



## Achievement

"Happiness is a state of mind," it is! She is!—But that doesn't settle the question.

The question is *How come? What for? Why not?*

We're not concerned with *effect* we want *cause*—and we want to know the cause.

Happiness is a state of mind undisturbed by human depravity. How's that? Satisfactory?

Sorrow is a feeling of mental torture—caused, through the ages, by *everything that capitalism stands for*, and will FALL for—unless we "fall for it."

"Slim, my son," sayeth T-bone Senior, "Wash your ears and list to the words of Experience."

"Shoot," says I, interrupting the old gent.

"And I want you to give them, what I am about to impart, careful consideration," he continued:

"When you, my son, have conquered the world, you have conquered nothing; when nations lie at your feet and behind your back, there's nobody there; when kingdoms fall at the contracting of your brows, nothing has happened; when you rebuild a world destroyed, it is not an accomplishment; when you, through close application to scientific research, rescue civilization from a plague, you might as well have been playing second fiddle to Nero; when you rescue a homely maiden from the clutches of a ravisher, ye haven't turned a wheel; when you save an "innocent" child from under the very trampling feet of a fire-truck, you ain't done nothing; when you risk your life to save your enemy, that is nothing; when, with your mighty brain and brawn, you discover eternal life for all hands, show them the way, etc., you might as well have spent the time snapping your fingers or picking your nose—you done nothing. But Slim, if you line-up one worker to fight for freedom, you have done more for your fellow men than all the scientists and philosophers (combined) since the beginning of time."—

(I believe the old jigger is right—although that's not saying much for the sonnets I've been writing, is it, editor).