



TELL IT TO THE TOMB-STONES

Spook!
Spookum!
Spookalorum!
And now just look.

Sir Conan Doyle, the great British "Authority" on Spiritism, is now lecturing in these Benighted States, trying to convince us that all the dead people are still alive. He publishes a new book on Spiritism about every fifteen minutes and what he don't know about the "spirit world" will make several more volumes yet.

Great is the Hon. Sir Doyle, creator of Dr. Watson and daddy of Sherlock Holmes! Standing here on the great American platform, he rolls up the sleeves of his novelistic imagination and just cackles over how nice and pleasant it is to be dead. You don't have to tote an old ugly body of flesh around with you any more, and wait on its slow motions while it eats hog-corpse and corn pone, drinks white lightning and chaws terbacker. No sir! You can just go sailing around like a radio message, or a loose piece of moonshine, and not even have to shave nor take a bath. You can slip upon people and hear what they are saying, and watch all their secret actions, and they will never know you are there.

Then if you have occasion to communicate with the living you can grab a weejy board by the seat of its breeches and make it dance Jim Crow till your pain gets easy.

My-y-y-o!

That's all very bong-swing. But then, after telling how nice and pleasant it is to be dead, he winds up with a terrible warning against the sin of suicide. People don't die—and yet they mustn't kill themselves. That's curious to me. If people don't die, and can't die, what does mere suicide amount to? It is only getting rid of the old hull so they can go sailing on to the spirit world and learn more than they ever knew before. Why should Doyle object to that? Looks to me like he is sorter inconsistent. If it ain't right for the poor suffering souls of this miserable world to hur-

ry off to that wonderful place he tells about, then it ain't right for him to set the temptation before 'em. He ought to be arrested and hand-cuffed to a mule's daddy and have his eight-cylinder imagination put in jail.

IDIOTORIALS.

Women are just like men, only different.

I have known lots of white men who were green.

The only way to know is to find out for yourself.

The English language is a very good language to cuss with.

The big politicians made stump speeches two years ago, and now they are "stumped."

An exchange says modern girls do not "put on." I notice they don't put on very much.

If we had many worlds like this one to go through it would just about plum wear us out.

If everybody was smart enough to live without work, who in the thunder would they live off of?

I am afraid Russia is going to turn out bad, after all. The plute papers are beginning to says nice things about her.

Doctors write their prescriptions in a dead language, and after the patient takes the stuff he is soon as dead as the language is.

When the political pot boils it seems that the scum always rises to the top. Where's the skimmer?

Doctors call their victims "patients." I guess that's right. It does take lots of patience to endure the doctors.

If people can think better when they are hungry, these years of Hardtimes prosperity ought to produce some great thoughts. Has your belly done any thinking yet, mister?

It's a mystery to me why table knives are called "cutlery." I never saw one that would cut.

The Topeka State Journal has begun to print the Bible in serial form. There is one more good opportunity for the public to not read the Bible.

Speaking of "blind faith," I'll say this much: If the people still have any faith in the old political parties, it certainly is of the blind variety.

The days come right along one after another, and we can sorter manage one at a time. But just suppose a whole week should come all at once. Wouldn't it be awful?

When the world really gets civilized it will have no use for doctors, lawyers and preachers. For that matter, we ain't got much use for 'em now, but we just have to endure 'em.

The birds don't have any politics nor any government that we know of, and yet they live happily together and always feel like singing. Ain't it a pity that people can't have as much sense as the birds?

Conan Doyle says marriages are common in the spirit world. And divorces, too, I guess. When a spiritual wife hits her spiritual husband over the head with a spiritual rolling-pin, I'll bet there's some tall spiritual cussing.

Some of the "immortal souls" that have passed on to glory have now begun to write poetry and send it back here. Oh, fudge! It's bad enough to have to endure our own poetry, much less a five-foot shelf of the devil's doggerel. Excuse me!

The secular newspapers and magazines will give any amount of space to these fellers who advocate Spiritism; but they wouldn't give me an inch of space to prove it a fraud of the devil—not to save my neck. There's your "free press" again. Poop!

If they keep on cutting down the army at the present rate it will soon be as big as it was during the war.

You can now hear wireless music a thousand miles. But you can hear a scandal further than that without any wireless.

Faith can sometimes hold on to the rope after hope lets loose and falls.

If a poor man had plenty of money he wouldn't need it. Being without it is where the need comes in.

Have you heard about the good times that have come? Well, I haven't, either. Crack away. I'm listening.

During the war the greatest American general was General Pershing. But now, after nearly two years of Hardtimes prosperity, it begins to look like General Perishing.

The Radio is too rich a field for the devil to stay out of. To be sure, he'll use every broadcasting station on earth to send out his lies.

The plute papers are now trying to sneak in a few tolerable nice things about Russia. Which makes me sorter suspicious that something is wrong in Trotskydom.

"Patriotism" is a word that used to be honored and respected, but it has been keeping such bad company here of late that nearly all good people are ashamed of it.

They say this is the wireless age. Well, they have been digging around old Nineveh and Babylon a good deal and they haven't found any wires there. So that must have been a wireless age, too.

Some of the weather-prophets are predicting a cool, damp summer. Very likely. There seems to be a considerable coolness among the people toward the old parties, and there will be enough moonshine likker to produce dampness. So there you are.