

"If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead."—Philippians iii:11. Today's Text by Rev. H. W. O. Millington, Pastor Brookland Baptist Church

Gambling or Investment

HAVING gone into bankruptcy, Mr. Allan A. Ryan has gone through the worst of his financial misfortune. In the realm of the dollar, bankruptcy is rock bottom. Therefore, let us hope that he will have no objection to serving as a moral which may, possibly, be helpful to others.

You, gentle reader, will never understand the tricks of Wall street as Mr. Ryan understood them. He was a member of the stock Exchange, he had many friends among the so-called "insiders" and he knew the game from A to Z. Yet he failed.

The man who puts his money into Wall street to buy stocks on margin—or to sell short on margins—is a HELPLESS, HOPELESS FOOL. It is gambling of the stupidest kind. Where one wins, ten thousand lose.

The consequences of this idiotic form of gambling extend even beyond the loss of the money that is risked. There is the loss of time, of energy, the feverish watching of the ticker tape, the nerve-racking telephoning—a perfect riot of demoralization. It interferes with a man's business and with his happiness.

If you have earned or saved or acquired money that you wish to invest, any bank, any reliable broker will advise you how to invest it. Your securities will be bought in Wall street because that is Wall street's reason for existence.

Should ever a broker advise you to buy a stock on margin because he is sure you will make a profit ask him to put up the margin for you and to guarantee you against loss.

Whether or not Mr. Ryan gambled on margins we do not know. We do know, however, that he was so thoroughly familiar with the mechanism of Wall street that he would have done so to recoup his fortune if he had been sure of success. If he did it and failed you have a lesson. If he refrained from doing it you also have a lesson. He knew Wall street better than you know it.

The great, serious significance of Wall street lies in its thermometric response to the changing financial condition of the country. This is of tremendous importance to earnest people who have funds to invest.

The cheap, the trashy significance of Wall street as the great Monte Carlo of this country is best typified by the graveyard that marks the spot where Wall Street begins.

The Value of Piety

LIFE is a struggle. It is full of worries and difficulties. Even to the teeth-gritter and go-getter all is not smooth sailing.

Everybody who is not sitting on the front porch of the feeble-minded asylum finds things that distress and upset him.

Nobody can deny that we live in a world of uncertainty and no matter how lively we dodge around, the end comes by and by.

Life is a game and every eye that reads these lines has been more than once filled with tears of disappointment.

There are all sorts of ways to mitigate this existence. We can play games and go to the theater and read novels, and such diversions have their place.

The weaklings indulge in drugs and all forms of perversion, which, of course, no normal mind can approve.

But there is a very large part of the population of the world who get enjoyment, rest, recreation and inspiration out of prayer, religious music and acts of devotion. They include some of the finest specimens of our race. Their example is not to be despised.

Purely from its practical standpoint, from its value as an enrichment of life, piety is worth considering.

Consequences Are Unpitiful

DISPATCHES tell us that Great Britain is ready to forgive what France owes her if France will consent to reducing the German reparations bill from 33 to 12.5 billion dollars.

It is hardly thinkable that France will not accept the offer. Her people are ready to listen to her business men, who are admitting that a few billions of real German money are worth more than the 33 billions of imaginary gold marks which the French politicians have been waving in the air.

Making the German annual payments within her capacity to pay in the next ten years will pave the way for an international loan to Germany. She can then stabilize her currency, raise her exchange, lower her prices and feel like a debtor, not a captive slave.

No participant can escape the curse and the penalty of war. France must take up her financial burden like the rest of us. Her taxation of 510 francs per head is less than half the British figure of 1,110 francs per head. And France, in a prostrate Europe, need not maintain her present standing army of 640,000 men.

France taxes her multi-millionaires only 15 per cent of their annual income. England taxes hers as much as 52 per cent, and the United States, under the new tax bill, takes 49 per cent of incomes above \$200,000.

The world atmosphere is clearing. The mists of political rancor are disappearing and we are gazing clearly at the realities of peace, fraternal intercourse, trade reconstruction.

Pilgrim's Progress

SO, Emma Goldman, turned out of America, practically expelled from Russia, not welcome in Sweden or Germany, is now forbidden to enter England.

We imagine, judging from Miss Goldman's recent newspaper articles severely criticizing the Russian government, and from other reports of what is happening to the minds and emotions of many other social revolutionaries who were deported from the United States, that these people are feeling fundamentally differently about America; that they now realize that, in some considerable degree at least, they had in this country a chance to live freely and lead constructive lives, which is Life's greatest privilege and greatest use.

It is more than likely that many of them, at any rate, would, if permitted to return here, be among our most patriotic citizens, and might do a valuable work in explaining to other foreigners in this country the finer and freer aspects of American life and traditions.

Rhythm and Sanity

CHARLES D. ISAACSON, who for some years has been giving concerts in the hospital for the insane at Central Islip, Long Island, has recently substituted a radio program and has broadcasted the opera "Cavalleria Rusticana."

It was so successful that radio concerts promise to be a regular feature in entertainments for the insane. Rhythm is the state the opposite of insanity. The Greeks, who had such a perfect ideal of balance of mind, body and artistic form, made rhythmic exercises the basic of their education. Many modern teachers now realize that dancing is often a cure for neurotic patients. A due sense of proportion is what constitutes the highest sanity. It is also a necessary factor in all the arts, and without it political and social reform is sadly handicapped. It is the life of humor, and without it understanding is not understanding. So here is to Mr. Isaacson's endeavors.

OFF WITH THOSE SHACKLES!

Copyright, 1922, by Star Company.



Condemn the Sin, but Pity the Sinner

By Dr. Charles Fleischer

BE sorry for the other sinner. Not because none of us is so very good that we should, therefore, have the fellow-feeling that ought to make us very kind; but because that is the just and spiritual attitude.

Condemn the sin, but pity the sinner. Not that you should sentimentalize over him—or her. For society is not safe without holding its members to full moral accountability.

Public opinion must give solid support to all law, civic and moral. Besides each of us needs the stiffening influence of the highest, continuous demand upon our own moral nature, else our sense of right and wrong is likely to grow weak and flabby, and we lose our power of ethical distinction or the will to give it effect.

AND yet we repeat; condemn the sin, but pity the sinner. Consider the case of a charming young forger who appears somehow to have contracted the habit of forging checks.

This Miss X has recently been jailed again for three thousand dollars of forgeries against her latest employer, this being her regular performance as a trusted employee.

Indeed, her one specialty in crime (we are all specialists in virtues and vices) is forgery. She prides herself—and properly—upon not using the "easiest way" to secure the money for the luxuries she craves.

That to her would be shameful and dirty. But she is not ashamed—nor is she proud—of her own type of wrong doing. She indulges in forgery not as a habit, but as a sporadic, periodic indulgence. As another woman might—and apparently as innocently—indulge in a box of candy.

THE fair forger's craving is frankly confessed to be for luxurious living, fine clothes, excellent food, a maid's attentions, the frequenting of hotels, restaurants and resorts where she can mingle freely with the best society.

When her money gives out she commits her favorite crime, duty is discovered and jailed, serves her sentence, goes where she is unknown, secures another job as a trusted secretary, duty is seized by her craving for luxury, forges again and so continues the swing around her vicious circle.

All this, it would seem, without twinges of conscience and with apparent pride in the artistry of her performance. QUEER freak, isn't it? She has been psycho-analyzed and found sane. Perhaps she is. Anyhow, society in self-protection and for her own good must hold the girl responsible and punish her.

In due time she may fall into the hands of a jailer sufficiently kind and wise and inspired to cure her of this moral sickness and to educate her into ethical health.

We are too sympathetic to wish to take a census of the millions of women, unmarried and married, who sell themselves at least in part—in body or in peace of mind—to satisfy this same craving for luxury, for what they do not need, have not earned, should not have.

Condemn the sin, but pity the sinner. (Copyright, 1922, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Something to Think About

By Fabio Dean

MR. JAMES RISK, aged sixty-eight, proposed marriage to a lady of forty, and was accepted. His proposal was made in orderly, business-like fashion in writing.

"You and I are no longer children," he wrote, "and know that there are other things in life besides love and kisses. I cannot give you the bloom of young manhood, but somehow I feel I can give you something of greater value."

Well, the court has just handed down a decision which busts up this marriage higher than Kelley's kite. Mrs. Risk brought the suit on the ground that her husband had abandoned her after she refused to give him love and kisses.

THE old geezer is well named. Marriage is always more or less of a risk, but for a man of sixty-eight—it's worse than stock gambling on margins or trying to beat the wire-tapping game. His fundamentals, you see, are all wrong.

Upon the threshold of marriage nothing but love and kisses count. This is a law made, not by legislators or by experience, but by Lady Nature. The man who takes unto himself a wife on the basis of those "other things," opens the front door merely to find himself in the backyard.

Mr. Risk's other proposition, however, is really interesting, and we would like enlightenment on the subject. What— from the standpoint of impending matrimony—is of greater value than the bloom of youth? It surely isn't a bank account or worldly wisdom or impaired digestion or a collection of antique furniture. What can it be?

RISK, old boy, we're afraid you were talking through your hat. The man of sixty-eight who turns up his nose at the bloom of youth is either making a bluff or is mentally unfit. No man outside of a lunatic asylum would refuse to give all his worldly possessions in return for the gift of youth that has vanished.

We could quote you the words of poets and philosophers. Instead, you poor Risk, we will tell you something we once saw. A rear admiral of the Italian navy, retired at the age of sixty, unexpectedly inherited a great fortune. He built himself a great castle on the hill overlooking Genoa and furnished nearly a hundred rooms with tapestries, paintings, rare furniture and all the other trappings of luxury. His own bedroom, however, consisted only of four bare walls, an iron cot, bare floor and two windows in the shape of a ship's portholes. You see, he wanted to be reminded of the cabin he used to sleep in when he was a lieutenant on his first battleship.

And on the wall, at the foot of his bed, in letters of solid gold metal, was fastened a short poem by the famous Frenchman, Alfred de Musset, beginning, "Where hast thou fled, O my youth!"

Science Queries and Replies

By Edgar Lucien Larkin

Director of Louse Observatory.

If the ice cap that now exists on the earth's North Pole and also on all the Arctic regions should melt, would the axis of the earth become perpendicular? What effect would a comet have on striking the earth? What is a comet composed of in nucleus and streamer? How do they know the sun is gradually getting cooler?—REUBEN TUREYOK.

If all the earth's North Polar ice should be melted, the attraction of the sun on the ring of matter 13,647 deep around the equator now inclined to the plane of its orbit 23 deg. 27 m. 8.18 sec. of arc would not pull it into the orbital plane and thus make the axis perpendicular.

The nucleus of a comet having an expanded diameter of say from five to one hundred miles hitting a city would have a disastrous effect. If it hits on a desert or ocean, the effect would be slight.

There is no proof that our sun is now cooling. "Does the number of electrons in an atom determine mass, or does the property

mass lie wholly within the positive central electron?" J. T. PENNER. THE mass of central positive must be balanced in attraction by the centrifugal tendencies set up by the orbital revolutions of negative electrons around it. Precisely balanced if the atom is in stable equilibrium. In radioactive atoms this equilibrium is disturbed and electrons fly away rapidly in the case of radium emanations.

Did the earth's polar regions get ice caps at the time of the deluge? Have extinct animals been found with undigested plants in their stomachs? WHEN ice first appeared at the poles of the earth is not known. A deluge—water in liquid form—would be at a higher temperature than ice and tend to melt it. Huge animals, their bodies almost perfect, having been frozen solid, have been discovered in Northern regions—mostly in Siberia.

WAYSIDE WISDOM

Copyright, 1922.

By S. E. Kiser



WHY MUST THEY LIVE ON?

CORNELIUS was a cit Of whom I thought quite well; He didn't boast a bit And he could read and spell; He came from England, Or Battle Creek, or Flint, And had a rounded jaw, And was inclined to squint. He seemed a decent sort, But I misjudged him badly; I'm sorry to report That when the hand played "Dixie" He shouted wildly, madly, A frenzy seemed to fill him, I can't imagine why; Of course I didn't kill him, Though he deserved to die.

BELINDA seemed a sweet And gentle little miss; When first we used to meet I longed to claim a kiss. Her people came, I think, From Albany or Troy; Her cheeks were smooth and pink, And when she smiled—oh, boy! I loved her for a spell, And gained her favor proudly; One night my idol fell; An orchestra played "Dixie," And she applauded loudly, I knew then she was added, And if, beside her there, I could have seen her paddled I would have thought it fair.

I'VE two aversions—two! Lord, may they pass and fade, The northern people who Yip, yip when "Dixie's" played, And this is my daily prayer, That I may miss regret In heaven by finding there No unctuous male quartette.



SAP and SALT

By Bert Moses

Copyright, 1922, by Premier Syndicate Inc.

If you are laughed at, laugh back, and you win. A "thief" doesn't get that name until he is caught.

When a joy ends, you feel sorry; when a sorrow ends, you feel glad.

Smartness consists in knowing the difference between language and facts.

Sincerity is not measured by what you say, but by the sum you put on the subscription paper.

The man who always gets out of the shop first after the whistle blows never owns the shop.

Hex Heck says: "People need a good sewage system themselves as well as cities."

KNICKERBOCKERS.

By "Bugs" Baer.

MOST men have baggy knees, even when they're taking a bath.

WHICH is why this latest epidemic of knickerbockers should be pressed and ironed out before it gets compulsory.

STARTED with golf, but is spreading like cumber, to biscuit factory.

USED to chop up pop's pants to fit boy. Now pop is clipping down boy's pants to fit himself.

TROUSERS have been tossed down from father to son long enough. About time that tide turned other way.

THESE knock-kneed bockers are official for diplomats in foreign picnics. But it's going to wreck railroads and shoot street car companies into double bankruptcy.

WIFE gets on trolley car leading her short-panted hubby by hand. He's entitled to voyage on half-fare.

MEN are dashing into their second childhood via tailor shops.

CAN'T figure why big boys want to advertise their legs this way. Average American foot looks like full-grown Saratoga trunk. Arches are flatter than door mat. Ankles look like trunk of tree struck by bolt of lightning.

CALF of leg resembles lolly-pop on stick. Shinbones curve in and out like college sophomores doing snake dance.

GENERAL contour of legs resembles Government map of Cape Cod shoals during low tide.

KNEES have bumps on 'em like boarding house hattrack.

WE'VE kept those props under cover so long that they've become bashful.

NO dog would bite 'em unless he was starving.

DON'T take away those long trousers now. Let those egg-shaped calves continue to bloom like blushing violets under their protecting awnings.

STILL, what difference does it make whether pants are short or long, provided that they've got hip pockets?

Dr. Frank Crane was educated in the Wesleyan University and was a Methodist pastor for many years. He afterward joined the Congregational Church.

A thermometer is not affected by the wind velocity after once having attained the temperature of the wind. The physical discomfort usually associated with high winds is due to the rapid removal of heat from the human body by the wind.

DO YOU KNOW

Dr. Frank Crane was educated in the Wesleyan University and was a Methodist pastor for many years. He afterward joined the Congregational Church.

A thermometer is not affected by the wind velocity after once having attained the temperature of the wind. The physical discomfort usually associated with high winds is due to the rapid removal of heat from the human body by the wind.

Dr. Frank Crane was educated in the Wesleyan University and was a Methodist pastor for many years. He afterward joined the Congregational Church.

A thermometer is not affected by the wind velocity after once having attained the temperature of the wind. The physical discomfort usually associated with high winds is due to the rapid removal of heat from the human body by the wind.

Dr. Frank Crane was educated in the Wesleyan University and was a Methodist pastor for many years. He afterward joined the Congregational Church.

A thermometer is not affected by the wind velocity after once having attained the temperature of the wind. The physical discomfort usually associated with high winds is due to the rapid removal of heat from the human body by the wind.

Dr. Frank Crane was educated in the Wesleyan University and was a Methodist pastor for many years. He afterward joined the Congregational Church.

YE TOWNE GOSSIP

Copyright, 1922, by Star Company.

By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—Very often on Sunday I take my son to a motion picture theatre, where they have vocal in addition to instrumental music. And just as often as I take him, some dame comes out and sings some song or other in Italian (at least they tell me it is, but I can't prove it.) I don't understand it. My son, who is five years old, doesn't understand it and I doubt like the dickens if anyone else does including the singer. Won't you please put something in your column asking theatre managers if they won't become naturalised, because my son thinks I'm a dumbhead when I can't tell him what it's all about.

A FATHER.

DEAR FATHER. A LONG time ago. I WENT to a movie. AND THERE came a dame. WHO WAS born in Oshkosh. AND SANG a song. IN A foreign language. AND I asked my friend. IF HE knew what it was. AND HE said to me. "IT'S THE 'Laughing Song'."

"FROM THE opera 'Hyena.'" AND I believed him. FOR NEARLY an hour. TILL IT soaked into me. I WAS being kidded. AND YOU might try this. ON YOUR little boy. FOR AFTER all. IT'S JUST as good. AS ANYTHING else. AND ABOUT the request.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

TO THE managers. I'VE MADE it before. BUT IT does no good. FOR MOST of them. HAVE A firm belief. THEY KNOW much better. WHAT YOU and I want. THAN WE do ourselves. AND A lot of them. THINK THIS wop stuff. 'IS CERTAINLY grand. THEY'RE LIKE the old lady. WHO HEARD the sermon. THAT WAS mostly language. AND NOTHING else. AND HAD no idea. WHAT IT was about. AND SO she concluded. IT MUST be grand. AND THE trouble is. THE WORLD is full. OF FOLKS like that.

Stars and Stripes

SANITATION NOTE. Want ad in Brooklyn paper: "Young man wants job washing widows."

One Wall Street business man calls his stenographer "Three Strikes" because she is always out.

Scientists say motion picture films disintegrate after fifteen years. Some of them are dead ones when they start.

OUR NEW POETRY. A young lady down at Southampton Was pretty, but very bow-legged. When the others all dashed For a duck in the sea, She took her bath in the bathtub.

Why do they call them "the sad sea waves" during the one-piece bathing suit season?

Why do they call them "the sad sea waves" during the one-piece bathing suit season?

Why do they call them "the sad sea waves" during the one-piece bathing suit season?