



Work Versus Ultra Violet

"Work saves U. S. Women from being spoiled."

Isn't that a pretty headline? And true, as a gospel.

They may get humpbacked, of course, and may have to bolster their pretty heads on three pillows when they lie down for a few hours to rest and spoil. But what is that when they can set the alarm to arrest the spoiling process, get up and unspoil themselves with a few licks of labor and keep themselves sweet and pure the rest of the day, the same way. But work is kind o' hard on the kidneys—so I got to wondering if ultra-violet rays wouldn't make a good substitute

I know, one day a butcher gazed into my trustful eyes and sold me two pounds of rotten veal and I thought I was up against it for foul—but, as luck would have it I had a "milk of magnesia" bottle which was blue—naturally I held it up to the sun and let the ultra-violet rays play on the meat.

And do you know that pound and a half of twelve year old steer turned into milk-fed veal of the finest quality, worth sixty-five cents a pound of any man's money . . .

Now, if ultra-violet rays will unspoil veal chops, it stands to reason it will do as much for the women—in case the ladies get fired or laid off—of course they'll have to find a bigger bottle—a carboy—or, dip a K. K. K. uniform into laundry-Blue . . . or a tablecloth.

Undoubtedly unemployed women will spoil—witness the terrible condition of putrefaction in the fashionable society, yeleft in the royal households:

Here's a princess gone over to Bohemia to study art—under the best medical men the land affords.

A billionaire, overcome by business worries, jumps out of a 49th story window and cures his "dose" with one operation—why germs were splattered against the windows for blocks. How about gland grafting? How about blood transfusions? Tell me *they don't spoil!* Huh! Let's pull the curtain. Let's give no names or dates. Let's print no photos or scenes—sufficient to say, if those unfortunate, unemployed parasites had only thought of a blue magnesia bottle, they would have been completely rejuvenated!

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Not only women, but horses and mules.

Now you take it in a lumber camp, a team of horses that's been laying around the barn since last August doing nothing, gets hi-falluting ideas, kicks out the side of the barn occasionally—just for pastime.

Don't tell me they don't spoil! Showering splinters and twisted horse shoes through the sky-light of the cook-shack! Try to harness them up, and either you or the harness goes to the hospital . . .

Such is the effect of rich foods and prolonged, virulent unemployment. Part time employment is not so bad . . .

Now, my point is this:

You may be located at a place where it's next to impossible to find a piece of blue glass (like a lumber camp) and suddenly you start to spoil on one side or the other, all the work is done, what are you gonna do? Kick the side of the barn down? Wouldn't it be better to save a little work and spare yourself the trouble of climbing a high tree or chopping your head off with a grub-hoe?

It's WORK or Ultra-Violet Rays! Nothing else will save you, so they say.

T-B S.

P. S.

Of course the regular working class is not so apt to spoil because they, when unemployed, generally abstain from rich foods. As a rule they die a noble, natural death of starvation or commit suicide (which is just as natural but not quite so noble). Whenever the latter happens, the most observant of doctors cannot find the slightest trace of spoilation—such as syphilis, high blood pressure or etcetera.