Scientific Principles
OF
History, Political Economy
and Sociology
WRAPPED IN ONE BUNDLE

By the world famous
Historian,
Economist,
Sociologist,
Philosopher and
Only Genuine
All-Wool and a
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THAT'S HIM
Direct Taxation

Definition: Taxation is the swindle by which working people are made to pay the taxes of those who work them.

CHAPTER ONE

Mr. Skinnem and the Bungalow Burghers

Skinnemburg is a thriving and driven little manufacturing town of twenty-five hundred souls and Mr. Skinnem. The driving is done by Mr. Skinnem.

Mr. Skinnem is the owner of the Skinnemburg mines, the Skinnemburg Manufacturing Co., the Skinnem Bank, the Skinnemburg Emporium and the Skinnemburg grocery and meat market. In short, Mr. Skinnem is the leading citizen of Skinnemburg.

Scattered over the domain of Mr. Skinnem are some five hundred bungalows in which the employes of Mr. Skinnem eat, sleep, wash, scrub and spank for the glory of Mr. Skinnem.

The Bungalow Burghers of Skinnemburg are an easy-going lot. Left to themselves, they would get nowhere. But Mr. Skinnem is a booster, pusher and go-getter. It was Mr. Skinnem who boosted until the municipality of Skinnemburg purchased the fire engine which throws a three-inch stream clear over the six-story building in which the Skinnem Bank is located.

It was Mr. Skinnem, again, who plagued and agitated until the driven little city invested ten thousand dollars in a hook and ladder truck which made it possible to scale the tallest building in Skinnemburg, which happened to be the plant of the Skinnemburg Manufacturing Co.

It is true the Bungalow Burghers of Skinnemburg had precious little use for fire extinguishers built on the metropolitan plan. Their modest frame bungalows rarely exceed twenty feet in height. Moreover, whenever the three-inch stream of the new fire engine was directed against one of these unfortunate structures it usually registered "goodbye" forever. In justice to the enterprising Mr. Skinnem, it must be said, however, that the
establishment of an up-to-date Fire Department brought about a considerable reduction in the insurance rate on the higher buildings in Skinnemburg. From which we may learn, again, that while progress is not always an unmixed blessing, it always pays to be a patriot.

But the high esteem which Mr. Skinnem placed on the firefighting qualities of the Skinnemburg Fire Department was nothing to the admiration he harbored for the police force of his city. The force consisted of night chief, day chief, one lieutenant, two sergeants and four patrolmen.

Considering the size and character of the population, the life-and-property squad of Skinnemburg was a little top-heavy. Especially so, since the efficiency experts of Mr. Skinnem had reduced his employees to a condition where at quitting time they desired nothing so much as to go home, lie down and stay there.

Take it all in all, Skinnemburg was a peaceful, church-going, law-abiding and God-fearing burg. And had it not been for invasion of outsiders who occasionally held up the bank of Skinnemburg, or burglarized the Skinnemburg Emporium, or rifled the cash register of the Skinnemburg grocery and meat market, or broke into the freight cars on the side track of the Skinnemburg Manufacturing Co., or hi-jacked the pay-clerk of the Skinnemburg mines, the town could easily have dispensed with the police force altogether. As it was, the force had nothing to do but protect the property of Mr. Skinnem and to crack the heads of the Skinnemburg citizens who sometimes picketed the plants of their employer.

Skinnemburg also sported a public school system with the accent on the system. The system worked something like this: Mr. Skinnem, as we have seen, operates a number of enterprises which required a certain amount of education on the part of the employees. The miners, for instance, had to have sufficient culture to tell the time so as to set the alarm clock on the right spot. Mechanics had to know the difference between feet and inches and how to add, multiply and deduct them in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. Bookkeepers had to be able to
run up columns of figures. Clerks had to know how to make the right change. And errand boys had to know how to read street names and make out house numbers. The whole system was devised with the purpose of making good and faithful servants for Mr. Skinnem, meaning, thereby, the kind of servants who combined utility with imbecility.

With that laudable end in view, the school of Skinnemburg taught everything from Algebra to Zoology, leaving out nothing but the knack of thinking.

Of course, Mr. Skinnem was the leading taxpayer of Skinnemburg. In fact, he said so himself and he said it often. In reality, he was the recipient of public charity. The system which allowed him to play the dual role of leading taxpayer and chief pauper of Skinnemburg worked thusly:

Annually each one of the five hundred bungalow burghers would plunk down $100.00 in taxes for which he received a receipt. Annually also, Mr. Skinnem would plunk down $50,000, for which he received the services of the Skinnemburg fire and police department, and school system.

In the case of the burghers, the taxes came out of their own pockets and stayed out. The taxes of Mr. Skinnem came out of his own pocket and returned to it.

When a Skinnemburg burgher bought a ton of coal from Mr. Skinnem, he returned a ton’s worth of taxes to Mr. Skinnem. When he bought a suit of clothes at the Skinnemburg Emporium he returned a suit’s worth of taxes to the same party. And so on and so on until Mr. Skinnem had returned to him every cent of the $50,000 which he had advanced to the city of Skinnemburg in the capacity of leading taxpayer, including fair and reasonable profit on the turnover of the above fifty thousand.

As a medium for comparing the velocity of the eye to that of the hand, the Skinnemburg tax system has the shell game skinned a mile. Even the immortal Herman admitted on his death bed there was nothing in his trick bag to hold a candle to it.
I am therefore, exceedingly grieved at my inability to follow the system in its application to state and national taxation. Those who desire to do so, are advised to add the number of Skinnemburgs in their respective states and multiply the total by forty-eight.

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**Indirect Taxation**

**Definition:** Indirect taxation is the art of plucking the goose with the least squawking.

—Solomon or Somebody.

The best known and least understood form of indirect taxation is the Protective Tariff. The way it works out is feelingly described in the case of John Shoemaker of Prague, Czechoslovakia, and John Wheatley of Nebraska, U.S.A. Shoemaker is short on wheat and long on shoes. Wheatly is short on shoes and long on wheat. So Shoemaker and Wheatley try to exchange at the ratio of three bushels of one dollar wheat for one pair of three dollar shoes. When Shoemaker's shoes reach New York harbor, a three dollar import duty is slapped on them—for the protection of American shoemakers (we are told). Now if Wheatly still wants Shoemaker's shoes, he pays six bushels of wheat for them, three of which are supposed to go to the government for trying to keep three dollar shoes off his feet.

But what actually happens is that Wheatly doesn't go to Czechoslovakia for his shoes. He can buy six dollar shoes at home, and as American shoe manufacturers can produce shoes just as cheap as Brother Shoemaker of Prague, that extra three dollars Wheatly pays goes into their pockets.

Applying the same procedure to all protected industry, it is conservatively estimated that the big tariff dole boys filch two billion dollars from American consumers per year, which explains in part why the consumers' pockets are empty while the big boys have mountains of unsaleable goods on hand.

But wait. The worst is yet to come. Because Wheatly can't
exchange his wheat for things he could buy cheaper abroad and the home market can absorb but one-fifth of his wheat, there is now an appalling over-production of wheat, with the result that it is selling for 30 cents a bushel at the elevator. So instead of Wheatly swapping three bushels of one-dollar wheat for a pair of three-dollar shoes from Czechoslovakia, he is called upon to pay twenty bushels of thirty-cent wheat for a pair of the $6 shoes made in America.

Now Wheatly and his kind have been doing that very thing for so long that they are broke now, and because they are broke, they can't buy American shoes, and because they can't buy shoes, American shoe factories are closed down and the American shoemakers are thrown on the street to eat grass, and because grass isn't wheat, wheat has become a drug on the market.

In other words, the big boy not only destroyed the foreign markets of Wheatly and his neighbors, Cottonly, Hogby and Steerly, they also destroyed their home markets, for it goes without saying that unemployed city workers are poor customers for American farm products, just as bankrupt farmers are poor customers for city-made shoes and clothing. And that's how the protective tariff protects Wheatly and the good shoemaker of Lynn, Mass., against the pauper labor of Czechoslovakia with the result that both of them are paupers too.

How To Pay For War And Make War Pay

DEFINITION: War is an institution as old as the human race but still more silly for if war had been the only business of the race there wouldn't be any.

AT THE outbreak of war sell bonds. The bonds sold become currency exchangable for anything their owners want to buy. This creates inflation, higher prices, better wages, makes bonds easy to sell.
The war over, deflation starts in. Prices and wages go down to half. Bonds and the interest thereon stay up where they were before prices and wages went down. Therefore it takes twice as much labor and twice as much farm produce for the non-bondholders to pay interest and principal to the bondholders. And as by that time the bonds are in the strong boxes of people who don't depend on farm prices and wages war isn't such a bad thing for them as some of these bondsmen imagine.

The Road of Imperialism
OR
JAPS, YAPS AND YENS

DEFINITION: Imperialism—Robbing people who are too uncivilized to rob us.

JAPAN is a longish volcanic island on the other side of the Pacific, populated by a yellow race that ain't yellow. The Japanese, believe it or not, had been asleep for a couple of thousand years, until an American admiral by the name of Perry sailed into them and woke 'em up with a salute of one hundred guns. Ever since those American alarm clocks went off, those queer Japs have been awake almost every minute of the day.

I say queer advisedly for the Japs are one of the queerest people in this queer world. For instance, Japan wasn't created according to Genesis. It was thrown up by a flock of volcanoes with an eye to the real estate business. Now it's all right for people to pay rent on land that God made, but how anybody can be as foolish as to pay rent on land made by volcanoes is more than I can see.

However, that's exactly what them queer Japs did, and so bye and bye, some of the Japs had more money than they knew what to do with, while most of the Yaps, as poor Japs are called in Japanese, earned just enough to keep their bodies and souls together till rent day and then start it all over again.
Well, Admiral Perry and the civilized people who followed in his "wake" soon taught the Japs who had the money that there was even more money in factories, machines, mines, railroads and banking than there was in owning land. So those moneyed landlords, being wide-awake by now, took their money and invested it in those civilized enterprises. The way they did this was like this: They'd say to the poor Yaps who owned nothing and knew nothing but hard work: "Here is a yen a day, now dig us that coal mine." When the coal mine was dug, the poor Yaps had spent their yens for rice, and the moneyed Japs owned the mine. That done, the owning Japs said to the working Yaps: "Now we pay you a yen for every ton of coal you dig." Then by selling the coal for four yen, they pocketed three yens for themselves.

This process of spending yens for mines, factories, and so on, and still have the yens is called "investment" in Japanese, while the thing of paying poor Yaps one yen for digging a ton of coal and selling it for four yens is called "profit" in that lingo. Working this one-yen-for-four racket in all industries, it wasn't long before the owners didn't only own all the money, the mines, factories, railroads and banks of the country, but also great piles of other handy things, as rice, shoes, clothes, pick-axes and shovels. These great piles had accumulated because the poor Yaps who had produced them had received only one yen for every four yens' worth turned out. So finally when the yen men, or "bosses" as they are called in Japanese, tumbled that there was no way of selling four yens' worth of goods to one-yen Yaps, and business was rotten anyhow on account of the great over-production of the good things the one-yen men had turned out, but couldn't buy back because as the great Japanese teacher Confucius has said, "You can't squeeze four pounds of pumpkin pie out of a one-pound turnip"—and that being just so, the Japanese bosses shipped those piles of good things to Manchuria, which was populated by a backward people.

But, you ask, why did the Jap bosses give those good things
to the Manchurian Chinks instead of giving them to the poor Yaps who had made them?

Well, in the first place, it's against the religion of the Jap bosses to give doles to jobless Yaps and in the second place, they didn't give those things to the Manchurian Chinks outright. What they did was, they said to the Chinks: "Here are piles of rice, shoes, clothes, pick-axes and shovels we can't sell, and you want, but can't buy because you have no yens. So now take these pick-axes and shovels and we pay you a yen's worth of rice, shoes or clothes for every day you dig mines, build railroads, factories, and so on, and et cetera."

When those enterprises were finished the Jap bosses owned them and the Chink shovel stiffs owned up that they were still yenless. Whereupon the Jap bosses gave them jobs in those institutions at the ratio of one yen to four yens of yearning. This is how the yen-yen business came to Manchuria and if the Chink work-hands had belonged to the same tribe as the Jap hand-me's, it might 'a-come out according to Hoyle. What I mean is that if both of them had been members of the same superior race as we white Protestant native-born American capitalists and laborers are, for instance, the underdogs might never have found out that something was biting them. However, belonging to different nationalities, it finally dawned upon them that those Jap investors were nothing but blood-sucking fleas, and proceeded to scratch them off their hides. And now, dear reader, you know what's at the bottom of the trouble, not only in Manchuria, but also in India, Mexico, South America, or wherever leathernecks wring the necks of folks in the name of God, Flag, Civilization and Democracy, or just for their own good.
Patriotism
OR
WE AND US VERSUS YOU AND ME

Definition: Patriotism—Love of one's country; also making poor devils fight for something they haven't got.

To start with, let me ask you, have you any interest in the Republic of Hoopipooki? You have not. You never even heard of Hoopipooki. Too bad. Such ignorance is appalling. But let it pass. What I am about to impress upon your mind is that we have vital interests in Hoopipooki, and that while we are gabbing here, these interests are menaced by the Hoopipookians.

"But I just told you I even don't know where this Hoopipooki country is located. Besides, I got trouble enough at home. The factory has shut down. I haven't caught up yet with the bills made during the last strike. The old lady is going to have another baby. The cow died. Our chickens are full of mites. The dog snitched the soup-bone I fetched home for supper. I'm just on my way to brace the butcher for another one. I——."

Ah, friend, these are purely domestic problems. They have nothing to do with our interests in Hoopipooki. "Our interests. How do you get that way. I just told you——." Calm yourself, I'll explain. You shall know all about Hoopipookiland in proper time, and by the approved process of mental penetration as practiced by high, middle and low education. "Go ahead. Shoot."

Have patience, the shooting will come in good time. But to return to our subject. You are undoubtedly acquainted with Mr. J. Skinflint Pennypincher, whose manorial mansion stands up on yonder hill. Mr. J. Skinflint Pennypincher, as you are aware, owns the principal store in this town. He also owns the water works, the gas works, the electric light plant, the Weekly Wow, the trolley line, the First National bank, the filling station, and
most of the homes our citizens live in, including your own. In fact, Mr. J. Skinflint Pennypincher owns about everything around here worth owning, so that he is properly and universally regarded as our leading citizen.

Now it is self-evident that a man so widely interested as Mr. J. Skinflint Pennypincher should make a great deal of money. It would perhaps lead too far explaining to a man of your limited comprehension just exactly how our illustrious fellow citizen makes that money. I will, therefore, content myself by stating briefly that his income is mainly derived from charging you more for goods and services than they cost him, and paying you less for the labor or service you render him than it is worth. By working this particular rabbit-foot not only on you, but on the whole community as well, Mr. J. Skinflint Pennypincher has accumulated a great deal of capital—so much capital in fact that he was forced to invest part of it in a pork-bristle mine in the Republic of Hoopipooki.

"Well, suppose he has. What is that to me?"

I am astounded, my friend! What is that to you? What indeed! Are you not a citizen of this community of which Mr. J. Skinflint Pennypincher is the leading citizen? Am I not a citizen? Are we not all citizens, and as such, bound by the holy bonds of communal interests? Are you and I to stand idly by while the barbarous and benighted heathens like the inhabitants of Hoopipooki tell our most illustrious fellow citizen to pack his duds and get the hell out of here, and this for no better reason than that they refuse to exchange their heathenish ways for the methods through which our beloved community became the eternal debtor of Mr. J. Skinflint Pennypincher?

Where is your patriotism? Where is your sense of solidarity, your pride in the prestige of our town, the gem of the ocean, the crowning diadem in the firmament of glory? Will you permit a lousy Hoopipookian to tell us where to invest our money, insult our flag, flaunt our reputation, defy our laws, customs and sacred traditions?
Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green grass of your sires,
We and us and Pennypincher.

Ah, friend, I see you are not impervious to the highest emotion, the tears of town pride are flowing. Your bosom heaves in patriotic waves. Your double-fisted fists are doubling in holy wrath. Your brain has gone to sleep. Now quick, take this gun and bag. Forward, march. Strawfoot, hayfoot, hep, hep, hep. On to Hoopipooki for God, Fatherland and J. Skinflint Pennypincher’s pork-bristle mine.

Me Ism Versus We Ism

OR

A BODY DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF

DEFINITION: Me Ism—Every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost; see Individualism.
We Ism—All for one and one for all.

THE human body is a society composed of ixthy billion little cells operated on the principle of each for all and all for each.

In order to best promote the well-being of each and all, the cells are organized in departments, specializing on definite functions.

Thus the leg cells carry the body about, the arm cells gather food to feed, clothe and shelter it. The stomach cells prepare food for consumption, the arteries and vein cells carry the food to the departments of the body. The motive power for the transportation of food is furnished by the heart cells. Oxygens are supplied by the lung cells.

On top of the power plant, go-getting, manufacturing and distributing departments of the body comes the head. Contrary to popular notion, the head is not a knot tied in the end of the backbone to keep it from unraveling. It is a highly complicated, marvelously constructed, rather useful member of the organi-
zation. The mouth cells form the main entry into the plant, the nose cells located immediately above the main entry constitute a sort of pure food inspector of the plant, as their particular job is to smell so that nothing gets on the inside that doesn't belong there. The eye cells make up the look-out of the body, the ear cells its listening post and immediately above them is the main office of the institution, which the general manager holds.

If I had the time and knew more about it, I'd tell you all about the G. M. or brain as he is called at times. But as I haven't and don't, I will only state that the brain is a contraption for the gathering, storing, sorting and digestion of useful information and the broadcasting of orders to the department heads who in turn pass it along to the straw bosses who put it up to their respective working cells.

Information is received and orders given over the telephone and telegraph wires, also called nerves, that run into the main office from every nook and corner of the plant. For instance, the foot steps on a carpet-tack. "Ouch" flashes over the wire to the head boss. "Eyes, see what's wrong with that foot," comes the order. "Carpet-tack," flashes back the eyes. "Fingers, get busy and pick out that tack," wires head boss. Out goes the tack!

Steam pressure is getting low in the boiler. "What's wrong with that old coffee pot of yours?" wires the head boss. "No fuel," wires the engineer. "All right, hands, dig down for some kale, and feet you hustle over to Spiegelmeier's grocery and meat market for fuel," and so on, and on.

The point I want to make is that the human body is a cooperative commonwealth in which every cell and organization of cells work for the well-being of the whole, just as the whole works for every cell and every organization of cells.

But now let us suppose the cells in the body were operating on the plan of every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost or worse still, banded themselves together to secure special treatment for their particular bunch.
"I'm carrying the whole load," says the legs, "so why shouldn't I get more than the arms who hang around most of the time?"

"Oh yeah," reply the arms, "but where would you be if I didn't feed you? And speaking of food reminds me that you are already getting more than I do, and I ain't gonna stand for it any longer, get me, if I have to strike the plant."

"Oh, strike is it," snarls the heart, "and me working two shifts while you guys work only one. So from now on it's double pay for me, or some fine morning you'll wake up and find yourself dead in bed."

"Quit your fussing," chimes the eyes. "If anybody in this dump is entitled to better pay than all of youse, it's me. It's me that's looking out for all of you. It's me that spots the grub that keeps you going; it's me that saves you from stepping on banana peelings and falling down sewer holes."

"You give me a pain in the neck," pipes the neck. "Don't I carry the main cable to the head Boss's office; don't I keep turning all day long, so you fellows know where you're going? Don't I manipulate the feed pipe, the most important part of this outfit. And what do I get out of it? A living, har, har, nothing but a living. But from now on I'm gonna get mine if I have to break my neck to get it."

Well, what could the head boss, the government, do with a layout like that? Wouldn't he have to spend all of his time straightening out quarrels between the different organs? Wouldn't he be forced to cajole here, and punish there and brow beat this one and jolly that one all day long? And wouldn't such a head boss be prone to favor the parts that could become most dangerous to his regime? Would he be equally fair to the little toes and big fists? Would he treat the heart that supplies him with campaign boodle, oh darn it, I mean blood, the same as the humble cells that shield busy hands with callouses? And finally would such a head boss really be head boss? Wouldn't he be just
a sort of all around abused umpire with a weather eye on his meal ticket?

Well, all capitalist states are bodies like the thing just dissected. In all of them, cell is pitted against cell, worker against worker, merchant against merchant, doctor against patient, lawyer against client, capital against labor, labor against capital, buyer against seller, manufacturing against transportation, banking against both, and farming against all three, city against country, man against machine, woman against man, child against parents, machine against all.

All of them are torn by conflicting class interest. In all of them parts strive to better themselves at the expense of the whole.

Rugged individualism, they call this thing. The proper term however, is anarchism. And as there can be no greater contradiction than anarchism and government, it comes about that the government of all these states or bodies are but sorry make-shifts cast hither and thither by the fortunes of war raging in their inners. They come and go—rise and fall—blessed today—damned tomorrow—ruling by fooling, by lie and deception, by violence, force and conspiracy—eternally pretending to serve the whole—yet ever taking from the many, ever giving to the few—

To make the head serve the whole body, there must be harmony in the body, and the only way to achieve that end is by the reconstruction of the social body on the plan of one for all and all for one.

But, I hear, wouldn’t such a co-operative commonwealth in which every cell and every organ works for the good of all, be socialism and isn’t it a fact that socialism doesn’t work?

Oh yes, it does work. It is this very “one for all and all for one” arrangement that kept the human body a going concern for millions of years, whereas every society divided against itself went to the pot.
Machines That Went Wrong

OR

LOOSE SCREWS AND NUTS

DEFINITION: Machine—A Labor displacing device with a worried owner on one end, a tired slave on the other and two guys on the outside begging for work.

If some fellow used a life saving belt as a parachute, you wouldn’t blame it on the belt if he broke his neck, would you? And if another guy lathered his face with the razor and shaved himself with the strap, that wouldn’t be anything against razors, would it? You’d simply set these fellows down as being cracked in the beanery and let go at that. But do you know that you and I and the rest of us are doing crazier things than these other nuts and think nothing about it? In fact, thinking nothing about things is our specialty. Else, how come that we use labor-saving devices to make us work more? Do you get me? No?

Well, I didn’t imagine for a second that the bald statement of an obvious fact would go home at the first crack, so let me explain the obvious.

Gilbert and Pogue wrote a book some years ago in which they claimed that every man, women and child has thirty slaves working for them, which means one hundred and fifty slaves per family. (Loud and profound guffaws.)

Well, wait, can’t you? The slaves these gentlemen are talking about are not like the black slaves your grand-dad didn’t own “befo’ the wa’.” They are steam, electricity, water power and machinery. In short, they are the labor-saving devices which litter up every nook and corner of this great nation.

Now the purpose of labor-saving devices, as everybody should know—and nobody does—is to save labor. But do they? Friends and fellow inmates, they do nothing of the kind. At no time in the history of our fool race have men worked harder than they do now.
Labor-saving devices—tell it to Sweeney. All that we machine piggly-wigglys ever got out of them is more work, worry and weariness.

In order to fully understand the slave driving proclivities of labor-saving devices, I must make a brief excursion into the realm of economics. Put on your thinking caps. Deep stuff is coming.

To start with, what is the purpose of Industry?

"To supply human wants."

Wrong.

The purpose of industry is to make profit, invest the profits in labor-saving devices for the acquisition of more profits and so on.

Now the usual way of making profit, is to produce the greatest possible quantity of goods at the lowest possible cost and sell it at the highest possible price to somebody not yet revealed. And in order to make goods cheap and in ungodly quantities, we must have labor-saving devices, for the party who makes the most for the least, grabs the plums. Thus there starts a race for labor-saving devices somewhat of the same nature as the race for killing devices by which one nation tries to out-kill the other. Every time a new gun—I mean labor-saving device, is invented, whole batteries of similar devices are thrown on the junk heap and new ones are installed.

For instance, let's say that I, having a generous supply of loose screws in my head, go in the screw manufacturing business. I have machines that turn out 2,000 screws per minute. By and by I discover that my competitor in the screw line has machines that produce 3,000 screws per minute. So I scrap my machines and get new ones that turn out 4,000 per minute. No sooner said and done, when my competitor buys machines that turn out 5,000 per minute.

As a result of this race for bigger and better screw-making devices, the market is clogged with screws. So I turn loose a swarm of salesmen to sell my screws. So does my competitor to
sell his screws. I add to my sales force. So does he. I advertise
my screws. He follows suit. I go him one better.

By and by it costs more to sell screws than to make screws. What the race for improved labor-saving devices is not eating up
is devoured by selling and advertising costs. In the end, the
waste and fury of competition increases the prices of screws so
that less of them are used. Thereupon, equipment and man
power are thrown in idleness and there are too many screws,
screw-makers and screw factories just as there are too many
mines and miners, farms and farmers.

Thus the slave has become master. The thirty servitors that
you, I and the rest of the nuts are supposed to have working for
us, lash us from workhouse to heartbreakhouse and bughouse.
While our industrial plants are overflowing with labor-saving
devices, our asylums are overflowing with nuts, and our penal
institutions with criminals, which means a different sort of nuts.

Everybody is hell-bent on doing something or someone. Everybody is striving, slaving, scheming to beat everybody else. Drive yourself. Drive others. Get ahead. Find work. If you
can't find it, make work. Work for the night is coming. Work
and save. Save and work. Brag that you work day and night.
Brag that you haven't had a day off in years. Brag that you
started work at the age of nine and that you are still at it at the
age of seventy.

Never mind peace and tranquillity. Forget beauty, song and
play. Forget flowers, birds and murmuring brooks. Forget May
days, love and youth. Forget life itself. Hark! the machine is
calling for the merry race. Turn your hearts into force pumps.
Convert your brains into fly wheels. Change your hands into
grappling hooks. Go!—the machine is setting the pace. Follow,
fools!

"Well, Professor Adam, what would you do with labor-sav-
ing devices? Destroy them?"

No, I would not destroy them. I only suggest how nice
things might be if mankind had sense enough to employ labor-
saving devices to save labor.
The Fine Art of Selling To Busted Buyers

OR

THE CAUSE OF STALLED JIGGERWHATS

Definition: Selling—Finding somebody who wants what you don't want and got the money to pay for it.

"The ideal way of selling jiggerwhats," often remarked Mr. Heinrich Dullnoodle, the famous manufacturer of jiggerwhats, "is to turn them out so cheap that everybody can afford one."

In the pursuit of this ideal, Mr. Dullnoodle had—
First—Cut the wages of his employes to the bone;
Second—Scraped the bones;
Third—Divided their daily stint into multiplicity of jerks, spurts and spasms;
Fourth—Increased the speed of the jerks, spurts and spasms to the limit of human endurance; and
Finally—Installed the automatic chain jiggerwhatmaker which turned out jiggerwhats without the intervention of human hands, and wound itself up before turning in for the night.

Due to these economies, customarily summed up as technological progress, the production cost of jiggerwhats had steadily declined in the direction of Mr. Dullnoodle's ideal, and consequently should have resulted in a marked increase in the sales of Dullnoodle jiggerwhats. But alas, Dullnoodle jiggerwhats were not moving nearly as rapidly as Mr. Dullnoodle had anticipated.

At first Mr. Dullnoodle attributed the cause to increasing competition, for it goes without saying that all the leading jiggerwhat manufacturers of the country had followed Mr. Dullnoodle's lead in the matter of production economies. And after all, while jiggerwhats were a household necessity, there were only..."
so many households in the country, whereas the output of the automatic jiggerwhat machine was practically unlimited. "Nevertheless," reasoned Mr. Dullnoodle, "if I can find a way by which I can increase the sales of my jiggerwhats at the expense of my competitors, I will sell more jiggerwhats than they"—which was good logic as far as logic goes.

The intensive, extensive and expensive advertising campaign launched by Mr. Dullnoodle still lingers longingly in the heart of the advertising world. Soon signboards blazoned forth legends and devices, such as—

HAVE YOU A LITTLE JIGGERWHAT IN YOUR HOME? NONE GENUINE UNLESS SIGNED DULLNOODLE

I LIKE DULLNOODLE JIGGERWHATS BECAUSE THEY DON'T BITE ME.

This one was accompanied by the portrait of a gorgeously attired lady mounted on a gray charger in the act of jumping an English holly hedge.

My hands are so soft and velvety, dear, because my maids use only Dullnoodle Jiggerwhats—

testified by voluptuous young woman in part-piece bathing suit, leaning languishingly against sunburned shoulder of athletic Adonis adorned in racing oar and Ki Ki Ki Pie pin, the skyline of Palm Beach faintly showing in the background.

"You Needa Jiggerwhat!"

urged by ravishing debutante coming out of her step-ins on the burnished deck of white enameled pleasure yacht passing palm-fringed island displaying sixteen sheet poster inscribed, "Dullnoodle."

The disputes over the failure of Mr. Dullnoodle's intensive and expensive advertising campaign are still raging in advertising circles. Some authorities claim it was due to the fact that his principal competitor, Dumfoozle, Inc., and Gray Matter, Limited, had plastered the signboards with sales talk containing still greater sex appeal. Others maintained that the arms, legs, breasts
and other anatomical out-croppings, so alluringly portrayed on the bill sign took people's minds off of jiggerwhats. Still others advance the novel theory that the two-legged jiggerwhat-makers displaced by the automatic chain jiggerwhat machines were not able to buy jiggerwhats, as was also the case with the people who had formerly supplied the human jiggerwhat makers with goods and services, or lived off of them under some other pretense.

But wherever the truth may lie, the fact is that after people had feasted their eyes in the outdoor art galleries of Mr. Dullnoodle, Dumfoozle, Inc., and Gray Matter, Limited, they went home and said: "Old boy, you are a mighty sorry looking jiggerwhat, but you'll have to do another year," and there started such repairing, rejuvenation, rehabilitation and relining of used jiggerwhats that the sale of new jiggerwhats eventually joined the category of sweet memories.

With the acumen of the born executive, it took Mr. Dullnoodle only a few years to convince himself that there was some subtle connection between the immovability of jiggerwhats and the insolvency of prospective jiggerwhat buyers. The idea behind the Jiggerwhat Sales Stimulating Finance Corporation, that followed, was simplicity itself.

"If people had money," said Mr. Dullnoodle, "they would purchase new jiggerwhats. Therefore, let's give them money. However, if we give to a prospective jiggerwhat buyer all the money required to purchase a jiggerwhat, that would be the same as swapping our own jiggerwhats for our own money, and there is no money in swapping our own jiggerwhats for our own money—consequently let us loan to a jiggerwhat buyer only the first payment and then make our profit out of the subsequent payments, leaving it to the purchaser where to get the money for the subsequent payments."

There is no doubt that the Jiggerwhat Sales Stimulator Finance Corporation would have been a howling success if jiggerwhat purchasers had been able to borrow the cash for the subsequent payments from other sources, giving their jiggerwhats as security. But as Mr. Dullnoodle properly retained ownership of
the jiggerwhats until fully paid, the plan resulted merely in an accumulation of an alarmingly large number of re-possessed jiggerwhats.

The latest emanation from Mr. Dullnoodle’s brain is the back-to-the-back-lot movement. Realizing the futility of selling jiggerwhats to unemployed jiggerwhat makers and persons depending on them, he advised these people to borrow back lots from poor but deserving landlords on which to raise dill pickles to be used in the purchase of jiggerwhats.

It is too early to predict the fate of this noble experiment, but as the professional dill pickle raisers already complain that they can’t buy jiggerwhats on account of having too many dill pickles with which to buy them, the outcome is somewhat problematical.

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**Economy And Efficiency**

**OR**

**THE SAD TALE OF THE GOOD SHIP PROGRESS**

**DEFINITION:** *Economy and Efficiency—Applied jointly; a way of committing suicide without messing up the bathroom.*

**BELLS clanged, sirens tooted, chains rattled.** The good ship Progress started on its journey. From her mastheads fluttered merry banners, such as:

"Bigger and Better."
"Let’s Go."
"We Don’t Know Where We’re Going, But Watch Us Go."

The ship was new. Its machinery of the very latest. It was well-stocked with fuel, food and drink. Her crew consisted of one thousand splendidly trained seamen, stokers, machinists, cooks, stewards, officered by the most efficient staff ever assembled on one ship.

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The passenger list, or pay load, as its owners loved to call it, was composed of twelve hundred persons, among whom were the outstanding business men of the home port. In addition, there were the stockholders of the Progress who had come to see that everything and everybody on board was done ship-shape.

Previous to sailing, the owners had elected a Board of Directors to whom they issued the single injunction, "Make profit, or——". The directors in turn had chosen a captain to whom they issued the single injunction, "Make profit, or——." And the captain had selected the chiefs of his departments, to each of whom he issued the single injunction, "Make profits, or——."

For the information of laymen, it may be added that in the lingo of that period, profit signified the difference between production cost and selling price, which in the case of the owners of the Progress meant that the cheaper they operated the ship and the more they charged its passengers for service, the bigger would be their profit. It also might be mentioned here that while the captains and the chiefs of his departments were highly competent and educated persons, they were but hired men who could be bounced on a minute’s notice, which explains the potency of the syllable "or," following the major premise, "make profit."

And so it happened that the chief engineer of the good ship Progress soon found himself in a deep highbrow huddle out of which he emerged with a contraption that saved the labor of one hundred stokers. Both owners and passengers were highly elated over the marvelous discovery of the chief engineer, for they were business leaders and consequently could readily see that a device that consumed but a little fuel and lubricating oil would require considerably less upkeep than one hundred stokers with families to support.

Of course there remained the problem of what to do with the displaced stokers, who for some reason displayed an undue degree of resentment at being summarily discharged. The assurance of the purser that they were but technologically unemployed somewhat mollified the men. But when meal time came and they discovered that they were technologically out of eats
also, they became so unruly that it became necessary to throw them overboard.

To over-sensitive persons, the procedure adopted may appear a little rude, but as the chairman of the Board of Directors aptly remarked on the occasion, “Time and Technology are no respectors of persons.”

The brilliant example set by the chief engineer in the matter of reducing costs was soon followed by the invention by the chief cook of a mechanical potato-peeler, vegetable-trimmer and dish-washer, which made it advisable to throw one hundred and fifty-seven potato-peelers, vegetable-trimmers and dish-washers overboard.

Then the first assistant engineer who had his weather eye on the job of the first engineer presented the overjoyed owners of the Progress with an automatic deck-swabber, eliminating two hundred animated deck swabbers who promptly were thrown overboard.

Soon thereafter, the fourth navigation officer, who had no use for the third, second and first navigators, invented the now famous self-navigator, which steers the ship by merely following a red line indicated on the sea chart, whereupon the first, second, third and fourth navigation officers were thrown overboard.

This was a little hard on the inventor, but as the ship parson aptly remarked on the occasion, “It may be all for the best.”

However, all the inventions that marked the progress of the good ship Progress were but mere trifles to the self-serving menu the chief steward presently presented to the elated passengers and owners of the Progress. This epoch-making discovery enabled the diner to secure any dish on the menu piping hot or ice cold as the case may be by simply pressing a small pearl button located under the name of the dish, which thereupon rose instantaneously through its proper trap in the table top. When we consider that the Steward Department of any passenger ship constitutes the bulk of its crew, it can be readily seen why the savings achieved more than outweighed the slight pain inflicted upon the stewards in the process of being thrown overboard.
According to the graphs prepared by the chief purser, who since then has been supplanted by a mechanical and consequently more reliable calculator, the savings achieved in the operating cost of the Progress should have resulted in a 99 44-100% increase in the net earnings of the ship. Unfortunately, the purser had overlooked a factor. As already stated, the passengers on the Progress had their domicile in the home port of the ship where they followed such occupations as butchers, bakers and candlestick makers, physicians, realtors and morticians. They also included the senior partners of Perlmutter & Potash (suits and cloaks) and a number of big cheese, butter and egg men.

When therefore the pay envelopes which the liquidated (all wet) operating personnel of the Progress had formerly sent to their dependents ceased to make their appearance, there followed an appalling decline in business. Bologna became a drug on the market. So did buns. Candlesticks refused to move. People still got sick, but they either got well on their own hook or died without the aid of physicians. In the early stages of the depression, the superintendent of the morgue reported an encouraging increase in the number of patrons. But due to the fact that an increasing number of business executives stepped on the air when departing from their skyscraper offices, the mortuary industry failed to pick up. (Another telling argument against Socialism, for what right has the municipal street cleaning department to enter the undertaking business.—The Editor.) On the other hand, butter and eggs showed a tendency to become stronger with age. But Abe Ginzberg, who had been left in charge of Perlmutter & Potash (cloaks and suits) reported an alarming falling off in sales, necessitating the discharge of half of his sales force and the introduction of the stagger job system among the remaining employes who still had strength enough to stagger.

With the spread of unemployment and the shrinking of pay envelopes came an increase in crime. This was largely due, as the eminent economist, Professor Bonehead so ably explained it, because people who found their pockets empty sought for confirmation in those of strangers. Hence, the mounting demand for
more police protection, bigger and better jails, and the necessity of higher taxes.

An attempt to break down the sales resistance of the public by wage-cutting and the discharge of increasing numbers of public and private employes failed. So did the “Buy Now” campaign.

Thus it came about that at every port of call, the passengers of the Progress found great stacks of telegrams and air mail letters containing such messages as:

“Father come home. Mother has a warrant out for non-payment of alimony.”

“Seven drafts this morning and not a cent in bank. Advise.”

“Store burned satisfactorily, but you forgot renewing insurance. What shall I do?”

“Dear Sugar Daddy. If you send me another cold check, I will make it hot for you.”

“Skipped payroll again stop This is the seventh stop Employes threaten strike stop Please cable money for injunction to stop them stop.”

“The First National busted today stop The Fourth, Third and Second went before as per rotation.” (This was sent Western Union canned code cable collect Series C No. 13, reading “The first shall be last and the last shall be first.”—The Editor.)

With the arrival of these doleful messages, there came a noticeable shrinkage in the pay load of the Progress. At first the passengers deserted one by one to return to their stricken creditors or strike out in search of new ones. Later on, they deserted in theys and thems until in the end, only the owners of the Progress and a lone night watchman remained on board.

According to an A. P. E. dispatch from the Port of Fallen Archangel, where the Progress is held for non-payment of harbor dues, the distracted owners have employed the world-renowned efficiency engineer, Herr Bert Huber, who advised them to lay off the night watchman, install a burglar alarm, and have more confidence in the ocean, which, as he aptly remarked, is as wide, deep and wet as ever.
Balancing The Budget

OR

I DO MY BIT

DEFINITION: Balancing the Budget—The knack of making both ends meet with one end missing.

FOLLOWING the advice of the President, I bought a new car. One reason for this madness is that the old bus had succumbed to a complication of technological heaves, blind staggers, and falling arches, aggravated by an acute case of constipation in the carburetor. The other reason is that as a patriotic American, I wanted to do all in my power to end the temporary business depression that started some years ago, before it gets chronic.

Needless to say, I acquired the new gas wagon on the American plan; that is, I turned the old bus in as first payment, and signed twelve notes payable at certain stipulated periods, bearing ten per cent interest. (Hope springs eternal from the human heart.)

But whatever the future may have in store for the kind people who sold me that car, my own conscience is clear. I did my duty. I laid my old jitney and these twelve notes on the altar of my country that prosperity may not tarry forever around the corner.

The six hundred and fifty dollars I owe more than I did last week, to say nothing about the hundred and fifty dollars the poor devil will owe who buys my old bus, ought to go a long way to oil up the squeaky wheels of industry. It's true the eight hundred more the two of us owe is not enough to bring back prosperity with a bang. But just think what it would mean if the head of every American household bought a new or used car right now.

According to the last census, there are twenty million heads of families in the country. Say only half of them buy new cars
at the average indebtedness of $650 and we have a grand total of six and one-half billion dollars that somebody has coming to them. Add to this the billion and a half the ten million purchasers of used cars will owe; the two billions the government borrowed to loan to the bankers to finance the new and used car buyers and you have the staggering sum of ten billion dollars of I. O. U.'s with which to balance the budget.

Over-Production

OR

PARADISE LOST

DEFINITION: Over-Production—A state of affairs or conditions in which people starve to death because they have too much to eat.

THE Lord created Adam and placed him in Paradise, which was called so because until Columbus stumbled onto the U. S. A., it was God's country.

But Adam, who didn't have sense enough to know a good thing when he saw it, longed for a companion, whereupon the Lord took a slab out of his bonehead whereof he shaped a woman and called her Eva or Eve, meaning Good Night!

This done, the Lord took a journey up the Milky Way to see how the dairy business was getting on. When he returned a month later, he found Adam sprawled out under a crab-apple tree and he was a sight to look at. The rosy tints the Lord had painted on his cheeks had faded to a dirty yellow, he was green around the gills and his tummy looked as if the elephant had stepped on it.

A little distance from Adam sat Eve with her back to him, sobbing like her heart would break and mumbling something about going home to mother. The poor thing was all skin and bones and the curves she had been so proud about were gone.

"Say, what's got over you?" exclaimed the Lord in great astonishment.
"A plenty," replied Adam, hardly above a whisper, because he was weak as all that.

"How come?" said the Lord, flabbergasted.

"Well," whined Adam, "we've been here a whole month and haven't eaten a thing yet."

"What!" exclaimed the Lord, almost falling off the cloud he was sitting on so surprised he was, and then getting his wind back continued, "But, Adam, why didn't you work some of the nice land around here?"

"I would," sniffed Adam. "It looks like good land and plenty of it, and the crops growing around here are the finest I ever laid my eyes on, but——"

"But what?" jeered the Lord.

"But I couldn't find a landlord to work it for," sobbed Adam.

This time the Lord actually fell off the cloud and it took him a good five minutes before he could recover sufficiently to ask Adam why he didn't harvest some of that fine fruit growing all around him.

"I thought of that, too," blabbed Adam, wiping the dew from the end of his nose with a fig leaf, "but I couldn't find anybody to give me a job to do it."

The good Lord was still standing there with his mouth open when Eve came staggering up on her poor spindle legs and blubbered: "It's the honest truth, Lord, the poor boy tramped all over Paradise day after day trying to land a job and all he got for his trouble was his hair full of cockleburrs and getting all cut up by the briars and——"

"But, Good Lord," the Good Lord broke in, "why didn't you——"

"Don't," cried Eve hysterically, "I know what you're going to say, but I ain't, I'm a good wife. I offered to take in washing, but nobody's got any clothes in this place."

"That'll do," snapped the Lord, "get out of here. If any-
body ever finds out that you are my children, my name is Dennis," and just about then an angel stepped around a loaded gooseberry bush with a red-hot poker in his hand and shooed them out of Paradise.

The last thing seen of Adam and Eve they were standing in a breadline in Detroit bemoaning the over-production of buns.

I And My Job

OR

PARTNER AND I

DEFINITION: Job—The only recognized means by which an able-bodied propertyless man can keep from jail, gallows, poorhouse, watery grave or hanging from a rafter.

I

AM a human being. The parsons say I am made in the image of God. The politicians say I am a sovereign, and the textbooks of my children call me a free and independent American citizen.

I live by work. The ground I work on does not belong to me. The tools I work with are the property of my boss. The fruits of my toil belong to others. I have nothing to sell but labor. The only thing that stands between me, dead, begging or stealing, is my job.

But even my job is not mine in the sense that it is my property—to sell, barter, to use or dispose of at my will. I was handed the sack two years ago. Since then I have tramped many weary miles in search of my job. I have stood with many of my kind before factory gates, excavations, and rising buildings, silently begging for my job. I have risen before daybreak to catch the morning paper damp off the press. I have scanned the "Men Wanted" columns with a pounding heart. I have raced for distant addresses, trying to run down my job. And still I have no job.
My little savings are gone. The cupboard is empty. The rent is overdue. My credit is no more. I leave the house in the morning with ever-sinking hope. I return in the evening with ever-deepening despair. The questioning looks in the eyes of wife and children on my return are driving the wedge of madness in my brain. What shall it be, starving, begging, or stealing?

Hardened criminals are condemned to hard labor. Unruly criminals in jails and penitentiaries are punished with a diet of bread and water. I, who am not a hardened criminal, am begging for hard labor. I, who have obeyed every rule of the game, am praying for bread. I, who ask for nothing but work to feed myself and hungry brood, am condemned to forced idleness on a diet of air and water, without my day in court. I am condemned to starvation and despair by a judge I never saw, by a jury I never faced.

Some say it's Hoover that cost me the loss of my job. Some say it was the crash of the stock market that took my job. Perhaps, perhaps. But even unlearned workingman that I am, I know that there were millions of jobless men long before Herbert Hoover saw the light of day or Wall Street gamblers were born.

I also know that the slaves and serfs of old never pounded bricks on empty bellies in search of jobs. Poor and exploited as they were, they had at least the consolation of security. Work or no work, job or no job, they were housed, clothed, and fed by their masters—even as beasts of burden such as horses and asses are sheltered and fed by their owners in times of idleness.

But I, the image of God, in the words of my parson; I the sovereign voting king, in the currency of the politician; I, the free-born independent citizen of this great republic, according to the school books of my children, am not even owned. I am mine. The strength of my muscles is mine. The skill of my fingers is mine. The cunning of my brain is mine. The only things that are not mine are the tools with which I work when they let me work. I am a pump-handle without a pump. I am a bow without a fiddle. I am gasoline without a flivver. I am a self-starter without a motor. I am the soul that animates the
body of industry, and being separated from my body, I am but a homeless spook haunting my erstwhile abode in search of substance.

I am an unowned freeman. I am free to hike on public roads. I am free to cross on public bridges. I am free to sit in public parks. I am free to drink from public fountains. I am free to read in public libraries. What is the public's is still mine. But I am barred from the plants I erected, the goods I have made, the tools I have shaped, the shafts I have sunk, the railroads I have built—for they are capital—private capital.

But are not Capital and Labor partners? Oh yes, oh sure! When times are good, Capital and Labor smoke the cigar of prosperity together. Capital smokes the cigar; Labor the snipe. But when hard times come, partner Capital smokes both cigar and snipe, while partner Labor spits.

In good times, partner Capital sets aside money for depreciation, depletion, and reserves to take care of rainy days. In good times, partner Labor buys flivvers on the installment plan, and loses them in hard times on the American plan.

The rain of adversity falls on Capital and Labor alike. But partner Capital, owning the partnership umbrella, walks in the dry, while partner Labor gets wet all over.

Some day a society that is truly social will elevate labor to the dignity of horses, mules and machines by setting aside funds to take care of involuntary idleness.

Some day, a really civilized civilization will bring about a partnership between Capital and Labor that can not be dissolved the very moment partner Capital ceases to make a profit out of partner Labor.

And until that is done, all the pious phrases about the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, and all the high-faluting talk about equality, sovereign voting kings, and free men, is so much bunk. What are brothers that will not bear each other's burdens? What are kings without kale, and free men without feed?
Down To The Last Million

OR

GOD PITY THE RICH; THE POOR CAN BEG

DEFINITION: Million—A sum of money nobody ever earned by serving his kind. Also the equivalent of what Noah wouldn't have yet if he earned and saved a dollar a day since he started on the Ark and was still on the job.

RECENTLY a proposal was made to Congress to tax away incomes over one million per annum.

Dear reader, do you know what that means? Did you ever try to skimp along on a measly million dollars a year? Did you ever even sit down and try to figure out how far a million will go when stretched over 365 days?

Of course you haven't. You don't give a tinker's dam how the other half lives. But I'm not that kind of a brute. It ain't in me to see folks suffering. So I did figger it out and here is the gruesome result:

BUDGET FOR FAMILY OF FOUR

Having income of not more than one million dollars per annum, consisting of

Father
Mother
Daughter, and
Doggy.

FOOD
Three meals a day for three at $33.33 1-3 per meal _________ $ 36,500.00

CLOTHING FOR FATHER
One new suit a day at $100------------------ $ 36,500.00
One suit of B. V. D.'s a day at $10____________ $ 3,650.00
One pair of new shoes a day at $10------------ $ 3,650.00
A new set of shirts, socks, neckties, suspenders, and collar buttons per week at $100--------------- $ 5,200.00
26 straw hats at $10______________________ 260.00
Ditto felt hats at $10______________________ 260.00
25 topcoats and overcoats at $100__________ 2,500.00
50 walking sticks at $10___________________ 500.00
One new pair of gloves per day at $10-------- $ 3,650.00
Incidental apparel ________________________ 5,000.00

Total ___________________________________ $ 61,170.00

—34—
CLOTHING FOR MOTHER
A new gown per day at $100.............................. $36,500.00
A new set of lingerie every day at $10 per set.......... 3,650.00
A new pair of shoes per day, $10........................ 3,650.00
A new set of pajamas, nighties, and other unspeakables at $20... 7,300.00
New set of jewelry per season at $10,000................. 40,000.00
26 summer hats at $20................................... 5,200.00
26 winter hats at $20...................................... 5,200.00
3 fur coats at $1,000...................................... 3,000.00
Pair of new gloves a day at $10........................... 3,650.00
Things I can't think of................................... 10,000.00
Total ................................................................... $118,150.00

CLOTHING FOR DAUGHTER
Double that of Mother, or................................... $236,300.00

UPKEEP OF DOGGY
One new sweater a day at $10.............................. $3,650.00
One hogshead of milk per day at $5....................... 1,825.00
One 200-lb. hog per day at $10............................ 3,650.00
Five spring lambs per day at $2 each..................... 3,650.00
Manicuring, massaging and putting permanent wave in tail at $10 daily ............................................. 3,650.00
Salary of male chaperon navigating doggy past lamp posts and keeping him out of naughty company, per annum........ 1,000.00
Salary of night watchman, turning dog over in his sleep......................................................... 1,000.00
Total upkeep of Doggy...................................... $18,425.00

LODGING
Upkeep of town house........................................ $100,000.00
Plus wear and tear on four cars and 10 servants........ 50,000.00
Upkeep on hunting lodge, including wear and tear on one guide, two cooks, one butler, two maids, and one guy for everything...................................................... 50,000.00
Upkeep private yacht with crew............................ 100,000.00
Love nest (for Father)......................................... 50,000.00
Total ................................................................... $350,000.00

DRINKS
50 barrels of wine at $200................................. $10,000.00
100 barrels of Scotch at $100............................... 10,000.00
100,000 bottles of home brew at 2c apiece.............. 2,000.00
One tank car mixed drinks................................ 10,000.00
Total ................................................................... $72,000.00

SMOKES
One carload of old gold (not a cough in it).............. $11,300.00
TRAVELING EXPENSES
Including Mother's trip to Reno and Father attending session of breach of promise suit.......................... $ 41,000.00

MISCELLANEOUS
Education, bridge cards, recreation matches, church dues, bottle openers, club dues, charity, poker chips, art, shoe shines, etc. ................................................................. $ 64,000.00

Now let's recapitulate and see what we've got:
Poor for three ................................................................. $ 36,500.00
Clothing for three ......................................................... 415,620.00
Upkeep of Doggy ............................................................ 18,425.00
Lodging ........................................................................... 350,000.00
Drinks ............................................................................. 72,000.00
Smokes ............................................................................ 11,300.00
Traveling ......................................................................... 41,000.00
Sundries, miscellaneous and indispensables ......................... 64,000.00

Grand Total ................................................................. $1,008,845.00

There, what did I tell you, every darned dollar of that million gone, eight thousand bucks in the hole, and no telling where the next meal's gonna come from.

Moral: Don't sock the Rich. Sock the Poor; they're used to it.

Socialism

OR

THE ONLY SOLUTION

DEFINITIONS:

"SOCIALISM is a theory of civil polity that aims to secure the reconstruction of society, increase of wealth, and a more equal distribution of the products of labor, through the collective ownership of land and capital, and the public collective management of all industries. Its motto is to everyone according to his deeds." (Standard Dictionary.)

"Socialism is any theory or system of social organization which would abolish entirely, or in great part, the individual effort and competition on which modern society rests, and substitute for it co-operative action; would introduce a more perfect and equal distribution of the products of labor and would
make land and capital as the instruments and means of production, the joint possession of the members of the community.”
(Century Dictionary.)

“Socialism: A theory or system of social reform which contemplates a complete reconstruction of society, with a more just and equitable distribution of property and labor. In popular usage, the term is often employed to indicate any lawless, revolutionary social schemes.” (Webster’s International Dictionary.)

“Ethics of Socialism and the ethics of Christianity are identical. The general tendency is to regard socialistic any interference undertaken by society in behalf of the poor. In general it may be described as that movement which seeks, by economic changes, to destroy the existing inequalities of the world’s social conditions.” (Encyclopedia Brittanica.)

“A theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind, than that which has hitherto prevailed.” (Webster’s Dictionary.)

“No word has been more abused and misunderstood than the word ‘Socialist.’ The Socialist is not an anarchist, he is opposed to it in theory and practice. The Socialist does not propose to destroy the family, abolish religion or divide up property, nor does he seek to carry out his ideas by riot and bloodshed. In a single phrase, Socialism means public ownership of the means of production and working class control of the government, a chance to work for all who will, and to all workers the full value of their product. The typical Socialist is a rather quiet and thoughtful workingman, serene in time of trouble and self-contained in the day of victory. He realizes that the world will move on very well after he is dead, but remembers that while he lives it is his business to help the world move. He considers himself an ally of eternal laws of nature and is proud to do his little part in the great cause.” (American Year-Book, Cyclopaedia and Atlas.)

All right then, nothing here about Socialism destroying Religion, dividing up, busting up the family as liars high and low have been trying to make you believe all these years.
Nothing but a planned, orderly society in which the means of life, such as natural resources and basic industries are owned by all the people just as streets, roads, parks, libraries, post offices, schools, colleges and thousands of municipal utilities are owned now by the people.

Nothing but a plan by which every man and woman that is able to work has the right to work, and while working, earn enough to live in comfort, relieved from the hellish fear of illness, unemployment, and old age.

Nothing but an arrangement by which every child born into this country owns an equal share in the natural resources and industrial wealth of the country, guaranteeing him the best of education in youth, the right to work; at maturity the fruit of his labor, as justly as it may be ascertained, and brotherly care in case of sickness and old age. THAT'S SOCIALISM.

The ownership and operation of Industry of, by, and for the people who work, have worked, and soon will work. That's Socialism.

Production of the good things of life for use and not for profit. That's Socialism.

Balancing production and consumption by cutting out profit, interest, rent, graft, and racket. That's Socialism.

The power of workers to put themselves to work at incomes big enough to buy back what they produce. That's Socialism.

Common ownership in the means of production. Private ownership in the means of consumption. That's Socialism.

To do unto others as you wish them to do unto you. That's Socialism.

And if anybody tells you that Socialism is anything else but what it says above, then put him down that either he doesn't know what he's talking about or that the truth is not in him.

HOW TO GET SOCIALISM—NOW

Socialism may be brought about in two ways: Bloody revolution or orderly change through political action.

—38—
Russia took the blood way because it had no other way. We have the ballot—still—let's try the ballot way—if we can.

The working people, wage earners, farmers, white collar and so-called brain workers are the overwhelming majority of the nation. In fact, they are the nation. Everything that is done to keep the country a going concern, they do it. It is they and they alone who feed, shelter, clothe, heal and teach the nation, lend it beauty and inspiration.

Opposed to these useful workers are a few million of coupon clippers, absentee owners, sleeping partners and snoozing stockholders—these hangers-on, retainers and parasites herded about by a few banking rings and so useless that if the whole caboodle was picked up and swept away by a tidal wave, the loss would be exactly less than nothing.

The job is to get rid of this million without messing up the country? How?

1. Spread the gospel of Socialism among your friends, shopmates and neighbors.
2. Secure subscribers for Socialist papers.
3. Distribute Socialist leaflets, pamphlets and books.
4. Join the nearest Socialist local, and if there is none, make one.
5. Enter politics and clean out the other two parties whose only difference is that between boil and carbuncle, for no matter which wins the common people get it in the neck. The boil-carbuncle party can be cut out. It was done in Milwaukee. It was done in Reading, Pennsylvania. It can be done wherever ten honest active, clear-headed Socialists imbued with the holy fire that the cause inspires in the best minds and hearts put heads together and shoulder to the wheel.

6. Work for public ownership at every chance.
7. Keep the party clean and its elected officials honest. It's a job, but it can be done, for I have seen it done in Milwaukee,
where out of hundreds of Socialist officials, not one of them turned out to be a grafter.

8. Talk things people understand, and for the most part are interested in, like unemployment insurance, old age pensions, and farm relief, but beware of getting too much wrapped up in them. They are at best but palliatives, and at worst, take your mind off the main object, which is Socialism, Industrial Democracy, Democratic Communism, or whatever you want to call it.

9. Preach your gospel in a friendly-sympathetic and convincing manner, seeing in yourself a lawyer, trying to convince a jury to give a verdict in the favor of his client. Your client is Socialism.

10. Hand this little booklet to the first likely person you can think of, and if it doesn’t make a Socialist out of him, it doesn’t matter, for he is too dead to count.

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**A BLACK ALLEY CAT ON THE ORIENTAL RUG**

A professor of Journalism at Northwestern University writes of Oscar Ameringer’s THE AMERICAN GUARDIAN: “Your kind of journalism doesn’t go here at all—it lacks the genteel touch, it’s too earthly, it has a coal-dust smudge on its nose, and it gets too big a kick out of using the short and ugly word. Last June I succeeded in cramming subscriptions down the throats of three people; a lawyer, a school superintendent, and an advertising man. Your paper gives them shivers every time it comes in, like a black alley cat on the oriental rug.”

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