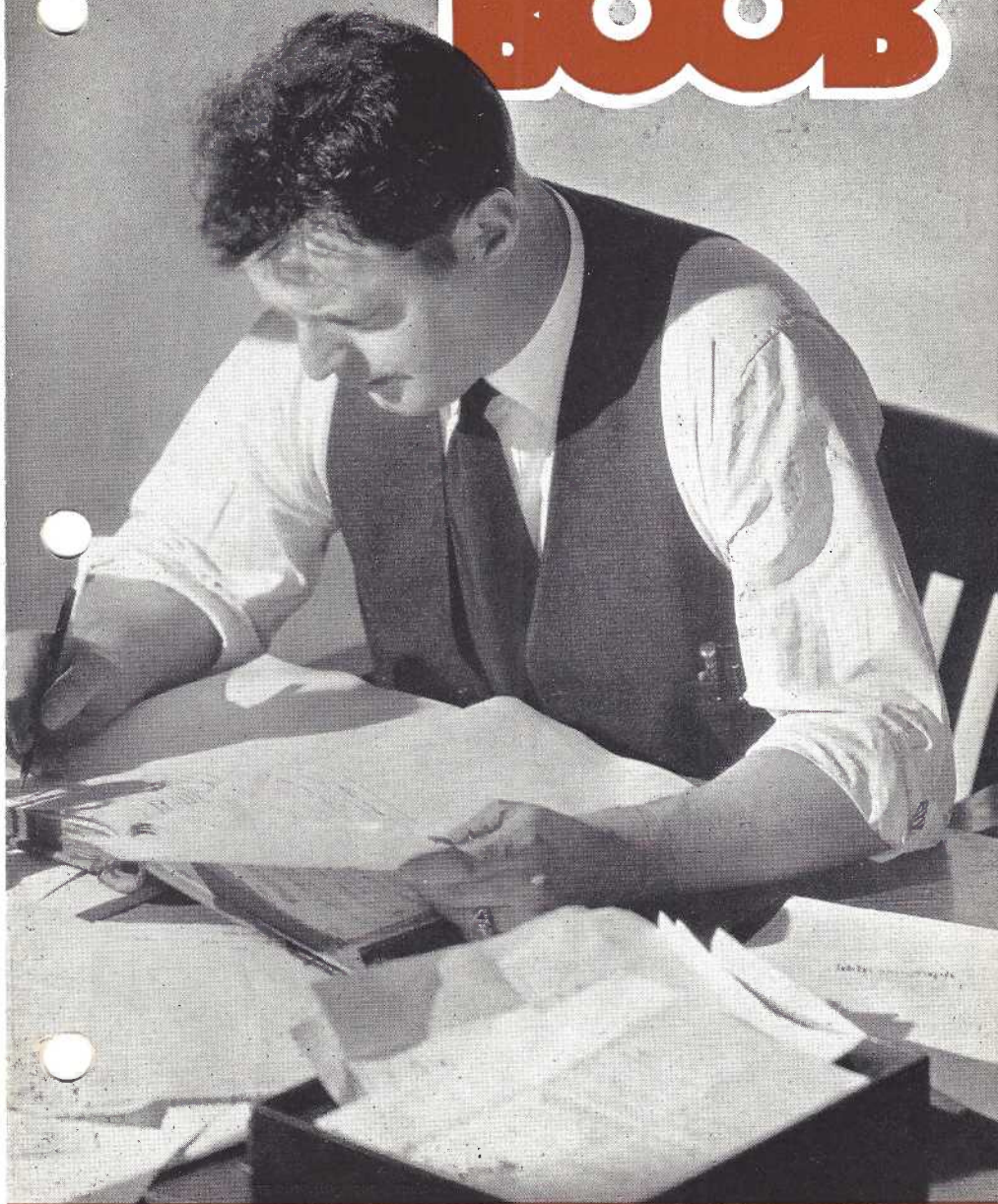
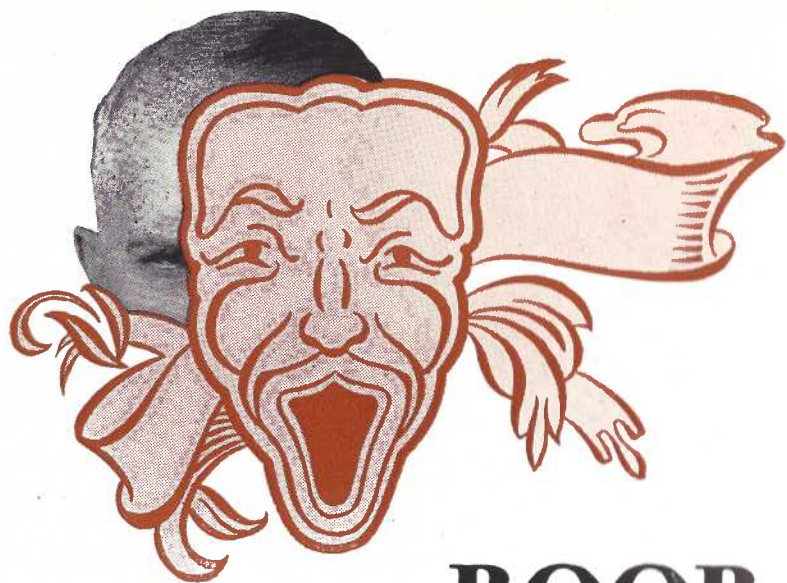


THE

DOOR





THE BOOB

The job was tough and offered small pay—but he took it. He said he wasn't afraid of work and wanted to learn the business from the bottom up. Fancy a fellow choosing the hard way instead of trying to land a soft berth!

He didn't have sense enough to see he was only a cog in a big machine—that too many were ahead for the juicy jobs and that he'd be a sucker to "kill" himself working for anybody. He couldn't see that in this world it's every man for himself and devil take the hindmost. The poor chump believed that fairy tale about one's progress being in proportion to one's efforts.

The boob missed a lot of fun because he spent his spare time studying the business. Yet he was always cheerful, seemingly not having sense



ALWAYS CHEERFUL

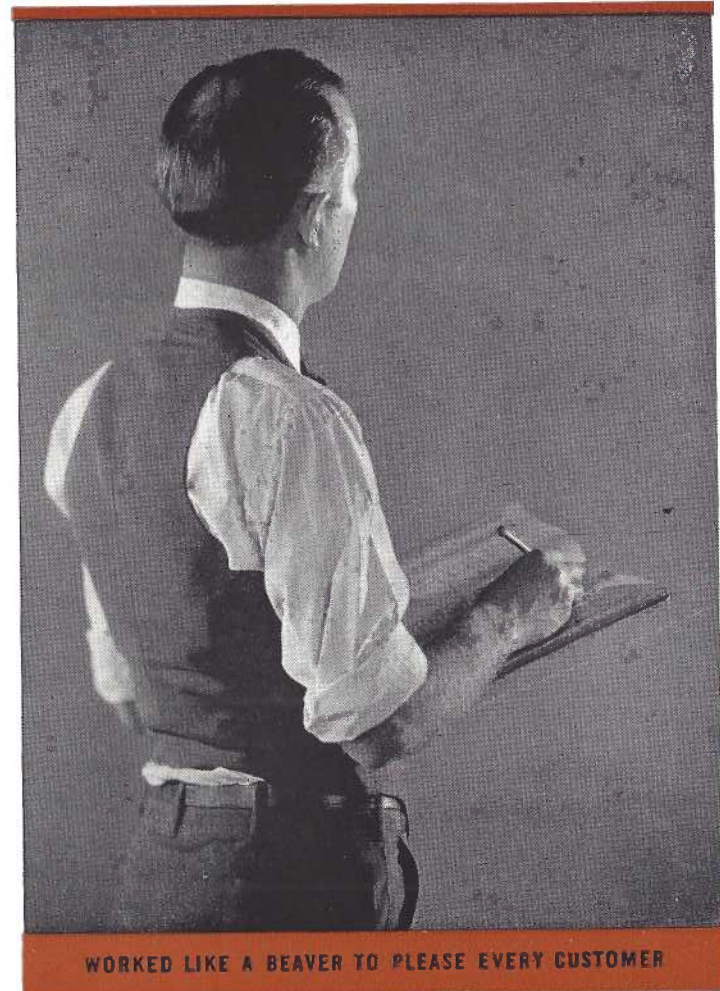
enough to know he would be taken advantage of if he were always good-natured. He never seemed to think of his own convenience in dealing with others—didn't seem to realize the more you do for others the more they expect.

The poor sap treated every customer like a king. Some one tried to tip him that it was all tommy-rot working so hard to please—that customers aren't as sensitive as he seemed to think and don't know whether an employe is breaking his neck to serve them or not, and don't appreciate it anyway! But no, the simp went right ahead working like a beaver to please every customer. Why, he actually acted like he was part owner of the business!

You couldn't help liking him though. But he had an irritating way of keeping silent, a far-away look in his eyes, whenever you knocked anyone to him. Yet ordinarily he was a good listener. He was a queer nut. He was so dumb he didn't try to shift a tough job on to other shoulders. He tried to whip the problem himself without leaning on someone else. Heroic—but stupid.

He didn't have sense enough to be discriminating—he'd make every effort to give a

customer dependable service no matter who the customer might be. It was pitiful the way



WORKED LIKE A BEAVER TO PLEASE EVERY CUSTOMER

he needlessly exerted himself to serve folks who probably didn't appreciate it anyway.

But here was his prize boner. Whenever he had an idea he was sure was good for the business, he actually had the nerve to take it to the boss just for the good it might do the business! He didn't seem to have gumption enough to keep his ideas to himself. Someone tried to wise him up that he wasn't getting paid enough as it was—nor any of the other "slaves" for that matter—and advised him to "let the company take care of its own problems."

Funny thing, though. The boss never bawled this yokel out for butting in—he actually praised him for his cooperation and his ingenuity. The boob always seemed to take for granted that others would treat him as nice as he treated them. He had a way of saying, "Hold the right thought toward others and they will reciprocate." That bird just couldn't seem to get down to reality! He always seemed to figure he made his own breaks and somehow, he did get good breaks consistently. Just a fool for luck!

Whenever someone got a promotion the boob never sulked or stalled on the job—he always rejoiced in the other's success.

Said the example was good for him—made him work harder—and that by applying



TOOK IDEAS TO THE BOSS

the same principles he would advance too!
He surely had queer ideas about things! There
never was such a boob! But he finally lost his
job! His company made him manager!



HIS COMPANY MADE HIM MANAGER