



## SCIENCE OF COOKS

It may not be common knowledge to the world at large that America uses what may be termed conservative Science.

For instance: The excellence of a cook is determined by the crew, i. e., if the crew is able to eat his "efforts," the cook is withdrawn by the commissary company. This procedure is repeated, and repeated until finally a cook is found that puts a stop to the crew's ambitions.

Above would indicate that by this process the board grows worse and worse and stays worse. But no, there is no limit. Such cooks being compelled to eat their own cooking, do not live long—thus creating a shortage of such cooks.—It can't get any worse, it's bound to get better—(when these cooks poison themselves).—Stick around.

The homing instinct is strong in some men—especially strong in an extra-gang. Today I saw a "gandy" steal a brand new lining bar from a section gang and then he giggled over it like a goosey-hyena.—Homing instinct, pure and simple! Why comment on it? The statement alone is a complete education with vocational training thrown in . . . comment would be superfluous.

Evolution: (or backing into it):

First, there was a time when we got what we wanted. (The popular song of that period was "I Got Mine, Boys," etc.)

Second, came a time when we got not what we wanted. (The air was "Little Annie Rooney")

Third, came a time when we got what we didn't want. (Jails). The song hit then was "All I Got Was Sympathy."

Fourth, (today) came a time when we can't get what we don't want . . . Let us sing:

"Ten thousand years is a long long time;  
To wait for a dream to come true . . ."

I have been accused of being "a middle-of-the-roader." Humph! A road-hog, am I?—You know, fellow workers, I once tried to haul a load of shingles half on the road and half in the ditch and, do you know, the upshot or upset of the experiment was that I, my wagon and shingles comingled with the earth waters midst a fine flow of profanity. Let us muse:

I.  
It is said by cheerful boosters,  
And believed by labor, treed:  
"That the poor are blessed roosters—  
Only those who fail succeed."

II.  
Others say, with deep conviction,  
"Wealth alone has arts to bless;  
And all else is purest fiction—  
Money spells complete success."

III.  
Two extremes are here contending;  
One fear want and one fear gold—  
Like two bathers' voices blending;  
One for hot and one for cold.

A luke warm condition of the water might serve both—yet these birds are uncompromisingly set in their ways. One wants the water boiling hot, the other wants ice in it; one is Autocracy—the other one is Democ-

racy. One is mass unionism—the other is non-unionism (i. e., craft unionism.) One is this: the other is that—but the honest to goodness Wobblie turns on both faucets and jumps in (he at least gets his "bawth"—more'n you can say about the others—action. He gets action.

Discoveries great and small have been heralded to the general public with great and good eclat—specially health discoveries; how to regain your health; how to reinforce your pep; how to rejuvenate your step and so on. They tell you all about how to recover your health after it is lost, but they fail to tell you how to hang on to it. All of these great discoveries might just as well be included with the next mess of kittens we drown. I'm telling you that a bar of good soap is worth more to the human race than all the health "fetchers" put together—a string of ciphers (0 0 0 0 0 . . .) what do they amount to? Nothing—whereas a bar of good soap knocks a hatful of germs silly every day—blinds 'em—takes all the "joy of death" out of their rascally hearts and all but absolutely prevents sickness. It is the greatest discovery of all time—and it wasn't doctors that discovered it.

Unhesitatingly I endorse soap—to be used externally and plentifully three times a day, at least.

The mop and pail are not the next best health "preservative." We must not forget soap-powder. Here the soap comes into its own.

The germs hiding in the floors are mercilessly sunburnt by this wash and if the wash is repeated once't a week it keeps the germ perpetually out of kilter. Soap up, fellows.

Writers—a tip to beginners:  
Good writing (like mine) is not dif-

icult of perpetration. The first requirement is paper, of course, and—although the "Industrial Worker" did once't print an article of mine written with a nail pencil may be any kind but the eraser may be of only one kind—good kind.

Write only before meals. Start ten minutes before eating time, and continue writing until seven hours after eating time. Then change ends of your pencil and rub out most of what you have written—eat a good lunch—and mail the rest of the writing matter, (not the lunch), to the Industrial Worker, Box 1857.

Anyone who knows how to "weed" onions can become an "addict of diction," A. D. It's simply a process of "weeding out."