

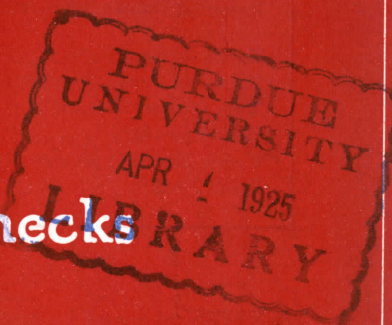
February, 1925

25 Cents

Labor Age

The National Monthly

Kanawha's Fighting Rednecks



A Powerless America

By Senator Norris

Manhandlers in Uniform

The Sand Hogs Battle the Bends

Brother Brown's Pilgrim's Progress

The Other Woman

Labor Age

25 CENTS PER COPY

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Monthly Labor Digest

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



CONTENTS

KANAWHA'S FIGHTING REDNECKS, <i>McAllister Coleman</i>	1
A POWERLESS AMERICA..... <i>George W. Norris</i>	4
MANHANDLERS IN UNIFORM.....	7
SANDHOGS BATTLE THE BENDS..... <i>Art Shields</i>	10
BROTHER BROWN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, <i>Bill Brown, Boomer</i>	13
THOSE LITTLE REDS..... <i>Louis F. Budenz</i>	15
HOW WE SPEAK WITHOUT WORDS... <i>Prince Hopkins</i>	18
THE OTHER WOMAN..... <i>John S. Martin</i>	20
WHAT OF 1925?.....	21
LABOR HISTORY IN THE MAKING.....	22
BOOK NOTES.....	29

Contributors To this Issue

- BILL BROWN.** A guest of ours, who will give us the account of his adventures from time to time.
- McALISTER COLEMAN.** Editorial Writer, Illinois Miner; just returned from West Virginia.
- GEORGE W. NORRIS.** The fighting Senator from Nebraska, who has been striving for public ownership of the coming great Super-power System.
- ART SHIELDS.** Labor correspondent, who has just made an investigation of the working conditions of the tunnel and subway workers of New York.

RAISED

THE price of LABOR AGE has been raised to 25c per copy, \$2.50 per year. This increase came because we have found, after three years trial, that it was impossible to publish the kind of a magazine we wanted to publish at the old price, and because we want to make LABOR AGE a bigger and better magazine.

Our problem has been to produce a labor magazine containing such matter and at such a price that enough people would subscribe for it to make it self-sustaining. Today there is no great difficulty in publishing a magazine that will sell. All that is needed is a few poorly written sex stories, some pictures of near-nude women, and a super-cynical editorial attitude toward everything connected with the workers.

If we wished to ride along with the present high wave of capitalistic and materialistic journalism, we could be "taken care of." Were we to boost the boss and bunk the worker, our back pages could be crowded with advertising which would more than pay a profit.

But LABOR AGE will do none of these things. If the present Editor and Managers wanted to do any of those things, they could not. LABOR AGE is owned by a group of unions, and workers' organizations, who founded the magazine for the purpose of advancing the interests of the workers first, last and always. LABOR AGE is not published as a commercial venture, but as a message carrier, and LABOR AGE means to remain true to its purpose.

For nearly four years we have labored incessantly to find the style, shape, contents and price for

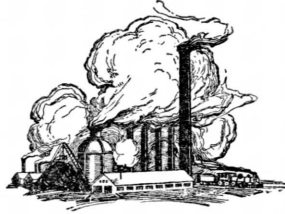
LABOR AGE which would best satisfy the majority of the workers, whose good opinion and support we value. We feel that we have found it.

In appearance LABOR AGE is as attractive as most of the capitalistic magazines. Its contents are interesting, instructive and entertaining, and will become more so as time teaches us further lessons. Its price is now neither too high, nor too low. Not too high to bar the poorest reader, nor too low to prevent growth and success.

By adding a few thousand new readers to our subscription lists we can double the present size of the magazine. Those thousands of readers are waiting for LABOR AGE. We have found by experience that the average worker will subscribe for LABOR AGE if given the opportunity. What is needed is personal contact. In 1924 over 8,000 new subscribers were added to our lists by a six-month experiment in personal contact. But getting that personal contact is an expensive proposition, when undertaken by this office. So expensive, in fact, that its cost wipes out the advantage gained. Lacking the steady flow of advertising dollars which other magazines receive, we have been unable to build up the high pressure circulation department needed for such work when undertaken from the office.

But everyone of our readers is in daily contact with shop-mates and friends, who would be glad to subscribe for LABOR AGE if asked. We want you, as one of our readers, to ask them. You'll be surprised how easy it is to get new subscribers, once you start.

Labor Age



Kanawha's Fighting Rednecks

By McALISTER COLEMAN

THE COAL

AUTOCRATS'

ANSWER



Eviction and

Tent Colonies

Dot American

Labor's

Battlegrounds

WHAT," asked the horse-dealer of the smoking-car at large, "is a two-letter word meaning Egyptian sun-god?"

When a cross-word veteran had introduced him to that nationally known divinity, Ra, he looked up from his paper for a moment out on the bare hills that skirt Cabin Creek on the way to Charleston, West Virginia. Through an opening in the hills one could see gray ribbons of smoke twisting up from the tents of evicted union miners.

"I hope them red-necks freeze to death," said the horse-dealer cheerfully, "we don't want no unions in this part of the country." He was back again the

next moment fumbling through a somewhat limited vocabulary for a two-letter word meaning "behold." And there was no more talk about evicted miners or the perils of unionism.

In fact, it's this Chinese-like indifference to the progress of an industrial war that is being waged at their very door-steps that seems to an outsider characteristic of the attitude of the rank and file of the citizens of West Virginia and surrounding states where the United Mine Workers of America are fighting against industrial autocracy. It isn't just that the non-union operators have long since held control of the machinery of politics and propa-

LABOR AGE

ganda. Down in Logan County today there is a very healthy revolt going on against the reign of Don Chafin, the union-baiting sheriff who has kept union organizers out of his county by use of a private army of deputy sheriffs subsidized by the operators. But those who are foremost in the fight against the Don of Logan openly state that they have no sympathy with unionism. Because they want to get rid of Don and his gun-toting deputies does not signify that they will welcome organizers come down from union headquarters at Charleston.

The Shut-Ins

In my work with coal-diggers in Illinois, Pennsylvania and Oklahoma, I have always been impressed with the isolation that cuts the miner off from contacts even with his own world of labor outside the field. In West Virginia today this isolation is given keen edge by the complete silence of the local press on matters connected with the strikes and lock-outs that have been going on for three years. So far as I could find out, no social agencies go near the women and children of evicted miners, some of whom are in dire need of food, clothing and decent shelter. The church has preserved its wonted aloofness. The average citizen may not go so far as the smoking-car horse-dealer, but he neither knows nor seems to care about what happens down the long Kanawha Valley or in the fields to the north where twenty thousand men, women and children are forced to turn to the union for relief in the shape of tents and barracks and rations enough for bare existence.

To me it is as thrilling and important a struggle as Organized Labor has made in this country for many years. There is something quite tremendous about the spirit of those union people, the majority of them American-born, who feel in their hearts that they are fighting for fundamental human rights and who have stayed out there in tents and lean-to's, some of them for three years now, because they will not work for what amounts in many cases to a thirty-eight per cent cut in wages.

They want the Jacksonville contract with its living wage and union recognition and every Sunday afternoon, rain or shine, they leave their tents with the American flag carried up ahead and someone blowing on a bugle, to march past the company houses. The non-union men and their families come out to stare curiously at these little processions that go slipping and sliding on the muddy roads through the valleys.

It's rarely that the marchers fail to win recruits. Men who have just taken the union obligation with evictions staring them in the face tell you that they

would just as soon starve out on the hills as work for the operators for scrip, for they insist that after they have paid the various operators' check-offs for the company store, the company doctor, the company minister and in some instances the company detectives, they have nothing left. "Of course we keep alive," these non-union men tell you, "but that's about all."

A Heart-Breaking Business

Little by little under the cool and business-like direction of Percy Tetlow, head of District 17, U. M. W. of A., the latest union drive that has the Kanawha Valley as its spear-head, is working its way to the non-union fields to the south, to Logan and Mingo and McDowell counties.

A heart-breaking and expensive business, this providing shelter and food and keeping up the morale of thousands of coal-diggers who are facing the rigors of a hard winter, but it's a job that must be done if the United Mine Workers are to go forward. All through the coal fields of the Central Competitive District in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, idle union miners are watching loaded coal trains roll through their territory from the non-union fields south of the Ohio River.

In Illinois, for example, not only are the West Virginia operators favored by freight rate differentials, but they are paying \$3.50 or less for day men as compared with a \$7.50 rate paid the Illinois mine workers. An operator who is willing to pay a living wage and recognize the union is hard put to it to make both ends meet when he has to face such competition. Whatever temporary schemes may be considered, the central problem just now of those who head the coal-diggers is to bring West Virginia and surrounding territory under union conditions.

Starve—But "No Scabbing!"

That is why the headquarters of District 17 in Charleston is such a busy place these days. There organizers are checking up the ration requests sent in by chairmen of local relief committees, there trucks are being loaded with army tents to give shelter to the men, women and children who are daily being turned out into the cold by deputy sheriffs armed with dispossession notices. The union is pouring thousands of dollars a month into West Virginia, but all of this is not enough to put shoes on the feet of the kids, give warm clothing to the women. As a consequence there is real suffering in the tent colonies, suffering that is borne for the most part in grim silence.

"I tell you, young man," said a tall, raw-boned wife of a miner who was trying to get dinner on a

AMERICAN LABOR'S VALLEY FORGE



KANAWHA'S Rednecks are only a section of the great industrial army of fighting men who have bivouacked in tent colonies through the years of American history.

The miners and their women have battled as few other groups have battled in this country of ours for freedom. As inspiring an example as that of the men at Valley Forge has been given in Wyoming, in Colorado, in the Pennsylvania hills, in Bloody West Virginia—wherever the men from under the

face of the earth have come out into the daylight to demand a fuller share of our American life.

West Virginia is in a peculiar way the pivotal ground in the struggle between the Coal Barons and the Miners. If it fails to be won, the great Labor Giant will be seriously hampered in any future nation-wide efforts at democracy in his industry. If the Coal Barons are beaten, on the other hand, then can the men from underneath extend their democracy and eventually win the day for progress.

cook-stove in a leaky tent and at the same time keep four small children in order, "it's no fun keeping house in one of these here army tents. But if you aim to write a piece about all this, you put it down that we ain't going back. Not until we get our rights, we ain't. If I was to think for one minute that my man would go to scabbing, I'd quit him cold."

There was the same spirit under every rain-soaked tent which I entered. The women, who as usual bear

the brunt of the fight, are 100 per cent union. The wife whose husband will work non-union is a social pariah.

It is a long and bitter struggle that is going on down there in the West Virginia hills. If these coal-diggers stick, if all that deputy sheriffs and mineguards and the elements can do fail to drive them back to the mines, labor will have won one of the most glorious struggles in its history.

A Powerless America

What the Electric Trust Threatens

By **GEORGE W. NORRIS**

Senator George W. Norris, unafraid and undefeated, is urging a thorough investigation of the Electric Light and Power Trust, now becoming one of the most formidable forces against the workers in this country. The Senator from Nebraska is also fighting tooth and nail against the surrender of Muscle Shoals to that Trust. Here he tells what victory or defeat mean to you and me.

YOU build a great power plant, Mr. Citizen, or, series of plants. You put in them hundreds of millions of dollars. You purchase between four and five thousand acres of land surrounding them. You erect houses and furnish them, install electric lights and sewerage and water systems for people who will work at these huge plants. You build two towns around the plants. You open up a stone quarry and construct 26 miles of standard-gauge railroad. You secure railroad engines for this railroad and nearly 100 freight cars. You equip the plants with all the most modern and expensive machinery.

You place all this at a strategic point where you will control the water-electric power of many states. You have secured the key to an almost unbelievably cheap source of electric light and heat and power.

Then, having done all this, you turn over this enormous estate to your giant enemy, for him to use to your disadvantage. You give him this vast property as a virtual present and he uses it to bind you in chains. For this mighty inheritance, you have not even received a mess of pottage.

In cold business terms, what would be thought of such a procedure? The man that would do such a thing, to put it mildly, would be dubbed incompetent. If he did it as a trustee or a guardian, he would be berated as something worse. Doing it in the name of the American people, he would be guilty, honest as his intentions may be, of raping the Treasury of this country and betraying its citizens to the electric power trust, already so strong and arrogant. His act would be a mountain of harm and robbery, compared to the molehill of Teapot Dome. The very mention of this transaction would make Doheny and Sinclair green with envy.

Leased for a Song

That, nevertheless, is the proposal submitted to

Congress for serious consideration. Your representatives are asked, in your name, to give to some public utility corporation, part of the Power Trust, or to some private corporation, as a governmental subsidy, the plants and land at Muscle Shoals. One of the greatest dams in the world is to be turned over to private interests. Erected to serve the people of America, it will be used to wring the last dime out of the pockets of the workers and farmers and business men of this country. Costing our Government a little over \$150,000,000, the whole business is to be leased out for a century or more for a song.

Under Senator Underwood's proposal, we do not even know to whom the dam and plants and houses and railroads are to go. We are dealing with a man in the dark. But it is safe to say that the General Electric Company, the great power trust, is not far away. It is into its great basket that this property of the United States will fall.

What does this mean to you?

Much—and more to your children. It is the beginning of the delivery of yourself and them into the hands of the Power Trust—the production of new American slaves. You and they will be bound and gagged, caught in the giant grip of the General Electric Company. We had a terrible conflict in this country to free black men from slavery and now all of us are to be given over to a power much more potent and certainly no more merciful.

The Giant Power Age

We are on the eve of the Giant Power Age in America. A great revolution is about to take place in our ways of securing and distributing power. Water will be harnessed all over the land, to generate electricity. To this will be added steam, generated at the mouth of the mine, as a rule. From out of this new method, our light and energy will be carried exclusively over wires instead of being carried as coal on the railroads.

The Power Trust sees this and is preparing for it. It is already looking forward, through the financial Journals, to the day when it will have an unbroken grip on the combined waters of this country. That day is hurrying toward us. The whole question is, will this Juggernaut of Energy be in the control of the people or will it crush them? By giving up Muscle Shoals, we give up one of the most important of our defences.

The General Electric Company extends like a huge spider in a web all over the United States today. In one way or the other, it controls everything in the electrical world. This was shown very clearly by a chart drawn up by the Department of Agriculture in 1915, in a report in response to a Senate resolution introduced by myself at that time.

The Alabama Power Co., the corporation most likely to get Muscle Shoals under the "gift" idea, is a subsidiary, of course, of the General Electric. I will choose one sample of the way the electric companies are interlocked from among its officers. I will quote from my speech in the Senate on December 17th:

First is R. A. Mitchell. He is vice-president of the Alabama Power Co. Let us see what else he is. He is a director in the Electric Bond & Share Co. The Electric Bond & Share Co. is owned and every dollar of stock in it is owned by the General Electric Co. He is also a director in the American Gas & Electric Co., and that in turn is owned by the Electric Bond & Share Co. He is also a director in the American Power & Light Co., another company subsidiary to the Electric Bond & Share Co. He is also a director in the Kansas Gas & Electric Co., away out in Kansas, and that is a subsidiary of the American Power & Light Co., which in turn is a subsidiary of the General Electric Co. He is also a director in the American & Foreign Power Co., a subsidiary of the Electric Bond & Share Co., the same company. He is also a director in the Lehigh Power Securities Corporation, under the supervision of the Electric Bond & Share Co., which in turn is controlled by the General Electric Co. He is also a director in the Alabama Traction Light & Power Co., and as I said he is a director in the Alabama Power Co.

It is a mammoth task to trace the thousands of names connected with electric companies over the country. Ninety-nine times out of one hundred, when we trace them to the end, we find they run into the General Electric Company. Powerful as it is today, tomorrow will see it the Master of the American people if it is allowed to gobble up our water power sites.

What Ford Wanted

When the leasing proposal first came up in the Congress, the idea was to present the Muscle Shoals development to Mr. Ford. A great real estate business was carried on by doubtful agencies on the gamble that Ford would win and get the property. Mr. Ford was to get a deed to the 4,666 acres of land, the two nitrate plants, a steam power plant, the railroad, and all the other things at Muscle

Shoals for a mere \$5,000,000. In addition, he was to get possession of what is known as the "Gorgas plant," 90 miles away. This was a power plant built by the Government on the property of the Alabama Power Co., to connect up with Muscle Shoals. It is impossible, under the way it was constructed, to tell where the Alabama Power Company begins and the Government ends. The Government may have erected a building and the power company owns machinery in it. Or, the power company may own the building and the Government, the machinery. But Mr. Ford had a standing offer of \$2,500,000 for this plant, for the day after he should acquire it. So that the whole grant, costing the United States between one hundred million and two hundred million dollars, would go to Mr. Ford for \$2,500,000. It would not have been a bad bargain for the automobile maker.

The Senate Committee on Agriculture substituted a provision which would allow the American people a powerful check on the Water Power Trust. A governmental corporation was to run Muscle Shoals, for the purpose of producing electric power there. Fertilizer was also to be produced, when it could be so done without loss to the Government. The plant would be available, further, for the production of nitrate in time of war, the original reason for its creation.

Saving for the People

Government operation of electric plants has resulted in reduced costs for the people of Cleveland, Tacoma, and Lincoln, Neb. In Cleveland, the private company contended, before the coming of the publicly owned plant, that any rate below 10 cents was absolutely impossible. The public service commission agreed with this contention. But lo! a public plant is established and the private plant immediately finds that it can cut this rate in two.

What the cities have done in a small way, the Province of Ontario, in Canada, has done in a big way. Much the same could be done at Muscle Shoals—and my own hope would be that the principle would be carried further, to other important water sites, so that all the people could secure the benefit of the reduced costs.

Senator Underwood's proposal, which is backed by President Coolidge for some unexplainable reason, has for its sole excuse that it would provide cheap fertilizer for the farmers. Cheap fertilizer is a question that comes home to all of us, for it affects the price of food. But the claim that the private grant of Muscle Shoals will, in some mysterious way, cheapen the price of fertilizer, is nothing more nor less than presenting a gold brick to the farmers.

A SEAT OF WORKERS' EDUCATION



OFFICE OF
PENNSYLVANIA
FEDERATION
OF LABOR,
EDUCATIONAL
DEPARTMENT

In the Keystone State
Workers' Education
is One of the Chief
Orders of the Day—
With Giant Power
as One of its
Chief Concerns

Every one of the 40,000 tons which the Underwood measure would have the lessee "guarantee," would be absorbed in the market without a cut of one cent in the price. No new processes have yet been discovered that will help this situation. Experiments up to date have not produced any formula that will insure cheaper fertilizer. Why not be honest with the farmer and tell him that?

In the case of the Ford proposal, there was merely an attempt to play upon a name. If the same proposition had been made in the name of Rockefeller or Morgan, or the United States Steel Corporation, there would have been a ringing denunciation throughout the land. Out of the plant Ford would make millions. He would get interest in reality at 2½ per cent, while his competitors would have to pay 8 per cent. He would get the enormous water power free.

Under the Underwood proposal, backed by the President, the Water Power Trust has gotten in its thrust in the dark. The bill does not state to whom the great plant will be given. To whomsoever it goes, it is a gift direct to Wall Street. The Government's own property will be used against the people.

But the Senate Committee's bill, for a governmental corporation, would have brought cheap power to the woman at the washtub. It would have reached with its blessings into the homes. It would give the farmer and his wife cheaper power. It would not be confined to a small area or to one state. It would have leaped beyond Alabama. Its good would be felt in Kentucky, where its cheap power would go. All the way up and down the Mississippi Valley, the workers would bless it, for it would give them light and heat, at miraculously low prices.

At the crack of President Coolidge's whip, without consideration, a number of Senators and Representatives have flocked behind the Underwood proposal. Some of these gentlemen, for whom I have the highest regard personally, have never even read the bills proposed. They are voting blindly, at the behest of the White House.

If their program—the Coolidge-Underwood program—carries, a great crime will have been committed against the American people. It will not take even the passing of one generation to see the folly of this act, which gave to the Power Trust the very instrument that would have freed us, and our children's children from its grasp.

Manhandlers in Uniform

Gruesome Tales of Rape and Club Rule

I. SNOW SHOE

IF you are on a ramble through the Central Pennsylvania hill country, your fancy may take you up through Tyrone, then to Phillipsburg and beyond, up the Moshannon River. With sufficient determination you will hit the little town of Snow Shoe, cut off pretty much from the world around, not to speak of the world in general. Its postoffice is at Clarence, a few miles away.

One evening in 1918 a shout of alarm rang out from one of the small houses of the town. A man toppled over, dead. He had been felled to the floor by the blow of a club. Of those in the house, none could account for the death. All they knew was that several of their number had been drinking heavily. The evidence seemed to point to the guilt of a William Luckasavage and he was tried but found not guilty.

Four years passed by and the murder was almost forgotten. Then, out of a clear sky, it was revived again.

It all centered around Andy Lesko—Andrew W. Lesko, to be exact, a citizen of Slavic descent. Andy had come to Snow Shoe many years before, had married, and was now the father of a family of four children. He was a good workman—but he was a union man. And thereby hung the tale of what happened to Andy.

The big strike of 1922 was looming on the miners' horizon. It was to be a serious business. District 2 intended to pull out non-union as well as union men. As President of the Clarence local, Andy began his missionary work among the non-union brethren. Joining hands with John Soltis, organizer of the district, he went his rounds among the black sheep, urging them to come into the union fold. "Strike" was in the air and he was preparing for it as best he could.

Then his activities were suddenly suspended. Like a bolt out of the blue, the state police stepped into the picture. Lesko was arrested without his attorney being present or notified.

He was taken "up town" to the Reading Hotel in Snow Shoe. They arrived there at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately put him in a room on the second floor. One policeman remained with him.

"You will be killing people, will you?" blurted out the policeman, threateningly.

Andy had done nothing wrong that he knew of and denied having taken part in any murder. When he refused to answer the policeman further, the gentleman in uniform kicked him on the shins.

"Why don't you answer?" he demanded and kicked the miner again and again.

"Ask me a decent question," came back Andy, "that I can answer and I will." Thereupon the "officer" handcuffed the miner to the bed in the room and left him there.

But he was to be at peace for only a short time. In a few minutes the door opened and in came "McHugh," the brute of the coal region. Detectives and plain clothesmen followed. They asked him in detail about the murder, about his possession of dynamite, which every miner has for his work, and harassed him for four hours, trying to force him to a confession. They cursed him and beat him, both there and in the Snow Shoe jail, until his face was swollen and sore.

They took his overcoat away from him and took the blanket off the cot in the jail cell. The night was cold and he was obliged to walk up and down to keep warm. Then they took him to the offices of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company and questioned him again in the presence of a number of policemen. The questioning availed them nothing. Beating seemed a more certain path to results. So they set upon him, knocking him about until his head struck the wall many times.

The scene continued, in his own quaint words:

"McHugh came in and said, 'Sofko told me you did it and you try to tell me you didn't,' and then McHugh got to the right of the big fellow that was holding me and McHugh hit me in the jaw with his fist. It knocked me to my knees, but the big fellow held me. Then the big fellow held my arm straight and McHugh hit me under the arms and on my sides where there were no ribs. They hit me many times. My lip was bleeding and my body was hurting all over where they hit me when they stretched my muscles.

"The blood ran down my face as I was on my knees. McHugh helped lift me up. As I went out the door McHugh tried to kick me, but missed me.

"As I went out through another room one policeman said to Sheriff Dukeman, or whatever the sheriff's name is, 'That's the president of the Local Union at Clarence,' and the sheriff said, 'Is that the fellow?'"

"I smelled whiskey on the sheriff's breath and also on the policemen. The sheriff let me loose on the porch for a minute and I stood there until he put the handcuffs on me and then put me in a taxi. Four other men, John Kachik, Andy Soltis, Joe Kachik and Joe Korkas, were arrested. I asked them 'You in too?' They said they were, for quite awhile.

IS THE

KU KLUX KLAN

ANTI-UNION?

Has the Ku Klux Klan an economic mission?

Is it opposed to union labor?

William Allen White of Kansas, says: "The labor movement in America has not had, in a generation, such a staggering blow as it has received from the Ku Klux Klan."

What has the labor movement to say about this phase of the Klan?

American Labor will answer that question in

"LABOR AND THE KLAN"

In the March LABOR AGE. - Watch for it!

They were covered with bruises on their faces and all of them told me they were hurt, too. Soltis' lips were swelled and he looked like he had been given hard beatings.

"They took us to Bellefonte jail. That night I could not sleep. I could not lie down as my body was so sore. I walked most of the time, but sat on the cot some. My face was badly swollen. I was so sore that I suffered for two weeks or over from beating. My right cheek, inside, was cut deep by McHugh's blow. Under my arms and on my sides I was very sore and bruised. The next morning I was so sore that I could not eat."

Finally, his wife was admitted to see him, she got counsel and the help of a priest and the union, his

case went to trial and in a few minutes the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

Snow Shoe and neighborhood saw many other similar cases of beatings and browbeatings by the state police during that same year. District 2 was the center of their brutalities during the strike that broke out shortly after Andy Lesko's experience.

It is but another chapter of the long White Terror in the Pennsylvania hill country, first exposed by James H. Maurer, President of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, ten years ago. It is the old terror that struck fear into the hearts of the families of the steel strikers in Pittsburg, Bethlehem, McKees Rock and the other historic bloody battlegrounds of the American Labor Struggle.

II. RAPE

IT is midnight, a May night, May Day itself. The little mining town of Windber is asleep. It lies, if you will glance at the map of Somerset County, only a hop, skip and jump from smoky, fuming Johnstown. For years it had been one of the centers of non-union coal, produced by the Berwind-White Company.

Now, in 1922, the men are on strike. They have hearkened to the call of their brothers in District 2, and have marched out to a man. The event has become a great crusade, comparable only to the surging religious movements of the Middle Ages.

In the home of John Rykola, industrious miner and striker, everyone has retired. The little house sits on the outskirts of Windber, where the town runs into the farm country. John's wife, Catherine, is in the house, his three small children, his brother Tom and himself.

Without warning, the peace of the night is broken. The door is forced, with a loud noise. Ten gunmen of the Berwind-White Company, dignified by the name of "special police," enter the miner's home.

Rykola and his brother are awakened from their sleep at the point of a gun. They are forced to go downstairs in their underwear. A pretense of a search is made. Clothes are tossed about and trunks are looked into. Then the policemen demand that Rykola return to work, or they will "jug" him on a moonshine charge. Rykola replies that he will remain loyal to his fellow-strikers.

(What a fine thing that, this man awakened in the dead of night. Threatened with dire threats and yet standing true to the principles of unionism and the Labor Fight. He is a hero as much as the men who suffered through the long winter at Valley Forge for the same ideal of Liberty.)

While seven of these thugs—recruited from the vermin of the cities—are questioning the miner, three of them ascend the stairs and prowl around above. One of them enters the bedroom where Mrs. Rykola is nursing her nine-months old child.

An indecent remark brings the woman to her feet in terror. Holding her baby at her breast, she gazes at the fellow in paralyzed fear. With more vile language, much of which Catherine Rykola did not understand, he seized her by the arm. Dazed from the shock of being thus brutally awakened, intimidated by the flashlight and drawn revolver in his hands, the little Polish woman lost her power of speech.

In this brutal fashion, still holding the revolver, he forces her to submit to his attack. She faints. Just as she does so, two other thugs look into the room, attracted by the cries of her baby, which the assailant, one Roy Hedges, had pushed to the floor.

The name of the assailant is known. He struts through the town of Windber all through the strike. The sovereign state of Pennsylvania does nothing to him. To this day he remains unpunished. It was only the wife of a worker who was raped.

III. CLUB RULE

MASONTOWN, near the West Virginia border, and Spring.

In the cities, nice professors are talking ponderously about the law of supply and demand to flapper and flopper students, thinking only of baseball and of "love"; even nicer preachers are breathing sweet scented sentences to tickle the palates of their rich pewholders, in the name of the revolutionary Nazarene; very much nicer bankers, immaculately attired, are bound for the golf links and a little case of Scotch, to babble maudlinly later on about the curse of "Bolshevism" and the glories of the "American Plan."

Out in Fayette County, in Masontown itself, the miners are preparing for a meeting, a strikers' meeting, a great revival meeting in the Movement for Human Brotherhood.

The assemblage is to take place "on the other side of the town," out in the open country. Chief of Police Meegan of Masontown has given them permission to march through the place to their meeting ground.

The day arrives—Monday morning. The miners' march begins, an orderly and quiet walk through the main streets. Chief Meegan is engaged in the task of assisting little children across the street to school, out of the harm's way of the machine traffic.

Suddenly, down the streets comes the thud of the state troopers' horses. Seven abreast, they ride into the town, charge down the main street, riding not only on the thoroughfare, but on the sidewalks also. They drive the miners ahead like cattle, without a word of explanation.

In front of Frank Connell's drug store they knock a woman down with one of their horses. The citizens are forced to flee for safety into stores and doorways. The miners are swept along, the troopers cursing them and threatening them as they run.

Chief Meegan says, "I had not asked for them, the burgess had not asked. They were doing the bidding of the coal companies."

Only one of the episodes which kept Masontown in terror all through the 1922 strike! Throughout Fayette County, the thug, slugger and kidnapper were at work, aided and abetted by the state police. Murder of the most cowardly sort blackened the dark record. At New Geneva, at the edge of Fayette, three men were shot down in cold blood in their tents in the miners' tent colony by drunken gunmen of the coal companies. The sons of one of the dead men was in the army at the time of the killing—urged to go by their patriotic father. The murderer, L. C. Lincoln, was arrested and taken to the Uniontown Jail—and that was the last of it!

Case after case, one more brutal than the other, runs through the 96-page printed report of John P. Guyer to Governor Gifford Pinchot on the activities of the "Pennsylvania Cossacks." They have transported Czarist Russia to Industrial America, and made our Constitution and Declaration of Independence, hollow mockeries.

A SCOOP!

Beginning with the March issue **LABOR AGE**
will publish

"The Confessions of a Labor Spy"

No union man will want to miss a single installment of this remarkable story. It is the story of the labor spy in American industry, giving the details of their employment and operations in American unions and strikes.

Never before has there been published such a mass of detail of the ways and means used by the labor spy to disrupt the organizations of American workers.

The Sand Hogs Battle the Bends

By ART SHIELDS

A SQUAT figure lurching up the stairway at 12 St. Marks Place, dragging the left leg after him! Maybe a crippled vet, was my first thought. But then I saw his face: it was that of a man in his late forties. Too old for Chateau Thierry, undoubtedly.

A little later I heard his story outside of the union hall on the third floor. Not so old as years go, after all. Still in his thirties. But men are used up quickly at the calling he had chosen a few years before. He was a worn-out caisson worker: what they call a "sand hog."

Not long ago he was a man among men. The medical examiners for Booth & Flynn, submarine tunnel builders, want only picked ones. They test applicants with stethoscopes and blood pressure bands and pick those with soundest hearts and lungs. They pick men in their early prime: those over forty are bad risks. And men with superfluous flesh are not wanted. They can't resist the "air" so well. Nor are many good risks found among those who have followed the work more than four years. The heart becomes enlarged and the blood vessels lose elasticity and the man becomes more susceptible to the "bends," and is eligible if he passes the compensation board experts, for a temporary pension from the company, such as it is.

The man I am speaking of had had the "bends" once too often. The last time treatment failed. One thigh remained permanently paralyzed.

If you want an idea of the price in human life paid for the tunnels under our rivers and the foundations of our sky-scrapers, sunk through quicksand and mud to bed rock, pay a visit to the Compressed Air Workers' Local of New York. There you will find veterans from the front line caissons that wrought these engineering victories. Some of them are dragging limp legs or have arms helpless at their sides. At best there is not one who has not been prematurely aged by the life, for the burning up of tissue goes on at double quick under air pressure. And there are many you will not see: they are under ground.

The Common Enemy—"The Bends"

You will find Irishmen and Negroes, Poles and native Americans—almost every nationality and race among the 3,000 members of the New York local of Compressed Air Workers, affiliated with the

hod carriers and building laborers. There are rock drillers, electricians, pipe fitters, laborers: all who work in the caissons under the air pressure that is necessary to keep out the water and liquid mud that would otherwise flood their working places. All are necessary to the job and all have the same enemy, the "bends."

Nearly nine hundred attacks of this compressed air illness occurred on the Hudson vehicular tunnel job, that will connect New York City at Canal Street, with Jersey City for automobile traffic; more than 3,000 cases are recorded for the East River tunnels of the Pennsylvania Railroad, twenty fatal. It strikes its victims down after they come out of the "air," sometimes hours later. A friend of mine was attacked as he was walking down Hudson Street, awakening hours later in the hospital. It is caused, say the doctors, by the formation of bubbles in the blood stream, as the extra air that has been forced through the lungs, passes out of solution: or it may come from the blood pressure failing to reduce properly. Its usual effect is a partial or complete paralysis of the muscles, though there are cases of the air bubbles penetrating the brain or some other vital organ.

The Compressed Air Workers' Union has been through hard fights for better wages and the union job; notably the six months' strike on the 14th Street tunnel job four years ago and a shorter one to unionize the Hudson vehicular tunnel workings. But its main drive now is to get the shorter working shifts that are a partial safeguard against the dreaded illness. This demand is taking two forms: (1) agitation for the Nicol-Phelp bill, limiting the hours under which men may be worked at the higher pressures; (2) refusal to work for contractors who would follow the old schedules while the new law is pending.

Taxes vs. Lives

Mayor Hylan, a gentleman who has never had the "bends," is complaining that the union is holding up the tunnel advertised to run from Staten Island to Brooklyn, under the Narrows at the entrance to the inner harbor. Funds are appropriated. But the auctioning of contracts is delayed because Hylan and his Board of Estimate are at a deadlock with the union, which has served notice that contractors will have to reckon on a reformation of the working

day. The old schedules on the Booth & Flynn contract for the Hudson vehicular job must give way to more human ones. Instead of the 6-hour day starting at 21 pounds pressure it must begin when the men are subjected to 18 pounds. The 4-hour day at 26 pounds is called for and the working time is to diminish rapidly as the pressure goes up until 48 pounds. Then only one hour will be permitted to each man during the day.

Higher costs, cries Hylan: fewer cripples, says the union. It is taxes against lives.

Down at the union hall the boys say they will stand pat. Not a man will go down into the caissons until the new contract is consented to, they declare.

"That Staten Island job will mean thousands of attacks of the 'bends' if we don't get the new schedule," an old compressed air worker told me. "It is deep under the Narrows and air pressure rises two pounds for every five feet under the surface of the water. The average pressure will run between thirty and forty-five pounds above normal. It'll be hell. The pains in your ears till you get used to it and the horrible aching in the legs and arms as the 'bends' get you. And you never feel right on the job: your bowels don't move right and your head gets woozy. It'll be bad enough anyway, but we figure that the changes we are asking will mean the difference between hundreds and thousands of attacks."

Lest anyone should think that the six-hour day or the four-hour day mean only those amounts of time away from home, it is well to remember that the day is divided into semi-shifts, with rest periods in between which are seldom long enough to enable the worker to get home.

Breaking the Ear Drums

The "bends" are not the only disasters befalling the air workers. There are the ordinary casualties from tunnel work, magnified many times by the abnormal pressure. And there are bursted ear drums. Many a former "sand hog" is going about deaf as a post, from the popping of the delicate membranes in his head. The friend I referred to above told of a case in his gang. The man was hit by a flying piece of steel; his scalp, swollen out by the air in solution in his blood, splitting like a banana peel. In rushing him out of the caisson, the lock tender let him pass through the air locks too quickly, and the pressure of three atmospheres inside popped out the air drums no longer braced by a similar pressure from the outside. Fellow servants' negligence it may be called, but that will not give back his hearing. Perhaps some day science will be able to duplicate the

ear drums as it is now imitating the vocal cords, but perhaps it won't bother to do it for a worn out "sand hog."

It is not a pleasant thing to be on the industrial scrap heap. The most compensation a "sand hog" gets is twenty dollars a week during disability, and insurance companies, who handle these liabilities for the contractors, fight before the compensation board to have the amount reduced as quickly as possible, —generally with success. Then the victim's wife goes for a job in a laundry or takes in needle work at home, and his kids are applicants for child labor jobs.

The law does little for the man who is ruined by the job and therefore self-preservation urges the air worker to look out for himself. It is up to him, for instance, not to let the foreman drive him too hard. Naturally, the harder one works under air pressure the more excess air is absorbed and the greater the hazard of the "bends." Consequently laborers suffer more than mechanics and foremen less, with superintendents and engineers affected least or not at all. The laborers' risk is aggravated by the fact that he does most of his work ankle deep in mud and water, thus subjecting him to colds that lower his vitality and predispose him to subsequent collapse.

No Parlor Job

The worker protects himself individually and through his organization. Government inspectors are few and their visits far between. The union has to be on the lookout. Joseph McPartlan, the local secretary, showed me a sample of the air gauges his organization has installed in all compressed air working places. The gauge registers pressure up to fifty pounds for all to see. A union man is appointed to see that no one tampers with the recording instrument and to call the men's attention to the time limit for each poundage the indicator points to.

Seeing that the foremen obey union regulations is not always a parlor job. These men are usually selected for their physical prowess. It is technically a serious crime to strike a man working under air pressure, but bucko foremen have been known to do that very thing. More often a tough boss tries his slugging above water. On a job where a good union esprit de corps prevails he does not get very far.

In fighting for the rights of the workers the union is bucking big aggregations of capital. Especially is this the case with Booth & Flynn, the biggest of all the under-water tunnel contractors. This outfit gets most of the big tunnel jobs of this kind about New York because it has the advantage in bidding

**BUILDING
OUR
UNDER-WATER
TUNNELS
UNDER
HEAVY AIR
PRESSURE**

**The Men
Who Are
Fighting
for Life
and Freedom
from the
"Bends"—
As shown in
"The Crisis"**



of getting its steel from an affiliated company in the Pittsburgh district. The company has another advantage. George Flynn, its leading spirit, has been trained in the hard school of Pennsylvania Republican politics. His father was mayor of Pittsburgh for years and the son understands the political manipulations which figure so largely in getting pub-

lic contracts. But the Compressed Air Workers' Union has fought Booth & Flynn successfully on the Fourteenth Street tunnel and Hudson vehicular tunnel jobs. Union recognition and certain other demands were won though the contract provision for hours was unsatisfactory. The hour fight will go on. More power to them!

So, This is Prosperity!

Brother Brown's Pilgrim's Progress

By **BILL BROWN, BOOMER**

IT'S RESTRAINED

P. S.—While still mussed up by these here below-mentioned reflections, along comes someone and pushes a copy of the COMMERCE AND FINANCE publication under my nose. I almost go off into a "swoon," like some of Shakespeare's ladies. Says this paper of the Big Boys, we are not having prosperity, exactly; we are having "restrained prosperity." "The word 'restrained' is used advisedly, for even an optimist cannot shut his eyes to the increase of unemployment in our larger cities." So, when your landlord comes around to collect the rent next month, just tell him you have a restrained income, and ask him to restrain himself from collecting the rent. He'll do it.

In introducing Brother Brown to our readers, we wish to state that he has come to stay. In our next number he will travel to other parts than Yankeeland, with an even more enlightening outcome.

LOUIS F. BUDENZ,
Managing Editor.

FRRIENDS, I can't get over it. It's all Greek to me.

Here, I come out of the West (not one of those young Mr. Lochinvars, about whom the poets write, but an oldish walking delegate—the walking being mostly booming around) and I'm looking to get all "het up" over a good dose of radicalism that I will get infected with here in the East.

And the first damn thing I run across is a copy of this paper, the NATION. Now, maybe I'm not up on reading as much as I ought to be (a friend of mine said the other day, "Hell, I've quit reading; I'm going to begin to think.") But I had got the idea that this here paper published by Lloyd Garrison's grandson was a whale of a dangerous sheet. They won't even let it get in by the front door in some of our Main Street libraries.

So I sat down to have as spicy a time as reading the POLICE GAZETTE or TRUE ROMANCES would give me, expecting to lay my eyes on a hair-raising editorial that would tell the boys to "go out and get 'em." And the first thing I lay my eyes on is these consumptive words: "The little Yankee somehow has caught the imagination of the American people." Brrr! I felt a sort of chill creep down my back and finish its work at the end of my spinal column. So I polished the dirt off my glasses and read the blame thing over again.

Sure enough, there it was. "The little Yankee," etc., etc. Say, friends, these editors of the NATION haven't got acquainted yet with the American people. That's the decision I've come to. If they did, they would not accuse them of having "imagination." That's the last thing the Americans have, or want to have. Any one with an imagination, they set down as "nuts." Of course, when night comes, their next best thing to an imagination does get worked up—and some of them go out spooning and some put on night shirts and beat up their fellow-citizens. But that only lasts a few hours, and they're most always ashamed of it themselves and concentrate on the night time when they can't be seen. As soon as daylight comes, imagination is taboo. It's all cold, calculating business then. We even run our elections on a business basis. If the Big Thieves can show us how to steal a little for ourselves, we vote them right back in, in the name of "Prosperity." Such imaginative things as "Morality," we leave to the safe speeches of our King Kleagles and other night specialists. That word looks better in print than in action, anyway.

And then, this fellow Coolidge that they call "the little Yankee," who thinks he could catch anything—much less any one's imagination? He's no Paavo Nurmi. He's always standing still. About the only thing he could catch would be a cold. He's the prize-winning refrigerator of the world. If I were the weather man, I'd just put out a sign for the next four years: "PERMANENT WAVE OF STILL, COLD WEATHER" and let it go at that. Of course, it's going to be hot as hell for the workers—but they don't count.

Well, it seemed that the best thing for me to do

LABOR AGE

would be to hoof it over to Massachusetts itself and see what's what. That's Coolidge's home state. That's the Mecca of all the Yankees. Every blessed mother's son of the 100 percent, white, Gentile, Protestant Americans spring right out of Plymouth Rock itself. They're all just as flinty as that damn piece of granite.



Believe me, it was rocky and stony going across Connecticut and Rhode Island. The country was full of little chips off Plymouth Rock itself, sticking right out of the ground where the farmer's plow ought to be at work. The gaze of the folks around there was stony—and made up wherever the rocks fell short. Dope and data have to be pulled out of those Yankees, just like a bad tooth. Next time I go that way I'll take a derrick along, to save time.

Liberty? Their ideas of "liberty" are just as cold and calculating. The whole business was settled at Bunker Hill, a right smart time ago, and the Yankee has had a monopoly of it ever since. Whenever anybody gets a different notion in his head, they—easy-like—throw him in jail. It settles the question without too much passionate discussion, you understand. Two Italians thought a little differently about it a few years ago—Sacco and Vanzetti. Being Italians and having imaginations, they were guilty of high treason (imagination being, as aforesaid, "un-American") and so they are slated for the electric chair, guillotine or whatever other instrument of liberty they have over there. That's the way they got rid of the Indians, too, so it works pretty well. Of course, it's all settled anyway, that those wild savages were 100 percent "un-American," only having lived here a few thousand years at the most and never having understood the blessings of Nordic civilization, except the fire-water. And then they were "reds" to boot!

(And then I read in the PILLAR OF FIRE, a Klan paper printed in Nordic Jersey, that Columbus couldn't have discovered this great and glorious America, because he was an Italian. Pretty soon they'll be saying that Christ wasn't a Jew, the Holy Ghost being a White Gentile Protestant and his gift of tongues being only Northern European. Which will be some news to the Twelve Apostles.)

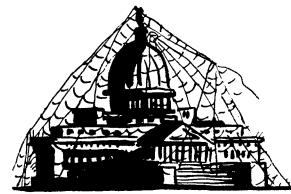
But they have Prosperity in Massachusetts any-

way, say I, as I come near the Massachusetts border. It's the place they ought to have it. Mr. Coolidge, he comes from here. He sent the profiteering Yankee cops on their way, so that his friend Frank Stearns could stay good and prosperous. William Butler, he comes from here. The whole obliging state helped him keep prosperous, by telling those cantankerous kids where to go off at. By Josh, they'll not let children get too frisky, no siree. If Prosperity demands child labor, we're for child labor, you can bet. We mustn't interfere with the children's right to work, especially in the textile mills. The average wage there is somewhere between eight and fourteen bones a week. "Prosperity" has hit those mills like a tidal wave. It just slobbers all over them.

Yep, when I got to Fall River and New Bedford I saw all that. Those textile workers were just rolling around in Rolls-Royces and having one hell of a time. They get their right to speak from the Chief of Police, who don't believe American librety should be monkeyed with by any of "them agitators." Keep your mouth shut, and you're all right. Open it and the Chief puts his fist in it.

Then I opened up a Fall River paper and read that the child labor amendment had been knocked stiff by the legislatures out West. Gee whiz, said I, they have Yankee-ized America. They have hit that amendment right between the eyes with Plymouth Rock itself.

They have moved the Boston cobwebs to the Capitol at Washington. The infection's spreading. It looks as though the only remedy would be another edition of my namesake, John Brown.



But he was a Yankee. Sure enough! I'd forgot that! Yes, yes—there were those other rebels aplenty, too—Thoreau and Garrison and Lowell, etc., etc. So, some of them have imagination after all. But what gets me is, where are they hiding it in this year of our Lord 1925?

Perhaps they forgot it, in that cross-word puzzle game. Then, this word "Prosperity" may have gone to their heads—gone "cuckold," as Billy Shakespeare says. There's a lot of people, you know, worse off when an idea strikes them than when a ten-ton locomotive hits them.

Those Little Reds

The Government "Continues to be Undermined" at So Much Per

By LOUIS F. BUDENZ

I. THE MAN AFRAID

GAZE upon that yon hunk of flesh. Beads of sweat are dripping from his brow.

Pallor spreads across his cheeks of red, pencilled with those silken lines of Prohibition brew.

What are the wild waves murmuring, that he is thus in anguish?

"M-m, m-m, m-m," they mutter, to his fevered imagination, and the sweat drips faster than before.

No, the gentleman is not suffering from Delirium Tremens, although he may be addicted to that as a pastime. He is worrying about the Constitution.

His Constitution. The Sacred Constitution.

Not only does he worry, but he employs a corps of other folks to help him worry. He pays them to keep him worried. He likes to worry. He is determined to worry. It is his business to worry. It helps his business to worry. He wants everybody else to worry.

The Constitution is a piece of paper, covered with words. But it is sacred. That is, parts of it are sacred. Its say about property is sacred. Its giving of supreme power to the Supreme Court is sacred—although the Fathers left that out, somehow or other. If it had been left in its virginal purity and not seduced by Tom Jefferson and his Bill of Rights, it would be all sacred.

Calvin Coolidge is sacred. The Fallen Fall is sacred. Andrew the Wet is thrice sacred. Holy Herbert is sacred. Economy is sacred. Low wages are sacred. Huge dividends are sacred. Supply and Demand is sacred. Underwood of Muscle Shoals is sacred. State police are sacred. Child labor is sacred.

Touch them not. Meddle with them not. It is Taboo.

That is why the gentleman sweats. That is why he worries. To keep it Taboo.

II. THE GENTLEMEN OF EASY VIRTUE

The morning sun breaks in through our windows. We arise, murmuring our morning prayer: "God bless the sacred, infallible Press."

Out on the golf links two gentlemen are at play. They will be there all morning. They will be there tomorrow. They are the Press. They own the Press. Other gentlemen are playing with them. They play,

but act more like caddies, so deferential is their bearing to the Owners of the Press. They are the Editors of the Press. They are kept, to help the fat man worry. They are Gentlemen of Easy Virtue, saying that which they are paid to say, withholding that which they are paid to withhold.

The Press, said the *NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE* in a burst of indiscretion the other day, is affected with a public interest. That is why it is granted a subsidy by our Government, in the form of low postal rates.

No, answers the wiser *WALL STREET JOURNAL*, that cannot be so. That would make it a public utility. The Press is merely a business undertaking, says this voice of the Masters of the Press. It is a money-making proposition pure and simple, and has nothing to do with the public. Nor has the public anything to do with it.

Refreshing as was this admission, it was made only to the inner circle of the Elect. The workers seldom read the *WALL STREET JOURNAL*.

"Public opinion," created by the Press, is a privately-manufactured product of the caddies of the Owners of the Press. It is manufactured for business reasons. It is good business to worry about the Constitution. It is good business to frighten the wits out of us all, about every measure that comes along that would interfere with the aforementioned Sacred Infallibles.

III. THE LITTLE REDS

"Suffer little children to come unto me," said a wiser man than the President of the National Association of Manufacturers quite a few years ago, "for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Put the kids to work and keep 'em there," answers Mr. Edgerton, the said President. "I want to use 'em in my textile mill at Lebanon, Tenn. If they go to Heaven as a result, they'll get there all the quicker."

America, says the Census of 1920, had 175,000 persons at work between the ages of 10 and 15. They labored in the beet fields, among the cranberry bogs of New Jersey, in the sweatshops and mines, in the cotton fields of the South. Children of other ages were to be found in dangerous occupations—occupations which many states prohibit by their own

LABOR AGE

legislation, but which some states stubbornly refuse to adopt.

Stunted minds in stunted bodies. Imperfect education. Reduction in adult wages. The child who should be in school, cutting out from under the wages of his father or some other children's father. That is the toll of America's child labor.

Twice were laws adopted regulating child labor nationally. Twice did the Sacred Cow at Washington bellow out: "Unconstitutional." A Constitutional Amendment was, therefore, proposed.

"It shall not pass," cried the child exploiter of Lebanon, Tenn.

"It shall not pass," echoed the Business Press, as per the WALL STREET JOURNAL formula. "It is Red. It is destroying the Constitution."

A serious-minded Babbit expounds at length in the NEW YORK TIMES that such an Amendment means the "Nationalization of Children." It is just the same thing as they are doing in Russia, says he. Further, in giving the national government a voice over children's welfare, it is wiping out, at one blow, our entire form of government.

Bernarr Macfadden, physical cultural bunk artist and sex story promoter, adopts a more drivelling tone in his worthy NEW YORK GRAPHIC. He runs a picture of a smiling boy in his editorial columns. "Do Not Rob This Boy of His Right to Work," declare his glaring headlines. No doubt, the physical culture of work will be of the lasting benefit which the physical culture of play has been to Mr. Macfadden's highly remunerative children. Why not send them to the cotton fields or to Mr. Edgerton's textile mill, in lieu of their well-paid calisthenics?

More education, too, might have a dire effect upon Mr. Macfadden's moral sob story publications, with which he teases psychic stenographers and hard-working grass-widows into a state of contentment at low wages, by diverting their minds into sex stuff. The social vision of the master bunk artist and White Cross Brotherhood founder is here laid clear to the light of day. "Business as usual," a la William Jennings Bryan and the Business Press!

Prohibition and the invasion of state rights were held up to a confused and gaping world as horrible examples of what child labor would produce. The \$350,000 a year at the disposal of the National Manufacturers Association was not spent this year in vain.

Well-fed pulpiteers joined the hue and cry. Just as they had joined the cry for human slavery 60 years ago. The sacredness of the family, by some hocus-pocus, was said to be in danger. The sacred-

ness of the child was forgotten. But the child has no money-bags to build cathedrals.

Thirteen states responded at once in noble fashion to the demands of the Manufacturers One Big Union. The Amendment, for the moment, has been defeated. America needs a new dubbing. Home of the Child Slave, Land of the Spree! We arise and salute thee! The little reds will not undermine your foundations, not yet!

IV. THE ROAD AHEAD

The fat man's worries have not been in vain.

Only for the time being! No time limit exists to proposed amendments to the Constitution, once they have passed the barrage of Congressional attack. Those states which have laid the amendment low may resurrect it in the days to come.

To let it die would be the "crime" that President Green of the A. F. of L. says that it would be. The American Labor Movement, through its press, echoes the same thought and purpose. The amendment is "checked in round one, but not knocked out," as the MILWAUKEE LEADER rises to remark.

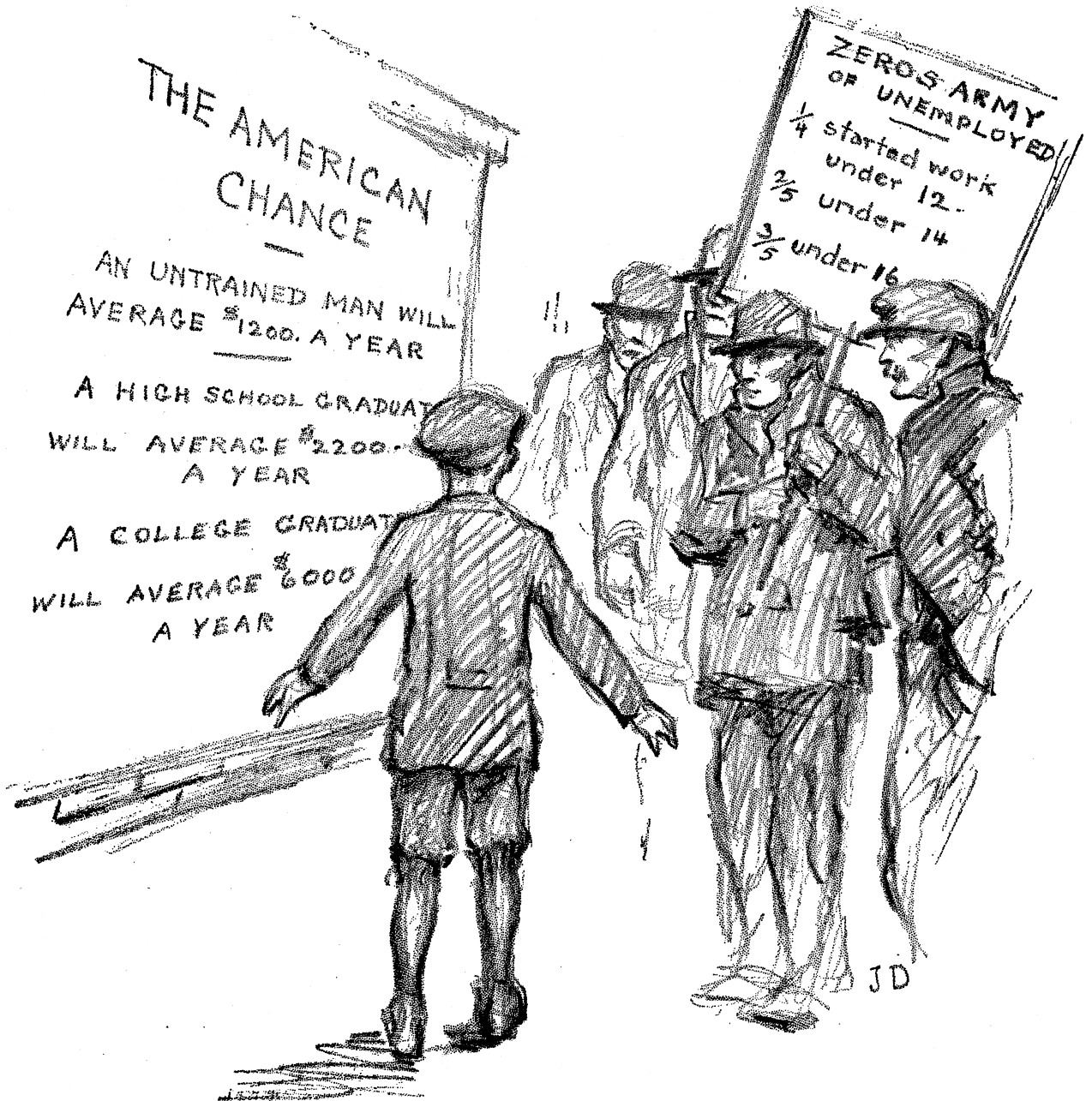
Lies have been the neat weapon used to keep the children in chains. But these lies will be discovered to be false in time, Victor Berger's paper affirms. The fable that all children under 18 years of age would be prevented from working was the choicest lie of all. Certain states today forbid the employment of minors (under 21) in occupations harmful to their health. The amendment was aimed to allow Congress to pass legislation on a national scale for those particular dangerous trades. It was framed to wipe the crime from the records of those backward "Nordic" states, who work their children, even though a generation of tubercular and hook-wormed cripples are the harvest.

Those supporting the amendment, as the BROTHERHOOD OF FIREMEN AND ENGINEMEN'S JOURNAL states, include "church groups, labor organizations, social welfare and civic bodies." "These are the people," it adds, sarcastically, "whom the employers who fight the amendment seem to want to identify as 'bolshevists.'"

Wolf cries work—once or twice. Then, they explode, and work no more. The "bolshevist wolf," disguised as the A. F. of L., may help the National Manufacturers Association this inning. Another effort, and another, and their cry will be a mere dud.

Mr. Edgerton will yet live to see the day that little children will not trip into his mill at Lebanon, and Mr. "Bunkarr" Macfadden will live to advertise "physical torture" to the little ones, who will have so much leisure on their hands by reason of their freedom from the thralldom of the mills.

The Child Laborers of Today



Courtesy National Child Labor Committee

Are the Unemployed of Tomorrow

How We Speak Without Words

By PRINCE HOPKINS

THE alleged art of telepathy has never received the sanction of our professors of psychology who are of acknowledged standing. Nevertheless it's difficult to stroll down any street, or enter any room where many people are assembled without hearing many messages which come without words.

An attractive young lady passes by. She is escorted by two swains. Very clearly her blushing cheeks say: "See how popular I am with the men!"

An old codger going the other way stops and ogles her. His manner declares "I'm not so old that I've lost interest in them yet!"

A stout woman bustles out from a department store and steps into an awaiting cab, ignoring the proffered help of the lackey who runs to open the door for her. In every gesture we read: "I am not sure that people will recognize my social position, if I notice these menials."

The lackey is impressed. The sincerity of his bow declares: "This woman belongs to the class, to be a member of which I myself would sell my soul."

Let us look into the store-windows. All the prices are marked down; a way of saying "By buying here, you can get something for nothing!" Examine these mercerized cotton stockings; their sheen intimates: "We can make you appear better dressed than you really are." Next them are some of real silk: "Take no chance, but keep up appearances at all cost," is their message.

House of Our God

On the corner beyond the department store, is a bank. It is housed in a palatial structure of real marble, resembling the temples in which the Greeks housed their gods—for, indeed, it is here we house our god, too. The architectural elegance of it speaks to every passer-by: "Don't believe the stories, to the effect that our bank is insecure! On the contrary, we are very successful!"

In the side-street are the goods-entrances of many large wholesale firms and warehouses. A dray is unloading in front of one of them. The draymen have got the sidewalk completely blocked, so that a pedestrian can with difficulty pass by. "You white-collar gentry hold yourselves superior to us," is the implication, "But now you see that it is really we who are superior to you and you can walk in the mud!"

But let us leave these squalid quarters and park ourselves in front of the palatial Van Ritzmont Hotel. Several smartly dressed men and women are issuing from the door and idling toward their awaiting cars, with an air which plainly says: "You see where I can afford to live!" and "Naturally my town-car is a Rolls Royce."

We enter through the revolving doors of the hotel and find ourselves in a long passage way. The walls of which are made of beautiful marbles, and hung with tapestries depicting hunting-scenes of the middle-ages, implying "This is a dwelling of the aristocracy." If we're working people, therefore, the ever-watchful guardian at the door won't let us even enter. But suppose that we have got inside the hallowed precincts; should there be a suggestion of much wear on the hat and coat which we hand to the attendant at the check-room, he will finger them gingerly, so as to convey the intimation: "You're not one of the worshipful upper class! What are you doing here? I'm myself better class than you and it's very gracious of me to wait on you!"

Idling with the Rich

Now suppose we sit back into one of these easy chairs, and watch the people as they come down to dinner. It's only a little more than half past seven, so, as yet, there are only a few stragglers in the dining room. The others wish us to believe, "I'm beyond having to go to work in the morning earlier than I choose, if I condescend to go at all; I've done nothing today which was in the least fatiguing; moreover, I can afford the very best doctors if this life raises the devil with my stomach. So I dine at any ghastly hour and even come back for a welsh rabbit after the theatre!"

What a charming young girl is coming toward us! Her dress so simple and only a thin string of pearls around her neck, the more effectively to convey the message: "I am of good family, and nothing crude will do for me!" Her girl companion is the more expensively attired of the two: her motto being: "Papa will come across with a good dowry, but still God help you if you try to keep me on less than five thousand a year!"

The older members of the party are a few paces behind. Solid-looking men, in the conventional evening dress which has the merit of permitting no display beyond the cut of a good tailor and the pearl

studs in their shirt-fronts. So they introduce their wives, loaded down with silks, laces and jewelry, with a gesture of "You see by what I can afford to give her, that I am no dub when it comes to ability to manage my affairs!" Nevertheless, when they catch sight of the president of the Bunkum Bank, reputed to be the richest man in town, just coming into the lobby, they stare respectfully; their looks convey "You indeed are our superior; you're all that we aspire to be!"

One old dowager is covered with gems till she looks like a walking pawn-shop. As she rumbles along, you read in her get-up: "I was a fascinator of men in my day; I picked a solid financier to bid for my heart and hand, and you just bet I've made him come across with the price ever since!" With her is another woman, dressed less conspicuously and in somewhat better taste: "I don't splurge quite so crudely as you do, since our family have been used to wealth since we were children."

"My Father's Made of Money"

After this party, many others dawdle into the dining room. A young woman in a gorgeous "Metal" dress; it says "My father is simply made of money."

"Oh, mine is one of the richest men in New York!" cries the necklace of another. And a third, "You know, I am a millionairess in my own right!" Their men escorts stroll along a pace behind them; young fellows brown from the golf-links where they put in the more serious labor of their lives: "We should worry about these females, they always come at our call!"

So, gradually, the dining room fills up with animated clothes and jewels, till we who are able to understand the language they speak, are nearly deafened by the screams of "I'm richer than you are!" "My husband is a millionaire," "My dissolute old Dad left me a fortune!" "Your diamonds are paste, but mine are real!" "Twenty pounds for a dinner is nothing to me!" "I'm worth four millions!" and "I'm worth ten millions!"

As the hour grows late, some of the guests depart for other amusements, many with a languor which indicates "I like coming late to the opera, it makes me so much more conspicuous!" The boys in the check-rooms help the guests into their hats and coats; and to the look of "I'm so infinitely above you," which accompanies their tips, the bell boys outwardly cringe, but sometimes dart a look which implies: "Your money puts you there, but, O G—, if I could get you in a dark alley!"

Away, then to the play, where the most instructive

lines are not those heard by the ear, but read by the eye practised in stage strategy. "I'm the star, so you get out of my limelight!" one actress is signaling. But the tactics of another express: "Star be damned. I'm the manager's particular friend; out-manoeuvre me if you can!"

Learning the Sign Language

So, for one's peace of mind, it may be well not to learn the sign language late in life. Then the illusions which one might else carry to the grave are apt to be shattered by what is spoken without words. But as a matter of fact, most of us do already understand what others say in this language, because we all of us are using it all the time ourselves. And we only fool ourselves, when we imagine that others don't equally read us, and perceive that under our pretense of virtue and altruism, the substratum is largely vanity.

Our natures are a mixture of good and ill. The good can express itself frankly; no one is ashamed of it. But the ill desires expression too; it is denied it at the upper level, so it speaks out through the language of symbolism. For this reason, those who wish to make out a bad case for human nature are easily able to do so.

Those are the most apt to become cynics, who have been idealists living among illusions about human nature. Many of those who have outgrown the myth of a perfect being in the skies, feel that perfection is evolving out of humanity. When they find that every good human tendency is balanced by an equivalent tendency toward evil, they don't accept the sensible conclusion, that the good must be manoeuvred into power and the evil must be given a channel of expression which will be harmless. Instead, these people who were once unreasonable optimists become equally unreasonable pessimists.

The fact is, that all these people whom I have rather caricatured in the preceding pages of this essay, have their good sides as well as their petty ones.

So I conclude: say what you will about the evil inherent in human nature. Fundamentally, inherent evil and good balance each other, and necessarily always will; or perhaps in a better way of speaking, there is neither evil nor good in motive, but only in their fruits.

The problem is to understand human nature, not to pass strictures on it; and then to direct its expression through some sort of intelligently organized society. For what human problem isn't one of organization?

The Other Woman

A True Confession

By JOHN S. MARTIN

“HENRY,” she called me, and my heart stopped. The word stung like a white-hot lash, even as it opened my eyes. For my name was Jack.

At last I knew. My suspicions were confirmed. There was another. Others, no doubt, for with my newly awakened sanity I thought back to the days when I had first wondered at her many gowns and jewels.

For a moment I went mad. I cursed her, hated her, reviled her. Yes, for a second there was murder in my heart. But you who have lived a life in the path of righteousness, wait, before condemning me. Before sneering, and calling me a fool. “He is more than half saved, who has fully confessed,” it says in the book. Let me confess.

* * * * *

For over eight years I had lived in Millville, and while considered by friends and neighbors as a respectful husband, and loving father, I had been keeping another woman. Now I know all of my shame. Know that I was only one of the dupes who lay their gifts at her feet.

She, this other woman, seemed so different from my wife. That, I think, is what first made me fall. Her skin was so pink, her eyes so carefree, her form so beautiful, her smiling lips so lovable. While my wife was already showing the unmistakable signs of age, and work, and worry.

Even now, though awakened, and penitent, when I take my dear wife’s hand, and hold it that it may give me cheer, and strength in my new resolve, I can not but compare it, roughened and red from her tiresome tasks, with the soft, delicate, almost fairy-like hands of the other woman.

Now, even that compassion but steels me in my determination. For my wife knows all. That night, when a hastily uttered word struck the blinders from my eyes, I bared my soul to my wife. Woman-like, lover-like, she forgave, but I doubt if she will ever completely forget.

I, on whose head rests the guilt, I pray that she will never forget. I who condemned her to wear cotton that the other woman might revel in silk. I who allowed her, and our child, to live in what is almost a hovel, while most of my earnings went to

keep the other woman in luxury and idleness. I ask only forgiveness, and but pray that the day may come when my wife and I, clear-eyed and unafraid, may face a more hopeful future together and forget.

* * * * *

“Henry,” she called me. And she was right. I had but nodded to her on the street. She and a friend were riding in her limousine, the limousine for which my back had bent in payment.

“Who is that man, who bowed, and lifted his hat to us?” her friend asked.

“Oh, just one of the Henry Dubbs that work at my husband’s mill,” she replied, insolently. And her words drifting out on the chill winter air struck my ear like a whip. A whip that awakened, even as it burned with its scorn.

I staggered homeward through the snow, bewildered, worried, remorseful. Yet even as I stumbled hazily onward, I knew that it was true. I was a Henry Dubb. One of those brainless workers, who live in a world of make-believe of their own imaginations, satisfied to live in squalor and want, while making possible, by their unpaid labor, a world of luxury for others.

Often before I had been called a Henry Dubb, by my fellow workers, who were more fully awakened. The times without number that I had refused to join the union, because I said that this was one of the most perfect of worlds, where only individuality was rewarded. The many instances when I had refused to give even a dime to help what my fellow workers called the “industrial and political prisoners,” or to pay a paltry dollar or so for a subscription to a labor paper, that might educate me out of my stupidity.

All of these things rushed before me, as a man in a dream, or as it is said such things flash through the brain of one who faces death. But I was not about to die, I was being born again. Out of this bitter disillusionment I was to emerge a new man. A fighter, taking my place in the ranks of my fellow workers who battle for a real justice, a social justice. A soldier in that forward marching army, whose battle drum is the throbbing heart of a common humanity.

(Continued on page 28)

What of 1925?

MR. WORKINGMAN, one-twelfth of 1925 has already gone by. What has the rest of the year in store for you and for me?

Judge Gary can issue statements innumerable hypnotizing us into how well-off we all are. The magazines of business and finance can run maps and charts and diagrams showing when and how to invest. Country town newspapers can reel off boiler plate by the armful, advising us to show our loyalty in 1925 by buying stock in some local industry or public utility.

But—yes, there is a big But. All of these mean about as much as a carload of ice in Nome, if we cannot see our way clear to more security and an increased return on our labor.

Last year, mail order sales went up, automobile production rose, American foreign trade took a boom, railroad passenger revenues got on. Employment lagged. It could not keep pace with business.

“Legitimate business” sees four years of fair weather ahead. Wall Street gamblers feel “bully.” But labor can afford to watch its step, and not expect to get anything except that for which it fights. The cut in textile wages is one weathervane that teaches caution in expecting too much of the pic, which the Business Interests intend to cut and eat themselves.

Labor unionism, if it reads its horoscope aright, will have a year of renewed activity. The campaign to “organize the unorganized,” launched by the American Federation of Labor, should bear fruits. Only after a journey about as smooth as the famous road to Dublin! The judiciary will be on the job, to consign the “disloyal” workingmen to his proper place. Washington will frown on any disturbance to “business.” Economic pressure and the immigration laws will be the allies of the organized workingmen. It is a renewed battle against the Open Shop that calls for the cooperation of the best of us.

Chief among the problems which Organized Labor must face is still that troublesome question of “Industrial Democracy.” Employee representation is no longer the fad or fancy of merely one factory manager or the other. In this form or that, it is well spread over the land. Nothing succeeds like success. It now has the halo of a howling “success” about it.

At its best, it is merely a concession to the spread of the idea of workers’ control, going on even with the Luden-dorf drive of the Open Shop forces at its height. At its worst, it is an effort to stifle the very “democracy,” about which it prates so loudly.

The humor of a Board of Directors deciding to

end “industrial democracy” is pointed out by James Myers in his interesting book, REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN INDUSTRY. There was no democracy in the first place, or it would not exist at the will of the stockholders’ Board. A labor union saw the joke when the Management kicked out all the members of the factory “House of Representatives,” who went on strike or gave sympathy to a strike, and found more satisfactory members! “’Twas ever thus with kings and parliaments in the days when political democracy was struggling to be born!”

Placing the cart before the horse is an old human failing. There can be no real “Industrial Democracy” without unionization as its corner-stone. There can be no real “Industrial Democracy” until the property relationship has been changed, so that the workers own and control the industry, just as the “people” theoretically own and control the government.

Labor groups are showing more than a modest ability to conduct banks, welfare activities, housing ventures, and creameries. They are drawing up far-reaching rules for the administrative side of their industries. No reason exists under the sun why the morrow or the next day will not see them prepared for control of a big basic industry.

The opportunity will come. The sweep of Democracy, as Mr. Myers says, cannot be stopped. It will reach into industry as it has reached into political life. The American Federation of Labor has declared for “Industrial Democracy” as the goal of the Labor Movement. The declaration conservatively worded and as yet only weakly effective, is one of the most far-reaching statements put out in the last five decades in America. Carried to its logical conclusion, it means the entire re-arrangement of property relationships in this country.

The business of making the workers’ position more secure in times of stress will continue to go forward. The loss of the job, especially through unemployment, is one of the chief nightmares of the individual worker. This, again, involves schemes which bring closer control of industry by the unions. Witness: the plans put forward in the needle trades.

For fuller group preparation for the big job ahead, workers education is IT. In proof whereof, the American Federation of Labor at El Paso placed the Workers Education Bureau on a permanent and democratic foundation. A per capita tax was pledged from the international and local unions affiliated, amounting to half-a-cent a man. A spurt in workers education will crown 1925.

Labor History in the Making

In the U. S. A.

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



LIFE SAVING

DUST vs. DUST is the contest which the American Association for Labor Legislation is attempting to stage in the realms of King Coal.

Coal Dust is the destroyer. It causes the explosions, which have blackened our mining history. More explosions than in any country in the world, is the unenviable record.

Rock Dust stops and prevents explosions. Its use will help immensely to make mines explosion-proof. When other methods are also put into effect—electric cap lamps, proper ventilation, frequent testing of the air for gas, safe mining motors and other machinery—the havoc of death in the coal regions will go down to a very small minimum.

No worker or agitator is responsible for this statement. It is made by the general superintendent of a big coal colliery—Thomas G. Fear of the Inland Collieries Company. The cost of the rock dust precaution is cheap. It adds nothing to the price of coal. It conserves not only human lives, but great properties which should be operated in the public interest.

Last year, 1924, has witnessed the greatest harvest of death from explosions in mines in our whole industrial history. At least 500 lives have been sacrificed in this useless way. Every one of them could have been saved, if every soft coal mine in the country had been protected by rock dusting.

As a result of the big Castle Gate explosion in Utah in March, that state has adopted the most comprehensive mining code in America. This legislation includes the requirement that rock dust be used.

Why, asks the American Association for Labor Legislation, should the other 29 soft-coal states hesi-

tate to enact such legislation? There is no good reason. Small-sighted Greed is the only obstacle.

If unions of all kinds bestir themselves to stop this killing of their brothers, this Greed will be overcome. Let us get busy—to halt this Wholesale Murder.

WHITHER THE PROGRESSIVES?

ALBERT COYLE, the energetic editor of the **BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL**, has secured a birdseye view of things as they are in the Progressive camp, through statements by various leaders of the recent La Follette Movement.

Has the hope of a new Labor-Progressive Party dwindled and pined, or will the 5,000,000 arise in their might and join hands in such an effort?

Chicago and February 21st are not far away, and the question is pertinent.

There seems to be a variety of opinion in the ranks of the Progressives of yesteryear. Not so much about the party. That will have to come—eventually, if not now, in Mr. Pillsbury's learned phrase. But it's the how and wherefor that causes a gray eclipse in their hopefulness.

The Age of Miracles is not yet past. "Bob" La Follette performed one in 1924, when he welded 48ers, Socialists, A. F. of L.-ites and Railroad Brotherhoods together, not to speak of the meek and lowly farmer. The trick now is to keep them "amalgamated" "gummed up," in other and happier words. Perhaps, only a patent device, hitherto undiscovered, can accomplish that feat.

But it has been done, and can be done again. Economic conditions will force it before 1928, if not sooner. Out of Chicago will probably come, as a minimum, a federation for political action that will evolve further with time. So looks the labor political situation at the present hour!

"NO UNION FOR US!"**Endicott-Johnson Gives a Reason**

LIVE and learn. Labor can do that—frequently by peeping over the fence into the camp of its enemy.

George F. Johnson is the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Co. In the current issue of *SYSTEM*, "the Magazine of Business," he opens his heart and mind, to his fellow-employers on the question of unionism.

Endicott-Johnson starts out interestingly. Says he in effect: Unionism will exist, as long as there is organized capital. "Labor would suffer severely without the unions. Labor, organized and unorganized, owes much to the unions". But he, frankly, will have no unions; because, just as frankly, he as an employer can get along better without them.

No board of directors on the one hand, and no labor organization on the other shall come between him and his employes. He is a benevolent ruler among them. At the cost of only 2 1-4 cents per pair of shoes—we are still quoting him—he can provide everything to keep his workers happy and contented: a race track, minstrel show, athletics, visiting nurses, dentists, swimming pools, and even the always highly diverting fire department. The *E-J MAGAZINE* furnishes them their thoughts.

"George F." days are worked out, to pay homage to the feudal lord of Foot Wear. The workers of "George F." thereupon parade to show their loyalty, with huge signs: "George F. is right; we know he's there. And we are going to use him fair."

No show of "workers' committees" is even needed. George F. rules alone, and the employes submit to his all-wise dictation.

The spectacle of Americans, after "a war for democracy," parading in honor of "George F." or "George III" or "George V." is most amusing—for the George paraded for. It brings a mellow reminder of the Germans' "Hoch" for the Kaiser or the Silesian cheers for the Crown Prince Hohenzollern the other day. What lies back of the signs and hurrahs in wages and hours and conditions of labor, Endicott-Johnson sayeth not.

If George F. is to be credited: Much of the fault of this situation lies with the union itself. Its representative, he declares, came to him and asked him to unionize his place, "compel" his workers to join the Boot and Shoe Workers Union. "No changes in wages would be asked; we should be guaranteed against labor troubles; we were to have the union stamp and contract; we should get more for our shoes with the union stamp; our shoes would sell more readily and at higher prices." The company was to see that the union dues were collected each week, which would bring to the union some \$50,000 per year.

Of course, that idea of a "nice" union could not be "sold" to the employer. He could get peace and

harmony and submission on much better terms, without the union. The Boot and Shoe Workers made the mistake, if this story is true in all details, of trying to sell unionism to the employer instead of to the workers themselves. Higher wages, freedom, industrial control—these selling arguments directed to the workers might have got across.

Against the "George F." idea, we suggest the industrial democracy of the needle trades (as one example) where free men control their own destinies, mold the development of the industry itself, have their own union summer homes, their own union health centers, clinics, banks, educational institutions, and housing enterprises. We recommend that, not to "George F."—in whom we are not interested—but to the workers of "George F." Temporarily, they have forgotten that they are Americans, and are merely aping the serfs of Europe.

Robots are like rabbits. They multiply exceedingly fast. Eternal vigilance—that's the right term, isn't it?—alone can make them men.

JOHN D.'S LIGHT THAT FAILED

NOW from George F., let us turn to John D.

In between the times when he is preaching to Sunday School classes, the younger oil king has worked out a scheme to keep his Colorado miners in a state of perpetual bliss. It was worked out at the time of the bloody murders of men and women by his henchmen, at Ludlow and other historic Colorado battle grounds. It was to bring "Industrial Democracy" to the employes of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company.

Alas and alack! Rights are not won that way. "Heaven" is not presented to any one on a silver platter; it must be fought for by the workers themselves.

John D.'s little scheme has been examined by the Russell Sage Foundation. Perfectly safe organization, you understand. Established by money gained just as John D.'s has been—out of the hides of the workers. And the said scheme has been found wanting. It does not work, so far as the workers go.

In this "democratic" arrangement, says the R. S. F., the workers fear to go to the aid of one of their fellows, against the interests of the company. They do not make full use of the plan, because they feel they have no real share in it. Leadership and interest are lacking. "Paradise" has proved merely a dud.

"Democracy" is a word much abused by the ambitious advertising agents who run America. It means "rule by the people"—not rule by John D. or Elbert Gary or Kaiser Wilhelm. No "industrial democracy" prevails, unless unionism prevails. It is the foundation stone of workers control of industry—workers *rule* of industry, to be exact.

LABOR AGE

Rockefeller's "industrial democracy" is just as democratic as his "law and order" is law-and-orderly. Judge Gary and he approached the Oracle in the White House the other day, to testify to the need for law and order in America.

Even Calvin must have cracked a smile as the Murderer of Ludlow and Bloody Mary's rival, Bloody Gary, sat on the mourners' bench, to atone for the sins of the gaping, benighted American law-breakers. "Not that these poor inferior devils have sinned," must have been the refrain of Oil and Steel, "but that they have not sinned enough."

MR. DOGBERRY'S FINE ART

Guaranteed to Make Murders, Thefts and Frame-ups
Easy and Profitable

DO you possess a suppressed desire to murder your beloved's husband and blame it on some one else?

Have you a hankering to gain a great sum of money, without all the work and worry of solving cross-word puzzles and writing an essay on the "Purity of the Press?"

Do you, Poison Ivy Lee—one of our constant readers—burn with the fervent ambition to slip your employers a tip as to how to frame up a dangerous radical or a union man, that would make your revered father turn over in his grave?

Then, one and all, join our class in Finger-printing. It is the up-and-coming lucrative business of America. Eighteen thousand finger print experts will be needed in this Land of the Free before the Chambers of Commerce are through with you, their eminent organ announces to a waiting world.

Why not get in the finger-printing game yourself and hunt someone else rather than be among the hunted?

John Nicholas Beffel's article in the *AMERICAN MERCURY* moves us to these profound remarks. Brass buttons have always covered a multitude of sins and a deluge of stupidity. Our cops, as Mr.

Beffel safely states, "are no better than they ought to be." To prove a man a criminal, unless he be a malefactor of great wealth, is their supreme delight. To hang a man, innocent or guilty, for a REWARD, is more than a sadistic pleasure. It is an orgy.

A certain Mr. Wehde, reposing in the fastnesses of Leavenworth Prison for having attempted to deport arms to East Indian rebels before the United States entered the war, stumbled upon the fact that fingerprints could be made to order, or doctored to suit.

Attempting to get this important piece of news over to the finger-printing fraternity, he was greeted with a storm of denunciation as a dangerous man. Their whole sacred edifice of hocus-pocus and graft was being undermined. Soon we may expect little Calvin to be called in, to pronounce that the fine art is absolutely infallible, as these gentlemen claim it to be, and that will settle it.

Men have been sent to the electric chair because of finger-prints. In New Jersey, Governor Edwards refused to look into a case of this kind, although the man most interested had shown that he was miles away from the murder scene. That eminent skeeter statesman was evidently too busy checking up on the bootleggers to worry about such a little thing as judicial murder.

The distinguished Calf Minds of the New York Chamber of Commerce cry loud and long for the finger-printing of all the hoi-polloi. It will serve to check their aggressions upon the precincts of the rich. Our other noble animal, Moose Davis, is still waiting with a patience insatiable, for the day when he can put this gem over on the American workers.

So follow our advice—Mr. Murderer, Mr. Get-Rich-Quicker, Mr. Lee. Read the Beffel article and become a finger-printer. It's worth the half dollar investment. Later on we may decide to give a course in Finger Print Doctoring with a subscription to our own worthy publication.

OTHER LANDS

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION TOTTERS

In the Land of the Southern Cross

OUR good friend, Henry Demarest Lloyd, 25 years ago produced an enthusiastic book, *THE COUNTRY WITHOUT STRIKES*.

In it he pointed to the lands beyond the Pacific as having the solution for industrial unrest. It was a pretty big order, but Henry stuck nobly by his guns. Compulsory arbitration, as carried on in Australia and New Zealand, would end all our battles and cause the Employing Lion and the Employed Lamb to lie down together in peace and quietude.

Thirty years have gone by since first the experiment of industrial peace by coercion was tried in Australasia. In its good old age, the system finds

itself tottering to the ground. Patched up it may be, but it will never be the same again.

Dr. Dorothy McDaniel Sells completes a detailed study of wage relations in Australia and New Zealand, in the December, 1924 number of the *INTERNATIONAL LABOUR REVIEW*, with this sad conclusion. Hear her words: "Even honest attempts to prescribe a living wage and decent conditions of work have failed to end industrial strife, and it is now gradually being recognized that industrial peace is bound up with something far more profound than either force or injustice, and that is the positive instinct of mankind to create, not only by the exercise of manual ingenuity, but also by carving out his future through the control of his own life and by

having a voice in the management of the institutions with which life and work are concerned."

So far as immediate industrial peace is concerned the wage board system of Great Britain, where employer and employes meet around a table through their chosen representatives, carries the day, in the opinion of Dr. Sells.

Score heavily for the American Federation of Labor, which has stood out against compulsory arbitration from the beginning. The "voluntarism" of Samuel Gompers still holds the promise of success and freedom, in the immediate effort to control the workers' conditions of life.

THE EMPIRE THE ROCHDALE WEAVERS BUILT

The Chapter of 1924—With Dangers Ahead

TELL it not in mournful numbers to the champions of Private Initiative.

They might become thunder-struck and lightening-struck, and topple over dead. Even for them we can wish a happier fate.

Break the news gently. It will break some of the icons of Private Initiative, if it ever gets out. The Cooperative Wholesale Society of England in 1924 exceeded its trade of 1923 by over six million pounds sterling, or some \$30,000,000. Out of the social wreckage of the war, co-operation comes up smiling. Even at that, the Co-operative Wholesale got only about one-half the trade the cooperative retail societies in Britain are handling!

Instead of a great Food Trust, such as America can now "boast" of, Britain has built up a gigantic institution, owned and controlled by those who buy and consume. Bread is disturbing the Britisher today, as it should be disturbing the American. A special governmental investigation is going on, in regard to the price of bread.

The investigation brought out two things: That the cooperatives are the only force making for decent bread prices, and that the English and Scottish Wholesale Societies are the largest buyers of wheat and the largest flour millers in the country.

Something to worry about, eh? What spinal disturbance might affect our Bread Trust were there any danger of a cooperative invasion of America! That handful of weavers in Rochdale in 1844 lit a fuse that will explode a bigger bomb than Magna Charta.

But around the corner of life there is always a new problem. The cafeteria, as Abe Martin suggests, may finally destroy table etiquette—after all the trouble that publishers of books on that subject have gone to, to inform the unmannered public and line their own pockets! The Cooperative Wholesale Society sits not only among roses, but also among thorns.

Thorniest of all is the trade union question. It has come out among the cooperatives like a rash.

Troubles with unions of their employes disturbed co-operative waters the last year. Strikes were not unheard of. Now, the societies are to vote on whether compulsory unionism of cooperative employes shall continue, as has been the rule to date.

The CO-OPERATIVE NEWS sees only trouble ahead in this vote—no matter which way it goes. Democracy must work all the way around, if it is to be real democracy in industry.

THE MARCH OF LABOR'S YOUTH

TIM HEALY, President of the Firemen and Oilers, tells of a football contest between the Labor Youth of Britain and the German Labor Youth at Hamburg, when he was there last year.

The British laborites arrived by ship, of course, and were escorted to the arena by a large crowd of paraders, intent on the contest. "It was a sight good for the eyes," reports Healy.

Thus has Labor developed its own young in its own world. And why should it not?

Youth is Hope. The young folks, everywhere, should stand as a matter of destiny, with the rising class of tomorrow. Even the offspring of our Babbits have a right to laugh at Rotary lingo, and need not jump at the roar of the Lions.

From England, by way of the Co-operative MILLGATE MONTHLY, comes word that the eldest son of Sir Oswald Mosely and son-in-law of Lord Curzon has joined the Independent Labor Party, after service as a Unionist and as "the baby in the House." His appeal is for an organization of Youth against War. Hear his words:

"To obtain a position of power. . . Europe drifted towards the abyss of war under the guidance of a stereotyped mentality, enmeshed in the traditions of the past. . . War was regarded as inevitable, but Youth does not believe in the inevitable. . . Nations still labour under crippling armaments, and no disposition to cut away the cancer from the heart of the world can be found in the older schools of statesmanship. . . Youth is principally interested in this ghastly mistake of an obsolete system, and Youth in every country must organize lest it be betrayed a second time."

That is an ideal that moves not only Mr. Mosely, but the entire Labor Youth Movement of Europe. Over 100,000 members are comprised today in the Socialist Labor Youth of Germany, working in co-operation with the labor unions of that land. The SOCIALIST REVIEW of Britain tells of their huge political demonstrations, their festivals with their own speakers, music, recitals and folk dances, their lectures, outings and "play days."

There is even an International Labor Youth Conference in existence, founded in Stuttgart in

LABOR AGE

1907. "A program was drawn up, which included as the main items (1) demand for better working conditions for young workers; (2) necessity for a Socialist education of the young people; (3) fight against militarism." A delegate was sent therefrom to the last International Workers Education Conference, at the Hague.

The Labor Youth Movement in America, just as the American Labor Movement itself, must differ from the European efforts in that it must be free from dogmatism of any kind. The Pioneer Youth, springing up at this time, has that for its goal and purpose. It aims to win the new generation to Labor's ideals, so that the immediate trench warfare and the day to come will both be understood.

WORKERS AS SOLDIERS

CONSERVATIVE victory in Britain must not be in vain.

"We must win the workers to the Tory cause," wisely say the Tory journals. "Yes, yes, quite so," answer the Tory leaders.

"Social reform" must be gone in for, not too strong, but "so, so." A chorus of Tory approval goes up all over the land as to that.

"Well, let's begin." Now, there's the War Office. The first and foremost social reform measure will be the War Office proposal to make all transport and rail workers into reserve soldiers. "Quite an idea. A great reform."

Everybody thinks so but the mass of the workers. Somehow or other the workers don't want to be made into reservists. It smacks too much of strike-breaking and conscription.

The union leaders say: "Keep out of it." Ernest Bevin, Secretary of the Transport and Workers Union, says it is a conspiracy to bring the workers under the wing of the military. London busmen and dockers and other workers have been sent the recruiting forms, and have refused to sign them. A big demonstration is even planned for London, as a protest against the "militarization" of the transport forces of the nation.

"It is strange how those workers will resist their own welfare," sighs Lord Strong Toddy. "Yes, the way of the Conservative is hard," answers General Quickretreat. "It is very sad that we cannot dispense with workers altogether."

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TROUBLE, TROUBLE, BOIL AND BUBBLE

IT'S jolly bad.

British Business picketh not up under the maternal hand of the Tories. Iron and steel are "depressed." A flood of these materials flowed in last year from other lands, hurting the trade of the Britisher. It came, not from lowly Deutschland, but from our old friends the Belgians and the French.

As usual, the workers suffer most. But that is no reason why Business should be at all modest. The iron industry has buzzed into Blundering Baldwin's ear. "Subsidize us," it says, "lest we perish." And he hearkens to its cry.

from their own gambling viewpoint, that this, and other little things of like character, are making for labor unrest. The stock market is not as steady as they would like it; there is a feeling of uneasiness in the air.

To which is added the eternal question of British Coal. They're still at it—miners and operators, trying to unscramble that which has been for years the unscrambleable. The miners have now asked the coal owners to give them an idea of what the said coal owners mean to do for the industry. Thereupon the miners plan to draw up a charter for the industry, which needs a charter and then some. In

MAKING BRITAIN'S BREAD AND MEAT



At work on a British farm, this fair lady and her brothers in the agricultural part of England are attracting some attention at this time. Only in part, for the great question all over Great Britain is: "Why are Meat and Bread so high?" Commissions are investigating. It certainly is not due to the good wages paid farm workers. The answer lies rather in the conduct of British Industry.

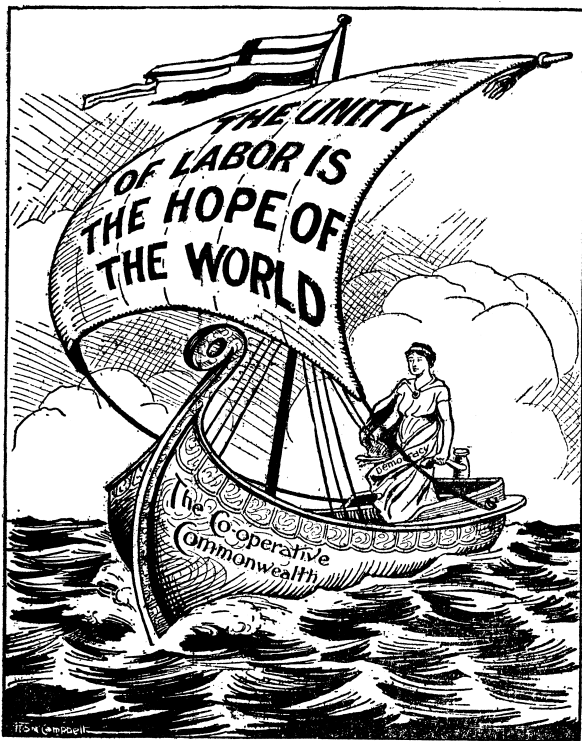
"Economy" is the Tory motto, as ditto on these American shores. It cuts on education and pours its "economized" millions into the naval base at Singapore. But that will not avail enough—for steel. The government subsidy must be added thereunto.

Well says THE LABOUR MAGAZINE: "Mr. Baldwin loves the Empire; but the clamor of other loves is already being heard," the steel business more than all. British financiers complain, not without reason

the meantime, suffering still carries through its harvest in the British coal lands. Unemployment is king in the pits, as it has been for a number of years. Even various subterfuges have been worked by the officials to deprive the men of unemployment insurance, to which they are entitled under the Unemployment Act.

Labor unrest is the net result—troubling the plans and programs of the British financiers.

A REAL SHIP OF STATE



The AUSTRALIAN WORKER sees in the unity of Labor on all fields the hope for the future. In the Land of the Southern Cross, Labor has fought a good fight, has secured more than a measure of governmental control, and is seeking for further unity on the industrial field.

THE OTHER WOMAN

(Continued from page 20)

If "an honest confession is good for the soul," my soul was free. I confess that I was a Henry Dubb. I had been doing more to keep the other woman than I had been doing for my own wife. I told my wife about it in those terms. She had always been opposed to the ideas of my more radical friends. Often she had cautioned me, "Keep such ideas out of your head, Jack, no good can come from them. The way to get along in this world is by work and ambition, and loyalty."

Now she sees things as I see them. Telling her about the other woman awoke her, too, and we face the future together as real pals fighting in a common cause. The cause of workers' freedom from the other woman as well as the other man. And my fellow workers, nor any other, dare call me a Henry Dubb.

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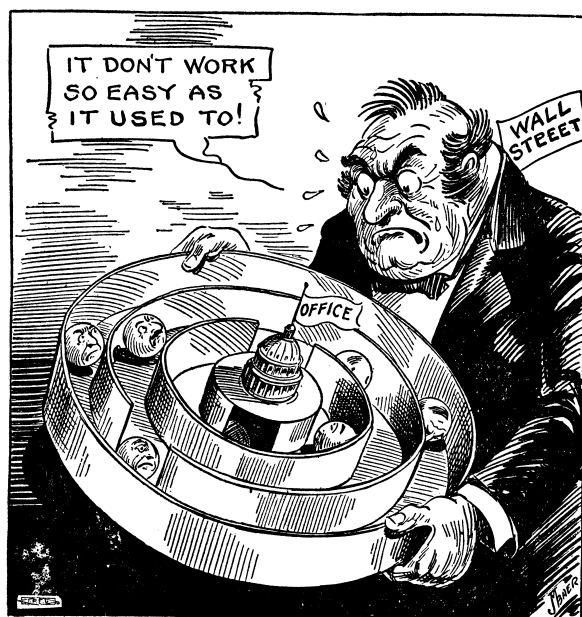
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SELECTING "OUR" SERVANTS

WALL STREET wins! That is, in the first round.

The President of these United States is fulfilling all the hopes of our Tories in his appointments to public office. First, came Stone, attorney for J. P. Morgan and Company, as the added member to a Supreme Court already filled with corporation lawyers. Now have followed in quick succession Mr. Warren for Attorney-General, the man who manipulated the Sugar Trust into power, a member of that combine himself; Mr. Woodlock, J. P. Morgan's financial reporter, for the Interstate Commerce Commission; and Mr. Humphreys, the most reactionary of reactionaries to the Federal Trade Commission.

But the skids may not be so well greased for them to slide into office. The Progressive Senators being still on the job!



Labor

BOOK NOTES

Edited by PRINCE HOPKINS

THAT IBANEZ BOOK

Calling the King of Spain Names

A MONTH ago rumors appeared in the English press and also spread across the Atlantic, about a book in which Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist, author of *FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE*, etc., had exposed the scoundrelism behind the present military dictatorship of his country.

A discussion of the book came up in Parliament. And then, the entire English edition was withdrawn mysteriously from the book stalls! I ransacked London for a copy.

It was to Paris that I had to go to get it. There Ibanez is quartered, while he directs his attacks at King Alphonso and the members of the dictatorship. The name of the book in its French edition is *LA TERROUR MILITARISTE EN ESPAGNE*. It's a very small book—little more than a pamphlet—to have made so big a noise. Indeed, compared with the exposure of things American, with Niagaras of facts, from the pen of Upton Sinclair, the present effort seems less than one would expect from so great an author as Ibanez.

King Alphonso himself, says the writer, is responsible for all the tyranny in Spain. Primo de Rivera is merely his tool. Alphonso is described as a cheap imitation of Kaiser Wilhelm, with all that monarch's vanity and lust for autocratic-militaristic domination, but none of the Kaiser's ability. He plays into the hands of the Church, says Ibanez, and the exploiters of the people. His public policy is as blundering and costly as his private life is vicious.

"The Moroccan war actually costs five million pesetas (\$1,000,000) daily. With half this sum it would be possible to set going five thousand modern schools, and thus at once to change the moral aspect of the nation. The greatest part of the evils which overwhelm Spain is caused by the lack of modern schools and the mediocrity of those which exist." (The common-school education is controlled by the Church, the aristocratic schools are military).

That a change should come into such a situation requires but few pamphlets to confirm. Whether Ibanez is made of the stuff that can fire his people and lead them to a new day and a new deal is another question. Writing books and getting into action are two different things. Spain needs a democratic housecleaning as much, and more, than Italy.

The American edition of this book is published by E. P. Dutton and Co., New York, the same publishing house which is about to issue the *LIFE OF GOMPERS*.

THE CURSE OF OPIUM

EN ROUTE to the Opium Congress being held in Geneva, Ellen M. La Motte gave me a copy of her book, *THE ETHICS OF OPIUM*, (Century Co., 1924).

It is written with appreciation of the difficulties which beset the path of the reformer—for instance, how at this date

an English attempt to rid India of drugging might be regarded as a new aspect of foreign tyranny

But the main effect of the book is to arouse us to the monstrous proportions of the menace of narcotics. Under capitalism, there are enormous profits in it.

In the Orient these profits are reaped by "civilized nations" debauching dependent native peoples. But also, the growing of poppies in Persia, the refinement of the crude opium in factories in Germany or Switzerland or Holland, and the smuggling of the final product into France, England and especially the United States, is highly lucrative. Only concerted international action seems hopeful as a way to suppress it. The sorry thing is that those nations most interested will probably go to any extremes to block action that will be effective. The Opium Congress itself was a dismal failure.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY A LA MODE

TALK is cheap. The words "Industrial Democracy," as used today, can signify almost anything.

In anti-union shops and factories a large movement has been on foot to introduce "employees' representation" in some form, and to dub it by the name of democracy. Much has been written upon the subject, mainly by engineers interested in promoting the idea.

The scheme, in one form or other, has spread rapidly in America and has now challenged the attention of the labor unions themselves. The American Federation of Labor has sought to meet this peculiar attack by suggesting an "Industrial Democracy" of its own, based probably on the Baltimore and Ohio plan, devised under the auspices of the International Association of Machinists.

But few of those who have tackled this problem have dealt frankly with it. They have shunned the question as to where the real power in this "industrial democracy" plan has so far rested. They have stayed away from the point that the workers have actually no control, as the people have theoretically in political democracy, no voice as to when the plan shall be introduced or destroyed. Even in the Baltimore and Ohio plan, big step that it seems to be in that it brings the organized group as a democratic unit into part control, the powers of ownership still rest with the corporation.

James Myers, in his *REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN INDUSTRY* has come nearer than any other writer to facing this question. He has the background of the worker. Himself the secretary of an institution that practices employees' representation, he says frankly that the idea as a whole rests as yet on sand. First, because most of these schemes do not reckon with the union, and second, because they do not bring actual democracy in that the workers only go through the motions even of deciding their own fate.

For those who wish to look this important industrial problem in the face, this is one of the best books to consult. We recommend it without hesitation. It is published by the Geo. H. Doran Company of New York.

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Bunk is America's champion curse. The newspapers, magazines, movies, and now the radio are busy dishing out bunk to the workers. There is bunk about jobs, bunk about wages, bunk about life, bunk about death, and even bunk about bunk—(termed publicity psychology).

LABOR AGE will enlarge its work of education and information by warring on the Fakes and Frauds that seek to “hornswoggle” the American workers.

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