



## PEACE BE "MIT"

Strange, there is no world-war going on among the Christian nations and brethren!

Every morning, nowadays, personally, I'm getting up hostile—dander sticking up like goose pimples on a scared patriot.

But the chances for general carnage are few—though not small. About the only chance for a little blood-letting diversion is in the hands of Brother Mussolini—Pope and Jehova, of course.

Do you call me a liar?

Brother, comrade, Mussolini is "getting by," ain't he?

"Waat is he putting out?" is the All-American question of all Americans.

"Hew much?" by hecklers, abrupt.

"Hew?" gurgles the "Infun."

\* \* \*

### SOME VIEWS

In the opinion of an American magazine writer (editor) "American writers have no superiors in Europe."

Of course not!

Not even the versatile writers "wot looks arter the Sovereign George."

All our writers are in the first division, modestly led by T-bone Slim.

Then a long stretch of no writers at all.

One would almost suspect that Europe is not taking part in the parade!

Finally, arter a wait, wot seems like

ages, along comes a European writer—and

he's an African Negro—with sore feet.

Our writers, editors, lead the procession

—that is, lead the profession.

As to where, I cannot say—but WE lead.

Reader: You didn't READ that right!

Strike an attitude! Swing your eyes dis-

tainfully! Let your voice quaver hysteri-

cally; and road victoriously: WE LEAD!!

The band now will brass a few *National*

*Airs*.

What gets my goat is the lack of adver-

tizements in the comic sheets—that is, on

the comic page of the comic sheets. Not

even Camels is mentioned; or Bissel's Carp-

et Sweepers; or Talcum's Powder.

What's the matter with running an ad of

Tooth Paste on our bed sheet? It would

help to pay laundry bills!

\* \* \*

And what's the matter with cutting the

sheets of the Sunday Advertisements Six

Feet Long so that a Citizen could use it

for a lounge while reading Hood's Almanac

and Dr. Pierce's Calendar?

I pause for answers.

\* \* \*

While pausing for answer I'll continue

my remarks and suggest that the great un-

tamed and unterrified American reader has

been starved out with headlines—and unless

something is soon done the reader will be

done for. And that means just one thing:

**H E A D - S T O N E S !**

The difference between the "best fami-

lies" and the worst families is so slight that

unless one is very, very careful he is apt

to mistake one for t'other; only to discover

too late that he was wrong when he should

have been right; that the best was the

worst and the worst was superior. They're

like twins.

One is an angel in the morning—devilish

in the evening.

The other is quarrelsome at daybreak—

and saintly in twilight.

All in all the best families are a close

second-worst, and the worst families are a

start in the right direction.

But look it where we've got to go!

Whew!

No one is "lone best" at all times!

You should see us at our worst—and, if

it wasn't for the beneficent effect of our

ruthless editors, (that kind of causes us to

shrink—in our own estimation) I would

walk right out the front page and show it

to you.

\* \* \*

Heywood Broun did not say "a horse is

not intelligent." What he said was:

"Never within my own experience have I

come across any particular intelligent piece

of conduct by a horse."

Depends upon what is intelligence, and

how many horses did Heywood "come ac-

ross"—and what "trucks" does Broun boost.

Personally, I've been driver of intelligent

horses, only—the crazier the more highly

intelligent.

Juggy horses, too, may be intelligent; if

so—their intelligence is suppressed.

\* \* \*

We behold where one Mr. McKinley, of

the souvenir State of Illinois, was elected

to stay home during the next session of

Congress. That causes us to wonder if

President Calvin Coolidge, of the United

States of America will recognize Mac's ster-

ling worth and send him as an ambassador

to the Court of Jeems.

The most important study for school-

children is "play."

Not play that lags or grows monotonous,

but play that is enlivened, recharged from

time to time by experts with initiative. . .

The all-important study for grownups is:

Hold your temper—an easy job if your play

in childhood has suffered no crop failure.

Join the I. W. W.—we need you.