August, 1925 25 Cents

Labor Age

The National Monthly

Scranton -- and After

The Miners' Parliament in Session

Independence Hall vs. Broad St. Station

Some Summerings

Spine Shivering a la Mode

Brother Brown on Germs

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Labor Age
The National Monthly

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Presenting all the facts about American labor—Believing that the goal of the American labor movement lies in industry for service, with workers' control.

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CHARLES KUTZ. Chairman, International Association of Machinists, Pennsylvania System.

LESTER SIMMONS. Ohio trade unionist who has sent in this study of a Klan paper.

HEART TO HEART

Radio-ing a Thought or Two to Our Readers

YOU will note that this is the August issue. You will also note that it comes to you before the first of the month of August. That is the new LABOR AGE schedule—to which we will rigidly adhere. It conforms to the schedule of all standard magazines.

This happens to be an independent, co-operatively-owned, non-profit-making labor publication. The way of those publications is not perfumed with roses. To perform the service that they wish to perform, they must begin with limited "capital" or none at all. They must forego many lucrative advertisements. They must forge ahead not only in antagonism to the Present System, but against many of its economic principles. But the job they have to do and the message they have to deliver, make the drive (even under these disadvantages) more than worth the strain and stress of the undertaking.

Today the anti-labor press and publications are making an attack upon the organizations of the workers and upon ideas of democracy and progress, more persistent than ever before. To meet these attacks—to put forward the things that trade unionism is doing—to assert our program in a positive way—is the job which LABOR AGE has set out for itself.

To answer Reaction with the message of Social Progress—to overcome anti-union propaganda with the facts about the accomplishments and program of the unions—to counteract the loose use of "public ownership" and "industrial democracy" by the employing interests, by interpreting the real workers' demand for these popular goals; those are our aims.

To carry on this work, we have been confronted from time to time with a number of problems. During the last four years we have met these problems, solved them and moved on. We want to solve the ones ahead of us as well, and put this publication on a rock-bottom basis.

Irregularity of issue, which we have now nailed on the head, can remain nailed only with co-operative help of those interested in our job. Amateurishness in this respect arises from amateurishness in our financing. Up to the present, one executive has been conducting all the work of the publication—editorial, managerial, "circulatory." We are now making a more business-like arrangement. The editor will edit. The business manager will attend to that end and the circulation work will also be handled separately.

(Continued on page 28)

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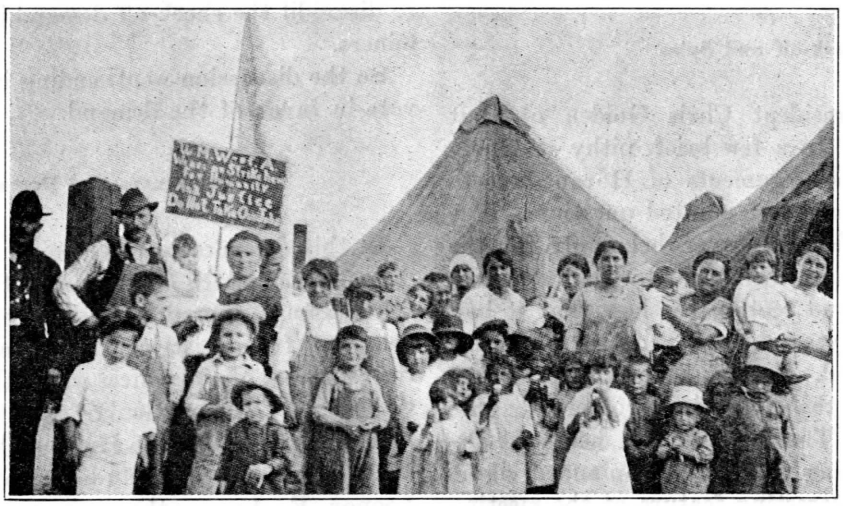
Labor Age
The National Monthly

Scranton--and After

The Miners' Parliament in Session

By LOUIS F. BUDENZ



THE OLD, OLD STORY

West Virginia sees again today what Wyoming, Colorado, Pennsylvania and every other coal mining state has seen—the tent colony of the fighting, evicted miner. So runs Soft Coal—while Hard Coal Men prepare for battle.

THE heat seemed intense. The sun beat through the "frosted" windows of Scranton's Town Hall—making that big, barn-like structure glow like a furnace.

Five hundred men sat comfortably in uncomfortable seats, totally unmoved by the sweltering day and the defective ventilation. They were too much absorbed in the issues being discussed and decided upon there, from out of their ranks, to heed any personal discomfort.

A great figure of a man sat on the platform listening to the discussion—the chairman's gavel in his hand. Now and then he arose to settle a disputed point of order or to put the question to a vote—always firmly but quietly. Round after round of applause had greeted him as he entered the hall some time before. It was evident that he possessed in an unusual degree the confidence of the men over whom he was presiding.

This was the hard coal miners' parliament in session—the "tri-district convention" of the anthracite miners—with International President John L. Lewis of the Mine Workers in the chair. It was the third day of the convention, with the demands as formulated by the Scale Committee up for consideration.

The first demand was read, calling for a two year contract and "complete recognition of the United Mine Workers of America, Districts Nos. 1, 7 and

9." This latter wording meant that the hard coal miners again were determined to secure the check-off. They had demanded this time and again in the past, but in the anthracite fields this union necessity had never been won by the men.

A delegate, Horan by name, arose to oppose this demand. A hum of surprise ran through the assembly. There was light applause and heavy "Boos." But President Lewis insisted upon quiet. Horan spoke against making men "union by compulsion"—which was his interpretation of the check-off. He strode up and down the aisle, waving his hands and insisting that a union check-off was as unjust as a garnishee law would be—such garnishee law having been successfully attacked in the legislature by the State Federation of Labor. He ended with a statement that the majority of the miners in District 9 were against the check-off.

Check-off and Spies

This brought President Chris Golden of that District to his feet. In a few brief, pithy sentences he demolished all the arguments of Horan, largely by asking him a number of pointed questions. The miners of the District were overwhelmingly for the check-off. It had been their year-by-year demand. He read the page and section to show that it had been demanded two years before—contrary to what Horan had contended. He also asked if Horan had not played false to the Union in a colliery dispute of some time past. The five hundred men were delighted by the crushing retort and applauded vigorously. It was an interesting feature of the meeting that they applauded both sides frequently, when a good point was made—showing that their minds were open to a decision on the merits of the case as the discussion would reveal.

Horan attempted to reply, but broke down in the attempt and left the field. Tom Kennedy, former President of District 7 and now General Secretary of the United Mine Workers, explained the effect of the check-off and the history of the miners' efforts to secure it, step by step. For an observer the occasion was an education in itself—on the history and background of the miners' union. The check-off was not in reality "compulsory," the speaker pointed out. It was an effective means by which the miners' union could maintain itself and keep its entire membership in line. The check-off was levied by the company and other agencies through the company, for store accounts and other debts. He called the attention of the delegates to the forced and compulsory "check-off" imposed by the national, state and local governments in the form of taxation; to which none of them made objection in principle. He showed how the right of levy under the check-off system was safeguarded. But his most telling points were in showing how the operators had fought the union check-off, while imposing their own.

The coal owners had not hesitated to use spies through the hard coal country, to persuade the men that the check-off would be a bad thing. In the Panther Creek Valley five of these spies had been unearthed, working for a Philadelphia detective agency. One of them was the secretary of the Tamaqua local. Scarcely had their names been published in the PANTHER CREEK NEWS when they "beat it" out of town, even leaving their personal belongings behind them. Through other sections the same trail of "paid employers' propaganda" had run, seeking to discredit the check-off demand in the minds of the miners.

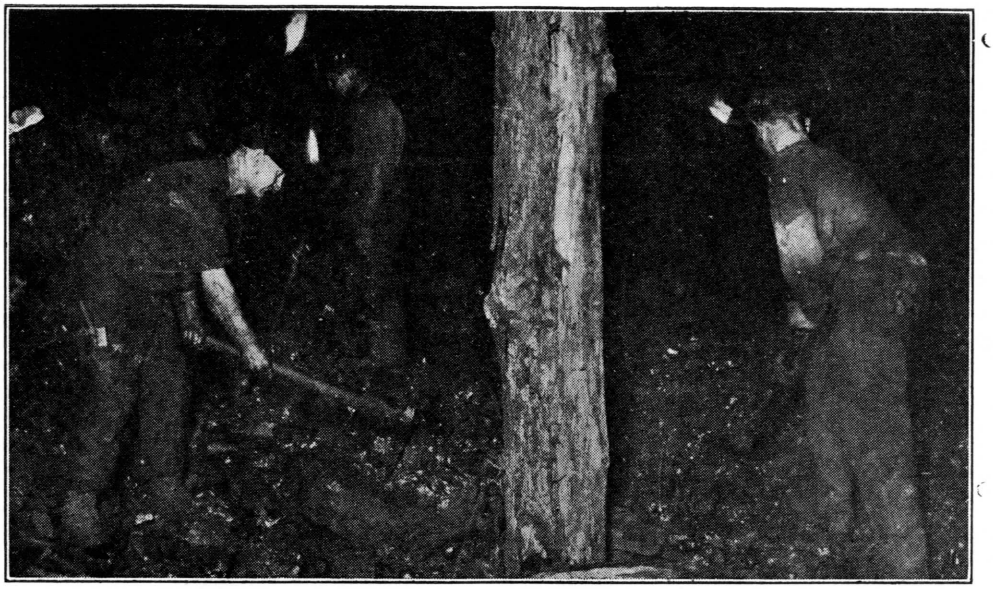
So the discussion went, ending in an overwhelming vote in favor of the demand.

Grievances and Demands

In this democratic way, point after point of the demands submitted by the committee were analyzed, debated and adopted. On a number of the proposals, delegates from District 1 were inclined to bring in the rehearsal of grievances which the demands sought to remedy. The particular ogre, whose name arose time after time, was the Hudson Coal Co., controlled by the Delaware and Hudson Railroad—headed by Leonor F. Loree, the man now seeking to put through the ambitious "Harriman fifth-group" rail consolidation program. President Lewis had to remind the delegates time after time, upon requests from the floor, that the convention could not consider individual cases of grievances but merely the demands to be presented to the operators. The grievances were to be threshed out in the district conventions.

(The Hudson Coal Co., it may be added, is run in a theoretical way from New York City. It does not allow its representatives in the field the necessary lee-way to handle human situations successfully. That accounts for much of the turmoil around its properties and practices.)

The five-day week is again demanded. Such a week exists already in reality, but the day off may come on Tuesday or Wednesday or any other day. By this demand the miners hope to stabilize their



WORTH A LIVING WAGE?

The miners think so—and something more, final control of the industry by men and "public."

employment, so that the day off in every week will be Saturday.

Out of the other items of the scale committee's report, adopted by the convention, is revealed the intricacy of hard coal mining operations. The nature of the mining at any place depends upon the run of the coal, its width, the amount of water in the earth, and many other like problems to which the man above-ground is completely ignorant. The demands must be more or less general in character, covering every class of worker; to be carried out, if won, by the local mine committees and other adjustment bodies. This leads to a great deal of democracy in Coal, so far as the miners' problems among themselves are concerned.

If the new demands win out, the miners shall no longer pay for their tools; they shall take charge of the payment of their own laborers, assisting them in "dead" work, the company adding that to their own contract pay; in thin veins, the company shall be obliged to provide openings every 150 feet, to afford the men air and breathing space; short-weight shall be wiped out through payment always on the basis of the gross ton, where payment is made by the car. It is not merely a 10 per cent wage increase that the miners ask, with a flat $1 a day raise for the laborers; but a bettering of the conditions under which the men work. The "conditions," very lightly touched on by the daily press, are a vital feature of the demands to the miner himself.

Not the least of the features of the convention was the picture drawn of the plight of the soft coal miners. President Lewis charged a conspiracy on the part of the big financial interests, through Rockefeller, Mellon and Schwab, to hurl the mining industry of the country into a low-wage and non-union condition. He emphasized in particular the aid and comfort which the Pennsylvania Railroad had given this conspiracy, by discriminating in freight rates in favor of the non-union mines. Vice-President Murray and Secretary Kennedy reported of the strike in West Virginia ,of the determination of the men in the face of great difficulties, to fight until a new deal would prevail. The hard coal miners voted to assess themselves to support the soft coal men, if the international officers should wish to use the funds in this way.

An outsider looking in could not fail to be impressed by the freedom of discussion and the democratic method of arriving at conclusions. The men were alert to good points on either side of a question put forward. The logical thing under the circumstances, as they saw it, was the thing adopted. Coal was thoroughly analyzed in the debates. The outcome was, practically unanimous agreement. Old-timers declared this to be the most harmonious convention "in the anthracite" in years. The men in general, are pleased at having held up their standards of living during the post-war years; a number of voices on the convention floor showing by statistics, however, the enormous earnings of the hard coal operators and the need for a higher wage.

Coal's Final Destiny: Nationalization

Although the concern of the convention was with immediate demands, the final and further destiny of Coal was not forgotten. Nationalization, with miners' control of industry, was pointed to, in a resolution adopted, as the goal toward which the hard coal men are striving. This resolution—sweeping and definite in character—was referred, as a matter of course, to the international officers of the organization, for action thereon at the proper time.

The importance of this resolution—played down by the daily press—must not be overlooked. In the midst of the routine and immediate demands of the present hour, the miners are looking ahead to the time when real democracy will be set up in Coal. They do not mean to lose sight of the gains that they can secure in 1925. But they are likewise keeping in view 1935 and '45 and beyond. By the constant demand for Nationalization, with democratic management, passed at convention after convention, they are keeping alive the ground work of their objective; while moving forward from trench to trench in the here and now. To the miners, in hard or soft coal, Industrial Democracy is a real and concrete thing. They cannot be fooled, as some workers are, by the bombastic use of these phrases by the Employing Interests. "Democracy" means for them actual control by the workers of the industry in which they work, conducted for service rather than for profit.

The aim of hard and soft coal miners is the same; but the condition of their industries is much dissimilar. Were you to ramble on foot through the soft coal regions, you would run across little "holes in the ground," with a scant part of the workings as a rule visible above the earth. The mines are hidden away and can be easily overlooked, unless you have a sharp eye out for them.

Hard and Soft Coal: A Contrast

In contrast, the anthracite breakers rear themselves like great manufacturing plants above the operations. Right out of Scranton, on the main road to Harrisburg, you come across the Taylor Colliery. Its great concrete breaker runs up into the sky, an imposing sight over the small houses of the town. Down the road further, below Pittston, rises a breaker made solely of glass and steel. You can catch a fine view of it as you hurry across the Susquehanna to Wyoming.

These monuments to the stability of the hard coal industry are matched by the homes of the anthracite miners. They have gone a long distance from the early days of squalid poverty which the operators forced upon them. With but few exceptions, they have freed themselves from the slavery of the company house. Modern conveniences have been introduced into homes, owned largely by themselves. To gain the rewards for their labor which they deserve—for the danger to life and limb which they daily incur—they have still a long road ahead of them. But economic conditions have allowed them to travel further toward their destination than the soft coal miner has been allowed to go.

NOT SO MUCH——

The hard coal miner is more strongly entrenched than his brother in Soft Coal. Evictions will not cloud the calendar of a hard coal strike, though the operators will use the more subtle weapons of the provocateur and spy.

Hard Coal is a well-organized Monopoly. Soft Coal is a disorganized Chaos. The hard coal miner means in time to turn this Monopoly into a servant of the workers and the "public." In the meantime, he is warring for a square deal in wages and working conditions—and the scene of the battle is shifted from Scranton to Atlantic City. There the scale committee and the union officers meet the committee of the operators, to thresh out the demands.

Soft Coal faces a more complicated situation. It has been hit hard by the course of unemployment. While the hard coal miners go into conference at Atlantic City—out of which a suspension of the industry may come—their soft coal brothers are fighting for the Jacksonville agreement. Little is said in the business press now of "sanctity of contract," when the operators seek to violate their own arrangement in the name of "supply and demand." Out of both crises are being chiselled new steps in the path toward Democracy in Industry.

The Women of the Miners

Back of the Scenes: The Further Price of Coal

WHILE the storm clouds gather in the hard coal fields, preparations for the battle are going on in the miners' home. No human interest story writer for the business press is down among the coal fields finding out from the wives and sisters and daughters of the miners what these preparations mean. Soon we shall rather hear from the anti-workers' organs the cry of "Save the Public." And the human interest writers are too busy interviewing Mrs. Hoakum or Soakum concerning her French chow poodle's cholic or her latest officially-sanctioned adultery.

While the ever-increasing grip of Want, under pressure of unemployment, is playing havoc in the soft coal regions, the women hold the fort there, too, in their home-citadels. The women of the miners have always been the backbone of the miners' fight. From the unattractive pages of a government report, we glean a few detailed facts on the Price of Coal to these women, hid away in their shut-in communities. The cold facts of this report need the human interpretation attempted here—throwing light on the silent drama on "behind the scenes" wherever Coal is King.

SHE had never been out of the little town of a few hundred souls. Were the truth told, she had seldom been off the little patch of farmland on the hillside, which lay beyond the town proper—and which was their home. If the miners had meetings "down below," or if a festival of some kind came along, the duties of home life hold her to the kitchen sink. It was John who had to go, and she remained at home.

This woman was remarkable in more ways than one. A miner's daughter, married to a miner, she had had great ambitions. She had always wanted to do something worth while. But she had found it difficult—impossible—to break out of the prison of the hills which gripped her little town and birthplace. Now, she had resigned herself to fate—and to be buried forever in the hill country.

That is a brief sketch out of the Pennsylvania mining regions. There is much more to the tale than that, but it will have to be told another time. The woman mentioned here is a symbol of the women of the miners, on occasion after occasion. She was the spirit of the family resistance to the long period of unemployment. She felt the strong need of the union so, that she backed her husband up in every fight for his fellow-workers. She kept up his morale and that of other families, too; just as women so frequently can, on the other hand, break down the determination of their husbands to stand true to the union cause, no matter what the cost.

The Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor finds in its Bulletin No. 45, just issued, that the problems of these women in coal-mining communities "challenge" the attention of all men and women concerned with the well-being of men and women in industry. Coal digging is a shut-in occupation. The coal miner must depend upon family life, for "efficiency" and general welfare, as few other workers must. The miner must follow the coal seams —whether they take him into the populous streets of Scranton or other cities, or out into the rolling hills and valleys,as they generally do, far from city life or city oportunities. Then, in many instances, the woman must assist her husband as a wage-earner —not by reason of choice but because of his low and irregular wage.

The late-lamented Coal Commission gathered facts and figures in plenty on the things that the miner's wife must face—and it is these facts which the Women's Bureau is now bringing into the light.

The "home life" of the coal miner is an important concern for everybody, everywhere. Upon it depends his "efficiency" and a whole lot of other things. The restaurant cannot be the haven of refuge for the man who goes beneath the earth. Where there is no family, the mine worker goes into some other man's family as boarder and lodger. Many company-controlled towns require the taking in of mine workers only as boarders, as conditions of occupancy of the company-owned house.

The coal miner's family is notoriously large. Recent figures, not given in the Women's Bureau report, show that more children are born to the coal diggers than to any other group of workers. Over 54 per cent. of the miners' wives had families of from 5 to 11 persons or more to cook for—and wash for, as well. These may be children solely, or lodgers and children; and the work of caring for them may be supplemented by work for a wage, out of or in the home.

What facilities has the wife to carry on this

strenuous job, day after day? Outside the home, especially in the soft coal fields, she has practically no chance for recreation. Movie houses are often there—but often they are drab affairs. Public parks are seldom to be found. Reading rooms are a rarity. Those things which would help the woman are the last things thought of. There is but little to offset the wash-tub and the gray line of street and unpainted houses. In company-owned centers the color of depressive gray deepens in the lives of the imprisoned women.

Water, water, too, there is everywhere; but scarcely a drop in the miner's home. And water is the need of needs. "Coal mining is dirty work; not filthy, but oily, soiling and smudging." You need not go below ground to learn that. Merely watch the men as they hurry home from their daily job, faces like black dominoes and clothes begrimed. "A veil of coal dust envelopes the region, covering the homes and home premises with a black deposit." Dust is ever-present. Walls, furniture, neatly-laundered linen get their share of it. The wife is in a constant hopeless battle with this ever-returning foe to cleanliness. Mining laws provide for washhouses for the men; but often these washhouses are inadequate. Into the home the worker must bring the dirt and smudge from the mine.

Where is the water to fill these demands? Not in the house, at least for the soft coal miner's wife. It is outdoors, in a "bucket well." Even though the company-controlled community have its own waterworks, the company-owned house does not share in it. And the well is not the property of one family, even at that. Well-sharing among families is a common phenomenon of these desert places. Sometimes as high as 30 families are dependent on one small source of water supply. The individual family well is like an oasis; "running water in the house," a miracle.

The hard coal miner lives nearer to the city. He and his family are nearer to the public swimming pools of the city. They are nearer to better equipment than the soft coal brother, lost in the wilds of "rural" country. But the dust in the air and the huge culm banks, showering their black reminders into "parlor" and kitchen, give the wife the same worry that the "soft coal" wife encounters. Confronted with this enemy, the woman frequently has for her weapon only a faucet in the kitchen—which is designated as "running water in the house!"

Drudgery is the outcome. Water is but the symptom of other ill-conditions in the house. Repairs are not the order of the day. Modern conveniences of other sorts are unknown or forgotten.

That is the key-note in particular of living in company houses. Down in West Virginia, 79 per cent. of the miners' wives must keep house in a company-owned "dwelling." Almost the same percentage ran for Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland and Tennessee. All together, almost half the soft coal miners reside in company-owned property—with its uncertainty of tenure, run-down condition and many other disadvantages.

Out of the many figures gathered by the Women's Bureau, a picture of the struggle of the miner's wife can be vividly imagined. It is against the background of this struggle that she must prepare every so often for the battle of her husband for some sort of decent form of life. Knowing how much more she needs to make existence of value—feeling in her daily handicaps the immense burden the coal barons have put upon her—she fights energetically and loyally at the side of her husband. The history of the mines has been a continual story of the strong morale and courage of the women—whether marching with Mother Jones or merely trying to keep the family together under a rain-drenched tent in mid-winter.

It is a favorite outdoor sport of traveling salesmen and other useless folks, to attack the miners at every coal crises. "What are these salesmen contributing to society?" may well be asked. Without them, industry would go on much the same—or, indeed, in a healthier condition. But without the miner, the wheels would stop—for good.

Would the wife of one of these salesmen trifle for a moment with the home in which the coal miner's wife is forced to live? A very useless question! In a hovel in the hills, without water, without up-to-date advantages of any kind, closed in from city life or recreation—this woman of the mines shows the qualities that made Molly Pitcher a heroine. But—these heroines of the mine country are as yet unhonored and unsung.

Psychology
IN DOUBLE PORTION

In the forthcoming issue of LABOR AGE: Two articles on Psychology will appear, that will be more than worth the reading. Miss Daniels is sending her copy from Vienna, where she is taking a special course of studies this summer.

Correspondence Lessons

Furnished by Workers' Eduation Bureau

By C. J. HENDLEY

Progress of the American Labor Movement

LESSON III.

The Beginnings of Labor Unions in America

THE best assurance of future progress is the progress that has been made in the past. The readers of this series of lessons should look for evidence of labor's advancement; and should study labor's victories and defeats in order to get a better understanding of the present prospects for further progress.

The Broad View of Events

Explorers in a new country like to go up on high hills or mountain peaks to study the surrounding country. In studying history we are trying to do something of this kind. We are trying to get upon the house tops, so to speak, to obtain a wide view of the way the world is moving.

So in these lessons we are trying to get upon a high elevation where we can get a wide view of the labor movement. Generally our views are obstructed by the little struggles that our own local unions are engaged in. The mistakes and failures and personal disputes that mean so much to us personally, may prevent our seeing the progress of the movement as a whole. On the other hand a local victory or a temporary triumph may cause us to feel that the millenium is near. We have taken up these lessons to try to avoid being misled by these views that are narrow and limited. We are trying to get up on some of the mountain peaks to get a view of the trend of things as they affect labor.

White Slaves in America

One of the things that we learn from the early history of this country is that a great mass of the working people, both white and black, were slaves. We are all familiar with the historical fact that there was negro slavery in this country from the time of its settlement to the Civil War; but we do not all know that in the early days of the country great numbers of white people were in slavery too. The historians think that in some localities, the majority of white people were slaves at some time in their lives.

The bondage of the whites was limited to a number of years. Many had sold themselves into slavery to pay off debts of one kind or another. Others, especially children, had been kidnapped by speculators and sold to sea-captains, who in turn sold them to the colonists for a term of years. They were generally bound for a period of three to five years, at the end of which time they became free, provided they had escaped any penalties that would prolong the time of their bondage.

We have the testimony of people who lived at the time to the effect that these white slaves were treated worse than the negro slaves. For the negro represented a long-time investment of his master and he was taken care of somewhat as horses whose value is appreciated; but the white slave's bondage was limited, and his owner tried to get as much as possible out of him before his period of servitude was up. This form of slavery was not finally abolished until after the establishment of the present government of the United States.

Early Labor Laws

And in the early history of this country there were many restrictions put upon so-called free labor, which we would now consider illegal. The ruling class tried to fix by law a maximum for wages and a minimum for hours of work. We cannot tell just how effective these laws were; but we find them upon the old statute books. It was customary throughout the colonies to imprison people for debts that they could not pay; and laws of this kind were not repealed until long after the present Constitution of the United States was adopted. Great numbers of working people were disfranchised by the requirement that only land owners could vote. However, this provision did not disfranchise as large a percentage of the people then as it would now. For land was cheap in those days.

Effect of Cheap Land

However, the lot of working people in America then was much better than the lot of workers in Europe at the same time. The cheap land that we have mentioned was a great boon in his favor. If the conditions of hired labor became unbearable the worker could escape from them, take up land, and become his own boss as a farmer. Even the slaves

often ran away, more particularly the white slaves, and went out to the frontier to take up land.

This free or cheap land had a great influence on the progress of labor in this country until a generation or two ago. It has served as a sort of avenue of escape from the unbearable conditions in industry. It has served to keep wages above the starvation point and to secure for the worker greater consideration from his employer. And it has had much to do with the development of extreme individualism among American workingmen and to check the growth of solidarity among them.

Unions Started About 1800

The student should study carefully what Mrs. Beard's history says about the conditions that caused labor unions to be formed. Notice also, that the first unions were not formed much before 1800. So the union movement in this country is not much over a hundred years old, which is a brief period of time in the history of the world. However, the union movements of England and Europe are no older. The union is an outgrowth of machine-industry; and this had its beginnings in England about the time of our Revolutionary War.

Chapter III of her book is very interesting and important. The student should read and re-read it. It will help him to get a broader understanding of the meaning and the importance of organized labor's tactics. It will help him to realize that tactics and policies grow out of necessity. They grow out of labor's experience in fighting for its rights, and those methods that get results are adopted.

The first trades to organize were the shoemakers, printers, tailors and carpenters. Nearly all of their records have been lost, but it is known that the shoemakers in Philadelphia had an organization in 1792 and the printers in New York were organized as early as 1794. The early unions were militant organizations and conducted some hardly contested strikes, some of which were victorious.

Courts Used Against Labor

The employers promptly brought the strikers into court in a number of instances and succeeded in convicting them of conspiracy. The judges declared that any combination of workmen to raise wages was a conspiracy against the public, and punishable under the English common law which was applied to America. Of six cases that we have record of in the period from 1806 to 1815, four were decided against the strikers, who had to pay fines for daring to strike for increases in wages. After 1815 the judges shifted their position somewhat. They would allow the workmen to combine into unions, but they were still very easily convinced that labor's methods of conducting strikes were illegal in many cases.

It is a revelation to read the records of labor's first battles in the courts. We have the records of a number of the trials and they have been reprinted in readable form in John R. Commons' "Documentary History of American Industrial Society," Volumes 3 and 4. They contain the testimony of the bosses, the union members, and the scabs, the arguments of the lawyers and the comments of the judges. A reading of one or more of these trials will give the student a graphic picture of the conditions under which workingmen labored in those days and of their efforts to improve their conditions.

Origin of the Term Scab

For example, in the testimony at the trial of certain shoemakers in Philadelphia in 1806, we get an explanation of the term scab. One of the strikers admitted that he said that a certain strikebreaker was like a scab sheep. When one sheep is attacked by it, the shepherd usually separates it from the rest of the flock and it becomes an outcast.

We must add the comment that the account we have of the beginnings of the labor movement is very incomplete. And the whole story can never be known. For the people who could write in those days did not seem to think the story of the pioneers of the labor movement was worth preserving. We can learn much of the politicians and warriors of the time, but little of those who struggled and made sacrifices to improve the condition of the workers.

We should feel grateful, however, for those unknown heroes who fought our battles for us in those early days. We profit by their sacrifices. How often this story is repeated in the history of labor! A few far-seeing and self-sacrificing workers go into the front lines and bear the brunt of the battle, while the indifferent and the scabs reap the advantage of their efforts.

REVIEW QUESTIONS

What do you understand by the term industrial democracy?

Can you explain how the invention of machinery is responsible for the existence of the labor movement?

Can you explain what indentured slaves of colonial times were?

Can you tell the story of labor's part in establishing our free public school system?

These questions are answered in Mrs. Beard's book and other books we referred to in our first lesson.

Some Summerings

Vacations Secured by Labor for Its Own Folks

AT Delaware Water Gap the Lackawanna Trail begins (or ends, as the case may be) in a riot of beauty. Beyond the two mile gorge—with its constant panorama of arresting views—run the Pocono Mountains. Big game abound through those hills, to the joy of the huntsman and fisherman.

Above the Gap are Stroudsburg, Bushkill and its Falls, and the hills that run off the Kittatinny Mountains—retreats of wood and water and hillside that make the tired and the weary feel at rest.

In the heart of all this Labor has pitched two "camps"—summer resorts for the organized workers, particularly of New York. There are rare places for "summering," of which advantage is well taken. It is a great, fine relief to escape from the dash and heat of the canyons of the Greater City, out here to coolness and beauty and repose.

In the merry month of June one of these summering spots was opened for another year by the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. Unity House is the pride of the union. If you had chanced to walk along the road from Bushkill one of those June evenings and pushed ahead into the Unity grounds, you would have heard the chorus of voices celebrating the new "summer year." The songs dealt with the glory of the International, testified to by old airs set to new words. "Auld Lang Syne" appeared to be the most popular. When several hundred voices rose in chorus with its refrain, the spirit of union loyalty was made the more impressive.

Five hundred guests were present at this opening for 1925. President William Green of the A. F. of L. was the speaker on this occasion. He was struck by the spirit of those who had come for this auspicious new beginning and could not refrain time after time from commenting on the splendid work the union had done in erecting this summer home for the workers in their trade.

Those who have been out to this resort among the hills know how well placed was his favorable comment. Seven hundred and fifty acres of woodland and hills are there for you to roam upon. A lake 70 acres long, with docks for boating and swimming, gives you opportunity for that recreation in a retreat away from the beaten path that commonly only "millionaires" enjoy. And the Unity House was formerly the place of amusement for millionaires indeed, the union having bought it from a large estate. Billiard rooms and bowling alleys, tennis courts and baseball grounds are also there for you to romp over. Provided in each case that "you" are a member of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union or friend of the union.

Originally purchased by Local 25, this lovely property now belongs to the entire International. When the sweltering heat is melting the most hardened veteran on the sidewalks of New York, the union members can slip away to the hills above the Water Gap and enjoy themselves in regal style.

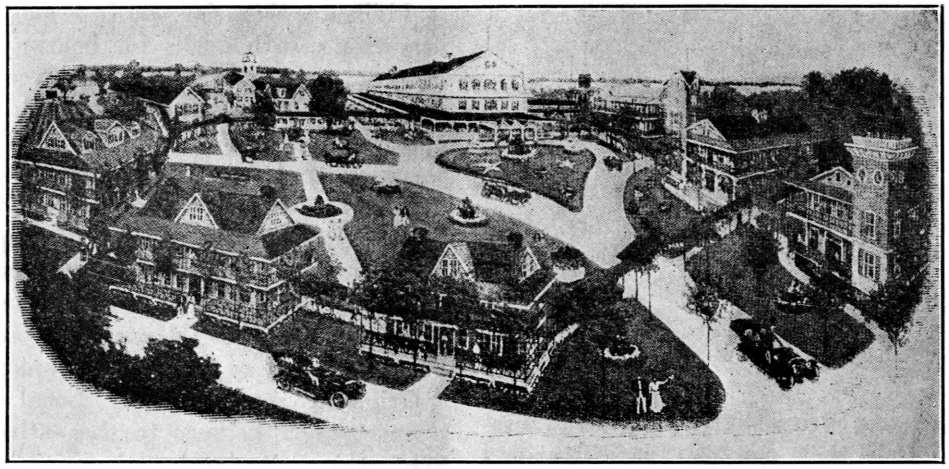
Or they may run out to Staten Island, if they are members of Local 89 of the I. L. G. W. U., to the Anita Garibaldi House. Again, they can get away from the city's rush and tumble and oppressive heat, and find recreation and rejuvenation in the waters of the deep Atlantic. "From the shop bench to the ocean's waves" is a bracing experience—which the union has brought to its workers.

This is not the courtesy stuff handed out by the company union. It is not handed to the workers on a platter by the boss, in return for their being good and loyal and considerate. It is the workers' own—erected by their own initiative for their own sole benefit. There are no strings attached to it. The little Italian girl, hurrying out to Anita Garibaldi for a pleasant day of it, owes "nobody anything." Her work is not to be interfered with as a result of

this pleasure; the boss has no drop on her. While under the company union a different state of affairs prevaileth.

Not so far away from the Unity House—as those things run in the hill country—lies the camp operated by the Rand School, Camp Tamiment. Likewise a large and luxurious piece of hill and woodland, with a beautiful lake that would tempt one to remain the entire summer, Tamiment is one of those things of beauty that are a joy forever. You can reach its attractive cottages amid the trees, easily on foot —up the road from Bushkill.

There is much more than can now be told! On one of these fine July days, if you are in Gotham, you will be persuaded to hit the winding road that takes you toward White Plains. The great reservoir system of New York is running along with you. Above White Plains the most wonderful of countries smiles upon you—Valhalla and upward. Miles and miles of this road and you come to Brookwood, nestled away from the highway—where a vacation is combined with education.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF FOREST PARK UNITY HOUSE

Brookwood's Alluring Programs

Out in Brookwood's wooded hills and dales a "good old summer time" can be had, with education thrown in, to make it all the better. The Workers' College has taken up the splendid and effective task this year of carrying on a Railroad Labor Institute. Railroad workers are to spend August 2nd to August 8th in discussion of the problems of their industry—how it is run and how it might be run. Nine of the twelve sessions will be devoted to a study of railroading based on the book, Co-operative Railroading, just being issued by the Workers' Education Bureau of America.

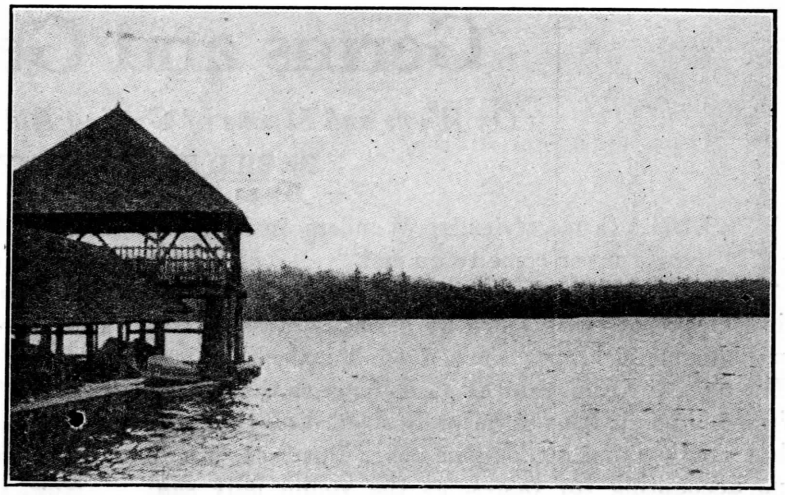
The Beginnings of Railways, Management of Railways, Growth of Railways, Government Regulation, Adjustment of Disputes, etc., will be among the subjects gone into and discussed. A series of evening lectures on general economic questions will be an additional feature of the program.

Leading railroad unionists of the country and men interested in rail problems—including Bert M. Jewell of the Railway Employees Department of the A. F. of L., Edward Keating of Labor, Albert F. Coyle of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and Phil E. Ziegler of the Railway Clerk—are backing the Institute. It is one of those fine efforts of which we shall see more and more in this country before many years are over—the pragmatic method of analyzing Industry, preparatory to further co-operation in management and control.

Scarcely will the Railroad Institute have ended, until a general labor institute will open—running from the 9th to the 22nd of the month. "How to Raise Wages" is the topic for discussion. The Workers' Education Bureau's Control of Wages will be the book used throughout the course. "Does it pay to raise wages by increasing the price of goods manufactured? How much can wages be raised by cutting interest, profit and rent of employers and landlords? To what extent are workers cheated out of wages by 'over-capitalization?'" are some of the alluring questions to be answered.

The week of this study of wages will be followed by a consideration of "The History of the War and Post-War Period from the Labor Viewpoint." In conjunction with a number of leading liberal economists, Labor will look into its experiences during and since the War—in a check-up as to how it stands

The lake at Unity is not the least of its attractions. Of late the charming summer retreat has become more and more of a play place for the members of the international union which controls it. Overflow crowds invade it every week-end. The summer season sees it filled to capacity, until Fall arrives.



and what is to be done for the future. All of these study programs will continue to enhance the reputation of Brookwood.

Pioneer Youth and Manumit

While Brookwood thus runs the time away to big advantage, at Pawling—only a few leagues away—another educational enterprise is doing its good work. The Pioneer Youth of America have their famous summer camp up there—on the grounds of Manumit School, itself an effort of no small significance for the workers. Manumit breaks the children, through their own free will, of the "public school habit." It prevents them from being automatums and gets them in the way of thinking for themselves.

Just what Manumit does during the school year in a school way, Pioneer Youth plans to do for a larger number of children in their own environments. Then, it brings those who can come, up to Pawling in the Summer and gives them pleasure and education out of pleasure.

Thus, in part, does Labor spend its summer under its own sweet will—in institutions of its own making. Unity House, Tamiment, Brookwood, Pioneer Youth Camp and Manumit are but the beginnings of what Labor will do for itself in this field in the years before us. Out of these experiments in co-operative pleasure making will come education—and this education but adds to the accumulated group knowledge of the Labor Movement in how to enjoy itself, educate itself and control its own destiny.

All the pleasures and quiet of the country are there. It is merely a matter of a minute or two, and you are out on the road to Bushkill. If you wish to have the feeling of the Old Homestead, you can get that, too—right on the grounds of Unity itself, as this picture indicates.

Germs and Germans

On Ways and Means of Getting Rid of Your Neighbor

By BILL BROWN, BOOMER

BELIEVE me, friends: Wonders in this old world never come to an end.

Now they have been accusing a fellow here in Chicago of being killed by germs because he was so doggone rich. Somehow, I can't make that out. It hasn't any appeal at all. All the guys that I ever heard of to die from germs were shuffled off that way because they were so doggone poor. But then, there's no accounting for tastes, as the young lady said when she bought a bicycle.

Typhoid germs were put on the stand in this here rich fellow's case, and we newspaper readers got to know all about the habits and haunts and "racial traits" of these here man-killers. They've got Big Bertha beat all hollow. If you want to relieve a dear friend of his worldly troubles, you understand, all you've got to do is carry around a few thousand bacilli frozen-up in your pocket. When he isn't looking, just slip a few in his tea and toast, and he'll be getting acquainted with the angels before many moons have passed.

That's the general idea or the "theory" or the way the thing is supposed to be done. Of course, if you get to practicing that "theory" too blamed much, you're liable to find that the world in general won't appreciate your friendly feeling in doing it. They're likely to treat you almost as bad as a workman with an idea and an ambition to tell the world about it. Those there things are forbidden strictly by the official Book of Etiquette. They're just as much forbidden as those twenty-one guns for the President are required when he goes out Mayflowering.

Now what gets me is this—and I can't make head or tail of the whole blamed thing yet—if you give a guy typhoid germs, it's the electric chair for you. But if a nation decides to fill their neighbor nations full of germs or gas or anything else along those lines, it's patriotism. They go right out and take the germ thrower or the gas-inventor and give him a couple of medals, a house and lot and a lot of other things that make a man "swell with pride."

The other day I read where one of these leading scientists had written a whole book about poison gas and such-like. He said we were all fools for kicking about being killed that way. It was a nice, humane way of dying. Lots more fun than not dying at all, or something like that. Once they killed them by swords and kicked about lances. Then, they killed by lances and kicked about gunpowder. Then, they killed them by gunpowder and kicked about poison gas. So, there you are. If you're up to date, you'll pick out the latest method of being got rid of. But, I just sort of wonder when they're going to kick about being killed at all!

Now, there was another funny thing about this here scientist that liked poison gas and germs so well. He was an Englishman. A pure-blooded, 1000 per cent. Nordic. (Though they're trying to make out that the young girl who married a millionaire is a Black Beauty, even though her family lived eleventy-eleven years in Wales.) I couldn't believe my eyes when I read that. Because it was the Hun who hurled the poison gas, when last I heard about it. Those there Germans had exclusive rights to that "murderous, savage" way of killing men. They showed their "beastliness" something like that, you understand, by using that there poison substance—until the Allies learned to use it, too. Then it became a nice, humane way of putting those Huns to sleep without too much trouble.

Of course, the kick I keep up my sleeve is against killing Huns or Nordics or anybody else by germs or gas or even fire-crackers. Maybe I'm one of these here Millemiumaniacs they talk about; but I can't get out of my head the hope that they'll stop it all some day. I sort of prefer to see my fellow humans going up to Heaven by a more natural route.

But say: the germ-killing of the poor is not natural, either. Take it from me. Though a whale of a lot of people keep it in their heads that it is. The poor we have always with us and the germs they have always with them. That's the way they put it. But it don't seem right to me. Now, you take a map of a city—like that Brotherly Love town of Philadelphia, for instance. Get a health map of the place and what do you find? Why, all the Brotherly Love is kept right out in the rich folks' sections. Tuberculosis and such-like is heavy in the poorer wards and districts. They're lightest in the richest districts. Even right down town, whenever you run into a rich block, you'll find right away the T. B. figures get lighter and lighter. It's a downright shame, you understand, when sunshine ought to be so cheap.

IS IT DEAD OR SLEEPING?

With the Injunction still alive, Labor's rejoicings over the death of the Kansas Industrial Court are tempered with wonder at what may be tried next!

Yep, friends, it's all hard to figure out. And then, when you get to thinking of the way they soak you with sickness in these here work-shops, you see why we ought to be thankful to the employers from whom all blessings flow. They send us to Heaven so much quicker than they go themselves! If you can't see that, you must be as big a boob as the fellow who's got to keep asking his girl if she really loves him.

To make it more interesting, they've got this new kind of gas with the misunderstandable name. It's guaranteed to knock you off quicker than anything yet. A workman just walks in the factory early in the morning, bright and snappy, and before noon they're carrying him out on a stretcher. It's got the world's record beat for laying men out. It would win the world's championship in half a second at Boyle's Thirty Acres. It's got so they must lay out a dozen or two men a day in these here factories, or they don't think it's a good day's work.

You can't tell a worker anything about gas. Coal gas kills off a big number of miners every year, too; all necessary to make this country lead the world in everything, you understand, including mine disasters. Nothing much done about it; for it isn't worth while. There are too many miners—by about a hundred thousand anyway. Seems that that's the only idea the old fogeys at Washington have about how to straighten that out; just kill enough of those there miners off and mathematics gives the answer.

Yep, this is the great Gas Age, especially here in these United States. Not satisfied with gassing us at work and germing us at home, they've now set Gasbag Bryan at us in the public press. I just saw a newspaper a while ago informing me that he's got safely into that town of Dayton, Tenn., where he's going to prove what all he knows about this monkey business. He's at that old game of making us all good by law—which never works out right, anywhere at anytime.

And believe me, friends, it doesn't take any great stretch of imagination or such-like, either, to think of us as monkeys—as long as we allow ourselves to be gassed along and killed the way we do. Fact is, monkeys see that they get a better deal of it. Some of these days, workers will stop all gassing—in war or peace. Then, it won't be necessary to say anymore: "Peace is Hell." On that day, you understand, another wonder of the world will have come to pass.

Spine Shivering a la Mode

By LESTER SIMMONS

FEARFUL and shrill is the Nordic cry of alarm as it spreads forth from the pages of the FELLOWSHIP FORUM. Naomi and Silas, sitting in their old rockers of an evening, hear its heart-cutting, blood-curdling, spine shivering call and nodding at each other with grim determination, decide then and there that—"No, by cracky, them there furriners ain't goin' to run ruthlessly over the instertooshens of we, one hundred per cent Americans."

For the FELLOWSHIP FORUM is on guard. It is the watch dog for all go-getting, patriotic "Protestants." As it announces in boxed prominence to the right of its mast head, "The Fellowship Forum, as the Representative of Militant Protestant Fraternalism at the Nation's Capital, sheds light on all National, Political, Educational and Religious issues of importance to Freemasons and other Patriotic American Fraternities. Every issue carries some important message to Americans."

Every week, at $2.00 a year or $5.00 for three, it goes forth into the nooks and crannies of this great land, carrying "the message of Jesus," as the Nordics know it, and of true Americanism as can only be expressed by genuine Ku Kluxers. Fear is its gospel and hate its national rallying cry.

In one issue it uncovers more dastardly deeds allegedly committed by foreigners than Desperate Desmond ever thought of perpetrating during his whole long and dishonorable career. "Aliens Commit Another Mob Outrage in New Jersey," runs one scare-head clear across the full width of the front page. Through four columns of horrors, one little paragraph, inconspicuous in its lonesomeness, tells the truth. Chief of Police Gleason of South Amboy, N. J., at the scene of the battle, is quoted as saying that no violence took place and no windows were broken. But Naomi, as she skips this paragraph, gives a deliciously sadistic shudder and turns her eyes on the axe leaning against the kitchen corner.

If the Ku Klux Klan can be said to have one single mouthpiece, the FELLOWSHIP FORUM is it. Most of its pages are filled with the doings of our sheeted Knights and Ladies. Whatever space is left is devoted to haranguings against foreigners, the Pope, Jews and to doubtful advertisements.

"Those principles which brought America into existence as a Nation," announces the foreword to a series of lectures given by the education department of the Klan, and reprinted in the paper, "and which have made America the leader of the world, are being encroached upon and their very perpetuation threatened. The Ku Klux Klan has arisen in response to a general demand for protection for these ideals and institutions." Very vague but it keeps up the blood pressure of the one hundred per centers.

100 Per Cent Error?

In the body of the lecture spades become spades and the weasel words, if used, are for adornment only. "We are fighting the battle of every man, woman and child in the land, regardless of race, color or creed." Three hurrahs and a hip. In the next paragraph there is a "but," so control your emotions.

"Of course there are lines of cleavage for which, however, we are not responsible. An organization to be efficient must be homogeneous. Certain groups are inherently incompatible and this misfortune is theirs, not ours. We are not responsible for the Roman Catholic monopoly of religion, the Jewish monopoly of money, nor for the negro's nature and blood." And with virtuous indignation: "There are those who charge us with building an organization upon race prejudice. This is one hundred per cent error. We are building it without race or religious prejudice at all. Religious and racial incompatibility are eliminated."

Fair enough. If you want a litter of kittens to be all white you drown the black ones.

Anglo-Saxon Bedrock

Perorating towards the climax, the lecture flowers forth: "A surprisingly large faction of our population is of foreign birth. In fact, now, not one-half of our people, possibly not more than one-third, are of native Anglo-Saxon stock. The bedrock of our civilization is Anglo-Saxon. Very few others participated in the stirring times of the Revolution and early days of nation building." When old Noah threw down the gang-plank at Mt. Ararat a couple of Ku Kluxers stepped forth from the ark and joined the procession of the departing hosts.

"We want the liberty-loving immigrant who comes to build himself into our national life. But the one who comes simply to transport a section of his native land, language, institutions and laws and perpetuate Old World ideals dominated by Old World forms of religion, ignoring the right of America to educate her own citizens—this man is distinctly not wanted." And without a ripple, this contradiction. ". . . *Here is civilization's last battleground.* (Italics not ours.) All world problems, political, social, education and religious are to be solved here if at all. We dare not surrender the destiny of this land into the hands of a dominated and decadent race. Let our immigration be of free and forward looking races and then we shall have helped build a nation which shall stand the storm of ages."

These are the burden of the messages carried by the FELLOWSHIP FORUM in every issue.

And do Naomi and Silas, shrivelling up in the uneventful provinces, like this stuff? It is both meat and drink to them. Through the "Open Forum" they let the world know about it.

"There is a great deal said nowadays about 100 per cent. Americanism. Yet you read daily about these same Americans being assaulted, beat up, shot at or killed. Why is this? It is because the Americans practice too much tolerance. It seems most foreigners go around with chips on their shoulders." One testimonial to the good work of the FELLOWSHIP FORUM. Another writes:

"I have been reading your wonderful paper for the last eighteen months and have certainly enjoyed beyond all expression. I deem it the greatest institution of constructive education regarding government and world politics, as relating to religious and patriotic fraternal issues."

"Down With the Traitors"

And here is an hurrah boy that is just full of Pop-O gas. "I am renewing my subscription as a Klansman and . . . I have taken great interest in the FELLOWSHIP FORUM because it continually exposes the insidious propaganda of all kinds that are trying to destroy our national bulwarks, the public schools and the Constitution itself. The Forum is educating the masses, giving them the proper understanding of their place and work in the nation, and to be patriotic and alert at all times. It continues to voice the sentiment of the old song, of which we still need to be constantly reminded: 'Down with the traitors, up with the Stars, the Union forever, Hurrah, boys, Hurrah.'"

Of course in its work of education the FELLOWSHIP FORUM needs money and revenue becomes not an important item. Aside from the dollars it garners in subscription fees and the books it sells, the shekels it earns from quack remedy advertisements are not to be smirked at. This newspaper not only undertakes to cure its readers of un-Americanism, but through those ads promises release from all physical ailments.

The Knight Light

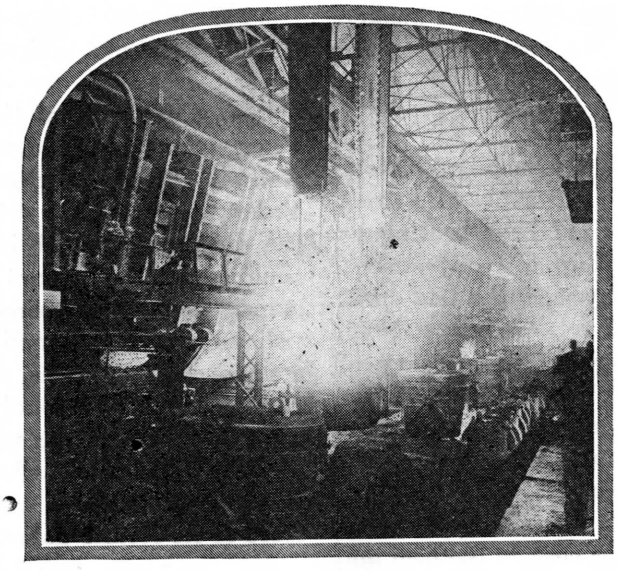
Really, when envisaging the universality of its interests, the FELLOWSHIP FORUM can be said to be catholic in its efforts. It enters into all spheres of existence, not only in the realm of the practical but in the esthetic as well. No greater beauty for home adornment can be found than this remarkable ornamental lamp, the wonderful knight light, "price $6.00, wired complete with attachment plug and six feet of silk cord."

It is a kind fate that, through all the history of humankind, has given for every moment of danger and stress, the proper agency for its protection. In the present cycle of events, God be thanked for the FELLOWSHIP FORUM!

Independence Hall Challenges Broad Street Station

"Shopmen Against Atterbury" Revives Issues of 1776

By CHARLES KUTZ



STEEL—RAILS

The same slavery that exists in the steel mills must prevail on the rails. So thinks Atterbury, in his drive to make the state of Pennsylvania an Industrial Autocracy in every nook and cranny. George III had similar thoughts years ago.

THE ROAD OF DEATH

IN February, 1924, the story of the fighting shopmen on the Pennsylvania was told in LABOR AGE. *The ill effects of the Pennsylvania's autocratic program were revealed in the ever-mounting accidents on that system. Since then, the account against the road has continued. The traveling public, as well as the men, have a great indictment to draw against the "Road of Death," as "General" Atterbury's disintegrating system was then called.*

FIVE O'CLOCK and the band at Paxtang Park completed its program. It was July 4th and America's spirit had been expressed in much of the music. When the sounds of the instruments died down, there was a hush of expectancy over the holiday throng who had gathered for the afternoon's celebration.

George Owens, machinist and leader of the striking Harrisburg shopmen, and the Managing Editor of LABOR AGE, arose in turn to tell the story of the further struggle for independence in America. The men and women crowded closer to hear what the message would be. It was much the same message as the spokesmen for the embattled farmers of Lexington and Concord delivered 149 years ago.

Such a statement seems strange. A century and a half after the defi to George III., masses of men are still fighting for the right of representation. Political representation was the issue then. Industrial representation is the issue now. The shopmen of 1925 stand on the same ground as Patrick Henry and the colonists of 1775. General Atterbury and the Pennsylvania Railroad have taken the identical attitude of the British tyrant, George.

Three years ago on July first of this year the

issue came to a head. Then it was that the men on the Pennsylvania walked out in defence of their right to choose their own representatives. Atterbury had decreed that they must take as their spokesmen only such men as the road itself "wisely" decided upon. Despite the almost unanimous vote of the workers against such an autocratic proposal, the Pennsylvania put this plan into effect. Company unionism succeeded unionism of the men's own choice. Thirty-seven thousand men laid down their tools as answer. Those tools have remained down ever since, so far as the Pennsylvania is concerned.

Three Heroic Years

Perhaps never before in American labor history has such solidarity been seen in the ranks of a great body of workers. Three years of brow-beating by the road. Three years of hardship, of readjustment, of seeking new employment—by men who had spent years in railroad service. And yet, on July 4, 1925, we find these men celebrating the anniversary of those years with the same devotion to the cause, the same determination to win democracy for themselves and other workers, as they displayed when the walk-out began. The Paxtang Park affair was only one of many that took place all over the system. In Altoona, Logansport and other centers the men and their families likewise gathered, to hear the same message and to pledge themselves anew to the cause.

"You men on the Pennsylvania," said President Green of the A. F. of L. recently, "have made a great fight. You have stood heroically by your guns, for the victory of industrial democracy. American labor owes you a debt of gratitude for the manner in which you have met the issue."

It is one of those strange but happy twists and turns of history that the autocratic George III. of present day industry should have his seat in the city in which the Declaration of Independence was drawn. At Fifteenth and Broad Streets, in the city of Philadelphia, is the Broad Street Station—headquarters of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the whole of its wide-flung system. A short distance away stands Independence Hall, in which America's freedom was announced to the world. "General" Atterbury, looking out of his office windows, can almost see the spire of the building in which freemen defied the tyrant of 1776. It is a challenge to the autocratic regime which he has fastened temporarily on the so-called "Keystone Road."

Wreck of the "Keystone"

This un-American policy is wrecking for many years to come the fine system that the Pennsylvania used to be. Today it is but a shell of its former self. It is like a man who has ruined a magnificent physique through years of dissipation. The loss of its best mechanics, and in such great numbers, has struck into the heart of the efficiency of the road. Wreck after wreck is the routine story of the Pennsylvania's operations since 1922.

So much is this the case that President Jewell of the Railway Employes Department of the A. F. of L. felt called upon to report in part as follows to the President of the American Federation in May of this year:

"After a survey of the situation existing on the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Executive Council of the Railway Employes department of the American Federation of Labor determined that the strike of the shop crafts which began July 1, 1922, is continuing with full vigor; that the arrogance of the management, its driving tactics and un-American policies toward the public, the workers and the owners provoked the strike, with the result that this railroad system, once proudly spoken of as the 'keystone road' has become the most inefficiently and uneconomically operated railroad, whose poor service to the general public is constantly driving more and more of its former patrons away."

Lottery Ticket to the Undertaker

The Government figures confirm these statements. Studies recently made public show that the percentage of train accidents on the Pennsylvania Railroad increased during the year of 1924, a strike year, as compared with the non-strike year of 1921 on that system, 178 per cent. During the same period the Balitmore and Ohio Railroad—not on strike—had an increase of but 6 per cent.! When this is properly visualized—in loss of time, money, life and limb—the enormous cost to the public of this un-American and stiff-necked policy can be understood.

The traveler on the Pennsylvania should look well to the keeping-up of his life-insurance policies, under these circumstances. President A. J. Burger of the System Federation No. 90 repeated much the same thought before the Miners at Scranton, when he said: "A man buying a ticket on the Pennsylvania is buying a lottery ticket to the undertaker."

Let me add the figures for the train accidents on three rival systems during the last three months of 1924. They bring home the facts even more forcefully. Two of these roads are at peace with their men. The result is eloquent:

Baltimore & Ohio	(non-strike),	290 train accidents
N. Y. Central -	(non-strike),	254 " "
Pennsylvania - -	(strike),	920 " "

The Pennsylvania, thus, piles up a total of accidents almost twice as much as the two other big systems put together.

The earnings of the road follow the same line of depreciation and wreckage that the accident record reveals. President Rea himself, at the last stockholders' meeting, admitted that the earnings of the Pennsylvania were far below what they should be. They came to but 3.76 per cent. of the capital investment, in contrast to much higher returns on other railroads. The Baltimore and Ohio made over 6 per cent. on its investment, during this period of bad times for Mr. Rea's enterprise.

When a great industrial machine such as this loses 30,000 men, it cannot fail to do so without a tremendous set-back to its whole organization. The work becomes disarranged. Discontent remains, even under the guise of smiling servility. The best mechanics being lost, those who come in under the proposition of submitting to the company make mistake after mistake which is costly in blunders and in money. The Pennsylvania has temporarily secured Autocracy at a killing price.

Industrial Democracy Will Win

After all, even at that, this is the smallest loss. When a startling accident occurs on the famous Horseshoe Curve—as it did the other day—the Pennsylvania merely puts a further nail in its own coffin. Its property is injured, and a number of lives are exposed to danger. When a similar crash takes place at Manhattan Transfer, just outside New York, the result is much the same. In other crashes caused by defective equipment, death for some may be the outcome. But if Autocracy is established in a big industry of this sort, its toll in reduced wages, lower standards, loss of freedom and injury to workers' happiness and health cannot be estimated. Freedom is the very foundation stone of American institutions, and Industrial Autocracy undermines that freedom.

The workers on the Pennsylvania are continuing their fight because they mean to secure Industrial Liberty. They feel that they are in stride with the spirit of the times. "Industrial Democracy" is on the lips of many, even on the tongues of great industrial magnates. These speak of it because they want to appear to accede to the underlying demand of the workers of the present day. If the link in the chain of Democracy were broken on the Pennsy, it would be a serious breaking of the whole chain.

Knowing that, the men are set upon going to "the end of the road" with their battle. It must be laid to their credit that they have gone to the Supreme Court with their contentions and have secured a decision (in February) of far-reaching interest to the workers in the entire railroad industry. The shopmen had gone to the courts to find out whether the sections of the Transportation Act would be considered mandatory, so far as organization of the workers was concerned. Through this Supreme Court decision it was laid down that the Act's sections on labor were not mandatory—thus hitting in the head any effort in other crafts and on other roads to compel labor to pay attention to the Act, against its own interests. Of course, the decision also held that management was compelled to do nothing in particular under the act toward union recognition.

Encouraged by the same spirit, one hundred and thirty duly elected representatives of the strikers met in Cleveland on April 19th of this year and decided to go further into the courts with their contractual rights. Suit will be filed by the strikers, asking for damages against the railroad for losses imposed by fraudulent means, while professing to live up to its contracts with the men but in failing to do so. Further far-reaching decisions in regard to the legal status of union contracts will undoubtedly be reached through action of the courts on this suit. They will not bend or break until they have restored Democracy and overthrown Atterbury's program. They remind one of the tale of the negro soldier in the late war. He had won the affections of a girl across the Holland border line; or rather, thought he had.

One night he determined to go across to Holland and see the lady. But alas, he was halted by the sentry. "Who goes there?" came the challenge. "Me," was the reply.

"But you ain't goin' nowhere, nigger," said the sentry. "No one is allowed out of heah tonight, not even the captain himself." At which Sambo pulled a razor out of his trousers.

"Look heah," he answered. "I'se got a Mammy in Heaven, a Pappy in Hell and a gal in Holland—and I'se goin' to see one of them this heah night."

Which determination is much the same as that of the 30,000 striking shopmen to win Democracy on the "Keystone Road." They have been heroic in their mass stand for victory. They have undergone untold hardships. They have been compelled to shift to other lines of effort. They are battling for their cause today with the grim grit of Valley Forge. That spirit cannot be defeated. It will topple over the George III.'s, Cornwallises and Benedict Arnolds of Industrial America.

Where "Workers Control" is Law

The German Works Councils: Where They Are Going and How They Work

IMMEDIATELY after the Great War, a wave of "workers' control" enterprises and schemes swept the world. It is commonly supposed most of these having gone off the front page of the newspapers, that the "urge" toward actual control of industry by the workers has died down—and out. Such, it seems upon investigation, is not the case.

In those hectic days of "after the war," the Soviets were busy in taking "control" in their own way. The "mania" of workers and soldiers' councils rushed like a whirlwind through Deutschland and the Scandinavian countries. There were echoes of it everywhere. In America, "Industrial Democracy"—a term encouraged by Woodrow Wilson—was talked about extensively, despite the autocracy of Palmer and other worthies of that stripe; or perhaps, because of them. In Great Britain, the demand was put tersely in the cry that the "spirit of man be free"—uttered by the miners' chiefs in the King's Robing Room.

The ideas of the thing were jumbled; but the specific demand for "control" was there. In Russia "dictatorship" introduced a troublesome term that is still causing untold difficulties. "Dictatorship" sounds miles apart from the cry for "industrial democracy." The workers of the Western World have about made up their minds, whether rightly or wrongly, that "dictatorship" may mean the "dictatorship" of a ruling clique rather than of a great democratic mass of workers.

The thought of eventual "control" hovers still in the "subconscious" mind of the worker, nevertheless. The National Industrial Conference Board, without the least desire to do so, trots out recent proof of this. Works Councils in America, its 1925 study shows, are on the increase; although very few people knew even that such "critters" existed within the bounds of our fair land. They are here in goodly number, over a thousand of them planted here, right among our American workingmen.

These works councils are largely the proud fruit of the American employing interests. They are producing these fair flowers in their overweening desire to hand out "democracy" to American workers. Upon their history we will not now linger, save to point out that two things are proved Q. E. D. and P. D. Q. thereby: One, that "control" is a hankering of our worker-brothers, or the sham substitute for it would not be handed out. Two, that Barnum is the god of more than one set of Arrow-collar wearers. Stopping "democracy" by hiding behind a camouflage isn't workable—for long.

In Germany another and unique development has come about—one whose results are now happily available for us in the form of a study by Dr. Boris Stern. In true German style, they made their works councils compulsory, by the law of 1920. Thus, workers' representation became an organic part of the social life of the German people.

Before the 1918 revolution, various forms of employees' representation existed in the German Empire. With the fanfare of the revolution, there burst into the limelight those revolutionary bodies of the councils of workmen and soldiers' delegates—patterned after the Russian system. In the fire and fervor of the latter movement, a greater mass of workers than ever before became interested in the idea of control. The Weimar constitution—upon which the German Republic rests—provided for such councils; the law of 1920 made them legal bodies.

As the ardor of the revolution died away, the purpose and means of action of these bodies underwent considerable change. They came more and more to resemble the shop committees in effect before the revolution—but with extended powers and now made compulsory throughout the "Reich." As the law was finally adopted by the National Assembly, it formed a decided compromise over the original proposal, made during the heat of the revolution. Even then it was not born without its baptism of blood. One hundred thousand workers stormed the Reichstag during the second reading, in protest against its milder tone. They were met by the fire of the police and left 42 dead and 105 wounded before they desisted in their attack.

"The formulation of a 'Constitution for Industry' is conducted with something of the same energy as that which past generations have given to the discussion of a Constitution for the State," wrote R. H. Tawney in the birth year of the German law. The Weimar Constitution hoped to produce on an elaborate scale an economic government, beginning in the workshop and mine and mill, and ending with the National Economic Council, that would run parallel to the political government of the State.

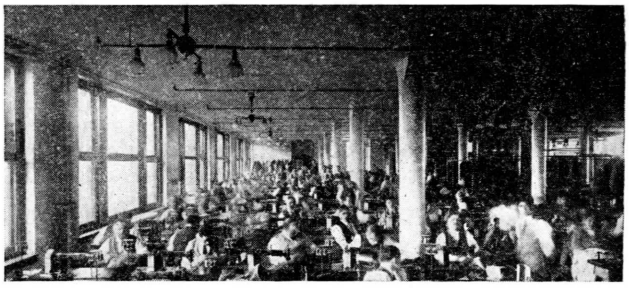
Except for the works councils, the plan failed to materialize.

The works councils themselves, after battles of all sorts, have managed to survive in further modified form. The jurisdiction of the councils has been curbed, so that they have no executive powers of any sort. These continue to rest solely in the hands of the manager. The new methods have had the effect of broadening the field of collective bargaining; but they have also brought in new frictions for the trade unions—frictions between the councils and the unions themselves. The councils still have some of the features of the company unions, in that they do not readily fall into line with broad trade union policies. They are not so eager to oblige workers to become unionists. Their leaders become potential opponents of trade union leaders—with what outcome for unionism time can only tell. These trials and tribulations for the workers' organization have come, in spite of the fact that the councils are incorporated in the unions and the unions themselves recognized by the works council law.

One thing has come out of the four years of this new scheme: a new and vigorous workers' education. German labor, highly organized, is still divided in the sort of organizations that prevail in the union field. The Socialist unions are the leaders—over 8,000,000 strong. Then come the Christian unions—numbering almost 2,000,000; and lastly, the Hirsch-Dunker Liberal unions, with less than 1,000,000 members.

To these various groups the works councils each mean a different thing. The Communists, of course, see in them instruments for the overthrow of the present order. The Socialists hope by an evolutionary process, to use them as the basis for a co-operative commonwealth. The other bodies believe that they perform useful social functions, in quickening production and introducing the workers to some share in management's responsibilities. But all agree that training and detailed knowledge of industry among the workers is needed for their success. Result: A flood of pamphlets, discussion and workers' study classes, headed by the Academy of Labor at Frankfort on the Main. All are engaged in the task of familiarizing the rank and file with the running of industry—how to make up balance sheets, how to keep books, what are the standards of production in this or that country, studies of various industries in detail, discussions on whether the manager or capitalist are needed.

Dr. Stern's conclusion, after examining the works councils on the ground and looking into their four years' history, is that they are in Germany to stay. They may be hampered from time to time, but they have been such a success that no party or industrial group will dare to destroy them. This "success" of theirs has been on a small and concentrated, rather than a grand scale. They have not fulfilled the hopes of the Communists in being organs of revolution. They have not come up to the fears of some employers in paralyzing business. During the fall of the mark, they acted as shock-centers for the prevention of wild strikes. All through the country the councils persuaded the employers to purchase food through foreign exchange—the workers paying back week by week. Reluctant as were the employing interests to do this, it acted as a safety-valve that prevented spasms of revolt.



"WORKERS CONTROL" BATTLEGROUND

American garment industry is scene of sharp conflict over union efforts to save union by widespread re-organization. The situation is likely to come to a head before 1925 goes by.

They have made headway with the workers, who are pleased that the council exists in the factory for the airing of grievances. Just how far they have gone along the road of "industrial democracy" can be answered only with a great question mark. They have given the workers apparently but little voice as yet in the bigger problems of management. But they have laid down a vital principle in industrial life. If the workers really want to go on toward further control through the councils, they can do so; and the best way that this can be assured, it is certain, is through the union's close connection with the council's control.

It is one of the marks of the new era, at any rate, that a great industrial country has put in its law the provision that workers representation must exist in every place where men and women work.

NOTE

The conclusion of "THE TRAITOR" will appear in the September issue—pushed out of this issue by the Mining Crisis.

The Lion's Heart's at Rest

Fighting Bob—Warrior Against War, Corruption, Slavery

SEVENTY years of the fullness of life and labor closed in June for "Bob."

He had earned the "rest" which he looked forward to, as he died.

To many men power is given. To but very few of them is it given in the way it came to "Bob." Or rather: in the way he took it—in defence of those whom the powerful were crushing under their heels.

There was not a cause, attacked and oppressed, which did not command his help. The whole course of his life was but a quest for service. Not the "service" of the conventional definition. Not the "service" which empty-headed Rotarians spout over their luncheon conspiracies, to rob the rest of the people. But the "service" which is willing to wade through mud, to face the jeers of the mob, to suffer crucifixion—in order that the beaten mass may be given a single gleam of light.

That was "Bob"—from the day when, as a young cub lawyer, he defied the boss of Dane County—to the day when he laid down his life in Washington after the strenuous campaign of 1924.

Organized Labor knew well of the pain and bitterness that he had undergone for the wage-workers of America. All of the organs of the toilers spoke in gratitude for the things this man had done. Politicians rise and fall—frequently mumbling their "friendship for Labor" on their lips. He needed to obligize in that way not at all: his acts, his fight, his busy life were open testimonies to the place where his heart lay. That is why the AMERICAN FFDERATIONIST, the LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL, the organs of garment workers and seamen—from every nook and corner of the American labor world—join to testify to their love for "Fighting Bob."

The seamen of this country were in chains. He reached out to free them. The La Follette's Seamen's Act is written where the hypocritical eye of the Business Press can never read—in the gratitude of the men who have escaped serfdom through its decree. The railroad workers have been engaged in conflict after conflict for Industrial Democracy. He stood on the Senate floor, when all else deserted and fought their fight. The mass of the people have been oppressed in this free country by Monopoly Interests—on the Rails, in Breadmaking, in Coal, in other fields. He was ever-ready to take up the gauntlet, as he did time after time, to wrest power from these new-risen tyrants. The farmers of his own Western country were heavily laden. He sought to rescue them. From California to the Mississippi and beyond, their welfare was his welfare and their hopes his hopes.

Unlike the great run of prophets, he was honored most in his own native country. Wisconsin clung to him, because it knew of his good works. He found the state boss-ridden, railroad-burdened, heavily in debt, education-neglected. He made it a free commonwealth, the superior of its corporations, a state without debts, with education its first thought and aim.

Often had men in his state, whom he had made, turned on him—thinking his day was done. Only to be crushed overwhelmingly by the people of Wisconsin. When the Great War came he saw the curse it would bring. He opposed our entering it. When we had entered, he wanted the profiteers to pay for it. The blood-thirsted interests thought they saw their chance. They used the Associated Press as their agency. They misquoted his speech at St. Paul —this is a thing worth ever remembering. On the basis of this misquotation, he was put on trial for his seat in the Senate. But the trial never came off. Because the Interests knew he had been misquoted? Not a bit of it. Because they feared the facts about the starting of the War which he would have then produced.

Even some in his own state wavered at that hour. Some of the university professors—with the cowardliness that frequently characterizes their calling—sent forth a protest to the world, denying him. Although he had built up the University as no public official had ever done! Some politicians thought, too, that the time had struck for them to desert him. The answer of the people came in the 300,000 majority which he received, after the war, for United States Senator—his fourth term in that body.

The unhappiness of the defeated and oppressed peoples of other lands were likewise his concern, no matter who they were or whence they came. The Irish knew that, in the dark days of the Republic. First among the messages of deep regret at his going was that received from the Association for a Hungarian Republic. The infant Labor Republic of Mexico sent its floral offering to lay at his feet. With him they could always find sympathy, if their cause was just.

OUR WAVE OF "PROSPERITY"

As Seen by One of Labor's Leading Cartoonists

The finest thing that was said about him when he died came grudgingly from the organ of his bitterest enemy. It said: "His political and personal life were white." To that might be added: he died a comparatively poor man because he chose not the path of the corporations but of the people.

Some there were who quarreled theoretically with La Follette because he did not attack Monopoly "in the right way." No historian of American politics and economics can say a few years from now, but that the Anti-Trust Law is dead and that the attack on Monopoly will come from a different quarter in a different way. But La Follette's arguments, sound and correct in their indictment of Monopoly, would have carried him and his followers farther and farther toward new methods as they would have gained in power. So will it be with the forces which succeed him, however they may arise.

La Follette dead will be an even greater center of unity for the opponents of the present system than La Follette living. Historically, he lived until the right time and died at the right time. He had stood long enough in the battle to rally all the Labor and Farmer forces of this country—for the first time in their history. His name will stand out as a beacon to those who will come later on, to assay the task again of knitting together the army of discontent and progress. For progress is always the child of discontent.

The army of progress has tasted unity once. They will come to it again—partly through their own desire, partly through economic necessity. When that happy event again draws near, the remembrance of "Bob" will be the cement that will aid to put the Farmer-Labor structure together—this time to come into full control of the Government.

Miners

By BONCHI FRIDMAN

NIGHT

THE small mining town, like every mining-town, suggested a cemetery. The old black shacks were like monuments under which human beings lie buried alive.

Thousands of unknowns were brought here from every part of the country and world to dig coal, and to help the "progress" of the world. Thousands of men were chained to this place, so they live here, dig coal; marry the first girl who wants to marry a miner; have children who work with them in the mines until they die or, as most of them, are buried in the mines from the frequent explosions.

The shacks belong to the company and were built with the "company's" money; and state and city authorities are the company's own. So there was no union here.

When a miner is killed in the black graves, his wife and children are thrown out of the shacks because another miner with his family have to move in—to dig coal and get killed.

The Governor—a shareholder in the mines—was once told by the company: "No union here." So the miners' union lost their organizers whom the Pinkerton gang killed and others are not permitted to step on the company's ground.

The miners, therefore, remained unorganized and are left to the mercy of the coal company.

"Father," sixty-seven years, is the reverenced name of miner Gilliom. His French grandfather was killed in the revolution of 1789-93 in Paris.

Father and his five sons were all born here and work in the mines. The youngest—27 years—a six-footer, with brownish face and fine head, was lucky in getting some education. In contact with the officials of District No. of U. M. W. of A., the Miners' Union, he has been preparing the ground for a strike: to unionize for the first time the Cemetery town.

All miners have enrolled, 7,000 of them—with the exception of ten men who are receiving twenty-five cents extra a day and who remained loyal to the company.

The miners' community boycotted these ten men and they walk about the streets like homeless dogs.

ELEVEN P. M.

A tiny shack's room. Cot and small table with a can-goods box—a chair.

Father: "What is the result, son?"

"We sat in conference 'til now. President of District No. , the business agents and organizers worked out all details. There is, father, enough money and men to shoulder the job. The committee of hundred of our men is also ready to meet the walk-out and this is my last call. Read it."

"Yes son, tomorrow! A great responsibility we have undertaken, but we are not alone—the Mine Worker's Union is with us."

"The super was here. He suggested to me a contract—100 miners to work for me and a weekly bonus on top. I told him—the Gilliom family is a miner family; that we are going to strike and I kicked him out of the house."

" 'You are risking your future,' he said. And when he left he said that we are risking our lives."

"And you, son, are not afraid, are you?"

"I am afraid, yes. I would risk thousands of lives if I had them, to lead them and save them, save our miners in the battle and for the union."

TWELVE-THIRTY A. M.

"Who is knocking at the door?" . . .

"So late!" . . .

"Who is there?"

"Open the door: Sheriff Sullivan."

Four armed men in masks.

"Don't you move or we fire."

"Fire if you care: who are you?"

"You better wait till we tell you. You are calling a strike, oh, you damn dirty fools. Do you remember where we buried the organizers?"

"I do, what of it?"

"The whole god-damn bunch of yours will be there to-morrow!"

"Now listen, never mind of that crap. You are a young . . . Here is 1,000 bucks and the contract—before it is too late."

The eyes of young Martin sparkle with fire. A tiger's rage is streaming from his body and the veins of his throat are almost bursting.

"No millions will buy me. Tomorrow is the miner's day—we strike tomorrow. Get out!"

"Your life ain't worth a damn cent. We'll burn all these shacks tomorrow and roast your miners in them. Remember Ludlow? We are Pinkerton's. Don't forget it."

"You take this bunch or you'll go to the dogs."

"*We strike tomorrow!*"

(*Continued on page* 25)

Labor History in the Making

In the U. S. A.

LOUIS F. BUDENZ, in Co-operation with the Board of Editors

KICKING THE "YELLOW DOG"

YELLOW Dogdom has let out a howl. More sounds of the sort will be heard in the future not so far removed.

It has become a growing practice in this country for the Employing Interests, wherever possible, to bind their men down in virtual slavery through a contract not to join a union. West Virginia is the birthplace of these contracts, in their full state of strength. But they have spread elsewhere, far and near—the full blossom of the Open Shop campaign.

Aiming at this vicious practice, Kansas passed a law which made the contract void and attached a penalty for entering into it. The law was declared out of order by the courts. But now the Ohio Federation of Labor proposes a carefully thought-out act that will put the "yellow dog" on the run, if ever enacted into law. It makes any such contract "contrary to public policy and wholly void." No penalty is attached and penalty is not needed. The effect of the act is to allow men to be free to strike, to join unions and to act in these matters as they see fit—in spite of the "yellow dog." It allows the union full freedom to ask these men to join unions—without endangering itself legally through "interfering" with a contract.

We recommend this proposal to other State Federations. Those interested in securing a copy of the suggested act can write Thomas J. Donnelly, Secretary, Ohio Federation of Labor, Columbus, Ohio, or John Frey, President, Molders' Journal, Cincinnati, Ohio. The death of the "yellow dog" is a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

LET THE OLD GO TO——

CHLOROFORMING the aged has been a suggestion presented from time to time by efficiency experts as a quiet and peaceful way to get rid of a "troublesome problem."

Undoubtedly that would be more humane than the manner in which nine-tenths of the ancient workers are treated in Democratic America.

Much water has gone over the wheel since Amos Warner wrote in 1894: "It is ordinarily a depressing experience to visit an almshouse." Tons of paper have been used to picture the crimes committed against the aged in these sinks of despair. Through the history of workers' suffering how many thousands of Betty Higdens have gone—bleeding and beaten down, hurrying from the shadow of the old people's "home." The master stroke of Dickens in OUR MUTUAL FRIEND has put down forever the filthy, criminal way in which the Anglo-Saxon race—American and English—has abused its worn-out workers, while prating of race supremacy.

American Labor, as with British Labor, has met this challenge by a demand for Old Age Pensions. In 1923 some twenty-four American legislatures had such a proposal under consideration. Success in its enactment would have meant a decent competence in the declining years for those who had toiled in order that others might reap.

But three proposals got through that time, in any form. The worthy Solons were too busy deciding when the sun should rise or set for the golf-hunting business man to worry about the old folks rotting in the almshouses. In Montana, Nevada and Pennsylvania something was done. Montana's law was no real old age pension, Pennsylvania's was merely a grant of $25,000 to study the subject. In Ohio, the well-heeled propagandists of the manufacturers —those heralds of all things humane—lied until the people believed them, and voted down the proposal to grant old-age relief there.

Then the courts came into the picture. In Pennsylvania the law was declared unconstitutional—"That must be some hell of a paper," said a worker one day. "It sounds good, but it always turns up bad—'our' constitution." Nevada repealed its law. The whole business had to start over again.

Start over it has. It is one of those fights which will only end in victory for the workers. California and Wisconsin—in this most reactionary of times—have passed old age pension laws. Governor Richardson of the former state put his sacred veto on the first. In the Badger State, happily, the law is safe.

From Pennsylvania further good news comes. The legislature has submitted the question to the people, in the form of an amendment to the Constitution. The Commission, to furnish the facts on the situation, headed by Jim Maurer and officered in an executive way by Abraham Epstein, has been allowed to live.

So the battle goeth forward. In spite of those "lords and ladies and honorable Boards," of whom Dickens wrote so sarcastically years ago—the forerunners of our own greedy-minded manufacturers.

THE PASSING OF STONE

In the death of Warren Stone, leader of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, American Labor lost one of its most conspicuous members. Much dispute has prevailed in labor ranks as to whether labor banking made Labor too conservative or prepared it for a new form of constructive progress. Stone did not seem concerned with problems of that sort, but saw in the movement a great opportunity for his own organization—and Labor in general, when possible—to drive one more nail into the plank of its own economic self-sufficiency. The nation-wide system of labor banks which were built up under his direction are tributes to his remarkable executive ability.

Beyond that, Stone was the President of the Plumb Plan League and championed the attempt by the rail unions to secure Industrial Democracy and Workers' Control in their own industry. He was the Treasurer of the La Follette-Wheeler campaign, and had long recognized the service which "Fighting Bob" had rendered the Labor Movement. At the head of an organization considered conservative among unions, he professed in his actions a readiness to move forward—when the rank and file of Labor demanded such a move, and when economic conditions made it feasible of accomplishment.

A LABOR BANKING MONUMENT

The chief remembrance of Grand Chief Stone will be the remarkable growth of labor banks under the auspices of his union. In Cleveland's down-town, three big skyscrapers rear their heads, owned by the Brotherhood and its banks.

WASHINGTONIAN NIGHTMARES

JOSEPH of the many-colored coat might receive a royal welcome in Washington these hot summer days.

Dreams about grain were his specialty. Not only did he dream about wheat and tell what it meant, but he also helped Pharaoh and his servants in several nightmares on the same theme.

Now has the hot weather begotten equally troubled night-visions about wheat in the minds of the "Administration." It sees, in the words of the reactionary NEW YORK EVENING POST, "the farm bloc war-dancing on Capitol Hill this winter." With it will dance the "Labor bloc," for it is at one with the farm gentlemen concerning grain gambling.

The Chicago wheat pit is the sore spot which is raising the rumpus. Calvin learned that on his recent memorable trip to the Northwest.

Between January and April, the "clever" Jesse Livermore, prince of exchange gamblers, "sold" 50,000,000 bushels of wheat that never existed. He "disposed of" more wheat than the nearby grain states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois produce. The market immediately got excited. Prices went this way and that, up and down and all around. A great "bear flurry" followed—knocking prices to a low level. The wheat farmer, bending his back beneath the burden of the plowing and the planting, sees the gamblers in high glee meddling with the returns from his labors—and making millions out of their fun.

THE JUGGLERS JUGGLE ON

FRANK KENT has written some Main Street articles for the BALTIMORE SUN.

He has gone out about the country to discover what has become of the "great revolt" of the Middle West. From Indianapolis he sent back word that "there ain't no such animal." The "revolters" of other days are buying stock in the corporations they formerly denounced. The workers here and there are being drawn into the game, as per the corporations' schedule.

Mr. Kent is, as a matter of fact, a little bit ahead of the game. What he says is partly true—and the corporations are pushing their advantage as hard as they can. But "all is not what it seems" beneath the surface. The news of the solidification of Farmer-Labor forces in Minnesota, which the MINNESOTA UNION ADVOCATE bringeth, is one example of pretty strong straws that forecast a Big Wind in a short time to come.

Making hay while the sun shines, the public utilities of the country now announce that they will issue stock in smaller amounts hereafter. This is for the purpose of "bringing in the small man." The United

Light and Power Company has just made a move in that direction, following the lead of such big corporations as the Public Service Company of New Jersey. Armour and Company have shouted to the world that they will add a "bonus" for their workers to "dividends" already in store for the faithful.

Thus are they trying to tie up the "consumer" and the worker. In true juggling form, they term such moves "advances toward public ownership" and "industrial democracy." From the pages of the so-called standard magazines, these words have walked boldly into the daily press. Even jugglers juggle into the truth sometimes. It is "public ownership" verily—ownership of the public by these Business Machiavellis. To those who think otherwise—using an almost forgotten American privilege—let us again gently hint: March into the corporation which you "own" and demand a real voice in its policies. Then draw your answer from the look of the Big Boy who has his mits on the 51 per cent. control.

Fools are still born to decorate Paradise. But we are optimists. Their number decreaseth, Mr. Bryan to the contrary notwithstanding. The jugglers' shell game is in for a raid—eventually.

In Other Lands

SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE

BOLD bad men in sombreros, lots of gun play, a restless and disorderly way of doing things—this, all daubed up, is the vision that represents Mexico in millions of "Gringo" minds.

The facts? Well, they are much different. That down below the Rio Grande a Labor Government has been wrestling with Progress, painfully working it out piece by piece. Not without some halts and hesitations. Calles, radical successor of Obregon and friend of American Labor, has had to declare what has been called "a truce in the class war."

That "truce" has caused him the loss in part of the Agrarian wing of the revolutionary group that backed Obregon. He has not been able to work out his land policy fast enough for them. He has been obliged even to meet some of their efforts with force.

(Governments and political parties, Bertrand Russell contends, will always in practice, fall leagues behind their programs. The I. L. P. in office in England, he avers, would probably put through the Liberals' platform.)

Unionism has fared better. In Mexico City the street railwaymen went through a victorious strike. Why not? The Government aided them considerably, as a Labor Government should. The Tampico oil workers' strike went not so well. But the laboring classes mean not to submit without decided protests, in any abridgement of their new-found rights. To which American capitalists reply by becoming "concerned." It is only a brief step from "concern" to inspired revolution. Labor will not win its way in the Land of the Southern Cross without a further scratch or two from American Capital.

THE BLACKNESS OF COAL

But It May Yet Drive Out Oil

TRAVELING salesmen and other like eunuchs of the Profit System have spread far and wide during the last year attacks on the American soft coal miners.

The men should accept a reduction in wages. They should follow docilely in the employers' footsteps. So has run the whimpering refrain.

Could these sub-Babbitts have had a glimpse at what is actually happening in Coal, even their feeble mentalities might have refused to let them lie in such manner about the men from under the earth. Throughout the world a great coal depression has been on foot for some time. It is becoming progressively worse in Europe. No cut in wages will affect the state of affairs in the least. It will merely drive the workers into further misery.

The coal, hard fact is that there is no great demand for Coal. Our own American supply mined in the first three months of 1925 is 10 per cent. below the amount produced in the like period last year. In Britain an equally great drop has taken place. In Belgium a crisis has been on hand for months. The Ruhr mines are hit by the worst slump in their history. Thus, more or less, through all Europe.

Over one hundred thousand miners are receiving "unemployment benefits" in England. In the Durham and Northumberland regions things are rapidly approaching a crisis. A. J. Cook, the militant secretary of the British Federation of Miners, called for a revival of the Triple Alliance in the form of a Quadruple Alliance. Standing together industrially, the transportation and mining unions could demand a show-down.

One breath of hope has come from the engineering profession. At the Mining Congress at Cardiff, England's two leading scientists put their bets on Coal to beat out Oil as a fuel supply. These men are Sir John Cadman, Oil Controller of the British Empire during the World War, and Dr. John S. Haldane. In aeroplaning even, it is steam and not oil that will fill the bill.

And the workers, not to be outdone, have laid their own plans for future action in the founding of the Miners International Federation. Thirty-five years ago in May, the Miners International was launched, representing the miners unions of the world. Now, likewise in May, it opened its perma-

nent Secretariat in London, with Frank Hodges as the Secretary. The American miners, happily, are represented in the body and Brother Hodges testifies to the interest of their international officers in the world federation idea. President Lewis, Secretary Kennedy and President Green of the A. F. of L. are mentioned specifically as being eager to see the Secretariat developed into a real force for the coal-diggers' good. A committee is also to go to Russia soon, to look into the functioning of the Russian miners' union. If satisfied that this body is as free from political control as other miners' unions, the Russians will be welcomed into the international group.

A man who's in a fight should trust to himself much more than to his prayers, as Mr. Dooley remarks. In looking to their own stronger organization for their salvation, the miners are hitting out in the path that leads to victory.

HANDS ACROSS A CONTINENT

OLD ladies in shoes, with so many children that they know not what to do, are very much like the International Trade Union Movement.

When two or three of the national trade union federations get together, another one leaves by the back door through objection to the new company. It's almost that bad.

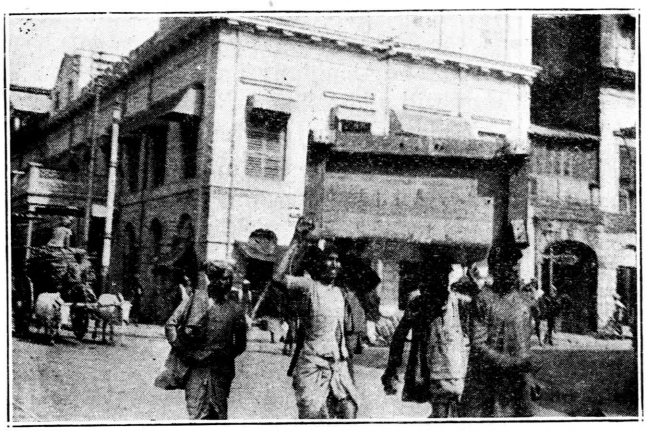
British unionism has been making eyes at the Russian labor bodies. Negotiations have been on foot for some time looking toward affiliation with the Amsterdam International. The objections come from the Germans, who are set against a too-ready acceptance of their Russian brothers. The Russian unionists have accordingly been told that they must separate themselves from the Red International and the Soviet Government before they will be accepted into the Amsterdam fold.

Just what is to happen next is not yet clear. Slowly but surely some form of unity is likely to be worked out. A suggestion has even been made by C. T. Cramp of the National Union of Railwaymen and others that a series of continental Internationals or sub-internationals be worked out, each co-operating with each other. Thus roughly, there might be a European International, a North and South American International and an Asiatic International. Or, the divisions might be made in some other geographical way—with a basis of co-operation and understanding between them, rather than in trying to fight each other on their own "home grounds."

At the same time, Cramp urges unity among workers over the world for the urgent purpose, as he sees it, of warring against war. He refers in FOREIGN AFFAIRS to the effect of the Union Committee of Action on the British policy against Russia. It brought immediate peace. And he favors, accordingly, a general strike against war—when such can be effectively arranged.

Unity is thus coming into birth. Not in a day, but by slow degrees. Its path is blocked not only by occasional political differences. There are also petty nationalistic difficulties, as between the German and Czech unions in Czecho-Slovakia—now happily worked out by the Amsterdam body. In the larger sphere it is also on the way to a large measure of accomplishment.

THE SLEEPER AWAKENS



The slow-going Asiatic worker is arousing himself, for good or ill. Long has he been in a servile condition of lethargy. Not only in China—where, President Green of the A. F. of L. says, the union movement is alive and "on the qui vive"—but in India and into Africa itself the thought of organization and the betterment of conditions is coming to the fore. This will be touched on in detail in the near-future issues of LABOR AGE.

"THE F. B. I.": BRITAIN'S REAL KING

GEORGE V., "by grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland," etc., etc., shook the hand of an American at the industrial exhibit at Wembley—and the world rejoiced. George thereby threw bread upon the waters.

Baldwin, the Premier, is likewise casting the staff of life upon the roaring deep. Not for George so much, as for a more potent king: "the F. B. I." or the Federation of British Industries. It is the monarch of the Tory Party, now entrenched in power. With true British shrewdness, it has viewed with alarm the advance of the labor hosts upon the government and the restlessness of the labor unionists—and has decided to draw the labor fangs by compromise.

"Moderation" and "co-operation" are its watchwords—uttered to labor men and the nation by the Tory Premier. How moderate will be the "moderation," so far as helping the worker goes, can be glimpsed from the one and only step actually taken by the Tory government in behalf of the under-

dogs of British industry. After an exhaustive investigation of high food prices, it has been decided to keep alive a governmental commission—with "power" to give the facts to the government! The facts already unearthed show gross profiteering. But effective interference therewith would not suit the Profit System—that is, the F. B. I.

This "brain center of British capitalism," as the Labor Research Department calls it, is the largest and most representative body of capitalists in the world. Fully 20,000 firms are represented in its membership—including the meat packers and other food monopolies looked into by its servant, the Tory government!

Legislation has been molded and killed at the dictation of this Soviet of Employers. Wherever nationalization raises its head, the F. B. I. is on the spot to slay it. The capital levy's chief opponent was the same F. B. I. Education and unemployment insurance have both been attacked by its powerful voice; while tax reduction and subsidies to business are its standing "remedies." Its greatest legislative victory—outside of its blocking of any form of nationalization in big industries—was its slaughter of the Excess Profits Tax in 1921. Today it is dictating Baldwin's tariff policy and his expressed desire further to subsidize industrial concerns—one of the chief points in the F. B. I. program!

Baldwin's babblings about "understanding" and "peace in our time" are mere sparrings for time on the part of him and his backers. They have one eye of concern on the colonies—showing more and more signs of industrial and financial independence—and the other on the increasingly militant British unions. To get through "imperial preference" in tariffs, and thus bind the colonies to them again, and to find some means of soothing the workers without giving anything in return, are the two cardinal planks in their policy's platform.

BLOODLETTING IN THE BALKANS

WHERE, oh where is that Dove of Peace that was to settle down upon the world and tuck us under its wing (like the huge Roc of Sinbad the Sailor), if we would just enter the World War with Mr. Wilson?

The Dove lies murdered—on a thousand past and future battlefields. It is being murdered again in that center of human bloodletting, the stormy Balkans.

Bulgaria's troubles lie close to the lives and welfare of the peasants and workers of that country. In 1919 the Peasants Party, led by Stamboulinsky, came into power. It was the foundation stone of the "Green International." In the election of early 1923 it received over 430,000 votes. The Communists were second, with some 250,000. The Bourgeois Bloc was third with 219,000 and the Social Democrats cast 40,000 votes. Clearly, the Peasants Party represented the largest group of the people.

The Peasants Party went after the bankers, land sharks and capitalists—taxing them to build up agriculture and education. It encouraged the Co-operatives and divided the estates of the big land-owners.

The capitalists and militarists could not brook such business. The conspiracy of the "Kubrat" was formed among the army officers. The Peasants Party was driven from office and their leader was murdered by the clique. Since then, terrorism has ruled Bulgaria. Emile Vandervelde, the Belgian Socialist, estimates that 16,000 lives have been sacrificed thus far to the reactionary regime. Behind the government thus set up, stands not only the military clique; but also the money and influence of Mussolini. The Fascist International exists in fact, if not in name.

To make the flow of bloodshed greater, the Peasants Party and the Communists have retorted with the weapons of those driven underground—the bomb and torch. First came the attempt to assassinate the useless King. Then the bombing of the Cathedral from which the general killed at the King's side, was being buried. Reaction put down its fist harder. Over 3,000 persons (in a small country of four million) are under arrest. What their fate will be, can be judged by the terror that has gone before—in which no less than 15 members of Parliament were assassinated by the military "government."

The plans of the Peasants Party have been wrecked for quite a time to come. The Co-operative Society—"Osvobozhdenia"—(Colonel Malone, the British Labor M. P. informs us) has been declared "illegal" and its property confiscated. This fine organization, which had a membership of 70,000, has been scattered to the winds. Its magnificent building in Sofia is now the headquarters for the police and is known as the "Chamber of Horrors." A change which indicates strikingly the New Rule of the Iron Fist!

MINERS

(*Continued from page 22*)

TEN A. M.

Miners, miners, miners. From every corner of the cemetery. Young tall sons of miners; old fathers—weary, hungry, bent, black like coal itself—shadows. Children—old faces, coughing with black dust—miners for one dollar a week, helping to prop the "ceiling" and gathering the dust.

These human ventilators wear father's overalls and caps, carrying a world's burden upon their frail little bloodless bones.

Wives, miners' wives escorting their husbands and children to the meeting place. Pale and hungry; ash-grey walking rags, watching the thugs and their husbands.

"Father."

His five sons—the leaders of the strike.

Vigorous and radiant, Martin in a blue shirt patched on the back with an open collar.

Martin Gilliom.

Motionless he rises—the strength of the thousands of men who have not seen the sun for years long.

Thugs, thugs.

Silence-like the night in a mining town.

Thousands of eyes are watching their young hero on the platform. "Miners! Your bitter life has taught you more than what my words can tell you!"

His eyes are sparkling and shining with vigor, love and pride and hope for the miners. Every word is reminding them of their wounds—ragged life, epidemics and death.

"With our lives we will fight for Union!"

Thousands of voices are re-echoing his courageous words. "With our lives we will fight for Union!" . . .

"We will fight!" . . .

"With our lives!" . . .

"For Union!" . . .

HEART TO HEART

(*Continued from page ii*)

To accomplish this and provide an ever-better magazine for Labor and those who believe in Labor's cause, we must have the further interest and co-operation of unions and individuals.

On June 11th a conference of union representatives was held in the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union Building in New York City, to go over the plans and program of LABOR AGE. There it was agreed to put on a drive for members in the Labor Publication Society, which publishes this magazine.

The drive is now on. We want and need the co-operation of yourself and your friends in making it a "go." Do you believe in a national monthly, presenting Labor's side of things, without dogmatic bias? Do you wish to co-operate in making it as effective in its work as possible?

If you do, we invite you to become a member of the Society. The dues—including subscription—are $3 a year for active members; $5 or $10 for contributing members and $25 for sustaining members. Every membership we secure helps us that much toward maintaining the magazine on a regular basis of issue. It allows you also to participate in our work, attend our conferences and assist in making a national labor monthly a big and growing force for good.

LOUIS F. BUDENZ,
Managing Editor.

BOOK NOTES

Edited by PRINCE HOPKINS

THE MINERS' FIGHT

WITH Soft Coal in almost total collapse and Hard Coal facing a "crisis," John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers has issued his book on THE MINERS' FIGHT FOR AMERICAN STANDARDS (Indianapolis: Bell Publishing Co.)

No one should be better qualified to speak of the miners' problems and hopes than the president of their organization. His plea is a conservatively-worded attempt to impress "business men" with the miners' side of the case. On the matter of wages and the expose of railroad discrimination against the union mines, he makes a strong case. It is not generally known that the Interstate Commerce Commission itself admitted that such discrimination exists, and established new and lower rates to readjust the unjust situation. But later, it had an afterthought and decided to make no such changes until it had reviewed the rate question all over the country.

That a high wage for workers, even under the present system, is a policy wise and efficient, is Mr. Lewis's further contention. He shows successfully that the well-being of industry as a whole depends on the purchasing power of the masses. If they haven't the means to purchase the necessities of life, then the wheels of industry slow down.

In attacking the anti-union "industrial democracy" schemes (so-called) President Lewis might have made a stronger case had he pointed out that workers control or participation in control must be under union auspices. He also might have made a broader general appeal to a wider "public" if he had urged as a final goal, public ownership of the industry. That is the stand of the Miners the world over—and was his own strong opinion before the Coal Commission. In telling the "public" that joint ownership and control with them is the miners' demand, a great deal can be done to clear up the haze and hatred that exists in their minds, due to the operators' well-oiled propaganda.

ON KEEPING WELL

THE evils of over-eating have been fairly well advertised—'though the resulting moderation in our habits hasn't been proportionate. The ill effects of *certain kinds* of drinks—tea, coffee, chocolate, chemically flavored soda water, etc.,—have also been shouted occasionally in the rather deaf ear of the public. Dr. Josiah Oldfield, in THE DRY DIET CURE (London; C. W. Daniel Co., 1925, 5/- net) goes further; he says that harm results from drinking *much* liquids of whatever kind. He shows the nonsense of the old idea that drinking "flushes out the system," and he claims that the body cells, if too swollen with liquid, don't easily resist disease.

We rightly put greatest value on the advice of those who've had experience. Mr. Roddie Mallet never knew what it meant to feel physically fit until he was fifty years old. He found that the cause of the trouble was indigestion; he began experimenting with various diets, and for the last 14 years, he has been in the pink of condition through living on very light rations, consisting largely of fruit. He tells all about it in THE GOSPEL OF FEEDING FROM CHILDHOOD TO OLD AGE (London; Watts & Co., 1925, 1/- net).

Another book recommending a more extreme regime on the same lines, is Dr. Geo. J. Drew's UNFIRED FOOD.

Parents very often want to put some book into the hands of their children, to warn them of the harm which cigarettes will do them. Although it's written in a somewhat sentimental vein, and from a religious viewpoint largely, I can strongly recommend for this purpose Rev. J. Q. A. Henry's THE DEADLY CIGARETTE, (London; Richard J. James, Paternoster Row, 5/- net). To those of 14 years of age or less, it will make an extremely strong appeal.

Then, for those older, there is Bernarr Macfadden's THE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO, (Physical Culture Corp., N. Y., 1921). We ran an article in the March issue of LABOR AGE showing how Macfadden had surrendered some of his idealism to the temptations of Big Business. But it would be unfair to pass over the fact that the man has done an immense lot of good in getting people to take care of their bodies. Towards the tobacco trust, among others, Macfadden has shown himself fearless. The present book treats of a habit which injures bodies and minds too, and is causing "a strong and rapidly growing feeling of exasperation and irritation . . . at . . . the . . . smoke-hog, who blows fumes highly offensive . . . where and when he pleases."

Finally, for those who are willing to go a little more into the medical aspects of the subject, and who wish to know what evidence there is behind every statement, I recommend a little book by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, the head of the huge Battle Creek Sanitorium, and perhaps the most noted health expert in the world. Personally, I like this book the best of the lot, because it's at once simple and authentic. (Kellogg, J. H., TOBACCOISM, Modern Medicine Publishing Co., Battle Creek, 1923).

An extremely intriguing new theory on the cure of diseases is that of F. d'Herelle, of the Pasteur Institute of France. In THE BACTERIOPHAGE (Translated by G. H. Smith, Williams & Williams Co., Baltimore, 1922; $4.00 postpaid); he maintains that the bacteria which are the cause of our diseases, are themselves infested with still tinier parasites, which infect them as the bacteria infect us. These are so small as to pass through the finest filter; d'Herelle calls them *bacteriophages*. Our recovery from a disease, he says, really means that the bacteria which gave us that sickness, have lost out in the fight against the bacteriophages. If we can keep plenty of the bacteriophages in our blood, we become immune to the sickness.

* * * * * *

Probably the best book for helping us understand the "new art" of the Futurists, Cubists, etc., is Oscar Pfister's EXPRESSIONISM IN ART PSYCHOANALYZED (E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924, $3.00). Reminding us that every genius is, as Wagner long ago said, a man who is suffering (owing to some neurotic conflict), Pfister shows that in expressionist art, the painter is finding relief for his personal feelings. He'll be understood and liked by such occasional persons as have the same neurotic repressions as he has, but not by the mass of people. The fundamental cause of the artist's sufferings lie in the falseness of our civilization; and the artist's work suggests no method by which this can be changed.

Watch for $100 Prize Offer in Next Issue!

DO YOU KNOW THAT IN THE WORLD WAR

Ten Million Men Were Killed?

Another Ten Million, Men, Women and Children Died from the Effects of the War

Do You Know That the Next War Will Be Even More Destructive?

All the nations, including the United States, are spending far more for militarism than they did in 1913 and perfecting machinery to spread death wholesale?

DO YOU KNOW THAT GENERAL PERSHING WARNED THAT ANOTHER WORLD WAR MIGHT DESTROY CIVILIZATION?

And that General Allen (on his return to the U. S. A., after being in command of the American troops on the Rhine) said that Europe was heading for another war and should this occur the U. S. A. would find it impossible to remain neutral?

Preparedness Does Not Pay; Witness Germany.

WAR DOES NOT PROTECT—Think of the suffering of the women and children in Europe to-day.

Do you know that wars do not happen—They Are Made—and that we, "The Public," can prevent future wars? *Destroy war before it destroys mankind.*

Decide now that human life should always be held sacred and that organized killing is just as wrong as the murder of one man by another.

Resolve, as many brave men and women in this country and in Europe have resolved, that you will never support another war. **If a sufficient number take this stand there will never be another war.**

Ask your organizations, labor, social and religious, to endorse a program of world peace and disarmament, and to send resolutions to their congressman to that effect. Write to President Coolidge a postal or a letter, asking for a program of world peace and calling immediately a disarmament conference and the outlawing of all war. Remember, your protest is important—**It Helps Mould Public Opinion**—Act without delay. Teach your children works of love and peace, instead of war and death. Let America be first to lead the world to peace and happiness out of chaos.

Heretofore, smaller causes have called for your support and loyalty. Now you are called to assist the greatest cause of all—to establish peace and good will among men.

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