



Modern Machinery

(Incomplete, of Course)

Unfortunately we shall have to handle this "modern machinery" without figures—maybe without facts and surely, without gloves and, this will be the first time machines are to be handled without the regulation gauntlets—being put in evidence—I have no statistics to offer.

We have searched high and low in our overalls and not a trace of figures do we find, therefor we shall depend on the reader to put the figures between the lines.

Before the advent of modern machinery a farmer could afford to sell wheat at 50 cents a bushel—now, it costs society about \$2. Improved machines have raised the price of butter from 14 cents to 72 cents. (Up and down, churned butter sold as low as 12 cents per pound—"Round and round" method calls for 72 cents, retail, in Chicago).

Modern mining methods and machinery, electric motors, electric "coal saws" and carbide lamps have raised the cost of coal (delivered) from \$1.85 per ton, to \$11.85 per 1,995 pounds. Delivery, of course, is by motor trunk but still, and all, I think I would just as soon have it hauled to me with a team of mules for \$1.85 per ton.

The new "Pacific" type locomotive has "tripled" the freight rates and doubled the passenger rates on our modern railroads (incl. interstate reg.)—The building of the Panama Canal shortening the distance from Perth Amboy, N. J., to San Diego, Cal., by one-half, has doubled the cost of moving ocean freight between these points.

The only thing that seems to be getting cheaper is war—a new \$5,000 airplane can raise more hell than the old \$18,000,000 battleship.

It is cheaper to fight than eat—and getting cheaper all the time.

After awhile we can hold a first-class, A No. 1 war every Sunday morning, and have it over with before church time. This will give the "bucks" a chance to witness our deeds of glory in behalf of democracy. Yes, indeed.

By and by it will cost us practically nothing to die. But to live? Ah! that is a snake of a different hue—a cry of another tune.

The new "niggerhead" shoe machine raised the price of a \$2.25 pair of shoes up to \$4.75. The goodyear-welt machine slapped another six-bits onto the price—let them make one more—invention and we'll all go barefooted.

Looks bad, fellow workers. Yes, it does. I'll say so.

Why are these things thus? Most solemnly do I warn you, why are they thusly. Well, if nobody else wants to have the floor I would like to say a few words, myself. Its just like this: I'll go ahead and invent a machine. Its got to be paid for. Money don't grow on trees. The boss ain't got no money, he said so a hundred times. He buys it on credit.

The new machine does three times as much work as old one. This saves the boss two pay envelopes every week. He takes the money out of them and pays me, the inventor. In just six months the machine is his—paid for with the wages of those two men he laid off six months ago. Slick? Slick, isn't it?

After six months those two men's wages go into the bosses' pocket. How about it, editor? (That's right). Oh no! The boss ain't got no money? I'd hate to look under his carpet. I'll bet you the old rascal has the floor "wall-papered" with it. Even after those two men are dead and gone their wages go into the bosses' pocket. (I figure the machine will live longer with a job than the men will without one.)—Slick, isn't it?

Its a damned wonder they can hold their faces straight when they tell us they CAN'T afford to PAY SO big WAGES. They DON'T tell us!

They hire some one to tell us—and we support the teller. Oh! why did father ever marry?—(T-Bone Slim).