



AFTER CONSIDERABLE RESEARCH

Professor Bolton, Temple University, Philadelphia, has discovered that food was beneficial to twenty feminine office workers . . .

Well! If it works well with women, it should not be very harmful to full grown men.

This is an important discovery!—especially in view of the fact that great corporations have made every effort to keep their slaves away from food—as if it was violent poison.

I don't know what to think of it—here we've been fasting all our lives, doctors hollering in our ears "drink lotsa water," and now, along comes this professor and tries out twenty frail women by feeding 'em food and the girls instead of dropping dead at his feet survive, wax fat and pop-up wonderfully.

It appears Bolton is also in favor of afternoon tea in the middle of forenoon—"loggers" of Maine state to be fed every three hours. This man knows his logger-ithms!

You BET he does.

An idea?

An idea comes not from nothing.

An idea has its father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, uncle, cousin and carbuncle just like everybody else—idea being human.

Take an idea and apply it to a new use, build a cash register. Use all your inherent ignorance, oodles of time, waste all kinds of materials, skin your knuckles, hammer your thumbs; exhibit no skill—she's done. Cost: court plaster, calendar and seven tons of raw materials \$150—Well done, me boy! Remember now it cost \$150 to build—that's your price.

Price is established.

O. K.

Now improve your methods (old ideas will do) use no court plaster, less almanac and only 3½ tons of materials—the cost is only half as much, the price is a little more—\$179; to make it seem fair. (It shines better than the first one.)

O. K. Your getting to be a great man—a national figure.

More improvements: hire 127,000 slaves, pay 'em little or nothing, cut out all waste of materials—cost now is \$31.27, O. K.—price \$227.50, O. K., O. K., you're a millionaire.

You ought to a billionaire.

Now look over the antecedents of "your ideas"—their family tree—you'll be surprised.

Some of 'em may turn out to be poor relation or rank imposter . . .

Let's see, how many millions did you take from American people with your system of gouging? Is that so? A nice pile o' rocks!—and is that why so many of the people are starving today? Couldn't you get along with less—oh, I see, you couldn't trust them to keep it, they might waste it foolishly, I see.

Well, wasn't it wasting it foolishly when they let you have it?

You don't answer me—well, let's stay on the subject, you took the money? Now suppose they get normal all of a sudden and decide to take it back, hadn't you better ship a few boatloads into foreign lands with a few of your ideas—they might take there, among the Europeans for instance, who, I hear, ain't as bright as our own serfs.

No danger, did you say? What's that? No danger because our serfs have no system?

Oh, I see. Now, isn't that peculiar, you can get all the other fellows money if you have a system, and cops won't grab you, or nothing. Well I'll be darn! That's what I call good business.