



## Scopolamin

Now that scopolamin has been discovered and tested as a truth producer I'm afraid my monopoly is busted. Everybody will be telling the unvarnished.

We can expect a brand new crop of dope fiends when they start shooting scopolamin into the millions of liars—(this is unnecessary because they were "running out of timber" as it was).

The masters press will now change its policy, but too late—the people are used to reading lies so they will think the Press, eulogized by Horace Greeley, is still trying to bamfoozie the constant reader.

Scopolamin injected into the reading matter of the average daily paper would make such a startling change that the busy reader would sit down and write the editor a letter of commendation on his improved imagination. Some of ye editor's greatest truths would be considered whoppers (so used are we to believing lies). Oh, why was scopolamin ever discovered.

The preachers, God bless them, after they get tanked up on scopolamin, will alter that yarn about Jonah and the whale, or they will at least admit they don't believe it themselves.

Politicians will step up like a veriest tyro and blurt out the truth of their latest performances, regardless of consequences.

Grave statesmen, loaded with scopolamin, will climb right up on the platform, demand a hearing, and spill the beans (and their guts). There will be a wild exodus of statesmen timberward, with serum-squirting "pathological accidents" in hectic pursuit. Truth, though a thousand times repressed, will rise resplendant, manifest.

Lawyers will lose their jobs, since truth needs no chaperon. Judge tells defendant to bare his arm and take dose of scopolamin. If defendant is willing to do so, the judge will sentence complainant to quit lying and give him extra dose of scopolamin to encourage him in the ways of truth.

There will be no need of judges. The merits will be on the face of the case. Judges know this and that's why they had their wages raised. After they start using scopolamin they will return the money. So much money will be returned that we can take a vacation for five years.

The boss will take a dose of scopolamin (encouraged by committee) and will then climb on the chair and make a speech. He will say, "Certainly, boys, I've got the money right here. Your demands are right and proper and I will gladly give you the raise. Nothing can stop me now."

"I cannot tell a lie," he will say, "The business sure can stand for more wages. But are you sure, fellow workers, that you are asking enough to cover all your needs?" Yes, the boss will call you "fellow worker" when he comes under the influence of scopolamin.

What peculiar names these scientists have for red card? Scopolamin. Take out a scopolamin today. (Maybe the other won't work).

I can see our best liars fall down, in the most abject manner, on the simplest prevarications. In my mind's eye I can see them struggling to evade the truth. But they are stuck. Scopolamin holds them fast.

Men who never in all their life told the truth mumble truthful statements about their financial condition and how they "got" it—brokenly, of course; haltingly, to be sure, until they get used to it. A change from lying to truth-telling is not a simple performance. You cannot stick your tongue in your cheek and let truths roll out the way lies used to roll out. No. The change is radical, a complete "face about," and amounts to a revolutionary change.

The power of scopolamin can be proven by squirting a nickle's worth into the arm of one of those professional court liars on the coast. Only that wouldn't prove anything unless the workers do the squirting and, even then, the stuff must be scopolamin, sure enough.—(T-bone Slim).

P. S.—Things are beginning to boom here in the Middle East for the I. W. W. Nobody seems to know where they get the stuff.

Pass the sco-pole-amin.