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The President Plays Some Golf.

When there ain't no work for his hands and mind,
The president plays some golf;
When the work is rushing and getting behind,
The president plays some golf.
When the great and mighty affairs of state
Are vexed with problems small and great,
The word goes out that they must wait
Till the president plays some golf.
When there ain't no trouble on earth at all,
The president plays some golf;
When the world is tottering to its fall,
The president plays some golf.
When the crops are poor and the purse is flat,
And there aint no food for the hungry brat,
There's just no time to attend to that
Till the president plays some golf.
When he's awful tired and wants to rest,
The president plays some golf;
When he's fully rested and feels his best,
The president plays some golf.
If there be dark clouds or a shining sun,
A house on fire or a race to run,
There's nothing at all that can be done
Till the president plays some golf.

The Drunken Nations.

There has never before been a time when the nations felt it necessary to lean against each other like a dozen bundles of wheat in a shock. They have generally been able to stand alone. They have never felt the need of any propping. But now they see that they are not going to be able to stand alone much longer, and so they are beginning to stagger up against each other like a gang of drunken men around a lamp-post, all trying to get support from the others who are just as drunk as they are. Look out! There is going to be a terrible smash some of these days.

THE DISAGREEMENT CONFERENCE.

Howdy.
Come in.
Take a seat.
Cross your legs.
Lean back.
Listen.
I am now going to tune up my gab-trap and preach you a little sermon about the coming "Disagreement Conference" which President Normalcy has called to meet in Washington about the 11th of November.
I see that some of the papers have mistakenly referred to it as the "Disarmament Conference," but I always try to call a thing by its real name, and you will see before long that "Disagreement Conference" is right.
There will be no disarming done.
But there will be lots of disagreeing done.
So I am not trying to be funny when I call it the "Disagreement Conference"—I am only trying to give you the facts.
Yes, honey, we are soon to be kicked in the belly by the hind foot of disarmament. We are soon to suffer the unbearable joy of getting more of what we don't want than we will ever need. We are soon to have the miserable satisfaction of adding that other seven cents to the ninety-three that already goes for war.
And so President Hardtimes has neglected his golfing duties long enough to call a Disagreement Conference. He has invited four of the plute nations to come over here and chaw up a few hundred yards of our good American wind in an effort to see who is afraid and how much. England, France, Italy and Japan are the Big Four. China is also invited, not that she is classed as one of the big powers by any means, but President Hardtimes thought the Conference might need a clean shirt, and

so he invited China to bring her wash-board and come along.

Our own delegation to the Disagreement Conference will be composed of Secretary Hews and his whiskers, and perhaps a few other pious plutes who really do not want any disarmament.

They will promise to have "open sessions" and let everybody know what is going on, just like they promised at Versailles. Then they will drive the public away and lock the door, just as they did at Versailles. What they really talk about will never be known, except as we can guess at it afterward by the trouble it starts.

I can already guess at one of the questions they will try to settle.

It is this:

How much stronger will the plute powers have to be in order to suppress the growing radicalism of the world?

And if they can't settle that in a peaceable way, they will fight it out among themselves, and so there will be a fight anyhow.

There will never be any real peace in America or in the world so long as the greatest and truest friend of peace—Eugene Debs—remains in prison. The wrong type of men are in power now. Think how utterly absurd and ridiculous it is to look for disarmament and peace from the same source from which the persecution of Debs has come. That would be like pouring vinegar and honey out of the same jug. It can't be done. We will have to cork up this old vinegar jug of capitalistic rivalry and open the honey jug of co-operative brotherhood before we can hope to have disarmament and peace.

I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for all the disarmament you will get out of President Hardtimes and his Disagreement Conference.

When you see a man begin to cut poles and prop his house, that

is a pretty sure sign that the house is about ready to tumble.

Well, the nations of this world have begun to get their props ready. The very existence of all these Leagues and Conferences is a confession of weakness, just as a man hopping on crutches publishes to the world that he is a cripple. He didn't have any use for the crutches as long as he was able to stand and walk without them.

We must admit that this old world is badly crippled. It has been hopping on one crutch for two or three years. The name of that crutch is the Leagonations. And now the old crippled-up world is reaching out its boney hand and trying to get hold of another crutch—the Disagreement Conference. And it thinks that with a crutch under each arm it can hobble on awhile longer.

Well, just watch it.

You will soon see.

Where Is My Gold?

According to a statement by the financial editor of the New York Times, the United States already has imported, this year, from all quarters of the earth, nearly \$100,000,000 more gold than the world's entire production of 1920. This country now holds more than 40 per cent of the whole world's estimated stock of gold, and the movement does not slacken.

Well, I'll be dog-sarned!

Say, Mr. Pore Devil, why don't you take your part of that gold and buy you a fine home and some swell duds and be somebody?

Or is it possible that your shipment of gold hasn't reached you yet?

Same here.

Mine hasn't, either.

Now what in the thunder do you suppose has become of our part of that gold?