

# "HIGH FINANCIERING IS SELLING THE INSIDE OF A PRETZEL," SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK

BY IRVIN S. COBB.

"I SPOKE now that the Government's got its hand in, they'll be prosecutin' a whole lot more of them big bankers wot brought on the panic," said the House Detective of the St. Reckless.

"Well, I'm not so sure about that," said the Hotel Clerk. "It's been my observation that the party in power always works very hard for a record just before election; after election not so much, if at all. In the heat of the campaign when everybody is whirlwindin' and spell-binding, as the case may be, it's a grand thing for the Administration at Washington to be able to direct the voter at large's attention to the pleasing spectacle of a prominent banker starting up state in charge of a deputy Marshal, with a view of getting a close hair cut and a different suit of clothes, when he arrives where he's going at. Such a sight, while more or less distressful to the close friends and family of the eminent financier taking the trip, is calculated to afford entertainment and joy to the party working by the day who got stung for his little \$5.75 when the savings bank blew up last Fall with a low murfied crash. Also it makes him prone to come out from under his rock and vote the straight ticket."

"But now that it's all over and Bill knows that he beat Bill, and Bill also knows how blamed thoroughly Bill did beat him, I have a strong suspicion that for quite a spell you won't see any Federal grand juries leaping on any more of the gentlemen who promoted the financial festivities of this Fall a year ago."

"Wot starts 'em to hunt' bankers so fierce sometimes and leavin' 'em alone other times?" inquired the House Detective.

"Different things," said the Hotel Clerk. "Often a lot of the amphibious financial giants of Wall street will get together in one of their robbers' caves, sometimes called a director's room, and pass a set of solemn resolutions to the effect that it's now about time to nominate a burnt offering. There've been a lot of trust companies and things going up in the air with hardly enough cash on hand to satisfy the receiver's private wants, and the populace is clamoring for an Amos to chase. I propose that we formally elect our young friend Moose from Maine to the responsible position of being the goat," says J. Pierp. Devilfish, just as soon as John D. Octopus has opened the proceedings with prayer. "Moose is too much like a longshoreman in his style. He's so noisy and boisterous in his work that he's frightened away any number of bank rolls that might be feeding out of the hand of any one or all of us by now. 'Right you are,' says T. Fortune Sandshark. 'This man Moose absolutely refuses to put on gumshoes and confine



HE WAS RUNNING THE BANK AND THE FORMER OWNER WAS DOING THE SWEEPING OUT.

himself to legitimate second-story jobs. He wants to take a gas pipe and go out in the public highway. What's more he's breaking all known rules of the game by working both sides of the street at once. It's making talk among the class of people that used to give up their life's savings without any unpleasant rows. I move,

therefore that we make Moose of Maine, the chief goat and Pickles of Montana, the first deputy goat. So then the nominations are closed and the secretary casts the unanimous ballot of the lodge and the next thing you hear from Moose and Pickles, a Federal Judge with a soured disposition—he has to have a soured disposition or he wouldn't be a Federal Judge—is asking 'em if they're guilty or not guilty, and they say they're not guilty, and he tells them in effect that they needn't let that be worryin' 'em because if they're not now they will be before he gets through.

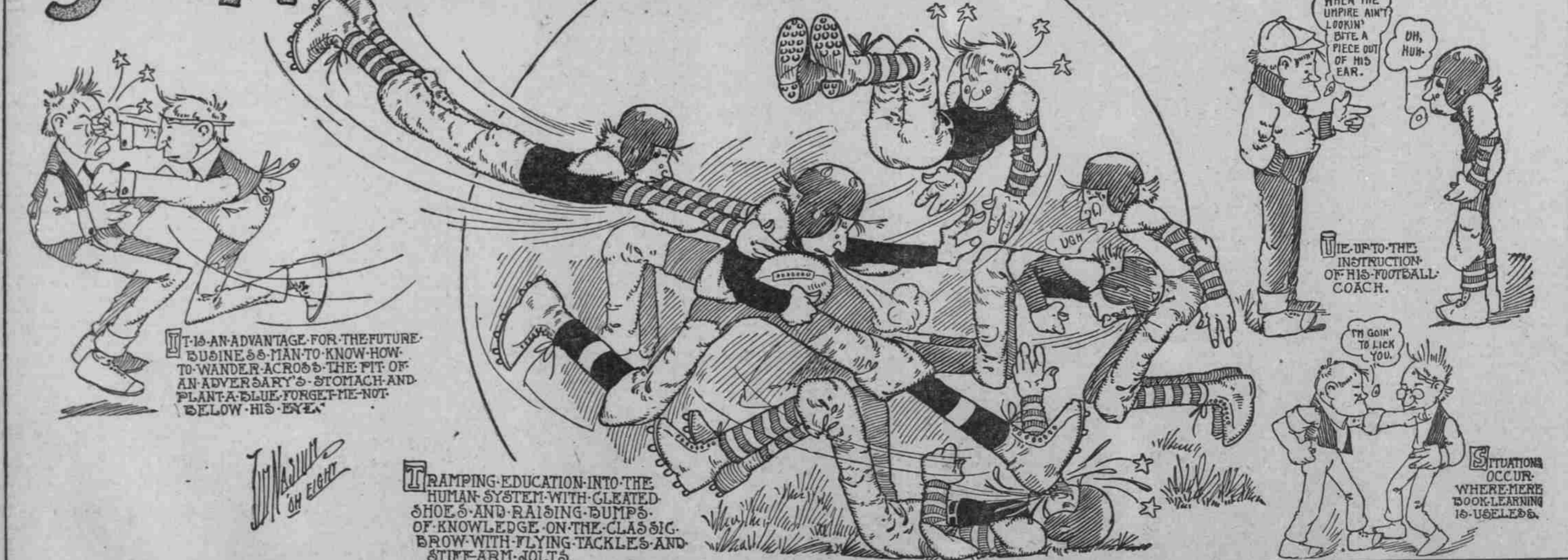
"Or else some prominent financier who learned the principles of the banking game from a study of life of the late Jimmy Hope falls into the error of writing a few confidential letters that the Government gets hold of. It's all right for a literary man to write private letters because when he dies the executors of the estate collect the said letters, they being all the estate there is. If he was a true literary man, and the executor puts them up in the form of a book that sells for \$150 a copy. But if he's a malarkey of great wealth, they don't want until he's dead to spring his letters on him. A district attorney reads them aloud in court in a loud,

mocking tone of voice, and then asks the Jury to put him away for not less than ten years. If I was a rich man, Larry, which Heaven forbid, I'd conduct all my personal correspondence on a slate and always send a messenger boy along with a wet sponge.

"There's something about this science of high finance that fascinates me. What is the gift that enables a promoter to sell something belonging to somebody else to somebody who doesn't want it? What is the science by which he divides pretzel with you in such a manner as to keep the outside rim of the pretzel for himself and give you the uncooked or inner part, where the hole is, and still leave you perfectly satisfied? I couldn't take a basket of ripe Pesch Melbas around and trade 'em for green hazelnuts, but a true financier can start out in the morning with a capital consisting of one Siberian crab apple and return at eventide driving home a large herd of Georgia watermelons ahead of him. In time I might be able with proper training, to learn how to rob Peter and pay Paul, but I don't think I could ever learn how to present it to Paul with one hand and take it away from him with the other, and then collect in great from him for the length of time he had it—which is the true science of inside financiering.

"I never knew but one great financier, Larry. We were raised together in the same town. From the cradle he showed marked signs of a financiering turn of mind. As an infant he could swallow small coins without injury to himself. The only time he suffered was when they made him give 'em up. At school he excelled in arithmetic. He didn't play marbles, but he always had more marbles than any of the other boys. At the age of 14 he was pulled through a serious illness by allowing him to look at money. It was reliably reported that he could hold a ten-dollar bill clenched in his boyish fist and take on flesh. So just as soon as he began to train his adolescent pin feathers to grow out in a side-whisker effect and began to wear white pique vests everybody knew he was designed, both by art and nature, for the financiering profession.

# Jim Nasium on A Football Education.



IT IS AN ADVANTAGE FOR THE FUTURE BUSINESS MAN TO KNOW HOW TO WANDER ACROSS THE FIT OF AN ADVERTISER'S STOMACH AND PLANT A BLUE-FORGET-ME-NOT BELOW HIS EYE.

TRAMPING EDUCATION INTO THE HUMAN SYSTEM WITH GLEATED SHOES AND RAISING BUMPS OF KNOWLEDGE ON THE CLASSIC BROW WITH FLYING TACKLES AND STIFF-ARM-JOLTS.

NOVEMBER is the month when the football hero comes into his own, and any young man who has been favored by Fortune with a neck like a bull can pile up a fairly decent collection of unearned laurel wreaths and second-hand homage by merely bumping his eye into the door-knob to give it the required coloring and tying a bandage over his bulging brow and leading along the avenue in the vicinity of some knowledge factory. This is the only season of the year when a black eye or a broken nose is a mark of respect and a brand of honor, and the youth who falls down an elevator shaft or gets into an argument with a street sweeper can go into a strange community and own the town if he can hang up a fairly decent bluff.

The girl who wouldn't be caught walking down the street with her brother if he happened to amputate a mole with his safety razor or peel a section of epidermis off his frontis-piece while shaving at any other time of the year, now gets so cheery that she has to get a gore run up the front of her waist if she can be seen on the avenue with a football player who has had his eye squeezed out and his nose moved over into his left ear and his lower jaw telescoped into the roof of his mouth.

Football has now become a National Institution. This gentle method of tramping education into the human system with gleated shoes and raising bumps of knowledge on the classic brow of the rising generation with flying tackles and stiff-arm jolts is now included in the curriculum of all up-to-date American knowledge factories. The advantage in the future business man knowing how to wander across the pit of an advertiser's stomach and plant a blue-forget-me-not under his eye with neatness and dispatch is now becoming more fully recognized by our leading institutions of learning, and it is now possible for any guy with a bull neck, who can train down to 200 pounds ring side, to matriculate in dissection of the human form and dig a college degree from a mass of human fragments on the gridiron.

When our present-day American youth has secured his college degree and hustles out to stab the world in the face, it is no longer safe to monkey with him. He may be shy a few spinal vertebrae, and his ribs may be jammed through his diaphragm till they extend into his vest pocket, where he can use them to bang his watch on, but he has given the proper attention to his studies under the football coach he is still pretty much of a success when any rough-house tactics come up in his private office.

If the college student under the educational system at present in vogue in our leading American knowledge factories doesn't waste too much time in useless study and ties up to his football coach, he will prove to the old back number pterodactyl students and fossil pedagogues and dead language professors who oppose football that this course of study is a pronounced success.

If, on leaving college, the graduate under the profession of line bucking should enter the field of journalism and become a great editor, he would rapidly discourage the habit some people have of coming in to lick the editor and pull out their ad. It might mope up the community some at first and overwork the hospitals, but the population would soon get used to the new condition of affairs and the editor would get to be the power in the community that he should be.

If the mercantile world was operated by graduates of the football coach instead of graduates of professors of lost languages it would make people more honest in the payment of their debts and put lawyers out of business. The courts of law would become choked with colicwads and all disputes would be settled by the doctor and the Coroner.