



DUST THOU ART—OR, THUS THOU ART

A HEAVY PROMISE—

"The Lord said unto Abram, . . . Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: for all the land which thou seest, to thee I will give it, and to thy seed forever."

(Note.—He "said," I will give it—instead of I give). "And I will make thy seed as dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered. Ariseth, walk (not run) through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I WILL GIVE IT unto thee." Gen. 13: (13) 14-17.

I suppose that means, after the seed is numerous as the "dust of the earth." Won't that be great when each man has his own speck of dust to stand upon; when each man will live happy (on a dusty day) on a chunk of dust and is wafted hither and thither (lighter than a feather) lighter than the "Charleston" farmyard - fantastic (before going in to dinner) thus:), (,), (,); leaving foot-strokes on the sand of time (muchly to the peace of mind of the plump and stately "missis" and your own peace of mind undisturbed by her piece of mind—won't that be great!

Each man will homestead a piece of dust, LAND! Hallelujah! with a fence around it of fine, fine wire. Of course, we'll all be pretty small—not smaller than we are, but small—and the dust will be big, not thick, but big . . .

I respectfully request Arthur Brisbane, the leading real estate exponent, to toss a light on this perplexing PROMISE—and let me know if I've misunderstood my SCRAPTURES.

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"For centuries the Jews have bewailed the loss of their former national prestige, and the scattered condition of their people."

Crap! Hand me the ivories!

Their prestige has never been lost, and their scattered condition is thickly populated—send a self-addressed envelope and I'll hand you the address not far from Mulberry Street.

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In regards production, 'twould be well for the producer to remember that "over-production" is wasted energy—an dwasted energy is a social crime—even as masturbation—or dissipation.

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SPLITS—

Even in schooldays we heard much about splits—splits of all kinds.

Later, in the theatres, we actually saw, with our own eyes—nobody elses'—ladies doing splits and we were greatly inspired—in fact, we can say, with sober countenance, that our mntal grasp and profound depth of precise intuition was greatly engendered if not wholly due to the soul-stirring splits pulled off on the stage.

Many is the time we thought we would split—that is, our sides would split—sides are that way, more so than front or back . . . (Don't confuse "would split" with split-wood).

Split-infinitives has been a daily associate with us and we have taken the salubrious banana-split to our bosom—even as split-milk, a frail product.

We have tried splits and splits, from Red Raven splits to splits less ravenous—and we can say, with a clear conscience, that we consider ourself an authority on splits and not as one who has no experience on the 50-50 split—and we can say with a still clearer conscience that splits are not very s'reaghtening, in fact, *splits are about the poorest form of unionism*—(about as poor as "boring from within"—they're a pair—two parts of a split—poor because unionism doesn't grow that way—boosting from within and praising from without is the life-giving "bull" for any union.

Chipping, boring, blasting and wrecking comes under one head.

Splitting, cutting, chopping is the tail to the proposition.

Result: minced unionism—hash! Hash for all hands!

The earliest split that I remember is the one referred to in these letters—when the Lord "said," to Abram, To thee and thy seed I WILL give all the land, east, west, south and north, forever. (He will give it forever nor ever stop—but, whether they get it or not is a *different* proposition.) The seed of Abram took it seriously and the split was complete—so complete that the Lord saw it was best to drown all the land seekers except Noah, etc., with the result that, today, we all are Seed of Abram—and the land is ours. Hallelujah—all we need is the DEED. Hurrah!

P. S.—Some of "Seed" already have their land—lots of it—but lemme point out:

They bought it!

Can you imagine! Can you imagine a "gift" that must be purchased by the receiver? What kind of a gift is that? The rest of us are still without land and I don't see "where the Lord is passing out any. In fact, I believe, there is a slight disagreement here between the church and the state. The church says "accept this gift." The state adds, "but pay for it."

One way of raising revenue—

Peddle Sandy Claw's Caravan.

P. S.—If those suckers paid for that land there's fraud—I'm waiting for mine clear of "strings."