

"MONEY, SAYS THE PROVERB, MAKES MONEY." ADAM SMITH WROTE THAT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—OH, WELL, TODAY THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER—

THAT BANKER WAS HONEST! HE SAID TO BE SAFE, WE COULD GET ONLY TWO AND A HALF PER CENT A YEAR ON OUR MONEY—EVEN GOVERNMENT BONDS DON'T DO MUCH BETTER'N THAT—

HOW MUCH DOES IT COME TO, EDWARD? TELL ME AGAIN—

COMES TO \$625 A YEAR, ELLA—'BOUT TWELVE DOLLARS A WEEK—

ON A FORTUNE OF TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE IT CAN BE SO LITTLE—

AND AFTER SWEATIN' AN' SCRIMPIN' AN' SLAVIN' FOR FORTY YEARS ON TH' FARM, WE THOUGHT AT LAST WE WAS RICH, FOR LONG AS WE LIVED—

I CAN RECALL WHEN WHAT WE GOT NOW WAS RICH!

GUESS TIMES HAVE CHANGED—SPECIALLY IN TH' PAST TWENTY YEARS OR SO—

WE WAS JUST TOO BUSY WORKIN' TO NOTICE—

BUT I AIN'T TOO OLD OR WORE OUT TO GET A JOB—I CAN HUNT AN' FISH LATER ON—

BUT NOT ON A FARM, EDWARD— I JUST COULDN'T STAND A FARM NO MORE—

THERE, THERE, ELLA! DON'T YOU FRET— WE HAVE GOT CONSIDERABLE MONEY—EVEN IF IT AIN'T WORTH MUCH, SEEMS AS HOW—

HOW DO OTHER PEOPLE DO SO GOOD— SO EASY?

HM—M—YOU MEAN MAYBE A FELLER LIKE OUR NEIGHBOR, MR. K. KEMPTON KNILS? WELL, HE IS LIVIN' IN JUST A CABIN HERE, SAME AS US—

BUT HE HAS ON A DIFFERENT SUIT EVERY DAY—AND THAT BIG NEW CAR HE DRIVES—

AND TH' BIG CIGARS HE SMOKES— REAL TEN-CENTERS, I'LL BET! HEY! I THINK HE'S COMIN' OVER HERE

OH, I HOPE HE DOESN'T NOTICE I'VE HARDLY DUSTED AT ALL—

HELLO, FOLKS! JUST SAID TO MYSELF— WHY NOT CALL ON MY NEIGHBORS? SO—

HA! HA! WHY NOT, INDEED! COME IN!

SURE! COME RIGHT IN, NEIGHBOR! GLAD T'SEE YOU—

1-31-54

NOT A VERY FANCY HOUSE! JUST A CABIN, SAME AS ALL OF 'EM—

AH, BUT HOW DIFFERENT, WITH A WOMAN'S TOUCH! YOU, MRS. EBUR, HAVE TRANSFORMED THIS SIMPLE CABIN INTO A HOME!

OH, MR. KNILS— YOU SEE WE KNOW YOUR NAME, TOO— I JUST "KEEP HOUSE," AS WE USED TO SAY ON TH' FARM—

HAROLD GRAY

Maw Green

1-31-54

IF YOU'RE A GOOD BOY AND ALWAYS DO RIGHT, SOME DAY YOU'LL WEAR A GOLD CROWN—

AR-R— ME OLD MAN AIN'T NEVER DONE A RIGHT THING, BUT HE'S GOT TWO GOLD CROWNS!

HOW CAN YE SAY SUCH A THING?

SHOW HER, POP! OPEN YER MOUTH!

HAROLD GRAY