



WAKE UP THE DEAD

"And yet, good gods," as Cicero would say, "what is there in Woman's dress that can be called short?"

Quite right, Cicero; it's the legs, it's the legs that are long—are growing longer all the time. Had you held your peace, Cicero, I wouldn't have noticed 'em.

• • •

Mr. Bryant, fireman, kissed by a woman rescued from blaze, looked kind of expectant—(just as if his shoe was full of whiskey from a busted bottle . . .)

• • •

Hawaiian Melodies

As every one bloody well knows, meowing is as necessary to a cat as breathing to a politician.

But sometimes it is difficult to get the cat to take advantage of a few healthy meows—to exercise her lungs. The best way is, as Cicero would say, put the cat outside on a cold night. The cat will just pace back and fro by the door and exercise and exercise.

Should the cat quiet down make a little noise so's to let the cat know you ain't asleep—and it will take new heart. You see, as Cicero would observe, when you make a noise (like that) a cold chill strikes the vitals of the cat—she fears that she's losing out on some hamburger.

By the way, the best way to get the cat to stay off the table is put a four pound morsel of liver on the floor—she'll founder herself.

In the morning get a new cat. (Lots o' new cats, nowadays.)

• • •

Magistrate Joseph E. Corcoran, Irish but . . . sponsors legislation to combat perjury.

Worth trying, Joe—but we "believe" that if you give the people meat and drink they won't lie. Away with those "better foods" the papers yawl about! and those delicious tinted drinks.

Don't you think, brother, the world is—is—is—eh—getting better since the women gave up gossiping and the daily papers took it up? Don't you think so, brother?

• • •

I started out to yell about Hawaiian melodies; here I am:

A soft hearted drunk in a 5 and 25 cent store, tried to stuff a package of liver into the "loud-speaker"—he thought a starving cat was broadcasting distress signals.

It was with difficulty the official of the luncheonette convinced him "the cat is on a milk diet." Many by-standers were carried away with the thought—the drunk was just trying to plug up the machine.

• • •

Kind reader, notice my position—I think I can make it with a puttee from here: Plug up the machine!

Machines are not always iron and brass. Building Associations are machines, and periodically get the proverbial monkey wrench thrown into their vital parts. Just now I gather from dispatches and extended observation of ardent admirers of things real-estate, that the time is now come when monkey-wrench artists will begin BOMBARDING Building Associations—a form of financial sabotage. There is still time to get most all your money out!

Saturation point is reached, if you take it the right way.

• • •

I love laws, but holy gee! they're getting so numberless and thick, broad I mean—that I'M thinking of buying an adding machine.

Isn't there a way to escort those legislators out at sunrise?

• • •

Health Note:

A potato always should be cooked and eaten before it gets in the family way—same as onion—except in case of seed potato—then, it should be cut.

Note:

Contrary to accepted belief, a philanthropist is not one who aids or showers mankind with gifts, coins (dimes) or blessings; he is merely a "lover of mankind, person of abstract benevolence . . ."

All right, I see—abstract is defined: To take or draw away; separate; purloin or steal—(What the hell kind of benevolence is that?) Philanthropy, purloin or steal; epitomize, (brag about it) separate from and consider apart. (Count it in the cellar?)

There's something wrong here!

According to that, a philanthropist isn't as public spirited as men who steal from one and pass it on—to a congregation—few to many? As Henry Ford said about history I say about dictionaries and philanderphists—"they're punk." Throw that into the press.