



The Power of Tears

Some time ago in a reckless moment I threatened to weep right in one of our dignified papers—on account of the terrible sufferings of myself and shortage of snus . . . (I see now it can't be done with a load-pencil.)

Many of my kind readers imagine wrongly that I am a merry old soul and that my belly fairly shakes with the violence of my laughter—and rafters tremble . . . Nothing could be wronger.

I'm about as cheerful as a wet blanket or a death sentence in the face of an unspent winter-stake. And my enemies, who know me best, do say that I'm about as lugubrious piece of wreckage it has ever been their misfortune to gaze upon. They're right—whatever that lugubrious means.

I do weep, ladies and gentlemen, in private and public—it don't make any difference to me—that is, when I'm not sulking or scowling and what I mean, when I weep, I weep—none of this suppress grief for me.

I'll have nothing to do with dry grief—when I grieve I want the tears for accompaniment.

Another thing, this "husky" form of crying is about as contemptible piece of wailing as is and, I wish to point out, when sorrow steals over me and sadness fills my soul, I don't start in like a leaky steam pipe or sizzling coffee pot—I bust right out in a full-throated hearty lament. My cries are famous the world over for timbre and resonance. Why, people walk miles just to grab an earful.

I'm writing this very article, uplifting as it is, thru my tears—because I've been severely criticized by hard-boiled fellow workers for tossing my lefthanded harmonies on the air, "broadcasting my woes to an un-sympathetic bunch of unscrupulous scoundrels," as they say; and, naturally I'm persuaded, I must defend myself.

I do most solemnly swear that not only is my crying a noble experiment but a successful one; and a damsite more melodious than half of those busted chords of optimism extolling the virtues of non-existing prosperity and penniless opulence—worshipping at the shrine of that what is not even a bonafide mirage.

I, at least, am sincere!

I, at least, do not attempt to fool myself!

Nothing hypocritical about my voluble emotions—when I weep, I mean it, and I don't mean mebbe.

My tears rise and fall automatically. Now, let me point out, I have a perfect right to weep if I feel like it—nothing in the United States Constitution (as yet) forbidding me the exercising of my vocal chords in tones of deepest distress and agony . . . But if I laugh, umh—'specially at the wrong time—I'm liable to be locked up as half-wit, be fined for contempt of court (or a hundred other things) and possibly get punched in the face and kicked in the ribs, to boot—for my pains—as a gentle reminder to control my risibilities and excessive mirth.

But if I weep . . . Say! Who's gonna hit a crying man? Who?

Nobody. NO...BODY!

Weep it is.

But I don't propose do all the crying alone.

How would I look circulating among the multitudes, my nose wrinkled, mouth twisted and warped all out of shape and uttering bloodcurdling howls of despair and desperation, all by myself Not me!

My idea is to step out and organize all the best tear-spillers and militant weepers into a union of grief—"wet front" shall be our slogan—and we shall make the country resound with our wails as it never resounded before—and as it never will resound thereafter.

A wet towel shall be our battle flag and when we wring those flags—towels, I mean—the cities can junk their street sprinklers, for the dust is gonna be laid—in fact, the gutters are gonna run with tears.

Yessir, the country is going wet.

Great big pearls of tears, as big as Bartlett pears, will bounce off our chins and hit the pavement killing forever the fond ambition of many a half-smoked, smoldering Chesterfield and Sluggish Strike.

Weather reports shall read:

"Owing to emotional disturbances, sentimental showers are predicted throughout the Lachrymose States of America today, tomorrow and the next day and the day after . . .

"Great floods are expected in the valley regions—and many may drown in tears. It is feared the brine inheavantly a part of the flood will kill all the little fishes and bullheads and when the torrents subside the low lands will be strewn with salt herring and pickled pork—a blessing in lieu of the washed-out maize."

I tell you there's gonna be tears what IS tears and wails that went jell—and any political spellbinder that wants to be heard will have to yell louder than we howl.

You may be sure we'll howl loud enough, for verily these leaky militants, champteen pessimists and weeping geniuses feel as I feel and are unequivocally committed to the doctrine that brines and whines, if salty and loud enough, will one day emancipate not only the powerful howlers and tear-spillers but the grinning imbecile and pauperized hyena, as well.