

A Snapshot at Harding

(We have something very interesting this month—something in the way of a surprise. It will be recalled by his intimate friends that on the first day of March the editor was afflicted with a timely inspiration, which consisted of one of the BIG IDEAS of the month and which caused him to go through all kinds of comical antics for several days, the chief stunt being that of scratching his head with his little finger. Always wanting to oblige his subscribers to the maximum extent, he conceived the generous idea of sending our chief member of the reportorial staff to Washington to secure a snapshot of Warning Gee Harding on inauguration day. The price of the ticket being exceedingly low, as reporters have special rates, we secured a loan from a patriotic citizen, which we expect to repay on the thirtieth of February next, and waved our representative goodbye.)

Our reporter came in this morning, via the railroad, with a flour sack tied under each foot, an empty stomach and his pants several sizes too large for him, due to the fact that he had lost ten pounds of flesh somewhere along the road. He had a pack of eleven friendly, country hounds following him, all about as hungry as himself.

It appears, according to the reporter's confidential report to me, that the president did not offer him a free return ticket, as we had expected and that the fifteen dollars which we gave him did not suffice to sustain him on the return journey. He had given away—the liberal-hearted thing—his last thirty cents to some disappointed Republican office-seekers in Washington and divided his last piece of Limburger cheese with the ex-President and his family.

We print his report herewith. Although the report concerning hard times at the White House may be a bit disappointing to local politicians, we apologize for any hurt feelings, as we know you can bear it as well as our representative could the trip."—The Editor.)

I am chief, best and most handsome reporter on the staff of the YOUNG AMERICAN. I suppose that is the reason—my good looks of course! the editor came to me the other day and said:

"Oh, by the way, you might take a little spin over to Washington and interview Harding."

"Sure," said I. "I had almost forgot that."

"But, wait!" said he. "You needn't write too long a story on such a trifling interview. Our paper might be better occupied with something else."

I suspected that he was a Democrat.

The journey was a pleasant one. The scenery between here and the Capitol is splendid.

I changed socks and collars twice on the journey, once at Jamestown and again in the smoking room. I also changed a nickel to buy a stick of O. K. chewing gum for a little lass in my car, whose beauty seemed to throw a halo of dreamy mist over my spectacle-rimmed eyes. In return

for my courtesy, she gave a smile—to the man sitting next to me.

Upon arriving at the White House I immediately went down the long corridor leading to the President's private office, brushing aside anyone who dared obstruct my way. I used the name, YOUNG AMERICAN, as password.

Despite the fact that it was about midnight on the third of March there were great throngs of people encircling the White House.

I entered the president's office unheralded, to find, with great surprise, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Harding shaking their fists vehemently at each other. I did not retreat, but planted myself behind a friendly chair to view the verbal combat. I knew that if this rukus resulted in a fistic battle, someone would be needed to hold the coats and I might come in handy in this capacity, as I have done the same thing before back in the home office when the editor and business manager took a notion to exchange mits with each other to determine which should take the odd cent from a subscription.

Mr. Harding opened his mouth so far in the excitement that his jawbone cracked, but he got Mr. Wilson told, nevertheless.

"You get out of my house," he said.

"What did you come into my house for?" demanded Woodrow.

Harding got hard. "It's time for you to vacate, I say. My watch shows one minute after midnight."

Woodrow got wild. "Yes, but your watch is wrong. My watch says one minute 'till twelve and MY watch is NEVER wrong. The league of nations guarantees that no man or country shall invade the home of territory of another man or country, until the first man or country has given permission to the other man or country."

Of course, when both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Harding referred the matter to me, I confessed it was a delicate matter to deal with. However, I suggested that the chief justice of the Supreme court be called in, which was promptly complied with.

Upon investigation the judge found that both watches were wrong and that both men should be out of the White House at that time, as the house-keeper must have a few hours in which to sweep out the Democratic trash to give room for the Republican. So Mr. Wilson went out on the lawn and took a seat on a stump on one side of the walk, while Mr. Harding took a seat of the same denomination on the other side of the same walk.

Thinking that Mr. Harding's interview would be of more interest to the American people at the present time than that of his contemporary, I seated myself on a brickbat that lay at the foot of the stump.

"What do you think of the future of this country?" I asked, taking my pad and lead pencil in hand with a professional air.

Mr. Harding stared at me with hard-boiled eyes

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