

The goose that lays the golden eggs ...is getting tired

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a goose that laid a golden egg every day. That made her owner the richest farmer in the world. He was a kindly fellow and wanted to be popular, too, so he gave some of the golden eggs to his neighbors and some to a group of noisy home-farm chickens who didn't want the work of laying eggs. But all the neighbors and chickens did was complain that the goose didn't lay more eggs for them.

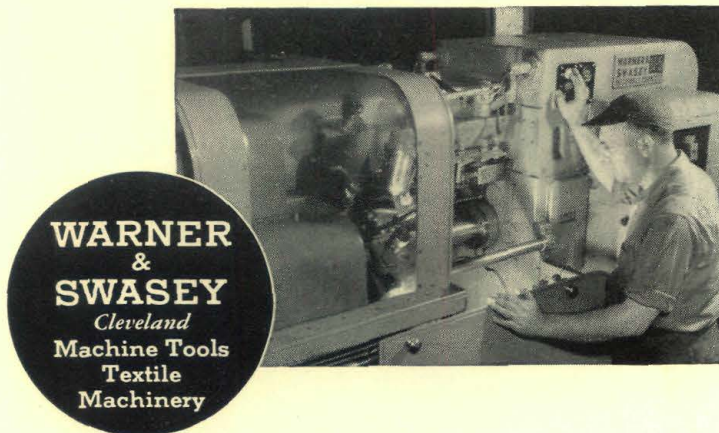
The poor goose wanted to cooperate but it tried to keep a few of its own eggs to hatch. It knew they'd hatch into other geese who, too, would lay golden eggs. And it knew that its own

egg-laying machinery would last only so long. But every time it squawked to the farmer he wouldn't listen—just scolded it for being selfish and reactionary.

So finally the poor goose wore itself out and died.

Then the farmer went to his neighbors and home-farm chickens and asked for a few eggs to eat—but they drove him away and called him a selfish capitalist.

The moral of which is—machinery will wear out. And enough of its output had better be saved to buy new machinery instead of giving it all away with a careless hand.



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