

raise one bushel of grain. Idleness, at the present time, is a national crime. Semi-idleness is almost as bad. The world must either *go to work, or starve and freeze*—mere words will not feed or clothe the children. Dreams are sometimes pleasant, but no one could ever dream strong enough or long enough to produce a bushel of potatoes. He who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is a benefactor to humanity. He who makes one blade of grass grow where two grew before is society's enemy.

Steeped in sophistry, men are striving to find some way of having and enjoying without working and producing. Time, the great logician, goes relentlessly on its way and proves over and over again that there is only one way. History, the great expounder, proves that there has never been but one way. Common sense tells us all, rich and poor, employer and employee, that there is but one way. *We must produce more—not less—in order to have more.* The division of the product may be a just subject for dispute, but the necessity for more production cannot be disputed. Every nation, every man, must realize this fundamental. Wealth is not a static thing. Food, clothing, and all wealth are produced by work applied to natural resources. It never has been and never can be produced otherwise. The more work that is applied to natural resources, the more wealth—the less work, the less wealth. I care not what the dollar value of production shows. It means nothing. I do care, however, what the bushel measure demonstrates. When we work 50 per cent. we become a 50-per-cent. people. Let all production stop and in just a