regular guy which he is.

Of course, don't ask him where he was after 12 o'clock! But, for that matter, don't ask any American where he was after 12. We can't keep track of them much less a king.

93 PRINCE QUALIFIES AS MARATHON DANCER

We have had a kinder abnormal week in the news. After this week we will be rid of Luis Angel Firpo, Loeb and Leopold and Prince of Wales' dancing partners, and we can get back to normalcy (as the Republicans used to call it when they were doing pretty well).[1] But really we can get back to the old staples, Dawes, Coolidge, La Follette, and Bryan, for the politicians are like the rich—they are always with us.[2]

The polo games here were postponed so much that they turned out to be another Democratic convention. They had all the delays, but none of the humor of their famous predecessor. I don't know which is the worse, having the Englishmen here waiting or the Democrats.

It dragged along so far that most people lost interest and didn't know what two nations were playing. In fact, after the first game it showed that

there was only one nation playing. The American four were playing against a fellow named Lacey from the Argentine (who was born in Canada).[3] The game doesn't exist where one good man can beat four good men.

There were fifty thousand people there to see the Prince and the families of the players there to see them. England had only one chance of winning—that was to put the Prince in—and everybody, including the scorekeeper and referee, would have been so busy watching him they would forget how many the Americans made.

The funniest thing that happened at the game was that the Prince, a few days ago at the races, wore his hat with the brim turned down all the way round, so at the polo game there was about ten thousand males with their hats turned down all the way (they could not have seen the game even if they had come there to see it). Well, the Prince enters with his hat turned up all the way round. Immediately ten thousand hats switched just like a traffic signal.

I really got scared for our youths one day last week. It happened this way: The Prince was playing polo and a clod of dirt flew up and hit him in the eye and he had to have a patch over it for days. Well, do you know, some of these boys tried to knock an eye out to be in style. With the opportunities the Prince has of seeing everything, I don't believe it would worry him to lose the use of an eye. You give me one eye and his chances and believe me I will be able to report to you some sights. He has certainly set a new fashion in America in the way of a night's entertainment. Americans used to think they could go to one party and when they got through with that they were done till the next night. But this guy books them in relays.

The one he started in at early in the evening he may not stay at later than 12 or 1 o'clock. Some lady will be dancing with him and all at once she will speak casually to him and get no answer and will suddenly realize that he is not in her arms at all. He is perhaps twenty miles from there at another party that no one knew anything about outside of his advance agent.

A couple of hours steady dancing just gets him in good shape for what they call a little informal gathering that is to be held over on the other side of Long Island. But on his way over there he stops to break his jump and perhaps has just a couple of light dances with a small select crowd who have been gathered in a couple of adjoining estates (perhaps only eight miles apart) finally arriving at this one which he had started out to. That is of course just the preliminary part to the big one. He may only dance with one married lady four or five times, it is then just the shank of the evening, maybe 5:30 a.m., so it is time to go to the final real party of the night.

By this time the reporters are all asleep and can't follow him, so he only has to change cars twice to baffle them. He arrives as the party is just

getting well organized. He makes the opening dance and after a few waltzes and a sprinkling of two-steps, why a light buffet breakfast is served, consisting of tea and cakes and plum pudding.

The American host and hostess sneak off in the kitchen and fry themselves some bacon and brew up a little coffee. Nothing is allowed to interrupt the dancing until lunch is served. This is a very elaborate affair. The first four courses are English mutton chops with Scotch and soda; the last eight courses are English roast beef, same beverage, only without the soda.

It's now around 3 o'clock in the afternoon and the party is at its height. Nothing is allowed to mar the dancing until just before the end of the party, when a late supper is served with black coffee and white scotch. Then it is time for the Prince to leave, as it is getting late and he has to drive to his home to dress for a dinner given in his honor at the palatial home of Mr. Gothis, one of the newest families on the island. (The home they now own dates back for many generations).

It's 7:30 when the Prince arrives home and that only gives him thirty minutes to shave and dress for the start of the following night. The advance men are out booking up a new route. The Long Island home that can advertise in the future that it was the one that the Prince did not dance in will be such a novelty that it will sell for a fortune.

He is going from here to his ranch in Canada. If he had danced straightway instead of around in circles, he would be at his ranch in Calgary already. It will take Long Island society two years to get back to American accent and American customs. English butlers and chauffeurs have been three months teaching their bosses and wives what to do and say. Why, after the amount and size of the parties that have been held it will take three years just to remove the empty bottles off Long Island alone.

Not that the Prince was personally responsible for them (because when you are accustomed to something all your life you know how to use it in moderation). But a host has to do something to entertain his guests. Everybody can't dance with a Prince. Besides, look at what these husbands of the Prince's dancing partners must have drowned their grief in.

The Catskill Mountains during the reign of Rip Van Winkle were noted for their drowsiness. But if you want to see some sleeping that is sleeping you just watch Long Island when the Prince leaves.

Now, mind you, the polo and the Prince have not been the only sporting events we have had. Wrestling has come back strong. Eighty thousand people paid about eight hundred thousand to see twelve rounds of wrestling between Wills and Firpo.[4] They gave them a minute's rest after each round. Can you imagine resting from what they are doing? No one out of that eighty thousand that saw the affair can ever criticize Judge Caverly of Chicago for not giving those boys a hanging.[5] For eighty thousand sit there

and let those two get away with life when they should have been given the extreme penalty.

Some preacher tried to stop the fight, he claimed Firpo's morals were bad. If his morals are as bad as his fighting he is in the same class with Loeb and Leopold. By the way, if anybody else is ever hung in this country, their families will have a good suit against the government for damages. I can't imagine what they would have to do to be hung. That fellow Darrow ought to defend the Kaiser.[6] He would have the allies apologizing to him for starting the war.

By the way, on the same day that those alleged fighters received one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each for thirty-six minutes embracing, why we released on half salary Gen. Pershing who had spent forty-two years fighting for his country.[7] During forty-two years his whole total salary paid to him by (what is sometimes humorously referred to as a Federal government) never amounted to what these men received in thirty-six minutes, and there were not boxing gloves on the hands of any enemy he ever fought. All these men could lose was their reputation. All he could lose in his fights for us was his life.

So if you are thinking of taking up fighting as a career, why be sure and FIGHT FOR YOURSELF INSTEAD OF FOR YOUR COUNTRY. He was retired on half salary and a Coolidge speech.

Everybody thanked him and nobody gave him anything. I guess they figure at his age he only needs half salary, as he will only eat half as much, and only need half as good a place to sleep.

Here is a man that absolutely won the war for us, and all he got was a medal. He had to pay his own taxicab fare to the place where they gave it to him. The government ought to have given him a whole army post and maintained it with a whole flock of soldiers to wait on him. Then in his old days he could bawl them out and it would make him feel at home.

My Lord! Can't our government do something for a man who is not a politician?

He is not a politician. He was born a soldier and he will die a soldier, so why didn't they give him his rank for life? They cut his salary in half and fired him for winning the war. What would they have done if he had lost it?

He not only won the last war, but he has done more than any other man to keep us from losing the next one.

94 EVERYBODY IS PULLING FOR WALTER

Away out west some 37 or 38 years ago a baby was born, which was not considered unusual in those days. It was found to be a boy baby, which

also was not considered over 50 per cent unusual. In fact, the whole thing went along in such a usual way, that for years it looked like there was nothing unusual about it. He was just tagged to be one of the hundred and ten million of us who are here for no apparent reason.

He grew up kinder long and tall and awkward, and his folks knew and felt right away that he would never be the Prince of Wales, because he was not built for dancing. He was very modest and retiring, and it was almost a certainty that he would not be a politician. He had to work to make a living, he didn't have any advantages. He didn't get much schooling. He was just a big strong healthy country boy.

A BIG COUNTRY BOY

He is still just a big country boy yet as I am writing this (several days before you will read it in print) there is more real genuine interest in him than there is in a presidential election. What is this fellow that he can do this? How is it that one single individual can have the sincere good wishes of the President of the United States, the Congress, the Senate, the Judges of our Supreme Court, even the sincere wishes of the other two presidential candidates? (I suppose the only time in political history that three candidates ever agreed heartily on one thing.) He is not sick, yet there are lots and lots of people in all parts of our country that never saw him or hope to see him, that are actually praying for fate to smile on this big old country boy.

No presidential candidate in the history of our country ever carried the good wishes of everybody. There are always differences of opinion, and personal prejudices, and likes and dislikes. In every conflict, or game or fight, people are generally divided. But not in this case, they all are for this country boy.

Now what has he done to arrive on such a pedestal? No man in politics ever did it. No man in war ever did it. They all had enemies. No man in civil life, no philanthropist ever did. So what has he done? Why he has just played. Nothing else in the world but played. But he has played so fair and good, and given his all to the game that the man, woman, or child in the United States that don't love Walter Johnson and admire him as a man, is not a good American.[1]

Baseball is our national game; every boy and girl in the United States should play it. It should be made compulsory in the schools. Had Loeb and Leopold been made to play that game along with their other education, they wouldn't be in Joliet today, and it is certainly a wonderful tribute to the fairness of good sportsmanship in America that everybody is pulling for Walter.[2]

ON LOSING TEAM

Professional baseball has almost become a business of finance. But I don't suppose that ever in the history of any sporting event has sentiment played so big a part as it has played in the case of this one man this year.

Mathewson, the great pitcher, was the idol of millions of well wishers, but he was on a winning team.[3] He was in the limelight all the time. But here is a man, Johnson, that has been with a team at the bottom of the list so long that the only way he could ever get any satisfaction out of a newspaper was to stand on his head. He never grumbled, he could have sulked, and demanded and had been traded to any other team in the league, and been with a pennant winner almost every year and made lots of money.

Lots of them have done it and they are playing today and all has been forgotten.

But not with this old country boy. That is why he stands in public estimation today where he does. Had he deserted Washington he would have just been known as a wonderful pitcher perhaps losing fewer games with a good team than any pitcher the game ever knew. But as it is, he is known as a wonderful man, and today the entire baseball world is not pulling for Johnson the pitcher; they are pulling for Johnson the man.

If you want to know how a man stands go among the people who are in his same business. I have some mighty good friends, ball players, and I have been around them for years, and they are all a mighty fine class of real upstanding Americans. Walter Johnson is more universally liked among other ball players than any man that ever played ball. 10 out of 10 ball players will tell you he is the best fellow ever lived, and 9 out of 10 ball players will tell you he is the best pitcher ever lived. If he had played with McGraw's Giants all these years and had lost a single game in his 18 years they would have released him for incompetency.[4] Rain would have been the only thing that would have kept an opposing team from being beaten by him.

HARRIS HAS "PEP"

A great deal of the sudden success of the Washington team is due to the able management of Buck Harris the young manager.[5] He deserves the credit but what makes the sentiment of everybody with Washington is Walter Johnson. Harris is young and a comer, he has lots of time to win pennants, and will win them. But the people know that Walter can't go on much longer. They know that it is only due to the wonderful care he has taken of himslf that he has lasted far beyond the allotted time. They want to see him get in there and get what has been coming to him for years.

I have a custom of introducing prominent people of our audience every night, to the rest of our audience, and I have had some pretty big men, but I want to tell you that when I heard Walter was way back in the house I

knew he was so bashful that he would never stand up if I introduced him. So I sneaked down off the stage and went out there and put my rope around his neck and with the aid of other players I literally dragged him up on the stage and introduced him. Well, he got the biggest applause, and the most genuine, that I ever heard in our place. And mind you he had just beaten New York that day and this applause was in their town.

Just think of the unheard of condition of everybody pulling for a team to win just because they want to see one man get a small part of what they know is due him. Even in New York among the rabid Yankee rooters if they must be beaten they want Walter to beat them. If Washington goes into the World Series with the Giants, the Giant fans will pull for the Giants to win the Series, but they will pull for Waler Johnson to win his game.

I know McGraw has been friendly with him as long as I have known Walter, and I know McGraw loves to win, but if he is beaten I will wager that he would rather be beaten by Walter Johnson than any other man living. If Walter gets into the World Series and should be so unfortunate as to be bombarded and have to retire from the game (which happens to the best of them at times), why, I bet you, out of that audience of 50 or 60 thousand, you will see more old hard boiled baseball fans wipe their tears as Walter goes to the bench, than you ever saw shed at most men's funerals.

So good luck, Walter; win or lose, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you carry more good wishes than any other man that ever entered any event in the history of our country, and we will love you just the same if you never see a World's Series, because you are an example to the American boy, the same as Abraham Lincoln SHOULD BE TO THE POLITICIANS.

95 PRINCE GONE: NEW YORK RESTING COULDN'T GET UP A DANCE NOW FOR LOVE OR MONEY

Well, the Prince left us.[1] We had no more than got rid of him until La Follette came.[2] They just will not let New York settle down to normal. You often hear the expression that a person has left the country flat, but this case of the Prince's departure was the only one in history where he left the country asleep. Long Island went to bed the night he left and has not woke up yet; in fact they didn't even leave a call. You won't be able to promote another dance on Long Island for years. A lot of men got their wives back much shopworn from dancing. The Prince left a trail of broken hearts and turned down hats that won't be forgotten for weeks.

It was reported in the press that I purchased one of his ponies for $2100. Now that was a mistake. I bought one but it was for Mr. Flo Ziegfeld's little daughter, and it was him that paid for it.[3] I have some alleged polo ponies of my own; in fact I think I have the best string of $40 polo ponies in the world, so you would hardly get me giving $2100 for some old pony just because he belonged to the Prince. I wouldn't give $2100 for the Crown, much less a horse. But anyway he was a very nice, gentle, real kid's pony, and little Patricia Burke Ziegfeld was tickled to death with him.

She had him following her all around, even into the house, and that made a big hit with Mr. Ziegfeld, so he told me, "What do you know about that pony? Why, Patricia brought him right into the house." I told him, "why, the barns that pony has been used to while he belonged to the Prince of Wales, you were lucky to get him to go into your house. The pony must have thought he was slumming." That's the reason I did not get one. I knew I could not support one in the manner in which it had been accustomed.

By the way, the night after the sale I met the Prince over at a party given in New York by Mrs. Rumsey and he come over and thinked me for buying the pony and commenced to tell me what a nice pony it was and all about it.[4] Well, I didn't have the nerve to tell him I had bought the pony for someone else. Incidentally he asked me if I was not going to tell them some more jokes about him there that night. So I did tell all about the sale and that now that the Prince had sold his ponies why he could leave. That I thought that was all the British come over for; it was not to play polo but to sell horses. Incidentally there was a mix-up in where the check was to be sent to, and that was what delayed his departure for a day. He had not received the money for the pony I bought. Maybe if I had not paid him at all England never would have got their Prince back.

Well, as I said before, La Follette come in to keep us awake with speeches where the Prince had kept us awake with dancing. He charged admission and filled Madison Square Garden. Can you imagine people paying to hear a political speech? But they did. Why, generallly you have to conscript people to get them to listen to one of the things. Why you dare not turn on your radio now for fear some presidential candidate will be spouting, "What this country needs." When as a matter of fact what this country needs is more working men and fewer politicians. Their every thought is of us, every 4th fall. La Follette in all his policies has always been ahead of his time so this year if he is not elected he will at least furnish both old line parties with their platforms in 1928. They will use the one he runs on this year.

Well then, we have been having a lot excitement over the nominations for Governor of New York State. They nominated Teddy Roosevelt, a

young man that I have known and had to good fortune to be very friendly with ever since he was just a kid in school at Harvard.[5] (Incidentally, I was not in Harvard at the time with him. I think it was Yale I was attending. I forget just now.) He always struck me as being a very fine man who was trying to make his way on his own and not on his father's reputation. In fact, the only criticism I ever heard of him was that he was not the man that his father was. Well, that is not much to say against him for neither is any other man, another Roosevelt. If this boy is just half as good as his father he would be twice as great as any other man.

We will be lucky at the rate we are going now if we produce another Roosevelt in the next 100 years. This boy is practically just breaking in to Big League Politics. I kinder hate to see him break in, in a year when he has the oppostion that he has this time. This Old Boy Al Smith is a tough bird to beat. Going in new against him is just like a new ball player being asked to go up for his first time to bat against Walter Johnson.[6] If he can beat Al Smith in New York for Governor now, there is no way keeping him out of the White House some of these days. Al is a fine man and has made a wonderful record and it is remarkable the way the people love him. He is a real he-man, so no matter who wins we will have a good man as the next Governor of New York.

At any rate it will be a great race to watch to see if Smith with his personal popularity will sweep Davis in with him, or if President Coolidge with his popularity will sweep Roosevelt in over Smith.[7]

Last week the Holy Name Society, that as you know is a Society formed to prevent the taking of the Lord's name in vain—well, last week 100 thousand of them went from New York down to Washington to see President Coolidge to get him to use his influence with Dawes to keep him from cussing.[8] They were marching to the depot in New York when some one on the sidewalk remarked to an Irishman, "Gee, there is certainly a bunch of these fellows." The Irishman says, "Why, that's only the ones that don't cuss. You ought to see the other bunch." Well, President Coolidge broached the subject to Dawes and all he got for an answer was, "Hell and Maria, you can't learn an old dog new tricks. If I have to give up cussing to be Vice President, I would rather not be one. The job itself is enough to make a man cuss."

Well, this big Catholic Society thought that Mr. Coolidge in his address to them would perhaps name the Klan. It seemed like an opportune moment to do so but he did not. He named the Democrats, called them right out by name, but he did not name the Klan. I guess he figured of the two evils, as far as he was concerned the Democrats were the worst. Now Dawes worked it pretty slick. They kept after him to name the Klan, so he did. He told all the good things they had done.

I see where Illinois has come forward with another celebrated murder case. Some preacher posioned his wife, and some woman her husband. It's a typical Illinois cold-blooded murder, so I suppose on account of the fiendishness of the crime they will just get life. In fact I know they will, as they are middle-aged people and of course too young to hang. The jail at Joliet is making arrangements to put in a swimming pool and polo field to be ready for next year.

Washington, D. C., come through with a mystery the past week. They discovered an underground tunnel running from the Government Liquid Warehouses to the Capitol building. Traffic is so heavy on the streets that they could not supply the demand, so they put in this tunnel. It was also found to be a connecting link between the La Follette Progressives, and the Democratic and Republican dissatisfied. This Tunnel is the place also where men have been hiding when they didn't want to be put on record with a vote on any important subject. No city in the world needs a secret Tunnel as bad as Washington. When the Senators and Congressmen receive their checks every month they need this secret passage to get to their homes, without someone arresting them for robbery.

They have a new sign here on Broadway advertising the picture The Ten Commandments, (which by the way is a big novelty in New York. Thousands of people are seeing the picture and reading the Commandments for the first time.)[9] Well, they have a big electric sign of Moses striking the letters of his message on tablets of stone. Now the letters are in Jewish. It's the first Jewish sign to appear on Broadway, but it has been more widely read than any English ones. It is only a matter of time until every sign on our White Way will be in the same language, because advertisers realize that they must keep their ads in New York's mother tongue.

96 GIVE O'CONNELL A SQUARE DEAL

Well, everything has been baseball this week. I have just this minute returned from Washington, D. C. where I went down Sunday to see the second game of the World Series. You talk about a cuckoo town. You should have seen that one after Washington won that game from the Gaints. The President was not there this Sunday. You got to be very careful about your habits just before election. It's all right to listen to a ball game over the radio but it don't hardly show the right spirit to watch one personally on Sunday.

The President threw out the first ball Saturday. So I thought perhaps La Follette would throw it out today.[1] I wanted to see that because if he had he would have killed some one with it.

It's too bad these Series don't run long enough so all our presidential candidates can pitch out a ball.

I certainly did hate to see my old friend Walter Johnson lose his first game but you can't blame him.[2] He says himself he was not exactly at his best. He has been waiting 18 years for his chance. You take an actor and have him stand in the wings for 18 years and not let him go in, and then all of a sudden one day you shove him out there it would take the old confidence out of him I imagine.

Washington won the game the same way the New York won the day before—by making two home runs into some temporary stands that was built out on the playing field. Anyone of these four home runs could have been caught if the grounds had been left their original size. It does look like, as big a game as baseball and as much money as they make, they would be able to have a regulation playing field, the same size all over. If a team was not able to buy and have enough room to give the fielders a chance they should not be allowed in the league. You don't see them build stands out in the middle of a polo field. No, it is a regulation size. You don't see them cutting off the end of a tennis court to put in more stands, so why can't baseball have a regulation size field? Then if a man got a home run he would know he deserved it, and everybody would have an equal chance on every field.

It's a joke to see a home run in some of the ball parks, it ruins the whole interest of the game. In the first two games they were lucky in having them equally divided but it was a shame to have such a pitcher as Walter Johnson lose his first World's Series game just to give the Washington owners a little more room for seats. For a couple of thousand dollars worth of seats they lost a game that might be worth the Series and perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars to the club. Let them double-deck their bleachers like they do their grandstand. That would give them twice the room on the same amount of ground.

Well, it sure was a pleasure to go to Washington and not have to hear any speeches. It's the first thing ever pulled off in Washington where passes to the Senators and Congressmen were no good. There was a line they said that reached clear from the Congressional Distilleries to the pass gate, of Senators that were trying to use their influence. There will sure be a bill in Congress when it opens to provide that they be taken care of in case Washington wins again.

They gave Walter Johnson a big demonstration the other day. The President himself made the speech. After a diligent search for 150 years Washington finally found an honest man. Johnson is the first man in public life in Washington to be publicly commended for his honesty. In no city would an honest man be more of a novelty. This demonstration to Johnson's hon-

esty should be a lesson to political men there, almost as great a lesson as Linclon's message, "You can't fool all the people all of the time."

I sent down a contribution for the fund and offered to double it in case they found an honest politician. I was the guest in Washington of Mr. and Mrs. Ned McLean, and occupied their box with them.[3] I got some real dope on the political situation from Mrs. McLean who knows her political alphabet. During home runs we discussed either baseball or politics. She knows both of them backwards.

Sitting right in front of us was the loveliest couple. It was Postmaster General and Mrs. New of Indiana.[4] I asked Mr. New where Will Hays, his Indiana fellow Republican was.[5] He told me the Presbyterians would not let Hays attend a ballgame Sundays. They will let him go in the movies but not to ball games.

Dr. Grayson was right by us (he, as you remember was President Wilson's doctor during his terms in office).[6] He is sure a regular guy. All you heard back there was the talk of the baseball scandal.[7]

Coolidge pitched the first ball and Washington lost the game. I am not saying anything but I think somebody got to Cal with a little bribe. That's why he didn't pitch any better and Washington lost.

The funniest thing about the whole thing is the idea that they had to bribe Philadelphia to get them to lose. Why, all you have to do to get Philadelphia to lose is have a ball game. The only way you can keep them from not losing is to call the game off. Whoever tried to bribe Philadelphia, their ignorance was greater than their dishonesty. So Philadephia is celebrating. It is the biggest honor that has been paid to them since George Washington used to do his eight hours a day in Independence Hall.

Well, anyway they let out two men on a baseball scandal that involved 500 dollars. The government, in their scandal that involved all our government oil land only let one man out. So baseball is twice as honest as the government.

You know it just kinder makes you lose confidence in everything when you read and hear all those scandals on everything. I tell you, about the only game we have left that is really on the level is craps. If the dice are on the square, and neither one of the parties shooting don't know anything, that is just about as honest a game as you can get.

But this scandal thing is really terrible. I just read a clipping from a California paper an it, coupled with along conversation I had with Ty Cobb as we were on the baseball special coming up from Washington, kinder made me feel even more sorry for this poor unfortunate young fellow O'Connell.[8] Just read this by his father and see the ones these things really hurt:

> "I wish he was here right now, so I could take him in my arms. Right or wrong he is my boy. He has been a good boy. I can't see where he thought he was to benefit, but you know he was once hit on the head by a baseball while playing Salt Lake City. He always complained that his head hurt him. Maybe it was that that made him do it. I can't blame anyone else but still I don't think my boy is entirely to blame."

Now, is that not a pathetic yet honest confession. Cobb told me he played with this boy on the coast one winter and tried to coach him and he said at times he was a real star, and at others he just didn't seem to grasp what you wanted him to do. He related me several instances of his lack of mind power, yet he said he was always honest and straightforward. Then I read Cobb the above clippings which he had not seen. Now, that kid is not a bad fellow. I bet you he is honest. In some way, he did not think he was doing wrong. Neither did he think of any such scheme of his own accord.

Now, in every crime in the world there are extenuating circumstances and degrees of guilt, and when a man has been accused and convicted he is sentenced according to his crime and when he serves his time, he is through and comes out a free man. But here is a case where one fellow says he did something, and a man higher up, but not a legally appointed judge or jury says, "You are through. You are branded as a leper as long as you live."

Why don't they get that severe sentences for murder nowadays?

Why don't they have a court trial and see how guilty he is?

Let them pass sentence and when it is served he will be free. He has no dozens of high priced lawyers to explain his mentality. But he has two ball teams that saw him hit on the head, and he has an honest father that admits of his complaining of his head hurting and I bet you he never admitted that to anybody but his own father.

He has always been homesick. He wanted to be home. A crook don't do that. That's the last place they want to be.

Baseball is our national game and should be kept absolutely clean. But don't go and perhaps give this boy a more severe penalty than he deserves. He is far from home and has no friends now. But he is still in America. So, let a fair court and jury investigate and see how guilty he is.

97 PARTIES HUNTING FOR AN ISSUE

I been trying to read the papers and see just what it is in this election that one party wants that the other one don't. To save my soul I can't find any difference. The only thing that I can see where they differ is that the

Democrats want the Republicans to get out and let them in, and the Republicans don't want to get out. That, right there, is the issue. That is the only legitimate issue in the whole campaign, and it's the only issue where the third or Progressive party differs. It wants them both to get out, and let it get in.

This is the only campaign in political history where there is no difference to fight over. Even back in the beginning when George Washington run against himself there must have been some little issue that the voters could be pro or con over. Even if it was just over the White Horse he used to have his picture painted on, or maybe it was over whether he should bob his wig or not. Then so on down to Lincoln. I don't know what the particular issue was in Lincoln's election, but you can bet as good an Axeman as he was had some kind of a clean cut issue.

Then on down the line to Bryan. It's a long jump from Lincoln to Bryan. Even in years it's long, and the reason I made this tremedous leap was I couldn't think of any one who had been President in between the two.

Now Bryan in all of his series of starts had issues.[1] There was silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. That was a real issue—a cut and dried thing to argue on. Nobody ever knew just where they unearthed these two particular numbers any more than we know why Volstead picked out ½ of 1 percent.[2] They just think of some odd sounding numbers like that that will make good slogan literature. As I say, that was Bryan's issue in the first campaign. Of course in the last few races he didn't need any issue. He was just running through force of habit, and his last time, perseverance was the issue.

In one campaign you remember Hughes wouldn't shake hands with Hiram Johnson.[3] Well, that was the issue of that particular campaign. Then we come down to the last one. The issue was, "To League or not to League."

But this thing they got started this year, both sides and even La Follette are all promising the same thing.[4] They have had a half a dozen issues started. They would jump them up, and chase them a little ways, and the first thing they knew they would find the issue would double right back and be over among the other party.

The Democrats always, kinder out of respect to the memory of President Wilson, wanted to get into some sort of European affairs.

Well they were at the front door of Europe getting their tickets, when who should find a stage entrance to the same place but the Republicans. The entrance was marked, "World Court."[5] So that ruined another good live issue that might have given them something to argue on.

Then the Ku Klux bobbed up and the Republicans said it's in the South and must be Democratic. So just as they were having their campaign literature printed to denounce the Democrats and the Klan and have a campaign

issue, why somebody shipped some sheets north to Indiana, New Jersey, Maine and a few other places. Neither side didn't know what to do. So that issue was chased up the same tree by both dogs.

Then the Lower Taxes Issue was dragged out and dusted off. When a party can't think of anything else they always fall back on Lower Taxes. It has a magic sound to a voter, just like Fairyland is spoken of and dreamed of by all children. But no child has ever seen it; neither has any voter ever lived to see the day when his taxes were lowered.

Presidents have been promising lower taxes since Washington crossed the Delaware by hand in a row boat. But our taxes have gotten bigger and their boats have gotten larger until now the President crosses the Delaware in his private yacht.

In the early days they used to pay their whole year's taxes with a few sacks of tobacco they raised on their farm. Now, the same farm, you put another mortgage on every time a tax comes due. But, mind you, in those days there was only 26 Senators and 50 Congressmen to support. It's a good thing we haven't got any more states to add on, for we would go broke.

They say we owe now about 30 billion, so just let our Administrations keep on economising and it will only take a few more years and we will all be on an allowance from the government.

If I was running for President I certainly wouldn't pull that old Tax Savings gag. I would just announce, "Folks, I don't believe I will be able to save you anything. Taxes are going to be high and the only thing I would advise you to do is not to have anything, because if you do have anything they will tax it away from you and you won't have anything anyway. So why have anything in the first place."

You see they can't make an issue out of the Tax problem. That has been used by every party including the Populists. Prohibition they tried, both sides of them at various times to make an issue as well as a drink out of it, but it's a law and it will be a law just as long as the price stays up.

Prohibition is no longer an issue; it's a business.

Both sides are breaking their necks to find something to make an issue out of. La Follette has got it in for the Supreme Court and wants to abolish some of their power. Well, that's not an issue, that's just a grudge. Besides, if he would only think for a minute he would know that when Congress passes a bill to abolish the power of the Supreme Court, why all the Supreme Court has to do is say the bill is unconstitutional. I might say I am going to fire my boss, but I can't fire him as long as he is my boss.

They are so hard up for an issue that Mr. Coolidge has finally just announced his policy will be Common Sense. Well, don't you know the Democrats will claim that too? Do you think they will call their campaign

"Darn Foolishness?" Besides, Common Sense is not an issue in politics, it's an affliction.

Davis announces that his policy will be honesty.[6] Neither is that an issue in politics. It's a miracle, and can he get enough people to believe in miracles to elect him?

La Follette's policy is Government ownership. What is he going to use for money to buy these railroads from the people that own them now? We better be building some airships to compete with all these other nations.

Here we invent the airship and now we are buying one from a nation that was supposed to be down and out.[7] Why a battleship will be as obsolete in the next war as a sword was in the last one, because in the next war there ain't nobody going to shoot nothing at you. They are just going to drop it on you. So everybody better start flying or digging in.

Let us have an absolute issue, where we can stand divided. This year they will have to split it three ways. I don't know how we are going to get any question where there won't be at least two of them on one side, unless we can find a three sided question.

What's the use of having an election if everybody wants the same thing? Why take people's minds off worthwhile things every 4 years just to get them on politics if neither side has anything different from the other to offer?

The only thing I see now that the two old line parties are divided on is, the question, "Who will have the post offices?" You split the post office jobs 50-50 and you will have United Democracy and Republicanism. No matter how many parties you have they are all fighting for the same thing—salary. You abolish salaries and you will abolish politics and taxes.

98 NEW STRAW VOTE INCLUDES BRYAN AND VALENTINO

The Literary Digest, should change its name to the Literary Poll Test, because it is impossible for the Weather Department to announce rain on a certain day without the digest taking a Straw Vote on the matter. They have polled every question from "Should the Ku Klux be allowed to intermarry?" on down to "The personal morals of Louis Angel Firpo."[1]

They got one poll running now on, "Who do you guess will be President?" It's the only publication that don't already know who will be.

They had one on the Democratic nominations and wasted enough mail back and forth to have made Sears Roebuck ashamed and they never did guess the right guy. But this one they are running now has brought out the

only live spot in the whole Campaign. Papers are arguing over the poll of votes, more than they are the election.

Coolidge is away ahead and all the Republican Papers are saying that it is absolutely the fairest way to get the real sentiment of the entire country. The Democratic papers claim that the whole think is a field of Purgatory, and tool of the interests. They say they only mail these cards out to Republicans, and that the reason the Democrats haven't got any more votes than they have is because they can't get ahold of a card to vote on.

They say the Republican Post masters get the cards, sign them, and send them back in. This week the Republicans come back and say that half of the post offices are occupied by Democrats and that if that was the case the Democrats would get at least half. Now how did these Democrats get into these Republican post offices is what I want to know? If they haven't got enough Republicans to fill all the post offices, how are they going to win the election, and if it is true that the offices are equally divided, why have an election? That's all the election is for—to see who will be Postmasters.

Personally I don't think this Straw Vote demonstrates but one thing: that is that there are more Republicans that can write than there are Democrats. Now when it comes to voting, a man can make a cross and get somebody to write his name. But on these cards he don't know what he might be signing away. A Democrat hasn't got much left as it is and he don't want to take any chances on losing what little he has.

More men have been selected by Straw Votes to office, and fewer received salary, than any other industry in America. The same men that Straw Vote are the ones who can sit down all day and play solitaire. It's like winning on the races in your mind. No mathematician in this country has ever been able to figure out how many hundred Straw Votes it takes to equal one legitimate vote.

Now, as I say, there has been quite a lot of dissatisfaction over this poll of votes, also over the mode of nominations. So I am opening up a department called Will Rogers' Illiterate Digest, and I am going to take a poll vote of the entire country on who they want for President. We may develop a man, perhaps a hayseed, who will get more straw votes, than any of the regular candidates that are running.

Now send your vote to my Illiterate Digest in care of the Amsterdam Theatre, New York. Then every week in this paper I will give the amount of votes. It's just like The Digest only better. In this Illiterate one you don't have to vote for just three candidates. Send in any one: Valentino, Bull Montana, W. J. Bryan, Goose Goslin, Al Smith.[2] Lots of you feel that Al, and some of you that McAdoo should have been nominated, so put them up again.[3] This nomination and election is on the level.

Now, I am not sending out any stamped cards for a return answer. If our voters can't afford their own stamp then we don't want their votes. We are appealing to an entirely different class of people from the Digest. Their's don't even own a stamp. So come on! Don't let the postmasters do your voting. Get in behind the only square political poll ever held.

You know there is a chance that this election will be thrown into the House, thrown into the Senate, or maybe thrown into the street. This is one of those clown years, when anything can happen, not only can happen but is happening.

Who is the public's choice? Not the politicians' choice, but the public's. There is only one difference between our election and the real one. In my election you will only be allowed to vote once. Of course on November the 4th you can vote till they catch you. The big Election is ending in a week or so but don't let that worry you. That won't stop us. We will just keep right on voting up till it gets too cold to vote.

We will enter the Prince of Wales as a candidate so it will give the women a chance to vote.[4] Remember, no slush fund connected with our election. I see by the papers where Senator Borah is out in Chicago trying to locate this slush fund.[5] They are holding this investigation before election, so when it is found, the politicians can go at once to the party which has it. That is why they locate it before election. It wouldn't be any good to any one to know after election that they could have gone to the Republicans and got more money than they were getting from the Democrats.

Butler the Republican leader said they have spent about 3 million, and I see by the Digest Poll that Coolidge had 1 million and 66 thousand votes. That makes it run around 3 dollars a vote.[6]

La Follette has spent only 190 thousand in all, and he had gotten 384 thousand votes.[7] That makes his come to 50 cents a vote.

Of course, mind you, they were not as good votes as Coolidge's. You can't expect much of a vote for 50 cents. It's just a vote, that's all; no class or frills.

The Democrats according to that same Digest Poll had about 350 thousand votes but Senator Borah up to the time I had to go to press, had been unable to find where they had any Campaign fund at all. If anybody had given them any money they were ashamed to have their names mentioned.

Of course by the time you read this Borah may have dug up some evidence of the Democrats having spent something. That is, of course, in case the Democrats have been able themselves to have dug up some.

Borah is no more anxious to find a Democratic Slush Fund than the Democrats are to have one. Borah got out of lectioneering this time pretty slick. He didn't know who to come out for so he got put on this Commit-

tee and claims he is so busy he hasn't got time to make up his mind who he is for.

He is kinder like McAdoo. McAdoo told them in the hospital "keep cutting this out of me until after election. If I haven't got enough to last send out and get some more, but whatever you do don't let me out until after November 4th."

La Follette won't win, but for a man that is known to be a sure loser, he has dealt both parties more misery than any man in political history. He is a mosquito in a dark Bed Room, just gnawing on everything in sight. And the funny part of it is when they beat him in this election, they won't be rid of him. He is right back where he started. He is still in the Senate.

He is one smart bird. He didn't give up one job while he was running for another. This Presidential stuff is just a side line with him. It's a problem to the Republicans if he won't worry them more in the Senate than he would as President. Personally I don't think there is any comparison in the position that he holds in the Senate and in being President. He would have been the only man that was ever elected to the Presidency that would have been going back politically. As La Follette the Senator, he dictates; as La Follette the President he could only suggest.

99 WELL SEND IN YOUR FAVORITE PRESIDENT

At last the American people are aroused. They have found a medium through which to express their individual preference for President of these United States. Will Rogers Illiterate Digest poll vote, the only fair and honest and square test of the merits of a Candidate's popularity, is now operating in full blast. I don't want the title misunderstood. You don't have to be Illiterate, personally, to vote. We will take votes from the minority. The poll, as I go to press, has only been open one day but it gives you a fair idea of which way the wind is blowing, socially as well as politically.

The vote so far proves one thing conclusively, and that is that if the people had had anything to do with the nominations, personally, instead of it being done by a half dozen men in the back rooms of some hotel, why America would be a Democracy.

The Illiterate Digest poll is as follows:

Underwood (for Alabama)[1] _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 24
Walter Johnson (not Hiram)[2] _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 10
Red Grange[3] _ 9
Knute Rockne[4] _ 8
Prince of Wales (all in feminine handwriting)[5] _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 7

Rufus Valentino (including one letter not perfume scented)[6] _ _ 5
Henry Ford (postmarked Muscle Shoals, Alabama) _ _ _ _ _ _ 4
Kermit Roosevelt[7] _ 3
Bucky Harris[8] _ 3
Will Hays (post marked Hollywood)[9] _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 1
W. J. Bryan (writer explains it as force of habit vote)[10] _ _ _ _ 1
Douglas Fairbanks (written on Mary Pickford stationary)[11] _ _ 1
Jack Dempsey (Kearns' handwriting)[12] _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 1
C. A. Coolidge (of Illinois, not the Vermont one)[13] _ _ _ _ _ _ 1
W. G. McAdoo[14] _ 1
Al Smith (Indian head on top of letter)[15] _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 1
William R. Hearst (Arthur Brisbane stationary)[16] _ _ _ _ _ _ 1
Ma Ferguson (signed Pa Ferguson)[17] _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 1
Billy Burke (looks like Ziegfeld's signature)[18] _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 1
Will Rogers (an alternate from Arizona with one half vote) _ 1/2
Calvin Coolidge _ 0
John W. Davis[19] _ 0
La Follette[20] _ 0
Charles (profanity) Dawes[21] _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 0
Charles (brother) Bryan[22] _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 0
Burton (investigating) Wheeler[23] _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ 0

Now send in your favorite President! The big election will have nothing to do with our popular one. Remember, care of Illiterate Digest, New Amsterdan Theatre, New York.

Well, the publishing of the Income Tax amounts kinder knocked some of the big ones in the creek. It brought out many surprises. Few of us knew before that Jack Dempsey was as rich as J. P. Morgan.[24] They both paid around 90 thousand dollars each. I thought Morgan made that much before breakfast every morning. I see where a lot of the big ones are against publishing the amounts. I think it is a great thing to publish them. What's the idea of keeping it secret? Besides it will stop Press Agents lying about Movie Stars' salaries.

Don't feel discouraged if a lot of our well known men were not as wealthy according to their Tax as you thought they ought to be. They are just as rich as you thought. This publication of amounts had nothing to do with their wealth. It was only a test of their honesty, and gives you practically no idea of their wealth at all. The Income Tax has made more liars out of the American people than Golf has. You should get out a new kind of Tax every year or two, so they don't know how to beat it. When this one first come out, the first year, every man's name on it was down for two or three times the amount that he pays today. We had no tax experts, no lawyers that made a specialty of showing you what you would take off. You simply

had a wife and so many children and that was about as far as you knew what to charge off.

Why don't they use a sales tax? That is the only fair and just tax. Have no tax on necessary foods, and moderate priced necessary clothes, but put a tax on every other thing you buy or use. Then the rich fellow who buys more and uses more certainly has no way of getting out of paying his share. Collect it at the source, that is at the manufacturer's. Don't depend on the retailer. That way it would not cost much to collect. Canada has tried it and it has proven absolutely satisfactory. Do it that way and every time you see a big 10 or 12 thousand dollar limousine going down the street you would know that the follow in there has already paid the government a big percentage of tax on it to help run the country. You would know the Government has already got theirs.

Put big taxes on everything of a luxury nature. You do that, and let the working man know the rich have paid before they got it and you will do more than any one thing to settle some of the unrest and dissatisfaction that you hear every day—not by the Reds or Bolsheviki, or even Pinks, but by real citizens and every day people of this country. They know there is something wrong with taxation, and I have yet to meet one person, since those lists were published, that didn't think so. No slick lawyer or income tax expert can get you out of a sales tax. It is so much a dollar on every luxury you buy. Then if you like to live in wealth and luxury, the poor fellow knows you are paying for it and he will not feel envious of you. He will even encourage you to buy more so it will help out the government.

Now we, the Illiterate Digest, may start a poll vote on that, too. That would be one of my only planks if I run for President (which I doubt if I ever do again). The beauty of my plan is if you don't want to pay any tax, just don't buy anything out of bare necessities and you pay no tax. But the minute you want a pair of those knee Golf Breeches, why let the Government pop it to you for about 50 cents on each dollar. That would cure you of looking funny.

Children's playthings, no tax; but Golf and Polo, hang it on them with plenty tax. If a man really feels like he wants to swing something Sunday morning, give him an axe and head him towards a woodpile. Let his wife give him a broom and see how many strokes he can go round the room in.

You do this and you wouldn't have to wait until just before election to know what your local rich man paid in the way of tax. If you saw him with high priced things during the year you would know he had paid every cent of his share. Now that is what I call a real issue. Taxation is about all there is to Government. People don't want their taxes lowered near as much as the politician tries to make you believe. People want JUST taxes, more than

they want lower taxes. They want to know that every man is paying his proportionate share according to his wealth.

Now what has all this to do with election? Nothing. Election is here in a couple of days and a lot of people lose a lot of sleep and get all heated up over it, and Politicians will spout off to you that if such and such a man is not elected that will mean sure destruction to the whole country. Now just stop and figure, ever since we have had this Government why some man has been in there as President. Sometimes he belonged to one party and sometimes to another. Now what I want to know is what difference did it make to the country? Every man America has ever had in that high exalted position has done the very best he possibly could, and to their credit not a one has ever done bad. They have all been great. We haven't been ruined under a single one of their administrations.

When is this terrible ruin that the Politicians have been predicting going to happen? I will admit that it has rained more under Republican administrations, but that was partially caused because they have had more administrations than the Democrats. There is no less sickness, no less Earthquakes, no less Progress, no less Inventions, no less morality, no less Christianity under one than another. They are all the same. It won't make 50 cents difference to a one of you unless you were foolish enough to bet on it.

Our Government is so arranged that no President could do any harm even if he wanted to. We have a Congress that is all powerful. We have in addition a Supreme Court, to see that the Congress don't go on a tear. What I just told you about Taxes is more important to every individual than the name of any man that will be in the White House.

Mr. Coolidge, although a Republican, is not going to start in poisoning all the Democrats. He is going to run the country as good as he can both for the Democrats and the Republicans. John W. Davis would be the same. He wouldn't send just the Republicans into the front line trenches in case of a war. They are for America regardless of party.

La Follette, some tell you would do this, and would upset that. He has been in our highest legislative body for years and has not done anything to ruin our Government. We have lots of good laws on our Statue Books that he is responsible for. He couldn't take over the Railroads, or suppress any of the power of the Supreme Court even if he were President. Congress has to do that.

They are all good Americans and have the interest of this country at heart as much as any three men in it. I don't think we will be ruined Tuesday no matter who is elected, so the Politicians will have to wait four more years to tell us who will ruin us then.

Our Forefathers so founded this Country that it would still be safe even if Jackie Coogan were President.[25]

100 WELL, THEY ELECTED, HIM DIDN'T THEY

As the Illiterate Digest goes to press election is a day off. I would wait and write this after election, but the fellow who don't know how this election is going to come out even a month before it happened, he should not be allowed to read a paper and probably can't.

Of course some of the County Offices, and Sheriffs and road commissioners may be in doubt up to the counting time.

I hope some of the men who get the most votes will be elected. That is of course not generally the case. If I was running for office I would rather have two friends in the counting room than a Republican Slush fund behind me. More candidates have been defeated after 6 o'clock in the evening than were ever defeated during election day. That's how Tammany Hall of New York has built up its unmatched reputation. They are not strong in point of individual numbers, but in order to belong to it you must be able to live in at least 6 precincts, and remember correctly your different name in each one, and in case you are put on the inside of the voting booth you must be able to count two for ever single vote of your candidate, and conceal in the palm of your hand every other ballot in favor of your candidate's opponent. So you see it takes a bit of sleight of hand to be one of their braves. This system, while perfected by the Tammany tribe, has even been copied by various other organizations.

Well, I have been reading in the papers various editorials in regard to a troop of our actors making a one day stand out of Washington, D. C. and having breakfast with President Coolidge. It was shown that they had their expenses paid by some one and it was also brought out at the investigation that some one claimed that he co-uld deliver a certain kind of support for a candidate, consisting of jokes in his favor delivered on the stage by the actors.

It's the first time the White House has ever been made a one meal stand. They arrived in the morning at 7 A.M. and it took them until 8:30 to find the stage entrance to the White House. They finally let them in through the Congressmen's entrance, a kind of a side door affair. It was a new circuit for a great many of them. One didn't know who was manager of the Opera House. It was about the toughest assignment a bunch of actors ever had, to try and make a man laugh at breakfast. If you are good enough to make 'em laugh for breakfast you ought to be able to knock 'em off their swivel chairs for luncheon or dinner. After dinner speaking is bad enough,

but can you imagine crawling out of a sleeper and being called on during the stewed prune course to deliver a prepared impromptu speech on "What the present administration has meant to the humorous actor," or, "Why are not more comedians in politics, and more politicians in musical comedies?"

This trip should do much to bring the two amusement ends of our country, the Senate, and the stage, into more close harmony. Now that the actors have journeyed to Washington and delivered their stage acts that nightly make the audience laugh, the Senate ought to put out a road show and bring it to N. Y. and have them all do their Chautauqua acts that have made the Buckwheat belt laugh for years. The only difference would be that the actors, in going to Washington to play, felt that they were barnstorming, while the Senators or Congressmen to bring their acts to New York would feel like they were at last making the big time.

Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge were very gracious, not only supplying a hearty meal, but laughing at the actor's jokes, even to the one about the snail going for the aspirin tablets. George Washington laughed in the same house when La Fayette first told it to him.

Of course what made it look bad to everybody on the outside was the fact some outsider gathered them all up and paid their expenses down there. If they want to support somebody, they certainly earn enough to get to Washington without some outsider paying their fare. Mind you, I don't think that they had any idea of the consequences when they went down. They just did it innocently as a kind of a lark, and because all the rest were going. They never stopped to think that every little thing just before election is ferreted out and made much of by the opposite party. Now it was brought out that it cost $1260.00, which I don't think was an exorbitant price when you consider that it amused the President, and made him laugh.

On Hammerstein's old Roof Graden one Summer they had an old lady that he dug up.[1] They called her Sober Sue. She was supposed to never laugh. He sat her in the box every night and the Vaudeville act among us who made her laugh was supposed to get a raise in salary.

We tried all summer and never got a wrinkle out of her, and, mind you, he had acts that he was paying a lot more than $1260 to. So I can't agreee with the papers who have criticised this politician for his outlay of money.

Of course, incidentally, in our case on the last night after the roof closed she confided to us that she was deaf, and was short sighted, and had never seen or heard any of us all summer. She laughed when she told us this, but that was too late to do us any good. She was one afflicted person after that I could never seem to sympathize with.

Then some guy at this Senatorial investigation said that he could have bought for 50 thousand dollars jokes on the stage in favor of any certain candidate. Gosh, I wish I had known that! I would have been rich by now!

If I had collected for every favorable joke I have told about each one of the candidates, and if I had been paid for all I had told against each one of them I would be a millionaire. I have said something good about them when they have done something good, and I have knocked them when they didn't do so good. That is why I am generally knocking them.

I generally give the party in power, whether Republican or Demo-crat, the more digs because they are generally doing the country more damage, and besides I don't think it is fair to jump too much on the fellow who is down. He is not working, he is only living in hopes of getting back in on the graft in another four years, while the party in power is drawing a salary to be knocked.

The fellow who testified that was just trying to get himself some money he couldn't deliver or change the opinion of men in our profession such as he mentioned. An actor has as much right as any one else to have his political beliefs. He pays his taxes and is a good citizen. But I don't think he should carry any Campaign Propaganda into his stage work, either for or against any candidate. He has no right to use his privilege as an actor to drive home his Political Beliefs.

We are paid by an audience to entertain them, not to instruct them politically. While the things you say may please one part of your audience it may displease the other part, and as one pays just as much to get in as another, we want to be friendly with each. So distribute your compliments and your knocks so when the audience go out they don't know where you are politically.

Then if you want to, as a citizen, go hire you a hall and tell them what you want to. You are a citizen not an actor then. I knock 'em all, and occasionally boost, when they do something meritorious, which is rare.

So here is hoping that the stage will not as some papers seem to think pollute politics. The worst we could do for it would be to help it.

Besides this contamination of actors dining in the White House won't happen again soon, as there is no campaign until 1928.

My Illiterate Digest Poll is going along far beyond my expectations. I did not realize that there were so many fair minded American citizens who were interested in an honest nomination and election. I am getting the vote ready but won't announce again until after election as we want to see how this fraudulent one come out. Mind you we will keep right on going with ours for weeks for the peepul must have a choice.

The Labor Government is out over in England now so the chances are that the Prince of Wales will stay at home now.[2] So he may be eliminated as one of our candidates.

The leisure class is back in over there, so he can play at home now. I think the leisure class will get in here, too, no matter who is elected.

101 A POLITICAL AUTOPSY

Well, the election is finally over. The result was just as big a surprise as the announcement that Xmas was coming in December.

The Republicans mopped up, the Democrats gummed up, and I will now try and sum up. Things are terrible dull now. We won't have any more comedy until Congress meets. That's the next serious drama with funny lines.

This next Congress will be composed partly of men who were defeated in the late Democratic annihilation. That is, it will be composed of what is known as Lame Ducks. That's a man who has been defeated and still holds office. There is no other business in the world that allows a man to work after he is fired except politics. Politics is different from any other business; in fact, it is different from anything. So, plainly speaking, a Lame Duck is a politician who has had his salary shot from under him.

Now you know that a man who already knows he is fired is not any too cheerful a bird to get along with in the way of getting through any kind of constructive legislation. He goes home the minute it is over and for the next 4 years complains of the frauds and the injustice of the present election system.

As I say, they just held an election but no one knows WHY. It cost this country millions of dollars just to see how many votes Mr. Coolidge could beat Mr. Davis and Mr. La Follette by.[1] It would be just like putting me in the ring with Jack Dempsey.[2] Everybody would say, "Why Dempsey will knock him clear out of the ring," and the promoter would say "Yes, but come and pay your money and see how far out of the ring he will knock him."

Now this was no disparagement to John W. Davis. He is a fine high class gentleman, and would have made an excellent President if he had gotten in. It just wasn't in the cards to beat Coolidge this year. It would have taken an original Roosevelt or a Lincoln to beat him, and we haven't got either one of those kind laying around in either party.[3]

Financially Davis is the gainer, as he is the only Presidential Candidate I know of who is smart enough to earn by his own efforts, more money than a Presidential Salary. He was the best Ambassador that we ever had in England. In fact he was the only one who spoke good enough English so they would understand him. He foolishly ran on honesty, and I told him at the time he would never get anywhere on it. It was too radical for Politics. Mr. Coolidge ran on common sense and the returns showed that there was 8 million people in the United States who had Common Sense enough not to believe that there was honesty in Politics.

As for La Follette he is sitting as pretty as ever. He is still in the Senate. It looks like he won't have his usual power, but you just wait; that guy will dig him up a gang before he is in there a month. You could put him up in Heaven with everything going fine, and he would get himself up an organized minority, and have Saint Peter compromising with him.

As for the Vice President, they didn't miss anything any way.

Mr. La Follette ran on the dissatisfied vote, but the trouble was that they were so dissatisified that they didn't even vote.

Now let us sum up and see just how Mr. Coolidge polled this big majority. I have read many Editorials all claiming a hundred and one differnet reasons and that luck had brought it about. Some lay it to rain in California, some to Washington winning the Pennant, some, and justly so to some extent, to the failure of wheat in all other Countries. I personally lay some of it to the conjested traffic, on election day the Republican Chauffeurs in their Pierce Arrows crowded the poor Democrats out so they couldn't get to the Polls in their Fords.

But the big reason I have never heard spoken of in any of the explanations. It is just as I told Mr. and Mrs. Alice Nicholas Longworth when I was in Washington last June after returning from California and also visiting various states coming back East.[4] They asked me, "Will, how does Coolidge stand all over the country?" I told them, "He is very very strong; he has a kind of uncanny hold on the people; they all seem to be for giving him a chance. They know he had nothing personally to do with all this oil mess, and he inherited a lot of ills for which he was not to blame."

Now that is just what I said from personal knowledge in June and the same has held good right up to election time. It's just an illustration of the fairness of the great mass of people, or crowd fairness. If you went to any sporting event and one of the principals in it was unable to go on and they substitute another for his part you would see the big majority of that crowd with the substitute. That is exactly how they felt in regard to President Coolidge. Everybody said, give him a chance. They knew and felt that he was honest, and that he was economical. But it was the great American Spirit of "give every man a fair chance," that is what elected him by this big majority.

Price of wheat didn't do it. I can carry all the wheat in my hat they raise in New York State. Lower Sur Taxes didn't do it; there was only a couple of million paid Sur Taxes. No sir, it was the psychology of a fair deal that did it.

We had had one Vice President make good in Roosevelt, so the people felt like trusting another one, and he kept his mouth shut. That was such a novelty among Politicians that it just swept the Country. Funny we never had another one to think of that before. You see originality will be rewarded in any line.

Now that we have summed up on how and why he won, let us sum up on why the Democrats lost. The first is the League of Nations. Now that may be a great thing and put properly in operation no doubt would, but why keep on trying it on the same voters who don't seem to want it. I have time and again in my act a joke or saying that I just knew and felt was good and funny. Well, I would tell it once and get no laugh, but I would feel that I knew it was good so I would go and try it again; same result; it would die standing up. I have, through my bull headedness, tried to make an audience see it as I did, but it couldn't be done.

That is exactly the way with the League of Nations in any form. You have given it a couple of trials, now for the Lord sake, can it. If the Democrats want to help Europe let them get in office first. Then they will be in a better position to help them than they will be out of office. So the first thing to do is to try and find how to get into office. If they give half the thought to helping the man at home that they give to Bromo Slovakia, they might come nearer presiding over the old Post Offices again.

Never mind downtrodden Ukarania; downtrodden New York is the one with 45 electoral votes. Concentrate your sympathy on Ohio, and Indiana; promise to look after them. They've got a mess of electoral votes that, counted on your side on Nov. 5th, would look mighty sweet. Slavonia hasn't even been admitted to the Union yet. If the Democrats will only sympathize with Rhode Island they have more electoral votes than the whole Balkan Nations combined.

Get yourself in office first; then send Underwear to Siberia. The Democratic Party is worse off right now than the slums of Poland.

There is more discontent in the Democratic Party than there is between the Turks and the Greeks. Study up and get yourself some new stuff in the next 4 years. If your so called Democratic Policies can only elect two Presidents since the Civil War, there is something wrong with your Policies. Get a new act. You are on the small time and don't know it.

If the Republicans attract the rich to their Party, why think of something that will get some of the rich into your Party.

If my act only appeals to a 10 cent audience, I will get a better act and see if I can't amuse the $5.50 guy. If they got a slush fund don't waste all your time criticising and investigating theirs; get out and get a bigger one yourself.

You pulled another bone head by concentrating on the Oil Scandal. You didn't study human nature. You know the oil happened 6 months too early to do you any good as a weapon. Ask any Soldier and he will tell you America forgot the War in one year. How was they going to remember the Oil Scandal 6 months. You can't beat an Administration by attacking it. You have to show some plan of improving on it.

If Lincoln, Nebraska, fell down three times electing a President, what made you think they could elect a Vice President?

What made you think a Vice President had to be from a Farmer State?

Why a Farmer can't even make a living; how is he going to be smart enough to be Vice President? You can't win with Bryan policies and you can't win with Bryan's kinfolks.[5]

Charley Bryan is politically a fine man.[6] History tells us that Frank James was never responsible for half as much deviltry as his brother Jesse.[7] But you can't disconnect the two names.

There is something wrong with a Party that sits in a Hall for 6 months trying to nominate a Presidential Candidate, when it will only take from 7 o'clock in the morning on election day, to 7:30 A.M. on the same morning to get him beat.

Now you got 4 years to think of something original. Mr. Coolidge thought of the idea of keeping still. Too bad you all didn't think of that. But you didn't, and he did so give him credit.

Now if you can't think of anything by next election I would just give up your Democratic Franchise and join the Republicans. This criticism is offered by an unbiased Sportsman who just loves to see a close race.

102 AMERICA'S RETURN TO WALL STREET

Well, as the old Illiterate Digest goes to the post this week, we are able to report much jubilation on the part of the disgracefully rich, or Republican, element of the entire country. They are celebrating the Country's return to Wall Street. Wall Street never had such a two weeks in the history of that ancient and honorable Institution as she is going through now. They had to keep open 20 minutes longer and all the papers made headline stories of that fact. Just think of the inconvenience of the brokers having to wait until 20 minutes after 3 P.M. in raking in more dough.

It is one of the worst personal hardships that the Exhange members has gone through with in years. Wall Street men missed golf games that hadn't missed them in years. And Stocks, why anything that looked like a stock would sell. People would wire in "buy me some stocks." The Brokers

would answer, "What kind?" The buyer would wire back, "Any kind; the Republicans are in, ain't they all supposed to go up?"

Men bought stocks who had never bought even a tooth brush before in their lives. People bought Wheat and sent a truck to the Exchange to get it. Even Moving Picture Companies' stock went up, figuring I guess that pictures will be funnier with Charley Dawes as Vice President than they would have been with Charley Bryan.[1] I can imagine Rudoph Valentino's hair falling out affecting the value of the moving Picture Company's stock, but I didn't know before that Ma Ferguson being elected Governor of Texas would do it.[2]

I didn't know that Gloria Swanson could look better in her pictures if there was only about 36 Democrats in the Senate, than she could if there was 40.[3] But the stocks showed that such was the case, because there is absolutely no sentiment in business. Premier Clemenceau refusing to meet Jackie Coogan in France seemed to have no financial bearing on Coogan Movie Stock.[4] But a blind man defeating Magnus Johnson, the loud milker of Minnesota, caused a ready sale of Coogan stock.[5]

I know Ben Turpin personally and have always been very friendly and confidential with him, but he never told me that he could look more ways under a Republican administration than he could under a Democratic one.[6] And my old friends Bill Hart and Tom Mix—why the way stocks are going buyers evidently feel that they can whip twice as many men in one fight as they could under any previous administration.[7]

I am kinder sorry that Flo Ziegfeld is not incorporated and serving his stocks on the New York Stock Exchange.[8] I would be curious to know if they took a rise during the present time, if they did I would feel certain that the Public anticipate me having more humorous events to talk on than under any other administration, or perhaps that my Gum would chew better under the old guard. Now while our Follies stocks were not listed I knew the prosperity had struck Wall Street long before the papers announced that fact, as I could tell by the class of fur coats our show girls were showing up in. I never saw in all my years with the show a better or more expensive line of coats. Only one Seal has shown up so far. All the rest have been Minks, and Sables. That's the best financial barometer in the World.

Now what is worrying me is what they will do with movies that were made under the late Divided, or Vetoing administration. They will perhaps just destroy them and make new ones, as no true Artist could do his best work only under an Administration that was sympthetic to Capital.

Even the Subway stock in New York has gone up. Now what I want to know is how they can make any more money? Capacity is the only way. How are you going to get more people into one of those cars than they are now? They got men hired now just to push and assort you around in there

so you will take up the last space. Unless people decrease in size in the next few years there is no way they can carry a single person more than they have in the past year.

In the paper in front of me here I see where Fisher Bodies took a spurt of 10 points just today. Now I venture to say that there are lots of good American voters who are absolutely honest and want to do their share in maintaining the upkeep of this old Commonwealth that don't even know what a Fisher Body is. They wouldn't know whether to go to the Aquarium to look for a sample of one, or to a Broadway Musical Comedy Chorus. Yet here was this object just sitting waiting for Mr. Coolidge to be elected to double itself in value. Now it is, as a matter of fact, a certain kind of Body on an Automobile. It would have been absolutely useless under an administration of Robert La Follette.[9] No user of a high class car could have thought of riding in a Fisher Body with him President. Even under Davis I doubt if the Fisher Body could have ever amounted to much.[10] It is just one of those things that thrive better under a Republican Cabinet.

Personal fortunes have been made over night. I read of one Automobile Manufacturer who has been in speculation for several years. (I think it was my old friend Durant, and I hope it was.)[11] Well, they say he cleaned up 10 million in Cast Iron Pipe. Now there is one for the book. Here cast Iron Pipe has been laying around for years and we never thought much of it. It was all right to hit some one over the head with, or to stumble over, but it really didn't cut any figure in the political or social, or financial life of our Country. And here all it needed was a President from Vermont to put it on its feet. You know it is really remarkable when you think of it how near Cast Iron Pipe is linked up with New York's 45 Electoral votes, or even Nebraska's 10 votes.

Radio Stock took a sput, that means the Republican Bed Time Stories will be even more sleepy than the ones in the last Administration. Why, with Davis in the White House, people would not have listened to a Radio at all. But now static will arrive nightly in every home.

Woolworth's took a jump; shows you these Republicans are smart. They are going to take care of their 5 to 10 cent patrons the same as they are their Fisher Body trade. This Woolworth boost in stock was a kinder of a surprise to me as I did not know that the Republican Party had any Woolworth trade among them. I thought the Democrats were the backbone of the Woolworth Tower.

Cross Word Puzzle Stock made a jump, you would have imagined that everybody had thought of the right word at the same time. I tell you, with Cross Word selling at 12 to 14 points above par, I can't see how we can have anything staring us in the face but prosperity.

Coca Cola took a jump right out of the glass. That seems kinder strange that a summer drink stock should wait until November to show its value. Just think what a great Campaign slogan that would have made. "Vote for Coolidge and put Coca Cola on its feet" or "Keep Coolidge and Coca Cola."

International Harvester was another. Now harvesters are all in the sheds and will be until next June, and nobody knows whether we will have any wheat to cut them. Still people are just crazy about them even idle.

Simmons Bed! Now I don't know what that is. I suppose it is some brand of sleeping apparatus. Now, just off hand, I don't see why you couldn't sleep just as good or as much on one of them even if Bull Montana was President as you can under Coolidge.[12]

Postum Cereal, Montgomery Ward, Orpheum Circuit and Distillers Products, Inc. Those last 4 mean I suppose, that everybody will fill up on Postum Cereal go clear out west to attend the Orpheum Circuit Shows, get half their supplies from Montgomery Ward, and the other half from Distillers Products Incorporated. Now don't ask me why, I don't know any more about it than you do. I thought we elected Mr. Coolidge to lower our Taxes, and keep us at peace with the World. I didn't know that we had to ride in a Fisher Body and, sleep in a Simmons Bed, eat Postum, and drink Coca Cola.

What makes these things worth so much more on November the 5th than they were on November the 3rd? Of coruse I was old fashioned enough up to now to think that supply and demand regulated the price of everything. Now I find Nov. the 4th regulates it. Who is going to pay all these extra profits these things are supposed to earn? I don't know, unless it is the purchaser. These fellows that are doing all this buying and selling this stock, they don't have to buy any individual Harvester next year when their wheat is ripe and pay for it to make up for this raise in the price of stock. Maybe next year on account of not being a Presidential year here, Russia's and Argentine's wheat crop will not be a failure, and ours might be. Where will the farmer come in, with his high priced Harvester and low priced wheat? It's all right to let Wall Street bet each other millions of dollars every day but why make these bets effect the fellow who is plowing a field out in Claremore, Oklahoma.

You are interfering with personal rights then. Another class of men bet thousands of dollar every day on Race Horses, yet they don't interfere with the Horse raiser in Texas. They get their gambling just the same, but they don't manipulate the price of Horse flesh all over the Country.

Mind you, I am not going to remedy it right now. I will allow Wall Street to run on a few days. Maybe their conscience will hurt them. (What's that you said would hurt them?) But, on the level, it does seem funny these

guys can sit here, produce nothing, ride in Fisher Bodies, and yet put a price on your whole year's labor.

You mean to tell me that in a Country that was run really on the level, 200 of their National commodities could jump their value millions of dollars in two days? Where is this sudden demand coming from all at once.

I am supposed to be a comedian, but I don't have to use any of my humor to get a laugh out of that. Didn't we have a saying one time something about 100 percent Americans?

103 WELL, WE'VE BEEN KEEPING KOOL WITH KOOLIDGE

Well, as the Illiterate Digest goes to press we are just getting over a day or so of very cold weather. For a couple of days there it looked like we were going to be able to KEEP KOOL WITH KOOLIDGE. In fact I would just as soon have kept WARM WITH WADSWORTH.[1]

Well, prosperity must have hit us because a lot of prominent men have suddenly got enough to get into the Follies on. We have had a disgraceful mess of them lately. One night last week we had the War Industries Board, 200 strong, all in one party. They were the famous $1.00 a year men during the War. Now, will you tell me how men who only got one dollar a year could afford the Follies? They still have their organization and once every year they meet and have a kind of a Reunion, and live over again the old prosperous days. Then, in between, they just sit and pine for another War.

They were all Republicans but one. That was Mr. Barney Baruch, the head of it during the War.[2] With all the boasted Republican properity they made Baruch buy the Tickets. They keep this one Democrat in there so he can pay for everything.

You see, when President Wilson formed this Board during the War he told Baruch to go out and get all the prominent business men of every line together and see if they couldn't form some kind of Association to speed up supplies for the War. Well, he thought of course Baruch would come in with members of both Political Parties. But when they round them all up, why they are all Republicans!

So Mr. Wilson asked him why be so partial to one Party? And Mr. Baruch told him: "You told me to get prominent men from every Industry and I did. Now I can go and get you some Democrats but they won't be very prominent and won't have any Industries with them. Besides I doubt if you can get a Democrat to work for $1.00 a year. They are used to getting at least a $1.00 a day.

Well, they decided to use these Republicans and let the Democrats do the fighting. They knew they could do that.

Now you see Baruch took care of all these Political opponents and now that his Party is out and their's is in, they have not done a thing for him. It is a shame they won't repay him. Why, they even make him pay their fare to these Reunions every year. But he is a game guy and don't squawk. He is, you know, the Sight Draft of the Democratic Party.

He come back in my dressing room and sit and talked for an hour, and he complimented me on an Article of mine showing why the Democrats didn't do better in the last election. He said I had it absolutely right when I said that the Democrats had to get rid of the League of Nations Idea and get a Slush Fund in it place, and that if the Republicns had been kinder promiscuous in peddling our Oil, why, it only showed that Voters admired personal preparedness in their Public officials.

So the Democrats should go out and get themselves some slick Candidates and not preach too much on their party's honesty in the Campaign. Shrewdness in Public life all over the World is always honored, while honesty in Public Men is generally attributed to Dumbness and is seldom rewarded.

Among some of the many prominent ones I introduced to the audience was Eugene Meyers of some finance Board.[3] They sent him out all over the west to loan money to the Banks to finance the Farmers until after election. He put the money in and the Republican Candidates for Senators in each State borrowed it all themselves, so they were the only Farmers benefited. I told this on him in the show and it got a big laugh and I have always noticed that people will never laugh at anything that is not based on truth.

Then they had the great Republican Leader Charlie Otis from Cleveland, an old Ex Cowpuncher, by the way.[4] He is such a strong political factor in Ohio Politics in Cleveland that La Follette carried the City by a big majority. Too bad La Follette didn't have him working against him all over the Country.[5] He is a great old fellow even if he is such a poor Politician.

Herbert Swope the enterprising Editor of the N. Y. World was among them.[6] They had him along so, in case of a raid, they would have a Democratic name to give the Police. He is the first Democratic Editor to revive without stimulants after the election returns come in.

At their business meeting some man representing a Farmer's organization made a speech asking that the Farmer be given the same protection in financing by the Government that is given Eastern Industries. That got the biggest laugh of the meeting.

Al Smith, New York's popular Governor, was also in a few nights ago.[7] Our show seems to be a relaxation from all the humor of Public office. They

like to come in and be instructed and think seriously every once in a while. After all, most prominent men have sensible sides if you can only get their mind off themselves and the humor of their importance.

Al is a bear. He come up on the stage and I made him promise that he would run for President on the Democratic Ticket in 1928, provided they decided to enter a man by then. Al promised he would if I would be his Secretary of State. I wouldn't mind the job so much but, Lord, I would hate those Whiskers. Perhaps we can compromise on a Bobbed Mustache.

No kidding though, you just watch that Guy stop in '28. If the voters still want "Plain Folks" by then, why here is a Bird that has got 'em all skinned for just old down to earth Horse Sense.

And, say, by the way, with that Industrial Board that night by mistake was another good Democrat. That was Governor Ritchie of Maryland.[8] In looking for a Democratic Governor Candidate next time don't overlook this one. They sometimes nominate Men for geographical reasons. Well, here is a man that is nearer to the White House than any Governor living. Baltimore is only an hour from Washington over Bootleg Boulevard.

Gov. Ritchie could be President and still run and govern Maryland. That ought not to take over a couple of hours a week of his time to oversee a little patch of ground like that. He could get those Stills systematized over there so we would only have to go over and check up and come back.

Another distinguished visitor we had last week was Sir Thomas Lipton, who I introduced and he made a very pretty little speech.[9] I introduced him as the man who had made more Tea and drank less of it than any man living. I told him that he truly represented the British Isles, as he was Born in Ireland, weaned on Scotch Whiskey and made English Sportsmanship famous.

He is such a good loser it would be a shame for him to win; it might spoil him. He is, by the way, over here seeing something about running second again.

And last Saturday Matinee who should we have but Chauncy Depew![10] That was wonderful. It was the first time I had ever had the honor of talking for him. I did all the political stuff, which I thought he might enjoy, and then I introduced him to the audience and what an ovation he did get.

Just think, this wonderful old man who will soon be 91 years old, and has been making the world laugh and think for years. He is the most famous after Dinner speaker we ever had. He made the loveliest and brightest little Speech for us, said he had been trying to amuse people for 70 years but had never found it necessary to use a Rope to do it.

I told him that the Follies would get him. We might have to wait 91 years to get him but we would nail him sooner or later.

Then, a night or so ago, who should come back to see me in my dressing room but Mrs. Richard Croker, just over from Ireland on her way to Florida.[11] You know, we are fellow Cherokees. Her folks are Cherokee Indians and so are mine and we are both mighty proud of it. I have known her for years. She is really quite a remarkable Woman. There was no marrying this Man for his money. They really loved each other and had a very happy married life, and when he left her this money and property he knew where it should go. She deserves every cent of it, and everybody I ever talked with is glad she got to keep it.

She told me they made a mistake by attacking her in Courts in Ireland. You can't buy Judges over there. They are appointed for life. Political promises don't interest them. She told me of that wonderful place outside Dublin, "Glencairn" his Irish Estate, and told me of the wonderful Horses and Stock.

She had me all excited to go to Ireland. That is where some of my folks come from. There is a fine breed for you, Irish-Indian. Ziegfeld says I have a touch of Hebraic in me, too.[12] Which would make me an Irish, Jewish, Indian.

My family crest would in that case be, a Shillalah with a Tomahawk on one end, and a percent sign (%) on the other.

104 ABIDE BY SHIP SINKING TREATY

Well, we have had a very strenuous week in the sinking department of our Navy. We were all last week trying to sink our greatest battleship, the Washington. It's hard to go against Public Sympathy. When a thing is carrying the good wishes and hopes of a majority of the people it may get licked in the end, but it generally puts up a pretty good fight. And the Washington (that would have been our most magnificent battleship) was no exception. She was hard to sink, not only on account of her armored plate, but because everybody hated to see her sunk. In other words, she was carrying too much sympathy to go down easy.

Here is a boat we had spent thirty-five million on, and we go out and sink it. And the funny part about it is that it cost us more to sink it than it did to build it. We shot all the ammunition we had left over from the war into it and those big guns on the Texas they were using, they only are good for so many shots during their lifetime. So we spoiled the guns of our next best trying to sink the best one.

HOW IT HAPPENED

A great many people don't understand just how this sinking come about. You see we had a conference over here a few years ago.[1] It was

called by America. We were building a lot of battleships and we had plenty of money to do it on, and it looked like in a couple of years we might have what would be the largest Navy in the world. Well, the League of Nations gathering in Paris had attracted a lot of attention and got quite a lot of publicity, most of which had been shared in this Country by the Democrats. So, when the Republicans got in, they conceived the idea of a publicity stunt for the Republicans. Why not then have a conference? So they decided that was a good thing. But what would they confer about? Well, that was kinder of a sticker because the League of Nations had conferred about six months, and in that time had taken up about every question on the Calendar.

So Secretary Hughes happened to think of the idea: "Let us confer on sinking battleships."[2] Well, the idea was so original that they immediately made him the toastmaster. You see, up to then, battleships had always been sunk by the enemy, and when he proposed to sink them yourself it was the most original thought that had ever percolated the mind of a statesman. So, when we communicated the idea to England and Japan that we had an idea whereby we would sink some of our own battleships, why they come over so fast, even the butler wasn't dressed to receive them when they arrived.

THEY GOT SEASICK

In order to add a quorum, and also to make a colorful picture, why we invited other nations, some of which didn't even have a river running through them much less being near an ocean. Well, all the powers got seasick coming over, as it was their first voyage.

Nations who heretofore had no Navy had to take up some kind of Naval Uniforms. When they arrived in Washington everybody wondered where the Masquerade Ball was going to be held. Of course, the foreigners had to furnish most of the picturesqueness, but our members did the best they could. They got out their old inauguration suits and turned them upside down and scattered moth balls all over the carpet. What we lacked in personal appearance at the conference we made up in generosity.

The toastmaster arose, re-assembled his beard, and spoke as follows: "Friends and Debtors, (Because they all owed us money) at the rate we are building battleships in this Country in three years we will make the song, 'Britania Rules the Waves,' sound like 'Yes We Have No Bananas.'[3] Now we don't want to destroy the truth and merit of a song which a nation has already gone to the trouble to learn, so we want to do what is right. We don't want to be the biggest naval power because we have no song to that effect. So we figure it is better and cheaper to stop and destroy what we have than it is to go to the trouble of writing a new song. Now let us get right down to brass tacks and lay our plans on the table, England, what have you got."

FIFTY-FIFTY CUT

England replies as follows: "Well, my plans call for the building within the next six months of 51 battleships of the first one, 286 destroyers and 500 miscellaneous gunboats. Now we are willing for the sake of world peace to tear those blue prints in half. We will, for national unity, sacrifice half what we intended to do. Now I don't think that any nation could be fairer than that, these plans that we made up on the boat coming over cost us time, and paper is high, and I don't think that we should be asked to give up more than that."

Mr. Hughes responded as follows: "That is the kind of spirit that I was sure you would exhibit and think that what you offer is not only fair but more than fair. Now, Japan, what are you prepared to do to help America get rid of some of our superfluous Navy?"

Togo (with apologies to Wallace Irwin) replied as to wit: "Honorable Gentlemen, Ha! Ha! (Excuse laugh, I don't speak very good English) Japan she have a dream of having more ships on seas as any nation under rising sun.[4] Now Japan is willing to do what she can to help America from being too big on Ocean. So Japan propose as these facts: She, Japan, will forget half of her dream. Well, not quite half, (Excuse me, I know not American figures very well). She will forget two-fifths of her dreams, she will promise to be just three-fifths as big as America and England. Of course, she is now only one-ninth as big but we will build as fast as we can and we think that by us doing away with our big dream and only remembering three-fifths of it that we are acting in a very honorable and generous mood. I thank you."

GO THEM ONE BETTER

Mr. Hughes arose, bowed and thanked our Nipponese guest as now related: "I had an idea when I called this Conference that I would get the whole hearted support that I am now receiving. England is tearing up half her blue prints and Japan has discarded two-fifths of her dreams and I have just been informed that Switzerland has promised to cut her bob sleds in half. Now Gentlemen, I will show you what America is prepared to do. FOR EVERY BATTLESHIP YOU FELLOWS BUILD AMERICA WILL SINK ONE."

Well, that just brought down the house. He was appointed Secretary of State for life. It was good economy because with him Secretary of State, they would soon need no Secretary of the Navy. And for an encore of this knockout speech he replied: "Yes and to show you we will live up to it, I don't care how big a battleship you build, we will sink a bigger one."

Well there was nothing left but for England and Japan to go home and start building, and to start sinking. Of course, if Mr. Hughes had known that our battleships were going to be as hard to sink as they are, why we

could have put it in the contract that they were to stand their pro rata share of the cost of the sinking. It would be cheaper for us to give the battleships to them, than it would for us to have to sink them ourselves. Now they are talking of having another naval Disarmament Conference. We can only stand one more. If they ever have a second one we will have to borrow a boat to go to it.

DON'T WANT LEAD START

You see, we don't like to ever have the start on any nation in case of War. We figure it looks better to start late and come from behind. If we had a big Navy some nation would just be picking on us all the time. But as it is now, with us and England 5-5, that is we are supposed to be equal, why if we ever had a war it would be a tie. But why fix it so two nations will fight a tie in a War? They will only want to fight it over again. Agreeing on how many boats each nation shall have would be like agreeing on how many shots each soldier could fire a day in case of war. Before you went to war you would have to look at your contract, to see what you was allowed.

Now we find that a storm was instrumental in sinking the Washington, Mr. Wilbur, our Navy Secretary, said, "the results of the experiments on the attempted sinking of the Washington were of great military value."[5] I guess it showed him where to have a boat located in case a storm was coming and you wanted it sunk. He also says: "The Treaty required this vessel sunk or broken up but permitted us the privilege of using it as a target before sinking. This was one of the advantages accorded us by the Treaty."

Now those are his very words. If I purposely thought a year I could not think of anything as ridiculous as that. ONE OF THE ADVATAGES GAINED WAS TO USE OUR OWN BOATS AS A TARGET. My Lord, can't we shoot at all of them if we want to? Maybe that is why we are going to hold another Conference, so we can get permission to shoot at the rest of them.

He says he don't want the other nations to find out how we did it. Don't worry, they are not going to sink any of theirs. Sinking your own boats is a Military Strategy that will always remain in the sole possession of America.

Here is the funny part about the Disarmament Treaty. It says there is to be no more war, so we must sink our boats, but we are allowed to practice shooting at them as they go down, in case there is another war and we need the marksmanship.

If they are trying to outlaw war, why don't they quit practicing shooting?

BUT I SHOULD BE THE LAST ONE TO KICK, THEY FURNISH ME WITH MATERIAL TO MAKE A GOOD LIVING. Next week "Eng-

land and Egypt and the League of Nations." I think it is a funnier act than this one.

105 WE SAVE MONEY, EGYPT LOSES IT

Well, all I know is what I read in the papers. Like my illustrious competitor, the Literary Digest, I just cull the high spots of the day's news, giving both sides, provided there are two sides. So many of our public questions are so one-sided that it is hard to dig up another side. But the old reliable Illiterate Digest is here to say that news has begun to pop.

I knew the minute that Congress met that the comedy element would prevail. Of course the high lights of today's news, as I go to press, is not Coolidge's message to Congress, not Mellon's predicition of prosperity, not France talking of paying our debt.[1] Those are all minor affairs. The big thing headlined is CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S WIFE ONLY 16 YEARS OLD, and, if so, what should be done with her?[2]

If she is 16 and said at her wedding ceremony that she was 19 she is the only female of the species that ever increased her age voluntarily. She is a novelty already and if those odd traits keep up she will show as much originality as Charlie.

Now Los Angeles, to be sure and get its share of the publicity out of the wedding, has said she would be compelled to go to school. I am glad they put an age limit on knowledge instead of a test limit out there, because if a lot of us (me particularly) had to stand an educational test before marriage we would have all been bachelors.

This girl don't need to go to school. Any girl smart enough to marry Charlie Chaplin should be lecturing at Vassar College on "Taking advantage of your opportunities." I consider Charlie Chaplin not only the funniest man in the world, but I consider him to be (and this comes not from heresay but from personal observation and contact with him) to be one of the smartest minds in America. Any man that can stay at the absolute head of his profession as long as he has, can't do it on a pin head. It's an education to be associated with Charlie Chaplin. He is a student of every form of government, and well informed on every national and international question. And human nature? What that guy don't know about that! He never puts a bit of business or gag into his picture until he has studied out whether it will hit every man, woman and child, be they American, Chinaman, or Zulu. He is the only man, actor, statesman, writer, painter that has ever been able to please the entire world.

THE PRESIDENT'S PULLMAN CAR

News Reel No. 2. It's a long jump from "Is she 19 or is she lying?" to the President of the United States going across the Continent in an ordinary Pullman. But that is a bit of news that has been read by every man and woman who can read. He delivered a message to Congress explaining the affairs of the country we live in, its assets, its obligations. That message was read by perhaps a hundred people. He goes to Chicago in the drawing room of a Pullman. That was read by 10 million. So that is the thing nowadays. Be like Chaplin, be like Coolidge, do something that everybody will understand. He, like Chaplin, knows human nature. Knowing human nature is what put Chaplin where he is, knowing human nature is what put our President where he is.

And the President didn't do it for effect either. He did it because for a private car they wanted him to buy 25 tickets and he could only accommodate 10 persons. Why pay for 15 that were not going? No, sir, that was not his training and it was not his nature. He believes, and his actions have always borne it out, that you should get value for what you spend, and if he can only get it through the head of that Congress and stop them getting appropriations widen and deepen rivers back home where a mud turtle can't even get up at the present time, and stop building post offices in towns where less than 10 letters a month come in, why he is liable to put this country on a paying basis yet.

It was no particular hardship for him to go to Chicago in a mere drawing room, where he had traveled all over New England for years in a day coach. He knows that the people know that 5 years ago he would have gotten lost in a Drawing Room, and as the wife of a man like that don't need a school teacher.

WE SAVE MONEY, EGYPT LOSES IT

For having a private car there was only one ever in New England and they charged admission for people to see that. He preaches economy because he has always practiced it. There is no four-flushing about it. Election is over, so you can't lay these things to political reasons. No sir, there are two things you can't make this country ever believe (I don't care how partisan a man's politics may be): One is that our President is not the Soul of Honesty, and the other is that he is not trying his best to curtail expenses of our National Government.

After Cal and Charlie, what is the next bit of business to pick up? Been a lot in the papers about some Rajah over in England.[3] Over there they wouldn't publish his name. Over here if we didn't publish people's names that are mixed up in scandals why we would have no scandals. That's all they get into them for. If you left a man's name out of a scandal here he could sue the paper for libel and get it. They are kinder afraid over there,

because where this Prince comes from in India they have a law that if a man is married and is unfaithful to his wife her family can take him out and publicly shoot him. There is no trial or anything. It is just their religious and state custom (and we call them uncivilized). Well, anyway, if that was the custom over here I would take every cent I make and put it into an ammunition factory.

Oh, yes, I like to forgot (I should have had this in there with that other Coolidge talk). Here is the only thing that sounds a little fishy. Mr. Coolidge wanted to get near the farmers and deliver them a message so he went to Chicago and had dinner with a club called the "Saddle and Sirloin Club." That was supposed to be an Agricultural club. Can you imagine a real farmer belonging to a thing with a name like that? If a farmer ever came in there to that club they would arrest him for poaching. I don't know what it is, but I bet you that is a lot of commission men at the yards and Doctors, and Lawyers that have one old horse. They go out and put on thier breeches and ride every Sunday morning. It would be a laugh to a farmer to ask him if he was a member of the Saddle and Sirloin Club. They ride a pan cake saddle, then come in and eat a sirloin steak (that has been shipped by the farmer 1,500 miles) then invite the President to deliver a message to the farmer.

HIGHEST-PRICED MAN EVER KILLED

Well, from the Saddle and Sirlon, the Farmer's Exclusive Club, the Illiterate Digest jumps over the Egypt. England got an officer killed down there by a lot of fanatics. Now here is what she demanded in return: 2 million five hundred thousand dollars, to be paid in 24 hours, do away with all political demonstrations, take all Egyptian soldiers out of Soudan (a part of Egypt), withdraw all opposition to the wishes of His Majesty's government.

Now here is what it would mean to localize the case. Suppose an English officer was killed here. We would pay $2,500,000, withdraw all our troops from West of the Mississippi (in fact the Soudan comprises more of Egypt than all our West does of us), and withdraw all oppostion to the wishes of His Majesty's government.

That looks to me to be the highest priced man ever killed. Now mind you, they have got the murderers and are going to punish them, and the money has been paid in O. K. But can you imagine a country that is not allowed to hold any kind of a political demonstration? Of course it has its advantages. I wish it had happened over here before our two conventions. But what, if the whole thing was on the level, has the foul murder of one man got to do with making a nation move their army out of over half their own country.

Egypt of course appealed to the League of Nations. The League looked it up on their book and found that they only settle disputes where two small

nations are involved, that England was able to settle its own and that the Egyptians would have to take it up with the English.

Why don't nations let people alone, and quit trying to hold what they call a protectorate over them? Let people do their own way and have their own form of Government. We haven't got any business in the Philippines. We are not such a howling success running our own Government.

Take cotton out of the Soudan and England would not be so anxious to protect it. I notice no nation has ever claimed protectorate over the Sahara Desert. But you let some native find gold there, and right away England or France or some of them would decide that the Sahara needed protection.

President Wilson will turn over in his grave when he knows what has happened to his "Determination of small nations idea."[4]

Well that's what they get for being Egyptians anyway. A fellow ain't got any business being born in Egypt. I hope we never get any valuable foreign man killed over here. If they ever demanded 2,500,000 dollars out of our treasury on 24 hours' notice, we might not have time to float bonds for it.

106 ROGERS SAYS RADIO PHOTOGRAPHS ARE THE BUNK

All the papers the last week or so have devoted columns of space to the new invetion of sending photographs by radio. What good is it? They look just as bad as the ones we used to get by mail. In fact they don't look as good. Every one I saw that had their pictures sent by radio looked like they had the small pox. If you have to have the smallpox to be prominent enough to have your picture sent I wouldn't want it. Now will you just honestly tell me what good this invention adds to life, limb or science?

If you could transport some food, or drink, or something useful there would be some sense to it, but who wants to receive a picture. It's bad enough to get 'em by mail. But the way some editors are raving over it, you would think Thomas Edison with his invention of the electric light was a piker.[1] Or that Henry Ford with his mechanical Ground Hog should not be spoken of in the same breath with this great addition to civilization. Why, they make you wonder how we got along when we used to have to wait four days to see how Valentino looked out on the Coast.[2]

Now with this latest addition to the welfare of humanity, why we see how he looked in the morning edition, then all we have to do is wait patiently until the afternoon editions come out and see how much he has changed since breakfast. We used to have tintypes taken and they crossed the plains by pony express. That was not hailed as a miracle. Why? Be-

cause people were smarter in those days. They didn't go cuckoo over looking at pictures in the papers. People could read in those days. They wanted to know what was going on not what kind of hat some guy had on. Your looks meant nothing to them; it was what you did that counted.

The first ones transmitted by Radio was, of course the Prince of Wales, Secretary Hughes, President Coolidge, and the Premier of England, (whoever it happened to be that particular day).[3] Now the Prince of Wales had just been over here and we had a siege of two months of doing nothing but looking at his pictures in eight poses in every edition of every paper printed. We saw so many pictures of him we knew by heart every necktie he owned. He leaves and we say: "Well we will get some news in the paper where his picture used to be." But no, some nut invents a way to send pictures by radio, and we start getting his again. Now, he is a nice boy and I like him, but I believe I can remember how he looks without being reminded every day. I know one fellow who likes carrots, but there is days when he won't eat a one.

Then there was President Coolidge. We had just gone through a political campaign so we were just getting a pretty fair idea established in our mind as to how he looked. Then here comes the radio with identically the same pictures. Now until he smiles we can just use the ones we have (and he is not going to smile as long as this lame duck Congress is in Session.) As for Mr. Hughes, he always looks and acts the same. Unless you catch him off his dignity in some picture, why don't send it to us. We know how he looks.

Everything in the World and everybody in the World that is worth while has been photographed. We knew just how they look. So getting them to us quicker is no invention. That's a calamity. I have seen pictures of John D. Rockefeller getting ready to hit every golf ball in the world.[4] We have seen Douglas Fairbanks' pict-ure taken at his studio with everybody that ever had to visit Los Angeles.[5] As I say, these are men and things that a 10 year old child can sit down and draw pictures of for you, just from imagination.

When Peggy Joyce gets married each time, we can visualize just about what her new husband will look like.[6] We don't need a radio picture. We can draw him, and we know Peggy can draw on him.

When as a child you went to school and in the old first readers they had pictures of a cat, rat, dog and all kinds of animals and things. But as you learn what they were they stopped putting them in your books, and started in learning you something else. They didn't insult even a child's intelligence by putting the same pictures in day after day. But with us now we look at the same thing every day. If a prominent man is going to Europe, we have to look at him waving on the deck. When he comes back we pick up

our morning papers and see him waving again. Maybe the same ship, and perhaps the same handkerchief.

Now that we have the photos by radio, we will have to watch him land on the other side too. And still they claim paper to print on is high. You never look at a Sunday picture section without seeing somebody jumping a horse over a hurdle—mostly a low one. Why don't the papers just pick out the best and highest picture of a jumping horse, and leave it in there? Then if you must see a jumping horse before eating your breakfast, why at least know that you are looking at the best one there is.

A dog with pups is another regular Sunday morning dish. Just pick out the picture of the one who had the most pups and keep it in regular! So that the people that can't go to church without looking at pups can have their fill.

This picture stuff is nothing new. The Police Gazette was the orignator of it. Every newspaper in America should pay a royalty to them. They used to print actresses and chorus girls pictures in tights, and people thought it was terrible. Now our newspapers have taken the tights off them and people think it is artistic.

Of course in the old days of the Gazette we used to have to look at the photos of the champion barbers. But what is the difference? Now we have to look on every page at the champion golfers of each tournament. On sheer looks and ability and service to mankind, I much prefer the barbers.

We are gettting to be a nation that can't read any more. If the thing hasn't got a picture of it, why we are sunk. Instead of reporters nowadays, we use photographers. A guy with a camera would make a sucker out of Rudyard Kipling.[7] Newspapers are advertising themselves as having "20 pages of advertising, and 278 cameramen." That's why the Bible is not read more than it is, because it is not in the picture section. If they could see Moses in a golf suit writing his sermon on the mount by radio, why they would look at it. Or pictures of David in his training quarters getting ready to slay Goliath with the jawbone of a Senator, why people would stop to glance at it.

De Mille, in a moving picture parted the Red Sea, and more people have seen it in the pictures than ever heard of it outside of pictures.[8] I have had more people ask me where DeMille got that idea, and say it certainly was original.

If some Preacher was just smart enough to put the Bible into a cross word puzzle the entire United States would know it by heart. On tomb stones in years to come will be inscribed: "John Smith, died Jan. 2. He was a remarkable man, he had looked at a million newspaper pictures of prominent men, educated his son at Harvard to look at twice that many."

Yale will advertise: "Come to Yale. We will learn you how to look at more pictures than any school of its size in the World."

You will receive a Western Union Telegram and there will be a picture of William Jennings Bryan.[9] An educational note will read: "Miss Lizzie Bean is taking a picture looking course at Vassar. She can look at two pages of Rotagravure Section at once. She is by far the best educated woman of our time."

Conversations in the Senate of the U. S. will be as follows:

Senator Low Gear—"I have the picture of a bill here to assist the farmers."

Senator Obstract—"Well, I didn't see any pictures in the paper of the farmers in need. So I don't think we should help them."

Or a Social Note in the paper will read: "Mrs. Vanderbilt is giving a very select party tonight where she is having the very latest photos of members of the House of Representatives sent her by telephone. Come: you don't need to know anything—just look."

I see where they quote some Chinaman as saying hundreds of years ago, that "one picture is worth 10,00 words." Sure. That's Chinese words. It is yet. What would you do with 10,000 Chinese words? It wouldn't take you a minute to burn up one picture, but it would take you an hour to burn up 10,000 Chinese words.

So again I ask you, what good is this invention. Who wants to look at the same faces day after day whether they come by radio or whether they come by freight. Let the radio find a way to reach the bollweevil in the cotton, and get him listening in, long enough to let the cotton grow.

If Radio wants to do something worth while let them figure out some way to get rid of the static, and stop that growling and whistling and barking inside them. Maybe it is pictures that are coming over mine. It certainly is not words. No sir, mechanical scientist. It's bad enough to get a man's voice, much less his picture. So of all the unnecessary inventions I can think of that might be produced, this is the most useless.

Figure out a cigar lighter that will work and then you will go down in history. Or figure out a toupee that the hair won't stay combed the same way all the time.

107 AVIATION IS 20 YEARS OLD BUT CONGRESS NEVER HEARD OF IT

As I am writing this 2 blocks away the body of Samuel Gompers, the great labor leader, is being viewed and wept over by hundred of big strong men, who are appreciative of what he had spent his life in doing for them.[1]

He was a good friend of mine. Just a few weeks ago he come to see our show and is customary with any notable in the audience, I introduced him, with: "Our notable guest has been 40 years at the head of the largest organization of men in this country. He has done more for the working man than any man living. The reason the Federation of Labor has been so successful is because when they found a good man they kept him. They didn't go off electing some new fellow every 4 years, and the smartest thing that he ever did for them was to keep his organization out of Politics. He makes them work his way, but vote like they want to."

Well, that introduction seemed to please the old fellow, and I then tried this one on him for a laugh: "Mr. Gompers has spent his life trying to keep Labor from working too hard, and he has succeeded beyond his own dreams."

I have before me here in the dressing room a Picture Post Card mailed in Mexico from him, just before he took sick: "Am going to bring you back a new lariat and some new jokes." He will be missed, and that's saying a lot in these times. All labor stops for two minutes today as a tribute to him. I suppose Capital will take it out of their salary at the end of the week.

And while we are on the subject of labor, I see a lot in the papers about this 20th or Child Labor Amendment, and I have been asked how I stand on that. If Congress or the States would just pass one law, as follows, they wouldn't need any 20th Amendment: "EVERY CHILD, REGARDLESS OF AGE SHALL RECEIVE THE SAME WAGE AS A GROWN PERSON." That will stop your child labor. They only hire them because they pay them less for the same work that they would have to pay a man. If children don't do more for less money, why is it that they want to use them? No factory or farmer or anybody else hires a child because he is so big hearted he wants to do something for the child. He hires him because he wants to save a man's salary. It's become a habit and a custom that if a child does something for us, no matter how good and prompt they do it, to not give them as much as we would a grown person, because I suppose, people think they would just spend it foolishly if they had too much.

There is no use getting excited over a little thing like an Amendment to our Constitution nowadays, because if you don't like this one wait till the next day and they will have some more. I think I will miss a few weeks in voting and wait till they get up in the thirties on their Amendments, and then start voting again with them. It's pitiful when you think how ignorant the founders of our Constitution must have been. Just think what a Country we would have if men in those days had the brains and forethought of our men today!

Well, yesterday was the 20th Anniversary of the first Flying Machine flight by the Wright Brothers.[2] People wouldn't believe that a man could fly, AND CONGRESS DON'T BELIEVE IT YET.

The anniversary of the Wrights' flight was celebrated all over the World yesterday. France launched their 54th Flying Squadron (Squadron, I said; not airship. But a whole Squadron! 54th!) England turned out two gross. Japan hatched out a batch. American celebrated the occasion by letting one Aviator out, and deciding to keep up the other three. Our Air Service is waiting for Congress to make an appropriation to have the valves ground and carbon removed from the engines.

Of course this year was a kinder slow year for us because our Aviators were gone around the world.[3] If a war ever breaks out while our Air Force is off on a trip like that we are going to be up against it. Of course we hold all the records in doing everything that an Aviator ever did, and of course Congress figures that in case of a War we would just show the enemy these records and the enemy would call off their Air part of the war.

We are improving though. We have two Dirigibles now, the Los Angeles, which holds 20 million feet of gas, (somebody with a sense of humor named that) and we have The Shenandoah. So in case we get one shot down we will have another one in reserve.

Of course we will have to notify the enemy that they will do us a great favor by shooting one of them down near where the other one is, because we have to use the same air in both of them. We have two Airships but only one set of air, so they will have to give us time to change.

The Germans had some of the helium gas in one airship when they brought it over there, but their Contract only called for delivery of the Ship, and nothing was said about the Air. So some Dutchman opened the gate and let it all out.

Congress, by the way, is going to make an appropriation to get some more of this gas, as soon as some one tells them that they use it in the navigation of this ship. They will perhaps compromise on only appropriating enough money to get half enough gas. And then tell the Air Service: "Well, use what you got there and take it up as high as you can, and when we meet next year we will see what can be done about getting enough to get you on up."

America invents everything, but the trouble is we get tired of it the minute the new is wore off.

Well, I see where the Holiday Booze has started in on its Spring Drive. It's getting so Xmas kills more people than it makes happy. I used to think it was the Bootleggers that were the ones responsible for Prohibition, but I think the Undertakers are behind it stronger than the Bootleggers.

New Jersey had a big 50 million dollar Booze Scandal and they tried to bring it into Court but they couldn't do anything because they couldn't find anybody in the State to try the case, because everybody was mixed up in it. A Catholic Priest was the one who discovered the Gang, and now I see where the Ku Klux have offered to make him a member. That will be a Cosmopolitan organization yet.

I see a good deal of talk from Washington about lowering the Taxes. I hope they do get 'em lowered down enough so people can afford to pay 'em. Well, of all the fool things, the prize one goes to a troop of Society Women here in New York who for the last couple of weeks have been entertaining some woman who was supposed to be the Czarina of Russia, of course, that was in case Russia decided to have a Czar and a Czarina.[4] It would be about like me announcing that I had decided to be King of Oklahoma (in case, of course, Oklahoma ever decided to have a King).

Well, the Monday Opera Club, an organization that just can't stand Opera unless it is served on Monday, (Monday, by the way in any Theatrical business is an off night and you can get a Party Rate). Well, these people had lost out on the Prince of Wales' visit, so they decided to dig 'em up some Royalty of their own.[5] This Czarina didn't have anything booked, (not even a Country) so she offered to come for expenses Plus 10 percent of the gross.

It seems, according to press reports, the Social standing of the Monday Opera Corporation was not just what the members desired, so it was figured a Cook's Tour of homes of the Elite of Park and Fifth Avenue personally conducted by the Monday Opera Club with a possible but not probable Czarina, would just about put the Monday Opera Club up among the Six Best Sellers.

Mind you, this Opera troop couldn't lose anything. They got the French Line to transport Exhibit A, over free. It's the off season on our best Oceans, and the Waldorf had about run out of Democrats since (and even a little before) election. Nobody was occupying their Royal Suite, (Oscar had gone to Europe) so in exchange for Press Notices that was arranged for Gratis a Rolls Royce in exchange for Photos in its weeklies did the taxi-ing.[6]

On the last night at a big farewell reception, the ladies bended the knee to Royalty, and men kissed the hand and wished her God speed on her journey to the Throne. Now can you see some big bohunk American stooping over kissing the hand of somebody who wanted to be Czar of all the Russians? In the first place he would do it about as gracefully as a Cub Bear trying to play Mahjong, because we all know he is only a half generation removed from a dinner pail. And these Monday Opera Women—they would have jumped off the Palisades if they had been sure of the first mention in

the Society Casualty list. The attempted Czarina has returned to Europe with enough quiet laughs tucked away to last a Russian a lifetime.

Then we wonder why we are funny to Europeans. We are funny to ourselves if we just get a mirror. One thing, the Monday Opera Club was not a hooded organization. They allowed, even welcomed, the publication of names.

WEEKLY ARTICLES — 1925

108 OUR RICH MEN HAVING GREAT TIME DISPOSING OF WEALTH

This is a Christmas story. I want to write you a Christmas story—I know that I should have had it in the paper back around Xmas, but I hadn't thought of it then. You can't write anything until you think of it, can you? Well, I just now thought of Xmas. I think anyway, a fellow can write a better story after a thing has happened than he can before it happens; besides I thought maybe something new would show up—but it didn't, (just soxs, neckties, and handkerchiefs). I was just reading some of Dickens' Christmas Carols.[1] Chances are they were not written at Xmas time, and besides people read them all the year around. They will begin to get tired of them pretty soon, for they are just a fad now, and any fad don't last long. People will be wanting some new carols pretty soon so I just figured now was a good time to write some carols, pretty, dainty, frothy, Xmas ones, so when people got tired of Old Scrooge and Dickens, they would have something to turn to.

Dickens described life in merry old England during the Yuletide. Mine is of old New York, laid around the years between 1924 and 25. Old Scrooge gave a turkey to Tiny Tim, and he has been hailed as a philanthropist ever since. Why in my Christmastime story, Mr. Duke gives twenty million dollars (not shillings) to a Dukes mixed University to promote smoking and learning.[2] See, I have alredy made a sucker out of Dickens' Xmas story. What's a turkey compared to twenty million dollars?

Eastman saw that twenty million and raised Duke twenty and give it to some snap shot seat of learning for Kodakery, and Xword Puzzlery.[3] So you see I got two Scrooges and sixty million dollars and Xmas morning is not half over yet.

Of course, Scrooge, when he gave his turkey didn't demand that it be named after him. He let it carry its original Nom de Plume. I will admit

also that Scrooge could not charge his turkey off on his Income Tax, because Tiny Tim's Troop were not an organized charity. Of course, one advantage in giving your money to a College nowadays is if you get a good football team you get your money back the first season.

HOW TO SPEND IT

All of our disgustingly rich men are at a loss to know what to do with their money. Funny none of them ever thought of giving it back to the people they got it from. Instead of these men giving money to found Colleges to promote learning, why don't they pass a Constitutional Amendment prohibiting anybody learning anything? And if it works as good as the Prohibition one did, in 5 years we would have the smartest race of people on Earth.

I am like Old Scrooge when he reformed and decided to enjoy himself. This was a very happy Xmas for me, in fact the best I have enjoyed in years. The shirts my wife gave me were the right size for the first time since wedlock. Of course, they were the wrong color, but one, if married, must not be too particular. For awhile it looked like I would spend a perfect Xmas. Then about noon a necktie arrived. I just looked out at the audience from the stage Xmas night and I laughed more at the funny ties than they did at my act. Men always wear 'em one night out of courtesy but the second night was back to normalcy.

The Eighteenth Amendment aided our Xmas greatly. They have got prohibition working so good now that they have it right down on a drinking basis. On the other hand it was the worst Xmas officers ever had. They wasn't able to confiscate enough for their own use.

SANTA IN A TRUCK

In Dickens' and Scrooge's time they told of Santa Claus arriving in a sleigh. In my Xmas carols he arrived in a truck. In those old days if Santa happened to fall down he would stick himself with a tin sword or run his hand through a base drum but if Santa falls down nowadays it takes two doctors until New Year's to pick all the glass out of his person.

Why, Dickens don't even mention the burials after Xmas. During the time my stories are laid it took a week to bury people who enjoyed Xmas. Some of the girls in our extravaganza attended a Xmas party. The host had everything all ready, the corks pulled and everything, and the chemist didn't show up. So they had to call the party off.

I heard them talking about one guest at these parties that used to test himself. Everybody liked him; they give him a wonderful funeral. The chemists have a steel bar they put down in the neck of the bottle. They hold it there a couple of minutes and when they take it out if it has just merely rusted the bar, why it is all right, but if it has bent the bar why then you better not take it straight; you better dilute it with something (Kerosene, or

Lysol or anything mild). All the big New York Hotels have a testing laboratory free to guests, as long as they test right.

EGGS TOO HIGH FOR EGG NOG

In our old Yuletide days we used to have egg nogg on Xmas day but there was not much of it this year. Eggs are so high it looks like that custom is lost to us forever.

In the old days a town had to be pretty big to support a distillery. They will run about two to the acre now.

Just after Prohibition started educating people to drink, everyone thought when they entertained guests it was smart to serve cocktails. Now it's necessary. Unless you use different guests every time.

I called on a business man at his office the other day, when the girl outside his office phoned him, he said for me to come right in. The girl looked astonished at his quick reply and said to me: "Why you can get in there as quick as a bootlegger." But I do sincerely hope that the holiday booze has by now finished with its spring drive.

So this endeth the drinking carol of the denatured Xmas. But what of a smoking legend pertaining to our modern Xmas. Well I have some good news for you. I can see the end of society women cigaret smoking. Shop girls and the poor are taking it up. It's too cheap a fad to ever be permanent. Now we must have some more Xmas carols to finish out our story, Dickens could have stopped right here, but he didn't write for the *Tulsa World*. They want their pound of truths.

GLAD IT'S OVER WITH

I am so glad Xmas finally ended. It is the first time in weeks that I haven't had a bundle under my arm to mail. Lots of people had kinder lost their faith in the real being of Santa Claus, but a thing happened in Washington that made me absolutely certain there is a Santa Claus. Didn't CONGRESS ADJOURN? Now let any skeptic deny that that wasn't the greatest gift to a nation from an all wise Santa Claus. Be a good joke on Congress if Mr. Coolidge didn't call them back.

Congress had been arguing for weeks over what to do with Mussel Shoals, Ala.[4] Henry Ford made an offer on it one time; so that made Congress think it was worth something. So now the Government is thinking about running it themselves. They think they can do it better than Ford. You just wait until they try making those things and they will see it is not so easy. To see one of those bumping along the road it don't look like it would be hard to make. But I bet you the Government will never make 'em as good as Ford. Mr. Ford was telling me himself how he would work it if he got this Mussel Shoal. He was going to take these parts all up the River and drop 'em in and let 'em assemble themselves as they went over the

Dam. Then he had one older one that would teach the others to swim out on their own power.

Well the Government needs a new play place. Let's see, didn't we have one called Hog Island once?[5]

Now children this Xmas Carol was written after Xmas and before New Year's but I bet you that I can tell you what happened on New Year's. Mr. Gary of the Steel Trust made a speech somewhere (the same one) and predicted prosperity for the coming year, told how their orders had increased over the year previous, said he was by heart an optimist and was very optimistic of the future![6] Lord, who wouldn't be optimistic with his dough? Now if he don't do this New Years' I will give every reader a seat to the Follies at my expense. Now you see if I am not right. His speech will be on the front page of every paper. He predicts it every year, and every year they take up some money for the poor.

109 SHALL FRANCE PAY? CONSULT MR. ROGERS, MR. HUGHES

The Illiterate Digest this week wishes to take up the discussion of the French Debt to America, and report both sides in an impartial way, as has always been our custom to do. We offer no Editorial opinion of our own. These are simply picked at random from some of our most influential Dailies. We find, in pursuing various Editors, quite a divided opinion. For instance the Yuma Snowshoe (Republican) which is one of several of our most widely read Journals believes in calling the debt off entirely and reports Editorially as follows: "America is too big, America is too rich, America is too high minded, America is above insinuating that a Nation owes us money. Can we as the nation which we are lower the dignity of our Honor, an honor gained by local and road trips of our hurriedly prepared Armies? Can we afford to lower ourselves to the mere standing of a Commerical Nation, by even hinting that an obligation is due us from a friendly nation? We say No! A thousand times No! Where is our National Price? Are we Shylocks? Are we to broadcast a Gentlemen's agreement that a Neighbor owes us a mere four billion dollars? No! let us build a reputation of generosity if it takes us to the very threshold of Bankruptcy to do it. America has opportunity knocking at her door. She has the chance to make herself unique in the history of Nations and what has she to do to reach those heights. Why simply to forget—forget that a friend in need once asked you for aid. Be idealistic; be above mere money; remember it was given at a time when the very foundation of Civilization was in the balance."

A contemporary Daily to The Yuma Snowshoe, and also with a Republican leaning, The Durham, South Carolina, Fine Cut. The Fine Cut

speaking in a lighter vein, but with equally as much conviction says: "If we needed the money it would be a different thing, but we don't? In addition to the prosperity which we are enjoying since Nov. 4th what could we possibly do with another 4 million, (I mean billion) dollars? No, this paper wants to go on record as utterly opposed to the hoarding of National Wealth."

The Subway Sun of New York City, (which incidently carries two of its pages in English) Editorializes as follows: "Down in the Subway where we ride, the Men and Ground Hogs, and women come sceond. We didn't know France owed us any money. It's been so long, we forgot it. We don't want France's or anybody else's money. We want more straps. We want more Subways to ride on. The further under the ground the better. What good would 4 billion dollars do us in a six o'clock rush?"

The Chicago Murderer's Gazette, which is really near the financial pulse of the great middle west, says: "A Guy named Lafayette hopped in and helped us out when we was all pinched and headed for de brig, didn't he? Well give 'em de dough! We can knock off that much coin in 4 good hauls. Besides them Germans are laying for de Frogs again. So dey got their trouble ahead without worrying about us. It wouldn't do no good to promise to pay us; dey will have another war before the payments start anyway. Live and let live, dat's de motto of the Chicago Murderer's Gazette, GET ME!"

The following from the Texas Tick: "We say, let France keep it. We are so far in the hole now that we wil never get out anyway, and we might as well pay the boob to the finish. We are behind now 30 billion in our National debt, so let's us go ahead and make it a good one. We lose one million dollars on every Adminstration. We are not only the richest Nation in the World, but are the poorest. We got more than any of them, but we owe more."

Now we find on the opposite side, papers of both political allignments. Take for instance "The Congressional Record" (Ind. Rep.) which says: "Sure they should pay. Suppose they should pay. Suppose they have another war and want money, how are they going to get it if they don't pay this time?"

The Rochester Double Exposure (Dem.) says: "We see in the papers Mr. Ex-Ambassador Harvey says that France never intended to pay.[1] Well, that is one of the wisest cracks that the Ambassador ever pulled. We are no Ex-Ambassador but we always knew that they never intended to pay."

The Claremore, Okla. (best Town in Okla., yes, or even Kansas) the Claremore Radium Rust says: "France is trying to get out of paying by saying she furnished the Battle Ground. She claims we owe her that much because we mussed up her place. If France can charge us 4 billion for mussing

up her yard, what could Germany charge us for mussing up her men. We didn't pick out France as a Battleground. The Germans picked it out, so they are the ones the French ought to make pay for the Grounds. Our boys were asked to go over and fight the Germans and they thought it was best go to where they were, so they went to France. Then every time our Boys bought anything over there they paid one tenth for the article, and 90% for the Battleground. So that is really all we have done for 7 years is pay for Battlegrounds."

Just think, if the Indians could make the United States pay for the Battleground, they would be rich, as they owned every foot of land, and do now, by rights, of the ground they fought over for years. If France gets away with this it will set a great precedent. Ground that has not been worth a cent will be offered by every Country for battle purposes. I tell you, Nations should have it understood what grounds are to cost before they sign up for another War. Why 4 billion Dollars for a short time we used their grounds! That would be a couple of hundred million a day.

Now you know that's getting ground too high just to fight on especially when nothing goes with the ground. You have to furnish you own Men, Guns, Ammunition and Bull Durham. All they furnish was the ground and the Cooties.

So we say that they should be made to pay the debt and when President Coolidge says they must why he has the full support of this Daily.

You can rent Madison Square Garden for less than they want and this is the highest priced fighting place there is. No, again we say No! Why, if you get to charging so much for Battlegrounds the first thing you know you will be discouraging Wars. Just look at the Nations that couldn't even afford to have Wars at all. We believe that all Battlegrounds should be free but they should be allowed to charge admission for Spectators who are going to write Books about it."

Now the New York Hebrew Universe which Mr. Munsey owns and has just combined with The Irish Gazette, retaining, the best qualities of both races, and calling the paper, "Why Compete."[2] Why Compete says: "We don't see why people make the excuse that France can't pay. France can pay. It will only take one season of Americans who will go over there and squander money who if you take the same fellow here at home, if he got into a 20 cent Taxicab he would want a Transfer. So we say, make them pay."

Another angle is brought forward by the St. Paul, Minn. Daily, The To H_ _ _ With Minneapolis, The To H_ _ _ With Minneapolis says: "France should pay. If Sweden or Norway, yes or even Denmark, owed it to us they would be asked to pay, so why let France off? She is no better than the

above Countries that I have enumerated, and I even doubt if she is as good, so make her pay.

The Detroit Spare Parts speaking Editorially says: "Nations are just like individuals. Loan them money and you lose their friendship."

Next week the Illiterate Digest will take up the Discussion of Japanese Yellow Peril, and as usual just give the exact facts from both sides with no Home Grown comment of our own. Just leave you to form your own opinion, perfectly unbiased, as we have on the French loan.

Remember Next Week YELLOW PERIL, with no raise in prices Coming in 5 columns.

110 25 YEARS OF AUTO SHOWS AND THEY'VE SQUARE KNOBS NOW

The automobile show has just been held here in New York. They hold it every year. This year they held it just two miles south of Albany. You take a Sleeper here at night and make it by noon the next day. They have the same cars every year, only painted different. You can go in a show room in your home Town any day and see the same thing with no admission. Every year they try to concentrate on something new. This year they are featuring a square door knob to their closed cars instead of the old fashioned oblong ones, and the cigar lighters lay flat in a little compartment instead of being placed up and down. They don't work any better than any cigar lighter does, but they lay different. And the funny part of it is that Thousands of people will come there, pay admission, and walk up and down the aisles for hours, seeing the very thing they have had in their own cars for years. Why don't they, if they have a mania to look at cars, just walk along the streets of any town where there are more different kinds of cars parked than was ever in any Automobile Show in the World? You should feel then that the ones you were looking at would run.

Those cars in a show are all hauled there in trucks. In the old days when they had new inventions coming out there was some excuse for holding a show. If somebody wants to do something for the automobile Public, let him invent a car that will sell second handed, one week after you bought it, for at least one fourth of what you gave for it. It just seems to totally ruin a car to have an owner drive it a few weeks. They instruct buyers to not go over 25 miles an hour for the first 1,000 miles. You might just as well run it 70 miles an hour because at the end of a Thousand miles it will only be worth an old second hand kimono and a box of candy anyway.

The rise of the automobile Industry listens like a William Fox Scenario.[1] Once upon a time, 1893 to be exact, the World Fair in Chicago

opened. If it hadn't been for the Streets of Cairo it just as well might not have opened, for that is all that was ever remembered. Well, a man named Chas. E. Duryea, and another named Elwood G. Haynes, saw the girls there on the Streets of Cairo do their stuff and also sitting in the front row at every performance was a kid named Ford.[2] Henry was his christening handle. Well these three boys, Haynes, Duryea and Ford all got the idea: "Women like these can't be messing their time away buggy riding behind an old horse. We got to do something to get Ladies like these somewhere right now. So as their Excursion Tickets were about to run out they all went back to their respective homes and each started in to eliminate the horse as a National Commodity.

FORD WORKED FOR EDISON

Ford was working for Edison at the time in Edison's Detroit electrical factory.[3] His salary was One Hundred and Twenty Dollars a month, (with no profit sharing allowed). Mr. Ford built him an automobile. Used most of Edison's factory and all of Edison's time to do it on. The Timing gear he took out of Edison's factory clock (replacing it with a shorter hour one). The Fly Wheel he took from Edison's machinery. The one Cylinder which he used, was an inch and a quarter gas pipe that he borrowed from a burglar, who was not using it that night. The Steering apparatus, was the handle of a spade also appropriated from Edison.

He sewed all this stuff onto an old buggy, all on Edison's time mind you and the funny part about it is that the thing run. But it took him over a year to tell where it was going to run. That started Ford in the Automotive business but it like to put Edison out of the electricity business. It took Edison 3 years to replace everything that Ford had copped out of his factory to put into this mechanical ground hog. That is why Ford has always tried to remain friendly with Mr. Edison; he is afraid he will sue him for royalty on all his cars because Edison put more into them than Ford did. If a man now worked in Ford's factory and carried out as much junk as Ford did in those days, it would put Ford's factory out of business for weeks. Why, just the dropping carelessly of one bolt will stop 10,000 men for minutes.

Now in the meantime, Mr. Duryea, and Mr. Haynes, had also made them a horseless carriage. Of course they didn't have the equipment and pay while making it that Mr. Ford did but they turned one out. No one knew for years which was the best car of the three, as they were made in different parts of the country and none of them could go far enough so they could get them together.

NOISY AFFAIRS

Mr. Ford tried his car out in the room at his boarding house and it made so much noise that Mrs. Ford said it kept Edsel awake.[4] They moved it into the street and since then it has kept everybody awake.

Along in 1895, they had a road race in Chicago—from there to Evanston and return, 52 miles. They would have had a longer race but it didn't stay light only 12 hours. In '96 they didn't make much headway. That was the first year Bryan ran for President.[5] Everybody's mind was on Bryan; as a consequence neither he or the Automoblie got anywhere. In 1897 the auto and Bryan was both forgotten. In '98 cars arrive back home which had taken part in the Chicago road race of '95.

Spanish-American war broke out April 22. Broke up August 12. if wars were that short nowadays neither side would get their Armies there until after it was over. May 1, 1898, Ford found some more old piping and added another cylinder. Another minor event on the same day May 1, 1898, Dewey made the first second hand navy out of Spain's Flotilla at Manila.[6]

Ninety-nine was a quiet year; no one could get their engines started. The Czar called a Peace Conference at the Hague and like all peace conferences it was followed by a War, which broke out the following week, between England and South Africa.[7] The Philippine-American War also started as soon as our delegates could return from the Peace Conference.[8]

FIRST SHOW IN 1900

Nineteen hundred was a very eventful year in the social life of America. The first Automoblie Show was held in Madison Square Garden, and the Drainage Canal was opened in Chicago. In opposition to the canal, Paris and France also opened their World Exposition. The Paris Exposition only lasted a year. The Chicago Drainage Canal was such a success it was made a permanent attraction.

1901 saw the first horse that was not afraid of an automobile. He was used for towing them back home. Buffalo put on a Pan-American exposition and most everybody going to Niagara that year stopped to see it. 1902, Barney Oldfield races auto against Tandem at Salt Lake City.[9] Time of race, 4 six-inch cigars. Steering wheel replaces stick handle drive. You couldn't kill as many Pedestrians with the stick drive.

1903, limousine with a rear entrance makes it appearance. That was so the driver couldn't tell the class of people he was hauling. Panama had a Revolution also that year, and the minute it was over America recognized them. The Wright Brothers also flew that year, the same thing the Spaniards had done back in '98.[10] 1904 brought out the first windshield, also the Alaskan Boundary question, and the opening of the New York subway. St. Louis, jealous of Chicago's drainage canal, opened up the World's Fair, (where I was an attraction with a Wild West Show on the Pike, until we all starved to death and had to ride our ponies back home to Oklahoma). The automoblie made no progress with me personally that year.

1905 Olds put the first garage in his house and Russia and Japan had a war, (I don't think it was over the garage but it was something about as

trivial).[11] 1906 Olds introduced the first House in a garage, Wall Street had a panic, (found an honest man, I suppose).

PUT BUMPS IN THE ROAD

1907, in Chicago, they built bumps in the roads to keep autoists from speeding. This custom has been followed out faithfully in most cities ever since. Jamestown heard about the Drainage Canal in Chicago and they put on an Exposition, for the few people who were looking for excursion rates to nowhere in particular. Judge Landis fined the Standard Oil $29,000,000 for speeding, but on account of them controlling the Government they got it back.[12] Governor Hughes of N. Y. stopped betting on the horses at the race track. You could bet on his Presidential race but you wasn't allowed to bet on a FAST horse.[13]

1909, Indianapolis built a speedway for advertising and Peary discovered the North Pole for the same reason.[14] New York wanted to offset Indianapolis and Peary, so they put on the Hudson and Fulton Celebration.[15] Sailors rode in Subway for first time.

1910, whipsockets are removed from auto equipment, and that started a war in the Balkans. 1911, the first selfstarter appeared and President Diaz of Mexico resigned intact.[16] These were both unprecedented events. Turkey and Italy couldn't put on an exposition, so they put on a war during the tourist season. The South Pole was also discovered that year for no apparent reason whatever, and the minute it was, why China was declared a Republic, and they held the first Motor Truck show in Madison Square Garden, and Ray Harroun felt so elated over China and the Pole that he made 74 miles an hour on the Indianapolis Speedway without killing a mechanician.[17]

LINEN DUSTERS COME OUT

1912, linen dusters, goggles, and gauntlet gloves were introduced as standard equipment on all moderate priced cars. A second edition of the Balkan War was put on for late comers. The Lincoln Highway was suggested, (probably by some Road Contractor).

That brings us up to 1913, the year I bought an Overland, the sinking of the Titanic, the flood in Ohio and Indiana, the christening of the Peace Palace at the Hague, just prior to the World War. Now events have been so plentiful in these intervening years that it would be foolhardy for me to deal with the life of the Automoblie Industry in the short space I have left, so I will take it up next Sunday at 1914, and show what car caused the war. Besides from '13 on, I had a car, so I can speak with so much better authority than I have up to now. So remember next Sunday we deal with the last 11 years of this gigantic industry. If you haven't been killed by one of them you will enjoy it.

111 YEAR OF 1924 SAW GREAT STRIDES IN AUTO WORLD

This is really a continuation of last week's novel by the same author. But I better explain what was in last week's installment as I never get the same reader twice. Last week I took up the history of the Automobile from its first stalling. Explained who made the first ones and brought the industry up to the year 1914. Now we have to pick it up there and see what we can do with it on up to this present Sunday.

1914 saw several important changes in this great Vehicular Movement. The Ford Company passed its first 1,000 a day production. People thought then, my Lord, will they ever stop turning those things out! They are like Japs, they were multiplying something terrible. So America woke up and said, we got to have somewhere to put these things, and somebody thought of the idea of building roads to store them on, so they commenced to make roads. And as fast as they would make roads, why, Uncle Henry would clutter them up with these things. It got so it was the entire nation organized against one lone man. Every state said to themselves: "We will build some vacant roads," But the minute they got 'em built they found there were thousands of people there waiting to twist a mechanical thing's tail and away it would go and fill up their road, just as much as it had been with rocks and trees before they had built it. He has filled every road that was ever built. I don't care where you try to hide a road, why, one of Mr. Ford's road fillers will find it.

The manufacturers' review tells us that in 1914 builders of cars commenced to study where to put baggage in a car on a trip. Then the thought struck some of them to put it on the feet of the peo-ple in the rear seat, a custom which must have had some merit because it has been used ever since. Also in 1914 the Chicago Automobile Trade Association decided that 85 cents an hour was the correct pay for mechanic doing repair work. They were right; it was the correct pay, but the mechanic still received a $1.25 an hour. 1914 also saw the first filling station painted white with a red roof. The World War in Europe also started, but the history of the automobile makes no mention of that fact; perhaps they didn't know it. But I want to tell you that my history of the Auto will embrace everything worth while, including Prohibition.

WAR MADE MANY CHANGES

In 1914, in additon to Archduke Francis of Austria being assassinated, and causing a war for the least reason that any War had ever been started, why Chauffeurs demanded a room and bath over the garage for the first time in Automobile History.[1] Germany had some land over in China, so

Japan declared war on Germany not on account of the shooting of the Archduke, but they thought it would be a good time to get this land, Germany's Army being busy somewhere else. So on August 20, Japan declared War on a nation they had never seen. On August 21, 1914, Rubber Horns on Automobiles were replaced by sirens. They found pedestrians were used to the rubber honk honk ones, and could get out of the way, but with the siren ones they would scare you so bad you would be very little trouble to hit.

1924 United States Marines landed at Vera Cruz, Mexico, to protect Standard Oil interests. Next week Standard Oil in repayment for Marines' courtesy raised price of gas 3 cents. 1914 also saw the only woman driver who ever looked back before turning off a road. Another novelty that year in addition to this lone woman was the opening of the Panama Canal to allow ships which couldn't make it all the way round to come through and see this side.

Congressmen at Government expense and pay also went down and all that were sober enough saw the Canal. Massachusetts through good manipulation of their Senators and Congressmen got in one the Government Pork Barrel under the guise of the Rivers and Harbors Bill and they opened them up the Cape Cod Canal, to allow Cod Fish who couldn't make it around the Cape to cut through and exchange courtesies with the Cod on the other side. It's been a big social success for the Cod Fish, but financially it hasn't paid the light house keeper.

BLOWOUT NEAR GARAGE

1914 also saw the first and only blow out that ever happened in front of a garage. So all in all it was, as I say, a very eventful year.

In 1915, Twin Sixes come on the market. The name was better than the design. British had a Naval victory off Dogger Bank, also and the Jitneys over run every town and city in America. It was worse than the Germans invading Belgium. Panama-Pacific Exposition opened so Frisco would have something on Los Angeles. They did till they counted up. Chicago Drainage Canal reopened. John D. Rockefeller misses golf ball and gasoline goes up two cents.[2]

1916. Clover leaf body was invented. Germans attack Verdun, which caused a slanting windshield to be the feature of the 1916 Automobile Show, and also Villa attacked Columbus, New Mexico.[3] We had a man on guard that night but Villa and Villian that he is wouldn't come up on the side this fellow was guarding on. Our soliders chased him over the line till they run into some red tape and had to come back. Safety First Federation formed by what few pedestrians were left. The first President and the Executive Consul were run over that year. Pershing enters Mexico and gas goes up 3 cents that same Fall.[4]

1917. A man in Claremore, Oklahoma, put up the first one man top single handed. America declared war on Germany. These were the two outstanding features of that eventful year.

1918. Motorless Sundays were invented, not to save gas but life. Undertakers made strenuous objections. First tractor is used for plowing instead of just for an ad. At Alapaiesky the Bolsheviki assassinated Sergius Milkallovitch, Igo Constanovich and Ugo Constanionivich, all just North of Eckterninburg. First mirror invented to see what the people in the back seat are doing.

1919. Automobile makers (outside of Ford) are worried over the price of steel. The price of steel is the last thing to worry him. Peace Conference opens at Paris, Peace is harder to decide on than War. There were then 15,500 cars in manufacturers' hands and they didn't know what to do with them. Then they thought of the idea of painting them different colors and striping the wheels and they sold them. Everybody tried that year to fly across the Atlantic. Some of them made it. Wire wheels look pretty on cars. Boston Police strike for the benefit of Calvin Coolidge. Four-door Ford Sedan invented.

START PLAYING GOLF

1920. Automobile agents started playing golf. Soviet Ark, called the Fuford, took Emma Goldman and a flock of Reds back to Russia.[5] Self starters started to work, and everybody and national Prohibition started everybody to drinking.

1921. New York puts in traffic towers to keep their policemen from getting run over. Latter part of 1921, crosstown traffic allowed to cross Fifth Avenue. Disarmament Conference called at Washington to devise treaties to have America disarm. Women's cigarette holder and mirror first introduced in closed car, biggest sales feature in years. First woman found who didn't sit in back seat and tell husband how to drive. Wire wheels finished.

1922. Every street crossing had 4 corner lots. This is the year that an oil filling station was put on one corner, a real estate office on one, and a drug store on each of the other two. Irish Free State was established on account of lack of ammunition. Hole in gasoline tank (to fill it) is put under the tire rack so you can't get at it.

1923. Insurance policies charged on automobiles to cover real value, instead of cost. Insurance companies believe many cars deliberately destroyed. (Insurance Companies belief well founded). Ford puts in self starters and saves 40 thousand broken arms. The World's Friendship aeroplane reaches Rio Janeiro, (Nobody ever heard how it eve got back). Overland cut their price and there was an earthquake in Japan. Buick tried to

make their car look like a Packard cost them 25 dollars fine per each for doing it.

Balloon tires had its reign during the last two weeks of this year.

1924. We had 17,000,000 cars in this country, 20 per cent of them paid for. Four wheel brakes came in 1924 and Senator Magnus Johnston of Minnesota was beat in a milking contest by Secretary Wallace of Agriculture.[6] First taxi car driver gave another one the right of way.

112 ECLIPSE PROVES BIG SUCCESS WHEN IT WAS STAGED IN N. Y.

Well, all I know is what other people put in the papers. The big event last week for the people who go in for outdoor amusements was the Eclipse. It got more free advertising than any aerial atttraction ever held. It was the first one New York had ever had. Anything can draw in this town once, but they never better try and bring another one back here. I will give it credit for one thing and that is that it is the first thing ever held in New York where ticket speculators couldn't get in on it. Even at that, one speculator was trying to find where he could get seats for the Eclipse.

New Yorkers were very much disappointed in it. Never having had one before they thought it would do some tricks, maybe tell some off colored jokes, or perhaps have some little suggestive touch like a Belasco show.[1] Well, when it come and the moon did nothing but pass between the Sun and the Earth, why they felt like the whole thing had been overestimated. They wanted to know what had kept them from passing; wasn't it perfectly proper that they should pass, what was to prevent it?

New Yorkers knew nothing about the Sun. They had never seen it even when it wasn't Eclipsing. The Moon or the Sun mean nothing to a New Yorker. You can't see the Sun out of the Subway and you can't see the Moon through the top of a Taxicab. So when the two passed it meant nothing in their young lives.

POOR MANAGING

Besides it was scheduled to happen at 9 A.M. Can you imagine somebody putting on a show for New Yorkers to take place at 9 A.M.? The milkmen and two night watchmen were all that saw it. Movie theatre owners heard it was to be dark and as they charge more for going to one of their shows after dark than they do during the daylight, why they raised their prices the same as night to apply during the Eclipse. The only people that really seemed to have gotten anything out of the Eclipse from an advertising standpoint was the Corona. There was a terrible lot said in all the advance notices of the Eclipse about the Corona. I don't know whether the Corona worked or not. I know mine don't.

New Yorkers were so used to traffic stops that they could not realize how any two objects could pass peacefully by each other without hitting. It was unusual in transportation in this part of the country. It was also the only thing ever took place back here that went off on schedule time. I wish those scientists run the railroads. It's funny those guys can tell you just to the minute when something is going to happen 10 million miles away and none of them has ever been smart enough to tell you what day to put on your heavy underwear.

They are always studying out what some other worlds and planets are doing. Better find out what this one is doing. It's been acting mighty crazy here lately. Long as these planets and worlds keep on passing we are all right; it's when they don't pass each other! But that will be too late to do anything about it.

REAL FIRST NIGHTER

I am a regular first nighter at these Eclipses. I attended the one held on the Pacific Slope last year. Los Angeles had it. I bet you they are crowing now over having it ahead of New York. I went last year down to Tia Juana, Mexico, to see it. You were supposed to look at it through smoked glasses but everybody that went to Mexico just looked at it through the bottom of beer glasses. It was very successful down there; people saw it who didn't even get out of the bar rooms.

I suppose now the elements are putting on free attractions that the theater managers will be up in arms against them, like they were with the Radio, and try and have these Eclipses stopped because they are interfering with business at the theaters. It don't take a McCormack or an Eclipse to interfere with some shows.[2] A clear day will do it.

Well, I see where France has been acting up again about their debt to us. A man made a speech against paying the debt, and the other members of Council of Deputies all cheered for an hour. Now what is the use kidding ourselves? We know that they don't want to pay it. They don't even feel like they owe it. Now here is my propsal: (Although I am not a member of President Coolidge's Cabinet, still they are changing them so fast I may get in yet).

LET 'EM GO AHEAD

"I would say to France, "You don't seem to think you owe us anything. What we did for you, you think we owed you. Now if it wasn't worth anything, why let it go. But, listen, if we wasn't worth anything in this War, why don't expect us in the next one."

Any person or any nation will break a neck for each other if they think that is appreciated. But the thing about this French thing is not the money. They don't even in their own hearts appreciate, or even like us.

Instead of drinking wine and arguing about how heartless America is they better be home raising some families to help keep their population up to the standard.

Well, I see where Judge Garry, the Head of the Steel Trust and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., head of the Oil Trust went down to Washington and had breakfast with President Coolidge.[3] They are going to fix up the Prohibition Enforcement. They haven't had time to get around to it before. They took down a pamphlet thanking Mr. Coolidge for his good example in not breaking the law. The Automobile men are going to draw up one now and take it down and give it to him for not stealing a car during his term of office.

They don't have to have men like Mr. Garry and Rockefeller compliment Mr. Coolidge for keeping the law. He has always kept the law. His worst political enemy could never say he ever broke a law. You remember a few years ago this country had to pass a special law called the Anti Trust Law, aimed primarily at these two Trusts, the Oil and the Steel. Now if you have to pass a law to curb men like that they are not exactly the men to give confidence to the rest of our Nation in regard to keeping the law. Getting them to arrange our morals would be like appointing me as teacher of English at Harvard.

BIG ARGUMENT ON

The big controversy now in Washington is whether we can raise the guns on our Navy or not. Now of all the fool things I ever heard of coming up for argument that is the prize one. You spend millions of dollars on a battleship, and other millions on putting guns on it.

Now to us ordinary taxpayers a gun to put on a battleship is naturally (primarily) meant for one thing and that is to shoot at an enemy in case of war. And about one of the most useful ways you can shoot a gun is to be able to point it around in the direction where it will do the most good. If the enemy is up a little higher, why naturally, you would like to be in a position to aim your gun up a little higher. Or maybe raise it up on a goods box or pedestal where you could get a little longer range on the old boy. If you want to put it up on top of the mast, why hang it up there. The Country paid for it and it is theirs and it was bought with the object of shooting some bird if he starts anything.

Now we find that we can't raise them up. England objects. In other words, we got great guns but we can't shoot the way we want to. Another Country is going to tell us which way to point 'em. It is like going to War and having the sights taken off your guns, so you can't aim 'em. Or that there is to be no warfare Saturday evening, as that is their half day off.

IN SELF-DEFENSE

Our guns are pointing toward the water now, and we want to arrange to have them point in the neighborhood of the enemy even if it's only to

splash water on him. But the Treaty says no. Now if I am wrong in thinking we can not do with our guns as we please, who signed such a fool treaty? Why would any sane American sign a Treaty that we was allowed to have a gun but that we was not allowed to do with it as we wanted? Why can't we stand it on its head and shoot toward the bottom of the ocean if we wanted to? Mr. Coolidge says it would cost too much to raise them. That is like buying a gun, and then saying, "Well, I can't afford now that I have the gun to buy any bullets for it." If it's against the Treaty which some bonehead signed for us, for the Lord's sake let us quit making treaties.

I have often said it is cheaper for America to go to War than it is for us to confer with anybody. It's funny, but we can talk our heads off until it comes to a time when it means something and then we are as dumb as an oyster.

If they can tell us we can't raise our guns at the next Conference we have they will tell us we can't raise a mustache. The way our guns are pointing now, if the boat ever rocked, we would shoot ourselves.

113 DRAMA AND HEART THROBS IN FROZEN NORTH AT 50 BELOW

Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers. As I am writing this with all the daily papers laying out here in front of me, there is one bit of news that so far over-shadows the rest, that the others need hardly be mentioned. It's headed Nenana, Alaska.

Now how many of us had ever heard of Nenana? We didn't know whether it was a town or a toothpaste. So what news could possibly be coming from an out of the way place like that, to overshadow such items as; "Mr. Bascomb Slemp Leaves Mr. Coolidge and Another Private Secretary Replaces Him."[1] "France Says They Never Said They Wouldn't Pay; Neither Did They Say They Would." "Mayor Hylan Leaves The Snow and Slush of New York for the Balmy Beaches of Florida."[2] "Gloria Swanson marries a Man She Can't Even Pronounce His Name."[3] "Eastern Cities Slosh In Snow and Sleet." "Taxi Driver Shoots Man Because Tip is not Large Enough."

Hundreds of Headlines are given prominence that tomorrow you wouldn't remember you had ever read about them. What do they mean? They are nothing. We don't need a headline to tell us that Mayor Hylan of New York City goes south every year just two months later than a goose. Does President Coolidge changing private secretaries mean life or death to anyone? J. P. Morgan runs the entire world and nobody ever heard whether he had a private secretary or not.[4] France and her debt problem, you can see

that any day. When we get something that will be time enough to put it in a headline. A movie actress taking a husband for the season—nowadays that should not call for over three lines. Somebody being shot in a city should cause no comment at all. Papers should print every day the lists of people who were not murdered the previous night. "Cities slosh in snow and slush," its awfully inconvenient; what is Congress doing about it, anyway?

So what is it happened away up there in Nenana, Alaska? Have they struck more new Gold mines? It's 50 below Zero, and men are rushing night and day through feet upon feet of ice and snow. Not on a comfortable Pullman. Not in an Automobile. Not even on a horse. No, they are running on foot behind a sled, urging and whipping, and even killing with the terrible pace some of their favorite dogs. If it's not a gold rush they must then be doing this for a prize, a big money prize for the winner. No, there is no gold; there is no purse for the winner. They don't get a cent. It's all for nothing so far as material gain is concerned. They are trying to reach Nome, Alaska hundreds of miles away. They are going in relays, the best drivers and the best dog teams in the world fighting their way through weather, that if we had it we wouldn't get out from under a stove. They are carrying a substance more precious than Radium. They are carrying an anti toxin that will save the life of a child with Diptheria that dreaded and fatal disease hundreds of miles away in Nome.

I just wonder as I read the accounts of it here today, if those men are not just going a little faster, a little harder, because it is children that they are going to save. I know they are. I bet you each man on that run will average more energy spent and hardship endured than if it has been for grown ups. A grown person has got to die of something, and he is sometimes responsible for what he contracts, and where he is, but these little afflicted children had nothing to do with being in Nome, Alaska, with no anti toxin within hundreds of miles. Nobody asked them if they wanted to go away off up there and take a chance. And I know that every time a driver slowed down through exhaustion and then would think of who he was doing it for, he would urge on and make better time. He knew that every minute might mean a little life saved.

We have had a great deal of ridicule on the stage and kidding in in the papers about the expression, "from the wide open spaces where men are men." That of course was started by the boneheadedness of some Scenario Title Writer in the Movies, who would put in such a title and then the audience would see some wavy haired bird that had been weaned out of an ice box and raised in the shade of a radiator. Well, regardless of those misleading titles there are men out there, and the broader the spaces the more real men you will find and don't let anybody tell you there ain't.

I was never up in Alaska, but I know there is a lot of real guys up there, that can do something besides drink whiskey and recite "The Shooting of Dan McGrew."[5]

We give medals during the war for the taking of human life. So why not let Congress vote some Congressional medals for these men who sacrificed to save that most precious of human life. A child!

I believe that a child could prevent all wars. Let a Congress, or a Reichstag, or a Parliament, or a House of Deputies be on the verge of breaking off diplomatic relations with some other country, and you let a child enter that Chamber and say: "What about me? What is to become of us? We have no say. Are not you men smart enough and generous enough to settle this without war? It won't hurt you. We are the sufferers; it will leave us fatherless; and after we grow up we will have the debt to pay, so please think twice before breaking off relations, are you sure that it can't be prevented."

There is no truer line in our entire Scripture than, "A little child shall lead them."

We have a very popular picture (and deservedly so) showing our early Americans crossing the plains in covered wagons so two lovers could finally meet and marry at the finish. Now where is your scenario writer? Why not one showing the world the sacrifices and courage of our men in the frozen north, not going for gain or adventure but racing to save little children.

You won't need any love interest. No finishing to meet a sweetheart. Just show it to them as it actually happened in real life by real men, trying to save a child's life, in a Man's country.

This episode away up there in the North should be a lesson to our Government. This is one disease where the Doctors have mastered if antitoxin is given in time, and it is almost fatal if you haven't got it, or it is too late.

I rushed 600 miles by a relay of automoblies in less than 10 hours on time to arrive and see where this very anti toxin was adminstered too late, and to also see what it saved when it was given on time.[6] This is not pleasant to speak of in a so-called Humorous Article. But, oh, it is such a quick and terrible thing, that if anything I might say could help I know you will forgive me the lack of laughs. Let our Government see that this is on hand at every remote place. We have an airship service where our aviators risk life every day in all kinds of weather to deliver business mail from New York to San Francisco. So why haven't we aviators in Alaska and every place were they can be of service quickly in emergencies like this. And if the Government won't do it, let us do it by popular subscription.

114 MONUMENTS ARE ALL RIGHT BUT EVEN HEROES MUST EAT

As I write this, it is Friday just about 9 days before you read it. As it has to be sent away all over the country by mail. (As Mr. Brisbane is the only one of the writing fraternity who can afford to telegraph his stuff).[1] Then besides, these Sunday papers make up the print and are even sold on the streets days before Sunday. Well, let us get this straight. It is now Friday of last week as far as you are concerned and tonight is the night that the world is coming to an end.

The papers here are full of it, as it is right down near New York City at Patchogue, Long Island, where the Apostle of Doom is located.[2] So everybody says to me, "Will, you ought to get a lot of fun out of this world ending business." Say, you ain't going to get me tellin no jokes on that. Suppose it happens! Look where I would be!

You are supposed to ride away on a cloud, I don't want them going off leaving me standing there on what had been the Earth after it was gone. I have tried to live these few days so that if there was to be any cloud riding I would be in on it. I don't know what kind of a cloud equestrian I would make, but I certainly want to be chosen among those who have a mount on it. Of course, I will admit that I reformed a little later, and maybe just for this occasion. But, at any rate, it did me some good.

INOPPORTUNE TIME

Now, it is happening at a very inopportune time for me, because today, Friday, I have a payment to meet on some land out in California, and I have tried all day to get the payment postponed until tomorrow, figuring of course if it did happen I would just be that much ahead. Then, of course, in case it don't, I don't know which would be the greatest disappointment to be—having to pay or having to die. You know a great many of these Adventists sold their homes and land in preparation for this. From now on I am going to get ahold of some ready cash and just follow up one of these prophets and every time he announces one of these world finales I will buy up everything they have cheap. But it would just be about my luck, the time I did that to have it really come true and I would lose it all. It really has Mr. Ziegfeld, my boss, worried. It is supposed to happen tonight (Friday) and tomorrow (Saturday) is the biggest day in the Theater, at both matinee and night show, and he is swearing at the misfortune of not having it delayed a day, until after Saturday's big business.

These Adventists are supposed to go by way of a cloud to California somewhere near San Diego, and then from there on to Heaven. This is a terrible blow to me and California, to know that people are going to purposely

leave there and go to Heaven, and me just today paying on some land out there. It certainly is the poorest ad California can possibly have.

DOGS REACH HOME

You remember last Friday I wrote you of the wonderful work of those dog teams and their drivers. The day I wrote that article the teams had just started. There was only one New York paper carried the story, and that not in very large headlines. I just felt and knew that they would get there. They didn't have to make the race to show me what they could do. But I certainly was tickled to death as the days passed by after my little piece had been sent in, to see and read the wonderful tributes paid to what they were doing, by the Editorial writers who had down in real words what I had so crudely tried to say when they started.

I want to apologize for you having to read it after seeing theirs, and I want also to put in praise for that Doctor, away off up there with the very life of the entire town on his hands and that nurse.[3] I didn't tell about them last week because we had not heard of them when the race started.

Now what are we going to do outside of just complimenting them in words about their marvelous achievement? Let's get some kind of fund from all over the country, enough so we can erect a monument to their memory—but not only that; give them some real money. You know that's the tough part about a hero. He has to eat. We take care of them with too much newspaper space and not enough permanent endowment. We have great fellows back from the war that can show you two medals for every sack of flour they have in the house. They got a foreign decoration for every American dollar they have.

SHORT-LIVED PROFESSION

Heroing is one of the shortest lifed profession there is. So let us get some fund raised by our papers so we can show these fellows what we think of them.

You know, those dogs, even as wonderful as they are, and as hardy, they have to eat. They can't read glowing editorials about themselves. Those mushers make a living mushing. But how long can you keep it up? What are they going to do when they can't make those hard trips? Looking at the monument that was erected to them ain't going to bring any bacon in the cabin. It might be so cold, and they may be so old that they can't even get to the monument. No, give them an established fund where they will get so much a month as long as they live.

Look at the Doctor! Why some big city Doctor with perhaps half this Nome Doctor's ability, will collect more fees from the estate of some patient where he had officiated at death, than this poor fellow up there will collect for saving the whole of Nome. Some New York Doctor will get more for taking the appendix out of some useless guy, (who it wouldn't matter

whether he had it in or out) than this Doctor would get if he cured Alaska. And that Nurse—she didn't ask how much she was to get a week and what time she was to be relieved by the night nurse.

WOULD HELP HEROES

We do something for every fool thing in the World. One time here in New York I played at a big benefit to get a Statue of Liberty for Russia. Now can you imagine Russia with a Statue of Liberty? We don't even know if they want one or not. If they do want one, we will loan them ours. Ours has got its back turned on us at the present time, showing us that our liberty is behind us. So I certainly will contribute, and also play anything, anywhere, for a permanent fund for these Alaska heroes.

And the work of those fellows down there in Kentucky.[4] Don't overlook we got some real men right down there. The way those fellows worked and risked their lives to save that poor fellow! And Policemen here in New York, where the impression of some out of town people seems to be that nobody in New York cares for anybody else! There is not a day that you don't read of the wonderful things performed by them and the firemen to save human life. I tell you it does your heart good to read these things, even if we haven't got the nerve to be in on it, ourselves. We can at least admire it, and be proud that we have men like these, and thousands of women like this nurse, if the opportunity presents itself.

Even with lack of a 5-5-3 Navy, with lack of one-tenth enough airships, which lack of a competent sales tax, and a million other things, she is a great old hemisphere.

And if they bring it to an end tonight, I think personally they will make a big mistake. This country has possibilities.

115 THESE REDS ARE LIKE THE EXHAUST TO AN AUTOMOBILE, ALL NOISE AND SMELL

The last few days I have read various addresses made on Lincoln's Birthday. Every politician always talks about him, but none of them ever imitate him. They always make that a day of delivering a lecture on "Americanism." When an Office Holder, or one that has been found out, can't think of anything to deliver a speech on, he always falls back on the good old subject, AMERICANISM. Now that is the one thing that I have never delivered an Essay on, either written or spoken. They have all had a crack at it every Fourth of July and Lincoln's Birthday. So now I am going to take up the subject and see what I can wrestle out of it. Let's get our rope ready and turn it out, and we will catch it and see really what brands it has

on it. Here it comes out of the Corral. We got it caught; now it's throwed and Hog Tied; and we will pick the Brands and see what they are.

The first thing I find out is there ain't any such animal. The American Animal that I thought I had here is nothing but the big Honest Majority, that you might find in any Country. He is not a Politician. He is not a 100 per cent American. He is not any organization, either uplift or downfall. In fact I find he don't belong to anything. He is of no decided Political faith or religion. I can't even find out what religious brand is on him. From his earmarks he has never made a speech, and announced that he was An American. He hasn't denounced anything. It looks to me like he is just an Animal that has been going along, believing in right, doing right, tending to his own business, letting the other fellows alone.

He don't seem to be simple enough minded to believe that EVERYTHING is right and he don't appear to be Cuckoo enough to think that EVERYTHING is wrong. He don't seem to be a Prodigy, and he don't seem to be a Simp. In fact, all I can find out about him is that he is just NORMAL. After I let him up and get on my Horse and ride away I look around and I see hundreds and hundreds of exactly the same marks and Brands. In fact they so far outnumber the freaky branded ones that the only conclusion I can come to is that this Normal breed is so far in the majority that there is no use to worry about the others. They are a lot of Mavericks, and Strays.

A bunch of Bobbed Haired men gathered in Madison Square Garden last Sunday at a meeting of these Reds, or Bolsheviki, or whatever they call themselves. It was one of their denouncement meetings. They denounced the heavy snow, Declaration of Independence, 5 cent Street Car Fare, Floods in Georgia, Mayor Hylan's Bathing Suit, Twin Beds, and the Eclipse.[1] A Kid 14 years old delivered such a tribute to Lenine that he made it look like George Washington or Abe Lincoln couldn't have Caddied for Lenine.[2] Oh, this Boy had got disgusted with America young in life. Incidentally, while he was making this tirade, NORMALISM of his age, at least a million of them were out skating.

Now some say that a thing like that should not be allowed. Why sure it should be allowed! England can teach any Country in the World how to handle discontent. (Maybe it's because they have more of it). They give 'em a Park, Hyde Park, they even furnish the Soap Boxes (as the former contents of the Box is generally as foreign to the Speakers as his Nationality is to the Coutnry he is speaking in.) Give 'em a Hall or a Box to stand on and say, "Sic 'em; knock everything in sight" and when they have denounced everything from Bunions to Capitalistic Bath Tubs, then they will go home, write all week on another speech for the following Sunday and you never have any trouble with them.

It's just like an exhaust on an Automoblie. No matter how high priced the car, you have to have an exit for its bad Air, and Gasses. They have got to come out. It don't do any particular harm, unless you just stand around behind smelling of it all the time, but who would want to follow a car to smell of its exhaust when you could just as well be in the Car riding.

Now sometimes there is a loud explosion, and everybody on the Streets will turn around and see what it is. The minute they see, they will go right on their business. They know there has been no damage done. So that's how it is with this so called Radical Element. Let them have a Park or a Hall as an exhaust Pipe. Then when they have some particular Noted Denouncer, why, you will hear a loud report. You will listen, or read what he said and go on about your business the same as the listeners to a backfire. You know it's necessary.

Now I am not much on History but I don't think any of these people were drafted over here, nor that there are any immigration Laws in Europe against this Country. I have often thought what would happen if the Government sent somebody to one of those meetings and he got up and announced that he was instructed to send every one of them back to the Country where they come from, and had been raving about. Say, there would be such a stampede they would tear down the building to keep from going. You couldn't Shanghai them out of here.

No, sir! This country is too big now. To stop this Country now would be like spitting on a Railroad track to stop a Train. These Reds are on their backs snoring and they ain't keeping anybody awake but each other. No Element, no Party, not even Congress or the Senate can hurt this Country now; it's too big. There are too many men just like those Dog Team Drivers and too many Women like that Nurse up in Nome for anything to ever stampede this old Continent of ours. That's why I can never take a Politician seriously. They are always shouting that "such and such a thing will ruin us, and that this is the eventful year in our Country's life."

Say, all the years are the same. Each one has its little temporary setbacks, but they don't mean a thing in the general result. Nobody is making History. Everybody is just drifting with the time. If any office holder feels he is carrying a burden of responsibility, some flea will light on his back and scratch it off for him someday. Congress can pass a bad law and as long as the Old Normal Majority find it out they have it scratched off the books.

We lost Roosevelt, a tough blow.[3] I thought in three months Turkey would hold a protectorate over us. But here we are still kicking. So, if we can spare men like Roosevelt and Wilson there is no use in any other politician ever taking himself serious.

Henry Ford has been a big factor in the industrial development of the country. Yet if he was gone there would still be enough of those things left to clutter up the highways for years. John D. Rockefeller who has done a lot for humanity with his gifts; yet when he is gone and gasoline raises two cents, and all expenses and the estate is settled we will kick along.[4] Even when our next war comes we will through our shortsightedness not be prepared, but that won't be anything fatal. The real energy and minds of the normal majority will step in and handle it and fight it through to a successful conclusion. A war didn't change it before. It's just the same as it was, and always will be, because it is founded on right and even if everybody in public life tried to ruin it they couldn't. This country is not where it is today on account of any man. It is here on account of the big normal majority. A politician is just like a necktie salesman in a big department store. If he decides to give all the ties away, or decides to pocket all the receipts, it don't effect the store. It don't close. He closes, as soon as he is found out.

So I can find nothing for alarm in our immediate future. The next time a politician gets sprouting off about what this country needs, either hit him with a tubercular tomato or lay right back in your seat and go to sleep. Because this country has got too big to need a damn thing.

116 MORE LYING THAN FLYING IN OUR AVIATION SERVICE

An original Drama in which the villain gets the best of it, even in the end. Scene is laid in one of the Committee Rooms of the Capitol Building at Washington, D. C. A meeting of the Congressional Committee to investigate our Airships if any.

Chairman of Committee—Please call Mr. Mitchell, Vice President of Aviation.[1]

Mr. Chairman—Mr. Mitchell, what it your title?

Mr. Mitchell—Mr. Chairman, I haven't read the latest paper; I don't know. But I am known by the Aircraft Board as being the bump in the air over which no inefficiency can fly without hitting.

Mr. Chairman—Then I take it you are an Air Pocket which the Army and Navy must go through or drop in the attempt. Now, Mr. Mitchell we are going to investigate all our Airships.

Mr. Mitchell—That shouldn't take long.

Heads of Army and Navy Aviation—Mr. Chairman, we object. It will take longer to find us out than he thinks. And besides, he is breaking Army

discipline. He is testifying here and the Chief of Staff did not write his speech. You know, Mr. Chairman, or you would know if you wasn't a Congressman, that the first law of the Army, if you are asked anything, is to go to your Superior (so Called) Officer and ask him what you are to say. If men are going to be allowed to come here and tell the truth the whole structure on which the Army is based will crumble. What do you suppose a Superior (So Called) Officer is to do if he can't instruct his inferiors (So Called) what to say at an investigation?

COULD GO TO WAR

Mr. Chairman—Mr. Mitchell, do you think we are prepared to go to war with an enemy with our present Airships?

Mr. Mitchell—Yes, Mr. Chairman, I think we could if we used good judgement in picking our enemy. I think we could defeat Switzerland, and we would have an even chance with Monaco.

Mr. Chairman—Then you mean to insinuate that we couldn't whip England or Japan in the air?

Mr. Mitchell—Not unless it was fixed, and we bought them off.

Mr. Chairman—How long do you think it would take Japan to take Honolulu by air?

Mr. Mitchell—I don't know the mileage. I don't know how long it would take them to get there.

Mr. Chairman—Mr. Mitchell, is it a fact that you have really been up in the air in an Airship?

Mr. Mitchell—Yes Sir, I flew during the War.

Mr. Chairman—Have these other men of the Army and Navy who are appearing here against you ever been off the ground?

Mr. Mitchell—Yes Sir, they have been up in the air high enough to shake hands with Carter Glass.[2]

Mr. Chairman—Then you mean to tell me they are not actual flyers?

NEVER OFF GROUND

Mr. Mitchell—They have never been high enough to get into an upper berth in a Pullman.

Mr. Chairman—Why, Mr. Mitchell, these men have wings on their shoulders, and must have been up somewheres!

Mr. Mitchell—Listen, Mr. Congressional Committe, these aviation experts have never been up in the air any further than William Howard Taft can jump.[3]

Mr. Chairman—But where did they get these wings on their uniforms? What kind of aviators are they?

Mr. Mitchell—They are Taxicab Aviators.

Mr. Chairman—Call Mr. Weaks, Secretary of the Army.[4]

Mr. Chairman—Mr. Weaks, is there anything significant in your name of Weaks, and the condition of the Army of Aviation.

Mr. Weaks—Just because my name is Weaks they say the Aviation is weak. Now Mr. Chairman, that is not so. That is, it is not so on paper. If you will only hear my side of the story I can prove it to you. We have 12 hundred Airships.

THE BURNING QUESTION

Mr. Chairman—Where are they?

Mr. Weaks—I can't just remember off hand where they are. But we have paid for that many.

Mr. Chairman—Will they fly?

Mr. Weaks—Well, the companies that sold them to us said they would and I have no reason to disbelieve them.

Mr. Chairman—Have you ever seen any of them fly?

Mr. Weaks—I just can't bear to watch a man leave the ground, even if he was in a good aeroplane. I have a weak heart.

Mr. Chairman—That will be all. Mr. Weaks. Call Mr. Wilbur, the Secretary of the Navy.[5]

Mr. Chairman—Mr. Wilbur, what do you think of the Army's branch of Aviation?

Mr. Wilbur—Oh, it's terrible! The Navy have the best aviation and it should be that way. We are the first line of Defense. The Army is a lot of Groundhogs.

Mr. Chairman—Mr. Wilbur, where do you come from?

Mr. Wilbur—California, the State of the most wonderful climate and the most—

Mr. Chairman—Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Mr. Court Stenographer, take off 90 per cent of any Californians' testimony.

EDDIE TO THE RESCUE

Mr. Chairman—Call Mr. Rickenbacker, American Ace of Aces.[6]

Mr. Chairman—Mr. Rickenbacker, what do you think of American aviation as it it today?

Mr. Rickenbacker—I think it is ROTTEN.

Mr. Chairman—Do you mean to tell us, Mr. Rickenbacker, that you, a mere flyer, know more about Airships than our illustrious strategy board?

Mr. Rickenbacker—All I know is that I was shot at millions of times by anti craft guns and I am still here. Hitting an Airship is just like hitting a flying bird with a rock. It's possible but not probable.

Mr. Chairman—That will do, Mr. Rickenbacker. We didn't listen to Mr. Pershing in regard to keeping prepared for another war so why should we listen to you for mere air preparedness?[7]

Mr. Chairman—Call Mr. La Guardia, Congressman from New York.[8]

Mr. Chairman—Mr. La Guardia, you were a flyer in Italy during the World War. What did you find out?

Mr. La Guardia—I found out that I was the only Congressman that ever used air for anything but exhaling purposes.

Mr. Chairman—Well, what does President Coolidge say about this aviation business?

COOLIDGE VIEW POINT

Mr. La Guardia—Mr. Coolidge thinks that as soon as aviation has reached the point that the steam railways have that it will have proved its worth.

Mr. Chairman—Then you mean to tell me that the same men who looked at the automobile and said, "It's all right but it will never be practicable;" Those are the men that are against the development of the Airships.

Mr. La Guardia—Yes, Sir, the nearest a lot of these officials have ever come to flying is when Mitchell throwed this scare into them.

Mr. Chairman—Call back Mr. Weaks and Mr. Wilbur.

Mr. Chairman—Now you gentlemen seem to think that the aircraft should not be a separate branch of the service. If so, why is it that you think the Army and Navy should be serparte branches? If Aviation should be kept with them, why shouldn't they (the Army and Navy) be kept together?

Mr. Weaks—Yes, but the Army is the backbone of the Country.

Mr. Wilbur—Yes, and the Navy is the Gizzard of our Anatomy.

Mr. Mitchell—I object, Mr. Chairman, to their testimony. The Army and the Navy are as jealous of each other as a couple of old setting hens are over one chicken. If the Committee thinks I, General Mitchell, am lying about the condition of our Airships, just let them have a War and see whether I am lying or not.

Mr. Chairman—The Committe, after summing up all the testimony, have come to this conclusion that the only way the Army and Navy can ever settle their difficulties is for them to have a War, and the winner shall be known as the National Arm of Defense. Or, if they didn't do that, we propose the following:

That the Army take one Aeroplane, and the Navy take the other one we have, and that we have another built for the Aviation branch of our service. That would give us another Aeroplane and give one to each branch of our service.

NOTES

1 *New York Times* (NYT) copy, December 24, 1922. The texts of the Weekly Articles (WA) published herein come from Rogers' original manuscripts (OM) when such manuscripts are available. In all other cases, the texts of the Articles are taken from the *New York Times* or other reliable newspaper or from copy issued by the McNaught Syndicate (McN). The dates given indicate earliest publication. The headings accompanying the Articles are from the original manuscripts or from the newspaper cited.

[1]David Lloyd George, prime minister of Great Britain from 1916 to 1922; directed British policies during World War I and in settlement of terms of peace. He resigned as prime minister in October 1922 when his opponents feared he was leading the country into war involving Turkey and Greece. A lawyer, orator, writer, and world traveler, he visited the United States in September 1923.

[2]William Vann, Mary Amelia, and James Blake Rogers, the three surviving children of Will and Betty Blake Rogers.

[3]Wilhelm II, emperor of Germany from 1888 to 1918. After the defeat of Germany in World War I, Kaiser Wilhelm was exiled to Holland, where he wrote his memoirs in 1922.

[4]John Pierpont Morgan, Jr., chairman of the board of J. P. Morgan & Company, one of the most influential banking firms in the world. The American government had considered lending European countries more money and had asked Morgan for his views.

[5]The Allied nations owed the United States more than $11.5 billion in obligations incurred during and immediately after World War I. A large portion of the debt was extended by the House of Morgan and its associated firms.

[6]William Edgar Borah, Republican United States senator from Idaho from 1907 until his death in 1940; chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs from 1925-1933. An isolationist and a leading progressive, he spoke out against the proposition that the United States should lend money to European nations.

[7]Georges Eugene Benjamin Clemenceau, prime minister of France from 1906 to 1909 and in 1917. A veteran statesman, he was known as a plainspoken politician, having earned the nickname "The Tiger of France."

[8]George Brinton McClellan Harvey, American editor and publisher who served as ambassador to Great Britain from 1921 to 1923.

[9]The Lausanne Conference of 1922-1923 redrew the boundaries of Turkey, restored the sovereignty of that nation over all of its territories, and cancelled the reparations levied on Turkey following World War I.

[10]Richard Washburn Child, United States ambassador to Italy from 1921 to 1924 and an unofficial American representative at the Lausanne Conference.

2 OM: unpublished.

[1]For David Lloyd George see Weekly Article (WA) 1: Note (N) 1.

[2]Joseph Sherman Frelinghuysen, Republican United States senator from New Jersey from 1917 to 1923.

[3]Thomas Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States from 1913 to 1921. Five different men served at varying lengths of time as secretary of state in Wilson's cabinets.

[4]Charles Evans Hughes, United States secretary of state from 1921 to 1925; former Republican governor of New York and associate justice of the United States Supreme Court; later chief justice of the Supreme Court from 1930 to 1941.

3 OM; published: *NYT*, December 31, 1922.

[1]*Ziegfeld Follies*, elaborate musical revues originated and produced by American theatrical impresario Florenz "Flo" Ziegfeld, Jr. First staged in 1907, they featured a troupe of beautiful chorus girls and many of the leading stage performers of the day. Rogers appeared with the

Follies almost annually from 1916 to 1925.

[2]Henry Justin Allen, Republican governor of Kansas from 1919 to 1923. A newspaper publisher, he later served briefly in the United States Senate.

[3]Henry Ford, founder of Ford Motor Company. Rogers often commented about Ford and his eccentricities.

[4]Truman Handy Newberry, Republican United States senator from Michigan from 1919 to 1922; railway, steel, and banking magnate from Detroit.

[5]Charles Curtis, Republican United States senator from Kansas from 1907 to 1913 and 1914 to 1929; vice president of the United States from 1929 to 1933.

[6] Charles Michael Schwab, American steel magnate who founded Bethlehem Steel Corporation in 1904.

Elbert Henry Gary, American industrialist who served as chairman of the board of United States Steel Corporation from 1903 until his death in 1927.

John Davison Rockefeller, Sr., American oilman who founded Standard Oil Company in 1870, eventually monopolizing the petroleum business. He retired in 1911 and spent much of his later years, until his death in 1937 at age ninety-eight, dispensing philanthropy and playing golf.

[7]Attempts were made in Congress to provide for the direct election of the president and vice president, thus eliminating the electoral college. There were also members of Congress who wished to change the date that elected federal officials took office from March 4 to a date in January. The latter change was accomplished by the Twentieth Amendment, the so-called "Lame Duck" Amendment ratified in 1933.

[8]For William E. Borah see WA 1:N 6.

[9]For George Harvey see WA 1:N 8.

4 McN; published: *NYT*, January 7, 1923

[1]For George Harvey see WA 1: N 8.

[2]Émile Coué, French psychotherapist who introduced a system of optimistic autosuggestion, "Day by day, in every way, I'm getting better and better."

[3]For this and all further references to Henry Ford see WA 3:N 3.

[4]Christopher, prince of Greece and youngest brother of the deposed king of Greece.

[5]Nancy Stewart Worthington Leeds, wealthy widow of the American tin plate magnate, William B. Leeds. She became Princess Anastasia upon her marriage to Prince Christopher in 1920.

[6]For William E. Borah see WA 1:N 6.

[7]Henry Cabot Lodge, Republican United States senator from Massachusetts from 1893 until his death in 1924; majority leader of the Senate from 1918 until his death.

[8]For Charles Evans Hughes see WA 2:N 4.

[9]For Georges Clemenceau see WA 1:N 7.

[10]John Joseph Pershing, United States military hero known as "Black Jack"; commander of the American Expeditionary Force in Europe during World War I.

5 McN; published: *NYT*, January 14, 1923

[1]The Inter-Allied Conference on Reparations, which had met at London in December 1922, reconvened at Paris on January 2, 1923. Reparations and claims arising from World War I plagued the European powers—and the United States—throughout the 1920s.

[2]For the Lausanne Conference see WA 1:N 9.

[3]For George Harvey see WA 1:N 8.

[4]Montagu Collet Norman, governor of the Bank of England from 1920 to 1944. An international financial figure, Norman helped to arrange the funding of the British war debt to the United States in 1922.

[5]Alfred Emanuel "Al" Smith, Democratic governor of New York from 1919 to 1921 and 1923 to 1929. An Irish Catholic and antiprohibitionist, he was an unsuccessful candidate for

the presidency in 1928.

[6]Edward Irving Edwards, Democratic governor of New Jersey from 1920 to 1923. Elected to the United States Senate in 1922, he served in that body from 1923 to 1929.

[7]William Jennings Bryan, American politician, orator, and statesman known as "The Great Commoner." A Democrat and religious fundamentalist, Bryan ran unsuccessfully for the presidency in 1896, 1904, and 1908.

6 OM; published: *NYT*, January 21, 1923.

[1]Martin Wiley Littleton, American attorney and politician noted for his expertise at criminal law.

[2]Harry Kendall Thaw, wealthy American playboy who married actress Evelyn Nesbit in 1905. A year later, Thaw shot and killed one of his wife's former suitors, Stanford White, a prominent New York City architect. Littleton defended Thaw, who was judged criminally insane and institutionalized until 1916.

[3]Newberry (see WA 3:N 4) was tried and convicted in Michigan courts for corruption in obtaining his senatorial nomination, but the case was dismissed in the United States Supreme Court. He was exonerated by the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections in 1922 but later in the same year resigned his position.

[4]William Crapo Durant, American automobile manufacturer who founded General Motors Company in 1908. He lost control of General Motors in 1920 but a year later formed Durant Motors, Incorporated.

[5]Warren Gamaliel Harding, former Republican senator from Ohio who served as president of the United States from 1921 until his death in 1923. On January 10, 1923, Harding ordered the return of the American forces that had occupied Germany since World War I.

[6]James Alexander "Jim" Reed, Democratic United States senator from Missouri from 1911 to 1929.

[7]Edward Mandell House, American politician and diplomat best known as a friend and confidant of President Woodrow Wilson. He served as Wilson's "unofficial" representative at many diplomatic gatherings.

[8]President Wilson ordered American troops into Mexico in 1916 in an attempt to end bandit activity along the international border. The American move proved highly unpopular in Mexico.

7 OM; published: *NYT*, January 28, 1923

[1]John Callaway "Jack" Walton, Democratic governor of Oklahoma who began his term in 1923 with a gigantic barbecue at the state fair grounds. He was impeached and convicted later that year on eleven counts of high crimes and misdemeanors.

[2]Mary Helen Bockius Pomerene, wife of Senator Atlee Pomerene of Ohio.

Elizabeth Mills Reid, chairwoman of the American Red Cross in London during World War I and wife of Ambassador Whitelaw Reid.

[3]Atlee Pomerene, Democratic United States senator from Ohio from 1910 to 1923.

Frederick Huntington Gillett, Republican United States representative from Massachusetts from 1893 to 1925; speaker of the House from 1919 to 1925; United States senator from 1925 until his death in 1935.

Charles Pershall Plunkett, American naval officer who served in both the Spanish-American War and World War I. He was promoted to rear admiral in 1919.

[4]William David Upshaw, Democratic United States representative from Georgia from 1919 to 1927. An extremely religious man, Upshaw was a strict prohibitionist who split with the Democratic party in 1932 to run for the presidency on the Prohibition ticket.

[5]Charles Snyder, director of the Bronx Zoological Gardens in New York City.

[6]John Calvin Coolidge, vice president of the United States from 1921 to 1923. A former Republican senator from Massachusetts, Coolidge succeeded to the presidency in 1923 upon the death of Harding; he served until 1929.

[7]Wallace Reid, a once-popular American motion picture actor who died in Los Angeles on January 18, 1923, while attempting to recover from drug addiction.

8 McN; published: *NYT*, February 4, 1923

[1]William Hamilton Anderson, American temperance leader who headed the powerful Anti-Saloon League of New York from 1914 to 1924.

[2]Percy Stickney Grant, American Protestant Episcopal clergyman noted for his radical theological beliefs and his frequent doctrinal disputes with the church hierarchy. He left the Episcopal ministry in 1924.

[3]For George Harvey see WA 1:N 8.

[4]For Charles Evans Hughes see WA 2:N 4.

[5]Charles Frohman, American theatrical manager known as "the Napoleon of the Drama" for his numerous productions of plays by the leading dramatists of the day. Frohman died in May 1915.

[6]David Belasco, American playwright, producer and theater owner widely recognized for his success in developing stage talent.

[7]The Barrymores comprised one of the most famous performing families in American stage and screen history, with Lionel, Ethel, and John attracting considerable fame during the 1920s and 1930s.

[8]Maude Adams, American actress who made her New York City stage debut in 1888. She is remembered best for her title performance in *Peter Pan* in 1906-1907.

9 McN; published: *NYT*, February 11, 1923

[1]Emma Alice Margaret "Margot" Asquith, English writer and wife of the first earl of Oxford and Asquith. A noted wit and hostess, she wrote her *Autobiography* in 1922.

[2]Elizabeth Gale Page Poindexter, wife of former Senator Miles Poindexter. She upset the leading politicos of Washington D. C., with the publication in 1923 of her reflections of Washington society.

[3]For this and all further references to Woodrow Wilson see WA 2:N 3.

[4]Alice Roosevelt Longworth, daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt, wife of Congressman Nicholas Longworth, famous Washington hostess, and close friend of Rogers.

[5]Evalyn Walsh McLean, a mining heiress and Washington society hostess who was the wife of publisher Edward Beale "Ned" McLean.

Ruth Hanna McCormick, wife of Chicago publisher Joseph Medill McCormick; Republican United States representative from Illinois from 1929 to 1931.

Marcus Alonso "Mark" Hanna, Republican United States senator from Ohio from 1897 to 1904 and influential advisor to President William McKinley.

[6]Miles Poindexter, who had lost a reelection bid for the Senate, was appointed as ambassador to Peru on February 19, 1923; he served in that post until his resignation in 1928.

[7]For Charles Evans Hughes see WA 2:N 4.

[8]For Percy S. Grant see WA 8:N 2.

[9]Rudolph Valentino, Italian-born American motion picture star of the 1920s who acquired wide fame as a dashing, daring, and romantic film hero.

[10]France occupied the Ruhr Valley in Germany in 1923 because of the inability of Germany to meet it reparations obligations.

[11]Stanley Baldwin, prime minister and first lord of the treasury of Great Britain from 1923 to 1924, 1924 to 1929, and 1935 to 1937. As chancellor of the exchequer from 1922 to 1923 he helped to arrange the funding of the British debt to the United States.

[12]Kenneth Douglas McKellar, Democratic United States senator from Alabama from 1917 to 1953. James Thomas "Tom" Heflin, Democratic United States senator from Alabama from 1920 to 1931. Both Heflin and McKellar were virulent critics of the British government and its policies.

[13]For Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7.

Andrew John Volstead, Republican United States representative from Minnesota from 1903 to 1923; author of the Volstead Act of 1919, the enforcement legislation for the Eighteenth (Prohibition) Amendment.

10 OM; published: *NYT*, February 18, 1923

[1]*Over the Hill to the Poor House*, heart-rending American motion picture of 1920 depicting motherhood, filial loyalty, and the ungratefulness of children.

[2]Lee Slater Overman, Democratic United States senator from North Carolina from 1903 until his death in 1930.

[3]Robert Latham Owen, Democratic United States senator from Oklahoma from 1907 to 1925. Of Cherokee ancestry, Owen initiated and supported Indian legislation in the Senate.

[4]SS *Leviathan*, German-built passenger ship that was seized by the American government during World War I and which became one of the premier luxury liners of the 1920s.

11 OM; published: *NYT*, February 25, 1923

[1]For Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7.

[2]The La Montagne brothers—Montaigue, René, William, and Morgan—were New York City liquor dealers who were convicted and jailed for violation of prohibition laws in February 1923. Because of their prominence in the night club world, they received the title of "society bootleggers."

[3]For William Anderson see WA 8:N 1.

[4]The bodies of the Reverend Edward Hall and Mrs. Eleanor Mills were discovered in September 1922 on a lovers lane near New Brunswick, New Jersey. Hall's widow and her brothers were arrested and brought to trial in one of the most sensational murder cases of the 1920s. A number of persons allegedly had witnessed the killings, but the defendants were acquitted in December 1926 on the failure of the state to prove its case.

[5]Constantin Sergeivich Stanislavsky, Russian actor and producer who cofounded and directed the Moscow Art Theatre from 1898 to 1938.

[6]Morris Gest, Russian-born American theatrical producer who introduced the Moscow Art Theatre to American audiences in 1923-1925.

[7]Benjamin Franklin Keith, American theatrical manager whose Keith and Proctor Amusement Company controlled vaudeville theaters from 1906 until his death in 1914.

[8]Mildred Harris Chaplin, American motion picture actress who married Charlie Chaplin in 1918 at age eighteen. The couple was divorced in 1920.

Charles Spencer "Charlie" Chaplin, English silent screen comedian who made his motion picture debut in 1914 in the United States and who achieved worldwide renown for his role as "The Tramp."

[9]Harold Lloyd, American motion picture comedian whose financial savvy and popular films made him a multimillionaire by the early 1920s.

[10]Tutankhamen, ancient Egyptian king whose tomb was discovered in 1922 in the Valley of the Kings along the Nile River.

[11]George V, king of Great Britain and Northern Ireland from 1910 until his death in 1936.

[12]For George Harvey see WA 1:N 8.

12 McN; published: *NYT*, March 4, 1923

[1]James Hamilton "Ham" Lewis, Democratic United States senator from Illinois from 1913 to 1919 and 1931 to 1939; well-known for his elegant manners and extravagant dress.

For Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7.

13 *NYT*, March 11, 1923

[1]Rheba Crawford, American Salvation Army leader who acquired the nickname "The

Angel of Broadway" for her evangelistic work in the theater district of New York City. She left the Salvation Army in February 1923 and moved to Florida where she opened a social service home.

[2]Fred Andrew Stone, American stage and screen actor who created the "Scarecrow" role in the theatrical production of *The Wizard of Oz* in 1903. Stone was one of Rogers' closest friends.

[3]Allene Crater Stone, American actress who married Fred Stone in 1904.

Betty Blake Rogers, Arkansas-born wife of Will Rogers. The couple was married on November 25, 1908, at the Blake home in Rogers, Arkansas.

[4]Dorothy Stone, eldest daughter of Fred and Allene Stone, made her New York City debut in 1923, performing with her father in *Stepping Stones*. Her sisters, Paula and Carol, also performed in the theater.

[5]For Charlie Chaplin see WA 11:N 8.

[6]Rogers testified in court for Edward F. Gallagher and Al Shean, American vaudeville comedians who were sued by Lee Shubert of Shubert Theaters for not fulfilling their contract. Schubert contended the pair was "unique and extraordinary" and therefore could not be replaced for the theatrical season.

[7]James John "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, American boxer who held the world heavyweight crown from 1892 to 1897. He later appeared in motion pictures, on stage, and on radio.

[8]Vernon Blythe Castle, English dancer who, with his wife, Irene, originated the one-step, turkey trot, and Castle walk. An aviator, Castle was killed in an airplane accident in Texas in 1918.

Frank Tinney, American blackface comedian who first attracted attention in the *Follies* of 1910. He starred in the *Follies* for many years thereafter.

[9]Annie Oakley, famous American sharpshooter who appeared in Buffalo Bill Cody's *Wild West Show* from 1885 to 1902.

[10]Rex Ellingwood Beach, American novelist and miscellaneous writer noted for his rough-hewn portrayals of life in Alaska. Rogers' first movie, *Laughing Bill Hyde*, was based on Beach's novel of the same title.

14 OM; published: *NYT*, March 18, 1923

[1]For Al Smith see WA 5:N 5.

[2]For Charlie Chaplin see WA 11:N 8.

Pola Negri, glamorous Polish actress who arrived in the United States in 1923 and created a sensation with her fiery performances in such motion pictures as *Gypsy Blood* and *Passion*.

[3]Hiram Warren Johnson, United States senator from California from 1917 until his death in 1945. Johnson belonged to the progressive faction of the Republican party.

[4]For William E. Borah see WA 1:N 6.

Robert Marion La Follette, Sr., Republican United States senator from Wisconsin from 1906 until his death in 1925. While governor of Wisconsin from 1900 to 1906, he instituted several progressive reforms in the state.

Leon Trotsky, Russian Communist leader and government official who was banished from Russia in 1929 when he fell out of favor with the existing government. He was assassinated in Mexico City in 1940.

[5]Joseph Patrick Tumelty, American attorney who was Woodrow Wilson's private secretary from 1910 to 1923.

[6]For J. P. Morgan, Jr., see WA 1:N 4.

[7]Otto Hermann Kahn, German-born American banker who was a partner in the powerful banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company from 1897 until his death in 1934.

[8]For Charles Schwab see WA 3:N 6.

[9]Bernard Mannes Baruch, American businessman and multimillionaire. A close personal friend of Wilson, Baruch chaired the War Industries Board during World War I. Later, he served Presidents Harding, Roosevelt, and Truman.

[10]For Tutankhamen see WA 11:N 10.

[11]Frank and Jesse James, outlaw brothers from Missouri, who operated in the Midwest during the post-Civil War period.

Gratton, Robert, and Emmett Dalton, western outlaw brothers who were slain in a raid on Coffeyville, Kansas, in 1892.

[12]Philip Danforth Armour, American industrialist who developed Armour & Company, meat packers, in 1870 from a pork-packing plant established by his brother, Herman Ossian Armour.

[13]Nathan Lewis Miller, Republican governor of New York from 1921 to 1923.

[14]James Middleton Cox, Democratic governor of Ohio from 1913 to 1915 and 1917 to 1921; an unsuccessful candidate for president in 1920.

15 McN; published: *NYT*, March 25, 1923

[1]Joseph E. O'Connor of Washington D. C., was arrested on March 11 for bootlegging liquor. The following day, the *Washington Post* published a list of O'Connor's alleged patrons. It included the names of Navy and Army officers as well as minor officials in the State Department.

[2]For George Harvey see WA 1:N 8.

[3]For William E. Borah see WA 1:N 6.

[4]Edwin Denby, United States secretary of the navy from 1921 to 1924. Denby was conducting an inspection tour of the Panama Canal.

[5]For William D. Upshaw see WA 7:N 4.

[6]For Andrew J. Volstead see WA 9:N 13.

[7]Joseph Gurney Cannon, Republican United States representative from Illinois from 1873 to 1891, 1893 to 1913, and 1915 to 1923; speaker of the House from 1903 to 1911. Cannon, known as "Uncle Joe," declined renomination and retired in 1923 to his home in Danville, Illinois.

[8]Byron Patton "Pat" Harrison, Democratic United States senator from Mississippi from 1919 until his death in 1941.

[9]John Sharp Williams, Democratic United States senator from Mississippi from 1911 to 1923.

[10]John Davidson Rockefeller, Jr., son and namesake of the American oil magnate (see WA 3:N 6). Rockefeller became associated with his father's business interests in 1897 and later managed the family's great philanthropic corporations.

[11]Irene Langhorne Gibson, wife of famed American illustrator Charles Dana Gibson, who created the Gibson Girl using his wife as a model. Mrs. Gibson was one of five Langhorne sisters from Virginia; the others included Nancy, who married Lord William Waldorf Astor of England and who became the first woman to sit in the British House of Commons.

[12]For Georges Clemenceau see WA 1:N 7.

[13]Minnie Maddern Fiske, American stage actress who appeared in several notable dramatic productions, including *Becky Sharp* and *Hedda Gabler*.

[14]Laurette Cooney Taylor, American theatrical actress who made her first appearance on the stage as a child in the late 1880s and who starred in such productions as *Peg o' My Heart* and *The Glass Menagerie*.

[15]Henry Morgenthau, Sr., American diplomat who served as ambassador to Turkey from 1913 to 1916 and to Mexico in 1920.

16 McN; published: *NYT*, April 1, 1923

[1]For Tutankhamen see WA 11:N 10.

17 McN; published: *NYT*, April 8, 1923.

[1]The founder of the Piggly Wiggly stores, Clarence Saunders, was accused of manipulat-

ing the stock of the retail food corporation. The stock had been the victim of a "bear raid," and Saunders, by buying more stock, had attempted to push prices higher and thus maintain the solvency of his company. He failed, however, and eventually declared bankruptcy.

[2]Anastasia Reilly and Jesse Reed, two former *Ziegfeld Follies* performers whose names Rogers combined to make up his fictitious corporation.

[3]For Alice Roosevelt Longworth see WA 9:N 4.

[4]Nicholas Longworth, Republican United States representative from Ohio from 1903 to 1913 and 1915 until his death in 1931; majority floor leader from 1923 to 1925; speaker of the House from 1925 to 1931.

[5]Sessue Hayakawa, Japanese motion picture actor who had a distinguished forty-year career in Japanese, French, and American films. *The Typhoon* in 1914 was his first film. He and his wife, the former Tsura Aoki, were married for forty-seven years at the time of her death in 1961.

[6]Dorothy King Keenan, model and mistress of John Kearsley Mitchell, Philadelphia industrialist and society figure, was murdered in her New York City apartment on March 15. The case, which concerned a complicated blackmail plot involving Keenan's relationship with Mitchell (whom the district attorney referred to as "Mr. Marshall"), never was solved.

[7]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7; for Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7; for Joseph G. Cannon see WA 15:N 7.

[8]Edward Albert, the Prince of Wales and heir apparent to the British throne. An avid horseman and a much-pursued bachelor, he was crowned Edward VIII in 1936 but abdicated the same year to marry an American divorcee.

18 McN; published: *NYT*, April 15, 1923

[1]For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 3:N 1.

[2]For Fred Stone see WA 13:N 2; for Dorothy Stone see WA 13:N 4.

[3]James Watson Gerard, American attorney and diplomat who served as ambassador to Germany from 1913 to 1917; author of *My Four Years in Germany* (1917).

[4]John Philip Sousa, American bandleader and musical composer known as "the March King." Among his noted martial compositions were *Washington Post March* and *Stars and Stripes Forever*.

[5]John F. Hylan, Democratic mayor of New York City from 1918 to 1925.

[6]For Edward I. Edwards see WA 5:N 6.

Royal Samuel Copeland, Democratic United States senator from New York from 1923 until his death in 1938. Copeland was a physician and a former president of the New York Board of Health.

[7]For Jesse James see WA 14:N 11.

19 OM; published: *NYT*, April 22, 1923

[1]George Harvey (see WA 1:N 8) owned and edited the *North American Review* from 1899 to 1926.

[2]William Randolph Hearst, leading American publisher who owned a chain of newspapers, including the *San Francisco Examiner* and the *New York American*, and magazines, including *International-Cosmopolitan* and *Good Housekeeping*.

[3]Arthur James Balfour, English statesman and philosopher who served as prime minister from 1902 to 1905 and held other important governmental positions.

[4]For Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7.

[5]Josephus Daniels, editor and publisher of the *Raleigh* (North Carolina) *News and Observer* from 1894 to 1933; United States secretary of the navy from 1913 to 1921.

[6]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 9.

[7]For the *Leviathan* see WA 10:N 4.

[8]For Andrew J. Volstead see WA 9:N 13.

20 McN; published: *NYT*, April 29, 1923

[1]Louis A. Cuvillier, a New York state assemblyman, accused New York City Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright of bribery, corruption, perjury, and bootlegging in the police department. Enright lost a subsequent libel suit against Cuvillier.

[2]Charles Francis Murphy, American politician who headed the powerful New York City Democratic organization Tammany Hall from 1902 until his death in 1924.

[3]Colby Mitchell Chester, Sr., American naval officer who was promoted to rear admiral in 1903. Although he had retired from the service in 1906, Chester maintained a strong interest in obtaining economic concessions in Turkey.

[4]Clark Calvin Griffith, American Major League Baseball player and executive; president of the Washington Senators baseball club from 1920 until his death in 1955.

[5]Albert Frederick, the Duke of York who later reigned as King George VI, married Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon in London on April 26, 1923.

[6]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

[7]Mathilde McCormick, eighteen-year-old granddaughter of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and Max Oser, wealthy, forty-five-year-old Swiss riding master and illustrator, were married in London on April 12, 1923.

[8]Princess Yolanda, a daughter of King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy, married Count Calvi di Bergola, an Italian war hero, in Rome on April 9, 1923.

21 OM; published: *NYT*, May 5, 1923

[1]The World Court, or Permanent Court for International Justice, was established by the League of Nations in 1921. The United States never joined the tribunal.

[2]George Wharton Pepper, Republican United States senator from Pennsylvania from 1922 to 1927.

[3]Louis Wiley, business manager of the *New York Times* from 1906 until his death in 1935.

[4]Edgar Algernon Robert Gascoyne-Cecil, a member of the British parliament from 1906 to 1923; president of the League of Nations Union from 1923 to 1945; recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1937. Cecil participated in the drafting of the League of Nations Covenant.

Article 10 of the League of Nations Covenant guaranteed the territorial integrity and political independence of member states against aggression.

[5]For James W. Gerard see WA 18:N 3.

[6]William Harrison "Will" Hays, American attorney and politician. As president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America from 1922 to 1945, he was known as the "czar" of the film industry.

22 OM; published: *NYT*, May 13, 1923

[1]George Dewey, American naval officer who led the victorious American forces at the Battle of Manila Bay in the Spanish-American War of 1898.

[2]For John J. Pershing see WA 4:N 10.

[3]Lieutenants John A. Macready and Oakley G. Kelly of the United States Army Air Service made the first nonstop transcontinental flight on May 2-3, 1923.

[4]Eoin O'Duffy, Irish military officer who headed the security forces of the Irish Free State from 1924 to 1925.

23 McN; published: *NYT*, May 20, 1923

[1]Chinese bandits seized 36 foreign citizens and 100 native passengers on the Shanghai-Peking express on May 6. The capture of the foreigners and the holding of them for a $1 million ransom were featured for days in the press of many countries. They were released after

major powers threatened armed intervention. Attacks by bandits and sea pirates, however, continued throughout the year.

[2]Myrtle Bowman Hayes, a Massachusetts property developer, forged the signature of Schwab (see WA 3:N 6) on $300,000 worth of promissory notes that she had used to purchase property in Massachusetts and New York.

[3]For Elbert H. Gary see WA 3:N 6.

[4]John Clark Knox, judge of the United States District Court in New York City from 1918 to 1964. On May 9 Knox voided the provision of the Volstead Act that limited the amount of alcohol a physician could prescribe.

[5]Herbert Clark Hoover, United States food administrator during World War I and commissioner for relief in Belgium from 1915 to 1919. A Republican, Hoover served as president of the United States from 1929 to 1933.

[6]For George Harvey see WA 3:N 6.

Alexander Pollock Moore, American newspaper editor who served as ambassador to Spain from 1923 to 1925.

Alanson Bigelow Houghton, American industrialist and former congressman who served as ambassador to Germany from 1922 to 1925.

[7]Jesse Willard, American boxer who held the world heavyweight title from 1915 to 1917.

24 OM; published: *NYT*, May 27, 1923

[1]Charles Frederick Wishart, American theologian and educator; president of Wooster College from 1919 to 1944. Wishart defeated Bryan (see WA 5:N 7) on May 17 for the post of moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

[2]James Beauchamp "Champ" Clark, Democratic United States representative from Missouri from 1893 to 1895 and 1897 to 1921; speaker of the House from 1911 to 1919. Clark was a leading candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1912 but was defeated at the convention in Baltimore when Bryan switched his support to Woodrow Wilson.

For Article 10 see WA 21:N 4.

[3]James "Jim" McIntyre and Thomas "Tom" Heath, American blackface comedy team known as the "Georgia Minstrels"; active in variety and vaudeville from 1874 until McIntyre's death in 1937.

[4]In the early 1920s Bryan was embroiled in the controversy over evolution that was highlighted by the Scopes "Monkey" Trial of 1925.

[5]For Will H. Hays see WA 21:N 6.

25 OM; published: *NYT*, June 3, 1923

[1]William Gibbs McAdoo, United States secretary of the treasury from 1913 to 1918; United States director general of the railways during World War I; prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination for president in 1920 and 1924.

[2]Boies Penrose, United States senator from 1897 until his death in 1921. Penrose was the undisputed "boss" of the Republican Party in Pennsylvania from 1904 until his death.

[3]For Bernard M. Baruch see WA 14:N 9.

[4]For Joseph S. Frelinghuysen see WA 2:N 2.

[5]Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., American actor and hero of silent screen spectaculars; husband of film actress Mary Pickford.

Mary Pickford, American motion picture actress known in the heyday of silent films as "America's Sweetheart." Pickford and Fairbanks were neighbors of Rogers in Beverly Hills, California.

[6]McAdoo's Hudson & Manhattan Railroad Company built the first tunnel under the Hudson River (1904).

[7]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[8]For Al Smith see WSA 5:N 5.

[9]James Alexander Stillman, wealthy New York City banker who was a central figure in

one of the most sensational divorce cases of the 1920s. He first sued for divorce from his wife, the former Anne Urquhart Potter, in 1921 on the grounds of adultery. She later made similar charges, and the domestic squabble, interrupted by a brief reconciliation, finally ended in divorce in 1931.

[10]Benjamin Purnell, leader of the House of David, a religious cult that flourished in Benton Harbor, Michigan, during the first quarter of the twentieth century. Purnell claimed immortality, prohibited the cutting of hair or beard, and forbade his members to have sexual relations. He disappeared in 1922 when warrants were issued for his arrest on morality charges. He was found and arrested in 1926 but died a year later.

[11]Florence Lawlor Leeds, New York City dancer and singer who claimed that her son was fathered by James Stillman and who tried unsuccessfully to obtain financial support for the child from the banker.

26 OM; published: *NYT*, June 10, 1923

[1]Henry Ford was often mentioned as a presidential possibility in the 1920s.

For William Randolph Hearst see WA 19:N 2.

[2]For John D. Rockefeller, Sr., see WA 3:N 6.

[3]William Howard Taft, Republican president of the United States from 1909 to 1913; chief justice of the United States Supreme Court from 1921 until his death in 1930. Taft spoke in Cleveland on May 30 at the dedication of a monument to Salmon Portland Chase, one of his predecessors as chief justice.

[4]Gary (see WA 23:N 3) was taken ill on May 25 while reading a report to the American Iron and Steel Institute from a committee that had investigated the steel industry and had recommended the retention of the twelve-hour day.

[5]For Charles M. Schwab see WA 3:N 6.

27 McN; published: *NYT*, June 17, 1923

[1]For Will H. Hays see WA 21:N 6.

[2]For George Harvey see WA 1:N 8; for Jesse James see WA 14:N 11.

[3]Brandon Tynan, Irish-born American actor and playwright who first appeared in the *Ziegfeld Follies* in 1922. He was noted for his impersonations, especially of producer David Belasco and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

[4]Harvey was editor of *Harvey's Weekly* from 1918 to 1921.

[5]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

[6]Howard Chandler Christy, American illustrator and painter who worked for several magazines, including *Cosmopolitan*. Christy painted many portraits, including ones of Warren G. Harding, Will H. Hays, George Harvey and Will Rogers. He was married to the former Nancy May Palmer.

[7]Smith (see WA 5:N 5) signed a bill on June 1 that repealed the New York State Prohibition Enforcement Act.

[8]John Patrick "Johnny" Kilbane, American prizefighter who held the world featherweight title from 1912 to 1923.

[9]Eugene Criqui, French boxer who won the world featherweight title from Kilbane on June 6 in New York City but lost it less than two months later. A veteran of World War I, Criqui fought professionally as the "Wounded Wonder."

[10]New York City residents celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary in 1923 of the unification of the five boroughs into the City of Greater New York.

[11]Louis "Louie" Cohen, New York City theater ticket speculator and business manager.

28 McN; published: *NYT*, July 1, 1923

[1]*Merton of the Movies*, a satiric novel about a young man who aspires to a career as a matinee idol. Written in 1922 by Harry Leon Wilson, the book was adapted for the stage in

1923.

[2]For Rudolph Valentino see WA 9:N 9.

[3]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.

[4]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7; for William E. Borah see WA 1:N 6.

29 McN; published: *NYT*, July 1, 1923

[1]Clara Phillips, convicted murderer of her husband's mistress, had escaped a Los Angeles jail in December of 1922. She was arrested in Honduras in April of 1923 and returned to California a month later.

[2]Los Angeles hosted the Olympic Games in 1932.

[3]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[4]James Monroe, president of the United States from 1817 to 1825. Monroe proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine in 1823 which warned European nations not to meddle in the affairs of countries in the Western Hemisphere.

30 OM; published; *NYT*, July 8, 1923

[1]The *Leviathan* (see WA 10:N 4) made its maiden voyage in the summer of 1923 as a reconditioned American passenger liner.

[2]For Andrew J. Volstead see WA 9:N 13.

[3]For William Jennings Bryan, see WA 5:N 7.

[4]The War Finance Corporation, a government agency established during World War I, made substantial loans to agriculture during the early 1920s.

31 McN; published: *NYT*, July 15, 1923

[1]William Harrison "Jack" Dempsey, American prizefighter who held the world heavyweight title from 1919 to 1926.

Thomas "Tommy" Gibbons, Irish-American boxer whose career peaked in 1923 when he went fifteen rounds with Jack Dempsey at Shelby, Montana, on July 4.

[2]John Leo McKernan, "Jack Kearns," colorful American boxing promoter who managed Dempsey and other prizefighters, many of whom became champions.

[3]Robert Ernest House, obstetrician who practiced at Ferris, Texas, from 1899 until he death in 1930. House introduced the use of "truth serum" to determine the guilt or innocence of an individual charged with a crime.

[4]For Edward M. House see WA 6:N 7.

[5]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[6]Reed Smoot, Republican United States senator from Utah from 1903 to 1933. Smoot, an apostle of the Mormon Church, was also a member of the executive committee of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company.

[7]For William E. Borah see WA 1:N 6.

32 McN; published: *NYT*, July 22, 1923

[1]For Elbert H. Gary see WA 23:N 3.

[2]Dempsey received $200,000 for his match with Gibbons (see WA 31:N 1). The town of Shelby, Montana, had to declare bankruptcy to raise the money.

[3]Edward William Bok, Dutch-born American magazine publisher, Pulitzer prize winner, and philanthropist (see WA 58:N 2).

[4]Ford chartered a "peace" ship in 1915 and, accompanied by a company of distinguished persons, sailed for Europe in the hope of inducing the warring nations to end the world conflict.

33 McN; published: *NYT*, July 29, 1923

[1]John Foreman "Sos" McClellan, Claremore rancher and an older brother of a boyhood friend of Will Rogers.

[2]St. Clair probably refers to Harry Ford Sinclair, American petroleum magnate who was a major developer of oil fields in northeastern Oklahoma in the early 1900s.

[3]For Pat Harrison see WA 15:N 8.

[4]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[5]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.

34 McN; published: *NYT*, August 5, 1923

[1]Francisco "Pancho" Villa, Mexican revolutionary and bandit leader who was active in the Revolution of 1910 and against the Carranza government in 1914-1915. He was assassinated near Parral, Mexico, on July 20, 1923.

[2]For William Randolph Hearst see WA 19:N 2.

[3]For Andrew J. Volstead see WA 9:N 13.

[4]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4; for William E. Borah see WA 1:N 6; for Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7; for William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7; for Max Oser see WA 20:N 7; for Rudolph Valentino see WA 9:N 9; for Annie Oakley see WA 13:N 9; for Will H. Hays see WA 21:N 6; for William Howard Taft see WA 26:N 3.

[5]Villa raided Columbus, New Mexico, in 1916, killing sixteen persons and partially burning the town. The Punitive Expedition under the command of General John J. Pershing was organized to pursue Villa into Mexico. The expedition was withdrawn, however, when President Venustiano Carranza objected to the presence of United States troops on Mexican soil.

[6]For John J. Pershing see WA 4:N 10.

35 McN; published: *NYT*, August 12, 1923

[1]"Yes, We Have No Bananas," a nonsense song of the 1920s made popular by Eddie Cantor; words and music by Frank Silver and Irving Conn.

[2]The French occupied the Ruhr Valley industrial complex in Germany in 1923 because Germany had failed to maintain its reparations payments to France.

[3]For Rudolph Valentino see WA 9:N 9.

[4]Magnus Johnson, United States senator from Minnesota from 1923 to 1925. A Farmer-Laborite and agrarian reformer, Johnson took office on July 16, 1923, to fill a vacancy in the Senate.

[5]For David Lloyd George see WA 1:N 1.

[6]For Hiram W. Johnson see WA 14:N 3.

[7]Giuseppe Garibaldi, Italian patriot who helped lead the nineteenth century movement to unify Italy.

Luis Angel Firpo, Argentine prizefighter, known as "Wild Bull of the Pampas." Firpo, who was of Italian-Spanish ancestry, lost a controversial heavyweight title bout to Jack Dempsey in September of 1923.

[8]George Michael Cohan, American actor, playwright, producer, and songwriter who dominated New York City theater during the first two decades of the twentieth century. He wrote such patriotic songs as "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy," "Over There," and "You're a Grand Old Flag."

[9]Walter "Walt" Whitman, nineteenth century American poet and writer noted especially for his *Leaves of Grass, Goodbye, My Fancy*, and other collections of verse.

[10]Horace Greeley, nineteenth century American journalist and political leader who founded the *New York Tribune* in 1841. Greeley ran unsuccessfully for the presidency in 1872.

For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.

36 OM; published: *NYT*, August 19, 1923

[1]The train carried the body of President Harding, who had died in San Francisco on August 2, 1923, during an extensive western speaking tour. He was buried in his home town of Marion, Ohio.

[2]For Jack Dempsey see WA 31:N 1; for Joseph G. Cannon see WA 15:N 7.

[3]For Will H. Hays see WA 21:N 6.

37 McN; published: *NYT*, August 26, 1923

38 OM; published: *NYT*, September 2, 1923

[1]For this and all further references to Calvin Coolidge see WA 7:N 6.

[2]Luther Burbank, American horticulturist who initially took up market gardening in 1868 and who developed the Burbank potato and new and improved varieties of other cultivated plants.

[3]For Charlie Chaplin see WA 11:N 8.

[4]For Luis Firpo see WA 35:N 7.

[5]George Herman "Babe" Ruth, popular American baseball player and home run slugger who played for a number of major league teams, including the New York Yankees from 1920 to 1934.

[6]For Rudolph Valentino see WA 9:N 9.

[7]Mary Miles Minter, American silent screen heroine who first appeared in films in 1915.

39 McN; published: *NYT*, September 9, 1923

[1]Emily Price Post, American writer and columnist famous for her advice on manners and social etiquette; author of *Etiquette* and similar works.

40 OM; published: *NYT*, September 16, 1923

[1]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

William Ashley "Billy" Sunday, popular American evangelist and former professional baseball player who reached the height of his ministerial career in the 1920s.

[2]Gifford Pinchot, Republican governor of Pennsylvania from 1923 to 1927 and 1931 to 1935. A progressive reformer, Pinchot was prominent in initiating measures that settled the great coal strike of 1923.

[3]For Andrew J. Volstead see WA 9:N 13.

[4]Phineas Taylor Barnum, American showman who cofounded the Barnum & Bailey Circus in 1881. He remained in the circus business until his death ten years later.

[5]Charles Robert Darwin, nineteenth century English naturalist voted for his theory of evolution by natural selection. His *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection* (1859) provoked a storm of controversy, as did his later *The Descent of Man* (1871) in which he discussed the derivation of the human race from an animal of the anthropoid group.

[6]Harry Wills, black American boxer, known as the "Brown Panther." Wills longed to fight Jack Dempsey (see WA 31:N 1) for the world heavyweight title, but he was constantly thwarted in his efforts by promoters who did not want a racially-mixed championship bout.

41 McN; published: *NYT*, September 23, 1923

[1]Singer Midgets, American vaudeville act consisting of performers (mostly midgets), animal trainers, and animals under contract with the Loew Circuit.

[2]For Jack Dempsey see WA 31:N 1; for Luis Firpo see WA 35:N 7.

42 McN; published: *NYT*, September 30, 1923

[1]An earthquake of great magnitude struck the Kwanto Plain of Japan on September 1, 1923. The official total of persons killed or missing in the earthquake, called the Shinsai or Great 'Quake, and the resultant fires was 142,807. Damage was estimated at $2.8 billion, the greatest material devastation ever recorded in an earthquake.

[2]Seven American destroyers were wrecked in fog off the coast of northern California on September 9, 1923, with the loss of twenty-three crewmen. An inquiry board later reported that faulty navigation and bad judgment had cause the disaster and brought charges of culpable inefficiency and negligence against eleven officers.

[3]For Luis Firpo see WA 35:N7.

[4]For Will H. Hays see WA 21:N 6; for George Harvey see WA 1:N 8.

[5]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

[6]George Lane, American-born Canadian rancher who was a friend of the Prince of Wales and who often entertained the prince during his trips to Canada. Lane had purchased a ranch for the prince that adjoined his own Bar U Ranch in Alberta.

[7]Arthur William Patrick Albert, the Duke of Connaught and Strathern who served as governor general of Canada from 1911 to 1916. His second daughter was Princess Victoria Patricia Helena Elizabeth, who after her marriage in 1919 became Lady Patricia Ramsay.

[8]Charles Marion "Charlie" Russell, renowned American painter, illustrator, and sculptor of western scenes, known widely as the "Cowboy Artist." He was a close friend of Rogers.

[9]Alfonso XIII, king of Spain from 1886 to 1931. His reign was marked by the defeat of Spanish colonial forces in Morocco by Moors in 1923. Because of such turmoil, he was forced to appoint General Miguel Primo Rivera y Orbaneja as military dictator in September 1923.

43 OM; published: *NYT*, October 7, 1923

[1]Nicholas II, czar of Russia from 1894 until his abdication during the Russian Revolution of 1917. In July of 1918 he and his family were executed at Ekaterinburg by the Bolsheviks.

[2]For Luis Firpo see WA 35:N 7.

On September 15, 1923, Walton (see WA 7:N 1) placed the state of Oklahoma under martial law because of disturbances arising from Ku Klux Klan activities.

44 McN; published: *NYT*, October 14, 1923

[1]For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 3:N 1.

[2]Ford (see WA 3:N 3) carried out a vitriolic anti-Semitic campaign in his journal, the *Dearborn Independent*, during the early 1920s.

[3]Annette Kellerman, Australian swimming champion who created a sensation in 1913 by introducing a one-piece, figure-hugging bathing suit.

45 McN; published: *NYT*, October 21, 1923

[1]Rogers starred in *Two Wagons, Both Covered*, a spoof of the pioneer Western epic film *The Covered Wagon* (1923).

[2]Adolph Simon Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times* from 1896 until his death in 1935. The *Times* was the first newspaper to publish Rogers' Weekly Articles.

[3]For Luis Firpo see WA 35:N 7; for Hiram W. Johnson see WA 14:N 3.

[4]For Jack Walton see WA 7:N 1 and WA 43:N 3.

[5]Egbert Austin "Bert" Williams, black American comedian and songwriter who toured for many years with an all-black vaudeville troupe and in 1909 joined the *Ziegfeld Follies*. He died in 1922.

[6]For David Lloyd George see WA 11:N 1.

[7]For Charlie Chaplin see WA 11:N 8.

[8]For George Harvey see WA 1:N 8.

[9]For Will H. Hays see WA 21:N 6.

46 McN; published: *NYT*, October 28, 1923

[1]John Wingate Weeks, United States secretary of war from 1921 to 1925. The controversy over Muscle Shoals in Tennessee concerned the question of allowing private developers, such as Ford (see WA 3:N 3), to take over from the federal government the hydroelectric generating facilities it had built in the area. Ultimately, the publically-owned Tennessee Valley Authority was created in 1933 to control the project.

[2]James John Davis, United States secretary of labor from 1921 to 1930.

[3]For Will H. Hays see WA 21:N 6.

47 McN; published: *NYT*, November 4, 1923

48 OM; published: *NYT*, November 11, 1923

[1]Ford was frequently mentioned in the early 1920s as a presidential possibility.

[2]For David Lloyd George see WA 1:N 1.

[3]Theodore Roosevelt, Republican president of the United States from 1901 to 1909. A hero of the Spanish-American War and an energetic president, he enjoyed wide popular support throughout his public life.

49 OM; published: *NYT*, November 18, 1923

[1]Zev, famous American race horse that won the Kentucky Derby in 1923 and other top races. Zev finished second, however, to In Memoriam in the Latonia Championship on November 3.

[2]Carlus Linnaeus, eighteenth century Swedish botanist and father of the modern system of botanical nomenclature.

[3]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

Mah-jongg, a game of Chinese origin similar to dominoes. It became popular in the United States, England, and Australia in the 1920s.

[4]Friedrich Wilhelm Viktor August Ernst, German crown prince and eldest son of Kaiser Wilhelm II. One of Germany's top military commanders during World War I, he fled to Holland with his father after the kaiser's abdication in 1918. He returned to his homeland in 1923 where he remained until his death in 1951.

[5]A United States naval lieutenant, Alford Joseph "Al" Williams, Jr., set an airplane speed record of 266.6 miles per hour on November 4, 1923.

[6]For David Lloyd George see WA 1:N 1.

[7]Victor Marie Hugo, French poet, novelist, and playwright of the nineteenth century.

[8]For Horace Greeley see WA 35:N 10.

[9]For Elbert H. Gary see WA 3:N 6.

[10]Albert Einstein, German physicist who developed the theory of relativity in 1905. He received a Nobel Prize in 1921 for his work in theoretical physics, notably on the photo-electric effect.

[11]Blaise Pascal, seventeenth century French mathematician, scientist, and philosopher.

[12]Arthur Brisbane, American newspaper columnist and editor. He began his popular, nationally-syndicated editorial column, "Today," in 1917 and continued it until his death in 1936.

50 McN; published: *NYT*, November 25, 1923

[1]James Whitcomb Brougher, Sr., prominent Baptist minister who served as pastor at Temple Church in Los Angeles from 1910 to 1926.

[2]Harry Lauder, internationally popular Scottish singer and songwriter who was knighted in 1919 for entertaining troops during World War I.

[3]William Morris, Sr., Austrian-born American talent scout and promoter who managed Sir Harry Lauder and other top entertainment stars.

[4]Enrico Caruso, Italian tenor singer who first appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City in 1903 in *Rigoletto*. Highly successful, he had a repertoire of more than forty operas.

51 OM; published: *NYT*, December 2, 1923

[1]For Hiram W. Johnson see WA 14:N 3; for William Randolph Hearst see WA 19:N 2.
[2]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.
[3]Oscar Wilder Underwood, Democratic United States senator from Alabama from 1915 to 1927. Underwood was a leading presidential contender in 1912 and 1924.
[4]For James M. Cox see WA 14:N 14.
[5]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7; for Charles Darwin see WA 40:N 5.
[6]For David Lloyd George see WA 1:N 1.
[7]Oliver Cromwell, lord protector of England from 1653 until his death in 1658; led the Ironsides during the English Civil War.
[8]For Luis Firpo see WA 35:N 7; for Jack Dempsey see WA 31:N 1.
[9]For George Harvey see WA 1:N 8.

52 OM; published: *NYT*, December, 9, 1923

[1]William Wrigley, Jr., American industrialist who found William Wrigley, Jr., & Company, manufacturers of chewing gum in 1891. He served as its president until his death in 1932.
[2]For Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7.
[3]Adolphus Busch, German-born American brewer and industrialist who served as president of Anheuser-Busch Brewery from 1879 until his death in 1913. He was one of the wealthiest Americans of his generation.
[4]For Luther Burbank see WA 38:N 2.
[5]For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 18:N 1.
[6]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.
[7]Sid Grauman, American showman and motion picture theater owner who built the famed Egyptian and Chinese theaters on Hollywood Boulevard in Los Angeles.

53 McN; published: *NYT*, December 16, 1923

[1]Kaiser Wilhelm (see WA 1:N 3) never returned to Germany; he died in exile in Holland in 1941.
[2]For Friedrich Wilhelm, crown prince of Germany, see WA 49:N 4.
[3]For David Lloyd George see WA 1:N 1.
[4]For Alfonso XIII, king of Spain, see WA 42:N 9.
Benito Mussolini, founder and leader of the Fascist movement in Italy; dictator of Italy from 1922 to 1943.
[5]Irene Castle, American dancer who with her first husband, Vernon Castle (see WA 13:N 8) formed one of the premier dance teams of the pre-World War I era.
[6]Edith Rockefeller McCormick, daughter of oil tycoon John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and first wife of Chicago industrialist Harold Fowler McCormick.
Ganna Walska, Polish singer who married Harold McCormick in 1922, a year after his divorce from his first wife, Edith.
[7]Geraldine Farrar, American dramatic soprano who appeared with Metropolitan Opera Company in New York City from 1906 to 1922.
[8]For J. Whitcomb Brougher, Sr., see WA 50:N 1.

54 OM; published: *NYT*, December 23, 1923

[1]For Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7.

[2]Joseph Taylor "Joe" Robinson, Democratic United States senator from Arkansas from 1913 until his death in 1937.

For Babe Ruth see WA 38:N 5.

[3]William Brown McKinley, Republican United States senator from Illinois from 1921 until his death in 1926.

[4]Clarence Cleveland Dill, Democratic United States senator from Washington from 1923 to 1935.

[5]David Aiken Reed, Republican United States senator from Pennsylvania from 1922 to 1935.

[6]For Jim Reed see WA 6:N 6.

[7]For "Yes, We Have No Bananas" see WA 35:N 1.

[8]Frank Lester Greene, Republican United States senator from Vermont from 1923 until his death in 1930.

[9]Burton Kendall Wheeler, Democratic United States senator from Montana from 1923 to 1937.

[10]Wesley Livsey Jones, Republican United States senator from Washington from 1909 until his death in 1932.

[11]Henrik Shipstead, United States senator from Minnesota from 1922 to 1947. Originally elected to the Senate as a Farmer-Laborite, he turned Republican in 1940.

[12]For George W. Pepper see WA 21:N 2.

[13]For Magnus Johnson see WA 35:N 4.

[14]George Higgins Moses, Republican United States senator from New Hampshire from 1918 to 1933.

[15]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.

[16]Arthur Capper, Republican United States senator from Kansas from 1919 to 1949.

[17]Charles David Carter, Democratic United States representative from Oklahoma from 1907 to 1927.

[18]For Frederick H. Gillett see WA 7:N 3.

[19]For Pat Harrison see WA 15:N 8.

[20]Bryan (see WA 5:N 7) delivered his famous "Cross of Gold" speech, an impassioned plea for monetary reform, at the Democratic National Convention of 1896.

[21]For Ham Lewis see WA 12:N 1.

[22]Victor Luitpold Berger, Socialist United States representative from Wisconsin from 1911 to 1913 and 1923 to 1929.

[23]For Nicholas Longworth see WA 17:N 4; for Alice Roosevelt Longworth see WA 9:N 4.

[24]For Robert L. Owen see WA 10:N 3.

[25]For Elbert H. Gary see WA 23:N 3.

[26]Cap Lane, Oklahoma druggist, dairy farmer, and land owner; husband of Rogers' sister Maud.

[27]For Jack Dempsey see WA 31:N 1.

[28]For Charlie Chaplin see WA 11:N 8.

[29]For Mary Pickford see WA 25:N 5.

[30]For Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. see WA 25:N 5.

[31] Jackie Coogan, American child star of vaudeville and motion pictures who appeared in such films as *The Kid* (with Charlie Chaplin), *Oliver Twist*, and *A Boy of Flanders*.

[32]William McKinley, Republican president of the United States from 1897 until his death in 1901. The United States went to war against Spain in 1898.

[33]For Jack Walton see WA 7:N 1.

[34]Grace Anna Goodhue Coolidge, gracious and popular first lady who was regarded generally as more personable than the president.

[35]For Hiram N. Johnson see WA 14:N 3; for William Randolph Hearst see WA 19:N 2.

[36]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.

55 McN; published: *NYT*, December 30, 1923

56 OM; published: *NYT*, January 6, 1924

[1]For Mary Pickford see WA 25:N 4.

57 OM; published: *NYT*, January 13, 1924

[1]For Elbert H. Gary see WA 3:N 6.
[2] Andrew William Mellon, American financier with huge interests in coal and iron production, aluminum manufacturing, and banking; United States secretary of the treasury from1921 to 1932.
[3]For Hiram W. Johnson see WA 14:N 3; for William Randolph Hearst see WA 19:N 2; for William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.
[4]For Charles Schwab see WA 3:N 6.
[5]Connie Mack (Cornelius McGillicuddy), professional baseball player; manager of the Philadelphia Athletics from 1901 to 1950.
[6]For Magnus Johnson see WA 35:N 4.
[7]Henry Cantwell Wallace, Iowa agricultural editor who served as United States secretary of agriculture from 1921 until his death in 1924.
[8]For George V see WA 11:N 11.
[9]Frank Billings Kellogg, United States ambassador to England from 1924 to 1925. He later served as United States secretary of state and was a recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1929.

58 OM; published: *NYT*, January 20, 1924

[1]For Jack Dempsey see WA 31:N 1.
[2]Bok (see WA 32:N 3) awarded his $100,000 American Peace Award from 1924 to Dr. Charles Herbert Levermore, secretary of the New York Peace Society. As part of his peace plan, Levermore urged closer American cooperation with the League of Nations and the World Court.
[3]For Jim Reed see WA 6:N 6.
[4]Alvaro Obergón, president of Mexico from 1920 to 1924 and in 1928.

59 OM; published: *NYT*, January 27, 1924

[1]Frederick Albert Cook, American physician and arctic explorer. On his return in 1909 from a two-year arctic expedition, he announced he had reached the North Pole on April 21, 1908. The claim was denounced and rejected on grounds of insufficient evidence.
[2]The *Shenandoah*, the first rigid airship used by the United States Navy, had been scheduled to make the first aerial flight to the North Pole in early 1924, but mechanical difficulties and concern over the general reliability of dirigibles caused the project to be cancelled.
[3]Harry Ford Sinclair, American oil producer who was involved in the Teapot Dome oil lease scandal during the Harding administration.
For Jack Walton see WA 7:N 1.
[4]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.
[5]For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 57:N 2.
[6]For John D. Rockefeller, Sr., see WA 3:N 6.
[7]For Magnus Johnson see WA 35:N 4.

60 McN; published: *NYT* February 3, 1924

[1]For Will H. Hays see WA 21:N 6.
[2]Hinkle Cain Hays, younger brother of Will H. Hays and an attorney in Hays' hometown of Sullivan, Indiana.
[3]Pauline Frederick, American leading lady of silent films and early talkies.

[4]Rachel Littleton Vanderbilt, wife of American journalist and railroad heir Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., whom she married in 1920 and divorced in 1927.

[5]For George Harvey see WA 1:N 8.

[6]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 9.

[7]Albert Bacon Fall, United States secretary of the interior from 1921 to 1923. While in office, Fall secretly leased naval oil reserves at Teapot Dome, Wyoming, and Elk Hills, California, to oilmen Harry Sinclair (see WA 59:N 4) and Edward Laurence Doheny. Fall was convicted of bribery and sentenced to one year in prison and fined $100,000.

[8]Paul Whiteman, American bandleader who became famous in the 1920s for pioneering the "sweet style" as opposed to the traditional "classic style" jazz music.

61 OM; published: *NYT*, February 10, 1924

[1]For the Teapot Dome scandal see WA 60:N 7.

[2]For Will H. Hays see WA 21:N 6.

[3]For Charlie Chaplin see WA 11:N 8.

[4]For Harry Lauder see WA 50:N 3.

[5]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7; for Percy Stickney Grant see WA 8:N 2.

62 OM; published: *NYT*, February 17, 1924

[1]Former President Wilson died on February 3, 1924, at age seventy-seven.

[2]For George M. Cohan see WA 35:N 8.

[3]William Collier, American comedian and playwright who appeared in *On the Quiet*, his own *Never Say Die*, and other leading plays of the day.

For Frank Tinney see WA 13:N 8.

[4]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[5]For John J. Pershing see WA 4:N 10.

[6]For Pancho Villa see WA 34:Nn 1, 5.

63 McN; published: *NYT*, February 24, 1924

[1]Edward Laurence Doheny, American oil producer who figured prominently in the Teapot Dome scandal (see WA 60:N 8). Doheny was indicted on charges of conspiracy and bribery but was acquitted.

[2]For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 25:N 1.

[3]Sinclair (see WA 59:N 3) owned a large stable of racing horses that included Zev (see WA 49:N 1).

[4]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.

64 McN; published: *NYT*, March 2, 1924

[1]Denby (see WA 15:N 4) was involved in the Teapot Dome scandal for allowing the transfer of naval oil reserves from the Navy Department to the Interior. Although he was not accused directly of corruption, he nevertheless chose to resign in 1924.

[2]For Edward L. Doheny see WA 63:N 1.

Elk Hills, California, was the site of another controversial government oil reserve lease.

[3]For Josephus Daniels see WA 19:N 5.

[4]Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., son and namesake of the twenty-sixth president, served as assistant secretary of the navy from 1921 to 1924.

[5]Shortly after the news of the Teapot Dome affair reached the public, other irregularities were uncovered, including apparent corruption in the Veterans Bureau.

65 McN; published: *NYT*, March 9, 1924

[1]For Jim Reed see WA 6:N 7.

[2]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1; for Edwin Denby see WA 64:N 1.

Harry Micajah Daugherty, United States attorney general from 1921 to 1924. Daugherty was tried for conspiracy in the scandals of the Harding administration but was acquitted.

For Edward L. Doheny see WA 63:N 1.

[3]Frank Arthur Vanderlip, American financier, editor, and government official; president of New York City National Bank from 1909 to 1919.

[4]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[5]For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 18:N 1.

[6]For Albert B. Fall see WA 60:N 7; for Harry F. Sinclair see WA 59:N 3.

66 McN; published: *NYT*, March 16, 1924

[1]Thomas James Walsh, Democratic United States senator from Montana from 1913 to 1933; chairman of the senatorial committee that investigated the Teapot Dome scandal.

Irving Luther Lenroot, Republican United States senator from Wisconsin from 1918 to 1927; a member of the senatorial committee that investigated the oil lease affair.

[2]John Frank Major, confidant of and private secretary to Edward Beale "Ned" McLean, owner of the *Washington Post*. Allegedly, McLean was involved in the Teapot Dome scandal. Major was called to testify about his employer's role; he responded to committee members' questions almost exactly as Rogers indicated in the article.

[3]For Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7.

[4]Thaddeus Horatio Caraway, Democratic United States senator from Arkansas from 1921 until his death in 1931.

Stephen Grover Cleveland, president of the United States from 1885 to 1889 and 1893 to 1897.

For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7; for William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1; for Jim Reed see WA 6:N 7.

[5]For Edward L. Doheny see WA 63:N 1.

[6]For Burton K. Wheeler see WA 54:N 9; for Harry M. Daugherty see WA 65:N 2.

[7]For Joe Robinson see WA 54:N 2.

[8]Frank Bartlett Willis, Republican United States senator from Ohio from 1921 until his death in 1928.

[9]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.

[10]For Tom Heflin see WA 9:N 12; for Albert B. Fall see WA 60:N 7.

[11]For Harry F. Sinclair see WA 59:N 3.

[12]William James Zeverly, American lawyer who represented Harry Sinclair and his vast oil interests. Zeverly was the man after whom Sinclair named his famous race horse, Zev (see WA 49:N 1).

[13]Edward Beale "Ned" McLean, publisher of the *Washington Post*. He falsely testified that he had loaned Albert Fall $100,000, the amount of money given to the interior secretary for his role in the naval oil lease deals.

[14]William John Burns, director of the United States Bureau of Investigation from 1921 to 1924 and founder of an international detective agency. Burns was questioned about McLean's involvement in the oil scandal.

[15]For George H. Moses see WA 54:N 14.

[16]Charles Forbes, director of the Veterans Bureau during the Harding administration. Forbes was sentenced to two years in prison for conspiracy to defraud the government in connection with veterans hospitals.

67 McN; published: *NYT*, March 23, 1924

[1]For Thomas J. Walsh see WA 66:N 1.

[2]Ira Elbert Bennett, editor of the *Washington Post* from 1908 to 1933; an important witness in the Teapot Dome investigations.

[3]For Charles Curtis see WA 3:N 5.

[4]For Tom Heflin see WA 9:N 12.

[5]For Pat Harrison see WA 15:N 8.

[6]For Thaddeus H. Caraway see WA 66:N 4.

[7]For Joe Robison see WA 54:N 2.

[8]For John Philip Sousa see WA 18:N 4.

[9]For Jim Reed see WA 6:N 6.

[10]For Irvine L. Lenroot see WA 66:N 1.

Leonard Wood, United States Army officer who served as governor general of the Philippines from 1921 until his death in 1927. General Wood was mentioned as a leading candidate for the Republican presidential nominations in 1916 and 1920, but his supporters were too poorly organized to enable him to secure the nominations.

Jack Hamon, Oklahoma oilman and Republican national committeeman who told General Wood in 1920 that he would contribute funds to his campaign for president if the general would agree to appoint him secretary of the interior. Hamon died before he could be called to testify in the Teapot Dome scandal. Leonard Wood, Jr., the general's eldest son, was the source of the story.

[11]For George H. Moses see WA 54:N 14.

[12]For Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7.

[13]For Edward L. Doheny see WA 63:N 1; for Harry F. Sinclair see WA 59:N 3.

[14]For Jack Dempsey see WA 31:N 1; for Babe Ruth see WA 38:N 5.

[15]For Royal S. Copeland see WA 18:N 6; for Frank Vanderlip see WA 65:N 3.

68 OM; published: *NYT*, March 30, 1924

[1]For Edward L. Doheny see WA 63:N 1.

[2]For Harry F. Sinclair see WA 59:N 3.

[3]For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 18:N 1.

[4]For Atlee Pomerene see WA 7:N 3.

Owen Josephus Roberts, American attorney who along with Pomerene served as a special government prosecutor in the oil reserve scandal of the Harding administration. Roberts became nationally known as a result of his work in the case and later was appointed to the United States Supreme Court.

[5]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[6]For Jack Dempsey see WA 31:N 1.

69 OM; published: *NYT*, April 6, 1924

[1]Curtis Dwight Wilbur, United States secretary of the navy from 1924 to 1929.

[2]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4; for Jim Reed see WA 6:N 6.

[3]For Harry M. Daugherty see WA 65:N 2.

Roxy Stinson, the divorced wife of an associate of Daugherty, provided valuable testimony that corruption had pervaded the office of the attorney general.

[4]Alphonso J. "Al" Jennings, Oklahoma attorney and actor; imprisoned from 1897 to 1907 for robbery of the United States mails. Jennings testified in the oil lease scandal.

[5]For Jack Walton see WA 7:N 1.

[6]For Harry F. Sinclair see WA 59:N 3.

[7]For Will H. Hays see WA 21:N 6.

[8]For Truman H. Newberry see WA 3:N 4, WA 6:N 3.

[9]Archibald Bullock Roosevelt, Sr., New York City investment broker and a son of President Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt, an executive with Sinclair's oil firm, testified about a payment made by Sinclair to an associate of Secretary Fall.

For Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., see WA 64:N 4.

George Lewis "Tex" Rickard, colorful American prizefight promoter, who staged many championship bouts between 1906 and his death in 1929.

For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.

[10]For Thomas J. Walsh see WA 66:N 1.

[11]For Charlie Chaplin see WA 11:N 8; for Pola Negri see WA 14:N 2.

[12]Louis "Bull" Montana, Italian-born American professional wrestler, best remembered for his fierce-faced, villainous roles in silent films during the 1920s.

[13]For Albert B. Fall see WA 60:N 7.

[14]For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 57:N 2.

[15]John Nance "Jack" Garner, Democratic United States representative from Texas from 1903 to 1933; speaker of the House from 1931 to 1933; vice president of the United States from 1933 to 1941.

[16]For Nicholas Longworth see WA 17:N 4.

[17]For Frank A. Vanderlip see WA 65:N 3.

70 McN; published: *NYT*, April 13, 1924

[1]For Theodore Roosevelt see WA 48:N 3.

[2]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

James Ramsay MacDonald, British Labour party leader who served as prime minister in 1924 and from 1929 to 1931 and 1931 to 1935.

[3]For the Duke of Connaught see WA 42:N 7.

[4]For William Howard Taft see WA 26:N 3.

[5]For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 57:N 2.

James Couzens, Republican United States senator from Michigan from 1922 until his death in 1936.

[6]For Thomas J. Walsh see WA 66:N 1.

[7]For Charlie Russell see WA 42:N 8.

[8]Nancy Cooper Russell, wife of Charlie Russell and her husband's business manager. She published a volume of his letters after his death in 1926.

[9]For George Lane see WA 42:N 6.

[10]John Edward "Ed" Borein, American western illustrator, etcher, and painter, known as the "Cowpuncher Artist."

71 McN; published: *NYT*, April 20, 1924

[1]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

[2]For Mary Pickford see WA 25:N 4.

72 McN; published: *NYT*, April 27, 1924

[1]For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 57:N 2.

[2]For Jim Reed see WA 6:N 6.

[3]For Al Jennings see WA 69:N 4.

[4]For Burton K. Wheeler see WA 54:N 9.

[5]For Tutankhamen see WA 11:N 10.

[6]Charles Gates Dawes, American financier, lawyer, and politician who helped devise the Dawes Plan in 1924 for a scaled-down payment of German reparations. He served as vice president of the United States from 1925 to 1929. His favorite "blasphemous" expression was "Hell'n Maria."

[7]For Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7; for Magnus Johnson see WA 35:N 4.

73 McN; published: *NYT*, May 4, 1924

[1]Masanao Hanihara, Japanese ambassador to the United States from 1923 to 1924. He

was recalled in 1924 because of the unfavorable reaction in the United States Senate to his protests against the Japanese Exclusion Act of 1924.

[2]For Charles Evans Hughes see WA 2:N 4.

[3]For Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7.

[4]For Harry F. Sinclair see WA 59:N 3; for Al Jennings see WA 69:N 4; for Roxy Stinson see WA 69:N 3.

74 OM; published: *NYT*, May 11, 1924

[1]For Royal S. Copeland see WA 18:N 6.

75 OM; published: *NYT*, May 18, 1924

[1]Abraham Lincoln Erlanger, American theatrical manager and producer whose Theatrical Syndicate held a virtual monopoly on American theatrical business for many years.

[2]*Abie's Irish Rose*, enjoyed one of the longest runs in the history of New York City theater productions. Anne Nichols wrote the comedy, which opened on May 23, 1922, and played before approximately two million theater-goers during its 2,357 performances on Broadway.

[3]For Charlie Chaplin see WA 11:N 8.

[4]For Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., see WA 25:N 4.

[5]For Mary Pickford see WA 25:N 4.

[6]Cecil Blount De Mille, American motion picture producer and director from 1913 until his death in 1959. De Mille was noted for his biblical spectaculars, including *The Ten Commandments* in 1923.

Jesse L. Lasky, American film producer, theater owner, and talent manager.

[7]For Pola Negri see WA 14:N 2.

76 McN; published: *NYT*, May 25, 1924

[1]For Hiram W. Johnson see WA 14:N 3.

[2]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.

[3]William Surrey Hart, American actor who first appeared on stage in 1889 and in motion pictures in 1914. A close friend of Rogers, Hart became famous as a star of cinematic westerns.

James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok, American scout and lawman of the Old West.

[4]For Henry J. Allen see WA 3:N 2.

[5]For Albert B. Fall see WA 60:N 7.

[6]Frederick Henry "Fred" Harvey, American restauranteur who in 1876 opened his first of several rest and eating stops along railroad routes in the Old West. His establishments, known as "Harvey Houses," were noted for their good food, clean rooms, and excellent service.

[7]For Al Smith see WA 5:N 5.

[8]Brigham Young, American religious leader who headed the Mormon Church from 1847 until his death in 1877. He directed the mass migration of Mormons to the Great Salt Lake Valley in Utah and served as the first governor of the territory.

[9]For Andrew J. Volstead see WA 9:N 13.

[10]For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 3:N 1.

[11]Clement Vann Rogers, rancher, merchant, and Cherokee tribal leader in Indian Territory (Oklahoma); father of Will Rogers.

[12]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[13]For Henry Cabot Lodge see WA 4:N 7; for William E. Borah see WA 1:N 6.

77 OM; published: *NYT*, June 1, 1924

[1]William Allen White, American journalist, editor, and publisher, known as "the sage of Emporia"; editor of the *Emporia* (Kansas) *Gazette* from 1895 until his death 1944.

[2]Ed Wynn, American entertainer who was one of the foremost comics of vaudeville, mo-

tion pictures, and radio. An early day performer with the *Ziegfeld Follies*, Wynn was married to actress Hilda Keenan.

[3]Joan of Arc, French national heroine of the fifteenth century.

Nellie MacAleney Revell, American publicist, journalist, and radio commentator who was among the first women to demand and attain equal status with men in newspaper reporting.

Florence Nightingale, English nurse, hospital reformer, and philanthropist, active in the nineteenth century.

Carrie Lane Chapman Catt, American suffragette leader and lecturer who served as president of the International Women's Suffrage Alliance from 1904 to 1923.

[4]For "Yes, We Have No Bananas" see WA 35:N 1.

78 OM; published: *NYT*, June 8, 1924

[1]For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 3:N 1.

[2]Thomas Stalker Butler, Republican United States representative from Pennsylvania from 1897 until his death in 1928.

Frederick Albert Britten, Republican United States representative from Illinois from 1913 to 1935.

[3]Carter (see WA 54:N 17) was a Chickasaw tribal leader.

[4]William Wirt Hastings, Democratic United States representative from Oklahoma from 1915 to 1921 and 1923 to 1935. Hastings was a former attorney general for the Cherokee tribe. He was married to the former Lulu Starr.

[5]John William Harreld, Republican United States senator from Oklahoma from 1921 to 1927.

[6]For William D. Upshaw see WA 7:N 4.

[7]For William E. Borah see WA 1:N 6.

[8]For Oscar W. Underwood see WA 51:N 3.

[9]For Jim Reed see WA 6:N 6.

[10]For Pat Harrison see WA 15:N 8.

[11]For Alice Roosevelt Longworth see WA 9:N 4.

[12]For Ned McLean see WA 66:N 13.

[13]Gaston Bullock Means, American detective and convicted swindler who was a leading witness in the investigation of the Harding administration scandals.

79 OM; published: *NYT*, June 15, 1924

[1]For Burton K. Wheeler see WA 54:N 9.

Smith Wildman Brookhart, Republican United States senator from Arizona from 1912 to 1941.

For George H. Moses see WA 54:N 14; for Gaston B. Means see WA 78:N 13.

[2]For Harry M. Daugherty see WA 65:N 2.

[3]For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 57:N 2.

[4]For Tex Rickard see WA 69:N 9; for Jack Dempsey see WA 31:N 1; for Luis Firpo see WA 35:N 7.

[5]Esteban Cantu, Mexican general, politician, and revolutionary.

[6]Leonard Paul Howland, American attorney and former Republican congressman from Ohio.

[7]For Will H. Hays see WA 21:N 6.

[8]For Harold Lloyd see WA 11:N 9.

[9]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7; for Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.

[10]Frank Waterman Stearns, wealthy Boston merchant and progressive Republican; supporter and confidant of Calvin Coolidge. President Coolidge provided a suite in the White House for Stearns and his wife.

80 McN; published: *NYT*, June 22, 1924

[1]For Fred and Allene Stone and their three daughters, Dorothy, Paula, and Carol, see WA 13:Nn 2, 3, 4.

[2]Eddie Cantor, American vaudeville, burlesque, theatrical, and motion picture comedian.

[3]William Claude "W. C." Fields, red-nosed American comedian of vaudeville and motion pictures, noted for his humorous portrayals of intolerant, eccentric characters.

81 OM; published: *NYT*, June 29, 1924

[1]The Cherry Sisters—Ella, Jessie, Addie, Lizzie, and Effie—made a small fortune from one of the worst vaudeville acts in the country. Theater managers paid the Iowa sisters as high as $1,000 a week for their act, which one critic described as "so very bad that is was good."

[2]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1; for Al Smith see WA 5:N 5; for Charlie Chaplin see WA 11:N 8; for Harold Lloyd see WA 11:N 9; for Charles G. Dawes see WA 72:N 6; for Oscar W. Underwood see WA 51:N 3; for Jackie Coogan see WA 54:N 31.

Ben Turpin, slap-stick American vaudeville and motion picture comedian best known for his crossed-eyes and large toothbrush mustache.

[3]Ann Pennington, American dancer who often performed in the *Ziegfeld Follies* and who won fame as the dancer with the "dimpled knees."

Brooke Johns, American singer, musician, and lyricist who appeared with Pennington in the Broadway production of *Jack and Jill* in 1923.

82 OM; published: *NYT*, July 6, 1924

[1]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1; for Al Smith see WA 5:N 5.

[2]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[3]Newton Diehl Baker, American attorney and Democratic politician; United States secretary of war from 1916 to 1921.

For William E. Borah see WA 1:N 6; for Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4; for Hiram W. Johnson see WA 14:N 3; for Smith W. Brookhart see WA 79:N 1.

[4]Fred Herbert Brown, Democratic governor of New Hampshire from 1923 to 1924. He was the favorite son presidential candidate of his state's delegation in 1924.

[5]Available records of the convention do not show that a Mr. Stuart of Illinois delivered a speech on June 26, the day on which the activities Rogers reported in this article occurred. Former Governor Samuel Vernon Stewart of Montana delivered a brief oration, however, seconding the nomination of William McAdoo. On the previous day, Lewis Green Stevenson, a former secretary of state of Illinois, put into nomination the name of David Franklin Houston, secretary of agriculture in Woodrow Wilson's cabinet.

[6]Charles Wayland Bryan, Democratic governor of Nebraska from 1923 to 1925 and 1931 to 1935. Charles, brother of William Jennings Bryan, won the Democratic vice presidential nomination in 1924.

[7]For John D. Rockefeller, Jr., see WA 15:N 10.

[8]For James M. Cox see WA 14:N 14.

[9]John A. Matthews, colorful New Jersey attorney and Democratic politician, noted for a gift for oratory.

George Sebastian Silzer, Democratic governor of New Jersey from 1921 to 1926.

[10]For Harry F. Sinclair see WA 59:N 3.

[11]For Brigham Young see WA 76:N 8.

[12]William J. Quinn, Minnesota lawyer and Democratic leader.

[13]Samuel Moffett Ralston, Democratic United States senator from Indiana from 1923 until his death in 1925. Although touted as a dark horse presidential candidate in 1924, he refused to run for the nomination.

83 OM; published: *NYT*, July 13, 1924

[1]The Democratic National Convention of 1924 met in session for fourteen days in New York City in June and July. It took 103 ballots to decide the presidential nominee. John Williams Davis headed the ticket, with Charles W. Bryan as his running mate.

[2]The Democratic National Convention of 1920 met in San Francisco.

[3]For James M. Cox see WA 14:N 14.

[4]For Robert L. Owen see WA 10:N 3.

[5]For Champ Clark see WA 24:N 2.

[6]For Charles W. Bryan see WA 82:N 6; for William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[7]For Pat Harrison see WA 15:N 8.

[8]La Follette (see WA 14:N 4) ran for president in 1924 under the banner of the League for Progressive Political Action (the Progressive party).

[9]For John D. Rockefeller, Jr., see WA 15:N 10.

[10]Arizona cast one vote for Rogers on the sixty-eighth ballot.

[11]For Jackie Coogan see WA 54:N 31

Peggy Jean "Baby Peggy" Montgomery, American motion picture child star of the 1920s who began her career at age two.

84 OM; published: *NYT* July 20, 1924

[1]John William Davis, American attorney and former Democratic congressman from West Virginia who served as ambassador to Great Britain from 1918 to 1921. He was the unsuccessful Democratic nominee for president in 1924.

[2]For Charles W. Bryan see WA 82:N 6.

[3]For Jack Dempsey see WA 31:N 1.

[4]For Charlie Chaplin see WA 11:N 8.

[5]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[6]Millicent Wilson Hearst, American society figure and philanthropist; wife of publisher William Randolph Hearst.

[7]For Arthur Brisbane see WA 49:N 12; for Bernard M Baruch see WA 14:N 9.

William Ellery Sweet, Democratic governor of Colorado from 1921 to 1925.

For Royal S. Copeland see WA 18:N 6.

James Duval Phelan, San Francisco financier who served in the United States Senate from 1915 to 1921.

[8]For Charles G. Dawes see WA 72:N 6.

Eugene Victor Debs, American socialist who organized the Social Democratic party of America in 1897 and ran for president as a Socialist in 1900, 1904, 1908, 1912, and 1920.

[10]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4 and WA 83:N 8.

[11]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.

85 OM; published: *NYT*, July 27, 1924

[1]For Oscar W. Underwood see WA 51:N 3. At the Democratic National Convention of 1924, Alabama cast all twenty-four of its votes for favorite son candidate Underwood on each of the 103 presidential ballots.

[2]Eleanor Randolph Wilson McAdoo, youngest daughter of Woodrow Wilson; wife of William G. McAdoo (see WA 25:N 1).

[3]Margaret Wilson, eldest daughter of Woodrow Wilson.

[4]Catherine Dunn Smith, wife of Al Smith (see WA 5:N 5).

[5]For John W. Davis see WA 84:N 1; for Charles W. Bryan see WA 82:N 6.

[6]Ellen Graham Bassel Davis, wife of presidential nominee, John Davis.

[7]Lena Jones Springs, American suffragette and Democratic national committeewoman who was the first woman to be nominated for the vice presidency of the United States. She was the wife of Leroy Springs, a prominent South Carolina banker and manufacturer.

[8]Mary Emma Guffey Miller, wife of engineer and oilman Carroll Miller of Pittsburgh.

[9]Izotta Jewell Brown, American stage actress and political activist who was one of the several delegates to second the nomination of John Davis at the Democratic convention in 1924.

[10]Elizabeth Asquith Bibesco, only daughter of Lady Margot Asquith (see WA 9:N 1); wife of Prince Antoine Bibesco, Romanian minister to the United States during the early 1920s. A noted writer, Princess Elizabeth almost caused an international incident in 1924 with her public support of John Davis for president.

[11]Rose Frances Witz Whitney Hull, a cofounder of the Women's National Democratic Club; wife of Cordell Hull, Democratic congressman from Tennessee who later served as United States secretary of state.

Margret Fallon Burrall Palmer, wife of Alexander Mitchell Palmer who served as attorney general in Woodrow Wilson's cabinet.

Florence Jaffrey Hurst Harriman, American clubwoman and Democratic hostess in Washington, D. C.; wife of Jefferson Borden Harriman.

[12]Addie Worth Bagley Daniels, wife of North Carolina editor and publisher Josephus Daniels (see WA 19:N 5).

[13]For Alice Roosevelt Longworth see WA 9:N 4; for Nicholas Longworth see WA 17:N 4.

[14]Daisy Deane Hester Owens, wife of Senator Joe Robinson (see WA 10:N 3).

Ewilda Miller Robinson, wife of Senator Joe Robinson (see WA 54:N 2).

86 McN; published: *NYT*, August 3, 1924

[1]For J. P. Morgan, Jr., see WA 1:N 4.

[2]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

[3]For the Dawes Debt Plan see WA 72:N 6.

[4]For Babe Ruth see WA 38:N 5; for William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[5]For Pancho Villa see WA 34:N 1.

[6]James Joseph "Gene" Tunney, American prizefighter who won the world heavyweight championship in 1926 by defeating Jack Dempsey (see WA 31:N 1). He retired undefeated two years later.

Georges Carpentier, French pugilist who held the world light-heavyweight title from 1920 to 1922. He was defeated by Dempsey in the fourth round of a heavyweight championship bout in 1921. Tunney scored a technical knockout over Carpentier in a fifteen-round fight in New York City in July 1924.

[7]For Charles Evans Hughes see WA 2:N 4.

[8]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.

Epinard, great French race horse who visited the United States in 1924 to compete in three international events. The best Epinard could accomplish, however, was to finish second three times, a different American horse winning on each occasion.

[9]For Al Smith see WA 5:N 5.

[10]For John W. Davis see WA 84:N 1.

[11]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.

[12]For Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford see WA 25:N 4.

[13]For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 3:N 1.

[14]Eric Pedley, California polo player of the 1920s and 1930s who became one of the top American players in the history of the sport. Pedley and Rogers often played polo together at various southern California clubs.

87 OM; published: *NYT*, August 10, 1924

[1]For Al Smith see WA 5:N 5.

[2]For John T. Hylan see WA 18:N 5.

[3]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.

[4]For William Randolph Hearst see WA 19:N 2.

[5]For James J. Davis see WA 46:N 2.

[6]Mooseheart, Illinois, site of a home for dependent children of deceased members of the Moose fraternal organization.

[7]For David Lloyd George see WA 1:N 1.

[8]Samuel Untermyer, prominent and highly successful New York City attorney; delegate to several Democratic national conventions.

[9]For John W. Davis see WA 84:N 1.

[10]Charles Dana Gibson, American illustrator whose creation of the "Gibson Girls" in the 1890s made him a famous and much sought-after artist. See also WA 15:N 11.

[11]For John J. Pershing see WA 4:N 10.

[12]For Jack Dempsey see WA 31:N 1.

88 OM; published: *NYT*, August 17, 1924

[1]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

[2]Earl Sande, famous American jockey who recorded 967 race victories, including the Kentucky Derby in 1923, 1925, and 1930. Sande rode Zev (see WA 49:N 1) to victory over English-bred Papyrus, winner of the Epsom Derby, in a celebrated international match in 1923.

[3]Stephen "Steve" Donoghue, English jockey who won the English Derby six times.

[4]Virginia Fair Vanderbilt, American society figure and avid supporter of horse racing; wife of William Kissam Vanderbilt II. She helped to attend Sande after his fall.

[5]Cary Travers Grayson, American naval surgeon and personal physician to President Woodrow Wilson. Grayson was in his box at Saratoga when Sande was injured, and he hurried to aid the fallen jockey.

[6]Joseph Early Widener, noted American turfman who owned several stables for which Sande often rode.

James Isaac Russell, well known and respected general surgeon from New York City.

[7]Campbell Bascom Slemp, former Virginia congressman who served as secretary to President Calvin Coolidge from 1923 to 1925.

[8]Harry Sinclair (see WA 59:N 3) owned a large and successful stable of race horses.

[9]Fritz Kreisler, Austrian-born American violinist who composed arrangements of classical music for violin and the operetta *Apple Blossoms*.

[10]For Enrico Caruso see WA 50:N 4.

[11]Man o' War, American-bred race horse that won twenty of twenty-one races from 1919 to 1920 and set five American track records during his brief racing career.

89 OM; published: *NYT*, August 24, 1924

[1]Peggy Hopkins Joyce, American showgirl who appeared regularly in the *Ziegfeld Follies*; noted for her six marriages and countless engagements.

[2]Charles "Kid" McCoy, American prizefighter who held the world welterweight title from 1896 to 1900. In 1924 McCoy was convicted of murdering a girlfriend who had refused to marry him. Given a twenty-four-year prison term, he was paroled in 1932.

[3]For John W. Davis see WA 84:N 1.

[4]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

[5]For Hiram W. Johnson see WA 14:N 3.

Frank Orren Lowden, American lawyer and Republican politician; governor of Illinois from 1917 to 1921. Both Lowden and Hiram Johnson contested Warren G. Harding for the Republican nomination in 1920.

[6]Coolidge came into national prominence while governor of Massachusetts through his suppression of the Boston police strike of 1919.

[7]For Charles G. Dawes see WA 72:N 6.

90 McN; published: *NYT*, August 31, 1924

[1]For Ellen Davis see WA 85:N 6.
[2]Percy Hunter Hammond, drama critic for the *Chicago Tribune* and *New York Tribune*.
[3]The Dutch Treat Club, a luncheon club organized in 1907 in New York City by a group of writers and illustrators.
[4]Thomas Edwin "Tom" Mix, famous American star of the silent screen who was one of the greatest box office attractions in motion picture history.
[5]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.
[6]For Emily Post see WA 39:N 1.
[7]For Charles G. Dawes see WA 72:N 6.

91 OM; published: *NYT*, September 7, 1924

[1]Miriam Amanda Wallace "Ma" Ferguson, wife of James Edward "Pa" Ferguson, Democratic governor of Texas from 1915 to 1917 who was impeached for several reasons including misappropriation of state funds. He attempted to run for governor again in 1924, but the courts ruled that he could not be a candidate, whereupon Ma entered the race and won. She served from 1925 to 1927 and 1933 to 1935.
[2]For David Lloyd George see WA 1:N 1.
[3]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

92 OM; published: *NYT*, September 14, 1924

[1]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.
Benjamin "Benny" Leonard, American boxer who held the world lightweight title from 1917 until his retirement in 1925.
For Luis Firpo see WA 35:N 7.
[2]The Washington Senators won the first pennant in the history of the club in 1924. The team went on to win the World Series from the New York Giants in seven games.
[3]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.
[4]Edward Dudley Metcalfe, British army officer and personal attendant to the Prince of Wales.
[5]For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 3:N 1.
[6]For Charles Evans Hughes see WA 2:N 4; for J. Ramsay MacDonald see WA 70:N 2.
[7]For Kaiser Wilhelm II see WA 1:N 3.
[8]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.
[9]For Jesse James see WA 14:N 11.

93 McN; published: *NYT*, September 21, 1924

[1]For Luis Firpo see WA 35:N 7.
Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, intellectual sons of wealthy Chicago parents, confessed in 1924 to the kidnapping and murder of Bobby Franks in a "thrill" slaying. They were sentenced to life imprisonment, plus ninety-nine years.
For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.
[2]For Charles G. Dawes see WA 72:N 6; for Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4; for William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.
[3]Lewis Lacey, Anglo-Argentine polo player who regularly played for both English and Argentine teams. A fine horseman, he led an Argentine team to victory in the United States championship of 1924.
[4]Harry Wills (see WA 40:N 6) defeated Firpo decisively in a boxing match in New York City in September 1924.
[5]John R. Caverly, English-born American jurist who served on the bench of the Cook County Circuit Court in Chicago from 1921 until his death in 1939. His most famous case was

that of Loeb and Leopold.

[6]Clarence Seward Darrow, prominent American defense attorney and civil libertarian whose court cases were invariably headline material. Darrow served as defense attorney for Loeb and Leopold.

For Kaiser Wilhelm II see WA 1:N 3.

[7]For John J. Pershing see WA 4:N 10.

94 McN; published: *NYT*, September 28, 1924

[1]Walter Perry Johnson, professional baseball pitcher whose career as a player and manager for the Washington Senators spanned from 1907 to 1935; inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1936.

[2]For Loeb and Leopold see WA 93:N 1.

[3]Christopher "Christy" Mathewson, professional baseball pitcher who played for the New York Giants from 1900 to 1916 and who managed the Cincinnati Reds from 1916 to 1918. He was inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1936.

[4]John Joseph "Little Napoleon" McGraw, baseball player with the Baltimore Orioles from 1891 to 1899 and manager of the New York Giants from 1902 to 1932; named to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1937.

[5]Stanley Raymond "Bucky" Harris, baseball player with the Washington Senators from 1919 to 1928; manager of the Senators from 1924 to 1928, 1935 to 1942, and 1950 to 1954; inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1975.

95 OM; published: *Tulsa Daily World* (*TDW*), October 5, 1924. The *New York Times* discontinued publishing the Weekly Articles.

[1]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

[2]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.

[3]Patricia Burke Ziegfeld, daughter of producer Flo Ziegfeld (see WA 3:N 1) and actress Billie Burke.

[4]Mary Harriman Rumsey, New York City civic leader, horsewoman, and heiress to the vast Harriman railroad fortune.

[5]Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., (see WA 64:N 4) won the Republican gubernatorial nomination in New York in late September. He was defeated in the general election by Al Smith, the incumbent (see WA 5:N 5).

[6]For Walter Johnson see WA 94:N 1.

[7]For John W. Davis see WA 84:N 1.

[8]For Charles G. Dawes see WA 72:N 6.

[9]For *The Ten Commandments* see Cecil B. De Mille (WA 75:N 6).

96 McN; published: *TDW*, October 12, 1924

[1]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.

[2]Johnson (see WA 94:N 1), in his first World Series in eighteen years in the major leagues, struck out twelve batters but lost the first game of the series 4 to 3, in twelve innings. Johnson eventually won one game and lost two. The Senators won the series in seven games.

[3]For Evalyn McLean see WA 9:N 5; for Ned McLean see WA 66:N 13.

[4]Harry Stewart New, United States postmaster general from 1923 to 1929. A Republican and former senator from Indiana, New was married to Catherine McLean.

[5]For Will Hays see WA 21:N 6.

[6]For Cary T. Grayson see WA 88:N 5.

[7]A few days before the opening of the World Series, a bribery scandal broke and threatened to cause the cancellation of the games. James Joseph "Jimmy" O'Connell, outfielder for the New York Giants, and Patrick Henry "Cozy" Dolan, a Giants coach, were barred from organized baseball for an alleged attempt to bribe a Philadelphia Phillies shortstop to "throw" a

game with the Giants and thus help the New York team win the pennant.

[8]Tyrus Raymond "Ty" Cobb, professional baseball player who starred for the Detroit Tigers from 1905 to 1926 and for the Philadelphia Athletics from 1927 to 1928. Known as "the Georgia Peach," Cobb also managed the Tigers from 1921 to 1926. He was inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1936.

97 OM; published: *TDW*, October 19, 1924

[1]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[2]For Andrew J. Volstead see WA 9:N 13.

[3]For Charles Evans Hughes see WA 3:N 4; for Hiram W. Johnson see WA 14:N 3.

[4]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.

[5]For the World Court see WA 21:N 1.

[6]For John W. Davis see WA 84:N 1.

[7]The Zeppelin works in Germany built a commercial airship, the *Los Angeles*, for American purchase. It was flown to the United States in October 1924 and used by the Navy for tests of dirigibles.

98 OM; published: *TDW*, October 26, 1924

[1]For Luis Firpo see WA 35:N 7.

[2]For Rudolph Valentino see WA 9:N 9; for Bull Montana see WA 69:N 12; for William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

Leon Allen "Goose" Goslin, outfielder who played for the Washington Senators from 1921 to 1930; inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1968.

For Al Smith see WA 5:N 5.

[3]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.

[4]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

[5]For William E. Borah see WA 1:N 6.

[6]William Morgan Butler, Boston attorney who served as chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1924. After the 1924 election he was appointed to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy; he served in that body until 1926.

[7]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.

99 OM; published: *TDW*, November 2, 1924

[1]For Oscar W. Underwood see WA 51:N 3.

[2]For Walter Johnson see WA 94:N 1; for Hiram W. Johnson see WA 14:n 3.

[3]Harold Edward "Red" Grange, star football halfback at the University of Illinois from 1922 to 1925. Grange later played professional football, notably with the Chicago Bears from 1926 to 1934.

[4]Knute Kenneth Rockne, renowned head football coach at Notre Dame University from 1918 until his death in 1931.

[5]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

[6]For Rudolph Valentino see WA 9:N 9.

[7]Kermit Roosevelt, American soldier, explorer, businessman, and writer; a son of President Theodore Roosevelt.

[8]For Bucky Harris see WA 94:N 5.

[9]For Will H. Hays see WA 21:N 6.

[10]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[11]For Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford see WA 31:N 2.

[12]For Jack Dempsey see WA 31:N 1; for Jack Kearns see WA 31:N 2.

[13]Charles Allerton Coolidge, noted Boston architect who designed many government and university buildings.

[14]For William G. McAdoo see WA 25:N 1.

[15]For Al Smith see WA 5:N 5.
[16]For William Randolph Hearst see WA 19:N 2; for Arthur Brisbane see WA 49:N 12.
[17]For Miriam "Ma" and James "Pa" Ferguson see WA 91:N 1.
[18]Billie Burke, American actress who began her stage career in 1903 in *The School Girl* and later starred in motion pictures. Burke married Flo Ziegfeld (see WA 3:N 1) in 1914.
[19]For John W. Davis see WA 84:N 1.
[20]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.
[21]For Charles G. Dawes see WA 72:N 6.
[22]For Charles W. Bryan see WA 84:N 2.
[23]For Burton K. Wheeler see WA 54:N 9.
[24]For J. P. Morgan, Jr., see WA 1:N 4.
[25]For Jackie Coogan see WA 54:N 31.

100 OM; published: *TDW*, November 9, 1924

[1]William "Willie" Hammerstein, picturesque American theatrical producer whose Roof Garden in New York City featured some of the most freakish acts in vaudeville. Hammerstein offered prizes to top comedians if they could make Sober Sue laugh. There was a gimmick; the woman's facial muscles were paralyzed: thus, she could laugh inwardly, but she never could show it.
[2]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8.

101 OM; published: *TDW*, November 16, 1924

[1]For John W. Davis see WA 84:N 1; for Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.
[2]For Jack Dempsey see WA 31:N 1.
[3]For Theodore Roosevelt see WA 48:N 3.
[4]For Nicholas Longworth see WA 17:N 4; for Alice Roosevelt Longworth see WA 9:N 4.
[5]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.
[6]For Charles W. Bryan see WA 84:N 2.
[7]For Frank and Jesse James see WA 14:N 11.

102 OM; published: *TDW*, November 23, 1924

[1]For Charles G. Dawes see WA 72:N 6; for Charles W. Bryan see WA 84:N 2.
[2]For Rudolph Valentino see WA 9:N 9; for Miriam "Ma" Ferguson see WA 91:N 1.
[3]Gloria Swanson, American actress who made her film debut in 1913 and went on to leading roles on the screen and stage.
[4]For Georges Clemenceau see WA 1:N 7; for Jackie Coogan see WA 54:N 31.
[5]Johnson (see WA 35:N 4) was defeated for reelection by Congressman Thomas David Schall, a Republican who had lost his eyesight in 1907.
[6]For Ben Turpin see WA 81:N 2.
[7]For William S. Hart see WA 76:N 3; for Tom Mix see WA 90:N 4.
[8]For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 3:N 1.
[9]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.
[10]For John W. Davis see WA 84:N 1.
[11]For William C. Durant see WA 6:N 4.
[12]For Bull Montana see WA 69:N 12.

103 OM; published: *TDW*, November 30, 1924

[1]James Walcott Wadsworth, Jr., Republican United States senator from New York from 1915 to 1927; later served in the House for many years.
[2]For Bernard M. Baruch see WA 14:N 9.
[3] Eugene Meyer, American financier and publisher who served as chairman of the War

Finance Corporation from 1918 to 1927.

[4]Charles A. Otis, Cleveland investment banker and Republican party official.

[5]For Robert M. La Follette, Sr., see WA 14:N 4.

[6]Herbert Bayard Swope, journalist and publicist; correspondent and editor of the *New York World*; winner of a Pulitzer Prize in 1917 for his wartime correspondence.

[7]For Al Smith see WA 5:N 5.

[8]Albert Cabell Ritchie, Democratic governor of Maryland from 1920 to 1935.

[9]Thomas Johnstone Lipton, British tea merchant and yachtsman. Sir Thomas often competed for but never won the America's Cup, the premiere international yachting championship.

[10]Chauncey Mitchell Depew, attorney, businessman, and Republican politician. A former senator from New York, Depew was well known for his charming and witty after-dinner speeches.

[11]Bula Benton Edmondson Croker, Cherokee Indian wife of former Tammany Hall "boss" Richard C. Croker. After Croker's death in 1922, his sons by an earlier marriage began a series of lawsuits to obtain a share of their father's $5 million estate, charging Mrs. Croker with bigamy. The sons, however, never succeeded in obtaining a share of the fortune.

[12]For Flo Ziegfeld see WA 3:N 1.

104 McN; published: *TDW*, December 14, 1924

[1]For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 57:N 2.

[2]For Charles Evans Hughes see WA 2:N 4.

[3]For "Yes, We Have No Bananas" see WA 35:N 1.

[4]Heihachiro Togo, Japanese admiral who commanded the Japanese fleet during the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905 and who was present at the Washington Conference on naval disarmament.

[5]For Curtis Wilbur see WA 69:N 1.

105 McN; published: *TDW*, December 14, 1924

[1]For Andrew W. Mellon see WA 57:N 2.

[2]Chaplin (see WA 11:N 8) married Lita Grey on November 25. A week later it was revealed that Grey, Chaplin's second wife, was only sixteen years old and still subject to compulsory school attendance in California.

[3]Hari Singh, the maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir. Sir Hari Singh was the central figure in the blackmail conspiracy in Great Britain.

[4]Self-determination for all nations was a crucial element in Wilson's famous Fourteen Points.

106 McN; published: *TDW*, December 21, 1924

[1]Thomas Alva Edison, American inventor best known for the phonograph and improvement of the electric lightbulb. He was a public idol by the 1920s.

[2]For Rudolph Valentino see WA 9:N 9.

[3]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 8; for Charles Evans Hughes see WA 2:N 4; for Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin see WA 9:N 11.

[4]For John D. Rockefeller, Sr., see WA 9:N 11.

[5]For Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., see WA 25:N 4.

[6]For Peggy Hopkins Joyce see WA 89:N 1.

[7]Rudyard Kipling, English journalist, writer, and poet; among his works are *The Jungle Book* and *Captains Courageous*. Kipling won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1907.

[8]For Cecil B. De Mille see WA 75:N 6.

[9]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

107 OM; published: *TDW*, December 28, 1924

[1]Samuel Gompers, American labor leader who helped found the American Federation of Labor in 1886. He served as its president almost continuously from 1886 until his death on December 13, 1924.

[2]Orville and Wilbur Wright, American aeronautical pioneers who made the first successful flights in a motor-powered airplane. They conducted the flights at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1903.

[3]Four United States Army airplanes, each carrying a two-man crew, made the first complete air flight around the world in 1924.

[4]Cyril, grand duchess of Russia and the wife of the leading pretender to the Russian throne. She visited the United States in late 1924 to raise money for her husband's campaign to gain the throne.

[5]For the Prince of Wales see WA 17:N 9.

[6]Oscar Tschirky, known as "Oscar of the Waldorf," famous Swiss-born *maitre d'hôtel* of the Waldorf-Astoria and its successor, the Waldorf, from 1893 to 1943.

108 *TDW*, January 4, 1925

[1]Charles John Huffman Dickens, celebrated nineteenth century English novelist whose works include the *Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, David Copperfield,* and *A Christmas Carol.*

[2]James Buchanan Duke, North Carolina industrialist who made a fortune in the tobacco industry. In December 1924 he created a $40 million trust fund, $20 million of which went to Trinity College at Durham, North Carolina, contingent upon the college changing its name to Duke University.

[3]George Eastman, American inventor and manufacturer who conceived and developed the Kodak camera in 1888 and served as treasurer and general manager of Eastman Kodak Company. Eastman contributed more than $4 million to higher education in 1924, more than one-half of the amount going to the University of Rochester.

[4]For Muscle Shoals see WA 46:N 1.

[5]Hog Island Shipyard near Philadelphia was the largest of 314 ship-building plants authorized by the federal government during World War I.

[6]For Elbert H. Gary see WA 3:N 6.

109 *TDW*, January 11, 1925

[1]For George Harvey see WA 1:N 8.

[2]Frank Andrew Munsey, American publisher of magazines and newspapers, including *Munsey's Magazine* and the *New York Evening Sun* and *Evening Telegram*.

110 *TDW*, January 18, 1925

[1]William Fox, Hungarian-born American producer who was one of the great powers in the industry during the 1920s and 1930s.

[2]Charles Edgar Duryea, American inventor and manufacturer, reputedly the "father of the automobile." He organized the Duryea Motor Wagon Company in 1895 and sold his first car a year later.

Elwood G. Haynes, American inventor who designed and built a horseless carriage in 1893-1894.

[3]For Thomas A. Edison see WA 106:N 1.

[4]Edsel Bryant Ford, only child of Henry and Clara Bryant Ford; president of Ford Motor Company from 1919 until his death in 1943.

[5]For William Jennings Bryan see WA 5:N 7.

[6]George Dewey, American naval officer who commanded the United States' Asiatic squadron during the Spanish-American War of 1898. During the war, his naval forces captured

Manila in the Philippines and destroyed a Spanish fleet.

[7]Czar Nicholas II of Russia made peace proposals in 1898 which led to the International Peace Conference at the Hague in 1899 and to the founding of The Hague Tribunal.

The Boer War between Great Britain and the Boers of South Africa was fought from 1899 to 1902.

[8]The Filipino revolt against American rule lasted from 1899 to 1902.

[9]Berna Eli "Barney" Oldfield, pioneer American automobile racer whose name became synonymous with speed.

[10]For the Wright Brothers see WA 107:N 2.

[11]Ransom Eli Olds, American inventor and industrialist, known as the "father of the popular priced car." He served as president of REO Motor Company from 1904 to 1924.

[12]Kenesaw Mountain Landis, United States district court judge from 1905 to 1922. He presided at the rebate trial of Standard Oil of Indiana in 1907, finding the defendants guilty and imposing a fine of more than $29 million. The decision later was reversed. Landis served as commissioner of Major League Baseball from 1920 until his death in 1944.

[13]Charles Evans Hughes (see WA 2:N 4) served as governor of New York from 1907 to 1910.

[14]Robert Edwin Peary, American naval officer and arctic explorer. After several unsuccessful attempts, Peary finally reached the North Pole in April 1909, the first man ever known to do so.

[15]Robert Fulton, American engineer and inventor who built and operated the first successful steamboat, the *Clermont*. It made its maiden voyage on the Hudson River in 1807.

[16]Porfirio Díaz, Mexican general and politician who served as president of Mexico from 1876 to 1880 and 1884 to 1910. He was forced to resign in 1910 and flee the country.

[17]Ray Harroun, American race car driver who drove a single-seat Marmon to victory in the first Indianapolis 500-mile race in 1911.

111 *TDW*, January 25, 1925

[1]Francis Ferdinand, crown prince and archduke of Austria. His assassination by Serbians in 1914 was the immediate cause of World War I.

[2]For John D. Rockefeller, Sr., see WA 3:N 6.

[3]For Pancho Villa WA 34:N 1.

[4]For John J. Pershing see WA 4:N 10.

[5]Emma Goldman, one of many alleged Soviet sympathizers deported from the United States during the "Red Scare" of 1919 to 1920.

[6]For Magnus Johnson see WA 35:N 4; for Henry C. Wallace see WA 57:N 8.

112 *TDW*, February 1, 1925

[1]For David Belasco see WA 8:N 6.

[2]John Francis McCormack, extraordinarily successful Irish operatic and concert tenor. A naturalized American citizen, he appeared regularly after 1909 with the leading opera companies on the East Coast.

[3]For Elbert H. Gary see WA 3:N 6; for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., see WA 15:N 11.

113 *TDW*, February 8, 1925

[1]For C. Bascom Slemp see WA 88:N 7.

[2]For John F. Hylan see WA 18:N 5.

[3]Swanson (see WA 102:N 3) married the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudrey on January 28.

[4]For J. P. Morgan, Jr., see WA 1:N 4.

[5]"The Shooting of Dan McGrew," well known poem about the American frontier by

Robert William Service, English-born balladeer and writer.

[6]Rogers' youngest child, Fred Stone died of diphtheria in 1920 at the age of twenty months. Will was on location in San Francisco and failed to arrived home before the baby died.

114 *TDW*, February 15, 1925

[1]For Arthur Brisbane see WA 49:N 12.

[2]Robert Reidt, a self-styled "Apostle of Doom" and a member of the Reformed Seventh Day Adventist Church, prophesied the end of the world would occur on February 6, 1925.

[3]Dr. Curtis Welch was the only physician in Nome, Alaska, during the diphtheria outbreak of 1925. He was aided by the community's nurse, Emily Morgan.

[4]Attempts to rescue Floyd Collins, a professional spelunker, who was trapped in a Kentucky cave, drew nationwide publicity in February 1925. Collins was found dead on February 17.

115 *TDW*, February 22, 1925

[1]For John F. Hylan see WA 18:N 5.

[2]Nikolai Lenin, Russian Communist leader who seized power in Russia in the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. He died in 1924.

[3]For Theodore Roosevelt see WA 48:N 3.

[4]For John D. Rockefeller, Sr., see WA 3:N 6.

116 *TDW*, March 1, 1925

[1]William "Billy" Mitchell, American army officer who served as commander of the United States Army Air Service from 1917 to 1918. Mitchell was court-martialed in 1925 because he had criticized the departments of War and Navy for mismanagement of the aviation service. Convicted, Mitchell resigned from the Army in 1926.

[2]Carter Glass, Democratic United States senator from Virginia from 1920 until his death in 1946.

[3]Taft (see WA 26:N 3) weighed in excess of 300 pounds.

[4]For John W. Weeks see WA 46:N 1.

[5]For Curtis D. Wilbur see WA 69:N 1.

[6]Edward Vernon "Eddie" Rickenbacker, American aviator and airline executive who as a flight commander during World War I personally disabled twenty-six enemy aircraft.

[7]For John J. Pershing see WA 4:N 10.

[8]Fiorello Henry La Guardia, United States representative from New York from 1917 to 1919 and 1923 to 1933. During World War I, he was commissioned an officer in the Army Air Service and commanded the United States air forces on the Italian-Austrian front. He later served as mayor of New York City.