



SAMPLE SHOES

The most important thing a man needs, and the two most important things a woman needs is (or are) OBJECTIVE.

How's that for a start?

It isn't enough that man and woman struggle—in different places, of course—he or she needs AIM, (objective) too. It isn't enough that man and woman—woman and man—for instance, struggle on the dance floor, singly or plurally, they need in addition to exercising their culture, GOAL, (aim, objective) also.

To illustrate: A man is hungry—they get that way; he is "borke"—woe is me—they will blow their riches on foolish things like overalls and canvas gloves—do you follow the "plot?"

He rises, with determination written all over his noble face—that man is going to eat! We have every confidence in the happy consumation of his intention and repast. He strides forth on his errand of want, seeking suitable substances to devour. He "plows" ahead, not turning to the right of him nor to the left of him—nor caring a consecrated darn wro blundered—he's going to eat.

Now, what is it that gives him the necessary persistancy to stay by his errand? Is it the pangs of hunger?

No, gentlemen, it is not. It is simply the vision of a rosey meal that puts new life in his despondent legs. Fear of starvation comes much later. So, you see, it is the objective and not the conditions that sway men's legs.

Education is a good objective—if you have no target. Not to know it all, but to increase the amount you have—.

It would surprise you to know how little I have—I think I will just use this lesson myself . . .

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I see where Madame Kollantay sails for Vera Cruz aboard S. S. Lafayette after being debarred from landing in Cuba. (It will be remembered, she wasn't allowed to light her foot in these several United States) An entrance into Mexico couldn't be more melodramatic—I hope she didn't have to bribe Cuba to bar her.

What a wonderful start!

Since when has United States of America and Western Hemisphere, and Cuba of the same address, become Mme. Kollantay's press agent?

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"What Price Glory?" inquires a dear friend of mine:

Well, sir, it all depends upon the quality of the glory. Some glory, you know, wears a long time and improves with age like poor wine, and, again, another glory will fade and shrink in the afterwash so that you can't get it over your head.

Of course if it's a good glory, sound on both ends and not rotten in the middle and has solid sides of good timbre, well seasoned, sturdy bottom and water proof roof, I should judge that it ought to be worth the time it takes to steal it—even if you tear your pants in the barbwire fence in getting it and can't use it after you get it. Cheap glory (of thin veneer) and cut-price glory I refuse to discuss because I'm death on all adulterated products.

"Is Life Worth While?" another friend relies upon my judgment—being as how I'm an inveterate optimist:

You have heard the testimony on this, there is no need for me to dig up the corpse and tear it all apart. The testimony has been very complete—as complete as the endorsements to Hearsts' programme of uniting all the people "dat spicka de Engl-eesh" or Lydia Pinkham's list of grateful beneficiaries—I refuse to take sides on this question, but will say if Life Ain't Worth While it's a dead cinch death ain't all it's cracked up to be—wot'll ye have?

Like Mike said:

"I've just been to Callahan's funeral."

Paddy: "Why, is Cal. dead?"

Mike: "If he ain't we certainly played him a dirty trick."

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Here's the way us great writers build a straw man:

Which is the proper end to open a soft boiled egg if yer gonna eat it with a spoon?"

Here's the way our heroic figure of straw goes down:

"The small end. It being smaller, it is cooked firmer than the big end."