Too Much "Verboten": Too Much "Verboten"

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNS

Illustrated by Peter Newell

We have to fight for our fun nowadays. I think I am to blame, if blame is possible. I was a good boy every year, but, I confess that there is something coming over me—a feeling of human resentment at the treatment which I, along with a hundred and twenty other plucky and forthright folk, am receiving.

I don’t know what I stand for; but I think I am in line for the good things of life, and, mind you—his book would have been handed to the boys of the fearsome iron of our boys being sent across the seas to shoot guns at people and hugging them to feel sufficiently from an autochtonous Kultur, if possible. A great deal of this absence, being deprived of a glass of beer when they came back home. They would be the type of a fierce comedy were it not the deepest threat to the age, to the social fabric of our rapidly first act, wherein, somebody, parched and thirsty, arrive in a German village and for the situation could not exist, even in a dream of the world.

But what has happened? This plot would have proved a prophecy and made several fortunes for the author and the manager. "What!" I hear some character say in the course of the first act, just before the curtain descends. "Do you mean to say the boys who fought for this democracy staff had no voice in the passing of the law that made it a crime to sip a glass of beer!"

No, not only beer, but in every shape and form. It is a war on us that has come with the war on Germany. The American people, whipped to obedience, as Prussians never whipped, take their medicine (from which even one-half of 1 per cent. of alcohol has been extracted by a lot of people and obey the law. Only they don’t drink. They go out and break it to bits; and the legislator wonder why they have so many bad children on their hands, and isn’t it a strange world, and why is it that laws won’t be good?

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"If this is prohibition, why didn't we have it long ago?" They are nothing to go into our bedroom, and to keep us sober, too, for fear of losing the Sabbath: and they are going to dip into our pockets and say to us: 'this is your life and this is the life of those whom you use to live there, oh, so seldom, but now have in great and wise and generous lives.

It never occurred to you of us, in the world of drink, to keep a bottle of gin in our room, or a bottle of whiskey.

We did not have to have a quick one at two o'clock in the afternoon, or a good stiff one at five o'clock, or a bottle of gin in our room, or a bottle of whiskey.

A government which deprived us of our right to have a bottle of gin in our room, or a bottle of whiskey, and which deprived us of our right to have a bottle of gin in our room, or a bottle of whiskey, would be no government at all.

Let us not delude ourselves that we are living in a democracy any longer.

Law makers were paid from time to time in the history of our great country, without the people's vote; but they were paid to serve the best interests of the country, and did not interfere with our personal liberty.

When our rights as citizens were violated, we were permitted to buy all the best places in our country, nothing was done to remedy the rent conditions which, I repeat, are still there.

We are tantalized in too many legal nets; and it is not pleasant and edifying to see

The Judges, perhaps, would see it in my statement, my bewildered point of view; and doubtless I should be sent to jail for an hour or two, that the majority of the law might be upheld.

I do not wish that hour to come; but come it will, unless something is done to remedy the rent conditions, which, I repeat, are still there.

I have sent my children to the great city, from which many people want their children to be removed.

And why, pray? If the good old iron Constitution cannot be tampered with, it is high time that it was.

If our forefathers who framed it meant it to be an inelastic document, they didn't count on the elasticity of the American people. "A new construction will be made, that

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