

## “THE PLAY’S THE THING”

JOHN BARRYMORE himself would “get the hook” if he did not know his cues, or read his lines as called for by the action of the play.

Engineers get cues, too—from the industrial drama of which they are a part. Like actors, their performance must fit the action of an economic play.

Thus the reason that the journals, the societies, the schools, colleges, teachers, and well-known public men are urging engineers to study economics—to learn the nature and effect of economic laws.

To build the largest generator or the smallest meter, for

example, is not always in itself a great engineering feat. The feat consists in having it ready at a time, a price, and with such features as the prevailing economic situation calls for.

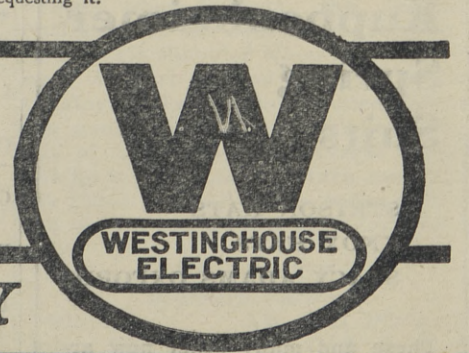
In this sense engineers—and particularly Westinghouse engineers—must be “practicing economists”. They must follow closely the “action of the play”—analyzing fundamental conditions in every field, and calculating their causes and probable effects.

All this, so that when a cue is spoken in factory or home, on farm or railroad, on the sea or in the air, they may be ready.

This advertisement is eighth in a vocational series, outlining the fields for engineering achievement in the Westinghouse organization. A copy of the entire series will be sent to anyone requesting it.

# Westinghouse

## ACHIEVEMENT & OPPORTUNITY



### THE RUMORED ROOMMATE

There was once a roommate (I've heard it said),  
Who didn't snore like a thoroughbred;  
Who understood the difference between “mine” and “thine,”  
Who bought his own tooth paste and iodine;  
But he wasn't yours  
(And he wasn't mine.)

This unique roommate, (so I'm told)  
Never got grouchy when he had a cold,  
Never spied for hours on some queen “devine,”  
But he wasn't yours  
(And he wasn't mine.)  
This Utopian glut (the wise ones say)  
Never got peeved throughout the day,  
Never spent y ur money when you

went out to dine,  
Never got stewed on bootleg wine,  
But he wasn't SHRDLMFWYPP  
But you've never seen him  
(And he sure ain't mine.)  
(The unknown)

Darling, he cried in tender tone,  
I have never loved but Thee.  
Then we must part, the maiden said,  
No amateurs for me.—Queens Blues.

Six-Year-Old Prodigy— !-?! \* \* \*  
Blank, etc.  
Horrible Maternal Parent—What language, Algernon!  
S. Y. O. P. (naively)—Profanity, mother. Don't you recognize it?

Time is unable to bring forth new truths, but is only the unfolding of a timeless truth.—Goethe.