



FOOTSTEPS OF THE JOURNAL

V. Vivaudon, Inc. advertises thus: Let YOUR friends be among the happy women who says: "Just what I wanted."

I say no. No sir! My friends ain't gonna be there unless I'm totally disabled. Why, the IDEA! That's just what starts the trouble — letting your friends hang around happy women. I say no. When happy women get ready to say "Just the thing I wanted" I'm gonna make sure that I'm present, alone — so that there can be no question raised as to what they mean by "the thing." —and I'm gonna blush, furiously—

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Proclamation:

I see where his honor, the CZAR of baseball is asking for a raise in pay. His honor is quite within his rights and the evidence is material, but why ask? Why not issue himself an award, as a judge, and govern it to himself as a Czar.

(I'm getting dumber every day) And — and — spend it like a sport!

Am deeply gratified to note that all queens and princesses arriving in this country have two legs — that is, up to the knees, anyhow.

The daily press prints their pictures — including said pair of legs but slightly emphasized—

Only the other day when I got nosing around, near-sightedly, in the paper damn near got a pair of legs right in my eye—

Would suggest that the best part of the legs doesn't show: Hence, can we not persuade the ladies to wear their skirts from the knees down, instead of knees up?

I pause for answer, I'm not out of wind!

History:

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"Calling his men about him Columbus bade them kneel. There on the deck of the ship these rough, hardy seamen knelt" — and Columbus tossed them a pair of dice —

(BREAK)

Ah haa! Instead of former Office boy head of bank, let's have former head of bank is office boy — If it can be done. Many a young sapling that figures on being made into bankrolls, when grown-up, turns out to be nothing but a roll of toilet-paper.

Truth is rapsing, ain't it?

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PANTASMS

The spirit can talk only a babel — if it talks at all:

We have heard much about this mans spirit and that mans spirit and now we are to be entertained for a couple years with tales about Houdini's spirit.

Why? Because a "thought" has revealed itself lately that says "We all use the one and same spirit — no man 'owns' a spirit."

This thought must be combatted — hence the "indirect" agitation about Jones' spook, Johnson's ghost, Shultzes shade, etc.; and, necessarily, the "counter-poison" must be organized.

It matters not, to them, whether they can prove the presence of certain spirit or not, just so they can drill, harp on, and insinuate about Johny's soul, Jimmy's spirit and Jenny's "silhouette" — they hope to carry their point on assertions and reassertions. Plural — Spectre! Ethereal-Phantasmagoria!

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BIGGER BUNCH

Putting two, and two together we realize that four is stronger than one. — That's an old platitude, but 'twas the father of "In union there's strength," another self-evident "wisdom".

By putting many sticks together they're harder to break. True, but in breaking kindling wood (slivers) it is advantageous to lay several across your knee and make more pieces with one stroke—True for me, this time.

What does that argue? It argues that if you want your union to stand the racket you better have a one big union and it's part's better stick together and not go ricky-shaying (ricochet) around to get busted up, part at a time.

Old stuff, that — but doesn't she 'lustrate.

— T-B-S.