November, 1927 25 Cents

Labor Age

The National Monthly

ON TO THE SOUTH!

1. Hell In Henderson
2. Bull and Camels
3. Hallelujah!

Your Organizer's Best

Exposing Employee Stock Ownership

State Troopers Again Amuck

Jaundiced and Jarndyced

Mechanical Man Arrives

Workers Education For Power

VOL. XVI—No. 11 NOVEMBER, 1927

$2.50 per Year

Labor Age

The National Monthly

25 Cents per Copy

Published by Labor Publication Society, Inc.— Composed of International, State and Local Unions

3 West 16th Street, New York City

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

CONTENTS:

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE:

LEONARD CRAIG, Member of Moulders Union; Brookwood graduate.

HERMAN FRANK, Ph.D., Contributor to labor journals on new economic developments.

DOROTHY P. GARY, Of the Department of Sociology, University of Minnesota, who has returned from study of South Carolina workers.

ALFRED HOFFMAN, Southern Organizer for the American Federation of Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers.

ART SHIELDS, *Federated Press* Correspondent, New York.

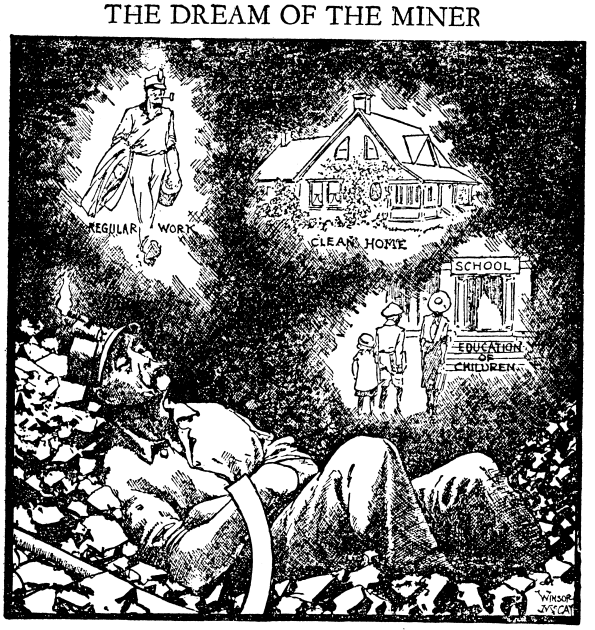
Entered as second class matter, Nov. 19, 1921, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Labor Age
The National Monthly

On To the South!

To Realize the Workers' Dream

THE DREAM OF THE MINER



624

ON to the South! That was the decision of the A. F. of L. convention—the one concrete organizing step taken there. On to the South! To free the textile workers—under-paid, half-starved, enchained.

May that campaign go forward with vigor. May it not merely arouse the textile men and women. May it also affect the miners of the South, the tobacco workers and others suffering under the lash of Anti-Unionism.

The soft coal miners of the North are battling to the last ditch for the continuance of their freedom. In an industry which is sick and over-manned and over-mined, they do not propose to surrender their hard-won gains. They mean that their dream should come true.

It is the dream of all workers—the unorganized no less than the organized. It is only a dream in the Southland. Brother Hoffman's account of Henderson conditions—in which he is so intimately versed—is an eye-opener in American "prosperity." We will hear more from Henderson, and from other similar hell-holes below the Mason and Dixon line. Revolt will flame up there again; it is there, below the surface, everywhere.

The tale of the two tobacco towns allows us to see that. The high-pressure stock sales agent of the company in the Camel town is an excellent organizer. His propaganda on high profits makes the low-waged workers sit up and take notice. Rather! They will yet "walk a mile" for a union.

Let us go into the South and stay there. Our greatest challenge is in that God-forsaken section. Going ahead persistently and with care, planning our campaigns before they are sprung, hitting at the weak spots in the anti-union citadels, we will make the progress that the oppression warrants.

The native American worker can be aroused. He can be organized. An appeal to him in the language he understands will bring results. He wants the freedom which Unionism can give him. On to the South——to stay!

Hell In Henderson

A Walk-Out in Darkest America

By ALFRED HOFFMAN

THE week of August 1st of this year was memorable, and will remain a memory for a long time to come among the downtrodden textile workers of the South. For, in the Harriet Cotton Mills of South Henderson, N. C., the rumblings of revolt, secret for three long years, were bubbling up and breaking through the surface, and in this week a petition was circulated asking for the reinstatement of a 12½ per cent cut given in 1925. Throughout the mill this round robin circulated and gained the signature of 90 per cent of all the workers in the Harriet Mills. In the petition also was a statement that unless the demands were granted a walk-out would occur on Friday, the 5th of August. A second hand sending two boys into the Superintendent's office caused a premature revolt, for these two boys reported seeing the petition in the waste basket of the mill official. On Thursday morning, August 4th, the walkout occurred in No. 1 mill, spreading into the other three mills in South Henderson and into the four mills in North Henderson, a subsidiary corporation of the Harriet Mills, known as the North Henderson Mills.

Eight hundred workers in South Henderson were out and within five days five hundred North Henderson workers were out in sympathy. Behind this petition is a little, tiny, brisk, gray-haired lady, old and overworked but with a tremendous spirit, who started the revolution. For it really was a revolution against some of the most horrible conditions existent in so-called Modern America —in my opinion Darkest America.

Behind this revolution is an age of history which must be told, for therein lies the secret of this situation. The Coopers, towering dominant in the little city of Henderson in Vance County, North Carolina—with two mill corporations, tobacco warehouses, cotton warehouses and gins and transfer companies and private railroad lines into their property—are the most important figures in the life of this region.

The mills were started by two brothers, the elder, D. Y. Cooper, being the leading figure back in the eighties. They built their mills and villages according to the prescribed standards of the day and carried on their work with a beautiful degree of paternalistic feudalism, knowing their workers by name and visiting them and looking after them. When the two old men died their sons, one of each, took over the mills—Sidney P. Cooper as President, and James Cooper as Secretary and Treasurer. Having neither the rugged pioneer spirit nor the intelligence of their ancestors, trouble began to brew.

During the war wages were high in the mills and conditions good. In the latter part of 1923 a cut of 5 per cent was made, taking off a bonus. In the early part of 1924 another cut came with a slash of 10 per cent, which meant the loss of another bonus. A little later came a cut of 12½ per cent, which was a real loss in wages. With it came an 8-day strike, ended by the promise of the mill officials of a reinstatement of this cut when conditions warranted. At this time a union was organized, Local 1337 of the United Textile Workers, and from the statement of the old hands it had two hundred male members. A sorry man, as the Southerner says, sold out a complete list of union members for $300, a second-hand car, and a job as a straw-boss. This broke up the attempt at unionization and caused the discharge of several active spirits.

A Cyclone Fence

At the same time, the mill company was building a heavy wire cyclone fence around the mills, with heavy gates, and reinforcements of barbed wire on the top of the seven feet of meshed wire. Dissatisfaction caused by long hours and slave conditions rankled in these people for a long time, with the mills running full force day and night, and only the most important holidays being granted very grudgingly. This led the workers to believe that conditions were ripe for the 12½ per cent raise. Then came an edict that all mill gates were to be locked, and workers let out only at certain periods. Women going home to cook hurried meals for their sons and daughters and husbands were forced to walk as much as a quarter mile farther around mill property to get home. The camel's back was broken.

The strikers held meetings in a great open space in a beautiful pine forest, and the Reverend Hopkins, preacher of the Sanctified Holiness Church, led these people. He preached love of the mill owners and asked the guidance of the Good Lord. He preached humility and stubbornness. Let it be said of him that he is a preacher only when he is not following the plow.

While the strikers were out in the woods praying and singing hymns, it seems that private property was in danger. The Sheriff of the County, being away, troops were needed, so the local company of State Militia was brought in, a company of infantrymen, some of whom were strikers. They camped behind the heavy wires of the cyclone fence with mounted bayonets and loaded revolvers. But they were not enough. The strikers began to mutter at sight of them, and a machine gun company was brought in from Durham.

Someone played a joke on someone, for after several days of inactivity the troops were moved. And, by the way, they were disgusted. Strikers were brought into court on ridiculous charges but the number of spectators caused the postponement of the trials twice.

While these things were going on in Henderson, 300 miles across the State in Hendersonville the North Carolina State Federation of Labor was in convention, with William Green present, and this body was resolutionizing most militantly upon a program for the organization of the unorganized in North Carolina. Thanks to Mr. Denist, the local editor of the *Henderson Dispatch*, nothing about the strike leaked out until the troops arrived.

A Race Across State

The story broke on the papers with a great bang on Thursday morning the 11th, and delegates leaving the State Convention were shocked into activity. Two cars raced across the State, breaking all known traffic laws to reach the scene of action. One was my car, containing G. E. Hayes, the full-fashioned delegate to the Convention, and myself, and the other was T. A. Wilson, the newly-elected President of the State Federation of Labor, a printer of Winston-Salem. With him were Ed. L. Crouch, Vice President of the State Federation, and Vice President of the Tobacco Workers, also of Winston-Salem, and Frank J. Torlay, a free lance and former Organizer of the Typos.

At seven-thirty that night the union representatives arrived and reviewed the situation. Protests were immediately sent out against the troops being stationed in Henderson, by T. A. Wilson. The next day a conference with the firm was held by local strike leaders, and the strikers' demands were turned down, and that time also saw the union representatives start their fearful machinations. On Monday another conference was held with the firm which resulted in nothing. And the union representatives assumed full control.

Relief work was immediately started throughout the State, and Durham and Raleigh were shaken up. Appeals went out all over and in Durham special meetings of several unions were held just to vote funds for the strike. Immediately thereafter, Reverend Hopkins, worn out by his work, stepped out, and I stepped into the lead together with eight local men chosen prior to my arrival as a strike committee. Mr. Dunnigan of the Federal Board of Mediation came in, but left after several days without gaining results. All throughout this time the Coopers remained obdurate in their refusal to grant the demands. Three mass meetings were held daily—two in South Henderson and one in North Henderson. Toward the end of the third week the North Henderson workers became discouraged in their sympathetic efforts and gradually drifted back to work, while in South Henderson about 25 scabs were floating in and out.

Detectives were in town a while but disappeared, and soon dynamite explosions took place which have never been traced. Naturally they were blamed upon the strikers. At any rate, although none of the strikers seem to have been connected with them, the mills shut down like a veritable tomb. Explosions continued from time to time, and it soon developed that some of them were plants.

Special guards were put around the mills and the village and watch lights were put up, but no arrests followed. One night a committee of three was chosen to call upon the scabs working. But, as the village was dark, streets full of nails and broken glass, and mud puddles numerous, friends of the committee numbering 250 felt that they should go along and see that the boys did not get lost. So 250 men in double file, not even whispering or muttering, marched through the village at midnight, and the calling committee of three went upon porches of the scabs and talked to them. The mills remained shut down.

Relief came in sufficiently to support the strikers, from private citizens, farmers, businessmen, and the unions. The American Federation of Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers not only sent in the most but loaned the services of an organizer for over two months. The farmers would send in a thousand heads of cabbage, or tons of green stuff, and in return the strikers went to the farms and voluntarily helped harvest tobacco. Home cured meats and preserves came in from farmers' wives, and loads of flour from flour mills. A relief store was opened and rations given once a week, that is hard supplies, while green stuff was given out three times a week. A strike headquarters was opened in an old grocery store and scores of mill girls spent days at work in the building.

Not for years have farmers been so in sympathy with industrial workers as the farmers of the section were with the strikers. Their spokesman, J. T. Fleming, of Middleburg, spoke at strike meetings. He is an old unionist of 17 years standing. He promised relief and we certainly got it. Later on, we will tell of the aftermath of the farmers' activities.

During the process of organization, carpenters, storekeepers, painters, electricians, truck drivers and ice wagon drivers flocked to get into the Textile Union. An avalanche movement seemed to be carrying the section. For six weeks the strike remained a first-page story in State papers, and of them all Josephus Daniels' *Raleigh News and Observer* was the fairest and most militant in denouncing the rotten conditions in the South Henderson Mills. The *Greensboro Daily News* also assumed a partially fair attitude, trying to do its best to remain neutral.

Interesting bits along with the strike should be enumerated. A Mill superintendent in a nearby city donated $5 weekly to the strikers. The local Railroad Brotherhood men donated. One crossing watchman gave $5 per week to the strikers.

Men prominent through their work in the strike should be cited. J. L. Clarke, a South Henderson barber, served on the strike committee and worked tremendously. W. H. Johnson, a South Henderson grocer, donated his trucks for all the strikers' uses, brought in enormous quantities of vegetables, gave unlimited credit to the strikers, and to finish things off gave a Brunswick Stew. This, for explanation, is a combination stew of all kinds of meats and vegetables, and is cooked out of doors over red coals for a very long time. Johnson donated all the vegetables and fuel for a Stew, which filled 10 enormous pots and contained 175 gallons, feeding 1,200 people. Lace McDade, a second hand in the mills, was strike chairman and has never gone back to work. Some of the other committee men went back in disgrace and are now ostracized. G. E. Hayes, a full fashioned knitter blacklisted in this district, and a former Durham hosiery striker, donated his services for seven weeks, handling the detail work connected with running the strike, and is still active in organization work here.

The Sell Out

Just before Labor Day I left for Philadelphia to attend the National Convention of the Hosiery Workers and to get more funds. While I was away three local committeemen sold out, the mill made a compromise offer and the strike was broken. The mill offered the workers a profit-sharing scheme, free books for the children, free shoes for the needy, free back rent to some groups, inves-

tigation of all bosses, repairing of the houses, cleaning of the wells, repairing of streets, unlocking of the mill gates, and several more concessions on conditions, but no talk of wages. Then, at a mass meeting of 600 workers, the first three committeemen sent the workers back by villifying the union, stating that no money was on hand, that I was not coming back, that they would not beg for the strikers, and that the union had sent in no money but that union relief talk was just a frame-up to get them into it, etc. When the loyal committeemen got up to speak the crowd was too excited to listen and their pleas for solidarity died in the noise of a milling crowd and excited buzzing. The damage had been done. One by one the workers floated back and upon my return 150 loyal workers remained out, to get my word to go back to work.

There are little sensational bits in this strike which must be told, for behind this bare outline of facts is a wealth of color, feeling, and suffering. And after all, the human side is our side. The mill village should be taken up, then hours and conditions, the people, their psychology and their reactions, and then what today is the most important result.

One's introduction to the South Henderson mill village is a rutty, dusty road, and on the left a miserable barn-like store, with windows broken—a bankrupt store, and as fit companion a row of unpainted, weather-beaten, decaying houses. Further on a burnt down mill, and then, lo and behold, the long line of factory buildings. Red brick with a seven-foot meshed wire fence, steel poles, and barbed wire entanglements on top. Little watchmen's houses at each gate, that with big searchlights on the mill towers gives it its name—"the penitentiary." On the left are a row of dirty brown houses in various stages of decay, and in their midst a little gray Methodist church. Then comes the "hill," with its red mud road and straggling forlorn shanties. On the other side is the little gray Baptist Church, and below it the toughest section in North Carolina—Moccasin Bottom and Black Snake Hollow, rendezvous of bootleggers, gamblers, and so-called disreputables. But to me, folks, it meant a heaven, for there dwelled the staunchest, toughest, roughest, fightingest bunch of union men, women, and children in captivity.

Right here I wish to contradict Paul Blanshard's statement in the *New Republic*, in his article on "Slaves of the Spindle." In Moccasin Bottom dwelt, as I have already stated, the most loyal unionists, and I might say the most independent and well fed, for many of them were selling liquor. And although Mr. Blanshard states that in Southern mill villages bootlegging is not a paying profession, in those Carolina towns, it is, especially in Henderson.

The houses in Henderson, for they can't be called homes, average from three to five rooms, with rent charged at the rate of 25 cents per room per week. None of the homes have a bath, running water, or sewage lines. Behind each row of houses stands a line of privies, and here and there is an open well or spigot from which water is carried. The water is dirty; it need not be tested to see that, for a glassful contains many interesting things, and as the story goes, one of them contained a dead cat. What the other might contain would surprise us. Women have to tote water from 10 yards to a block and sometimes several blocks. Now I have mentioned the privies—a geologist might, in conjunction with a health officer, find a mighty interesting study of drainage.

The insides of the homes are worse than the outside—built of thin boards, without paper, some without paint, thin floors through which one can feel the wind sweeping under the shanties set up on pillars—and without basements. Screens are seen as rarely as Packards in the village, and the furniture is that of bare necessity. A bed and a table, possibly a stove, and boxes to sit on make comfort—such homes were actually seen.

The streets, until the strike, were winding little rutted things much like cowpaths in Wisconsin, but less smooth, and other roads were veritable sumps of mud. Until the strike there had been no work done on the roads for years, but due to the fact that labor representatives had cars the roads were fixed. One day during the early part of the strike a gallon of roofing tacks was found strewn over the main road in the village. In fact, the strike leader had 15 punctures in 8 days, driving to mass meetings over village streets.

They Call These "Wages"

Wages in the village are ridiculous; for 55 hours work in the day time one finds an average of $5 and $6 for women and $10 for men. For full time days, Lucy Roberson drew $5.20 per week. Sterling Wagner, a man, drew $7.40 but after a deduction of $2.50 for rent he had $4.90 left. Irene Pounds for full-time made $3.65, with a $1.25 deduction for rent she drew the munificent wage of $2.40 per week. Ella Parker made $6.60, had $1 deducted for rent and drew $5.60, while Lizzie Johnson working 60 hours at night earned $7.60. These pay slips are in the hands of the editor of LABOR AGE. They are not hand-picked, but are the remains of a bundle of 4,000 slips we had. Some ran as low as 75 cents for women and as low as $6 for men after deductions were made.

The mill sells coal and wood to the employees at $1 per bushel for either. In other words, mine run coal worth $3 to $5 per ton on the car, is sold to the workers for $1 per bushel. Wood of the cheapest kind, outside pine trimmings and packing box boards, sell for the same price. Not satisfied with giving them starvation wages the mill tries to make enormous profits on commodities sold the workers.

The workers themselves are native-born, Anglo-Saxon whites, 100 per cent Americans, voters, and many of them good Klansmen. They have come in from the rural portions of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina and were lured in by big wages during the war, about $12 to $14 per week for women and about $20 to $24 for men. Settling in this section, wages got lower and lower. They couldn't leave and are now practically slaves because of their poverty or their debts. Many of the workers are very religious and some of them most Bostonianly so, while others of the workers are liquor drinkers and sports—that is, to the extent of their earnings, which would allow penny ante poker. Liquor in Henderson can be purchased at low rates, $2.50 a half gallon or $3.50 a gallon. This is first class kerosene, and the makers thereof, in meeting competition, boast as to the freshness and still warmth of their wares. Do

not allow me to say that all of the Hendersonians are bootleggers, for they are not.

Dipping Snuff

The popular sport in the village for women is dipping snuff. For the benefit of the more benighted northern brethren, let me say that in the South there is a soft wood tree known as the toothbrush tree, whose twigs when chewed spread out like a brush; this brush is dipped into snuff and rubbed on the gums—i.e., dipping snuff. The men, besides drinking liquor, do nothing much except work 11 to 12 hours per day, and do a little hunting. Prayer meetings on some Mondays and Wednesdays and church on Sundays, with a religious revival occasionally.

There is no park or playground in the village. There is no recreation center or meeting place, except church and the new union headquarters, to have a good time, and their pleasures are small.

One sees attractive women sloppy and dirty and careless from the continual grind of drudgery and work. Men loaf about in dirty mill clothes from lack of ambition, after 11 hours of being part of a machine, to change clothes. Women wear cheap cotton slips and gingham house dresses, and sun bonnets. Men cannot afford anything sporty. Children run around without underclothing, shoes or stockings, and it is not uncommon to find women wearing nothing but a gingham dress, no shoes or stockings, just because these have to be saved for **Sunday.** Among the newer generation, especially the girls, one finds the ambition of marrying away from the village and the mill. Young men dream of getting away, but still girls get married at the doll age of 15 and boys at 17.

Both men and women are undernourished, stoop-shouldered, tired, and aged beyond their years. Here and there one finds the yellow face of jaundice, but most it is the yellow face of consumptive emaciation from long hours of work. Now and then one can see the overbright, or too dulled eye of a dope fiend, using either paregoric or some other queer drug to ease the bareness and misery of their lives.

A Consumptive Generation

Crowded homes, consumptive parents, lack of nourishing food—and our Babbits can shout about the "Coming Generation"—if Henderson were characteristic, a generation of consumptives, stunted robots would characterize America. Mothers come to me and say "Ah nevah had no larnin' but me boy Johnathan are goin' to larn readin' and writin', but ah wish he were old enough to work so's he could help." The pathetic stories of mothers feeding six in the family with their own labor alone seems melodramatic and untrue, but investigations will bear out such facts. Numerous strikers came to us and stated that they were getting more and better food out on strike than they ever got while working. And what did we give them? Their own choice—fat back salt meat, white flour, corn meal, compound lard, syrup, coffee, sugar, and salt and vegetables. That is a characteristic diet of the Southern mill worker, together with acorns, yarms, potatoes, and beans and in prosperous times a change to a little tough beef, or sausage. When beef was given out as relief, women were amazed because of the rarity, for they hadn't tasted any for years. I think many of them are born and die without ever tasting veal, lamb or mutton.

Bull and Camels

A Tale of Two Tobacco Towns

By ART SHIELDS

1. THE TOWN OF THE BULL

AND now we come to the native town of the bull, whose fame is flung over the universe. His sacred dust is inhaled by the cowboy galloping over the great open spaces; he helps the boys who join the navy to see the world to forget their troubles; and baseball players get $50 prizes for knocking the ball over his sign on the right field fence.

The wages of Durham tobacco and seamless hosiery workers run to about two dollars a day. And the cost of living is high. Milk is 20 cents a quart. A cynical Negro, whose children get very little of the life-giving fluid, suggested to me that what the town needed was less bull and more cow.

Bull Durham belongs to the stable of the Dukes—the Dukes, whose name has been given to a famous mixture and to one of the richest universities in the nation. Just three generations from a dirt farmer is this family, but aristocrats are they now. No dukes of the old world can show the resources of the owners of Bull Durham and the cigarettes and snuffs and chews associated with American Tobacco Co. Their wealth has flowed over the twin Carolinas, from tobacco it has spread into textiles, into a power monopoly and into higher education at Duke University.

Meet Old Washington Duke

Enter the campus of this $40,000,000 institution and meet old Washington Duke, the founder of the line who died in 1905 at the age of 85. There the one-time dirt-farmer sits back in a great sculptured chair, looking out over his chin whiskers, and perhaps wondering what it is all about. In the university library, not far away, the story of his rise from poverty to greatness is set forth in becoming reverence in the history of Durham. You read how the Confederate army took him away from his tobacco patch at the age of 41 and how he walked home 132 miles at the age of 45—but not to farm any more. He was fed up with farming, it appears. By walking home he had saved the capital of 50 cents, given him by a good-natured or gullible Yankee soldier in exchange for a Confederate five dollar bill. With the 50 cent piece he went into the tobacco peddling business. And

he saved his money, and he was an honest enterprising business man. And the 50 cent piece became a grand duke pile.

Surely any American boy can do the same. As the old ditty says:

"If you save up your pennies;
And save up your rocks
You'll always have tobacco
In your old tobacco box." Like Duke.

Low wages and welfare work do not go together in the factories of the American Tobacco Co. and its kin Liggett & Myers. They take their low wages straight. And no company unions either. They take their open shop straight.

Carr's Company Union Dies

A few years ago Durham did boast one of the few company unions in the South. But it lasted only two years. The late Julian Carr, head of the $9,000,000 Durham hosiery company, took a flier in industrial democracy in 1919 and installed a "house" and "senate" in all of his mills except the one where Negroes worked. The son of a slave-holder he let the Negroes take their open shop straight. Industrial democracy carried on in the white mills till 1921 when Julian Carr asked for a cut. The "house" and "senate" duly assented to a 25 per cent reduction. But Julian Carr was not satisfied, he wanted 43 per cent, and so the experiment in industrial democracy died. Since then the American Federation of Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers has been educating the workers into the meaning of real unionism. When the Carrs opened a full fashioned unit in 1922 the union came South, and to date has conducted two strikes for recognition of the union in the Durham full-fashioned units.

The full fashioned union lacks recognition but its members carry on an underground organization and it is the vanguard of unionism in the manufacting industries of Durham. Recognizing that all Durham labor has a common fight against the two open shop families that dominate the town the full fashioned organizer, Alfred Hoffman, is an active spirit at central labor union meetings and works hand in hand with the representatives of all the other unions there. When we came to Durham we found the building trades unions on the eve of a serious crisis with the Dukes. The Duke Foundation that handles the university's endowment fund had taken the construction work at the campus away from the George A. Fuller Co., a nationally known union contracting firm, and turned it over to Southern Power Co., an open shop subsidiary of Duke Power Co., thus keeping the money in the family and in the open shop. For two years the Fuller Co. has been employing an average of 500 workers under a union agreement, a 10-year building program is still to come, and that organized labor cannot afford to be left out of it.

There is still a last minute chance that the Southern Power Co. will see the wisdom of dealing with the unions, and avoid the bad advertising that the university will get if it is put up on the non-union plan. But if a fight comes the Durham boys will need every bit of help the readers of LABOR AGE can give them, and one way to help will be to send out notices to your friends:

"Keep off Duke campus: unfair!"

The Durham unions showed their stuff in the Henderson strike: two of the locals assessing their members a dollar a week each for relief funds, and others donating funds from the treasury. These unions are confined to the old line crafts, and some of them are only partly organized. But their meetings are educational and interesting and their attitude is militant.

In the next bull fight—bet on the men.

II. CAMEL-MAKERS HEAR A NEW AGITATOR

In the sweet tobacco atmosphere of Winston Salem, N. C., where all the Camels in the world are made, I found a new spirit of confidence among trade unionists. This largest city in the Tar Heel state is an open shopper but the unions are making encouraging gains. The carpenters' local that had slumped to 15 members a few months ago is up to 250 now. All the building trades have gained, and most hopeful of all, the tobacco workers' organization is showing some real life.

Tobacco is the basic industry. Winston Salem has risen with the weed, like a weed, its population doubling in 10 years, and the test of the labor movement here must be its strength in tobacco.

A half dozen mechanics, and Edward L. Crouch, sixth vice-president of the Tobacco Workers' International, were discussing prospects in the little labor hall within a stone's throw of the nearest R. J. Reynolds' plant.

"All the colored men who came to our last meeting signed up," Crouch was saying.

"Yes," drawled a tall, blue eyed man: "Some of these niggars'll stick a heap better than the white men."

Others disputed this, but all agreed that prospects were encouraging.

You see an agitator has come to town, and has been helping Crouch to stir up the tobacco workers. Such an agitator you never saw, with the greatest line of statistics you ever saw; all about the profits of the boss. He told the Camel makers they were working in a gold mine, and, his story wrought a change. Those two-dollar a day men whose stomachs were turned down to a "fat back" and meal diet began to get pork chop and sweet potatoe pie appetites. A wonderful agitator, and you would never guess who he was. No one else, but—do not gasp: no one else but a big New York brokerage house that took an office in Winston Salem to sell tobacco stocks to the home folks. Charles D. Barney & Co., it was, with a lot of literature that made tobacco securities attractive by publishing the bonanza balance sheets of the Big Five companies.

Barney Raises Hell!

Barney told the Winston Salem boys stories like this: that $740 invested in R. J. Reynolds in 1913 would be worth $8400 now, in addition to $1587 dividends, an average return of 16 per cent. Barney said that last year the firm made $26,000,000 net profits, and by doing some figuring themselves the folks who did the work could find out that the coupon-clipping stockholders got about three times as much last year as the wage workers did.

Agitator Barney spilled the beans: five years ago the Reynolds people put a Winston Salem labor paper, "Unity and Justice", out of business for the crime of running the year's profit reports, with comment. The

company had the banks threaten to cut off the credit of advertisers.

Crouch puffed a Clown as he talked of the likelihood of Camels becoming a union smoke, with the whole line of Reynolds pipe, and snuff, and twist and plug coming into the label ranks too.

"I was working in the plant where they make the Prince Albert tins when we organized Reynolds in 1919," he said. "We had 14,000 members here then and the union was recognized till the agreement expired in 1922. This was a union town in those days and it is going to be again."

Five years' experience without the protection of a union; five years at two dollars a day, and perhaps less —Crouch and his friends picked up 309 pay envelopes recently whose average came to less than ten dollars— have taught a lesson in Winston Salem. And Crouch believes that after the next big drive the workers will stick. What is needed is money for the drive from the outside: the tobacco workers' international lacks the needed resources: then a drive that will seize the town like an evangelistic campaign—a drive with the gaiety and mass appeal of a labor chautauqua in the mining camps.

Union Baseball

Then a labor baseball league too, Crouch thinks. For surely as little apples grow the boss will start sports and picnics and all the tried counter attractions as soon as the union rises again. Reynolds gave the workers 16 baseball teams in 1919 and 1920, when the union was strong. And the answer to that, Crouch thinks, is to have a workers' baseball league, for if these North Carolina boys can't play ball they are not happy.

Crouch was much interested in the union baseball league that Carl Holderman of the American Federation of Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers started in the New Jersey-New York district as a set off to the company teams. But that is a whole story in itself which Carl should write for LABOR AGE.

They need organization badly in Winston Salem. Young Dick Reynolds has been too busy spending hundreds of thousands on the Great White Way, or disappearing in St. Louis hotels under aliases to give much care to the 11,000 workers in the family plants in Winston Salem. Note that figure 11,000. It testifies to the increase in productivity of the American industrial machine. These 11,000 now turn out many more Camels and Prince Albert canfulls than the 14,000 did seven years ago. Better automatic machinery and scientific time studies have done it.

They need organization in a town where the average factory workers' wage is around two dollars a day, and building trades men get about half as much as in New York, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and the better organized northern cities. Carpenters getting 45, 55 to 70 cents an hour, for 10 hours a day in a booming town need organization and are beginning to get it.

Hallelujah!

Another Glimpse of the South

By DOROTHY P. GARY

Annie, Maggie's step-daughter, was a pretty Celtic type and full-blown at twenty. She and Frank had been married five years and had two children—Jack, now four years old, and a little 'un that died. Soon there was to be another. Frank was an energetic lad of twenty-four and in most respects the most intelligent person I met on the hill. He has come back south during the last war and his falling for Annie tied him to the mills for life. Overseas he had been gassed and his lungs were going bad on him, he even had hemorrhages, but the government refused him compensation.

"Next time there's a war," he told me, "somebody else can do the fighting. I fell for the Democracy stuff 'n volunteered. **But it wuz a rich man's war 'n a poor man's fight.**" (This I found a popular phrase on the hill.) "It wuz Wall Street 'n the bankers that made that war. There's only one more war I'd fight in, and that's th' one **to drive the niggers out o' this country.**"

This also is a popular idea on the hill. According to millhands, "niggers" can be blamed for most of their troubles. Of course, no negroes live on the hill or are allowed to work in the mill except to clean the windows and sweep lint off the floor, and there's grumbling about even that among these 100 per cent Anglo-Saxons. It's due to "niggers" that they, white men, have to work with their hands, and are called "poor white trash." It started back in slave days, when those blacks did all the work on the big plantations and got food and shelter, while Poor Whites nearby had to farm their acre and starve. Just to see what they'd say, I tried my hand at quoting scripture on brotherhood and love, and incidentally pointing out how it was not the slaves but the white owners who were responsible. But it didn't get over.

Frank had been a union man up north and he told me it was "as different as daylight and night in a union mill and this one here. But Annie won't leave, and there'll never be a union here, the people won't stick together enuf."

Annie read "True Stories" and liked to go to square dances and socials, "but Frank jes' likes to sit hom' 'n talk," she complained. "'N I hev to hide my magazines from him else he burns 'em up. He thinks they're evil. But they're no harm. It's all **true.**"

I was curious to learn more of the funeral directors' party.

There were two undertakers in Greenville who were competing for the mill villagers' trade. The trade was worth competing for, the death-rate almost kept pace with the soaring birth-rate, and funerals were an important occasion among millfolk.

One of the hearse-boomers had conceived of the novel—to me at least—idea of giving a party to each village at his funeral parlors. Big trucks had come to collect the diked-up workers and carry them to the rooms. First they had been received in the parlors with their green palms and display of coffins. Each worker, so Maggie told us, picked out the coffin he would like to be buried in and dreamed of a service over him "in this swell room," "when for once he'd be a somebody." Then they went into the undertaker's house itself, and his wife "was real nice and friendly like." (The trade was evidently worth concessions.) They played the radio, and served ice cream and cake.

"My, how I would like to be laid away in that coffin with a pink satin lining. And with that swell pink robe. Jes' once, to wear satin!" Annie sighed. "Frank, remember what I'm saying."

"Uh, huh," Frank answered. "Say, I chose that same pink-lined coffin mysef. Gee, it'd be swell!"

The conversation became eager and soft, all speaking up but Tom and Maggie as to what they had chosen to be laid away in. Evidently the undertaker's party had been a real success. As soul-uplifting as the revivals. Everything made way in the villages for the revivals, which came regularly three times a year. Everything except the mill. At nights when one was going on, you could hear the wails and hallelujahs mingling with its rhythmic growls.

Finally Maggie turned to me and said, "Well, somehow I don't take no stock in such doin's. Looks like us mill workers thinks too much of death and what comes after."

"Everybody's takin' insurance, I guess you noticed it?" I nodded. I had. Five or ten cents a week on every man, woman and child. Go without but don't fail to have that insurance money when the collector knocks on your door. They took out policies on the babies when they were still in arms, and it proved good business. So many of them died. Nobody seemed to know how to cut down the yearly crop of babies though some tried nursing their kids until they were two or three years old, the idea being that a nursing woman can't be made pregnant. Others tried cruder but no less unsuccessful methods. Some quoted the Bible to show that such a yearly increase was God's will, but I noticed many of the women shut their mouths tight when the subject came up and shook their heads.

"Well," Maggie continued, "partly they take it out for sickness or a rainy day, but mostly it's to have a fine funeral. To be laid away in a fine coffin and a fine dress and be somebody for once. We—ll," she looked around defiantly," I'd ruther hev mine while I'm alive."

Mrs. Crenshaw nodded. "Money should go to the living and not be put away under ground."

"You sed it Mom. But it'd be mighty nice." Doris smoothed her crumpled pink dress.

It was now way past bedtime, but everybody was too excited for sleep. Parties were rare. And such a party! Anyway this was Friday and only five hours' work tomorrow.

"Let's sing some hymns," Annie looked at me appealingly. "You'll play 'em Dot?"

Mrs. Crenshaw rose and unlocked the door into the sacred room, the parlor, and we all marched in. There was a red carpet on the floor and a pink lamp, and a real piano, all of which represented lord knows how many years of savings on the part of the eight Crenshaws. Even the son at sea had contributed his share.

Almost every house on the hill had some kind of musical instrument—a guitar, a banjo or a fiddle, or maybe a wheezy organ you work with your feet—hill people loving music like they love flowers. But the Crenshaws had a room set aside for a parlor and real piano in it, which marked them as part of the social elite of Roe Hill.

Little Gladys opened the one hymn book, and we began. "What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All Sins and Griefs to bear." All knew the words by heart, and sang the harmonies with a chanting fervor and unconscious abandon equal almost to that of the negroes. But it was far less musical, and less native. These poor whites had left their folk songs in the mountains and mill life hadn't produced any others.

My Friend Marg

The next afternoon I went to see my friend Marg. She was always a tonic, especially after such an experience as last night. Marg knew her Bible—you had to or be an outcast in the village—but her religion didn't bother her much. She thought and spoke for herself and few gainsaid her. At least to her face. She belonged to the clan of Allen—feuders and government fighters of two centuries, and believed in Direct Action.

"Steep right in, honey," Marg called from her place in the swing. She pulled her black-and-grey checkered dress tighter over her bosom, shifted her powerful form so as to make room beside her, and with the hem of her dress wiped away the little brown streams of tobacco juice which had dried in the corners of her mouth.

"As I was saying the last time you wuz here, Roe mill ain't so good for wages but I've lived on worse hills. Roe is got a good character 'n that means a lot. All mills ain't. I wuz in one, once, soon after we come down from the mountains. My ole man'd ceased-'ed, so it wuz jus' me to support th' babies. Every day I locked 'em in the house before I went to th' mill, 'n every night I wuz home scairt th' house had burned down. I tell you, them wuz hard days, before the hours wuz cut to 10.

"Well, that mill had a bad char-ac'-ter, 'n I wanted to git away. You know us mill people ain't got nuthin' but our moral char-ac'ter 'n we wan'a keep that. Now you may be a good 'oman, but folks figger that if you live on a hill's got a bad name, you're no better'n th'res' or you'd move. Well, I could'en move. 'N th' company's house nex' to mine wuz a bad house. Time 'n agin I tole th' sheriff, 'Jim, make that 'oman leave town.' But he would'en. 'N I seen with my own eyes policemen goin' in 'n out. Such singin' 'n drinkin' 'n carryin' on you never heard. 'N my gal gettin' bigger'n bigger, me gone all day. So finally I made up my mind I'd take th' law in my own hands. Our family's used to that."

"So I gits down my gun 'n I starts off to th' police office. It was a Saddy afternoon, 'n th' room wuz full of officers-of-th'-law, but I walks righ' up to th' desk 'n I slams my hand down 'n I says, 'Jim!' I says, 'I come to give warnin'. If you doan clean up that bad house before nex' Sadday, I will. My gun's ready. And what's more,'" her mountain eyes glittered happily as she told this, "every blue coat 'n every brass button that I see, them's my target."

"That's how I cleaned up Selby," Marg concluded.

Workers Education Aims At Power

Encouraging Ideals That Will Win

By FANNIA M. COHN

(The following was a contribution to the 1927 Conference of the League for Industrial Democracy. It will appear in the forthcoming volume issued by the L.I.D.)

WORKERS' education, like the labor movement itself, to be most effective must develop naturally. Inevitably its development will be influenced by general economic conditions, since these act upon the lives of the workers engaged in education. Thus, the conditions of the country, whether they be those of mythical "prosperity" or of actual cyclical unemployment will be reflected in the classroom discussions. The classes in economics, in particular, will consider the position in which the workers—that is to say, the particular group carrying on the discussion—find themselves. In addition to these economic conditions, however, a great many other factors will act upon the contents of a workers' college curriculum—such as the economic, social, cultural, emotional and racial background of the group in the numerical majority in the college.

But if workers' education follows along the lines of natural development only, it will lack a single central idea, for its development will vary from place to place, from group to group. I should like to emphasize that it is decidedly not our idea to standardize a workers' education curriculum—we realize that education must be flexible, experimental, and reflective of the interests of the groups involved. Nevertheless, to have a distinctive character, and to serve the labor movement and progress as a whole, workers' education must have a central ideology, to act as a unifying force bringing together the workers of our whole continent.

Such an ideology would include a number of things—the workers' desire for power to enable them to function as an organized group on the economic, political, social and intellectual fields; the workers' desire for a voice in the management of industry, since it affects not only the industrialists, but the workers in the industry and the public as a whole. It would include, too, their desire that our vast natural resources be placed at the disposal of our entire population. And it would almost certainly include their feeling that they should have a voice in shaping our international policy, since it affects the lives and happiness of hundreds of millions of men, women and children. An ideology of this type would naturally not rest upon temporary conditions, nor be too much affected by prosperity or depression.

To develop a set of ideals of this character, the labor movement will have to create machinery sufficiently efficient to bring into being such a social program, based as it is, not on personalities but ideals. This machinery might well include a political labor party, but that labor party will have to be brought into being by a great many independent forces. It cannot be born until the workers as an organized group develop a desire for power—power to enable them to direct their own lives and achieve the ultimate aims that will advance the progress of humanity. So long as the program of the labor movement consists of the temporary every-day needs of the workers alone—though, of course, these must always be its main impulse—so long the workers will feel no need for independent political action.

The present indifference of the millions of American workers and the present state of the labor movement are thus easily understandable to students of the American labor movement and American history.

Encouragement

But there is encouragement in the scores of men and women, active officers and members of the rank and file of trade unions who feel the need for an ideal, for an inspiration for forward movement. They realize that if the millions of unorganized workers in our basic industries are to be attracted to the trade unions, then the millions already in them must be more inspired by it, more ready to make sacrifices for its further development.

They realize that in the post-war period industrialism in our country has adjusted itself to the new world conditions brought into being, in large part, by the Great War. They know it has perfected its managerial machinery, become more efficient, changed its front—become, in other words, the new management. They know it absorbs most of the vigorous talent our universities turn out, and supports our schools of commerce and business more actively than ever before. They know it expects its recruits to management to be posted not only on mathematics so that they can make advance calculations of the firm's profits, but prepared in the social sciences and particularly in psychology. Big business has come to realize the value of a knowledge of the human mind and what influences human behavior and the actions of men.

The new management, these forward-looking trade unionists know, needs young people trained in social studies because it is endeavoring to show a new-benevolent attitude towards its workers, an attitude exemplified, among other things, in the development of company unions, of various benefit schemes for workers, such as old age pensions, unemployment benefits, social and recreational activities. And all these activities tend to keep workers in subjection to the new superpower—the industrial kingdom.

Understanding the Attack

These interested trade unionists are coming to feel that to counteract this movement on the part of our industrialists, we shall have to enlighten all the workers about this modern industrial attack on trade unions, to expose all the schemes intelligently, to show the workers how dearly they pay for the improvements offered them

"HOW TO ORGANIZE" CONFERENCE

Philadelphia Labor College Blazes Way

JANUARY and the Quaker City will be a good combination to remember. In that month and in that city another of those resultful conferences will be held, which have attracted wide attention to the efforts of the Philadelphia Labor College.

They believe in getting down to brass tacks in that institution, in making education serve the urgent needs of the movement here and now. Conferences on unemployment, old age pensions and waste in industry are now to be followed by that most important of all questions: "How to Organize the Unorganized."

It is expected that the College Council of the Labor College will invite all interested labor bodies in surrounding territory to participate. Psychologists, newspaper men, and a host of organizers will be on the program. A. J. Muste, chairman of the faculty of Brookwood, will address the conference, expanding on the articles now appearing in LABOR AGE and which have received widespread comment. Louis Francis Budenz of this publication will also detail his organizing experiences, both recently and in times past, and what he thinks of the subject in a wider way. Full opportunity will be given for questions and discussion. In this way, a complete picture will be secured of the organizing problems of our time, and the various methods which will bring us out of the wilderness will receive wide consideration.

Nothing more helpful in our work can be thought of than such a clearing house of experience and ideas as this Philadelphia meeting will be. All who are interested in attending should write the secretary, Israel Mufson, 1626 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

by their employers—pay in loss of economic, spiritual and intellectual independence. In addition, these active workers feel that we must do something to show the workers in general that the employers' promises to the workers are mythical—that their unemployment insurance is not insurance, their old age pensions not pensions; that, indeed, most of the improvements offered them are merely promises which do not stand before the law, so that sick and death benefits may never be collected by the worker and his family. And they feel, too, that labor must offer the workers something in place of these employers' schemes. They know that the A. F. of L. has made a good start in this direction by its establishment of the Union Labor Life Insurance Company to provide the workers the advantages offered by company unions on their own terms.

To make all this clear to the workers requires an intelligent, well-informed trade union leadership, requires persons with clear vision, with an intelligent understanding of social and economic conditions and the forces molding them.

The Hopeful Developments

To these forward-looking workers, then, the workers' education movement offers a great hope. They know that it is not confined to the classroom but expressed in many other activities. They know it can be noticed in the improvement of the trade union press, in the writing of labor histories, in the experiments being carried on by groups of workers—the publication of magazines with a progressive labor policy such as LABOR AGE; the provision of after-school and summer activities for workers' children in Pioneer Youth with its clubs and camps; the development of experimental education for children as in the Manumit School; in the growing interest in Women's Auxiliaries to International Unions and the education program of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the International Association of Machinists; the development of summer schools and conferences—such as the Textile, Women's Auxiliary, Railroad, and General Labor Institutes at Brookwood, and the week-end conferences on the elimination of waste and on unemployment held by the Philadelphia Labor College; the lectures and discussions arranged in Unity House, the summer home of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union; and even the radio station established by the Chicago Federation of Labor which in addition to its general program daily broadcasts discussions of value to the labor movement and workers' education.

But these workers know that the effects of workers' education cannot be noticed at once. The movement is still in its infancy, comparatively speaking. It has taken almost fifty years for the large industrialists to realize the value to them of university-trained executives. Only recently have they begun fullheartedly to support both morally and financially the business colleges where these executives can get their education. Our trade unionists hope that it will take much less time for the labor movement to realize the advantage of having a well-informed and educated leadership and to support fullheartedly, both morally and financially, its own educational institutions, where we can send our young men and women who have shown inherent qualities of leadership while serving the labor movement in many capacities—whether as officers or members of the rank and file. There in the workers' classes, they will be given the opportunity to enrich their knowledge of the social forces that the labor movement is in our modern society, and what it will be in the future ;and to infuse in themselves a new spirit that will give them a better outlet for their imaginations and fit them for better service to the cause of the labor movement and humanity as a whole.

The Mechanical Man Arrives

Section 9 SPECIAL FEATURES AUTOMOBILES—AVIATION—RADIO

The New York Times.

SPECIAL FEATURES AUTOMOBILES—AVIATION—RADIO Section 9

XX SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1927. XX

SCIENCE PRODUCES THE "ELECTRICAL MAN"

The "Televox," Nearest to a Robot, Obeying the Human Voice, Can Control Power Stations, Motors and Switches From a Central Point Hundreds of Miles Away—How the Device Does Its Work

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT.

ON a table in the New York office of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company stands an invention that might be mistaken for a radio receiving set or an automatic telephone switching machine, but is in reality an artificial, electrical man. Here are the familiar radio tubes to amplify feeble currents and the equally familiar desk telephone, but applied to the new purpose of controlling lifeless mechanism that may be in Chicago or even across the sea in London.

When R. J. Wensley, the engineer who designed this electrical substitute for humanity, demonstrated its capabilities recently by ordering it to light and extinguish lamps, start and stop a fan and vacuum cleaner and control a motor, his audience of sober business men imagined itself for a brief hour in that fantastic world of the future beloved of romancers—a world in which men and women will do little more than think and bid automatons to fetch and carry, manufacture the countless things a machine civilization requires, sweep streets, cook, wash and dig ditches. For this particular automaton can be called up on the telephone, asked questions, and given orders which it obeys without the usual human arguing, impudence or procrastination.

A Mechanical Slave.

Wensley's invention is not a toy or an engineering curiosity, but an electrical slave which was created to meet very definite industrial requirements. Three of his creatures are already working twenty-fours a day, with no vacation, watching the height of the water in three reservoirs that supply Washington, D. C., with water and reporting by telephone to the War Department whenever they are called up. Others will soon control the machinery in automatic substations—little power houses by which central station energy is distributed at the right voltage over a wide territory and in which a man appears but a few times a year to inspect moving parts or to make a few adjustments demanded by changes in load, variations in temperature or the rise and fall of water in a reservoir.

"Televox" is the name that Wensley has given his electric slave because it responds to vocal orders. As a switchboard engineer he is thoroughly familiar with what is "supervisory control", of sub- ... which means that ...

a nervous system to respond to what the ear heard, the equivalents of muscles to carry out a telephoned order, and the faculty to report about itself and the devices under its control.

In his East Pittsburgh laboratory Wensley has a televox that answers to the human voice. Call out "Open Sesame" and a door opens. To no other combination of human sounds will the door-opener respond. But must the orders be spoken human words? Speech is needlessly complex for the engineer's purpose. Besides, a machine ought to respond to every language—something that no human being can do. "One," "une," "ein" all have the same meaning, but only to an intelligence that understands English, French and German.

An Electrical Esperanto.

Accordingly, Wensley decided to invent a simplified, universal language which anybody could speak and which could be understood by the listening automaton—a kind of electrical Esperanto. Musical tones constitute such a language. In Wensley's system but three tones are required, and these are generated by electrically driven tuning forks, so that constancy of pitch is assured. If you are a good musician with a perfect sense of pitch you may whistle or sing the tones or blow them on a pipe, and the receiving automaton will respond.

In the dispatcher's office the tones are directed into an ordinary desk telephone by means of a loud-speaker. The automaton at the receiving end is more complicated. Much like a radio receiving set tuned to a particular broadcasting station, it responds only to one of the three tones that happens to be transmitted. By means of amplifiers the energy of the received tone is magnified so that it can operate a relay or switch, which in turn actuates selective mechanism much like that of an automatic telephone.

The method of using this televocal system is simple. Suppose that Mrs. Twitchell, who is playing bridge at her club, suddenly becomes concerned about her home. In the corner of the clubroom is a table on which stands a small box surmounted by a telephone, toward which the horn of a loud-speaker is directed. On the face of the box are push-buttons which control pitch-pipes or tuning forks, each emitting a different note. By means of the push-buttons and the pitch-pipes Mrs. Twitchell talks the electrical Esperanto th... invented

THE MECHANICAL MAN AND HIS CREATOR.

The "Televox"—the Mechanical Man—and R. J. Wensley, the Inventor, Are Shown in the Photograph. In the Four Drawings Above the Artist Has Pictured Some of the Tasks to Which the Versatile Mechanical Man May Be Assigned, Tasks Such as These: Reporting the Temperature of a Room, Measuring the Height of Water in a Reservoir, Operating a Switch-Handle, Turning a Light On and Off. Specifically the Purpose of "Televox" Is to Simplify the Control of Electrical Apparatus in Unattended Sub-Stations From a Central Powerhouse. Orders Conveyed Over An Ordinary Telephone Line Tell the Apparatus What to Do.

is open and that there is no heat." Mrs. Twitchell pushes another button. "Bz-r-rung." An order that means "Close the switch and ...

left the windows open in the living room and then close them at her command, if the ...

motors whereby gate-valves are opened.

If the televox should be ... simply ...

be reduced to the status of substations—automatic substations controlled by high-pitched musical notes and giving commands to televox ...

through space or over a wire to affect automatic devices.

The bolometer is an artificial sense organ that feels heat. It can measure the temperature of a man's face at the distance of a mile. Move your hand in front of a bolometer forming part of an electric circuit and again it lies in your power to start and stop remote machinery. Or send radio signals to a receiver mounted at any convenient point and you can steer a torpedo on its deadly course, guide a crewless submarine.

Wensley's invention effectually disposes of the Robot type of automaton dear to writers of fiction and plays, or the artificial man created by a Frankenstein. There will never be a Robot—a brainless, tireless, unemotional mechanism fashioned in the image of a man, performing all the functions of a man, moving about stiffly but surely, pulling levers, turning control wheels, wielding broom, pick or shovel. Medieval contrivers frittered away their talents in constructing lifelike automata that could write a name and play a tune or two, and that outwardly resembled Robots. The modern engineer has no patience with such fantastic creations.

Concerned with Functions.

Man is a highly complex organism adapted to live in a highly complex environment. In a factory, in an artificial environment, he is 90 per cent. useless. So long as he sits at a machine he might as well be legless. So long as he does nothing but feed bars of steel into a machine feed bars of steel he might as well be earless and noseless.

For that reason engineers like Wensley are not concerned with mere imitations of men, but solely with a few functions that men are called upon to perform under special circumstances. An automatic shoe-pegging machine is not expected to play the grand piano. Linotypes, printing presses, trolley cars, sewing machines, the hundreds of automata in daily use are very human in their deliberately limited way, but they never look human.

Limitations of a Robot.

To drive home the limitations of an actual Robot, let us assume that an engineer undertook to construct one and to endow it with as many human talents as possible. The machine would, of necessity, be brainless, because even the most ingenious technologist cannot make a collection of wheels, shafts, magnets and wires think. But it could move, hear, see and feel under human control. Instea...

Within the trunk of this Robot—a box-like trunk—would be a collection of selectors that would control locomotion and the movements of the half dozen arms with their hooks, claws and fingers. Open the trunk (there is a little door at the back) and you see within a maze of magnets and wires that suggest the mechanism of an automatic telephone system or the interior of an adding machine. The selectors are connected with the photoelectric cells that constitute the creature's "eyes" (placed one in front and one back of the machine) and with the telephone "ears," so that either flashes of light or sounds could energize the proper circuits and thus govern the movements of the many arms or of the wheels that serve for locomotion.

An Imagined "Algernon."

Call this creature "Algernon," order it about by name, it would nevertheless be little more than a huge electro-mechanical doll. In order that it may move with certainty from room to room its wheels would run on rails. In response to a command flashed by a light (to which the photoelectric "eyes" would be sensitive) it could drag a vacuum-cleaner over a restricted path, turn the gas on and off in the kitchen oven, open and close windows, push an electric switch button to start and stop a motor in the home or the factory, and perform perhaps a dozen very simple operations dependent on pushing, pulling, lifting and twisting.

The household or the factory would have to be adapted to the creature's limitations. Furniture or machines, for example, would have to be so placed that its movements would not be hindered; switches would have to be located near the tracks on which it moved. It would have to be so constructed that having executed a command to lift the baby in its crib and carry it from the nursery to the living room, it would automatically return "as you were" to its station in the butler's pantry, there to await new orders from a flashing light or from a loud-speaker.

"Algernon" would not be a thing of beauty. He would not even suggest a man. In fact, he would simply be a box mounted on something that would be like a tea-table running on a narrow-gauge railway track. He would not have a "head," for his "eyes" and his "ears" could be placed anywhere on the box. Probably he would have four or five feelers or antenna which would enable him, ... his way and

624 I.P.E.U.

AMERICAN workers have a new rival. Karl Capek's dream of robotry is quietly coming to pass. The Westinghouse Electric Company has put a "mechanical man" on the market. Three of them are already in use, as watchmen at the reservoirs of that company. They answer the telephone at any time and give the height to which the water has attained.

These new workingmen have a great number of advantages over the sleeping, eating, breeding sort. They can work 24 hours in the day. They make no wage demands. Conditions are all the same to them—if they are properly oiled and "juiced." They will be a docile lot, without the need for such uncertain trimmings as company unions, labor spies, and stock-ownership. We can visualize them, as Capek did, as excellent soldiers. They will never reason why; they will but do—and be ripped up occasionally. A good machine gun squad of them will make model "company guards" in any attempted strikes of the future. The small modicum of brains which adorns the ordinary "company guard" and labor spy will be dispensed with entirely—to the joy of the employer.

Brains in a workingman have long ago become a dangerous asset. His think-box is supposed to have been taken from him, just after the late lamented war for democracy. The employers can never be sure, however, that he may not have a serious relapse into thinking. It may become a veritable rash. The American robot brings to many a William H. Barr and Charles Schwab and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a sigh of relief. The great day of brain-minus workers is at hand!

Secrets of Employee Stock Ownership

Exploding Another Myth

By HERMAN FRANK

THE English example of profit sharing, which has been in existence for the past seventy-five years, irrefutably proves that this scheme offers no solution to the industrial problem. On the contrary, mere profit sharing did occasionally increase the feeling of servility in the ranks of labor. If the worker demands an increase of earnings, he usually and rightly wants it in the form of a direct increase of wages. He cannot be expected to accept it in a form of an advance which is contingent on possibilities beyond his control. Statistics show that over half the profit sharing schemes introduced into business in Great Britain have failed.

Capital regards profit sharing as a sort of business incentive on the part of the labor force, an additional motive to produce. No wonder, therefore, profit sharing schemes have almost without exception been planned by employers. As the plan promised an immediate prospect of increased remuneration to the poorly paid British workers, it has been in most cases accepted by the employees concerned. The opposition in the main has come from the trade unions; and as the labor organizations have extended their power, schemes of profit sharing have had to be submitted to them and to meet their criticism before being accepted.

The latest phase of the interest in profit sharing in America dates from the time the United States entered the World War up to the business collapse of 1920. Many a capitalist found it a great temptation, in a time of unusual prosperity, to be a "good fellow" and share his extra income with the workers. Most of the schemes that originated in the years of unusual prosperity and were abandoned in 1921 started from employers' goodwill much rather than from any demand on the part of employees.

Closely related, both in time and essence, to the flaring up of interest in profit sharing among American employers is the inauguration of the so-called employee stock purchase plans. The "democratization of investment" prompted by the bombastic Liberty Loan campaigns made it easy to continue in the same way the pay-roll deductions for other investment purchases on the installment plan. But as a matter of course there has been a great diversity of purpose, and especially of the local or incidental purposes, in these schemes.

The Present Extent of the Plan

The Federal Trade Commission's report on National Wealth and Income, submitted to Congress May 25, 1926, disclosed the fact that for the 4,367 corporations, reporting the information, the stockholdings of officers, directors, and employees were an important part of the holdings of individuals. In the case of smaller corporations all the stock was held by officers and directors. Of the total common stock holdings, officers and directors held about ten per cent. They held about six per cent of the total preferred stock. In number, however, officers and directors constituted only about two per cent of the total common stock holders and only about one per cent of the preferred stockholders.

The employee stockholders comprised 75 per thousand of the common stockholders reported and 35 per thousand of the preferred stockholders. Still into bolder relief the small extent of the employee stockholdership is brought by Federal Trade Commission's finding that employee holdings represented only 1.5 per cent of the value of the common stock and less than 2 per cent of this of the preferred. This data applies to the results of the plan up to the year 1923. In that year, however, the movement started with renewed vigor. It is widespread today and comprises besides scores of big industrial corporations, public utility and railroad companies, a few hundred of smaller companies as well.

The explanation of the rapid growth of the movement lies in a singular combination of advantages which the scheme offers to the employers. Apart from the bad effect it must necessarily have upon the sense of solidarity and upon the social aspirations of the workers at large, it also opens up new vistas from the purely financial point of view. Albert H. Harris, chairman of the finance committee and vice-president of the New York Central lines, has formulated a plausible purpose for stock selling to employees and to customers. He said that "heavy surtaxes have taken such a bite out of the income derived by rich men from dividends and interest, that their appetite for further investment in stocks and bonds, the income of which is subject to federal taxes, has somewhat lost its edge. It has become necessary to widen the field and to seek additional money from men of moderate means."

The average corporation manager is inclined to believe that by means of these schemes better industrial relations are promoted, or—in plain terms—the cause of peace between labor and capital is served. The employee, the company seems to have in mind, does his work more efficiently and is more interested in the business if he is a part owner. The capitalists think that, by this device, they have made the employee feel that he is a partner in the business if he owns stock, and consequently that he appreciates in a greater degree the problem of management and production.

Distribution of Employee Stock Ownership

The purchasing employees are shown by tens of thousands for single corporations and by hundreds of thousands in their total, holding some hundreds of thousands of shares. Their holdings amount to several hundred millions of dollars. Some authorities estimate the gain at a billion in all.

A number of American economists, headed by that optimistic expert on bloodless social revolutions, Professor T. N. Carver, have cheerfully greeted the employee ownership scheme as a royal road toward making the worker a capitalist and master of American corporations.

After a more sober analysis, however, the plan neither reveals any industrial or social revolution nor presages one.

When placed in comparison with other figures of our economic statistics the totals quoted are of little significance indeed. They show, merely, that some four or five per cent of American employees own, or are about to own, something like five per cent of the shares of the companies for which they work. Of these only one half, at best, are voting shares, while a still smaller part are salable—a most important point in regard to corporate securities. There can be no doubt that the interested employers did not spare efforts to overestimate the magnitude of the plan before the general public, thus building up the highly desirable goodwill. As we shall presently see, capital has incidentally found in the scheme one more singular advantage over and above the ordinary benefits it did naturally expect of it.

Prof. W. C. Fisher of New York University recently pointed out in The American Economic Review, a magazine entirely devoted to the promotion of social-economic science, that one set of misunderstandings in this connection wholly escaped public notice. Even among well-informed persons, this authority asserts, the meaning of employee in regard to the plan is not clear enough. Nearly everybody naturally thinks of employees as laborers, even as common laborers of the rank and file. For in nearly all of the plans for the promotion of employee ownership, the employees who are offered the stock include all, from the unskilled laborer up through foremen, superintendents, managers, and the rest, on up to general officers and the president himself.

Although it is highly important to know what grades of employees are the owners and subscribers, Prof. Fisher has found that the corporations publish no information as to this distinction. Only rarely, perhaps in one or two cases of real employee ownership, do they give out data from which this information can be approximately computed. Now, if a corporation of the type of the Standard Oil, or International Harvester Company, or the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has sold a hundred thousand shares to about ten or a score thousand employees, it is plain that a great many men in the rank and file have bought at least one share, and that in this simplest of all possible ways a great deal has been sold. But can such a method of stock distribution be, even figuratively, styled "democratization of finance"? Yet, it seems to be the official policy of the corporation to bluff the public by not permitting definite knowledge of the situation.

The selling plans of the corporations regularly allot shares for purchase and limit purchases and installment payment according to wage and salary grades. The companies, consequently, know the facts. Prof. Fisher refers the student of the problem to a resembling field of "popular finance"—the investment in public utilities. On these occasions, when it is presumed well to show what diversified social classes are investing in the corporations, there are issued illuminating statements and tables which must have involved in the preparation much more labor and expense than the making of similar tabulation for industrial companies practising employee stock ownership would have required. "Management," writes Prof. Fisher, "cannot consider it a matter of corporate and social indifference whether their offers are accepted by laborers *or* by superintendents and treasurers, certainly not in these days of boasted attention to other questions of personnel."

How the Puzzle Is Solved

"Then why are they so chary of publishing information?" asks Prof. Fisher.

He found, accidentally, an answer to this question in the scattered data which is contained in a recent book by Foerster and Dietel, of the Industrial Relations Section of Princeton University (published 1926) entitled "Employee Stock Ownership in the United States," the most exhaustive and unbiased study on this much-discussed subject. There (on page 130) one statement slips through, as coming from a company (The B. F. Goodrich Company) which opened its selling plan as early as July 1, 1920: "The holdings among factory employees are not extensive, but practically all of key men in company have acquired substantial amounts of stock."

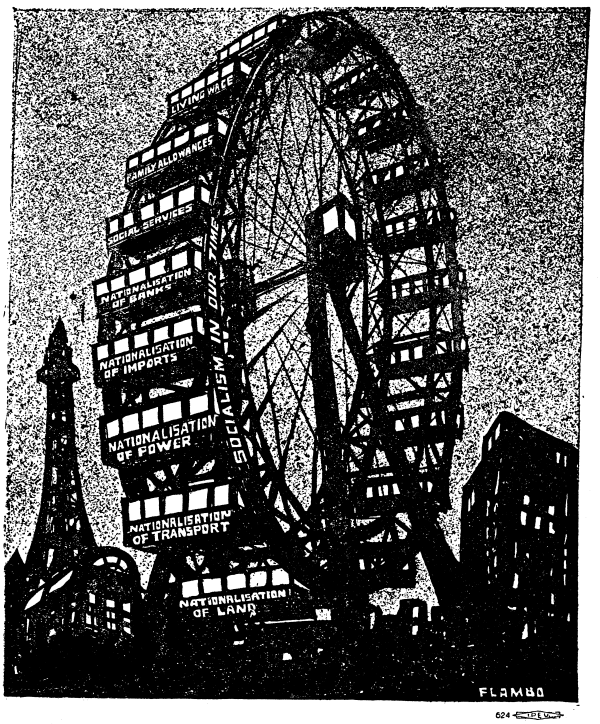
Obscure sources have yielded to the inquiring professor other similar generalizations. So a "confidential report" under private auspices shows the following percentages of different classes of employees subscribing in a railroad company: officers and general office employees, 19 per cent; agents and station employees, 8 per cent; enginemen, firemen, conductors, etc., 1 per cent; maintenance of equipment, 4 per cent; maintenance of way, 1.5 per cent.

On March 23, 1927, Prof. Fisher wrote general and specific letters to thirty of the corporations which are reported as selling stock to their employees, asking as to the grades of their employees who have taken stock. On April 19, fully four weeks after the date of his inquiry, he had but one fairly full reply, three somewhat indefinite but reasonably satisfactory replies, one promising the information asked for, one promising later attention to his letter, two stating the companies are not properly in the category, *five* which ignored his inquiry but sent the usual undistributed figures, *three* which declared an inability to answer. *Fourteen* have made **no** reply.

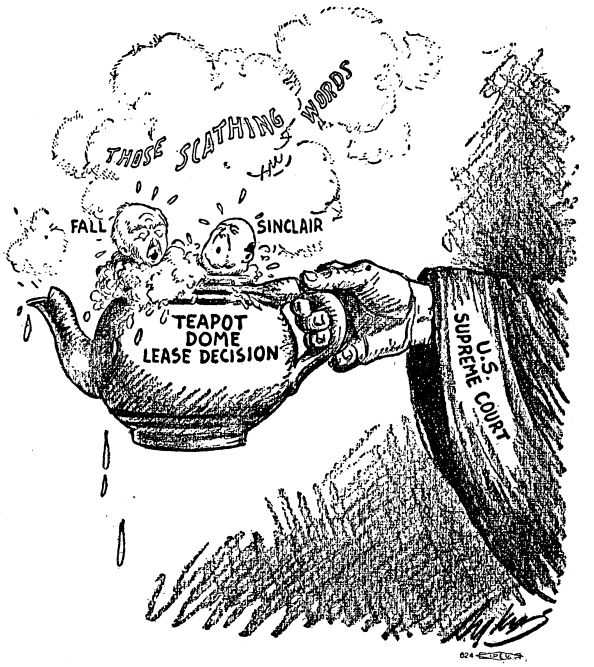
It is clear, then, that this jealously preserved secrecy is motivated by a desire to suppress public knowledge about one highly important feature of the plan—its usefulness as a means to split up the labor force by wedges of either overt or disguised bonus plans offered to key men. It seems as if the corporations scented danger in the company union plan—a travestied labor organization, but one which, in order to be effective at all, leads inevitably to more or less of solidarity between all the men in the company's employ. As an antidote against so disquieting and repugnant a development, reminding the capitalist of the horrors of industrial unionism, the inventive brains of the captains of industy hit on the employee stock ownership idea with a proper subdivision of purchases by grades.

This deeply hidden, but very substantial, reason goes far to explain why the employers are inclined to make so much of this venture in "democratic finance" in spite of the fact that the popular masses play a very passive part in it, since it may be assumed that the actual financial participation of the rank and file is next to nothing.

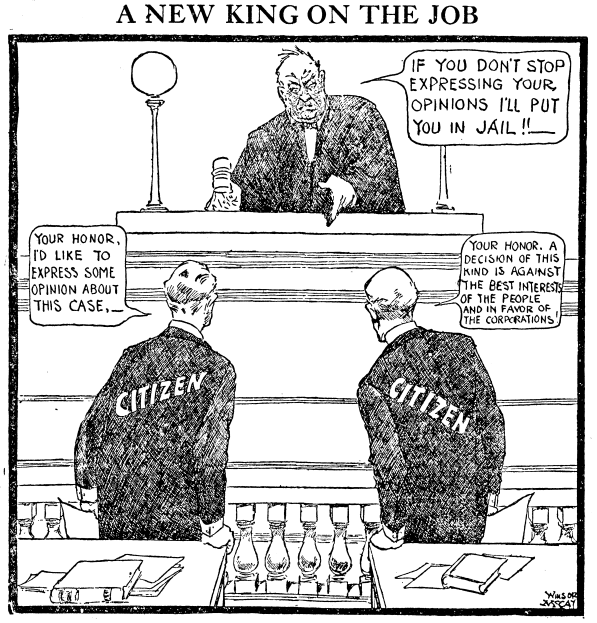
Where Are We Going?



The New Leader (London)



A NEW KING ON THE JOB



It's an interesting question: Where are we going? Most of the workers in the United States, organized as well as unorganized, have no ideas about it whatsoever. It is almost time that they should begin to look somewhat into the subject.

For one thing, we can see without glasses that we are headed for more and more arbitrary tyranny on the part of "our" courts. Without so much as a wave of the hand, the Supreme Court said thumbs down on the Indianapolis street car organizers. They go to jail for contempt. Their crime: they tried to make men free. Judge Schoonover in Pittsburgh discovers, at the same time, that a strike is an invasion of interstate commerce. The editor of this publication cannot express the contempt that is in his soul for such a diseased decision. The worthy judge evidently needs a new set of glands.

The Independent Labor Party of Britain, pointing to the continued attack on the working class, attempts to give us a glimpse of our great goal. The wheel in the cartoon is the wheel at Blackpool, the resort where the Labor Party congress was just held. "The wheel of Labor moves slowly," says the NEW LEADER, "but it does move"—toward power for the workers. We believe that American Labor can decide a little more definitely, just where it intends to go.

And then:. There is Teapot Dome, the stench of which even the Supreme Court and the reactionary daily press could not stomach. It points also to our goal—in a political way.

Getting the Most Out of Your Organizer

Second Brookwood Discussion on "How to Organize"

By A. J. MUSTE

IN this chapter of our series we are going to discuss two matters, the problem of how to choose organizers, and secondly, certain conditions that are influential in determining whether an organizer's work shall be successful or not.

When you have drawn a beautiful picture of the type of person you want for an organizer and the training you are going to give him, as we tried to do in the preceding installment, you suddenly wake up to the realization that your brilliant ideal may never get a chance to show his wares. For in practically all cases organizers can get their jobs only by being elected to them by some sort of popular vote or else by being appointed by someone who gets his office by election. In an election a lot of factors count that have little direct bearing on a man's fitness for a given job, factors all the way from graft to the good looks of the candidate or his wife. In other words, "political" influences are apt to count altogether too heavily.

Unsatisfactory as it may be, however, to elect organizers, there are arguments in favor of making union officials pretty directly responsible to the rank and file for their jobs and requiring them at fairly frequent intervals to get a fresh o. k. from the membership. And whatever may be theoretically desirable or undesirable, we have to face the fact that in our day in a vast majority of instances, organizers are going to have to get their jobs by being elected to them or appointed by elected officials. Are there any practical suggestions, then, as to how we can make more certain that the best man gets the job and that misfits and crooks are kept out. Several ideas are worth some consideration.

1. Unions might make it a practice before every election to issue a statement giving the past record in the union and in other unions, if any, of every candidate for office, and to put such a statement into the hands of all the voters. The statement ought to be confined to facts, not opinions. It would give the length of time a member had belonged to the unions, the offices, paid or unpaid, that he had held, any facts bearing on the quality of the service he had rendered in office, strikes he had taken part in, any schooling he might have had in labor classes or elsewhere that might have a bearing on his fitness, etc. Such a statement would have to be accurate and impartial to be worth anything. In cases where there are more than one candidate for an office, each candidate might appoint a couple of representatives to serve on the committee to draw up the statement, just as in many unions he appoints tellers to represent him at the election.

Platforms Would Help

2. Every candidate might be required to give a statement in writing or from the floor as to his views on the chief problems confronting his organization at the time, and an outline of how he would deal with the job that would confront him as an organizer. In other words, the candidate ought to have a "platform" and the platform ought to deal with the "issues", but not only with the general question of what the candidate thinks or proposes to do but with the more specific question of how he would go about it. Of course, there is the danger that a man will stand on a platform during an election campaign and then leave it as soon as he gets his job. But despite all the qualifications that need to be noted, requiring union candidates to state their platforms would have a great educational value both for the candidates and the membership, and would certainly have some direct effect on the quality of persons elected to office.

Fit Candidates

3. When a school wants an instructor, it is free to choose whomever it can get, but it chooses as a rule from among people who have had a certain kind and amount of schooling and perhaps hold certain degrees. When you need a doctor you pick your own, but usually from among men and women who have had education, giving them an M. D. degree. In other words, there is freedom of selection from among trained people. Is it too much to expect that unions shall more and more require candidates for office to give some definite and concrete evidence of being fitted for their jobs either by means of an examination or by submission of evidence of having satisfactorily passed certain courses? Unions of skilled workers require such evidence of skill in the craft as a matter of course from applicants for membership. Isn't some knowledge of the laws of the union, effective conduct of meetings, the trade or industry in which the union is functioning, the aims and history of the labor movement, how to deal with people, etc., quite as necessary in candidates for office? If so, unions must develop means for assuring themselves that candidates have these qualifications. Nor does this mean that we are looking for highbrows as organizers or that a lot of information is the only or chief requirement in an organizer.

Let us consider next some of the conditions under which organizers work which have an important influence on their efficiency.

1. On the one hand we often keep men in jobs in the labor movement because of sentimental reasons, because they are old, because they have been in office for a long time and would take it as a personal insult if they were not retained, because they would not know how to look for another job, and so on. The sentiment is often noble but the way it works is bad. If a man has outlived his usefulness, it is in the long run a kindness to him as well as to the organization to lay him off. If he deserves or needs it, pension him, but don't hang on to a

dead one. The movement, the welfare of hundreds of thousands of workers, is of infinitely more importance than the personal feelings of an individual. Any organization or institution that has a habit of providing security for the inefficient is doomed.

2. On the other hand, men are turned out frequently on equally sentimental considerations, considerations that have little to do with their fitness, because, for example, they are not handshakers; because they are hard on grafters; because their wives are too uppish; because people just like a change once in a while; and so on. If it is true that an organization which gives security to the inefficient is doomed, it is equally true that an organization that does not guarantee some measure of security to good men is doomed. If a good man can lose his job because of a whim of the membership, then good men will not be attracted, and if they should by some chance get in and care to keep their positions, they will, of course, concentrate all their energies on making sure they are reelected, on developing a machine rather than attending to their business for the workers.

Decent Treatment

3. In the matter of wages for organizers and officials generally, we also tend to err in opposite directions. On the one hand there are the notorious cases of union officials drawing fat, capitalistic salaries. Even though it be true that some of these officials could draw even larger salaries in business or professional life, the practice demoralizes the officials, demoralizes the rank and file, and produces a gulf between the two. On the other hand, there are those who seem to think that the best way to get results out of an official is to starve and drive him, and to begrudge the organizer even as much pay as the man in the shop. Such people shout for higher wages, shorter hours, better conditions for the workers in the shops but have no idea of applying such notions to their own employees, that is the union officials. Other things being equal, decent treatment produces decent results, unfair, tyrannical, brutal treatment produces unsatisfactory results—in union business as well as in other kinds.

To some this point might not seem worth laboring. My own opinion is that it will bear emphasis. The life of a loafer is the life of a loafer, in the union as elsewhere. But any union organizer who tries to measure up to his job, especially an organizezr among the mass of unskilled workers in whom we are chiefly interested, is a hard and for the most part, thankless job. His hours of work are irregular, his home and social life are largely broken up, he is apt to have little time for recreation or study, he gets mostly hard knocks (literally or figuratively) from employers, police, unorganized workers, company spies and his fellow unionists, his work is like woman's work in the old adage, "never done"—a campaign, a strike, often resulting in defeat, then the smash up of what he has so carefully built, and on to the next place to go through the same round. It is a dog's life in very truth. Whatever can be done to make it more liveable the union should in all conscience do.

4. This leads directly to our next observation. We have been urging that so far as possible we give the organizer who is on the job good material conditions, a fair material reward. When all is said and done, however, a man who works for the movement must be one who is interested chiefly in spiritual and not material rewards. If he does not get a "kick" out of the work he does, out of the risks he encounters, the battles he must fight, out of the fellowship with other men and women who have given and are giving their lives to the movement, out of a consciousness that he is serving the ultimate interest of his fellows, no amount of salary paid, no improvement of the conditions under which he works, will make him useful or keep him in the movement, if he can get out of it.

5. Brief reference must here be made to the unpleasant subject of graft and crookedness. It is all the more necessary that we give some thought to the subject, because recently there have been a number of instances where officials and active workers regarded as very progressive have been caught doing crooked work. We have come to a pretty pass when the very men to whom we look for a lead in labor's battles seem to lack even common honesty.

Members of certain unions whose officers were grafting have sometimes been known to reply to criticisms: "Well, they are bringing home the bacon, aren't they? As long as they get results, what's the good of kicking?" Such results doubtless usually prove dearly bought. However, dainty, soft, inefficient souls whose virtue consists solely in being respectable and "never doing nobody any harm" have no warrant for criticizing people who get results. The movement is not a tea party.

Removing Temptation

A few suggestions for getting rid of this problem of crookedness must suffice. For one thing, there are cases where crookedness is simply an individual affair. In all walks of life, there are individuals whose character is for some reason weak on this side and who cannot avoid temptation to take money that does not belong to them. Of course, some of them show up in the labor movement. Such individuals must simply be dealt with in the union as they would have to be in a bank, business firm, or fraternal society. It is the responsibility of the movement to remove temptation from individuals as far as possible and so protect both itself and them. This means that all officers who handle or have access to money must be bonded, that good accounting systems must be installed and that careful and frequent audits must be made of all accounts. The labor and radical movement is still much too careless in this matter. Where international unions do not provide adequate accounting system and auditing services, labor bodies can now obtain advice and service in these matters from such organizations as the Labor Bureau, Inc.

We come upon certain cases, however, that cannot be explained as instances of individual weakness. We find, for example, that there seems to be very little grafting in the textile or railroad unions but a good deal in the garment and building trades organizations. It can hardly be that year after year there happen to be more weak individuals holding office in the latter than in the former, or that sewing and bricklaying somehow tend to encourage crookedness more than weaving or driving locomotives. One suspects that there must be special conditions that give rise to such a situation, and such is indeed the case. There are, for example, the notorious instances

in the building trades of union officials entering into agreements with dealers in building trades supplies, the former seeing to it that their men would not work for contractors not using materials furnished by the "ring". In such cases nothing is to be gained by scolding individuals; installing good accounting systems in the unions is not likely to suffice; and certainly no great good will come from sending one or two union officials, who have made their thousands, to jail and letting the dealers in supplies, who have made their millions, off with a lecture, as was done in New York not so long ago. The situation as a whole must be attacked and radically changed, or after every so-called reform the evil will spring up.

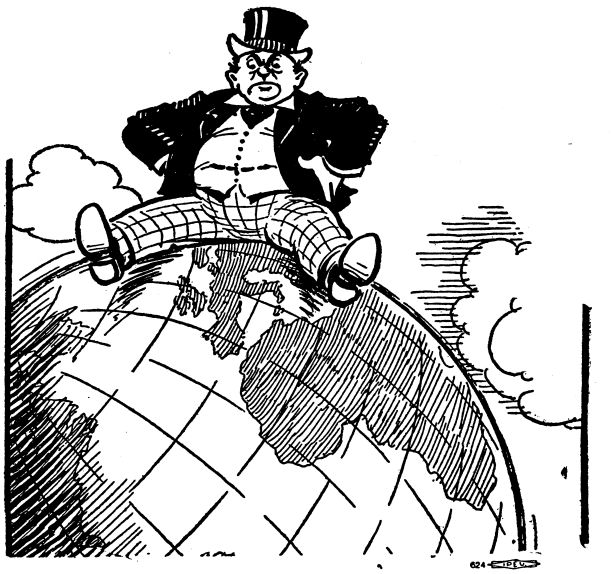
In general, we observe that this evil of graft is fairly prevalent in the movement in the United States while we encounter it hardly at all in Germany, for example, or Great Britain. The same contrast may be observed between political life in the United States and in other countries. Must we conclude that we in the United States are of weaker moral fiber than Germans or Englishmen? Perhaps we should look again for underlying conditions. Conditions have been such in America that quite a good many people have made money and made it fast. Often the money has been made, not by hard work, certainly not by steady work, so much as by speculation, luck, more or less respectable forms of gambling. A man buys up worthless land and it becomes valuable because a town grows up, not because the man works hard. Or he has coal under his land. Or oil is discovered on it. Or he takes a flier in stock. Such conditions tend to produce in the entire population a sort of speculative spirit, a get-rich-quick-by-any-method psychology. Anything more or less goes if "you get away with it" and make money. Of course, trade unionists have that psychology to about the same degree as other people and the effect is felt in the unions.

Members Not Blameless

It may be worth while to observe that here is another point where the rank and file are probably as much to blame as the leaders. When in a discussion at Brookwood this summer the question was raised as to why do the members stand for dishonest officials getting rich out of the union, an intelligent chap, an active rank and filer, member of a union for years, broke in on some highbrow remarks with the blunt statement, "It is because the members would do exactly the same thing as the officers if they knew how and had a chance. They admire the officer who is smart enough to get away with it just as people in general worship the man who has made his pile." We may as well face the fact that this is a condition we shall have to reckon with. To remedy it, the American labor movement needs a different morale than it has at the moment. But this question of labor morale and also the problem of union men who "go over to the other side," is one that we shall leave to another chapter.

6. After touching on this sore point of dishonesty in the movement, it may seem ridiculous to say next that the rank and file must have a certain amount of confidence in the leadership if the movement is to live and accomplish anything, yet this is precisely what I do assert. A good many union men will believe what the boss and the newspapers tell them rather than what their own leaders say. One has sometimes to travel a considerable distance in order to find a union where there is genuine confidence in the leadership. Of course, there can be no success with such utter lack of morale. We might dismiss the subject by saying, Let labor leaders deserve confidence and they will get it—and there would be worse places than that to stop. But this thing works both ways. One may also say, Let people trust their leaders and leaders will repay that trust. If a man has the name of being a crook anyway, he may as well be one. Certainly the policy of "distrusting the leadership" that has often been deliberately advocated by radicals has been all wrong psychologically. Watch your leaders, yes; call them to account regularly; kick out the grafters; keep certain types of leadership out, watch them when they are in. But once you have picked the best man you have for the job, don't tie a log around his leg at the outset by telling him, We don't trust you; we expect you to turn out a fool or a crook. Only people who are themselves fools or crooks do that.

ON THE TOP OF THE WORLD



Our organization message must teach the worker that he, too, can sit on the "top of the world." Psychology teaches us that most men thirst for power and freedom. We must couch our appeal in terms that will arouse the workers' desire for these two great rights.

7. Finally, if our organizing work is to go on and our organizers, paid and unpaid, are to be efficient, we must utilize the energies of the young people in the movement, promising individuals must be encouraged and given the opportunity to infuse new blood into official families, and what is more important, the reserves of energy in our young people as a whole must be organized and used. We have dealt with this subject in a recent number of LABOR AGE and shall not dwell on it at length now. It is, however, sufficiently important to deserve being repeatedly called to our attention. A movement or institution can use its young people and so be constantly remade by them. Or it can neglect them, in which case they either leave the movement to die a slow death, or will rend it in pieces and send it to a swift death.

State Troopers Again Amuck

An Aftermath of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case

By LEONARD CRAIG

FORTY-EIGHT hours before the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, the miners of Cheswick, Pa., issued a call for a public meeting to protest against the execution of these men. Owing to the fact that the time was so short, after the first respite of August 10, the miners had no opportunity to advertise the meeting, except by a general announcement at their meetings and among their sympathizers, that there would be a protest meeting at Gajea Farm, Cheswick, Pa., on August 22 in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Cheswick, in the Allegheny Valley about 14 miles east of Pittsburgh, is in the heart of the coal fields. The miners of this district have been on strike since the expiration of their agreement on April 1. Around Cheswick are a number of mining towns such as Herwick, Springdale, Harmerville, Ruralridge, Russeton, Curtisville and other mining towns.

These mining towns are well protected by the State Constabularly and the iron and coal police (private cossacks), the latter being employed by the coal barons. In going through these mining sections you will observe many little shacks, built since April, about four feet square and eight high. In the doors of these small arsenals are seated cossacks, rifles across their laps and young cannon, commonly called revolvers, strapped to their sides. These guards are thus posted in order to guarantee the scabs free access to the mines and to prevent any interference from the union pickets.

On the morning of August 22, just 13 hours before Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, between one thousand and fifteen hundred miners, their wives and children, gathered at Gajea Farm, a private park, to protest against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. These miners believed that they were violating no law, that they had an undeniable right to free speech and free assemblage and peacefully to petition the governor of Massachusetts against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

"That Is Your Liberty"

About eleven o'clock the chairman mounted the platform and called the meeting to order, but as he did this a state trooper came on the platform and said, "There will be no meeting today. The sheriff has forbidden the meeting." The chairman asked the trooper for the written proclamation forbidding the meeting. The state trooper said, "That is not necessary." Some one in the audience spoke up and said, "Why can't we have a meeting? Is this what you call liberty?" The state trooper's reply was, pointing to his belt of cartridges and revolver, "This is your liberty."

Some one in the audience, remembering President Wilson's now famous words, "A war to end war" and "A war for Democracy," called out, "Is this what you call Democracy?" Then, without warning, the state troopers began throwing tear-gas bombs and striking men and women with their clubs in order to disperse the crowd. Under such circumstances there was nothing for the crowd to do but make for the open fields, leaving those that were unable to run because they were blinded by the tear-gas bombs at the mercy of the state troopers. Many of these victims had to be sent to the hospital, and some are still suffering from injuries received at the hands of those state cossacks.

The state troopers, drunk with power, and knowing they had the sanction of Sheriff Braun, were not content with merely dispersing the crowd, but continued to follow and beat up all that came within their reach.

One man, almost an hour after the throwing of the tear-gas bombs, was walking along the street at a distance of about two blocks from the place where the meeting was held when one of the state troopers walked up to him and hit him over the legs. The man protested, but the only reply from the state trooper was a knock over the head with his club. The man then drew his revolver, killed the state trooper and disappeared.

There is no evidence at hand to indicate that the man was at the meeting or had anything to do with it. He was walking on a public highway about two blocks from the place of the meeting when attacked by the state trooper. There is no question, however, but that the powers that ordered the breaking up of the Sacco-Vanzetti meeting, will endeavor to fasten the killing of the state trooper upon some active innocent miner. The Sheriff, elected and sworn to uphold the law and protect the people, has used his authority to disrupt a meeting of peaceful citizens gathered for a lawful purpose.

Indicted!

Twenty-five workers were arrested and thrown into the Allegheny County jail. Four of these were dismissed. Ten were indicted and are now out on bonds ranging from $500 to $2,000. Eleven others are out on bonds ranging from $500 to $5,000. The indictments are in four counts: Indictment No. 139, Resisting an Officer and Assault and Battery; Indictment No. 140, Inciting to Riot and Riot. The indictments are so ridiculous and such a perversions of justice that they are hereby reproduced:

IN THE
COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS OF THE PEACE
FOR THE COUNTY OF ALLEGHENY.
OF September Sessions, A.D., 1927.

ALLEGHENY COUNTY, SS.:

The Grand Inquest of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, now inquiring in and for the body of the County of Allegheny, upon their oaths and solemn affirmations, respectively, DO PRESENT, That DOMINICK MANGINI, DOMINICK LOREFICE, JOE BRACCO, MIKE MARTOVICH, TONY DeBARNATTI, JOE LORRIE, FRANK MASKELUNAS, RAYMOND SIENNA AND PETER MORETTI, late of the County aforesaid, yeomen on the

twenty-second day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven, in the County aforesaid, and within the jurisdiction of this Court with Force and Arms unlawfully did then and there resist, obstruct and oppose E. A. Lottick, he, the said E. A. Lottick then and there being an officer of this Commonwealth, to-wit: then and there being a State policeman lawfully in commission and lawfully acting and then and there being in the performance of his duty, in dispersing and attempting to disperse an unlawful assembly and in quelling and attempting to quell a certain riot and unlawful assembly, to the evil example of all others in like case offending, contrary to the form of the Act of the General Assembly in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

AND THE INQUEST AFORESAID, upon their oaths and solemn affirmations aforesaid, DO FURTHER PRESENT: That the said DOMINICK MANGINI, PETE MANGINI, DOMINICK LOREFICE, JOE BRACCO, MIKE MARATOVICH, TONY DeBARNATTI, JOE LORRIE, FRANK MASKELUNAS, RAYMOND SIENNA AND PETER MORETTI, on the day and year aforesaid, at the County aforesaid and within the Jurisdiction of this Court, with Force and Arms, in and upon the body of one E. A. Lottick, in the peace of God and this Commonwealth then and there being, unlawfully did make an assault and with like Force and Arms, him the said E. A. Lottick then and there did beat, bruise, wound and ill treat, and other wrongs to the said E. A. Lottick then and there did, to the great damage of the said E. A. Lottick, contrary to the form of the Act of the General Assembly in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

TEST PRO RESPUB.

(Signed) Samuel H. Gardner,
District Attorney for Allegheny County,

E. A. Lottick
Thomas Martin
A. E. Downing

No. 139—September Sessions, 1927

COMMONWEALTH VS...DOMINICK MANGINI, ET AL
INDICTMENT: 1st Count, Resisting an Officer, 2nd Count, Assault & Battery.

TRUE BILL. W. J. Huchinson,—Foreman.

IN THE
COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS OF THE PEACE
FOR THE COUNTY OF ALLEGHENY.
OF September Sessions, A.D., 1927.

ALLEGHENY COUNTY, SS.:

The Grand Inquest of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, now inquiring in and for the body of County of Allegheny, upon their oaths and solemn affirmations, respectively, DO PRESENT, That Dominick Mangini, Pete Mangini, Dominick Lorefice, Joe Bracco, Mike Martovich, Tony DeBarnati, Joe Lorrie, Frank Maskelunas, Raymond Sienna and Peter Morretti, late of the County aforesaid, yeomen, on the twenty-second day of August in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven, at the County aforesaid and within the jurisdiction of this Court, with Force and Arms, with intent then and there to disturb the peace of the said Commonwealth, and devising and intending to create riots, unlawfully, wickedly and maliciously did then and there incite, encourage and endeavor to provoke and instigate divers citizens of the said Commonwealth, whose names are to this Inquest unknown, to unlawfully, riotously and routously assemble and gather together to the number of ten and upwards, to disturb the peace of the Commonwealth and to injure and annoy citizens thereof, and to create terror among the good citizens of this Commonwealth, to the evil example of all others in like cases offending, contrary to the form of the Act of the General Assembly in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

TEST PRO RESPUB:

(Signed) SAMUEL H. GARDNER
District Attorney for Allegheny County.

E. A. Lottick

Edward Helwig	Joseph Miller
Thomas F. Martin	J. E. Hess
Edward Lottick	Winfield Brown
A. A. Downing	Wallace S. Farr
Robert Kirkpatrick	Frank Gleason
Thomas Crowley	John Morgan

No. 140
September . . . . . Sessions, 1927
COMMONWEALTH
VS.
DOMINICK MANGINI, et al.
Prosecutor:
EDWARD A. LOTTICK
On . . . Sept. 8 . . . 1927
TRUE BILL
W. J. Hutchinson, Foreman

After reading the above indictments a person would be led to believe that those few miners and their families who had gathered in a peaceful manner and for a lawful purpose were disturbing the peace and dignity of the community. The facts in the case are that there was no disturbance until the State Constabulary, there under the instructions of Sheriff Braun, broke up the meeting by throwing tear-gas bombs, using their clubs and riding over men, women and children with their horses.

I shall refer those that believe the foregoing statements are a prevarication of the facts, to the statements of the men and women that fell victims to that atrocious raid by the State Constabulary. The writer went to Cheswick a few days after the raid, and in company with two witnesses interviewed several of the victims who were injured, and were eye witnesses to the affair. So we shall let them tell their own story, which is as follows:

STATEMENT OF MRS. HAMPSON

EXHIBIT NO. 1

I was sitting on my front porch in my own home, which is located about one-hundred and fifty feet from the fence that separates my place from the park where the picnic was held. I was first attracted by hand-clapping in the park, then in less than a moment I heard shooting and screaming. Then I saw state troopers, some running, some riding horses. One of the troopers was running after a man with a baby in his arms. The man

stumbled, fell and dropped the baby. As he arose and stopped to pick up the baby, the trooper hit him over the head with his billy and knocked him down.

Now just a couple of minutes after that happened seven state tropers came to my front porch. As they approached I got up off my chair and was about to ask what the trouble was when one of them spoke up and said, "Don't you move." I said, "Why shouldn't I move?" Then he struck me across the hips with his club. The mark is still visible after eight days and will be for some time. (The woman who was with the writer made an examination of the injury and found the above statement to be true).

Now just as soon as that state trooper hit me with his club another one of them shouted "Shoot her"; another one spoke up and, "Let the old lady go." I then turned and limped into the house because my hip was hurting me quite bad.

Just as soon as my husband came home he called Dr. McCulough, who I am sure will report the extent of my injury. I am past 60 years old and the mother of more than 15 children. I am positive that I could identify the state trooper that hit me with his billy.

STATEMENT OF MILDRED HAMPSON

EXHIBIT NO. 2

I was downstairs getting dressed when I heard mother holler, "My God, what is going on over there?" I came up on the porch and looked over toward the park; there I saw state troopers beating up women and children, firing their revolvers and throwing something which I later learned was tear-gas bombs.

Then I saw two state troopers get hold of a woman, trying to force her into a truck; the woman fell and the state troopers just picked her up and threw her into the truck.

I then just stepped off the porch and saw seven state troopers running after two boys. When the troopers came in front of our house they stopped and I saw one of them hit my mother. The troopers then left, running up the alley hollering, "Shoot everybody you meet."

STATEMENT OF MRS. MARY GATES

EXHIBIT NO. 3

I arrived at the park about eleven o'clock. I was there when the chairman opened the meeting; when he began to talk about Sacco and Vanetti a state trooper spoke up and said, "There will be no meeting today." A man in the crowd spoke up and said, "Why can't we have a meeting? Is this what you call liberty?" The state trooper pointed to his cartridges and revolver and said, "This is your liberty," repeating those words three times. He also had a rifle in his hands.

Now just about a moment after this happened the tear-gas bombs began to explode and everyone began to run. In the mad rush of the people to escape the deadly tear-gas, and me being an old lady past fifty years of age, I was knocked down and six persons fell on me, and the tear-gas bombs were falling all around me. I threw up my hands and said, "Jesus Christ, don't tramp on me!" A state trooper spoke up and said, "The God-damn s—of—a—b—, tramp on her with your horse." A man lying beside me started to get up. A state trooper knocked him down with his club, and then began clubbing every man and woman that he could reach.

STATEMENT OF JOHN VERONICK

EXHIBIT NO. 4

I was standing at the picnic grounds with my baby in my arms, and about fifteen feet from the main crowd. Everything was peaceful and quiet, no trouble at all. Just as the speaker began to talk the state troopers surrounded the crowd and said to me, "Get in the crowd there!" I said, "What do you think? I don't want to get my baby killed." The state trooper said, "Get to hell out of here then."

I then started to leave. As I did I heard bombs exploding, which I thought was shooting. The state troopers then began to run in all directions after the men and women in the crowd.

STATEMENT OF GEORGE HALTICH

EXHIBIT NO. 5

I was in the picnic grounds and there was no trouble until the state troopers came up and threw tear-gas bombs. As the bombs began to explode, everyone began to run. Two state troopers ran up to me. One of them hit me on the leg, and the other trooper hit me on the other leg with his billy. I then ran into the house and hid.

STATEMENT OF JOHN SERBA

EXHIBIT NO. 6

I was at the picnic grounds when the trouble started. A state trooper ran up and hit me across the back wth his billy and almost knocked me down. I then jumped and run. I was to see a Dr. who said that the bone in my back was broken and that it would be some time before I could go to work.

After reading the above statements of the atrocious misuse of power, by the state constabulary, one is not surprised that the people have such little respect for them. Officers elected and sworn to uphold the law permit its violation, in behalf of the coal operators, and against the union miners.

Anyone who will study the disruption of the Sacco and Vanzetti meeting, and the actions of the state police against the miners of this district, will readily understand the cause of the raid. The purpose was not merely to disperse the meeting, but to disrupt the miners' union, and endeavor to force them back into the mines at starvation wages and under inhuman conditions.

The people of this state will retaliate at the next session of the State Legislature, by demanding the repeal of the State Constabulary Law. And all good citizens who believe in free speech and free assemblage will join in that campaign.

JAUNDICED AND JARNDYCED

"Our" Judiciary Draws Fire of A. F. of L.

OUR High Priests of "Law" thrive upon class prejudice and unreasonable delay. Since the Sacco-Vanzetti case, all sorts of voices have proclaimed those self-evident facts. Men of high and low degree have analyzed and psycho-analyzed our courts—and found much to be wanting.

One conspicuous sign of militancy at the American Federation of Labor at Los Angeles was on this very item. Our courts of "equity," declared that body, are instruments of tyranny. They are the lickspittles of the Big Business class which controls America. They are as subservient to that class as was the Supreme Court of pre-Civil War days, to the Slave Power. That Supreme Court, and its chief justice, Taney, stand today as symbols of stupidity and injustice. The Dred Scott decision is not yet forgotten.

Matthew Woll stated emphatically that the hour for defiance of the courts is at hand. Labor must "dramatically" and even "tragically" stand up for freedom. It is the only way left open, through aggressive non-resistance.

That is an encouraging note. There are only two ways in which such defiance can be effectively carried through to victory.

The first of these, is through mass defiance. The International Tailoring injunction was smashed into bits in that way. Such defiance must be as carefully planned as was that incident. It must threaten to fill the jails with workingmen, demanding American freedom. In the good old days of pre-war militancy, many a court edict was put in cold storage in that efficient fashion.

The other is through defiance by a well-known personage. A mere organizer or set of organizers can do nothing toward defeating an injunction, by being arrested. Such action, on the other hand, in nine cases out of ten, destroys the morale of the men and leads to defeat.

If a prominent man in the movement or from outside its ranks deliberately throws down the gauntlet to tyranny and defies the court, the effect is electrical. Newspapers everywhere play it up. The issue is widely discussed. Not only will the court action be nullified and the men heartened, but agitation leading to legislation or other forms of relief will become widespread and national in scope. If such a leader as Matthew Woll, known for his conservatism, would take such a step, we would go far toward destroying the injunction. We all still remember Samuel Gompers' famous defi: "Go to —— with your injunction," in the Buck Stove and Range case.

Andrew Furuseth, of the Seaman's Union, stirred the delegates at Los Angeles, likewise, with his pleas for a more militant spirit. They all talk much about more friendly relations with the anti-union employers, he declared, but such do not exist, except in fancy. We are approaching a period of spiritual slavery—and Labor is doing little to offset it. Call him a Communist, if you will—although he is none—but he doesn't give a damn. He will tell the truth—and the truth is that Labor must cease talking about non-existent "good relations" and get out and fight.

The fight must be all along the line—not only against the forces of Anti-Unionism, but against their tools, the Courts. That was the A. F. of L. idea. Well—let us get busy! The fair words of the General Electric Co. or the Bethlehem Steel Company—or the other purveyors of bunk—bring no men into the ranks of real organization. They are merely smoke screens and gas attacks, for our discomfiture.

The American courts stand today, indicted by all sorts of men. Jaundiced by class hatred and Jarndyced by technicalities and expensive red tape, they present a crude picture of the "justice" that does not exist in them. The time for a change is long overdue.

WANTED: A LABOR SPY INVENTORY

Help Us to Secure This Needed Information

FINE words butter no parsnips, we understand. It is the custom of anti-union employers in our day, as we have repeated o'er and o'er, to speak in tremulous tones of their concern for the working class. That their actions do not coincide with their words, a little experience at any of their plants proves most conclusively.

Our answer to these fair words can be and must be: How many men are organized in your factories or mills? How much freedom will you allow union organizers, to approach your men with the organization message?

Upon the practically demonstrated answer to these questions, their fair verbiage must stand or fall.

It is not merely the new autocratic employers who have learned the value of soft and slobbery vocabularies. The labor spy uses it today, with a vengeance. Dignifying their trade with such juicy terms as "industrial engineer", "production engineer", etc., etc., these vermin of the industrial world proceed blithely to their slimy occupation.

With the coming of the "new relationship in industry", indeed, their trade has increased. Judas is in much demand. Every employer knows that he cannot maintain a company union without the aid of the spy. It is the only way in which he can keep his men in bondage. Deeper and deeper, the spy drags him into the mud of questionable industrial tactics. The deeper the employer goes the more remunerative it is to the informer.

We believe that Labor should be better informed than it is on the various agencies at work in this capacity. The spies of our enemies should be indexed and cross-examined. We should have a complete rogues' gallery of them—their history, physiognomy, habits, and many other things. If possible, we should have an able psychologist pass on them, to learn the peculiar quirks of their depraved mentalities.

LABOR AGE hopes to make a modest beginning in this respect. With limited resources at our disposal, we ask publicly for aid in this complicated task. Our request is made thus publicly, as frequently requests of a similar kind in the past have received most unexpected answers. We will even welcome anonymous information, if it is such that we can check up on it through documents or other factual sources. We take all anonymous information with the proper grain of salt; but often-times such has been of aid to us in the past.

When such information has been secured, we plan to turn it over to the American Federation of Labor and such affiliated international unions as we find to be attacked by these spies. We also plan to make such parts of it generally public, through publication, as the facts seem to justify.

We look forward to the generous cooperation of many folks in this much-needed undertaking.

OFFICE WORKERS PERK UP

New Methods Used in Metropolitan Fight

SPEAK not so lightly of the dumb "white collar slave". He is perking up and she is perking up, in New York City. Organization is on, and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. is the object of the drive.

It is time that the Metropolitan was challenged in its low-wage policy. As the Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Accountants Union has said: "The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. does everything for its office workers except pay them a living wage to maintain a decent standard of living and independence!" It also says to the workers of the company: "Other professional workers — artists, musicians, actors, are organized into unions. Why not you?"

The union has brought out the fact that the Metropolitan pays as low as $12 a week to its office girls. The company has not denied this, but insists that there is "rapid advancement". That happens to be one of the pipe dreams of President Haley Fiske. Hypocritical Haley has said some nice things about Organized Labor—when he was not menaced by it! "I believe in unions and strikes," he went so far as to say to his Canadian representatives. "I really believe that high ideals are now animating Organized Labor as represented by the American Federation of Labor," he told the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

There is a reason for Haley's fine statements. Most of the clients of the Metropolitan are wage workers. It is good policy to speak well of that which all these workers want or have—organization. But when you touch Haley's own ill-paid office force—then, it is "Bolshevism"!

Novel methods are being used by the union in its fight—methods that have secured wide publicity and should get results. Among these are:

1. Use of the radio—the new WEVD, erected to the honor of Eugene Victor Debs in New York City.

2. Support of women of "high standing in the community", such as Fannie Hurst, the novelist; Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, etc.

3. Employment of a publicity man, who has secured splendid publicity for the effort.

These are steps well worth checking over, as means of getting over the message. It is encouraging to see that the long-suffering office workers are taking them.

We ask, by way of postscript: What sort of a mutual insurance company is it which pays its president $200,000 a year and keeps him a great part of the time on vacation? What sort of a mutual company is it, which pays his son $40,000 per year, though he is but 2 years out of college? That is the Metropolitan's record.

Following the Fight

With Comment Thereon

By THE MANAGING EDITOR

OUR AIM:
To Educate the Unorganized—To Stimulate the Organized—To Unity, Militancy and Intelligent Action.

OUTWITTING OUR FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER

The Tussle With the Machine and What May Come of It

POETS and novelists sometimes dream wild dreams of things that later come to be realities. When Mrs. Shelly created Frankenstein and then bade him create a monster, she foresaw better than she knew.

Man is building up a new monster, the Machine. It is a faithful servant. Rebellion is foreign to its nature. But it has dangers connected with it which even its creators have begun to fear.

We read in the Federated Press LABOR LETTER of September 15th: "American Nabobs fear that machines will starve out Labor." It refers to the Labor Day warning of Secretary of Labor Davis and to the gloomy prognostications of Roger W. Babson.

In his pessimistic queries, the Secretary of Labor said in part: "There seems to be no limit to our national efficiency. At the same time, we must ask ourselves, is automatic machinery, driven by limitless power, going to leave on our hands a state of chronic and increasing unemployment? Is the machine that turns out wealth also going to create poverty? Is it going to give us a permanently jobless class? Is prosperity going to double back on itself and bring us social distress?"

Babson's was a similar refrain. Both Cassandra-cries seem borne out by the facts. In 1923, the census figures show, the average number of factory workers was 8,778,156. This figure had fallen in July 1927 to 7,650,000. In four years, then, over one million workers were ousted by the machine.

These were the mass production industries, naturally, that were thus affected—those industries in which Organized Labor's influence is practically nil. They present to the capitalists the problem of too much surplus labor, with consequent unrest and possible civil disorder. Babson suggests the need of some new massive industry, such as the motor industry proved to be, which can employ 5,000,000 workers and thus take care of them.

The problem, as we see it, goes deeper than that. Our Frankenstein creation has an uncanny way of beating us to it. When we speed up, it speeds up much faster. It is certain that Organized Labor has not tackled the question as yet in any serious way. As a beginning we suggest—and we state emphatically that it is merely a beginning:

1. The organization of the semi-skilled and unskilled in the mass production industries to lessen the speed-up and to increase their wage returns, so that they may be the better able financially to meet any lay-off.

2. The provision of an increasing amount of public works more consistently and scientifically arranged than at present, to take care of the surplus labor.

3. Unemployment insurance—to tide over the workers—which should be as much a charge on industry as workmen's compensation.

We note with some concern the tendency in certain international unions to confine themselves to the organization of the skilled workers. That is, in the main, a policy of defeatism. It is a much bigger program that we need today, to grapple in any effective way with the problems of industry. It is the semi-skilled who are the great challenge to unionism. They are bound to grow in number and importance, as the machine marches on in every branch of production.

Meeting that challenge through a vigorous organization drive, we must at the same time unfurl the banner of social legislation. Not only as a relief measure but also as a means of agitation and education, a campaign for unemployment insurance and for adequate public works goes hand in hand with the effort to bring the great mass of the workers under the American Federation of Labor. The hour has more than struck for us to begin the effort to outwit our Frankenstein creation.

HAPPIER? P'RHAPS

WHILE Babson and Davis sing their songs of sadness over the machine, happier voices are heard in other quarters. The National Industrial Conference Board—creature of the big anti-unionists—bids us all cheer up. Things are not as bad as they seem.

It now requires an average of 70 men to do in our time what 100 men were needed for, 25 years ago. If the present pace goes on, a mere 45 will be required for the same production in another 25 years. For every hand-made iron screw turned out in former years, 1,000 machine-made screws are now put on the market. For every hand-made spike of that long ago, 200 machine-made spikes spring up.

Dragon's teeth? Not so, says the Conference Board; but rather, sources of happiness. The greater number of screws and spikes has intensified man's imagination, to find new ways of using these iron products. In a like manner, new lines of labor have been opened up by the machine, and new opportunities for comfort given the working class.

Undoubtedly, this is a good-sized half-truth. We cannot fight the Machine. Any organized group who does so for any length of time will find themselves defeated. The cigarmakers and glass bottle blowers unions, succumbing stubbornly to the advance of the machine operator, know that full well today. And yet—we must learn, as groups, to control the machine. Therein the workers have largely failed to date. Therein lies the darker side of the picture, drawn for us by Davis and Babson. Unless we do so, we will be increasingly defrauded of the fruits of our production and face the horrors of periodic unemployment.

We suggest again the vital importance of a heart-to-heart discussion among alert unionists on this subject. A conference at Brookwood or some active local labor college is in order, on the question: "How can we master the Machine and make it serve the purpose of Social Justice?"

SLUMP VS. SLUMBER

HERESY is being heard in high quarters. That interesting business newspaper, the NEW YORK COMMERCIAL, declares that that is just what it will be accused of by business and financial groups. The reason: It is stating and re-stating that a gradual slump is on, and that there is grave need for changing the economic situation quite a bit.

As late as its issue of October 10th, it has hammered at this thought, rather mercilessly it seems to us. But it is to its editorial of June 17th that we wish to direct your attention.

Referring to a statement by that over-reactionary magazine, the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, that "unstable equilibrium exists at the present hour, the COMMERCIAL rises to say that that is correct. Here is where the trouble comes in, it declares:

"One phase of it, of course, is seen in extraordinarily high prices for securities at the same time that extraordinarily narrow profits exist in most business enterprises. Anothr phase of it is seen in the continued maintenance of relatively high prices for manufactured goods and relatively very low ones for agricultural products. Still a third phase is illustrated in the narrowness of the income received by the middle class, so called, and by unorganized workers as compared with the excessive wages of organized labor."

We grant the high prices of securities. They are another evidence that those who "work not, neither do they spin" can be arrayed in glory such as Solomon never knew. The workers, however, at the present hour can do but little about that evil. As to narrow profits, that may be true of the middle and little business man. It is scarcely true of the big mass production industries. They have been skimming the cream of "prosperity", ever since it began.

As for the "middle class" and the unorganized workers, the trouble there is not in the "excessive wages of organized labor" but in the pittance allowed the unorganized. The remedy should not be a cutting process for the organized, as the paper hints, but in a boosting process for the "middle class" and the unorganized. There is only one way to bring that about: Let the middle class and the unorganized working groups learn the lesson and get busy at unionization.

We refer these facts to our fellow-unionists. Is it not time to bring our message, vigorously, to the underpaid groups? If that is not done, the difference in the wage scales will be used as a lever to defeat the highly paid workers. The time to begin this campaign is Now.

There is no other. If we meet the gradual slump by slumber, the slump will hit all of us all the harder. We believe that the education of the unorganized, leading to organization, is more than in order.

BUTLER'S SWAG

"The man who builds a factory builds a temple, the man who works there worships there, and to each is due not scorn and blame but reverence and praise."—*Calvin Coolidge.*

SCORN and blame may not be due the humble workingman, and neither apparently are just wages. That master temple builder, William Butler, friend and adviser of Calvin's, thinks in that direction.

Oft have we heard of the downtrodden textile industry. It has been loudly wailed to Heaven that "high wages" and restricted hours were the causes of its troubles in Massachusetts.

Butler, ex-Senator and old pal of Cal's, furnishes us with a different story. The national chairman of the Republican party owns a good slice of the textile mills of New Bedford, Mass. We all know of the $18 a week average wages paid there. That average represents the textile worker's share of "prosperity".

But Butler? His swag goes on forever. The cotton mill dividends of New Bedford, in 1926, amounted to $2,812,000. This was an amount larger than any year prior to 1916, and nearly $1,000,000 above the 1914 total. In the last five years—1922 to 1926 inclusive—these mills have enriched their owners by exactly $21,523,000 in cash dividends.

All of this we learn from the Department of Commerce record book of business statistics. The worshipper at the factory-temple shrine evidently gets nothing

out of it but the joys of worship. He certainly receives no share of the factory Heaven.

NO LONGER?

TRADITION has it that the office workers are beautiful but dumb. The young lady in the office has as her object, matrimony—and matrimony only. The poor bookkeeper is supposed to have his eyes on the possibility of promotion through marrying the boss's daughter or through some other such left-handed process.

To organize as do the sons of toil who dirty their shirts and soil their hands is supposed to be beneath the office workers' station. As a result, many a misguided spinster and many a wreck of the masculine gender find themselves in middle age stranded on the sands of time.

We have referred elsewhere in these pages to the possibility of a change taking place in this state of things. The drive against the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. is a promising sign. We do not expect too much from it; but if it induces that benevolent corporation to change its minimum wage from $12 to $21—the union minimum for girl clerks and typists—it will be a good beginning. Let Mr. Fiske put the 2 in front of the 1, instead of the 1 in front of the 2, for his ill-paid girl workers—and the figures will look better. We recommend such action to his High Church conscience.

MORE POWER TO POWER

ATLANTIC City's boardwalk saw more than the usual representation of power company magnates this past summer. The National Electric Light Association held its annual convention there.

Everybody was happy. "Public relations were never better," declared their president. The dear public has fallen into a comatose state that promises well for the power corporations. They talk no longer of 6 to 8 per cent returns, but of 10 and 15 and higher percentages.

Meanwhile, the horny headed populace fights over the Boulder Dam and other projects—allowing the private companies eventually to step in and carry off the historic bacon. The fight even went to the floor of the American Federation of Labor convention—so that that body could not decide what to do about it.

There is only one thing to do: Decide upon a vigorous war for public ownership of all power sites. Boulder Dam must be built and used for power purposes. The quarrel that is going on will only redound to the benefit of the utility companies. That will mean the old game of high profits, low wages and poor service. If we are to have "More Power for Power", let it be electric power divorced from the Profit Takers.

FRUITS

WE FRANKLY admit it. We would be tickled to hear more noises like "Organize the Unorganized!"

In such campaigns among the company-unionized and personnel-plagued workers, we can dangle many juicy fruits of organization. One of these is the record of the electrical workers.

In the last three years the International Brothrhood of Electrical Workers has secured increases in 26 of 37 cities covered in the annual report of the U. S. Department of Labor on union wages and hours. In 1926 it made advances in 14 of these cities; in none did it step backward.

In all but 3 of the 37 cities, the 44-hour week has been won. In two of these—Portland, Ore., and Seattle—the union has done better, and has secured 40 hours. In Cincinnati, the week is still on the 44½ hour basis.

What these advances signify can be seen from several examples. In Chicago, in 1913, the minimum wage was 75 cents per hour; today it is $1.50. In New York, in 1913, the wage was 56 cents per hour; now it is $1.50. In Cleveland, in 1913, it was 57½ cents per hour; in 1927 it is $1.50. So runs the record of advances, from city to city.

We would like to see wage movements of this sort among the unorganized. When shall such begin?

MORE STORM SIGNALS

SENATOR BORAH is of the opinion that Calvin Coolidge is running to cover, for fear of economic difficulties during the coming four years. There may be much method in the President's madness. He is a cautious one, and always watches carefully the way the wind is blowing.

Certainly, storm signals are out a-plenty. The National Association of Manufacturers, in convention assembled, has just been treated to a dose of pessimism. The bankers and the Big Business is getting it all, say they. The middle manufacturer is prospering not so well. Certain it is that in the first quarter of this year, 433 corporations made a grand total profit of $542,534,000. Certain it is, also, that commercial failures have constantly been on the upgrade. Certain it is that factory unemployment is mounting. Even the building trades did not fare so well this past summer as seasonal work should have allowed.

Storm signals are signals for Organized Labor, also. They are signals to fight for public works extension. They are reminders to prepare in organized trades for further anti-union onslaughts. They are, above all, timely hints to get out a widespread educational message —to be capitalized at the first opportune moment in industrial action.

RALLY TO THE PITTSBURG DISTRICT

FEVERISHLY building, building, building. So goes it with miners of the Pittsburg district, as the menace of winter draws nearer. Barracks are going up, as they have gone up in West Virginia, signifying War. The worthy Federal Judge of that district has ruled that the union men must leave their houses, to make way for the hordes of Scabbery. He has winked at the fully 2,000 special company gunmen now marauding through that section, endangering the life and limb of peaceful citizens.

Our next issue shall devote much space to a vivid account of the battle in the Pittsburg sector. It will be dedicated to the urgent need for our rallying to the Pittsburgh district, where 45,000 men are waging a bitter battle for the right to be free.

In Other Lands

PREPARING FOR POWER

British Labor Looks Toward a General Election

WHATEVER reverses it may have suffered of late on the industrial field, British Labor is gradually coming back into power via the political highway. It is only a question of a short time until it will be bidding for control of Britain in a General Election. The annual conference at Blackpool in early October had this constantly in mind.

Although there are some who have been urging the difficulty of such an immediate outcome—for in the last General Election there were over 10,000,000 non-Labor votes to over 5,000,000 for it—there is no doubt that the party is much stronger than it has ever been. There has been much dissatisfaction in the Tory ranks with the plan to revive the House of Lords. Despite that, the Conservative yearly meeting decided to make it part of their coming program. Such action will squarely help Baldwin's group, already weakened in all the by-elections. The Trades Union Bill has lost support for the Tories in many unexpected quarters. So that Labor stands to gain in any contest before the country.

It will not gain enough, it is pretty clear, to be a majority party for sometime to come. Again it must look to the Liberals to put it in control. The leaders seemed to have that definitely in mind. Outside of the sur-tax proposal on large incomes—which takes the place of the former demand for the capital levy ——the conference was cautious in its program.

The difficulties of Labor will not be so much in securing power as in putting into effect any of its fundamental principles, once it is again at the helm. It can do much for education, which the Tories have woefully mishandled. It can do something to cut the heavy financial burden which Toryism has brought on the country. Whether, as a minority party, it can go very far toward Nationalization is another question.

Then there is the matter of imperialism. MacDonald did halt the building of Singapore when he was Premier, but the Tories have busily continued work on this naval station. MacDonald, as a minority Premier, could not do much more. Economic forces were too great and complicated for any sharp divergence in policy. Gladstone, anti-imperialist Premier of the '80's, it will be recalled, carried out Disraeli's designs on Egypt, much against his inclination. MacDonald may not have to go that far; but on this question he will have his severest test.

Whatever may come of these things, the triumph of British Labor politically is the chief hope for any continued peace, in the midst of the intrigues and plots now so much alive in the European air.

THAT GERMAN MINERS' STRIKE

When 80,000 miners walked out on October 17th in the coal fields of central Germany, the expected may be said to have happened. It is the first phase of that movement for higher wages, which, we have pointed out, is likely to be felt throughout German industry.

During the last year the unions have steadily been increasing their membership. The number of unemployed, who could rush in to compete with strikers, has fallen. The financial status of the unions has been strengthened.

The miners, at the same time, are receiving wages far below a decent income. Even the conservatives agree to that. The average worker's wage for a 9 to 10 hour day is $9.50 per week. The mine owners, of course, contend that they cannot pay more. They are burdened down with taxation and borrowed capital at high interest, under the Dawes plan. The workers answer that the demand made is only for a total of eight million marks, which is slightly more than one-third of the dividends paid by these owners during 1925-6.

At the International Economic Conference at Geneva in May the American delegation criticized the Germans for their low wage payments. It was the American contention that a higher wage scale would increase the home market, and thus build up a wider trade. The German groups, backed by the present conservative Government, declared that their need was for foreign markets. They must be relieved of the heavy payments and other obligations under the Dawes plan before they can pay higher wage rates. They must also expand their markets, to be able to meet a larger labor budget. Thus, the conflict between Dawes obligations and labor demands is coming to a head, as prophesied by J. Maynard Keynes, the British economist, in his criticism of the treatment of German industry. The workers are contending, and quite rightly, that they pay the penalty for the plan—and they do not propose to do so, whatever the international remedy may be.

If the miners win—as it appears that they will—a general movement for higher wages is likely throughout Germany. The office workers and Federal employees have already received increases, and that has indicated to other workers that the hour for action is at hand.

ITALY IN HOT WATER

Now comes Signor Mussolini to abolish all Italian holidays, for the wage workers. The move is made in the Interests of "efficiency". Signor Mussolini—despite G. B. Shaw's praise of him—has apparently not learned two cardinal economic points: That high wages are of value, even to Capitalism; and that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull worker". It is the workman who has enough

leisure to rest mind and body, who is the most efficient in the long run.

But the Signor must do something. His predictions of great Italian recuperation not coming to pass, he must try to lift himself by his bootstraps.

The Italian people are weighted down with a tax burden, which they can scarcely meet. Much of this goes to keep up the flamboyant militarism, with which Mussolini now surrounds all his acts. Some further part of it goes to the support of the Fascist blackguards, who are absolutely indispensable to him. Unemployment continues to mount steadily. Bankruptcies increase. The monthly average for these in 1925 was 602, in 1926, 854. For this year, they ran: January, 848; February, 779; March, 894; April, 845; May, 1,030. The international trade balance is becoming more alarming for Italy each month.

The dictatorship could never have carried on as it has, were it not for the over-generous assistance of the United States. Its debt settlement was the best that any country received, by far. Its facility in securing American financial assistance, in the face of a shaky industrial and financial policy, is remarkable. There is one reason for this: That American banking and governmental interests chose to use Mussolini as a lever to secure European reaction. Even that seems to be incapable of staving off further difficulties.

"SOCIALISM IN OUR TIME"

Although the Independent Labor Partyites did not succeed in having their program adopted at Blackpool, that dynamic group were not at all discouraged. They believe that they have made decided headway toward committing the general party in the direction of a fighting program.

In the matter of a surtax on bloated incomes, they did score something of a victory. A concession was made, that the greater portion of this surtax would go to the social services for the workers, under a Labor Government..

The "Socialism in our Time" proposal, which includes steps toward an immediate living wage and nationalization of the "citadels of Capitalism", received a much more generous hearing than at the conference of last year. The decision to attempt an all-inclusive political international organization pleased the I. L. P., also—bent as they are on crushing Imperialism.

Most of these items, it must be said, are still subjects for "inquiry" on the part of the general Labor Party. The I. L. P.-ers do not conceal the fact that the Blackpool meeting was too "dry" and without sufficient "drive". They believe, however, that the next conference will adopt most of their proposals—and give to Labor that fighting policy which they are certain it must have, to serve its purpose fully.

SOVIET RUSSIA'S 10th BIRTHDAY

In the Land of the Sickle and Hammer

REVOLUTIONS never fully revolute. They cast out, by branch and trunk, the tree of the Powers that Were. But many of the roots generally remain. That was true of the French Revolution. It is true of the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia.

The tenth anniversary of the capture of control by the Bolshevik Party finds Communism, or even Socialism in the most exact sense, far from attainment in the former land of the Czars. This is partially due to the conditions within Russia itself; it is due also to pressure from the world without.

The Soviet Government has had before it the enormous task of educating millions of people with no conception of popular rule. It has had to contend with 169 nationalities and divers tongues. Its attempt at complete, over-night Communism was bound to fail—whatever may come of it in the long run.

After the first battle for control, Lenin was quick to see the way that things must tend. He brought forth his New Economic Policy—a denial in part of the immediate possibility of Communism. Now, under Stalin, Russia turns even more to the "Right" in action. This great land of opportunities is seeking capital. To the outside banker it must make guarantees of security, which involve a protection of the rights of private property. It must settle down to a near-Capitalist policy. The aim of Stalin seems to be, to do this and at the same time to keep alive for future use the slogans and ideals of the Revolution.

The Trotsky-Zinoviev group decry this as a surrender to the petit-bourgeois elements. They fear a complete return to Capitalism. They see, not only in Russia but in China, a surrender of the principles of the Revolution. They stand for "permanent Revolution"; Stalin stands for re-construction, on any possible basis. He is thinking of Russia as much as of the Revolution.

The foreign capitalistic interests watch this struggle with vulture eyes. They are becoming satisfied that Stalin will be victor. They are not yet assured of how they are to get the spoils. Britain is disturbed by the invasion of Russian oil fields by the American Standard Oil Co. It hopes to profit by a ring of hostile nations around Russia.

When the Interests have made up their minds that Russia will be "amenable to reason" in the way of foreign grants, then will Russia be welcomed 100 per cent into the family of nations. Recognition will not come from labor action, we regret to say, but through Wall Street action. Stalin is paving the way, step by step, toward that end. The 10th anniversary of the Bolshevik coup sees Russia, under the surface, nearer to its goal of world recognition. The U. S. flag will follow the Standard Oil. If the Standard's present contracts prove satisfactory and lead to other good things, our State Department will wink at the red flag and throw itself into Soviet arms.

Even with all that, nevertheless it will remain a significant thing that the words, "Workers of the World, Unite", continue to blaze forth on the arms of a world power.

"Say It With Books"

WE LOOK AT IMPERIALISM

Through Professor Moon's Very Instructive Glasses

SIX hundred million "backward" human beings are directly under the imperialist domination of "superior" nations. Fully one billion persons, living on two-thirds of the globe, are directly and indirectly—through colonial rule, mandates, protectorates, etc.—subject to the Great Powers of the world.

Out of this situation arises one of the greatest questions before mankind today: Imperialism. In taking over the "white man's burden", the dominant nations have also laid the dynamite for white man's—and colored man's—wars. Take the Fashoda Crisis in 1899, as an example. France and England trembled on the verge of war. Why? "Imperialist rivalry for a million or so square miles of the African Sudan was the cause." Take the Kaiser's famous message of congratulation to the Boers on repulsing the British. "It was a revelation of intense imperialist competition in South Africa" between German and Briton. Take the Morocco crisis of 1905, and again of 1911, the Boer war, the Spanish-American war, the Russo-Japanese conflict, and on and on and on. Imperialism was at the root of all.

"And the greatest of all wars was caused more by imperialism than by any other factor. Americans who prefer to believe that the catastrophe of 1914 was brought about by the personal vagaries of William Hohenzollern may cherish their belief if they will, but the facts are opposed to it. The very alignment of European powers was dictated by imperialism, not by race or democracy or kinship of culture. Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey were allied by Teutonic domination of the Near East. Republican France and monarchist England were bound together by the far-reaching bargain of 1904; liberal England and tsarist Russia, by an agreement of 1907 regarding imperialist interests in Persia, Afghanistan and Tibet."

So says Professor Parker Thomas Moon in his interesting and instructive study, IMPERIALISM AND WORLD POLITICS. (Published by the Macmillan Company.) Not only does he say it, but he proves it—and more—in a calm, objective way that considers both the good and evil fruits of the Great Powers' "civilizing mission". War between imperialist nations is the most threatening outgrowth of this development. Indeed, we may say that today it is this grabbing for land and cheap labor, for natural resources and new markets, that is the great root-cause of bloodshed.

Then, another complication is added by the governed peoples themselves. Resenting the foreigners' rule, they are learning by degrees the foreigners' tricks. They have begun to master the military arts of thier masters. They have aped these masters, in the hope of destroying them. They have developed an intense spirit of nationalism, in reaction against the white man's dominance, that did not exist before the white man's coming.

Take India. It is divided in race and language, almost hopelessly it would seem. There are descendants of Arab and Afghan, and Mongol, and Persian invaders. There are the black Dravidians in the south. And there are the Aryan Hindus, who with the mixed Hindus, make up the majority of the population, only to be divided in turn into "castes". Religion presents even a knottier problem. Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs, and Moslems criss-cross the national division lines—and almost make confusion worse confounded. And yet—these divergent elements have been fused together in an ardent Indian Nationalism! There is one answer to this paradox: British Imperialism. In opposition to that "bureaucratic, autocratic" enemy, they can all unite.

In like manner, we see Napoleon's "sleeping giant", China, awakening to the democratic cries of students and workers, and to the roar of fire-arms. It has been aroused from its historic lethargy by the British on the Yangste and in Tibet. The Russians in Mongolia, the Japs in Southern Manchuria, and the French in the southern provinces, creeping up from Indo-China.

Neither does Latin-America enjoy our own U. S. A. excursions into Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua and other southern points of vantage. The fact that our imperialism, by and large, has been more velvet-gloved does not make the situation better. (We almost take back that qualifying word, in view of our treatment of the Haitians and the Filipinos. But we have been more prone to "protectorates" than to outright annexation. And it is probably a better paying proposition!)

Imperialism is weighed by the author and found wanting—even measured by its own standards. It is doubtful that it pays, when the cost is set against the gain. All the empires, save that of Great Britain, can be set down as losses without much investigation. None of them, even that of Britain, make its "mother country" self sufficient. "Surplus" population at home is not taken care of by colonies and protectorates, as no great number of the white men go into the newly acquired regions. Home capitalism may not profit in the long run, as "infant industries created (in colonies, etc.) by foreign capital help to relieve the need for foreign capital."

Besides, Professor Moon discovers that "now the nation-

empire finds itself inadequate. Even its expanded frontiers do not include all the needed materials and markets of industry. It is too small." What seems to be in the air, he thinks, is "world-wide international cooperation, reciprocity and regulation." The nations still hesitate because of selfish interests and suspicion; but they will find in time that Imperialism is a worn-out policy which no longer justifies itself.

Whether Professor Moon's prevision proves to be correct, or otherwise, he has given us a splendidly worked-out picture of the present world condition. It is a work that should be frequently consulted, in noting the various future maneuverings of the imperialist powers.

REAL SILK "YELLOW DOG" ANTICS

UNIONISM is a mighty healthy thing for unorganized workers. We see that at the Real Silk Mills in Indianapolis, where the coming of unionism has caused the management to boost wage rates in a grand panic. Some of the boys have had their weekly pay envelope enriched by from $18 to $20 per. As to the manner of such increase we shall have much to say in our next number.

We have devoted so much space to the Real Silk Mills, as we find here all the elements of the fraud of company unions. When real "self government" comes along, it is the labor spy and "yellow dog" which are drawn on to hold the workers in subjection. As the wages have gone up, so shall these two devices go too, in a short time.

TELEVISION AT GENEVA

The failure of the naval disarmament conference at Geneva has excited the laughter and indignation of even the conservative press of the world. National jealousies triumphed—and the end is not yet!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of Labor Age, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1927, State of New York, County of New York, ss.:

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Leonard Bright, who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Labor Age and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of ownership, management etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—Labor Publication Society, Inc., 3 W. 16th St., New York City.

Editor—Louis Francis Budenz, 3 W. 16th St., New York City.

Managing Editor—Louis Francis Budenz, 3 West 16th St., New York City.

Business Manager—Leonard Bright, 3 W. 16th St., New York City.

2. That the owner is (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Labor Publication Society, Inc., (a membership corporation with approximately 200 members); James H. Maurer, President. 430 North St., Harrisburg Pa.; Harry W. Laidler, Treasurer 70 Fifth Ave., New York City; Louis Francis Budenz, Secretary, 3 W. 16th St., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. The two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security hoders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

LEONARD BRIGHT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1927.

(Seal)

ERNEST BOHM,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1929)

Are You With Us?

In the Fight to wipe out Company Unionism, Labor Spies and "Yellow Doggery."

In the Battle of Freedom through Unionism.

HELP US THEN, TO SPREAD OUR MESSAGE

Get us from 1 to 10 subscribers—in order that more and more men may know that the unorganized CAN be organized.

For each new subscriber obtained, we will present you, free of charge, with

COMPANY UNIONS

By ROBERT W. DUNN

(With an Introduction by Louis Francis Budenz)

The most searching analysis of the company union experiment, from the labor viewpoint.

LABOR PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Inc.

3 WEST 16TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

P. S. And here is a sub slip—to get the message out to a new subscriber.

LABOR PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Inc.,
3 West 16th Street,
New York City.

Please place the following on your subscription list:

Name ..... Address.....

Name ..... Address.....

Name ..... Address.....

Enclosed find $..... for these subscriptions.

.....

.....