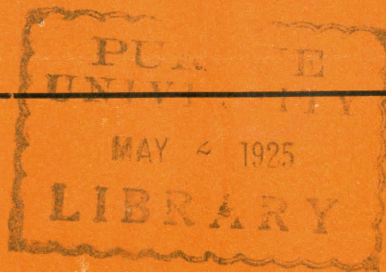


April, 1925

25 Cents

Labor Age

The National Monthly



Kan the Klan Spell It "Klabor"?

Hastings Hits the Trail

Perishing By the Sword

W. E. B. Correspondence Course

Under the Dark Dictators

"Apple Sauce"

\$2.50 PER YEAR

Labor Age

The National Monthly

25 CENTS PER COPY

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



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ANNOUNCEMENT

TO THOSE WORKERS WHO HAVE WANTED—BUT TO WHOM
HAS BEEN DENIED

A COLLEGE EDUCATION

THE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT OF "LABOR AGE" OFFERS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF UNION WORKERS TO EARN DURING THEIR SPARE TIME A COMPLETE COLLEGE COURSE AT BROOKWOOD.

THOSE INTERESTED IN THIS UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY WILL WRITE TO "LABOR AGE," FEDERATION OF LABOR BUILDING, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Labor Age

The National Monthly

The Gospel Comes to Hastings

Hitting the Trail with "Paul the Apostle"

By LOUIS F. BUDENZ



THE MESSAGE IN THE BROAD TOP

One of the fine classes in Workers' Education in District 2, of the Miners

HE came into town one morning, riding backward, a small traveling bag under his arm.

Everyone enters the town backward, for that's the way of the trains up there. They start out on the direct line from Cresson to Punxsutawney and then back up on a sideline, to evade the ascent of a mountain.

He was a tall, rangy individual, in a dark, sober suit, with steel-gray running through his hair, and a ministerial look in his gray eyes. As he put his bag down on the floor of the New Central Hotel, he didn't say: "I'm the Apostle Paul. I have come to bring a new gospel to Hastings." But he might have said it. That's the name his operator-enemies had derisively given him, higher up in the county, when he had come, with his traveling bag under his arm.

The bag was of dark leather and new. It was a

Christmas present from one of his classes down in the Broad Top. There he had begun his work. After service in the shopmen's strike at Altoona, he had hurried into the Broad Top, to help keep up the morale of the men on strike there. Sprung from a miner's family, he spoke the language of the pitmen. His meetings became great revivals—of faith among the miners in themselves, of knowledge on other things, of belief in unionism and the final triumph of Labor.

He didn't say: "I am the Apostle Paul." He merely asked for a room and said he might be coming and going through the town frequently.

Black Magic

That night he addressed the miners' local, in the second floor of the frame building down the main

LABOR AGE

street, which is their headquarters. Coal was his theme. Coal, that black magic force that hurled a civilization at our feet. Coal, that has loosed the headlong rush and drive of the Machine. Coal, every ton of which the man underneath the ground has washed with drops of his blood—in mine explosions, strikes, and the starvation-paralysis of the industry. Gaunt lines of men stand, amazed, uncertain, out there in the midst of our gigantic industrial empire, Pennsylvania, willing to work but denied it, starving in the midst of plenty. Of them he spoke. Of their master, Coal, who should be their slave. Of the path out of the morass—to a reorganization of the industry, to Nationalization with the workers sharing in control.

“Would any join together, in the name of Democracy, to think this thing through, to save their industry and themselves?”

There were volunteers, ten of them, double that number. Steve Jancsure joined, the man on the tippie at the Rich Hill mine. He became president of the class. Ed Anderson, tall, slim offshoot of the Norsemen, became Secretary. It was the beginning of a new and Great Adventure in this little mining town among the hills.

The class meets every other Tuesday, Paul coming from some one of his 13 other classes to lead the discussion. What are they talking about? Coal. What are they thinking of? How to run Coal. Those little pamphlets, containing the best thoughts of John Brophy, Arthur Gleason and the Nationalization Research Committee of the United Mine Workers, are their “textbooks.” Out of these, their own home problems, come the other things: a better knowledge of English, a better aptitude at public speaking, a better knowledge of the other interlocked industries and of the economic world as a whole.

“If the spirit of our great American, William James, could hover around here now,” said a friend of mine, smiling, as we were treated to the fruits of what has been taking place at Hastings, “he certainly would not be depressed. Things are being learned out here, by those great heroes of his, the workers, out of their own experience—the best of all teachers.”

Fruits of the Work

The “fruits” aforesaid were the meetings of the Labor Chautauqua, which we beheld—saucer-eyed—only a few weeks ago. Paul had followed up his success of 1924 at Six Mile Run, in the Broad Top, with this further venture. But Hastings’ Chautauqua, as was quite fitting, was even “bigger and better.”

It was Thursday night when we arrived at Hastings, also sitting backward. The smoking car was in an uproar of laughter, as Jim Maurer finished one of his famous hunting stories. Its hero was one little rabbit, who escaped the doughty efforts of a score or more of huntsmen through one long autumn day.

“And that one little rabbit, after all that fuss and confusion, got away from all those men!”

Jim completed the tale with this flourish, just as our long trip came to an end. Long it was, for Hastings lies an entire 12 hours ride from New York. Though a glance at the map would never reveal it. There is a matter of fast trains and slow trains and connections at Altoona and Cresson that is bewildering, even to the most hardened traveler.

Jim had boarded the train at Harrisburg with Patrick McDermott and Joseph Washington, members of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives from that section. They are leading union men—McDermott a thoughtful miner and Joe a good-natured locomotive engineer—both products of a Democratic-Socialist-Labor fusion at the last election. To our surprise, Norman Thomas stepped off the same train, having gotten on at Altoona, en route from Erie.

From various key cities and industries Paul had brought speakers for this week of union re-dedication. He and his committee of miners were there to greet us, to take us to the hotel and thence to the leading moving picture house of Hastings. In front whereof a large sign hung, announcing that the Labor Chautauqua was being held within, with two blue miners, picks over their shoulders, standing guard.

On With the Dance!

Within the Temple of the Cinema a picture was being unreeled, as we entered. That was the first part of the Chautauqua program. Scarcely were we seated when the band, mostly made up of miners, gave us a pleasant surprise by several happy selections. Dancing followed by a corps of little girls under the training of a young lady from Scotland. Her father is an expert in “long wall mining” and that was what had brought her to this little village tucked away behind a hill. The little girls did remarkably well. Singing and novelty acts came in rapid succession—an evening of vaudeville by talent drawn out of the town and neighboring communities. Even the public school system contributed its share to the program in the pleasant and talented person of one of the teachers. The countryside brought in the interesting daughter of one of the leading farm-

ers nearby—a close student of labor unions and unionism.

Two young men from St. Boniface, nearby, miners both, Lukacs by name, attired in white, entertained with bizarre musical selections that a headliner on the vaudeville stage might envy. Getting the national anthem out of a saw, with a violin bow, and other stunts featured their offerings.

Then, with the lights flashed on throughout the house, and quiet everywhere, the educational part of the Chautauqua began. (Or, was it not all all educational? After all, education means the drawing out of ourselves, of those fine things that are within us. Every girl and boy that evening had expressed themselves, in their own way, for the benefit of the community).

Thought, Laughter and Tears

Paul introduced Norman Thomas—he of the prophetic presence—and we were treated to a real treat, on the necessity of speeded-up group thinking. “Catching Up with Ourselves” was Norman’s theme. We saw rise in man’s history, invention after invention, to be socially controlled for the good of all, only after some new giant of the inventive world had come along to enslave us again. Our thinking and acting socially and morally must catch up with our thinking and acting mechanically and inventively. The crowd liked that thought.

Then came Jim Maurer, to move his audience to laughter and tears—with the recital of the fight going on in their own hills, throughout the state, in the legislature at Harrisburg, for human justice. We saw the old man and woman brought to the almshouse, separated from each other, compelled to live in filth and neglect, dying from lonesomeness and grief—because the sovereign state of Pennsylvania cannot give its old folks a pension that will keep them in their homes. “Cannot” is the word. The State Supreme Court has ruled that a pension for the aged workers is “unconstitutional”—though a pension for judges is “sound and constitutional.” Because—my friends, think of the rot of it—“the occupation of judges is so hazardous as to justify a pension.” “You men, who go into the bowels of the earth, crawl on your bellies to dig the coal, face death in a thousand forms each day, you are not doing hazardous work. But the big fat judge, sitting complacently upon the bench, waiting for the hour when he can go home to an early game of golf or some of his Prohibition Scotch, he is doing the hazardous job that deserves a pension!”

Songs From Across the Sea

With the speaking over, songs from out of the heart of old Ireland and old Scotland concluded the evening’s entertainment.

Thus had the week gone on since Monday, beginning with an address by David Saposs of Brookwood, on “Workers’ Education”; continued on Tuesday by Frank Tannenbaum, with a description of the Mexican movement and on Wednesday by Dr. R. W. Hogue of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor Educational Department, and concluding Friday night with an address by myself.

On this last night, we were also treated to a talk by the orator of the class, our friend Percy, a dark, stocky young miner, just awakening to the big job that lies before the miners. His was an appeal for new students and for a widening of the interest in workers education in Hastings.

During the day Paul and I walked through the town. It is virtually two streets running lengthwise through a small valley. The remainder of the town runs irregularly up the hills, just as most mining towns do. But the place has more spots of green and something more inviting about it than in most villages where coal diggers live.

“An old union town,” Paul explained, in answer. Organized conditions had done that.

Keeping Up the Morale

Hastings has had more work than Cambria County or District 2, as a whole. The shadow of gaunt want that may march at any time over the mountain hangs like a cloud over the town. To the South, in the Broad Top, all men are idle, save in one large operation. The local union there is keeping up the rest, with relief funds. To the North, at Phillipsburg, men and women formed in line to receive rations from the District. Twenty thousand men are out of work in District 2; 25,000 in the neighboring District 5.

The operators demand surrender of the Jacksonville wage scale. But in some mines where men have weakened and gone back to 1917, and even 1914, work comes no more regularly than in the rest. “Chaos in the industry” is the real answer. That is why the miners study Coal. They want to solve the answer and put the solution into action. That is why they are hitting the trail, with Paul the Apostle, in the quest for Workers’ Education. It has given them new morale, to face silently and stolidly that heroic struggle with the employers—to hold the fort of unionism until West Virginia can be won!

Kan the Klan "Spell it Klabor"?

The Invisible Empire, Enemy of Industrial Democracy

By URBAN SULLIVAN

NIGHT had already fallen, even though it was the heart of the Summertime. Nine o'clock had come and gone, and still we were speeding toward Youngstown. That steel city was our goal for the night's lodging.

By rare good fortune, we had picked up a "hitch" at Petersburg, just over the Pennsylvania border, after the sun had set. Our automobile-host was in a hurry to get home to a late supper on the outskirts of the bigger town. Tired from a day on the road, we did not mind the haste a bit—and told him so.

Off in the distance, as we raced over the black roads of the countryside, we could see the red glare of the steel mills. There men were working on a 12-hour shift, for it was the year 1923 and the threat of union organization had not yet brought in the beginning of the 8-hour day.

Suddenly on the road ahead of us, we saw a nearer flame. Lights moved here and there on the path before us. At first, we thought it some smaller steel mill, farther from the city. But—"No," volunteered our host, "it is the Klan."

Automobiles, parked on both sides of the roadway for a long distance up and down, soon greeted us. Men in masks and white robes lined a grove, serving as sentinels against the uninitiated outer world. Back of the trees, and above them, a huge cross of fire stood out against the sky.

"Who are these Klansmen, anyway?" I asked him.

Apparently he knew. "Lots from the farms around here," he replied. "Lots from Youngstown and other towns."

"Workers, too?" I continued. "Yes, many workers from Youngstown."

"Invisible Empire" Helps Employers

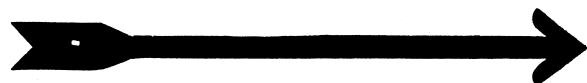
So here we were. We could see the disrupting influence of the "Invisible Empire." It formed a real menace to any permanent organization of the men into unions in the steel works. Men who at night stole from their sleep and their other amusements, in order to demonstrate their hatred or fear of other groups of workers—merely because these latter were "different"—could not effectively join with the "hunkies," "Yids," Romanists" and "radicals" in any united opposition to the employing interests. Like manna from heaven, this distraction had come

to play into the hands of the owners of the mills at the very time when industrial conditions placed the power of organization in the hands of the over-worked steel makers.

The next day we saw the Klan again at work. Along the highway to Ravenna, signs appeared everywhere—on fences, trees and telegraph poles—telling the world, with a pointed arrow, of the coming Klonklave in the approaching city. Everywhere these signs had appeared mysteriously—put up at night, in a way to create distrust, uneasiness and hatred.

"We don't know what devilry may come next," explained a rubber worker to me in Akron a year later. "We are divided into two camps—Klan and

KKK



RAVENNA, OHIO, Aug. 13, 1923

NOTICE OF A KONKLAVE

Plucked from a telegraph pole in the Ohio Realm of the Invisible Empire.

anti-Klan, and the bitterness between us grows every day. You can't blame the rubber companies for smiling at the way things are breaking. Many of us have forgotten all about wages and hours—and blame everything on this religious and racial question."

When I reached Indianapolis some time afterward, the officials of the international unions confirmed this view. The Klan's coming in any locality was a signal for a slowing-up of organization; a cooling off among the men to the "bread and butter" problem and that of wider industrial democracy, and a warming up to a white heat of harsh disputes and divisions on the racial and religious issues. Unionism and Progress came to a halt. Things began immediately to go from bad to worse. In Florida the Klan set the wage scale for certain types of workers, and forbade thme to ask for more.

Blood—Over Skin and Theology

It was little wonder that only a few months should see blood flow in American streets—in Herrin in the heart of the Illinois mining country, in Niles, Ohio, in Lilly, mining town of Pennsylvania—between men who should be standing together as brothers in an effort for their own common good. No longer did men lose their lives for the union cause. Workers fought each other and killed each other over the vague difference of skin and theology.

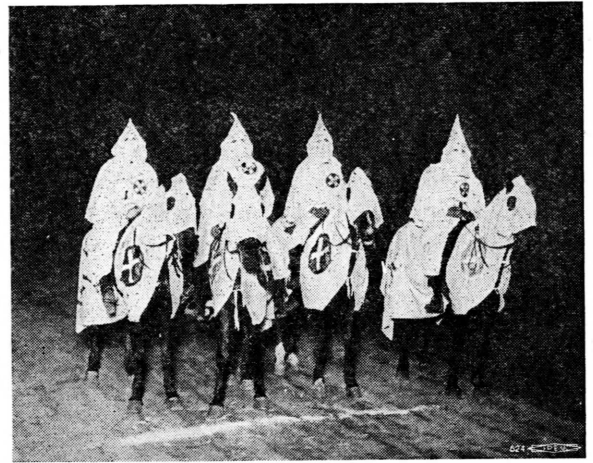
Based on the same bigotry and intolerance that Lincoln had condemned in the Know Nothing movement, the Klan opened a door of opportunity for every cheap fakir and professional organizer that happened to need the money. Whatever the local prejudice might be, it was played upon to get the boys to join. With the same plan and purpose that led to the formation of the powerful lobby in Washington, for the capture of the national government, the Klan encouraged a fight in every local union for the control of the union by the Klan brethren. In Southern New Jersey—hotbed of the Kleagles and Klaverns—even the building trades were split asunder by the line-up that resulted. That was one example. It went on everywhere and still goes on. Labor was to cease being the fighting force for the benefit of the workers that it had been, and was to become an annex of the Invisible Empire—a sort of “Klabor Department.”

Aiding the employers as these disruptive tactics did, it was only a short stretch of the imagination that led the Klan to become an active anti-labor group. That was what took place at Herrin. Glenn Young, the “religious policeman” imported by the Klan to make Herrin “moral,” it now appears was a scab in the Lester mine in 1922, employed for the job by the Hargrave Detective Agency. So Former Prosecuting Attorney Delos Duty of Williamson County charged only a few weeks ago. Other testimony shows that Young boasted of being a mine guard at the Lester mine during the battle that took place there three years ago and made Herrin a nationally known town.

A Letter From Ora Thomas

Ora Thomas, the Klan opponent, killed in the duel with Young last year, which took the lives of both, was an active union man. He fought the Klan largely because of its anti-union policy. A member of the United Mine Workers since he was sixteen years of age, it was he who had led the battle for the union men in 1922 against the scabs and the gunmen. In Western Pennsylvania, from whence he had

originally come, he was well thought of by all who knew him, except the Kluxer element and the union baiters. He was a dead shot and therefore feared by the “Open Shoppers” and their gunmen.



Spreaders of Dissension, carrying their Message of “Imperial” Hate.

Nothing reveals the character of Thomas, or the issues involved in Herrin in the Klan and anti-Klan fight, better than the letter he wrote to Philip Wagonman, a union cigar maker and former vice-president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor on January 15th of last year.

“I, too, have been a trade unionist all my life and have taken some very active parts,” he wrote. “From what I can learn of the Ku Klux Klan, they are an anti-union organization, but class themselves 100% Americans, yet they are against all foreigners and all Catholics.”

Then he added: “In regards to the affair in Williamson County, their raids, as they first started them, raiding for liquor alone, were not resented by any one or in any way, but after they went to robbing, beating up men, women and children, for no other cause than that they were foreigners or opposed to the Klan, we think now it is time to call a halt to such lawless acts. Williamson County is quiet and peaceful and will remain so as long as the law is enforced by any constituted authority.”

Back of the wars in Herrin lies the acute unemployment. Men all through the county are out of work. Mines are closed down, as in other sections of the soft coal industry. Unrest and uneasiness prevail; the Klan agitation serves to increase the ferment among the coal diggers. It is a vicious circle in which unionism finds no profit. Both things must be killed: The out-of-work evil and the Kluxer dis-

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turbances. It is up to the union miners of Williamson to do something of both jobs themselves.

In the Black Streets of Lilly

One day, in my wanderings through central Pennsylvania, I came upon the forlorn little town of Lilly—black, irregular, with its main street in an ugly ravine, torn up at that time by a raging flood. Miners live there, in none too pleasant surroundings, facing death and danger every working day that the rest of America may have industrial coal. Into that town, inhabited largely by the Irish, murder and rioting had walked in the persons of several carloads of Klansmen one Sunday not so long ago. A battle took place that occupied the front page of the newspapers for a number of days. Blood of workingmen spotted the black streets of Lilly. Killed in part by other workingmen.

Over in Portage, a few miles away, I ran into our friend Dave Cowan, interrupting his meal to settle a Klan-anti-Klan dispute over a young man worker in the local mine. "Have you much of this sort of thing?" I asked him. "Quite a bit," he told me.

With that constant friction and warfare at work within the union ranks, it is not surprising that the United Mine Workers two years ago ruled that any miner joining the Klan thereby forfeited his union membership. It was a move that self-preservation of the union organization required.

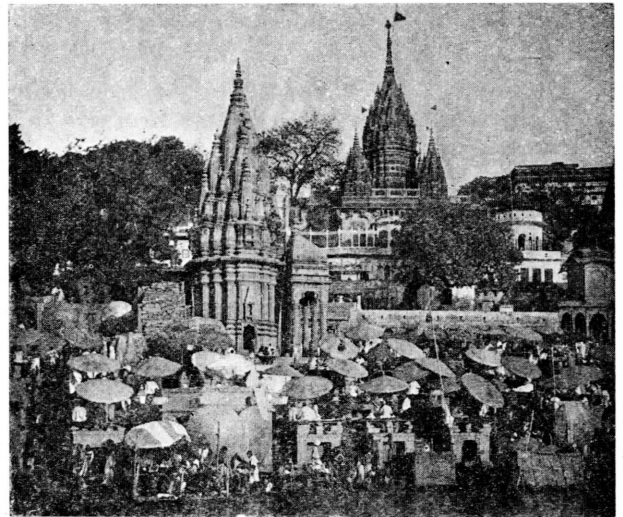
The American Federation of Labor followed suit in its Portland convention. At this convention, that established "Industrial Democracy" as the goal of American Labor, the Klan was officially condemned as a menace to Organized Labor. The two acts were consistent, the "Invisible Empire" being the enemy of Industrial Democracy, or democracy of any kind.

During the late national political campaign, something of that fact got across to anyone observing the situation. The Klan practically everywhere supported the reactionaries, backing Calvin Coolidge for the Presidency and opposing in particular the candidates supported by the American Federation of Labor. Imperial Wizard Evans issued a manifesto attacking "Bob" La Follette and everywhere the Klan organizations and their allies took the cue. Government ownership was their particular bogey.

The H-H-H Alliance

In the hard coal regions the union men have laughed the Klan pretty much out of any serious

CASTE RULED



To transport India's curse of caste rule to our shores has been the aim of the White-Gentile-Protestant-Nordic Ku Klux Klan. Benares on the Ganges looms here before you—a fair city oppressed for centuries with the weight of caste distinctions. Organized Labor is fighting this anti-democratic thing of evil in this country. Self-preservation demands such a contest, for William Allen White rightly says that the Klan is one of Labor's worst enemies.

role. At a town in District 7, the Kluxers sought to plant the fiery cross of the "Invisible Empire" on the surrounding hills. They soon got their answer. A H-H-H organization was formed: Harp-Hebrew-Hunkie Alliance, as it called itself.

On one fair day, not so long ago, the H-H-H band made a public demonstration, to advise the Kluxers of their strength in numbers and in purpose. Twenty-eight hundred men marched in serried ranks behind an American flag. That ended the cross burnings and K. K. K. stunts in that section of Pennsylvania.

Summed up: American unionism stands for unity of the American working class, for a united effort against their employers, for better working conditions and wages and for final Industrial Democracy. The Ku Klux Klan stands for division of the workers, into the elect and the damned; into the Protestant, White, Gentile world and the Catholic, Negro, Hebrew world. The only agency that can profit by such division are the Employing Interests. The only ones injured are the sorely-pressed workers themselves.

Perishing By the Sword

By A. GOGETTER

FROM him who hath shall be taken away even that which he hath," so sayeth the Book.

Years ago I used to wonder how this job was done. I was curious as to just what mathematical hokus pokus was used in subtracting 4 from 0. How it was possible to take anything away from "him who hath not." My wondering ceased when I saw workers, who were penniless, being robbed.

I suppose that in Biblical language such a thing would be called a parable, a paradox, or some such mysterious thing, but in actual life it is known as a "gyp game." Another old saying, not quite so old, is to the effect that there is a sucker born every minute, and a more modern addition has it that two "wise guys" start fishing every half minute. The result is that today, America is the home of hokum and the haven of the gyp artist.

The gold brick, green goods and Spanish prisoner games having been worn from excessive workings, the gypper has turned his talents to new fields. None of these various fields have paid so well, or attracted so many of the great Brotherhood of Bunkologists as has the "selling game." Selling the seller has become one of our great industries which has devoted to its mumbo jumbo at least half the want ad pages of our great daily newspapers, plenty of space in the popular periodicals, and a half dozen or more magazines for salesmen. The evening High Schools, Y. M. C. A.'s, correspondence schools, and business colleges all have in their curriculum some course in "Scientific Salesmanship," "Selling Psychology," or "Practical Peddling." So loud and continuous has this horn been tooted that the average American has been "sold" on the idea of "success from selling."

Millions of factory and office workers, filled to the saturation point with "Old Bunkalorum" about selling, are anxiously looking forward to the time when they can leave the bench behind and get into the great selling game with both feet. Many of these dupes, have, by their reading of the dope on scientific salesmanship, worked themselves up to a high pitch of devotional fervor. They see themselves as the coming Messiahs, who will lead mankind into that great and happy era of "Service."

But the great majority who look with longing upon the "selling game," see in it only the great

chance to get away from work, and into the field of easy money. When this type of fellow gets hooked by the expert gyp artists, who infest the sales game, he is entitled to no sympathy or pity, and generally gets neither. Such fellows go into the selling game with the idea of cleaning up "big money" with the least possible amount of work or honesty. They know that the selling game is a "gyp game," and go into it thinking that they are to become "gyppers." What they don't know is that the old days of unloading "phoney" goods on to the simple and unsuspecting buyer, are gone forever. That the art of "gypping" the buyer has been passed up for the better paying and more easily worked art of "gypping" the salesman. So when the apprentice "gypper" feels the harpoon in his hide, he is merely getting a practical dose of that poetic justice which is summed up in the saying that "he who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword."

Catching the Poor Fish

It is a different story, however, with the "poor fish" who is inveigled into the sales game while out of work. Who gets into the game looking for an honest chance to earn a living by sales WORK. The frequent and protracted periods of unemployment which we seem to be cursed with, force a constantly increasing number of such "suckers" into the hoppers of the gyp selling games.

Every worker has seen and read the flamboyant ads, found in the great popular magazines, which tell of the big money that can be made easily by selling the "Little Wonder Household Tool," which removes the warts from pickles with one single operation. Whole page ads tell the story of "Jim Jones" who quit his job pushing freight for the meager wage of the railroad company, to get into the highly paid business of supplying the crying needs of his neighbors for fire extinguishers. A picture of "Jim" is shown in the ad, all dressed up in his tailor-made suit, resting his hand affectionately on the fender of his brand new Packard Eight, which he has just bought with last weeks commissions on his sales of "Phyre Phytters." There is generally a letter from the hero in the ad. The letter tells how the hero quit his job to enter the selling game without education, previous selling experience, or much hope for success,

LABOR AGE

but that after reading the full and complete instructions sent with the sales outfit, he went right out and made \$14.00 in commissions the very first day.

Other ads sound the warning, in forty-eight point type, that success will never come to one who works for wages. That taking orders for "Absordo," the newly patented combination raincoat and bathing suit offers a quick sure fire way out of the rut. To further prove it, the ad says, "H. C. made \$71.60 the first week, W. P. earned \$14.85 within two hours after the sample outfit arrived." "Our three best producers, men who never earn less than \$100.00 a week, never sold anything until they started with "Absorbo." Surely this must be so, for a magazine like the Cosmo-American Evening Post wouldn't accept the ad if it did not come up to their high standard of honesty.

Perhaps, while the job at the factory holds out, the worker resists that impulse, and never goes any further than sending in the coupon for the free sales plans and literature. But he is more than half 'sold' on the idea of getting into the "sales game" where the "big money" awaits. When the factory shuts down and the embryo salesman finds himself pounding the pavements looking for another job, then the old longings reassert themselves. A glance at the want ads in the "Bigtown Evening News" demonstrates that old lady Opportunity is still hammering at his door.

SALESMEN: A real opportunity to enter one of the best paying selling fields in America is offered to honest reliable workers. This offer comes from the largest and best known manufacturer in this field, a concern that is rated AAAA.

Due to vacancies in our selling force caused by promoting a number of men from the ranks into executive positions, we offer unusual opportunities for those who reply to this ad.

We are interested only in men of the aggressive type who can grow with us; as all executive positions are filled with men who make good in the sales department. Previous selling experience is not absolutely necessary, as all new men are given two weeks instructions under experienced sales managers who accompany them in the field.

If you are looking for a connection with a house where every promise is fulfilled, and are satisfied to earn \$75.00 a week at the start, ask for

MR. BUNKERINO, *Director of Personnel*
ROOM 7136, BLAH-BLAH BUILDING
ANY TIME BETWEEN
10 A.M. and 2:30 P.M.

"The Bigtown Evening News" is a leader in the "Truth in Advertising Club," and in every edition it prints an offer of a hundred dollars reward for the arrest and conviction of any one using its advertising columns for a fraudulent purpose. Surely such a high minded journal would not lend the use of its want ads to an advertiser who was out to gyp the unwary worker. So our unemployed worker brushes up the old suit, shaves, shines his worn shoes, and appears at Room 7136, Blah-Blah Bldg., promptly at 10 A. M.

In neat gold-leaf letters on the door of Room 7133

one is informed that this is the office of the "Universe and Cosmos Electrical Appliance Corp." Opening the door one finds oneself in a large room filled with collapsible chairs, it looks somewhat like a small meeting room at Labor Headquarters. At one end of the room is hung a large blackboard, in front of which is one or more small desks. This is what is called a "Mill." It is the recruiting station for a firm using a crew of so-called specialty salesmen. Many of these "Mills" operate year around and draw into themselves those who reply to a string of high-pressure ads that are strewn through all the want ad columns of the local papers. A "Mill" is in charge of a man known as a "Miller," who is a good man at "selling" the applicants on the job offered. This "Miller" must be a bunk artist of the highest order, and able to induce a fair percentage of all who call in answer to the ads, to give at least a day or two's trial to the selling proposition offered. The "Miller" is generally given some such high sounding title as Director of Personnel, District Sales Manager, or Employment Manager.

The "Miller" and His Blackboard

When twenty or thirty applicants have assembled, the "Miller" starts his stuff. With the aid of the blackboard and charts he proceeds to tell the job hungry workers what a large and growing concern it is that wants them to start selling its product. The blackboard comes in strong when the commission system of payment is explained. A few passes with a piece of chalk and one sees the commissions mounting up to figures of a hundred dollars a week and better for the mere selling of an average of slightly more than one vacuum cleaner a day. The cleaners are awfully easy to sell, the "Miller" explains, just a matter of making the calls and explaining the easy payment plan arranged through the local electric light company.

Upon taking the job one is assigned to a crew which works in a certain neighborhood. The crew manager makes a few first calls with the novice to teach him the patter and soon leaves him with a pocketful of literature to make his calls alone. If lucky the beginner may get a "demonstration" the first day out, which is said by the crew manager to be highly encouraging, or he may accidentally run into some one who will buy a cleaner, "cold turkey." In this case the salesman has earned himself a commission of eight or ten dollars, payable partly on the following Saturday and the balance as the payments are met by the customer. Generally he is told the whole sum is his earnings and led to believe that he

will get it Saturday. This is to keep him encouraged and make him stay on the job till Saturday. When pay day arrives he learns that sales made on the payment plan often fall down before the entire sum has been received by the company, and that to protect themselves the firm has to hold back a share of the commission until the last payment has been made. This stuff is fed to the salesman in a very smooth manner, and he is made to look upon the system as an advantage to him.

As a general rule, however, the unskilled salesman will find sales few and far between. At the end of a days' calls he will have gained some experience and that is all. The company, however, has had a man call on a hundred possible customers and explain something about their cleaner. Each one of those possible customers has been given some literature telling of the advantages of the cleaner, and all of the literature has the address and telephone number of the company on it with instructions to write or phone for a free demonstration. Many later sales are made as a result of this breaking in work. To have hired a man to do this work would have cost the company three or four dollars a day, but the embryo salesman has not been paid a cent for doing it.

At three-thirty or four o'clock the crew stops working and heads for the crew office. Here they are given a "pep talk" by the crew manager, or some one else from other departments of the organization. "Stick at it, never say quit, the law of averages is with you, other men in the organization are earning big money, you can do it too." This is the gist of the "pep talks." The crew manager winds it up by telling about the early bird and telling every one to be on hand early in the morning.

In most organizations they have a leader in each crew, some personal friend of the crew manager, who is given a few of the leads that come in as a result of the general advertising done by the crew. Nothing is said to any one else about these "leads" which are given him, and each evening he and the crew manager noisily go over his record for the day. As people who ask for a demonstration are generally sold before a salesman calls, these sales are easily "knocked off," and the leader is able to tell of two or three sales made each day. The fact that he is splitting the commissions on these sales with the crew manager in return for getting the leads, is never mentioned when his big earnings are told to the suckers.

If the sucker is simple and the system is good, the

FROM THE "ARCHIVES" OF A DETECTIVE AGENCY

A "Keyhole Man" Applies for a Job

DETECTIVE agencies get most of their tools through advertisements in the daily papers. (How appropriate, say you.)

Here we present one sample, from the "archives" of a Pennsylvania agency, specializing in the metal trades. The original is in our possession and the spelling is Mr. Bean's.

"Dear Sirs:

"In reference to your advisement for machinist carrying union card to make special investigations. Will state I am a first class all around machinist with 20 years experience at all branches of the business. I have done special work like you require I believe with the Pinkerton Detective Agency for 2 years. Making investigations and sending in reports daily. Now if you care to have an interview with me kindly drop a line to William A. Bean, 233 So. Ithan St., West Phila. Also state salary and if you pay expenses when out of town such as railroad fare board ect. as I recieved all that when doing such work before. I am at present employed as a machinist. I also understand repair work on engines, pumps, condensers, winches, ect. as I was an outside foreman on that line of work. Yours,

"(Signed) WILLIAM A. BEAN."

sucker will stick on the job for five or six days. Two or three days is the average. But every day the worker stays is that much free advertising work the company has gained, and the ads keep appearing in the paper each day to pull in new workers who are looking for the great chance to beat the game. Thousands of workers are thus being robbed of two, three or four days work by just this one scheme, and the selling game has a hundred schemes for getting that labor "which he hath, from him who hath not" any other job.

WANTED

LABOR AGE offers an opportunity for several aggressive subscription solicitors, which will prove really worth while to the right people. If you are the type of man we want, write us about yourself and get our proposition.

Circulation Department—LABOR AGE
Federation of Labor Building
430 North Street Harrisburg, Penn.

Confessions of a Labor Spy

TO LABOR SPIES

Concerning Anonymous Correspondence Received

FOR over a year the Managing Editor of LABOR AGE has received anonymous letters, at long intervals, from persons giving information in regard to labor spies. These letters, carefully typewritten, some mailed in New York and some in Philadelphia, purport to come from some one who has been a labor spy and wants to tell the story on others.

We cannot, of course, print anonymous correspondence of this character; nor, is it on the other hand, of any use to us unless we know from whom it comes and how we can put the information into operation.

We have received much data on labor spies and spying—a thing and things that Labor must root out—but we are willing to get more. We cannot use it if it comes anonymously—though we may be prepared to publish it without indicating from whom it comes.

LOUIS F. BUDENZ,
Managing Editor.

CHAPTER II.

THE "SUPER" TALKS ON "SERVICE"

INSIDE the private office I was greeted by a very pleasant appearing gentleman, who introduced himself as Mr. Coach, Superintendent of the Michigan Division of the Corporation Auxiliary.

"Sit down, Edward, and tell me all about yourself," he invited, "I want to know something about your life, your experience, your ability, and your general reliability. Our firm is very particular concerning the men we employ, the jobs we have to offer are exceptionally good ones and we only want good men for them."

It did not take me long to tell him all there was to know about myself, and I knew while I was telling my story that I was making a hit. A few years later I was to learn that the part of my story about the sick wife at home and the many debts was the part that made the real hit for me. Men who need money badly are the kind most wanted for recruits in the business I was about to enter. They're safer.

After I had told my story, and had answered a few questions concerning my past life, which answers

were written down on a card by Mr. Coach, he began telling his his story.

"This firm, the Corporation Auxiliary," began Mr. Coach, "is a very large concern. We have our offices in nearly all of the large cities, and do a large volume of business for which we employ a great number of men. We employ mechanics of all kinds and make a policy of advancing men from the ranks as soon as they show ability. As our business is growing very rapidly there is before every man in our organization the immediate prospect of quick advancement to key positions where the salary is very satisfactory.

"I tell you this now so that you may know at the very beginning of any possible connection with us that you are not being employed merely to fill the position at which you may start, but that you are being made a part of a rapidly expanding business, and we will expect you to expand with the rest of the organization. You will receive at the very start, a salary which would be considered exceptionally good by the average worker, but with us salary is a secondary consideration; we pay big salaries because we want big men. With us men are paid not only for what they do, but also for what they know. Not only for the work that is done by their hands, but for the ideas that come out of their heads, and we would prefer to pay a man a hundred dollars a week for his intellectual capabilities than to merely have him on the pay-roll at forty or fifty dollars a week as a muscular worker.

"What do you think of that kind of a firm, Edward? Do you think that you would like to become a part of such an organization, where a real future is before you?"

Upon being assured that I would like nothing better than to become a part of such a good paying organization, and that I would bend every possible effort to make good if but given a chance, Mr. Coach cleared his throat, relighted his cigar and continued.

"While we hire skilled mechanics of almost every possible kind, we do not produce anything in the way of merchandise. That statement may strike you as peculiar. You may wonder why we want you, a machinist, to go to work for us, when I tell you at the very start that we do not manufacture anything. I am going to explain that to you, and I want you to pay strict attention to every word of that explanation, because later on I am going to ask you to write down your understanding of what I tell you. That is one of the tests we put every applicant through as a condition of being employed. We sell a service. That is all. But I want you to get an idea of that

word "service" firmly fixed in your mind. I want "service" to be the one big idea in your mind. I want you to think of "service," dream of "service," live "service." Because with us "service" is the only thing that counts, and upon your ability to render "service" your future success is going to depend.

"Service" today is the biggest word in the English language. We are just entering upon an era of 'service.' Success today comes in proportion to the 'service' one gives, and failure from the lack of 'service.' This concern has grown from a small beginning to its present tremendous size and success because it has rendered a 'service,' better, quicker and cheaper than any one else could render it. You are going to become a part of that 'service' which we give our clients, and upon the reliability and volume of the 'service' you give is going to depend not only your own success but ours also.

"To try explaining our service to you fully would be a big job. Much too big a job for me to attempt at this time. I am, however, going to tell you the chief points about it, and am going to give you a booklet, before you leave, which I want you to read and study so that you may more fully understand what our service is, and the necessity for it.

"You have perhaps noticed, in your experience as a factory worker here in Detroit, that with the growth of modern factories the owners of the plants and the workers in them seem to drift further and further apart as the size of the factory increases. Years ago, and even today in the very small shop, the owner of the shop and the workers in the shop were very well acquainted with each other. The owner knew each worker by his first name, knew each worker's hopes and ambitions, knew something about his family life, and as far as possible tried to help each worker on in life. The workers in those shops knew almost as much about the business as did the owner. They knew about what the manufacturing cost was of their product, and what it sold for. They knew when the shop was making money and when it was not. They probably knew something about the owner's troubles with his bankers, his bad debts and his general business worries. The chances are that they, too, called the owner by his first name, gossiped with him about their mutual family affairs and discussed business conditions together.

"Those were, indeed, happy days for industry. For while industry was small in size it was large in mutual understanding and good will. There was no talk of a class struggle, or any of that sort of thing, because both sides understood each other and were manifestly anxious to help each other.

"But with the natural growth of industry those beneficial things tended to disappear or were buried in the very massiveness of the industry. Today the owners of a large plant may live hundreds of miles

from the factory, may never even see the workers in it, and know nothing about the individual problems of those workers. The workers only come in contact with a foreman, a department manager, or at best a superintendent, who are also only workers in the plant, and that very desirable personal contact is lost. The owners knowing nothing about the workers and their problems begin to look upon the workers as parts of the productive machinery of the plant, and the workers knowing absolutely nothing of the many trials and problems which the owners have, soon grow into the habit of looking upon the owners as mere profit takers, who do nothing toward the production of the finished commodity.

"Such a condition in an industry is a breeder of industrial unrest, and an industry which is torn with unrest is neither profitable to the owners or to the workers. That is where our 'service' comes in. We bring into an industry a service which supplies the necessary missing link of understanding between the owners and the workers. Do you see how important such a service is?

"We seek by our service to help the workers by giving them some understanding of the many problems the owners have to meet each day, and our service gives the owners an understanding of the problems that the workers are up against. We, at all times, try to show both sides that their common success must be a common success, not a one-sided success, and that the first consideration must always be the success of the business, as without a successful business there can be neither good wages and working conditions, nor profits.

"In giving this service we maintain an absolute neutrality toward both sides and center our service on what we call the third party, which is the industry itself. Everything we do is for the well being of this third party, the industry, for as it succeeds so will both the owner and the worker succeed, and by keeping constantly in mind our prime interest in the industry we are kept fair and impartial in our dealings with both the owners and the workers.

"Of course for rendering this service we are paid out of the owner's share of the proceeds, the profits. That is for a good many reasons, first it is easier to be paid that way as we can deal with a smaller number of men, and then, because it would often be impossible to get all of the workers in any plant to agree upon paying a part of their wages for our service. Then, we consider it a lot fairer that our charges should be met from the profits than from the wages of the workers, as the profits are more a part of the industry itself, for whom we are really working.

"Now as to the way we give our service. We have tried a good many ways in the several years that we have been doing this work. We have selected certain

LABOR AGE

plants and put a method into operation in that plant which we thought a good one for the particular conditions we had to meet; then we have tried another method in another plant and compared results at the end of a certain period. We have tried almost every idea that has ever been thought of, and are still trying new ones as they present themselves and conditions call for them. But out of all these experiments and tests we have worked out one plan which we now use almost exclusively because it has proved the best.

"In all of our many plans we learned that it was almost an impossibility to get the full co-operation of the workers when they know what we are trying to do. It is utterly impossible to find a large group of workers who will all try to understand what we are trying to do, and help us do it. Some seek to take personal advantage of our work, others try, out of pure cussedness, to prevent our work from being a success, because they cannot see an immediate advantage to themselves. When the workers know that we are working in a plant trying to help them to better conditions there are always found selfish workers who try to take advantage of us. They do this with so many really smooth schemes that a large part of our work is wasted in just investigating things which prove useless. Many workers are found who cannot see that our being paid from the profits of an industry is an entirely different thing from being paid by the owners. They think that because the owners have always taken all the profits that our taking a share is the same as if we were being paid by the owners directly. They fail to see that our fees are no different than their salaries, in that they come from the industry and if they were not taken would become profits, just as the pay-roll would, if all the workers should decide not to draw their salaries for a given week.

"To avoid these difficulties we do our work almost in secret. Not only do we not let the workers know that we are working in a certain factory, but in most cases, the foremen, managers, and superintendents do not know that we are working in a factory. Often even the stockholders do not know about our work, as we reach our agreement with the Board of Directors or a Committee from it.

"I am telling you about this side of our service at considerable length because I want to impress upon you the absolute necessity for secrecy in your work for us. It is the one thing which we insist upon most strictly. When you go to work for us in a plant, no one is to ever know that you are working for us, as our entire success in that plant may be destroyed by a knowledge of what you are doing. We don't want you to tell your best friend, your wife, or even if you should learn that another of our men happened to be working in the same plant with you, you

are not to talk to him of your work for us, or tell anything about your business. Your only discussion of this business will be done through a daily report which you are to mail to this office.

"The first work which is assigned a man in our service, is what is known as 'operative work.' You will begin as an operative and will be given a number, or code letter which you will use in signing your daily reports and in all of your dealings with us. Even on our books you will only be known by an operative number, your real name will only be known by me.

"As an operative your duties will be merely that of observer and reporter. You will be assigned to a certain plant in which we are working and you are to make daily reports to this office of all the things seen or heard by you during the day in your association with the other workers there. To the other



Underwood and Underwood

I. P. E. U., 546

STRIKE!

It is at times like these, when men go on strike and excitement runs high, that the Labor Spy gets in his worst blows.

workers you are to be merely one of them, and not let it be known that you are reporting anything concerning them or the work. The first thing we are interested in is the attitude of the workers around you concerning the job, the wages and the working conditions. This information you will get freely, as they will not know you as a service worker, and thus be tempted to color their talks with you as they would do if they knew that it was to be reported here.

"If you see anything happen in the shop which in your opinion is not for the good of the industry, we want to know about it. Such things as abuse or lack of attention from a foreman or department manager. Poor ways of handling work, or better methods of doing work. If you learn of workers who have jobs that are too poorly paid or too highly paid, we want to know about it in order that we may make proper adjustments for the betterment of everybody.

"In your dealings with your fellow workers, we want you to always think first of being of service to the industry. If you hear workers complaining about the work or wages try to show them by your talk and example that such things are best corrected by displaying the proper spirit of co-operation with the owners, and that nothing is to be gained by constant complaining. Advise such workers to take up their complaints with the foreman instead of sulking and thus spreading dissatisfaction. Try to be a peacemaker, but don't give the impression that you are always taking the side of the owners, that you are what the workers call a "Company man." This is going to require tact, and you had better start at it slowly and carefully, as one mistake might ruin your usefulness to us in that plant. Unless you are sure you know how to take care of a situation leave it alone, and ask for advice in your next report. I read over every one of your reports and will be glad to help you out with return letters telling you what to do.

"If you see or learn of anyone who is destroying work, doing poor work, or stealing materials, tell about it in your reports. We don't want you to develop into a tattle tale or anything like that, but we want to know as much as possible about what is going on in your department. Millions of dollars worth of material are stolen every year by workers, and it is a drain on any industry to allow such practices to go on. The millions of dollars that are thus wasted might be applied to paying higher wages if left in the industry. So when you report a thief of that sort you are doing something that will in the long run help the workers, because it will help the industry. Nothing is ever done with cases of that kind which is apt to reflect on you, generally all that is done is to remove the opportunity for further theft.

"In almost every large group of workers you will find certain individuals who are disgruntled and who spread industrial unrest. Men who are chronic complainers, who are continually talking about the hard lot of the workers, and the soft easy life of the owner. Such men are harmful to our ends and we want to know who they are, and how they do their mischief. Oft times by giving such a man a raise, or another job which he likes better, he is turned into a well satisfied worker and becomes a good influence in place of a bad example. Sometimes, too, it is absolutely necessary that such a man's contaminating influence be entirely removed from a factory for the sake of the peace of mind and well being of the other workers. We will always deal fairly with such cases and will follow any suggestions you might make in your report, when practical.

"Now a word about unions. You tell me that you are a member of the Machinists Union, and I am

pleased to learn it, as you should prove a more valuable operative because of such membership. I want you to get our ideas about unions. We are not opposed to unions nor on the other hand do we go out of our way to encourage them. When we find a union in a plant where we are asked to give our industrial service, we merely extend to that union the same careful watching and scientific investigation which we apply to the plant. Our experience is that while the principle of unionism may be allright in theory, most unions are bad for industry in practice, because the leaders of the unions are not of the constructive type. Where our operatives find it necessary to follow their investigations from the plant into the union, we have them carry with them into the union the same helpful and constructive service which they render in the plant. Our methods are never destructive, we find our ends are met better by trying to control the union than by attempts to destroy it. When we find the wrong kind of leaders in a union, we try, by our good influences, to change the leadership, in many cases furnishing the necessary leaders from our own organizations of skilled operatives. In furnishing your services to a union you shall exercise all of the same regard for secrecy that you employ at the shop, remembering that your usefulness to the industry will end at the moment it is generally known that you are a service worker.

"Now I have given you all the time I can afford out of this day's business. I have tried to explain to you the nature of our service, the necessity for it, and our methods of operation. I know that I have been unable to make you fully understand these things, but I have given you a general idea, which is all that you will need at the start. Here is a book which explains in detail, all about our service and the methods to be used in your work. I want you to take it home with you and study it. After you have read the book I want you to return it to this office. Here is an addressed envelope for you to use in mailing it, don't come to this office personally at any time unless you receive orders from me to do so. Our dealings from now on will be done through the mails. Return this book with your first report. I want you to write up a report on your activities for today, telling me in your own way what you have learned about our service and your part in it as an operative. This report will be in effect your final application for employment. If you demonstrate your fitness for employment, I shall mail you your operative number and assign you to a factory where you will be employed. Upon being employed by us you will receive twenty-five dollars a week, which is in addition to any wages you may get from the factory where you are working."

(What bunk Coach's "Service" talk contained is revealed in the next chapter)

Are You a Mediterranean?

The Goblins'll Get You 'Ef You Don't Watch Out

By BILL BROWN, BOOMER



SAY, friends: Money often covers a multitude of downright, ornery dumbness. Just get next to a million or two—"legally" of course—and everybody gives you credit for being Aristotle, Galen and all the other wise men of Dr. Eliot's five-foot list rolled into one.

If you're Leopold and Loeb and murder a boy, shoving him in a gas pipe to make the death easier, you understand, you are "psychologically affected" and don't have to hang. But if you're a workingman or a workingman's son, and steal a loaf of bread—you become a "bandit" immediately, "a menace to society"—for which 15 years, by actual count, is the least that can be expected. Of course, that is all right and proper, you understand. No kick coming at all; for it's not the workers that have got the "law" and the "government" and the "courts" in their pockets. The Moneybags are the boys on top, and we let them stay there, considering that God in His infinite wisdom decided that that was the way it ought to be.

Which here remarks are occasioned by my being in the city of Chicago—of the Big Fire and the Big Wind and a lot of other big things, including Big Money and Big Mouth Dawes. That fellow Napoleon never got out of Waterloo, Belgium, to Paris, France, quicker than I boomed it from Waterloo, Iowa to Paris, Illinois. Then I kept on coming, right here to this Big City.

Now, this whole country around here—all through Illinois and down Indiana-way, too—is all full of "Sh-Sh" boys. You meet a fellow on the street, and you go to express an opinion—which God knows, no worker in America in this year 1925 ought to do—and a mysterious something comes over the face of the guy you are talking to, and he tip-toes around and acts silly-like and makes signs at you till you feel dizzy. It's "Sh-Sh" this and "Sh-Sh" that.

You don't know what to make of it at first; but after a while you get sort of used to it, just like you get to the bill collector. And then, after another while, you find out what's it all about. They're simply waiting and waiting to find out what you are. You may be an "Alpine," you know—and that's pretty bad. Or, you may be a "Mediterranean" and that—well, that's about the same as being one of the damned-ahead-of-time in Mr. John Calvin's religion. There's simply no hope for you, brother, under those there conditions. If you believe these boys, you might just as well shuffle off this mortal coil, and start right over again. Maybe the next time, you'll become a half-and half "Nordic" anyway.

A "Nordic" is a real Bird of Paradise. He's born without any of that there original sin that the preachers talk so much about. He's the salt of the earth—and the sugar, tea and spices, too. He's the boy that the Lord God of the Pilgrim Fathers decided way back in eternity's beginning, should be the ruler of this here land. He's got a special mission to stop everybody but himself from being happy. He's a sort of religious policeman, who decides to beat up the guilty—always in the dark, of course, and in a park—and show him the evil of his ways in not having been born a "Nordic," with a white skin and a Bible in his hands when he came into the world.

So, I thought I better check up right quick and find out just what these different sorts of saints and sinners really were and what the whole fuss was about. So, I asked one of the boys—and he handed me a book that tells you the whole business. It's a little mixed up at that. The "Nordics" come from Northern European countries and are white and Protestant and Gentile. The "Alpines" come from Central Europe and are not much good. The "Mediterraneans" are Italians, some of the French, Irish and such like—"inferior, you know, very inferior."

That got to puzzling me. For, those "Nordics" in the Southern cotton mills don't seem to be blessed so damned well by the Pilgrim Fathers' God. They don't seem to make near the splash that the "Mediterranean" workers do in a lot of places—not to mention the Sons of Israel, who these "Nordics" have got down the ladder about as low as the no-good

Slightly Confusing

DIVINE Providence has been blamed for many sad miscarriages of Nature, or misworkings of social systems.

Kings in the old days, slave owners before and after them, and captains of industry and bankers today, find God a convenient football for all their sins, omissions and shady deeds.

The eminent *WORLD'S WORK*, journal of the Employing Interests masquerading as a source of information, has discovered another curse with which to damn the Divinity. It is what the sobbing editor of that monthly terms "public ownership of our Industrial Democracy." Those are some brave words, brother. But what do you think they mean? You have known of men who have been called "Bolsheviks" for using that identical language. Ah! but there is a catch somewhere.

By this fine phrase the employers' journal does not mean ownership of industry by the Commonwealth, with the workers in control. It means that effort to head off such a fate, involved in the wide sale of stock, by force or otherwise, to the "public" and the workers. Armour and Company's recent decision to "hornswoggle" the public thusly is the cause of the utterance. Of course, you and I may be dumb—but we must confess it is very amusing. Go into Armour's—let us say now you own a share of stock—and start to run the industry or even dictate to your "servants," the management. What would occur? You would be thrown out on your ear. Your money is being used, but the Big Boys control the 51 per cent that makes the decisions. You no more own anything in that corporation than if you had no

money in it. You have merely loaned your money to the Big Boys to tie you up and in order that they may gamble with it.

Then, sayeth the disguised employers' journal, with glycerine tears in the worthy editor's eyes: "Neither government action nor the ingenuity of business planned this or controlled it; it came under the direction of a Divine Providence and its economic laws."

We know that John D. Rockefeller, Jr. receives a private message from God every morning before breakfast, but we were not aware that all the roués of the Present System were thus honored. Meat and ham must fall upon Armour's like manna did in the old days in the desert. Which may account for the starvation of the American cattle grower.

To call this thing "democracy" is as great a humbug as to term it "public ownership." No democracy will exist until the workers control industry. No "public ownership," until 100 per cent ownership has passed from the hands of the private owners to those of a union group or the Commonwealth. These other moves are as great frauds as the so-called company union. The fine thing about them is that they recognize that the demand for "public ownership" and real "Industrial Democracy" grows apace, even under the surface of Reaction. So they coin terms to head it off.

Love's Labor's Lost, we predict. Particularly if a live labor press gets the support it deserves, to answer such bunk as the *WORLD'S WORK* has gotten out of its system.

"Mediterraneans." So, I asked one of the boys! but he answered: "All I got to say, is that none of them uneducated furreners can make this here country no foot-stool. Ef you're a Mediterranean, just beware." Which interpreted, means: "The Goblins'll get you ef you don't watch out." But it seems to me the Goblins have got those "Nordics" pretty well tied-up themselves—and the Grand Goblins and the King Kleagles and all the rest of the night insects that they put on the payroll.

(Then comes a Nordic scientist, in the British paper *THE NEW STATESMAN*, saying that the Mediterraneans have given the world its greatest artists, sculptors and other big men of that kind. But you can't make money off those boys here and now, so that is all useless stuff, say the Nordic-lovers. Be-

sides what does a Nordic need to know about sculpture and ornamental stuff? He can buy them up by the dozens any day).

So, I give it all up. But all I've got to say is: None of us workers is going to get very far along the road to a square deal, if we're carrying a load of Kleagles and such like on our backs. How can a good union "Nordic" stand solid with a union "Mediterranean," if he's sitting there in the union hall thinking what a nice morsel that there "Mediterranean" would make at the next Grand Goblin horse-whipping exhibit? It's against human nature, I'm telling you, and human nature and human justice are bigger than even the "Nordics" are. But sometimes it's more than Money that covers up dumbness. It may be "pride of race," too.

Under the Dark Dictators

In the Land of Mussolini and Primo de Rivera

By PRINCE HOPKINS

THE DEAD VS. THE DICTATOR

It is the Ghost of Matteoti, murdered Socialist deputy, which haunts Mussolini and his Fascist followers. Matteoti had serious facts in his possession which revealed a scandal in Mussolini's official family with the Sinclair oil interest as great as that of the Teapot Dome-Elk Hill Steals here. The Fascist merely got Matteoti out of the way by murdering him.

S PAIN and Italy!

The military and reactionary classes have met the call for "democracy" in these Latin nations, with a 1924 model of class dictatorship.

How much longer can this last, and what has it produced up to the present for the workers?

Those were questions I wanted to answer, and went to those ancient countries to learn what I might about it.

In Italy, certainly, no one knows what will happen to Mussolini or when it will happen. In Milan, for example, there were Carlo Azimonti, editor of the "Batagli Sindicali" and Lodovici d' Aragona, secretary of the Camera di Lavoro and deputy to Parliament. Both declined to prophecy how many months longer Mussolini would last. If some critical political situation turns up which precipitates matters, there may be a general election. But that hinges on conditions.

Even then, matters may be in doubt. If Mussolini still remains, by consent of the king, in charge of the elections, he will see to it that anti-Fascisti voters are kept from the polls. Similar methods to those used by him in the last election will bring similar results—a Fascisti "victory."

"Will he dare to use these methods so boldly, now that his popularity has dwindled?" I asked.

Blackshirts Only Support

They believe that he will.

He depends now entirely on the physical force of his blackshirts. They constitute his private army—although it's the state which pays them and although the army as a whole are not Fascist. I got the impression also from my fellow travellers on the train, (who were of the middle class) that Mussolini's "moral force" was a thing of the past entirely, since the Matteoti murder.

Whether Mussolini *will* remain in charge of the

next election is entirely up to the king. The king can retain him or appoint someone else. What he does will depend on who else is in the field at the time.

A very sore point with the Italians just now is, of course, the lack of proportionate representation in their parliament. Notwithstanding that he has only a minority of the people with him, Mussolini, by the convenient new law, retains his compact majority in parliament.

The workers suffer by the situation. The Fascisti and Socialists, I am told, don't get on well together in their unions. When I brought up the matter of certain Fascist agricultural unions having siezed estates which weren't being cultivated, the deputy said: "Yes, but these weren't taken with the intention of occupying them permanently. Indeed, the chief idea was to punish the owners for some malfeasance and administer Fascist justice."

As a matter of fact, (he answered to my question of whether a fall of the dictatorship would pave the way to a resumption of occupation of factories by the workers) "the occupations of 1919 weren't entered upon as part of a deliberate policy. Those occupations had merely been necessitated as a protective measure against the threatened lock-out by the employers. And interestingly enough, the first occupation of factories was by Fascisti!"

Mussolini's Fall—And After

But the fall of Mussolini is bound to result in a movement forward on the part of labor. For the workers have begun to feel themselves again, and to experience a weakening of the hand of oppression since the Matteoti murder undermined the strength of Fascism.

The deputy's remarks on the factory-occupations of 1919 were partly in answer to a question of mine as to how far Malatesta, the noted Anarchist leader,

had had a part in them. He seemed to think he had not had much to do with them. He said Malatesta was now in Rome, working steadily.

Matteoti's is the magic name which rallies the opposition to the Dictator. On Italian walls, threats appear: "Death to Mussolini," along with the old, "Long Live Mussolini!" Even the Catholic Party shares the feeling of resentment against Mussolini, arising out of the Matteoti murder. As the trial of those accused of the foul act approaches, it represents the approach of another crisis for Fascism and its ex-Socialist leader.

Fully 75 to 80 per cent of the industrial workers of Italy are arrayed against the Fascist machine. With them has now joined those elements which might be called "liberal," who have been turned solidly against him by the murder of his Socialist accuser.

Sham Prosperity

The promised prosperity of the new regime has turned out, apparently, to have been mostly sham. Prices have gone up. Rents are no longer curbed by the Government. Wages have fallen off. But profits have risen and the Stock Exchange has shown lively activity. Strikes are almost a remnant of the past. It is the Fascist unions, largely, which are allowed to strike. Although sometimes the other unions carry on after the Fascisti have given up, as in the recent Fiat walk-out.

As H. N. Brailsford writes in the *NEW LEADER*: "Mankind has a wonderful facility in growing accustomed to the monstrous. For two years now Fascism has ruled over Italy. Its rule has grown no milder because of timidity of the opposition. The freedom of the press is gone; the right of meeting does not exist; the workers have lost the weapon of the strike and Parliament is a shadow."

Then, there is Spain. When I happened upon a worker whom I could manage to make understand what I was after, he would simply tell me that everything there in the way of workers organizations "is all smashed up." "Things were very fine for us here, a few years ago," a tramway conductor told me, "but now everything is broken up by the dictatorship. It's dangerous even to be overheard talking about such matters." That's about as far as I could get with the workers met with casually on the streets.

All is not as pessimistic as that seemed to indicate. One morning I got joyfully off on the trail of two labor papers. One was *LA BATALLIA* and the other, *SOLIDAD OBRERA*. I got their addresses, jumped into a taxi and was off. But alas, both papers were defunct!

At one of the addresses, however, I found people who passed me on from place to place, until I landed in quite spacious offices of the *UNION DE SYNDICATOS LIBRES*. By appointment I came back here later when the secretary and other officials were present and had an interesting hour. After that one of them, Mr. Alfaro, took me around to a large number of union headquarters. Each of these occupied some thousands of square feet of floor space and contained, besides the usual offices, a cafe for members, and other club and meeting rooms. In the first which I saw, the union of cafe and restaurant employees, (membership 1,200) there was also a bar, a billiard room and a large hall for musical entertainments which are given every Sunday.

Bank Employees of Spain

The second headquarters was that of the bank employees. Their membership is about 3,000. The largest unions are those of the metal workers and of the textile workers, with 12,000 and 11,000 respectively, and the dyers with 7,000.

All these organizations, with many others, are members of the *Union de Sindicatos Libres*. The total enrollment is 40,000. Of course, these figures are for Barcelona only. For the whole of Spain the membership amounts to 250,000. In Spanish Morocco, as in French North Africa, the workers are wholly unorganized.

Fruits of Factionalism

The chief weakness of the working class movement here, as over most of the continent, is factionalism. The men think of themselves as being first of all Catholics, Socialists, Communists or Anarchists. Of all these groups outside the *Sindicats Libres*, only the Anarchists give any appearance of strength. Actually they number only about 1,000 in Barcelona and very few outside.

Before the declaration of martial law, the others were stronger than today. The *Sindicats Libres* survived because they keep entirely out of politics. The others were disintegrated. It's impossible to estimate their numbers because the same man will give a vague adherence to several parties at the same time.

The *Sindicats Libres* stand for practically the same things as the Belgian unions. They are anti-communist and lean toward socialism. However, the socialists properly speaking form here a different party, which seems to draw bourgeoisie as much as workers.

(The rest of the story of Spain will appear in the May issue)

Anna and Apple Sauce

Highbrows, Labor Fans and Psychology

By MARGARET DANIELS

A NNA sits at a machine in a Rochester clothing factory. Behind her, a visitor marvels aloud at the incredible speed of her slim white fingers. The foreman beams with obvious pride. Yes indeed, Anna is a clever operator, "one of the best hands we have." Anna looks ahead of her with inscrutable eyes, out across the humming machines to where a bit of sunlight is caught in the long, dusty factory windows. You can't tell whether she shares the foreman's pride in her beautiful co-ordination, her miraculous skill at keeping the machine functioning with never a trip in its smooth flow. In fact it is hard to tell just what Anna is thinking about as she sits there day by day twisting and turning the running thread and rough material. Does she think of herself as a "hand?" I doubt it. Does she think of herself as a highly productive unit in a world of power-driven machinery? Does she think of herself as a "worker" in the sense that the word is used by latterday economists and writers on labor problems? I think there would be a little crinkly line of puzzlement between the fine eyes of Anna if you were to tell her that she was a member of the toiling proletariat with an especial psychology all her own, to be isolated as typhus bacillus and studied from a highly specialized standpoint. I think Anna would tell you that that was "apple sauce."

And yet from time to time there come to Anna and her problems certain well-intentioned, highly-educated folk, the most of them fresh from universities, who insist that Anna's psychology must be put into a compartment and labelled, "Workers' Psychology" and studied as something unique and set apart from the common run. How often have all of us who have had any contacts with the world of labor heard speakers at conventions or committee-meetings say: "You don't understand their psychology," as though indeed the workers went about with habits, emotions, fears and hopes hid away from the rest of the world. When I hear this sort of thing I find myself for once in agreement with Kipling when he says, "The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin."

Granted that there are certain experiences known to Anna that are unknown to her sisters out on Rochester's exclusive East Avenue, granted further

that the machine in front of Anna is doing things to her insides that the East Avenue lady's automobile is incapable of, the fact nevertheless remains that the cause of true workers' education is handicapped by excessive "compartmentalism."

For my part I believe that Anna is more likely to be thinking of herself as a potential Gloria Swanson than as a unit in a large-scale production universe, just as her brother when he looks into the mirror at night after a hard day up at the Kodak works sees in the reflection rather a future George Eastman than a tired proletarian.

It may be regretted this lack of class consciousness on the part of the American worker. Both our psychologists and our communist brethren would have an easier time of it if Anna would only take her appointed place in a neatly regimented world. But she remains elusive of pigeon-holes and it is up to us to see if what we call our "new knowledge" can be put to work to give her more of the sunshine and less of the machinery of life.

In the field of psychology this "new knowledge" is contained in three distinct but not necessarily disparate philosophies. First come the "Behaviorists" announcing in "hard-boiled" manner that all there is to Anna is a bundle of reactions to outside stimuli and that while she may be easier to look upon and has the advantage of being able to reproduce her kind, the difference between Anna and the machine at which she sits is by no means startling.

Then come those disciples of Dewey and the later pragmatists who are mildly interested in Anna's habits and emotions and reactions as outwardly and visibly manifest but who usually shun putting the "how" and "why" before their eternal question "Does it work?"

And last of all come the psychoanalysts probing and diving and fumbling more often than not but always trying to get beneath the surface of things, to find out the hidden springs that set Anna in motion, to get behind the scene that is *all* of Anna.

Now it must appear to the layman at times as though the followers of these three schools were constantly engaged in a most wordy and worthless battle. He sees the Behaviorists turning their machine guns on the "pseudo-mysticism of the ana-

lysts," he hears the outraged shrieks of the neo-pragmatists as some rival steps on their cherished theories and more often than not he turns away in bewilderment from a battleground strewn with many long words and dull books and duller writers.

"I started to study psychology because I thought it would give me some dope on myself," said a young worker to me once," but all I got from my teacher was the fact that he was the only real, blown-in-the-glass psychologist of the bunch."

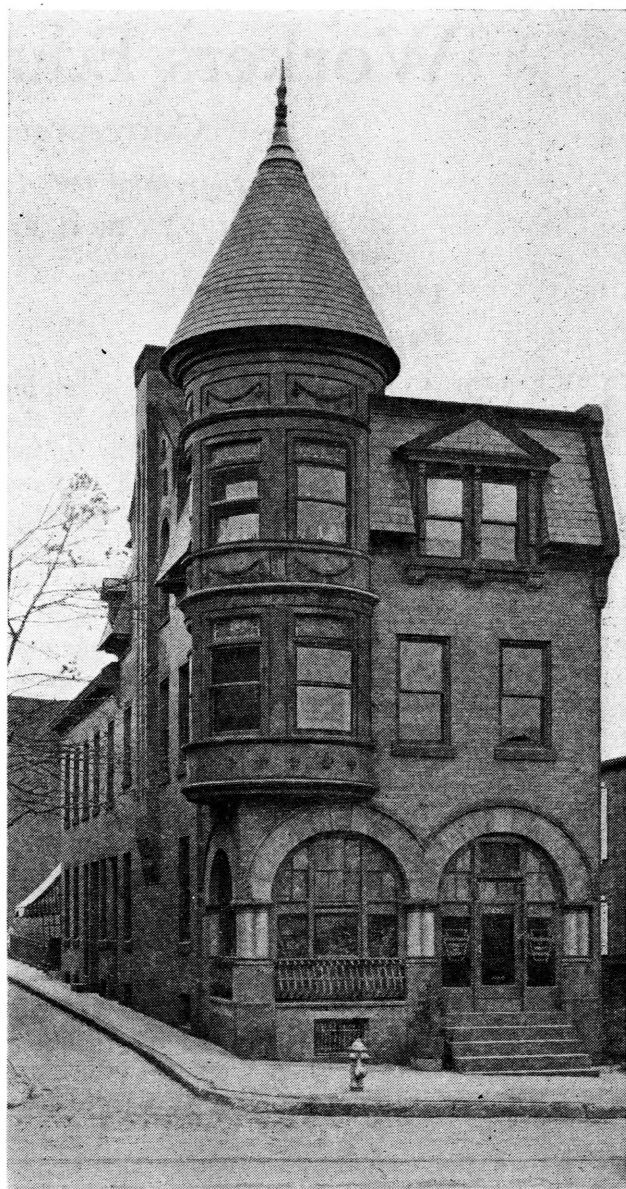
If the "new knowledge" is going to be more than new names for old, if we are to make use of this knowledge in building up a new social order, it is time that we called a halt to this bickering and drew up a protocol which Anna and her brothers and sisters might make use of in their workaday worlds.

My suggestion would be, first, that we regard Anna as primarily a human being and only secondarily as a human being forced to make her living by the work of her hands and second, that we regard the whole of Anna, the body, mind and spirit of Anna rather than Anna's mental shin-bone or psychic calf.

If we accept this method, we find ourselves in line with those leaders in the field of workers' education who refuse to use capital letters when they write about their subject, but who believe that the education of a worker is very much like the education of any other free man or free woman. I do not use the word "free" lightly. When you consider the vast amount of timbering, dynamiting and levelling that must be done before any one of us can come free of fears and hates, of prejudices, superstitions and habits, you realize that freedom is a pioneering job involving sweat and courage and sacrifice.

The task then, that is ahead of the psychologists who have chosen to work for the advancement of labor is first to compose the differences between the various schools, to "take the best features of all," as the revered Mr. Munsey might put it and organize them into a working program. Then we must come to Anna neither in the patronizing attitude of the "high-brow" nor the idolizing attitude of the "labor fan." For there are the latter, young people for the most part, who think that because a man or woman works at manual labor he or she is somehow chosen of the Lord. This attitude no doubt arises from an early Biblical acquaintance with the Beatitude, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." But the most diligent search of the recently published income tax returns fails to reveal any great number who could be called "meek."

If we approach Anna as we approach any other



ONE OF OUR NEW HOMES

individual, with individual problems to be sure, but with general problems as well that affect all of us; if we show Anna in common-sense manner the possibilities for the good life that lie ahead of her even in that Rochester clothing factory, if we can begin to get her beyond the Gloria Swanson urge to the recognition of herself and her sisters as free human beings entitled to the full richness of existence, I should say that we had "loaded our turn" as the miners put it.

In further articles it will be possible to go into more detail as to the exact methods of approach. Here I have simply tried to indicate what I believe to be some of the stumbling blocks that have tripped psychologists when they have entered factory doors.

Workers Education Bureau

Correspondence Course

The Progress of the American Labor Movement

By C. J. HENDLEY

INTRODUCTION

Purpose of Course

THE purpose of these lessons is to give helpful suggestions to those who wish to study the progress of the labor movement in the United States. It is offered as a sort of guide and, we hope as a stimulus, to those who have no teacher to direct their efforts.

No teacher can learn a lesson for a student. The student must do the learning. We do not expect a cook to eat our dinners for us; for we want our own digestive organs to receive the food. In like manner the student must apply his own mind to digest and assimilate knowledge. The best the teacher can do is to play the part of cook and serve the subject-matter as well as he can.

It is easy to sit and listen to a good lecturer give a lesson. But if the lesson does not put the listener to digging for knowledge, if it does not put his mind to work, it cannot be of much permanent value to him. All educated people are self-educated. Others may have served them mental food; but their own minds have digested and assimilated that food.

These suggestions are far from what we want them to be. We hope to improve them as we learn by experience; and we want your criticism. You can help us by letting us know whether they have helped you or not.

And every student is invited to ask the Bureau questions on any of these topics, if he wants additional information. We have access to great libraries in New York, and feel that we can be of service to any one who is studying any topic of interest to Labor.

How to Get Books

In these lessons we will refer to quite a number of books. You cannot read all that we mention, but we will mention a long list so that you will have more chances of finding something that will be interesting to you.

We suggest that you take the list given below to your local library and learn whether they can be obtained there. The librarian may order some of

them if you make the suggestion. If your local library cannot supply you, you may purchase from the Workers' Education Bureau through the Co-operative Book Purchase Service, or borrow books at a nominal fee through the Library Loan Service.

LESSON I

Formation of Study Groups

In some communities it may be possible for a number of union members to form a study club for the purpose of helping one another by discussing the subjects that are brought up in this course. Such a group could buy books or borrow them on the co-operative plan. The Workers' Education Bureau can give you substantial discounts on all books.

Those who undertake to form a study club, should first obtain from the Workers' Education Bureau a copy of its pamphlet entitled "How to Organize Study Classes" (price 10 cents).

And this Bureau has an excellent book entitled "Joining in Public Discussion," by Alfred D. Sheffield, which is very helpful to anyone who wishes to improve his method of study and discussion. Experienced speakers as well as beginners find it very helpful.

Journals and Pamphlets

One of the best pieces of work that a study club could do would be start a movement among their fellow-workers to induce them to read their own trade journals. Many of the labor journals contain material of the greatest importance and should be read by a larger number of unionists.

"THE AMERICAN FEDERATIONIST" and "LABOR" should be on the reading table of every union headquarters. "The American Federationist" costs one dollar per year and is published by the American Federation of Labor at Washington, D. C. "Labor" is published weekly by the railroad unions. Price \$2.00. Address LABOR, Labor Building, Washington, D. C.

And there are many pamphlets setting forth many points of view, explaining many problems, and expounding the philosophies of the labor movement.

A postal card addressed to Frank Morrison, A. F. of L. Building, Washington, D. C. will bring you a list of pamphlets that the Federation Office has for sale. It is impossible for us to list all of them, but we might suggest that the following would be of great value to those who undertake the series of lessons:

SAMUEL GOMPERS

1. THE AMERICAN LABOR MOVEMENT. Its Makeup, Achievements and Aspirations. Abstract of testimony before U. S. Relations Commission in New York, May 21-23, 1914.
2. CORRESPONDENCE. Between Samuel Gompers and Newton D. Baker, on the closed shop. Labor's point of view is clearly set forth.
3. THE KANSAS COURT OF INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS LAW. Address by Mr. Gompers before a joint session of the Legislature of New Jersey, March 22, 1920.
4. SHOULD A POLITICAL PARTY BE FORMED? Address by Mr. Gompers before a labor conference, December 9, 1918, New York City. It sets forth clearly the A. F. of L.'s political policy.

The genuine, open-minded student will strive to study the labor movement from as many points of view as possible and get as much material from different sources as possible.

Mrs. Beard's History of the American Labor Movement

Every study group and every reader who takes up the course seriously should get Mary Beard's "A Short History of the American Labor Movement" to use as a text book. It is the best short account of the movement we have. It contains about 200 pages in good print and can be obtained from the Workers' Education Bureau at 476 West 24th Street, New York.

A Suggested List of Other Books

The following list of books is merely suggestive of the great wealth of material that is to be had on the American Labor Movement. Every central labor union and the more prosperous unions ought to buy those that we have marked with an asterisk. We give a long list so you will have a wide choice and have a better chance of finding some of them in your local library.

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR. History Encyclopedia Reference Book. Published in 1919. This is a condensation of the proceedings of all the A. F. of L. Conventions up to and including 1918. A valuable reference work for students.

*AMERICAN LABOR YEAR BOOK, 1923-1924. This is a most excellent reference book, full of up-to-date facts containing the labor movement of the world.

*Edith Abbott's WOMEN IN INDUSTRY contains interesting chapters on the changes in industry that have caused so many women to become wage-earners, and contains detailed descriptions of the conditions of women labor in the history of this country.

Atkins, W. E. and Lasswell, H. D. LABOR ATTITUDES AND PROBLEMS, (1924). Contains many good descriptions of the actual conditions under which labor works in the leading industries and agriculture.

Budish, J. M. and George Soule. THE NEW UNIONISM IN THE CLOTHING INDUSTRY. Chapter I, pp. 3-13 Introductory Chapter defining "new unionism."

John R. Commons' TRADE UNIONISM AND LABOR PROBLEMS. First series contains excellent chapters on many phases of labor problems. For example, Chapter II, pp. 13-35 is an excellent description for the business management of the United Mine Workers of America.

*John R. Commons, in co-operation with others, has prepared a two volume work on the HISTORY OF LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES. It is the best thing of its kind that has been done. It is a great mine of information on labor conditions and labor organizations in this country. Almost any student would find chapters in it of interest to him. And it is not too much to expect a student here and there to undertake to read the whole work. Such has been done by members of labor study groups.

Gaston, H. E. THE NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE. Here we get information on very recent developments. The book was published in 1920. The methods employed are described on pp. 45-128.

Gompers, Hillquit and Hayes. THE DOUBLE EDGE OF LABOR'S SWORD. This is a most important booklet for anyone studying labor in politics. It is the discussion of the subject and testimony before the Industrial Relations Commission. Much of it consists of dialogues between Gompers and Hillquit.

*LABOR AND THE COMMON WELFARE, by Samuel Gompers, contains extracts of his speeches and editorials. It contains many eloquent descriptions of the labor movement and its philosophy. The first 22 pages are devoted especially to the philosophy of trade unionism.

*Gompers, Samuel, SEVENTY YEARS OF LIFE AND LABOR: AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Here are two big volumes of a great dramatic story. Through it one can get a survey of the American Labor Movement during the last half century.

*Alice Henry's WOMEN AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT is an excellent little book describing women's part in the labor movement. Pages 1-56 contain a description of the effect machinery has had on women's work.

*Sidney Howard's THE LABOR SPY. This describes the methods employed to find out what is going on in the unions.

*REPORT ON THE STEEL STRIKE OF 1919, by Interchurch World Movement. This report is very important for anyone who wants to get a broad view of what a big strike means.

*Interchurch World Movement. PUBLIC OPINION AND THE STEEL STRIKE OF 1919. This shows how public opinion is made by those who can pay the cost of its making.

Winthrop D. Lane's CIVIL WAR IN WEST VIRGINIA. This little book gives a vivid description of the methods employed by modern corporations to prevent the formation of unions.

*Levine, Louis. WOMEN'S GARMENT WORKERS. An excellent history of the rise of New York Clothing Workers from sweat shop conditions to a most advanced position in the labor movement.

Marx, Karl. THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO. The best summary of revolutionary socialism.

Parker, Carleton H. THE CASUAL LABORER AND OTHER ESSAYS. Chapter III, pp. 191-224. "The I. W. W." Appendix, pp. 169-199, "Report on the Wheatlands Hop Field Riots." A most excellent description of the conditions that drive labor to desperation.

The Hill and the Valley

Cincinnati's Experiment in Workers' Education

By ISRAEL MUFSON

BROAD-LAWNED and wide stretches Clifton Avenue. Cramped and crooked is West Eighth Street.

One is on the hill, the other in the valley. The connection between the two are the outworn, mustard-colored street cars, crawling up the winding highways, successors of early Indian trails. On the heights, where Clifton Avenue unfolds its shining surface to the warm sunlight, rise the amply spaced edifices, shelters for youth and learning, of the University of Cincinnati. In the depths, where Eighth Street is eternally engulfed in the soft-coal smoke of the city's industries, leaning one against the other, are the murky, sooty rat-hole houses of the workers.

Up to 1924 the hill knew the valley only as a place where to shop or to spend an hour at the theater. Then to rush back up the hill to enjoy the shade trees and lawns and cooling views of the meandering Ohio. The bottoms knew the hill only as it saw its tops rise above the squalid tenements in the lowlands. Of the University, the bottoms was disdainful, contemptuous and suspicious. Sometimes, on a Sunday, the worker obtained a more intimate glance of the upper strata through the jerky manoeuvring of a coughing Ford, struggling through Burnett Woods or Eden Park. Then down to the bottoms again.

Such was the relationship, until the rising tide of workers' education swept the Ohio Valley and struck Cincinnati. Up on the hill were the educators whose business it was to dispense knowledge. Down in the

valley was the raw material, some hardened clay and unworkable; a good deal of it plastic and ready for use. Thus a partnership was struck between the lights and the shadows. Clifton Avenue established an educational compact with West Eighth Street.

A Difficult Partnership

Partnerships, however, are hard to manage, difficult to maintain and, many times, deal cruelly with the partners themselves. Power, when possessed, is used. When there is equality of position each partner is determined to steer the business in the direction his experience and mental outlook take him. Equality of position does not always mean, if ever, equality of opinion.

If an established university and a central labor council are joint partners of an enterprise; if the hill and the basin are quite closely linked now, no more by a street car alone but by a problem, also, that fact does not mean that each side views the problem from the same angle. Nor does it mean that a compromise is possible. A good university man, no matter how many round table discussions are held, will no sooner give up his views of the problem than a good union man will give up his. Without disparagement, without questioning the sincerity of any side, without doubting the motives of any individual it can readily be admitted that given power, its use will be determined by those possessing it. With power and views equally divided what can be accomplished?

*Selig Perlman's *HISTORY OF TRADE UNIONS IN THE UNITED STATES*. Chapter III, pp. 68-80 describes the beginnings of the Knights of Labor and of the American Federation of Labor. Chapter V, pp. 106-127 describes the victory of craft unionism. The difference between the A. F. of L. and the Knights of Labor is well shown. This book is a good supplement to Commons' two volume "History of Labor in the United States."

Russell, Bertrand. *PROPOSED ROADS TO FREEDOM*. Chapter III, pp. 56-85 on the Syndicalist Revolt. Perhaps this the best brief explanation of Syndicalism. Chapters I and II are on Socialism and Anarchism. These three chapters are as good brief explanations of these doctrines as one can find.

*Spero, Sterling Denhard. *THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN A GOVERNMENT INDUSTRY*. The story of the postal employees, the conditions of their work, and their long struggle to obtain organization.

*Leo Wolman's *THE GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN TRADE UNIONS, 1880-1923*. This is an important reference book to have on hand. It contains a mass of the most reliable statistics on the size and growth of labor unions in this country since 1880.

**THE WORKERS IN AMERICAN HISTORY*, by James O'Neal, is an interesting short history of the working people of the United States. Some students may not like his conclusions in his last chapter; but this is not the important part of the book.

Carroll D. Wright's *THE INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION OF THE UNITED STATES*, has some good chapters on the effect of machine industry on labor.

**WASTE IN INDUSTRY*, by a commission of the Federated American Engineering Societies. This is the report of an investigation which was made at Secretary Hoover's suggestion. It describes the enormous waste that occurs in industry and suggests ways of preventing some of it.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES

A YEAR ago Brother Mufson wrote *LABOR AGE*, championing a union between the workers educational institutions and the Universities. Today he has a different story to tell. Experience in the Cincinnati Labor School was the teacher. The recital of the spirit of the Hill and the Valley is the recital of the spirit everywhere, by and large, of the University and the workers movements. They simply do not and cannot understand each other—and there seems to be no common meeting ground. Labor must go its own way in its education. That is why it is having workers' education and not trusting merely to public adult night schools.

And the differences? The very same differences that mark off the smooth-surfaced, sunny Clifton Avenue from the smoke-choked, narrow West Eighth Street, appear when the problem of workers' education is jointly tackled. Basking in Clifton Avenue's sunlight the University sees a world longing for the "philosophies" of existence. Curly-cues of thought gently circle heavenward. Not that Clifton Avenue always maintains such aloofness from the things of the flesh. It is deeply interested, at times, in chasing the cycle, learning to foretell the rise and fall of the market, developing the art of business, advertising, management—money making from every angle. But as to workers' education, its great desire is to keep it spiritually pure from the difficulties of a competitive and combative society. Ah, the taint of propaganda!

Rough and raw is West Eighth Street. Hard worked, stolid, balked and embittered, it seeks a way out of its infernal environment. It hammers its way through life with bare fists, its knuckles bleeding against the stone wall of class domination. It is irritable of delay and desires to encompass knowledge for its quick delivery. Education, yes, as a tool of emancipation. Shop problems, wage problems, shop management, market conditions, trade union resourcefulness, leadership for union—these are the problems engrossing West Eighth Street's attention. Time enough to contemplate the moon when the cheese shall be on the plate.

University Cannot Understand

It is doubtful whether Clifton Avenue will ever understand the needs of West Eighth Street. Even if the viewpoint of the hill could be changed it would be such a gigantic task. The partnership that has been established between the heights and the depths, a partnership in which good will, real sincerity and desire for mutual helpfulness were the terms of the bargain, shows clearly that education, like every other activity of the labor movement, must be free from encumbering alliances. Class lines can be cast aside and the desire for propaganda vigorously de-

nied. Yet, West Eighth Street has several difficulties about which Clifton Avenue knows nothing and of which it cannot comprehend. And as long as the partnership gives the heights power to control, labor's educational ventures will be misdirected. Not consciously. Nor through lack of sincerity. But because of lack of understanding.

Thus far Clifton Avenue has been discussed as an institution. Yet within it, considered apart from the University, are men who can be used by labor in its desire to learn. They are the men who are connected by the blood-ties of economic adversity to the inhabitants of West Eighth Street. Overworked and underpaid, their broad sympathies with Labor have been absorbed during years of struggle with forces as dominant and as severe as workers everywhere have to contend with. Sincere, earnest, self-sacrificing in their desire to associate with some activity of the Labor Movement, they would be glad to serve at Labor's entire direction. This the partnership has developed.

Workers Their Own Leaders

But even though the situation were overestimated Eighth Street could out of its own midst develop the leadership for its educational ventures. Though somewhat foggy from the smoke and narrowed by its cramped quarters alone, it could at least travel in the direction it most desires and finds needful to take. This way may be rough and halting, a slow groping towards realities. But rather this than the swift and comfortable passage on a journey not of its choosing.

Broad-lawned and wide stretches Clifton Avenue. It looks fearlessly into the vast stretches of the sky above and thinks deep, intricate thoughts about the entities of existence. Rough and raw is West Eighth Street. Hard worked, stolid, balked and embittered, it seeks a way out of its infernal environment. It also looks up to the sky but the hills block its vision.

Labor History in the Making

In the U. S. A.

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



CONTEMPT FOR COURTS

RECENTLY a champion of the tenants of New York was sent to jail for expressing doubts as to the mental balance of one of "our" esteemed Solomons.

The judge, of course, was a worthy subject of such doubts and the tenants' champion was released, after a brief jail term.

Softening of the brain—or of the moral-fibre—is a distinguishing mark of our judicial talent. We submit, in proof thereof, the strange case of Judge Joseph A. Delaney of Paterson, N. J.

The Judge has a good Irish name, which ought to give him some hint of a love of freedom. The Irish have been the beneficiaries of judge-rule for so many thousand years, that one would scarcely think they liked it.

There is no accounting for tastes—or mentalities. Judge Delaney sits in the Court of Special Sessions, handing down therein what the mill owners of Paterson desire handed down. He is a good mill hand, the best paid of the textile workers. He has now decided, in his mill-owned wisdom, that Roger N. Baldwin and others are guilty of breaking the peace in the said city of Paterson, by attempting to hold a strikers' meeting.

In our January issue we delivered a thought on the Court which indicted and tried Baldwin and associates. Our contempt for courts of Special Sessions or General Sessions, or any sessions was there made clear. Were it permitted, we would like to add: "Resistance to such courts is the highest patriotism." Of "Textile" Delaney we respectfully and humbly ask if we may have such permission. If not, we will be obliged to hide our contempt in our manly bosoms.

THE THIRTY MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

MYSTERY!

Deep, thick, murky, impenetrable, unfathomable Mystery!

It hovers in huge gobs over the mosquito-breeding swamps of the God-forsaken state of New Jersey.

Four brief years ago the Public Service Corporation of that State was gasping for its last breath. Serving 141 cities though it was with gas, electric light and power, and electric railway service, it was "dying, Egypt, dying." Higher rates alone would save it, especially on the street railway end. So its professional nautch-girls wailed—Dean Cooley of the University of Michigan the nautchiest of them all.

(Dean Cooley began his engineering career by helping the public in Mayor Pingree's fight for public ownership in Detroit. But he was seduced one night in the Union League Club in Detroit, and has remained in that gladsome state of fallen virtue ever since. 'Tis he who molds the youthful engineering minds in one of our "public" institutions, which the workers pay to support. Upton Sinclair does not tell half the story in his *GOOSE-STEP*.)

To get a high fare out of the workers, the Corporation showed that while it was losing money, its value was going up! In fact, with each new engineering expert, the value grew higher and higher, jumping from about \$90,000,000 to \$190,000,000 in three leaps. Did you ever see an honest-to-God private business which gained in value, the more it lost? It is only public utilities that do that, they being public monopolies and having you and me by the throat or the seat of the trousers, whichever way you want to figure it out. Even the Public Service Commission of the State, footstool of the corporation as it was, could not stand for such figuring. It could not grant

the increase; so the Federal Courts—last refuge of the scoundrel—did so. (Shall we thumb noses at the courts? Avaunt and forget it! Those senile gentlemen might take it for the latest high-sign of one of 57 animal orders that they have joined, in their Noah's progress to power.)

But now—ah! ha! the mystery thickens.

We who have been fleeced are informed—that the Public Service Corporation, lately so poor, is to put \$30,000,000 into further developments in its electric department. Likewise, it has begun to buy up all the bus lines in the state, out of the riches of its poverty. Before it is through, brother, that \$30,000,000 will swell to \$60,000,000—without any more money being put into the venture. That's the peculiar way of the public utility magician. Two dollars always grow where one grew before—on which they can "earn" and thus raise rates!

In its poverty, moreover, this dying corporation attempted to cut the wages of its men. "The wages must come down, or the corporation must cease to exist." The men stood out 100 per cent all through the state—one of the finest street car strikes in American history. The company had to surrender. Did it die? Did it "expire"? Nay, nay, it grows and expands and waxeth fat.

Which leads us to remark: That it may be a good time now for the street car men to make a bigger demand. They might as well get as much of the swag as they can. It is their honest due.

HAIL, MINNESOTA!

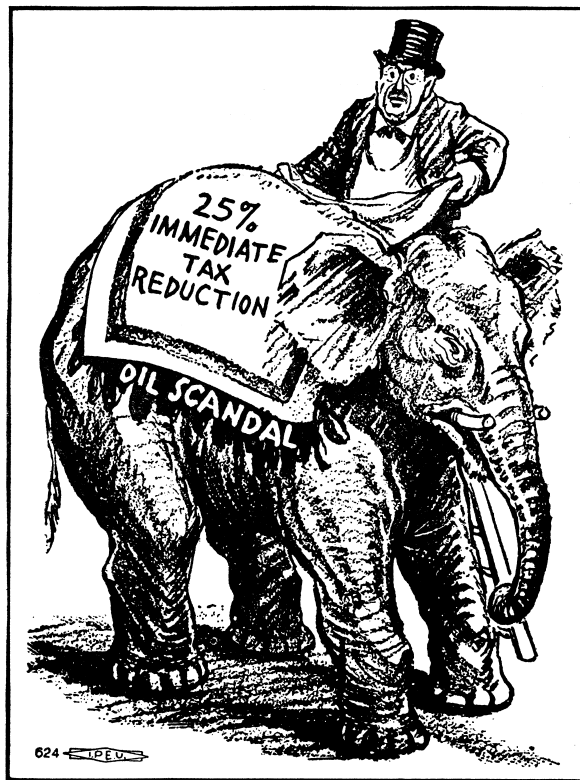
A PHRASE, very common to optimistic America, sayeth: "You can't keep a good man down." To which has been added another: "A man may be down but he is never out."

Causes are much like the men who are part of them. It is impossible to keep a good cause in the Slough of Despond, even though you weight it down with bags of lead. It bobs up again, at the most unexpected moment, starting right ahead again, as if nothing had ever happened. Out of that sort of thing comes Progress.

Along comes Minneste to demonstrate that truth. This is 1925, the year after the big sweep of little Cal and his wet nurse back into the White House. A lot of people who believed that the millenium was at hand just before November 4th, and that our heroic "Bob" La Follette would usher it in, all grew glum and predicted the end of all Progress a few days later. Not "Bob" himself. He knew history better.

Minnesota suffered in the earthquake. Magnus Johnson, leader of the Farmer-Laborites, met the fate of that other Magnus, Derrick of Frank Norris' tale of the wheat fights. The Farmer-Labor candidate for Governor, Floyd Olson, likewise bit the dust.

LEST WE FORGET



Teapot Domers may be freed by the corruption of our American Courts—a condition which is universal in this country. The G. O. P. may seek to hide its maggot-eaten record with talk about "Economy." But the conditions back of these things will come to a day of reckoning—the more bitter because the longer postponed.

A snile of fatty satisfaction spread over the features of the Grain Combine and of the Wall Street Gamblers. To add to the gloom (for the farmers and workers) and the joy (for the Wall Streeters), factionalism bid fare to destroy the militant movement of the Northeast.

Minnesota is made of better stuff than that. She proved it on March 20th. A new Farmer-Labor combine, stronger and better-knit, came into being on that day in St. Paul. Magnus Johnson is its head. William Mahoney, editor of the MINNESOTA UNION ADVOCATE, organ of the State Federation of Labor, is one of its moving spirits. Frank Starkey, president of the St. Paul Trades and Labor Assembly, is its secretary. It is known as the Farmer-Labor Association, and unites the wealth producers of farm and factory for the betterment of the political and economic conditions under which they live. It plans to abolish monopoly by the public ownership and operation of all monopolies. It looks forward to the formation of a national Farmer-Labor Movement, but excludes from such all those who believe in the

changing of political or economic conditions by means of a forceful revolution.

Thus new hope springs out of the dead ashes of 1924—dead ashes, that is, in the minds of some of our over-zealous friends. Every protest, every revolt, that does not bring tyranny in itself, is worth while—even though beaten down for the time being. The fine thing about the movement of the producers for control of government and industry is that it always wins, even when defeated. The doom of the Profit System is written in the stars, even as was the doom of the Feudal System before it. Minnesota, our great fighting state, will fight on until that goal has been attained.

LYING AS A FINE ART

TO call a man a "liar" is ruled out by the book of etiquette. As so many of these books are now in the best of our homes, pawned off on a dotting lot of folks at much profit for the etiquette-book-makers, we will not use the short and ugly term, even to designate cheap and ugly people.

(Even though Franz Molnar says in his play, *THE SWAN*, that "the stars (the big things of life) have no regard for etiquette.")

We have in this country a herd of sleek and respectable gentlemen known as railway and public utility commissioners. They have been appointed to the various public service or public utility commissions "to protect the people's interests" and to "regulate" the utility corporations. They have done the job everywhere, just as the Railway Labor Board, that creature of the railway corporations, has "regulated" those corporations in their relations with their workers. They have been as heavy a burden on the American working people as our judges have been, everywhere throughout this country.

Not so long ago these quacks met in solemn convention to talk over their game of swag upon the workers. Solemnly they discussed and then to the whole inferior world they proclaimed: "Public ownership has failed wherever it has been tested." Further, they said, holding their tongues in their cheeks: "It is a vagary of the impractical dreamer," and "nothing short of communism, anarchy and bolshevism."

Now, Carl D. Thompson of the Public Ownership League does not aver that these gentlemen were all drunk with Prohibition whiskey at the time of this said declaration. Nor does he call them liars. He merely proves them to be such. In his new book, *PUBLIC OWNERSHIP*, of which we shall make frequent mention in the future, he reveals in a quiet, almost apologetic way, what public ownership has actually accomplished right near our doorsteps. It is a long story and a big story.

We learn of the triumph of municipal water

works, of city gas plants and electric light plants, of public hydro-electric projects, of a thousand and one things publicly-owned which we hardly knew existed. How much nobler would be the record if there had been more workers' participation in the control of these public plants, remains to be written.

But enough has been said to prove that public utility commissions should be abolished and publicly-owned and worker-controlled utility systems should be established in their stead. To which the sadly-confused state of New Jersey gives current proof by turning to state ownership of the water supply, as the private companies fall down entirely in their task.

And enough was said to give evidence that public utility commissioners don't know what they are talking about. Which the workers have suspected for a long, long time—considering how utility rates have always gone up and wages lagged behind.

THE WORKERS COMBAT OUT-OF-WORK

NO utterance was more warmly applauded at the recent Labor Chautauqua at Hastings, in the heart of the mining country of Central Pennsylvania, than the description of the re-organization of the ladies garment industry, with the unemployment insurance plan that went with it.

"If the garment workers can compel the employers to re-organize the making of ladies wear on a healthy basis, the miners can do so also," was the general comment. "If the garment workers can secure unemployment insurance, managed by union control, so can we. Both unions are industrial."

The twin evils affecting coal: disorganization and widespread unemployment are being closely studied by the miners themselves. The plan of the garment workers to establish an unemployment insurance scheme, paid for in whole or in part by the employers and managed in whole or in part by the workers, appeals strongly to the miners as a necessary step for their own next demands.

The success of the unemployment insurance plan in the needle trades has attracted international attention. A description of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' plan in Chicago is reviewed in the latest issue of the *INTERNATIONAL LABOUR REVIEW* of the League of Nations. The plan is part of the wage agreement in Chicago, covering 400 employers and 30,000 workers of all nationalities. On November 1, 1924, the benefit payments had totalled \$875,000.

It is thought that the plan will not only relieve unemployment, but give greater knowledge of how unemployment runs, so as to lead to its prevention or shortening, in the making of men's clothes. In Cleveland, in the ladies' garment industry (the plan first put to work of all) provides in a definite way for a cutting down of unemployment.

IN EUROPE

ACROSS BOUNDARY LINES

AT Frankfort, in the fertile valley of the Main, we heard again this last month that refrain of old longing, "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

It was all expressed in a prosaic way. The International Co-operative Alliance met, to view their work of the past and to plan for further democratic trading across international boundaries.

Co-operator representatives from Britain, Belgium, France, Holland, Germany, Russia and from lands across the sea, sat around their council table and discussed the spread of group buying and selling and manufacturing.

The Belgian co-operators reported, with great glee, the financial success of their Co-operative Exhibition at Ghent. In that respect, it even eclipsed the British capitalist exhibition at Wembley.

Italy still causes anxiety. The Fascisti co-operators want to be O.K.-ed, saying that all is now fair and square in their land, so far as co-operation is concerned. But the recent murder of a leading co-operator at Bologne by the Fascisti leads the International to think otherwise. An effort is being made to unite all the Italian co-operators in some sort of union, and action of the I. C. A. awaits on that.

The German co-operatives protested against the attacks being made on them by the German Communist organ in Berlin. The representative of the Russian "Centrosoyus" declared that this was not inspired by Moscow or by his society and expressed regret for the incident.

The International Co-operative Wholesale Society, dealing in wholesale buying and selling on an international scale, met at the same time and place. Co-operative imports increased last year \$12,000,000 or 18 per cent. Further studies are being made of combined wholesale buying of food stuffs by the co-operatives of the various countries.

"Thy people shall be my people." We shall look on each other as human beings, not nationalists. We shall join hands across boundaries to smash the Profit System. That's what these meetings say to those who can understand.

DAWES-IZING DEUTSCHLAND'S WORKERS

PAUL REVERE DAWES has "done his dirt" in Deutschland.

True to form, the return of the German railroads to semi-private control has hit the German railroad workers hard. One of the conditions which

A VICTIM OF "PROSPERITY"



American Steel is beginning to slow down, due to competition with German Steel. The latter has been beaten so low by the Banker's greed that it can outdo its American rival.

Wall Street demanded through General Dawes, was the handing over of the government railroads to a partial private ownership and management. That was the way reparations were to be paid.

It is the German railroad workers who are paying them. In every country of the world, the coming of public ownership on the railroad systems has meant increases in the wages of the workers on the rails. The dawn of the Dawes plan has brought the reverse: a cut of 300,000 in the working force, long hours, lower wages.

Now have the workers resolved, with a mighty resolve, to defy Paul Revere and the world, if necessary, to get something of a return to the old times when the Kaiser ruled!

Scientific management and contract labor have taken the place of the free German labor of the days of yore. Sickness and accidents have gone up in leaps and bounds. The number of employees injured from April to September, 1924, was 626, in comparison to 513 in the same period the year before.

The 8-hour day is the first of the railroaders' demands. Then, must come a decent re-arrangement of working conditions on the roads. The two labor unions met at Frankfort in March and decided upon amalgamation in July, as their answer to the intolerable situation. A solid mass of men will face the management in the fall.

The beginning of the end, let us hope, of the Dawes-ization of the German workers.

THE FLIGHT OF CIVIL LIBERTY

WAR is worse than a temporary affliction; it is a deadly disease, continuing its fatal work long after it apparently has come to an end.

The Old World simply cannot get over the war. Civil liberty has flown from many countries which did not have too much of it at any time. Emma Goldman points specifically to the number of prisoners still languishing in Russian jails. Some of these are old social revolutionaries, men who rotted long in the prisons of the Czar, now rotting in the prisons of the Bolsheviki.

In other countries, Communists, Socialists and Anarchists are in prison simply for their opinions—not to mention numerous trade unionists still in jail in lands like Hungary. In Jugo-slavia a terroristic regime is installed, in order to continue the rule of the Serbs. Both Croatian Nationals and radicals are pitched into confinement without discrimination. Labor union activity is at a standstill. Not to speak of Spain and Italy, tied up by anti-labor dictatorships.

American Labor and friends of Labor can do a good turn to humanity and the workers in general by taking a stand against the destruction of civil liberty throughout the world. A movement has now been set on foot to aid those prisoners who are in jail in European lands because of their political opinions. May it succeed in affecting the release of these men and women from their living tombs!

RUSSIA THROUGH "IMPARTIAL" EYES

CAN anyone under the sun be impartial in regard to Russia?

The British Labor delegation claims that rare distinction for itself. Composed of representatives of the Trade Unions Congress, who have spent some time in the Land of Lenin, it gives on the whole a favorable picture of the Russian Republic.

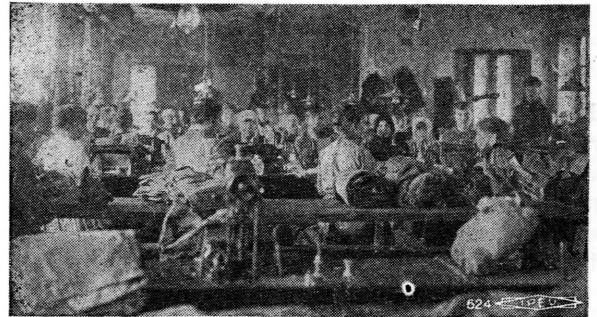
Communism is not for England, according to this report. But it has led to a betterment of the workers' conditions in Russia—despite blockade, famine and non-recognition until lately by the rest of the world.

The question of political prisoners is touched on rather lightly by the British unionists who seem to think the prisoners well cared for, and their incarceration a matter perhaps of some necessity. Education of children has improved under the rule of the Soviet, which it avers is really the rule of the Russian workers.

The **LABOUR MAGAZINE**, organ of the trade unions, hails the report as a thorough and impartial study

of the Socialist Soviet Republic, although indicating some disagreement with its own committee. Emma Goldman says frankly that the unionists had the wool pulled over their eyes. She likewise claims impartiality in her view of Russia, which now is a decidedly unfavorable one. The anarchist says that she had opportunities to see things that Soviet-conducted tourists could never see—the iron thumb of the State, the control of the unions by the Governmental Machine, the throwing of workers into jail merely for the "crime" of striking. The political prisoners are, she declares, on the whole in a vile condition—getting improvement in their lot only through such means as were used by the Social Revolutionary, who hung himself as a protest against the treatment of his comrades.

A RUSSIAN SHOP



One of the new clothing factories—opened with American union money.

At such a far distance, we can hesitate to express an opinion on the value of these various opinions. Kropotkin's view, just before his death, is perhaps the sane one: that a revolution is something no man or men creates, but something that rushes on out of economic conditions to go its own way, wild, terrible, yet digging new channels for men to travel in. On the one hand, this leads us to see the Russian upheaval, just as the French upheaval before it, as something not begotten of the devil particularly, but arising out of preceding economic conditions under the Czars. On the other, it bids us check our desire to see Communism as developed, applied in other countries—but rather an answer to the same demand in a freer and happier way.

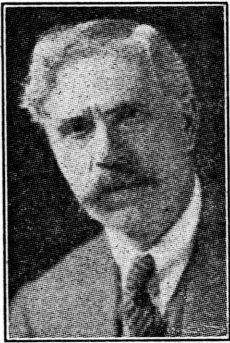
Whatever its historic value, the report of the British union representatives is likely to hasten some form of unity between the Russian trade unions and the Amsterdam International. Such a move is now on foot, with the British unionists (or at least, certain leaders among them) taking the initiative. That is part of the recent desire of the British unions to speed up labor unity throughout the world.

BOOK NOTES

Edited by PRINCE HOPKINS

SOCIALISM A LA MACDONALD

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S new book *SOCIALISM, CRITICAL AND CONSTRUCTIVE*, Bobbs Merrill Co., 1924, is like his own career—very strong, except for a weak finish. Omit the final chapter—which is the vague utopianism which has kept so many people out of the movement—and you have a fine book in which the eminent author covers every phase of his subject. He is a practical man who realizes that “it is sheer folly to search for perfect forms that themselves will produce perfect results. Democracy is an affair of intelligence, not of form.” But this very practicality, while keeping his feet upon earth, leads him through noble insights, to finely inspired utterances.



All along, MacDonald seems over-eager to convince men who do not believe as he, that his views are not dangerous or destructive. He gives the impression that he is much more radical in reality than he wants to admit to an outside, still unbelieving world. That is the weakness in his armour, and his strength. His administration at Downing Street had the same characteristics.

AGAIN, RUSSIA!

EVIDENTLY E. W. Hullinger, who writes on *THE FORGING OF RUSSIA*, (E. P. Dutton & Co., 1925) is hardly a Socialist. All the same his book gives the impression of being freer from bias of any kind, of all those which have appeared. He was evidently a very able correspondent, who managed to penetrate to the realities.

Of course, the picture drawn by such a man was bound to be a mixed one. He tells what liars both the white and the red propagandists have been, and how each thereby lost golden opportunities of serving his cause. He is critical of the old economic policy (while assuring us that not a trace of real communism remains), but frankly admits that unemployment, prostitution and other evils reappeared with the reintroduction of capitalism. He tells the hard facts about the omnipresent Cheka and the cynical denial of political freedom, but states that the very thoroughness with which the country has been combed of opposition leaders, makes it certain that the fall of the Bolsheviks would mean chaos.

From out of the book we get clearly the feeling that recognition of Russia by all the outside world would aid in bringing the country back to a stable condition and allow it gradually to work out its destiny toward a more democratic basis.

MY wife thinks that Pitrim Sorokin's *LEAVES FROM A RUSSIAN DIARY* is the best book on Russia that she has read. (E. P. Dutton, 1924. \$3.00). I myself feel that the author, an American professor of sociology, has not unnaturally been turned more against the Bolshevik government

than he might else be, by their imprisonment of him, just as other writers have been made pro-Bolshevik through the personally conducted tour method.

This book is unusually well written and entertaining. It holds that all would have been well had Russia been content to make haste more slowly. But Kerensky was admittedly a weakling. Lenin, by contrast, was strong but inhuman and doctrinaire.

MAMMONART

UPTON SINCLAIR'S *MAMMONART* (published by the author, Pasadena, Calif., 1925. Cloth \$2.00), stirred a considerable controversy when it appeared in serial form in the *Haldeman-Julius Weekly*. This was over his central contention that “all art is propaganda . . . sometimes unconsciously, but often deliberately.”

When stated in this way, Upton's thesis only states what modern psychological studies of artists bear out. But actually, this book gives his critics considerable grounds for their objections. We get no emphasis upon the important truth that in proportion as art is good, the “propaganda” in it is more unconscious and less deliberate. Moreover, Sinclair is concerned exclusively with a single variety of propaganda, namely that which, as the title suggests, revolves around the artist's attitude toward plutocracy. A classification of artists into the clever propagandists versus the crude propagandists might pass; but surely not a division of them into the rebels *versus* the lick-spittles. But to get the book and judge for yourself—the biographies of these much talked-of men have never been put into more accessible form.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF LABOR AGE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1925, State of New York, County of New York:

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

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

Publisher—Labor Publication Society, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Editors—Max Danish, P. Hopkins, H. W. Laidler, Phil Ziegler, Paul Sifton.

Managing Editor—Louis F. Budenz, 3 West 16th Street, New York City.
Business Managers—None.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)
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A non-profit making corporation (200 members).
James H. Maurer, President, 430 North St., Harrisburg, Pa.
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None

LOUIS F. BUDENZ,
Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of April, 1925.

H. WOLLENWEBER,

(My commission expires March 30, 1926.)

[SEAL]

THEFT!

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