



HERE AT HOME.

We Americans are wonder!—think of all our mighty deeds!
That's the subject of the present little "pome;"
We can oversee the nations and supply their crying needs,
But we're mighty poor providers here at home.

We can search for destitution in the corners of the earth,
Like a woman hunting "boogers" with a comb,
Sending food in great abundance where there's any sign of dearth,
But we cannot feed the hungry here at home.

We are great at arbitration under far-off alien skies,
And it's easy making peace beyond the foam;
We can settle all the fusses that in Mexico arise,
But we can't keep peace and order here at home.

We can send the blessed gospel to the Dagoes and Chinks,
Building churches both in Shanghai and in Rome;
We can wash and save the Feejee, who's so evil that he stinks,
But we can't convert the heathen here at home.

James Larkin Pearson.

FASHIONABLE CHURCHES

While in Washington City a few days ago I was passing through the multi-millionaire section with a friend who pointed out to me a great, fine Catholic church which he described as "a very fashionable and exclusive church." Did you get that? "Fashionable and exclusive church." Was Jesus "fashionable" or "exclusive?" No indeed! Then how utterly ridiculous are such words in connection with people who pretend to be the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene! If such blasphemous idolaters don't fetch up one of these days in a very fashionable and exclusive hell, it will be a wonder to me.

If any of your friends are in need of a sure cure for the blues, persuade them to try a few doses of The Fool-Killer. It never fails to produce results.

THE "UPLIFTER!" BAH.

Yes-sir-ee-bob! Johndee, Junior, is a honey, but the bees haven't found it out yet. If recent developments don't knock some of the shine off of his smugly pious saintship it will be a wonder to me. There has leaked out enough human feeling somewhere to start and Inquiry into the Colorado murderfest recently carried on under the sheltering wing of Standard Oil. And the great Sunday School spouter has been called before the board of inquiry to give an account of himself.

And when His Holy Smugness got on the stand it would have been funny to hear him if it had not been so pitiful. He admitted that he had not had much time to look into the working and living conditions of those who were slaving for him in Colorado, but he blandly repeated his old threat that unionism should be crushed out even if it bankrupted his company to do it. He shied around the gun business and the gruesome murder scenes at Ludlow, trying to smooth it over with the pretext of it being necessary to protect those who remained true slaves for the boss. The murder and burning of those innocent women and children didn't seem to effect his pious pluteship a bit more than the killing of that many chickens. It was just a passing incident, and had to be done for the good of the business. Yes, the business! There's the key-word to the whole situation. Where Big Biz is concerned, such a trifle as the life of a human being is not considered at all.

But at the same time all these things are going on under the authority of the Standard Oil Company, what do we find Johndee, Junior, engaged in? Him? Why, shucks, I thought everybody knew he was the sign-board of the Sunday School and the white-winged angel of the Red-Light contingent. He has plenty of time to shed tears and slobber over the fallen woman—after his hellish system has made her fall. Indeed, he is so busy pretending to "uplift" the fallen that he has

not a moment to KEEP THEM EXPECT NOTHING AND GET FROM FALLING.

Oh, the snivelling hypocrite! He ought to have three bushels of mad hornets turned loose in his shirt-bosom and a bed of hot coals to dance on.

ONLY A FALSE ALARM.

And so we had all that terrible scare for nothing. Well, I'll be doggoned! The sad, sad news came wopefully out of South America that the only Toothadore Speksvelt had accidentally dropped his beautiful smile in the river and had almost lost his life trying to rescue it. Then we were treated to a fine assortment of sob stuff telling all about how the Lion-Eater was getting hollow-eyed, flabby-muscled, and shaky in the knees. He was losing his strenuousity and slowly petering out. Even the afflictions of Job had settled upon him and the dogs were out on a strike. It looked like we would soon have to send an expedition down there to sift the sands of South America and bring home his teeth in a wheelbarrow.

That was the way the sensational news-mongers tried to make it appear, and they had us scared until we couldn't see straight. But, O glory halleluyer! What sweet relief it was when the mighty exploder (excuse me—I mean mighty explorer) again stamped his feet on Uncle Sam's dirt and assured us that he is still very much alive.

No, sir, the Lion-Choker has not lost his helath, his habits, nor his hold on the advertising business. The picture of him enjoying himself in his good old comfortable way at a snake-fight and having a perfectly bully time brings the tears of grateful gladness to a million eyes. The natives, of course, being unfamiliar with the Matchless One, were stricken with terror when at the close of the snake-fight he grabbed the victorious snake and performed a few graceful evolutions while twining it around his neck. The poor, ignorant savages were fearful lest the deadly snake should bite the Kernel. But lawsymassy! If they had known him as well as we do their misgivings would have been turned the other way. Just suppose the Kernel had bitten the snake!

EXPECT NOTHING AND GET NOTHING.

Whoop! Sick-em! What news, what news! Here it comes straight from the Treasury Department that Secretary McAdoo has taken his adoring eyes off his blushing bride long enough to discover the Income Tax law is a failure. And he seems utterly astonished at the discovery. Well, bless my time, what did McAdoo think it was intended to do? Succeed? If so, he is a bigger fool than I took him to be. I don't claim to be any expert in such matters, but I knew all the time that the thing would not succeed. It was never intended for any such purpose. Its only object was to make the hayseeds think they were getting something, thus throwing them off their guard and giving the robbers a still better chance.

Mr. McAdoo should read his Fool-Killer a little more carefully, and he might avoid some of these awful shocks and surprises. It is a great pity that Mr. McAdoo has been too busy all his life to acquaint himself with the simple fact that you can't work any tricks on a millionaire. For every income tax law you can pass, the money kings can study up ten ways of dodging it. You might as well try measuring wind in a shifter. A millionaire is an expensive luxury, and the poor man always foots the bill. If he don't foot it directly, he does it indirectly—it always come out of his pocket.

And yet Mr. William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury and brand-new son-in-law of the President, was actually surprised that the income tax law didn't just make flitter-trees grow in every man's yard. Say, Mac, a good plan is to never expect anything, and then you won't be disappointed.

Wilson was going to make money plenty and times good, and reduce the cost of living. All he wanted was a chance to prove his ability. He got the chance. But money keeps on getting closer, and times harder, and the cost of living still goes up. And the worst is yet to come. Oh, it must be a thrilling experience to be a Democrat these days!