



THE TREND

The best way to eliminate congestion in the street cars (elevated trains) is have a preacher deliver a sermon in each car, every trip. Possibly the skipping of sermons on a few trips, if done in secrecy, wouldn't create a relapse of sardineism.

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The laws of Moses was written on stone so as to enable readers to turn a page on windy days. Very thoughtful!

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MOTHS.—On your way to heaven watch your step! As you go up the air gets colder and colder. That's all right—but, finally, you'll have to pass the sun. Pass it!—don't go near it to warm yourself because, if you do, SNAP—just like that—the heat will singe your wings and consume you entirely. Goodnight! You'll return to West Third Street in form of sun's rays and same tuberculars will use you to cure their con. . . Keep on going. . .

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The difference between a STATESMAN and a GANDYDANCER is they gaze at things from a different tangle:

A STATESMAN thinks he KNOWS, but doesn't; a GANDYDANCER knows, but THINKS he doesn't. It's just a case of doesn't, that's all.

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The way I. U. 110 is able to show periodical and increasing robust health, has been a mystery to many persons disinclined to credit achievement on the part of mere others—hence, for their benefit, let me say the I. U. 110 succeeds because it can get its members to carry credentials.

Hence, again—If your industrial union ails in any way; creaks, groans, grunts, or otherwise exhibits signs of internal disturbance, you may be sure that the captious members of your industrial union are too censorious and, consequently, too dignified to "dig up" new members—not to raise hell, but, to raise the dead.

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People lose confidence—that is one of the unremedied weak spots in a person's construction. The pillars and columns of his "frame" (of mind), instead of being cement and sand are composed of empty barrels, full of wind, covered with a thin shell of concrete. The slightest earthquake will quake them down.

Here's a man who says "he has no confidence in the ultimate wearing ability of this or that outstanding success." Why tell us about your flaw; your weakness. If you lack confidence, we are grieved, true, but we do not desire to hear about it.

We would rather hear you say "I have every confidence in this or that," and explain why. That way others would gain confidence. . .

May I say: a little less criticism and that much more suggestions—boost nothing!

It is well, you may say, "Confidence is belief," and that you "believe nothing." The world will say: "If you believe nothing, that is your belief . . ."

But I say: "That is not your belief—that is your knowledge."

Hence, if you have no confidence you lack knowledge.

Well and good. But, for the sake of Beloved Pete, never admit it. Keep it a dark and fearsome secret.

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Truth, though crushed (flat) to earth, will swell-up again—

We take pleasure in informing the down-trodden treaders that ham and eggs are a great aid in climbing stairs. Climbing stairs develops the kicking ability, and once the kicking ability is fully developed the ham and eggs come as a matter of course—main courage.

All is vanity!

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Lincoln C. Andrews, "dry car," arrived in London. (How he must miss the drouth)! Ambrassador meets him today.

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King George, Greece, lately fired by his boss, is coming to US to look for work.—Welcome! Let's see your references. Would suggest that if George finds difficulty in landing a job that he ship out on the Erie R. R., gandydancing. Good old Erie demands no bill of health.

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CHANGE—

Years ago the drug stores sold drugs—such as castor-oil, paregoric, and larkspur. But now, owing to the accumulated health of the people, rather than go out of business they started selling over-ready ice-cream-soda and delicious razor blades.

Change!

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You know that big cord that holds up the big toe? Well, sir, I have a pain that is camped on that cord and strolls along it just like a gunman on guard. Now, I understand, (am right?) that it is the custom (in such cases) to send for religious consolation. No kidding—the pain is plain and real. Now, editor, can it be possible that it is love?

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"California Lecturer Thinks Wife of 1936 Will Have Career and Split Housework With Her Husband." Gosh! What a relief! I thought we would have to do all the housework.