

AMONG US MORTALS Political Reactions by W. E. Hill

Copyright 1920, New York Tribune Inc.



Miss Mint, the Socialist, who isn't willing to argue her radical tendencies with any one who differs with her. "I can't discuss my political ideals," says she. "It's a subject that is too near my heart."



"And do tell me how you feel about Article X!" At a little evening gathering, just after a well informed English woman has asked a pair of American ditto how they expect to settle the voting question. As for any political issues, all Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Roblee can call to mind in a hurry is that Governor Cox's wife is neither a suffragist nor an anti, but "just the Governor's wife," and that Mr. Harding loves to sit on a front porch. Both ladies hope to change the subject before they get to Article X.



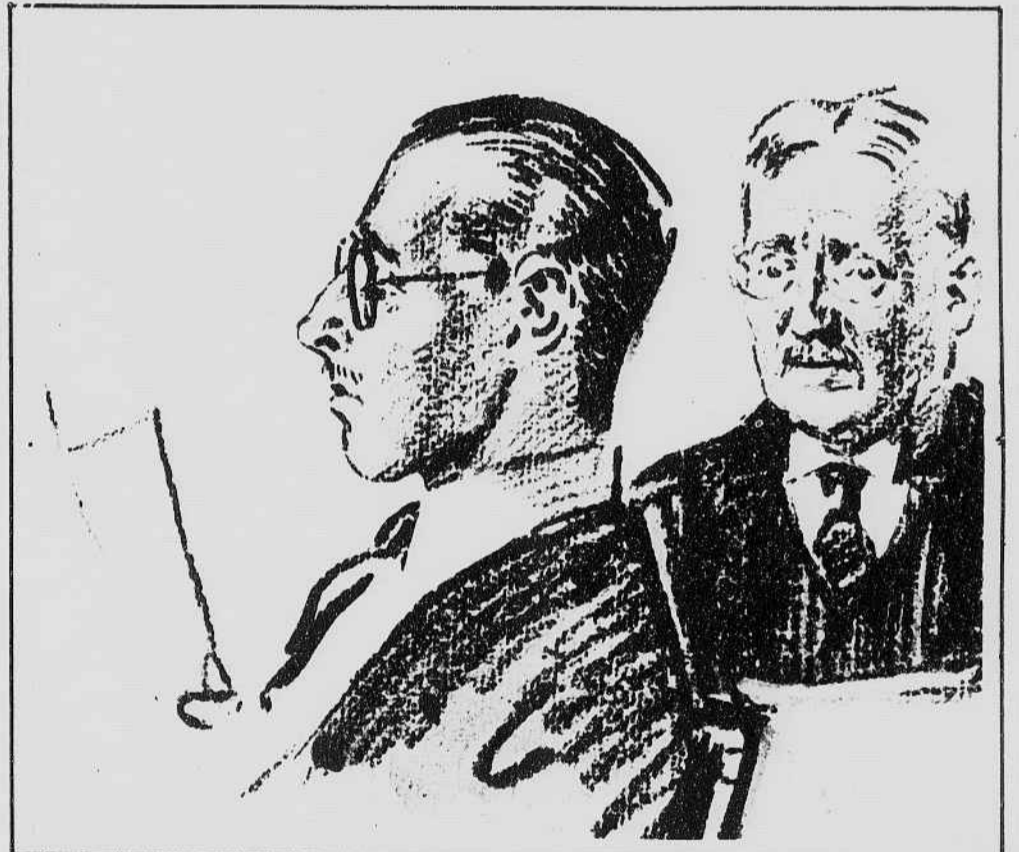
Reporter for The Sunday Wallop en route to inquire of Presidential candidate just what are his views on "mysticism of the nude in modern art," for the enlightenment of a breathlessly awaiting public. The candidate will no doubt say: "Well, to be quite honest, I haven't had a chance to look at a newspaper for the past two days, so I shall have to defer answering your question. I can say this much, however, if we are elected there will be a complete reversal of the present paramount issues in the White House."



The very feminine anti-suffragist who says, oh, so coyly, "No, I don't believe we women ought to have the vote. I think there ought to be a few things left for the men!"



"The man I'd like to see on the Presidential ticket is Simon P. Hang, of Little Falls, Ark. There's a big, red-blooded man for you. Left grammar school and went to work in a foundry at eight years of age. None of your highbrow stuff for him!" The man who always has a potential candidate up his sleeve, to the exclusion of any discussion on present issues.



"Yes, siree," remarks Wally, aged twenty-two, with the hollowest of hollow laughter, "whoever is elected, it'll be the same old bunk by the same old crooked politicians! I'd like to see the country run by men under twenty-five years of age for a change!" Uncle Toby, in the immediate background, registers horror—Uncle Toby having been loyal to one party since he came of age.



Mr. Bagley is for anything and anybody who is not for Mr. Wilson's League of Nations. Mr. Bagley argues that no one who is 100 per cent American and loves "Amurica" can swallow all "them highbrow ideas!"



Mr. George Brick has been explaining at great length, so that Mrs. Brick may know how to vote next November, all the intricacies of party issues. Mr. Brick has failed miserably, for Mrs. Brick, right in the face of Mr. B.'s most convincing arguments, has veered over to the other party with the irrefutable assertion that the wife of Mr. B.'s pet candidate "looks dead common. I wouldn't want to see any one as ordinary as she in the White House!"



Miss Roe, the left winger, is going to vote with the most conservative of the conservatives in hopes that by so doing there will be a violent reaction toward radicalism. Very subtle, but then Miss Roe is always strong on the subtle.