



## Loafing down Long Island

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

### ON THE DIFFICULTIES OF WALKING



WHEN I speak of the difficulties of walking, I do not refer to the infirmities of age, to flat feet, or to avoirdupois. Not at all. I mean that it is hard indeed in these rushing times to go afoot, even on the most distant by-roads, without being considered eccentric. People stare at you as though you were some kind of freak or criminal. They cast suspicious glances your way, never dreaming that perhaps you prefer your own feet as a means of pleasant locomotion.

I asked a certain friend if he would not accompany me on my weekly jaunts down Long Island. I could not arrange to go for one lengthy stay, and neither could he, I knew; so I thought the next best thing was to do it by piecemeal rather than not at all, and I planned to save time by walking a certain distance, following a road map, return by train on Monday mornings, and then take a train out again to the spot where I had left off the previous week. That seemed

practical, novel, yet simple and well worth while. To live with a Blue Bird at one's door, and never know it, seems to me, as it seemed to Maeterlinck, the height of folly. I would discover the Blue Bird that was so happily mine, and hear its song on rosy summer mornings, three and even four days at a time, or perish in the attempt.

Well, my friend turned to me and instantly said:

"My car is out of order."

"But I did not mean to go in a car," I as quickly answered.

"Why," he replied, looking at me as though I had gone quite mad, "how else would we go?"

"On foot," I bravely made answer, yet realizing that this confirmed New-Yorker would never think the same of me again. And it was so. I shall not forget, if I live a hundred years, his final disgusted glance. If anything further was needed to crush me utterly, I do not know what it could be.

But one's friends are not the only difficulty that stand in the way of a

loitering gait. I found, fortunately, just the right companion for my first journey, and when I told a few young college fellows of my plan, fellows who were free for the summer, they asked if they, also, could n't be booked up for certain Thursdays until Monday; and before I knew it, I had a line of applications, as though I were handing out coupons instead of the possibility of aching feet and perspiring brows.

On the first day when we fared forth—it was with a friend named Jim—we had no sooner started to cross the great Queensboro' Bridge, which hangs like a giant harp over the East River, drawing Long Island into a closer brotherhood with New York, than we had offers of lifts from total strangers. Yet they say Manhattan is a cold city! We never found it so, at least not on that wonderful July evening when we started out with scrip and staff; for we had decided that as we were going to do so old-fashioned a thing as walk, we would carry old-fashioned paraphernalia, called by pleasant old-fashioned names. Bundle and cane ill comported with so quiet a pilgrimage as ours was to be. We would imagine ourselves travelers in Merrie Old England in a season now sadly gone. We would wear old clothes, and take not one article with us that we did not actually need. No burdens for our city-tired backs; only the happy little necessary impedimenta, such as a toothbrush, a razor, a comb, an extra shirt or two, and the one tie we wore. And of course a book. I chose Hazlitt's "Table Talk," Jim took George Moore's "Avowals," all the spiritual food we needed.

It takes no little courage to walk over a bridge that leads out of crowded Manhattan. Not that you want to stay in the thundering city; but this is a dangerous way to get out of it alive. You feel like an ant, or like one of those infinitesimal figures in a picture which gives a bird's-eye view of "our village." To discover your own lack of importance in a busy, whirling world, I would prescribe the perils of walking in and immediately around New York. Never does one feel so small, so absolutely worm-like. If you wish to preserve your life, your day is one long series of dodges. Pedestrians are not popular

with motorists, and virtually every one is a motorist nowadays. If you walk up the Rialto of a morning, you are convinced that every one on earth wishes to become, or is, an actor. If you edit a popular magazine, you know that every one has literary ambitions. But if you walk over Queensboro' Bridge or any of the other gateways that lead out into the country, you are certain that there is not a human being except yourself who does not own a car.

Where do they come from, these gorgeous and humble machines? And whither are they going? How many homes have been mortgaged in order that Henry and Mary may take a trip each week-end? What necessities of life have been relinquished so that the whole family may speed to the seashore at the first touch of warm weather? It is an exhilarating, healthful pastime, but I have only one friend who motors to my liking—that is, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. My other acquaintances employ chauffeurs who suffer from the great American disease, speed, and they are whizzed here and there, often against their wills, I grant you, and they expect me to care for this abominable way of traveling. The hillsides rush by; you see nothing, you hear nothing save the voice of the siren, and you arrive at your destination a physical and mental wreck, with eyes that sting and ears that hum. No sooner is your body normally adjusted than luncheon is over, and you are told to get back into the car that you may all rush madly to the next town. There is a strange and inexplicable desire in every chauffeur I have ever seen to overtake the machine just ahead of him. Every turn reveals a line of motors dashing, as yours is, to Heaven knows where; and if you toot your horn and pass one triumphantly, there is, as always in life, another victory to be won the instant you overcome the immediate obstacle. Why not sit back and let the other fellow pass you? But no one will in America. It seems to be a long, delirious race for precedence, and motoring, instead of being the delight it should be, has become a nightmare to me. One of these days I am going to have a car of my own, run it myself, and go where and when I please; for no one

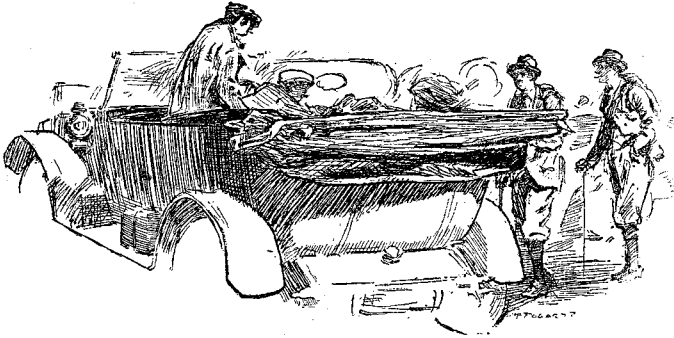
loves motoring more than I when it is really motoring and not a sudden madness. That is why, on this occasion, I preferred the jog-trot afoot; and that is why Jim and I marched forth on a certain day, with minds free from tire troubles, and no intention of getting anywhere in particular until it suited our royal convenience. We had thor-

People are too preoccupied to give you even a cursory glance.

We knew there was apt to be nothing at all interesting just over the bridge; for we had motored that way too frequently, and Long Island City, I was well aware, was nothing to see. It was like a poor relative of the metropolis, a person that a rich man paid to remain

hidden away in the country, shabby beyond belief, and with no knowledge of city ways, none of the coquetry of young and smiling sophisticated Miss Manhattan.

It was dusk when we started to cross the great bridge, and, as I have said, motors were cluttered at the entrance and were doubtless thick up-



"But we spurned all such advances, kindly as they were meant"

oughly made up our minds on that. We would lunch or sup where it suited our whim, and we would n't look at our watches, but would seek to allay our hunger only when we felt healthily hungry. And we knew we would sleep all the better for so real a spirit of freedom.

That first afternoon we walked to Long Island City over the bridge, for we wanted the thrill of getting out of town on foot, not through the more comfortable process of a train or a motor. Besides, it would savor somewhat of cheating if we started out on a walking tour seated in a commuter's coach. Yet it was not always our intention to walk. We made up our minds that sometimes we would steal rides, or beg for them, or take a train over an uninteresting part of the country. And if I could locate my slow-driving friend this summer, I intended to ask him to loaf with me in his car sometime.

There is one charming thing about New York: you can go anywhere and dress as you please and attract not the slightest attention. Our knickerbockers and a duffle-bag were nothing to anybody; neither was the Japanese staff I carried, which some friends had just brought to me from the land of Nippon.

on it, running like a continuous black chain to the island. During the War, soldiers often stood at this entrance of the bridge, waiting to be given a lift; and this may be the reason why so many motorists still think of every pedestrian as worthy of a ride, and why it was that so often we were invited, as we strolled along this open pathway, to move more swiftly to the other side. But we spurned all such advances, kindly as they were meant; for on one's first day out, the legs are in good condition, and there is a certain pride in wishing to strut it alone without even the aid of one's staff.

The sky-scrapers loomed in the growing darkness, as we proceeded on our way, like a Babylonian vision; and one by one the lights blossomed in tall windows, until the city behind us was a vast honeycomb of beauty, with the river like a silver girdle surrounding it. Ahead of us smoke-stacks belched forth their black substance, and one pitied the folk who, having worked all day in glorious Manhattan, must turn at evening to the hideous prospect beyond the river, when they might have remained in this jeweled place. Gasometers reared their horrid profiles, and chimneys, like a battalion of black soldiers, stood



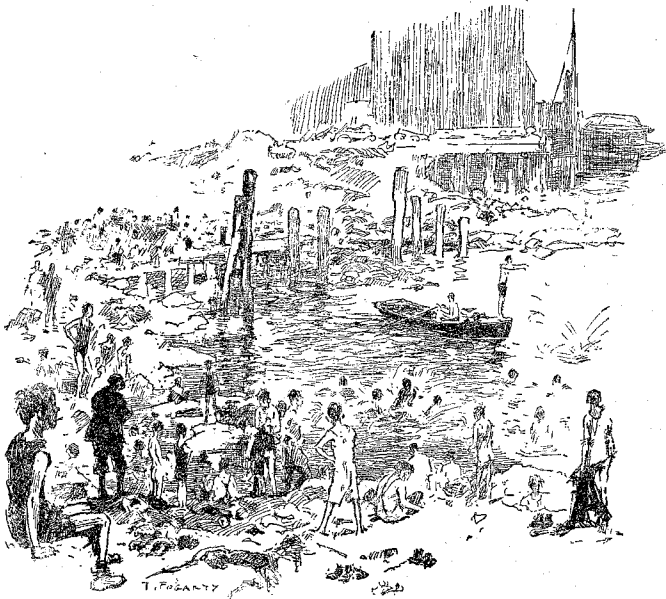
motionless in the growing darkness. It was to such a place the people were surging, leaving glorious New York. Jim and I loitered long on that bridge.

All of us who live in New York have motored, at one time or another, over Queensboro' Bridge; but how few of us have walked its delectable length! Like all Manhattanites, we leave such pleasant experiences to the foreigners who come to our shores. But even they have not discovered it as they may within a few years. There are benches along its pathway, and here one may pause and sit in the sunset, as if one were in a stationary airplane, and view the vast city spread out in a wonderful pattern below. There are glimpses of little parks, and the spires of the cathedral are silhouetted against the background of the west. Guttersnipes are bathing along the shore, and you wonder why rich folk do not purchase houses on this river-bank, where they might have their own private pavilions and a view that can hardly be matched. What is the matter with New-Yorkers?

Then there is Blackwell's Island, with its pitifully blind windows. It must be hard enough to be confined on an island without the added horror of tightly

closed and sealed shutters of heavy iron. Not content with keeping prisoners segregated, they shut out any chance of a view—or perhaps we would all want to go to Blackwell's Island! The keepers' houses are beautiful in design, and it gives one a sense of omnipotence to sit above them and see them from the air—people walking or running hither and thither on graveled pathways, ships floating by on each side of them, and a look of peace about a place that must be anything but peaceful. What a fine residential spot this would make, and how sad it is that it must be utilized, a veritable garden-spot, for the safe-keeping of the criminal!

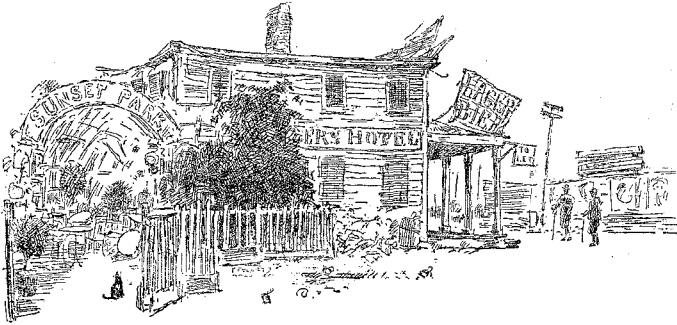
Like most beautiful things, Manhattan, at once the ugliest and the loveliest city on this continent, gained by distance; and I could not help remembering, as I looked back upon it now, its hideous, mean little streets, its pitiful and cruel slums, its unsavory odors; and as I wandered away from it, I knew it could never deceive me. I knew it too well. On its granite heart I, like many another, had suffered and wept, though also I had laughed there; and some lines began to sing in my head, and over on Long Island, much later that night,



"Guttersnipes are bathing along the shore"

when we had reached the real country,  
I put them down on paper.

We left the city far behind;  
Ahead, the roadway seemed to wind  
Like something silver white.  
For dusk had long since dwindled down,  
And now the trees were strangely brown,  
And dogs barked in the night.



"A café or two that once might have proved an oasis in this wasteland"

The moon was up, a monstrous pearl,  
As fair as any mortal girl;  
Stray cars went singing by.  
Far, far away the city gleamed  
Like something that the heart had  
dreamed—  
A golden butterfly.

It sprawled against the velvet night;  
It could not rise and take its flight,  
Although its wings uncurled.  
And you and I were glad to go  
And leave its prison even so,  
And pace the lonelier world.

O city, with your splendid lies,  
That look of wonder in your eyes,  
We left you far behind;  
And though you stared with horrid stare  
Into the moonlit heaven there,  
'T was you, not we, were blind!

#### REALLY GETTING STARTED

It is curious how, the moment you set out to do anything in this troubled world, you immediately encounter opposition. When I told certain friends that I intended to loiter down Long Island in July, they held up their hands in horror, like my motor acquaintance, and instantly asked: "Why that, of all places? And why in summer? You

will be overcome by the heat; you will be taken sick, and what you began with enthusiasm will end in disaster." And this, too: "But what will you do for clean linen, and how do you know the inns will not be too crowded, and you may not be able to get a room?"

I could go on indefinitely, giving a litany of friendly counsels and objections.

Why people are so interested in telling us what we must not do has always been a mystery to me. It was as if *they* were to take these little journeys, not I. Having made up my mind to do anything, I usually find a way to do it; and one learns by hard experience that if one takes the advice of

this or that friend, one ends by sitting at home when a delectable trip is planned. So I waved all objectors aside, and, though smiled upon in some cases and almost sneered at in others, I set forth as I determined, trusting to Heaven that it would not pour rain on that first evening out, so that my ardor, as well as my clothes, would be instantly dampened, and I would appear rather ridiculous to the few people who saw us off.

But it did not rain, and for an afternoon in late July it was gloriously cool. So, said Jim and I, the Fates were with us; we had won at least the favor of the gods.

Like every great city, New York is not easy to get out of. It is like nothing so much as a huge scrambled egg, or a monstrous piece of dough that not only covers the dish, but runs over the sides of it; and you can ride seemingly forever in the subway or on the elevated road and still be within the confines of this mighty place, and wonder, like the old lady who was standing in a train to the Bronx, if anybody had a home. "Ain't nobody ever goin' to get out?" you remember she asked at length, weary of hanging on a strap.

Beyond the Queensboro' Bridge there is a flat and desolate-enough-looking

stretch of roadway, partly artificial; a piece of land that was put there for purposes of utility only, so that motorists, pedestrians, and trolley passengers may make as speedy an exit as possible from the roaring town. You wonder



"And such clam chowder as it was!"

how anything could be quite so forlorn. It is as sad as an old torn calico skirt; and to add to the sadness, a café or two that once might have proved an oasis in this wasteland stares at you with unseeing eyes. The blinds have long since been closed, and the windows are mere ghostly sockets. Lights used to gleam from them at evening; but now the old gilt signs that told of cool and refreshing beer dip in the dusk, and hang as a king's crown might hang from his head after the Bolsheviki had marched by. It gives one a sense of departed glory. There is a tatterdemalion effect in these suspended haunts of revelry that brings a sigh to the lips. Nothing is so tragic as these innocent deserted road-houses, save possibly a table filled with empty wine-glasses after a night of festivity—and the knowledge that there is no more wine in your cellar.

Let me make my first confession right here and now. I must pause to tell the anguishing truth that, disheartened at once by this bleak prospect, and knowing that Flushing, with its pretty main street and park would quickly delight our spirits, Jim and I boarded a packed trolley so that we might speedily pass this wretched jumble of nothing at all.

Moreover, we had no sooner begun to lurch down the line, crushed in with dozens of working people on their tired way home, than we discovered we had taken the wrong car. Instead of going straight to Flushing, we were on

the way to Corona, which I had vaguely heard of once or twice, with no real knowledge as to where it was. We found we could transfer there, and would not waste so much time, after all.

It gives you a feeling of extreme youth to be lost so near a city where you have always lived, and Jim and I could not help laughing at what we called an "ex-

perience." I was glad we had made the mistake, for at the cross-roads, if the inhabitants of Corona will forgive me for calling two intersecting streets of their humming little town that, I ran into a young fellow standing on the corner who regaled me, as we waited for our car, with the gossip of the village. He had knowledge of every motion-picture star in the world, it seemed, and he loved talking about them. There were prize-fights—amateur ones, of course—about every evening, and he himself had taken part in many a tussle, and was so proud of his strength that he invited me to put my hand on his arm to convince me of the iron sinews therein. I must say that, having done so, I would have staked all I had on him in any bout. He was of that lithe, panther-like type which is so swift in the ring, and he told me so many happy little stories of himself as a pugilist that Jim and I took quite a fancy to him, and even went so far as to ask him to dine with us at Whitestone Landing, whither we were bound. He had one of those engagingly simple personalities that win you at once, and he said he would like to come, oh, very much indeed, but he had dined sometime ago (people in the country always seem to sit down to "supper" at five o'clock or

so) and, well, ahem! he did n't quite know what he— And he started to step back from the curb where he had been talking, and glanced over his shoulder so many times that finally my eye followed his, and I saw what I should have seen before—a pretty girl, of course. And of course she was waiting for him.

And what did he care about two stupid strangers and their fine shore dinner when he had this up his sleeve all the while? I told him how sorry I was that we had detained him even a second. He smiled that winning smile of his, darted across the road, and seized his girl around the waist in the tightest and most unashamed squeeze I have ever seen, and was off down the street, his very back expressing his happiness.

Well, Bill Hennessy, I 'll never see you again in this mixed-up world, but I certainly wish you well, and if our paths ever do cross again, I hope to see several strapping little Hennessys around you.

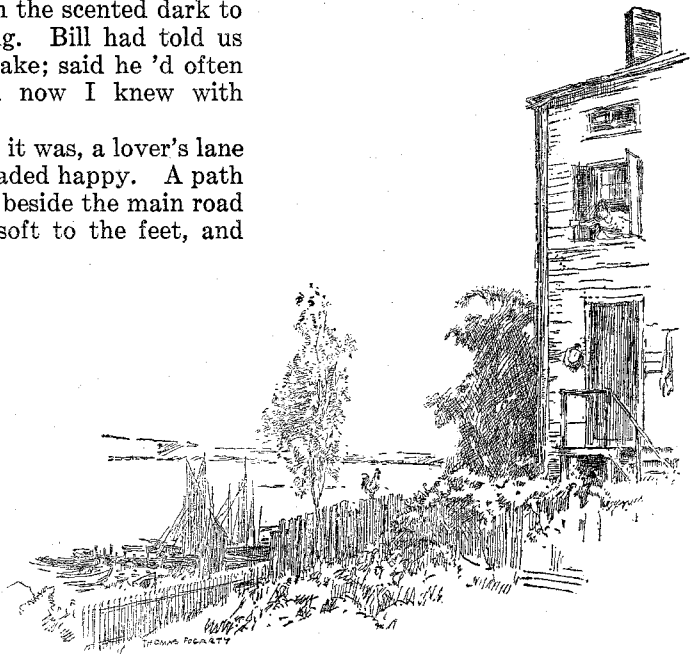
Our trolley came at just the right moment thereafter, for we felt strangely lonely there on the corner, with Bill and his joy gone down the street, and as we sagged into Flushing we grew hungrier and hungrier. Yet we determined we would walk through the scented dark to Whitestone Landing. Bill had told us the exact road to take; said he 'd often walked there, and now I knew with whom!

It was all he said it was, a lover's lane to make the most jaded happy. A path for pedestrians ran beside the main road most of the way, soft to the feet, and

peaceful in the enveloping night. The moon had come out brilliantly, and the sky was studded with stars. It was getting on to nine o'clock, and, except for once when I camped out in Canada, I did n't know where our beds would be that night. It 's a glorious sensation, such ignorance. We were aware that country taverns closed early, as a rule, off the beaten tracks; but this only added zest to our leisurely walk.

It took us much more than an hour to reach Whitestone Landing, which is right on the water, and we found a place kept by a Norwegian woman; not very much of a place, I must admit. There were ugly portraits on the wall of unbelievably ugly ancestors; but when you have come several miles on foot, and suddenly emerge from the darkness feeling very tired and hungry, almost any light in any window is thrillingly beautiful to you.

"It 's pretty late for supper," was her greeting, and our hearts sank; but she must have seen that we were woefully disappointed. A hopeful "but" immediately fell from her lips. "But



"I was awakened . . . by the crowing of a cock"



maybe I can— Say, do you like hamburger steak and French fried potatoes and clam chowder?"

*Did we?* We followed her right into her cozy and clean kitchen, where her husband sat in placid ease, as the husbands of so many landladies sit always, and the odor of that ascending grease—how shall I ever forget it? It smelt as I hope heaven will smell.

And such clam chowder as it was! Thick, juicy, succulent, it dripped down our throats like a sustaining nectar, some paradisaical liquid that an angel must have evolved and mixed. I dream of having again some day in a certain Paris café a soup that thrilled me when I first tasted of its wonder; but never, never will anything equal, I am convinced now, Mme. Bastienssen's clam chowder.

We were given beds that night—and how good the sheets felt!—for the infinitesimal sum (do not gasp, dear reader!) of one dollar each. And the next morning I was awakened, only a few miles from rushing Manhattan, by the crowing of a cock; and when I looked from my window, happily energetic as I had not been for many mornings, I saw wild roses climbing over a fence, and caught glimpses of the gleaming little bay, with rowboats out even this early. Whitestone Landing is a place of house-boats. I had some friends once, I remembered, who lived on one all summer, and commuted to the city from it. There is a boat-house, with a bathing-pavilion here, and a little steamer plies between Whitestone and Clason Point every half-hour, and excursionists go over for picnics under the trees, with heavy lunch-baskets and half a dozen children at their sides.

Jim and I determined to get an early start, and after a breakfast that was almost as good as our supper of the evening before (nothing could ever taste quite so fine), we set off for Bayside by a back road, which Mr. Bastienssen roused himself sufficiently to tell us of. He was a pale, weak-eyed, blond little man, who seemed resentful of most visitors, though common sense should have told him that they were exceedingly necessary if he was to continue his life of large leisure.

Now, there is nothing I like more than a back road, particularly in these days of hurry and scurry, and it was a perfect morning to walk anywhere. The air was like wine, it was not a bit hot, and we made such an early start that we met few travelers, and none at all on foot for some time. The road curved, after we passed a little bridge, and woods on the right almost lured us exploringly into them. We did venture to go out of our way to see the dewdrops on the leaves, but as the sun was kindly that morning and could not, in July, be depended upon to remain so, we thought it better to get along. A farmer was tilling the ground near by, and the smell of the earth was good to our nostrils, poor paving-stone slaves that we were; and out in a vast potato patch the rest of the farmer's family were bending over the plants, as serene as if they were hundreds of miles from anywhere. Here the road turned charmingly, and Jim and I were positively singing at our taste of exultant liberty, drinking in our joy, and wondering why we had never thought of coming out like this before. Suddenly, directly around the turning, two strange-looking men came running toward us, swinging their arms in fiendish fashion. They were hatless and coatless, and their shirts, as they came nearer, were seen to be open at the throat. They kept close together, and one of them was huge beyond belief, while the other was smallish and not given to quite the frantic gesticulations of his comrade.

"Maniacs!" I whispered to Jim, not a little alarmed; and it seemed to me I had read that there was an asylum somewhere near this spot, though on second thoughts it was only a military fort. Nevertheless, to see two men running amuck this early of a morning, confounded us, and we thought we had better get out of their way.

I could see that Jim was as uncomfortably frightened as I, though he would not say so. As the strangers came nearer, he dodged to one side, as did I; and then, as they passed us without even a glance in our direction, we both burst out laughing.

"A prize-fighter, with his trainer, practising shadow-boxing!" cried Jim,



who knows a lot about such things. "And I'll swear it was Dempsey."

"I don't believe it," I answered, rather ashamed of my inability to recognize such a celebrity of the ring. "At any rate, I'm sure of one thing."

"What's that?"

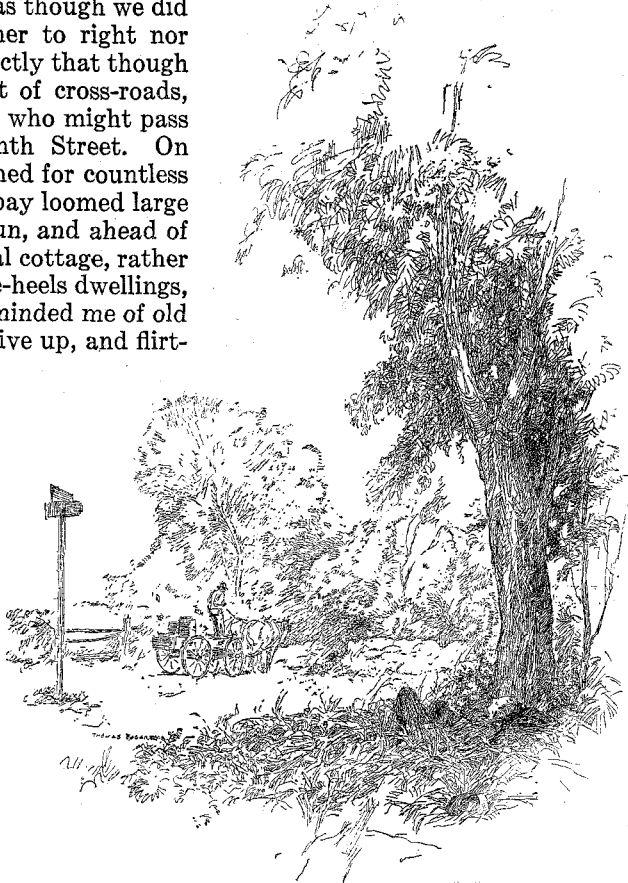
"It was n't Jack Johnson." And I had to hurry ahead, for fear Jim would give me a pugilistic punch.

Having met two pedestrians, we of course immediately met two more; just as, when you go down a lonely stretch of road in a car, through some mysterious process three or four machines will suddenly find themselves bunched together at the most narrow and inconvenient spot. This time they were a pair of stout young women, in sweaters of some heavy material, puffing and blowing up a little rise of land, most obviously striving to reduce their girth. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle!* They were not a whit embarrassed at running into us,—not literally, thank Heaven!—and went on their mad way as though we did not exist, turning neither to right nor left. I remember distinctly that though this was at the loneliest of cross-roads, a sign informed any one who might pass that this was Fourteenth Street. On one side the farm stretched for countless acres; on the other the bay loomed large and mirror-like in the sun, and ahead of us was only an occasional cottage, rather threadbare, down-at-the-heels dwellings, some of them, which reminded me of old coquettes unwilling to give up, and flirt-

ing with any passer-by. Fourteenth Street, to any New-Yorker, conjures up the picture of a busy thoroughfare; and so this sign of blue and white, hanging above an empty stretch of overgrown weeds, brought a smile to my lips. It was on Fourteenth Street, as a child, that I had been taken to see Santa Claus in a department-store window; and always the figure is associated in my mind with dense crowds in holiday spirits, with confetti and other gay reminders of Christmas.

It was at another turning that we came in sight of Fort Totten, while across the water Fort Schuyler stood serenely and firmly, and I knew that City Island wandered out into the sound a little farther up on the other side, close to Hart's Island.

I wanted to go to Fort Totten; but we were in no hurry, and I imagined that it must be time for luncheon. True



"Idleness and I"

to our compact, we had n't looked at our watches or asked the time along the road. But we had been going steadily for three or four hours, I was certain, and Jim suggested that we sit under a tree for a while. The sun was fast mounting the heavens, and I found, at a cross-roads, just the spot for a still hour or so. We had brought some sandwiches along, and there was a glen below from which I could hear the water gushing. To linger a bit would be delightful. I had not loafed for so long that it would be quite an adventure now. As I dreamed on the grass, I began to think in rhyme, as one often does when there is n't a thing in the world to worry about; and before I knew it I had made this simple song to fit my mood:

All the drowsy afternoon,  
 Idleness and I  
 Dreamed beneath a spreading tree,  
 Looking at the sky.  
 Ah, we let the weary world  
 Like a cloud drift by!

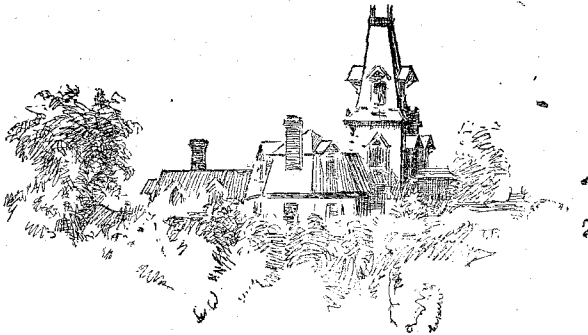
When had Idleness and I  
 Taken such a trip?  
 When had we put by before  
 Heavy staff and scrip,  
 Meeting on a summer day  
 In such fellowship?

Long and long ago, may be,  
 I had dared to look  
 For a whole glad sleepy day  
 In a rushing brook,  
 Reading in the haunted page  
 Of the earth's green book.

Then, forgetting what I found  
 In the volume old,  
 I returned from solitude  
 Where the shadows fold,  
 Seeking what the foolish seek—  
 Empty joy and gold.

Now, grown wise, I crave again  
 Just the simple sky  
 And the quiet things I loved  
 In the years gone by.  
 We are happy all day long,  
 Idleness and I.

(To be continued)



# When Labor-Unions Guarantee Production

By WILLIAM L. CHENERY



RODUCTION is a matter of world-wide concern. The nations involved in the war have not been able since the armistice to restore human productivity sufficiently to satisfy human need. So serious is the situation that Great Britain last year authorized a parliamentary commission to investigate ways of increasing the output of the nation's industry. In the United States, as abroad, workers are commonly held responsible for the scarcity which in part explains high prices. It is said frequently that war wages have resulted in a restriction of work. What reply do trade-unionists make to such charges? Are they alive to popular need? Do they care about the public? In part these questions have received a notable answer from the large organization of clothing-makers.

Ten years ago the clothing industry was, from the point of view of human welfare, one of the worst in the country. Hours were long. Wages were so low that according to governmental investigations the average worker earned much less than the necessary cost of living at the lowest level. The trade was seasonal; it still is to a certain extent. That meant weeks of furious work night and day, followed by weeks of idleness. Conditions were so bad that only the newest immigrants—Russian Jews and Italians—were attracted in large numbers to it. Some of the most desolate pictures of American industrial life were drawn in the garment industry. The plight of women seemed peculiarly terrible. Investigation seemed to show that by no conceivable exertion could many classes of workers hope to earn living wages. The industry was largely unorganized; the workers were impotent to help themselves. Moreover, it was highly competitive. Rivalry between

manufacturers was so sharp that the unscrupulous employer was able to rule the market. If the public-spirited manufacturer attempted to pay living wages and to provide decent conditions, he was underbid by competitors. The situation was desperate. At times the workers protested against their misery by blind strikes. Absolutism, broken by anarchy and challenged occasionally by revolution, was the industrial rule.

During the winter of 1910 a long and wasteful strike took place in the Chicago market. It was lost by the workers. When it was all over, a big Chicago manufacturer decided to make an experiment. This manufacturer told a friend that he wanted to leave his industry a little better than he found it. So his firm decided to permit the employees of their shops to organize for joint dealing with the company. At the same time Sidney Hillman, then a young cutter employed by the firm, became convinced that if he were free he could organize the workers. He discussed the matter with a young Italian. The Italian was a better tailor. His earnings were larger than Hillman's. Consequently, he offered to work and to share his wages with Hillman while the latter persuaded the workers to unite. As a matter of history, the Italian, A. D. Marimpietri, was not called on to make the sacrifice, but his willingness showed the idealism which animated both the employers and the workers at the start of the venture. Gradually, from that beginning a system of industrial government grew up. Each shop chose its representative. These, with the foremen, composed a board. Arbitrators were added. Finally all industrial matters were passed on by a legislative group representing jointly the firm and the workers. In addition judicial machinery was set up. The firm