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Identity of Interest

UPON a certain morning, after a particularly hard climb, Sindbad found himself suffering from a severe attack of mental unrest. Habitual humility enabled him to restrain his feelings for a long time, but at length, he exploded.

"Say, you," he roared, crowding into his deep chest tones all the wrath he could muster, "we have reached the end. I won't carry you another step. You've got to get off."

"My boy," began the Old Man of the Sea.

"Now don't start an argument," retorted Sindbad, quickly. "The time for talk is passed. Talk is all right up to a certain point, but now the time has come for action."

"It never pays to be too hasty, Sindbad," said the Old Man of the Sea, his demeanor unruffled. "Nothing was farther from my thought than starting an argument. All I was going to say was this. I was—"

"I don't want to hear it," protested Sindbad, becoming sullen.

"It is not polite to interrupt," observed the Old Man of the Sea, "and besides I am older than you. You should respect my grey hairs."

"I am getting so I don't respect anything or anybody," said Sindbad.

"I can sympathize with you," said the Old Man of the Sea, kindly. "It is a hard world."

"I don't see that is a very hard world for you. You've got it pretty soft, I'm thinking."

"What I was going to say concerns you as much as myself or even more. As a matter of plain fact, your interests and mine are identical."

"What do you mean 'identical'" demanded Sindbad, scoffing.

"If you will reflect a moment, you will see what I mean," said the Old Man of the Sea. "Don't you see that we each have our function, that one is incomplete without the other? Mine is the initiative, the planning. It is up to me to think of things to do and places to go. This requires a great deal of brain work. All you have to do is to follow out instructions, which is a relatively simple matter."

"I don't quite see it," said Sindbad.

"But you will. The point is that both are necessary in a well-organized society. That, in the long run, makes our interests identical, for, in the ultimate, what we are all working for, is law and order."

"But—" began Sindbad.

"If you don't mind," said the Old Man
of the Sea, coyly burning Sindbad on the 
ear with his cigar to emphasize his point, 
"I'd rather not discuss the matter further 
just now. Now we must hurry up as I 
have to attend a directors' meeting of the 
Deep Sea Sophistical Society. I should be 
glad, however, to explain the subject to you 
more fully sometime when we have more 
leisure."

OUR OWN ENCYCLOPEDIA

The spider is a wonderful organization. 
An ant comes along and the spider rolls him 
up in his web till he gets him right where 
he wants him. 
Sometimes the spider will unwind the 
ant a little just to give him a wiggling 
chance for his life. 
The spider likes to deal with the ant 
individually. 
When the ants attack the spider collect-
ively, it is the spider's turn to get rolled 
up and punctured.

NOW ALTOGETHER

THE Hon. Moses Clam (speaking to 
the Clam Commercial Club):
"Gentlemen, dis yeah League of Nashuns 
is regarded by de mos' intelligent statesmen 
as de crownin' apex of de wah. 
"We realize for de fush time de imperial 
duty and sanguinated trust dat is imposi-
tioned on we-all Anglo-Saxon puusons..."

WISDOM OF THE POOR FISH

The Poor Fish says 
agitators just stir up 
trouble, and what 
with his two sons crippled in 
The War for Democracy, 
and the High Cost of 
Living, we have trouble 
enough as it is.

INGERSOLL used to tell with great 
gusto of a man who dashed into a Ken-
tucky saloon and called for whiskey and 
when asked what kind he wanted said he 
wanted the best but was prepared for the 
worst.
THE National Civic Federation Review—a magazine that comes out twice a month for the purpose of sowing socialism off the earth—also functions in the interest of the Working Class. Just how hard it functions can be seen by its recent enterprise in sending a Commission to study Industrial Conditions in England and other countries. One of the questions that was taken up by the Commission was the following:

"Is there a fundamental and necessary conflict between trades unions and the so-called 'Employers' Unions'?

If GOOD MORNING had known of this Commission earlier, we would have suggested other important issues to study. For instance: "Would not strikes be less frequent if workers were allowed to play golf with their Employers?" "Should all fights be fought on the side or in front?"

Anyway, we await their report while feebly holding on to our own convictions with waning strength.

Although the actors have won their strike, the "superior mentality" of the manager will continue to be felt: "Say—you gotta put more pep in this show, do you get me—Pep?"

HISTORY tells us that an Asiatic despot appointed his dog, named Barkouf, to rule over one of his provinces.

We recommend this precedent to the Allied Powers.

They can't do worse than they have already done in "establishing" governments in small nations.

THE FOOTWAY TO CRIME

DO not deny the right of society to restrain a man who is antisocial. But I go farther. I add that we have the right to restrain a society that is antisocial. You worry over the result. I worry over the cause. Notice, too, that I do not say the right to punish. I say the right to restrain. No social organization has the right to punish. No social order can be trusted with revenge.

Most people think crime is inevitable. Would continue under any system. Even in the commune. But that is a mistake. Crime has a cause. Remove it. Your crime will disappear. I believe in men. I don't believe they like to be shabby. To do each other up. To starve others to feed themselves. To collect toll from those who can't pay and live. They do it. But I don't believe they like to do it. I believe in men. I don't believe they like to be embroiled. I don't believe they like to forge. I don't believe the pirates and the burglars like their trades. Men do these things and men are pirates and burglars. But I don't believe they like their dilemma. They are the victims of a gorgon. As men are now they would rather be almost anything else than be paupers.

For being a pauper means something worse than death. So men do mean things to escape a mean fate. They try harder to keep out of poverty than to keep out of jail. In the desperate struggle with such alternatives they go down. They hate what they feel they have to do. But they do it. They would love to have to do something fair and decent.

But the social order is in the way. Won't let them. Makes the penalty for being honest extreme. Offers its rewards not to the noblest man but to the meanest man. Extends its hospitality not to the man who wants sacrificially to help the crowd but to the man who wants greedily to help himself.

There you have the footway to crime. The easy path to perdition. Set out, almost insisted upon, by the fratricidal monster we call society. Have we the right to punish crime? No. Have we the right to restrain the criminal? Yes. But something comes before all that. Has society the right to make crime? No. That comes first. If we get that first question answered first the second question will never be necessary.
Hundreds of men and women who have devoted their lives to the service of their fellow man without hope of reward are IN jail.

The man who agitates for the poor

The man who agitates for the rich

Hundreds of corporation lawyers, editors and politicians—who have devoted their lives to serving the predatory interests, are OUT of jail.
Bobby (dodging Pop): It's a good thing for me that Pop bought this big table last week.

A SPOONFUL OF PUDDIN'
The Army conquered a peace that the war-weary world had despaired of, vindicated American rights, revived the love of liberty in the breast of mankind, and rekindled in the heart of the weak, subject and oppressed peoples of the earth the hope of freedom and democracy.—Senator Kirby of Arkansas.

Something in the Wood Pile

Every child is a genius until it is forced to surrender to civilization.—Art Young.
ILL fares our educational system when the impression gains currency that no good can come out of a college unless it is kicked out.

That patriotic drive against liberal thought called the Lusk Committee is so stupid that New York newspapers criticize it.

Mrs. Ant—Oh, sir, I can't live on the wages you pay my children.

Boss Bugg—Then why don't you put that extra dozen in your arms to work!

When Billy Jones was born, his mother said: I wish the child could have a little more sunlight.

For forty years Bill Jones said when he went home: "I would just love to see this once by daylight."

When Bill Jones was sixty his eyes gave out. They made him keeper of the safe. "A nice job," he said, "but kind of dark."

At the age of seven, his father said: I wish that Billy had a place where he could play in the sun.

When Bill Jones was ten, he became an office boy and was set to sorting papers under a staircase. "Gee," he said, "I wish the sun would shine here once in a while."

When Bill Jones was seventy he went to the poorhouse. "I will be all right," he said, "as soon as I get a little sunlight."

When Billy Jones was twenty he was a bookkeeper. "I wish I had some more sunlight here," he said, "but I guess it will have to do."

When Bill Jones was eighty he died. They buried him amidst green hills. For the next two million years he has the sun.
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When Mr. Harding thinks, it is like this: "Popular Government has its political perils. There is an abiding inclination to speak to the numerical mass, even tho it menaces stability." In other words, if too many people get to thinking one way, things won't be as stable as they ought to be. And again: "No pure democracy has survived since the world began. Ours is representative in form and spirit."

By all means let our Democracy try not to be too pure,—and let us be satisfied with men like Warren Harding to represent us. With Harding for President a vice-president would be superfluous.

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