

# SUNFLOWERS

By T-BONE SLIM

NESS CITY, Kans.—One hundred and three combines were sold in this city up to June 19th—since then it has been raining and bright farmers are thinking of "cradling" their wheat in the good old fashioned way.

LARNED, Kan. is organizing a yacht club.

CONWAY SPRINGS, Kans.—After a gentle shower this morning, proportions of cloudburst, frogs gave a fine concert on outskirts of this thriving metropolis—many of the bystanders were deeply moved—nobody seriously hurt—all will recover.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the rescue of the country and dig post holes—the ground is soft.

Now, also, is the season of history when junk dealers should buy up all the new combines . . . it's Ivory soap that floats—a combing is no canoe!

## ENROUTE.

No one yet has discovered why John bought a combine—he doesn't use it—he hires men to use it. Grain took another slump yesterday—yet nobody was cutting. Strange.

John, I suppose, thinks the price of grain will remain stationary while he is cutting his grain with less men, and cheaply—a wan delusion.

He is champion economist—even as I am a skilled chinologist well versed in the science of phillolipops.

One would think the man who uses machines should own them?

"Yes," says John, "but if we waited for harvest hand to introduce new machinery, we'd never get 'em."

That's where John is wrong. The harvest hand does introduce improved machinery and does it in a healthy normal manner—his ideas, in fact, are the foundation for all improved methods of harvest—natural.

It is only when John introduces a machine the thing becomes abnormal and boomerangs back at him; and, when it is noted, he makes his living by selling grain instead of eliminating cost we must conclude John is outside of his territory—would John control both price and cost—or neither, as at present?

To me it would seem, greater gain can be made by controlling price of products—even as labor stands to gain by controlling wages and adjusting them periodically to the increasing cost of living. Aside from the fact that combines abolish harvesters, bread and butter, break the market for John, waste and ruin, quality of grain during wet periods, it does more:

Towns have been built (business places) under the supposition they will get their support from all hands, farmers and harvesters.

Now John has eliminated the harvester and his purchasing power causing various Hamburger merchants to be thrown on the labor market already crowded with unemployed harvest hands—in other cases he assumes the support of all, in this top-heavy business conditions, alone; for be it understood the harvest hand, as they are still called, cannot purchase even a haircut (within the sacred precincts of Kansas) and farmers are notorious for their neglect of the cravings of barbers, and personal pulchritude.

But why waste space.

Harvester loses. John loses. Struggling cafe loses. Barber hires out to butcher, etc.

The only guy who wins is the grain gambler—and gosh, how John loves him!

The remedy?

Oh, hell, the remedy is predicated on the proposition of organization to control the selling price of farm products just like the harvester's well-being demands the control of wages, his livelihood. But I don't suppose either will organize—both will want to lick the world as individuals alone.

They'll keep on wanting.

They'll lick their thumbs.

It's a losing game.

P. S.—Farm lands were paid for by horses; and lost with machinery. I don't think it would hurt John to take a hoe, go in the cornfield and cut cockle burrs and sunflowers—shakey legs are an exploded theory and passee alibi.

June 28th, ANTHONY and HARPER, Kans.—Grain dead-ripe, wet and drooping—one more rain and then the squawk. John refuses to attach separate engine to cycle (cut-ter) of binder, loosen his canvas and save the grain. Editor: Send me a sandwich!