

The Conning Tower

MAMA'S Advice

DIE Mutter sagt, "Nau Lieschen listen here.
Es tun für dich die Wedding Bells heut pealeh,
Und's iss mei Pflicht und Duty dass ich dir
Die Facts von Life mitaus Reserf revealeh.
Ich hab in Innocence dich aufgebracht
But nau lässt sich die Sach' net länger shirkeh.

So keep mei Words in Mind bei Tag und Nacht:

A gute Noodlesupp' tut Wunders workeh."

"Wie shweet geflavort iss der Honey-moon!

But leider kann er net fürever lasteh.

Bald giebt 's aplenty Chores in Haus zu tun

Wo likely sein Loff's süssen Traum zu blasteh.

A Mann gemarried iss a Mann gebored.

In Intimacy da tut Danger lurkeh.

But sei net bang wenn er a Kiss ignored:

A gute Noodlesupp' tut Wunders workeh."

"Die cut'sten Charms, die faden mit der Zeit.

Die Shkin ver yellowed und commenzt zu saggeh;

Das Harr wird dünn, der Back in Shpots zu breit

Und Conversation tut auch öfters laggeh.

Man foolt mit Canfield, und turnt's Radio an,

Und tried all kinds von Schemes um aufzuperkeh.

Mei Child, remember speshelly dass dann:

A gute Noodlesupp' tut Wunders workeh."

K. M. S.

Probably Mr. Coolidge is already counting, like a boy nearing the end of the school year, how many more pieces he has to write before he can throw his typewriter up in the air and shout "Hooray! No more work until October." He has been at it a year, though, which is long enough for many of his friends to have said to him, "Yes, you think so, but after a week or so you'll be anxious to get back to it again."

Frequently when we have voiced a desire to Get Away from It All, millionaires have said to us that we wouldn't be happy: that in a month or two we'd be back at work again. Our answer is that for a million dollars cash we'd sign a contract never to write another line; not even a letter of thanks.

We often find it necessary to defend Mr. Finley Peter Dunne, who laid down his pen, possibly forever, when great wealth came to him. "He ought to have kept on writing," say people, most of whom never have had to write every day, or every week, whether they felt like it or not, or whether they had anything to say or not. Not only do we envy Mr. Dunne his fortune, but we also applaud his laziness, inertia, disinclination, or whatever it is that keeps him from writing stuff that he doesn't enjoy writing. Work, as the cabman—was it Mr. A. G. Andrews himself?—in "Passersby"—was it "Passersby"?—said, "Work's for workmen."

On a Third Avenue Street Car

"I want a small, inexpensive, loose-leaf notebook," she says to me, all high 'n might with a Park Avenya accent.

So I shows her them elegant little ones we have.

"That's too small," says she. So I shows her another, "And that's too expensive." An' onl' a dollar thoity-five, too. It's them rich dames won't spend a nickel.

"Why," I says to her, "that's real, genawine leather," I says.

"I don't need real, genawine leather," says she, "I want a cheap one."

"These don't come cheap," says I.

Imagine wantin' a book like them are, CHEAP! Jest shows what tight wads them rich dames is.

"Well, then," says she, "I'll take" . . .

"If you'll wait a minit," I says to her. She was gettin' so impatient-like and me doin' my best to get her a nice book. "I'm tryin' to find you one."

I jest give it right back to her.

"But you said these weren't cheap?"

Then I DID get mad. "Well, not VERY cheap," I says.

And she jest draws herself up on her high horse and says to me, she says, "Thank you," and she sails out leavin' me standin' there, and I says "Good riddance to bad rubbish," I says.

P. T. R.

Things have changed. Women are more important than they were thirty years ago. There was then the classic story of the man who gave his wife a birthday present of half a dozen bars of laundry soap and a wringer. Yesterday a woman gave her husband, who is an indolent author, one thousand sheets of copy paper and a new typewriter ribbon.

Columns have been written about Mr. Theodore Dreiser, but it seems to us that Anatole France said it all when he wrote, of Zola: "He has no taste, and I have come to believe that want of taste is that mysterious sin of which the Scripture speaks, the greatest of sins, the only one which will not be forgiven."

Some of us farmers have a new excuse to make to the overpersuasive arborealist. "Better let us fix that apple tree," he says. "It won't bear unless it's pruned and sprayed." "Nothing doing," the impecunious farmer says, "I don't want my trees to be accused of overproduction."

F. P. A.