

They or We?

A NEW SPIRIT IN INDUSTRY

BY OLIVE A. COLTON



WHEN people talk about labor they usually grow angry, and the workers are equally warm in their denunciation of business men. Various ways have been tried to lessen

this long antagonism. First, charity: kind-hearted ladies carried baskets of provisions to the needy and paid the rent of those that ran behind, and philanthropists built institutions for the unfortunate, but always more relief and larger buildings were needed. Force, too, has been tried, and we have endeavored to teach them a lesson by starving them out, but it is acknowledged that these methods have not produced contented workers. Welfare measures have lessened but not solved the problem. A little so-called Christianity has been suggested here and there, but it is not yet a popular idea even with the disinterested, for how can an employer love a brick-thrower, or an employee love a master who he feels is exploiting him?

To-day there is a new spirit in industry, and it is founded on truth. If only truth will make us free, we must have impartial information. Here science was called in and investigations made, not from sentiment, not by those disposed to favor either side, but by scholars resolved to follow the facts wherever they led. The public, unfortunately, has not had the benefit of one-half of this research. Public opinion is conceded to be a great force—like atmospheric pressure, it is there fourteen pounds to the square inch—but to get more light and less heat in industry it is absolutely imperative to get over to the public the results of these investigations.

Some of labor's antagonistic feeling we inherited. From feudal times the so-called lower classes were given no chance to advance, but there seems to be something wrong in modern times as well, for

the income-tax returns revealed that in this rich country in 1918 about 86 per cent of those gainfully employed had incomes of less than \$2,000.

In the history of mankind there have been certain signal events from which all the other changes have come. One of these was the introduction of machinery. The first machines were set up in England in 1837, and this rapid way of increasing the world's goods was hailed as the arrival of the Golden Age. It was thought there would at last be enough for everybody, and the abundant supply would make everything cheaper. That has not come true. Many things that are plentiful are above the reach of the millions needing them; we hear not of the Golden but the Iron Age, and the black smoke waving like a pennant from the tall chimneys has made some embittered workers turn to a red flag for help.

Why is it that when we say "it's a factory town" the words are usually, in spite of the efforts of a few manufacturers, the death-knell of beauty and the things that really enrich life, and why do the streets swarm with so many misdirected, brute, and broken people, that we are apt to forget the thousands of quiet, noble workers whose toil has fed and clothed us? It is indeed a stagnant mind that always believes every strike is caused by agitators that come from the outside and incite by evil means peaceable men and women receiving all the wages the trade can afford.

One reason for our industrial chaos was the mushroom growth of factories before there were any recognized standards. There had been no apparent need for the government to concern itself officially with the workers, and it was not until our own time that a Department of Labor was added to the administration, with a secretary in the cabinet. The chief trouble since has been to get Congress to appro-

priate enough money to enable it to enlist the services of experts and to keep it free from politics. At first too new to speak with authority, it has been accumulating a mass of information, and to-day more and more people are following its bulletins. Meantime vast numbers of women entered industry, and it became necessary to establish in the department a Women's Bureau, but still fewer politicians cared about that and could be persuaded to turn from the more lucrative business lobbies seeking money from Congress, although this agency had the welfare of 8,000,000 working women in its keeping. Handicapped as the bureau has been for money, its research is epoch-making.

So comparatively recent, too, has been any public interest in industry, that we did not even have a factory inspector until Massachusetts appointed one in 1879. Manufacturers had run their plants to suit themselves, and those on the inside were no concern of those on the outside. In England, factory inspection is a recognized profession for which people are trained, entering at the bottom and working up to that of an authority whose visits the employer does not fear as that of a spy, but welcomes as that of an expert with whom he can discuss the latest protective measures. Ostensibly under the civil service, many of our men were political appointees, unfitted for their rôle, and it was difficult to keep really able inspectors, for, unlike England, we do not give a pension, and as on the salary there can be nothing for their old age, after learning the work they usually went into something else. The woman inspector for women and children for the Toledo district has had to cover ten counties, when as a matter of fact there are enough plants in that one city to take all her time. It is proof of our negligence that, of the 2,458,186 people hurt and killed at work in 1923, many received injuries that could have been prevented. Every day, workers were brought into the hospitals with fingers cut off for lack of guards on their machines, and if we heard of it they got our sympathy, not our attention to their risks.

But factory inspection is getting on a higher plane and industrial clinics are making history. The appalling number of

occupational diseases from which the innocent have been wrecked is also going to be immeasurably less in the future. Science and legislation have checked the numbers afflicted with that terrible phossy-jaw in the manufacture of matches, and varnishes that so cruelly burned the skins of thousands can now be made harmless. It is recognized to-day that monoxide gas is a menace to the health of the workers, and we have also learned that working in white lead may make a woman sterile. We are not going to allow the race to suffer much longer to benefit the few. Tuberculosis, too, is being controlled in the glass trades by devices which stop the inhalation of dust in grinding and polishing, and also in making soap-powder and mattresses. The damp, heavy air that has crippled so many laundry-workers and taken its toll of respiratory victims will be changed ere long, for the records reveal that with the dampness, the excessive heat, continuous standing, and the pressure of rush orders, the woman who works in a laundry over four years must be an Amazon, or forfeit her health.

Harvard's department of industrial medicine is constantly adding to its discoveries in this new field. The International Labor Office, the Russell Sage Foundation, the American Association for Labor Legislation, the societies of engineers, the industrial commissions of the various States, the trades themselves, an ever-increasing number of organizations doing preventive work, and the government war tests have brought their contributions concerning the lives of the working people, and there are now books and pamphlets for the lay reader that stand as beacon-lights to show the way toward industrial peace. They were not written in a down-with-the-rich spirit, or a lo-the-poor-working-man tone, but are impartial records of conditions to-day, from which those who desire can study cause and effect.

The first fact to stand out is that those who introduced machinery overlooked an important point. The wheels and belts were carefully watched and kept in good condition, but the human element required to guide them was seldom taken stock of, and a steady stream of immi-

grants flowed freely into the places of the dissatisfied, inefficient, and spent workers. Most business men were too busy with the demands for material results to realize sooner that in producing the wealth of the land there was a by-product of poverty, wrong, and hatred that was born of injustice.

When the first mills were started in New England, each nationality began at the bottom and would get a little better conditions, when another influx of immigrants would come, and with stolid faces and stout nerves offer their fresh strength for a lower wage, as their standard of living demanded little. The immigrants risked their lives high in the air, building our skyscrapers; they went under the ground and tunnelled our subways; they fashioned great ships and laid railroads to make East and West meet; they have changed the raw material with which nature endowed us into the wealth which makes America rank as the richest country in the world to-day. But what have we done for the majority of the immigrants? True, thousands of them are better off than before. We gave them a living, but what kind of life have we opened to them? In bringing cheap labor for our industries, a consequence not foreseen was that these men and women in addition to being workers would be citizens, affecting our lives by their lives in ways undreamed of by the economic selfishness and political greed that welcomed them.

Leaders with the new spirit in industry are demonstrating that it is possible to pay reasonable dividends without debasing the workers into civic barbarism. The laws of life are very simple. They require food, shelter, air, work, rest, and recreation for all, but it is now proven beyond a doubt that industry did not recognize these laws. To work regularly the body needs nourishing food, and the rise in its cost has cut the rations of the working people and blighted their children's future by putting that basic food, milk, disastrously high. People repeat, parrot-like, that the cost of living cannot come down until wages come down. It is always labor that is held liable, but statistics will show those who care for truth that wages have not been the sole cause

for high prices. When shoes were 250 per cent more a pair, the worker received but 66 per cent, and the leather trust had the balance. To-day the cost of living is 72½ per cent above 1913, yet there is a nationwide effort to get the pay-envelope back to the pre-war status. Profiteering is menacing the strength of the nation.

It is appalling to find the number of workers that gave out because enough good fuel was not put into the furnace to keep the human machine going. Many to make ends meet chose the cheap dishes regardless of their food values. Domestic science and nutrition classes are doing a valiant service now in teaching that a little of the right kind of diet is more nourishing than a quantity that has no food value. But no one taught this generation the energy-creating dishes, or the false economy of beginning work without breakfast, as thousands of factory girls have done. Some plants, you will say, have cafeterias where hot food is sold at cost, but these are pitifully few, though we know that a warm meal develops physical efficiency. England increased the output of the munition workers by supplementing their frugal home fare with an extra lunch, and gave milk regularly to those in the poisonous trades to add to their resistance. If we could do that to win war, shall we do less to gain peace? But of course the workers do not want food given them, they ask a wage that will enable them to buy it.

Had the second need, shelter, been recognized, we should not have had the sorry tale to tell of family life and the dearth of moderate-priced houses. Seventy-two per cent of our workers do not own their own homes. Even the critics who see in all wage-earners extravagant spenders had to admit that thrifty fathers and mothers could get no homes within their means for a decent rearing of their children; strangers shared the same room, and in some places workers alternated in renting the beds by day with those who slept in them at night. What kind of citizens does this make for, alas, the benighted States of America? We have talked about pearls before swine, and some uplifters have complained that bathtubs are used for potato-bins, but this is not surprising when no educational effort

went before to teach those families the virtue of soap and water. Cleanliness improves on acquaintance, but no one introduced these strangers to its benefits. And for their third need—air? We kept too many of them working in dark cellars and basements, in crowded lofts and foul-smelling tenements, and we excused our city congestion by thinking the poor did not like the country—as if there were not other reasons!

But it is in regard to work itself that the real surprise came. The old idea that the longer one worked the more he did has been indubitably disproved, and the new doctrine of the eight-hour day is now heralded, for actual tests were made in different trades, and as the workers are fresher they produce more in eight hours than in ten. From the early days of machinery the same old arguments were brought out against working an hour less. It makes curious reading now that the Manchester Chamber of Commerce in 1815 contended that if little children did not work twelve hours, on account of continental competition, their trade would be ruined. The opponents of the ten-hour bill in England *proved* that it would lower wages and raise prices, and history repeated itself and the same fear over the nine-hour bill that finally passed. In Illinois the candy-makers fought the eight-hour law—the trade would be wrecked, prices would be prohibitive and candy scarce, but does any one feel that Chicago lacks for sweets, or that they cost more there than elsewhere? Another point we are beginning to grasp is that though the hours at the machines may be comparatively few, if the operators have to be on hand, that time is not theirs to lead their own lives, and though we see them “just sitting around talking,” as they await their work, they are not really free agents.

Labor turnover could be lessened and loyalty developed if the worker could take any interest in his work, but one job is the same as another. As Mr. Arthur Pound has so well told, the attendant of automatic tools does not live while on the job—he exists, against the time when he can begin to live, which is when he leaves the shop. He would shift to another job to-morrow if he could do as well. “So he comes to his post as a slave to the galley,

and leaves it with the gladness of a convict escaping prison. Psychologists say that a large part of industrial unrest is due to the inhibition which automatic tools place upon the expression of personality through labor.”

Work to-day is killing in so many cases creative impulse. The workers need not exert their ingenuity or their imagination, they merely do mechanically their allotted piece. It is estimated that only a quarter of a normal intelligence is ever required, and the daily monotony keeps the mind inactive. The pride in creative hand-work of earlier days has unfortunately been supplanted by the unbroken sameness of doing over and over one part, and not getting its relation to the finished product. For example, there are seventy different parts to a shoe, and having a limited area of work, like doing nothing but eyelets, dulls the mentality, narrows thought, saps vigor, and requires stimulating recreation to offset it. The next time you eat a caramel think of the girl who wraps nine thousand of them every day in those little papers. Would you care to put twenty-one hundred cakes of soap a day in wrappers, or drill thousands of holes in a tube and then thousands and thousands more, only to find more thousands to be drilled each morning if you are to make your living? After three years of it, was it surprising that when a social worker remonstrated with a girl for going to a questionable dance-hall, her suppressed youth cried out: “Oh, I’m so sick of it all by Saturday night, I’d go to hell to have a good time!”

A young worker in a canning factory, who had no adjustable stool and whose back was consequently round from stooping to reach the lever that drilled through small strips of tin, heard the others tell a new hand who spoke of being tired that she would get used to the work. “No,” she protested, “it ain’t that, you get used to being tired.”

And some of these women will bring into the world poor, undernourished, anæmic children, utterly incapable of doing the tasks the world must get done. But of course they are not all wrecked by fatigue, because we see them off nightly to the movies. Those naturally strong do stand it, but almost invariably

there is a mark left, visible later. Sometimes it is a physical handicap for long, idle years, sometimes a mental pall, or a spiritual blight.

Often it is the fear of charity for their declining years that makes them seemingly avaricious, and their own unwise desire incites them to spend their health like a prodigal. An old seamstress complained about the law that prevented her shop from keeping open more than fifty hours a week. "Can't we be allowed to work overtime when we need the money so badly?" she objected. "Anyway, when we're rushed we just work evenings on the quiet." Two years later she announced she had been sick all winter and her savings were going. "I'm just good for nothing, and all they want of you down-town is work, work, work. I tell you the poor won't stand it much longer." And thus socialism was getting another convert. Overwork does two things: it breaks and it hardens; and when I see a calloused working woman with the coarse laugh and the sharp tongue that denote a defeated life, I see also a vision behind her, the woman she might have been had a wiser generation directed her to the things that are lovely and of good report.

But the most impressive fact that occurs in all the testimony that the innumerable agencies have gathered is the worker's fear of unemployment. That haunting spectre dogs their lives night and day, and old-age pensions and unemployment insurance would help free many hard-working men and women from the cruel fangs of Nemesis. Surely as more people learn what this dread of and actual unemployment have done to the workers, they will insist that Congress safeguard them with the programme of public work that we have been too indifferent to put through.

That product of the twentieth century, the speed mania, has made the bodily need of rest more essential for this generation than any other. Some critics contrast the shortness of the present work-day with the fourteen or more hours of their time, but they fail to see that the tension is greater and that the strain of watching a faster machine more than offsets a shorter day. Formerly a mill girl watched a needle do six hundred stitches

a minute; to-day she must control twenty needles doing four thousand stitches. "Only guiding," yes, but, as some one has pointed out, under the strain of guiding runaway horses (for the pace of the machine knows no mercy for human fatigue), and with the inexorability of fate the chain in a canning factory will bring forward, minute after minute all day long, the next jar of pickles into which the operator must be ready to drop an onion. Woe to her if she raises her eyes from her work, for the can will have sped by and the omission be docked from her wages. If you put caps on eighty cans a minute as they whirled by you in an endless procession ten hours a day, six days a week, twelve months a year, would your outlook on life be as fresh and your spirit as buoyant as before? To run many machines, only two or three motions are made, and the same muscles are used over and over, depriving the body of the healthful play of different muscles. From the speed, and the long hours in crowded rooms, and the monotony, the new disease of industrial fatigue came upon us, and the discovery that a tired worker cannot long be an efficient one will make it good business to conserve the vitality of the worker. The pernicious piece system urges factory hands to hurry to the next lot to keep up their earnings, and it takes the vigor of those not robust. Physicians are telling us that fatigue decreases the power of the blood to throw off the poisons that accumulate in the body, and when there is not proper rest for repair, the system becomes undermined, is a prey to disease, and a menace to the public health.

When a bill to protect labor comes up in the legislatures, you see the employers' able lawyers there to defeat it and the workers to fight for it, for the companies that have helped get beneficial laws for the other side have been so few that they stand out, lighthouses for industry, against which a sea of worried men anxiously computing future dividends spend themselves in vain. How many of your friends bother about labor legislation or read through articles about it in the newspapers?

As an example, Wisconsin has a law prohibiting night-work for women. How

about your State? Is it abreast of the progressive ones in this line, or can a woman be worked all night where you live, in spite of the fact that night-work is in direct opposition to the laws of nature? The body is at its lowest ebb during the early morning hours, and as the stomach gets food at unaccustomed intervals the digestion is affected, while the absence of daylight also acts detrimentally on the whole system. But the main difficulty is the loss of the right kind of sleep. This is bad enough for the men, although when they sleep in the day their rest period is likely to be undisturbed; not so the women, for the children must be fed and cared for, and it is rare that a working mother can take enough time off in the day for the amount of sleep she needs. Consequently the mother or children suffer, family life is destroyed, and education and recreation are difficult.

The pin-money idea has been exploded, and it is significant that 90 per cent of the women are supporting dependents; but equal pay for equal work is by no means universal, though it is proved that in proportion to their pay, daughters give more than sons to their families. The increase in the cost of living took the gain out of wages, and unless a girl lived at home, getting the benefit of some one else's work, even a prudent saver has had a struggle to live, and simply could not put by anything against a rainy day, for so many years have had wet seasons! The Consumers League watched the expenditures of a girl getting nine dollars a week, who roomed with a strange woman for three-fifty a week. She paid ten cents for breakfast, thirty-five cents for dinner, twenty cents for supper, and got such poor food that she bought a quart of milk to keep nourished. That consumed her wages. One week she lost three days' pay from illness; how could she afford to be sick? She paid five cents for a cake of soap, two cents for a stamp, two cents for a sheet of paper and envelope, and fifteen cents for the use of the laundry to wash her clothes, and fifty-five cents for car-fare, making a deficit of seventy-five cents in her budget. Who was to make up the difference? Notice that she spent nothing for clothes, though a clerk is expected to be well dressed to

keep her position. Is she never to go to the dentist nor to have a cent for recreation?

Should religion merely postpone to the next life a happier time for the gentle soul who, after sewing tents all day, for eight dollars a week, had to give music-lessons in the evening, however tired, to piece out with the grocery bill for her two little children? In most States the amount for mothers' pensions is totally inadequate to keep the mother at home to care for her little brood, which of course was its purpose; and in the prohibition of mothers from the machines six weeks before and after childbirth, kind-hearted America is far behind Europe. Is it not time for more people to think on these things?

Seasonal work forces thousands of workers to keep changing, with loss of pay between jobs. The coal inquiries brought out the enforced idleness for many weeks of the miners when the mines are closed, and the deplorable state of what Hoover called the dark industry, intended to give us light and warmth. Dozens of trades are spasmodic. Milliners, always dropped after the spring and autumn demand is over, must eat as usual, and the amount for the year looks out of proportion to the what-appeared-to-us high pay for a few weeks. The basis for consideration of wages should be the year's total.

The forty-dollar-a-week workers who spent their all on silk shirts and stockings make startling newspaper stories, and of course there are some, as human nature is much alike, rich and poor; but it would be a grave mistake to believe that all wage-earners are throwing their money away. Too many in all classes do, but much of it went to pay for homes and to give children advantages impossible before, and the second-hand stores were almost sold out in England in 1919 from the unusual number of families furnishing their homes. It is much easier to accept the current belief that thrifty people always get ahead than to make even the slight effort needed to get the reports, for instance, of the shoe-workers in Lynn. It is significant that not one but dozens who had worked all their lives feared the potter's field. One-half had not been able to save adequately. Unemployment,

sickness, and the ill fortune of their dependents had eaten up the principal of hundreds. Homely little incidents were uncovered, even the sixty-seven dollars saved for so long for false teeth that had to be relinquished for food when the shut-down came. We cannot dismiss as extravagant these women, for they were not the flapper type. A short life and a merry one would not have been to their taste at all. Many were wiry, frugal, dour, relentlessly unattractive creatures with steel-rimmed spectacles and straight back hair, to whom life meant only stern duty. Yet what more telling reproach to the shoe industry as it was largely conducted than that so many faithful women should have to face old age with alarm?

Those seeking to establish a new spirit in industry had sharp blows in the rejection of many legislatures of the Child Labor Amendment and in the adverse decision of the constitutionality of the Minimum Wage in the District of Columbia. However, the friends of the former believe that time will be their champion in getting over to the misinformed just what is meant by the measure and the reasons for its wording, and in allaying their fears about States' rights and parental rights and the right of Congress to make children lazy by law. The proponents of a living wage also have faith that if they go on undismayed, a way will be found to make justice constitutional, and that as more realize the overwhelming numbers that cannot now live in frugal decency, there must be a rehearing of the whole subject.

In Ohio in 1919, when wages were highest, seventeen dollars a week was estimated as necessary for living, but the State Industrial Commission records that one-half the women were not getting fifteen dollars. A study of the U. S. Women's Bureau, of Ohio industries, taken from the employers' own payrolls of 1921, showed that thirteen dollars and eighty cents was the median wage, but this official fact was avoided by the Legislative Commission investigating the need for a bill, and after hearings that were conspicuously partial to manufacturers and merchants they reported not only that it was not needed, but that it was a failure in the States that had it! They also de-

creed that the figures of the proponents were inaccurate (though they were the government's own) and that little evidence was produced that workers wanted it, though any thinking person would know that if any of the underpaid thousands had publicly testified against their employers they would have been dismissed before night. But why, when the Manufacturers Association fought it, were not the fair-minded people interested when the Minimum Wage Bill came up in the legislature? Probably, because most of them were utterly unaware how hard it is to-day for conscientious, regularly employed men and women to get ahead. Others have a suspicion that a minimum wage would be radical—that taboo that has greeted what are now our conservative measures. As they hear that President Coolidge asked for a non-mandatory bill for the District, that Harding "regretted that all the States have not got it"—it may seem less red, that Roosevelt advocated it, and that Canada, Australia, England, and the countries of Europe that have had it longest believe in it most—they may accept it more intelligently. As safe a body as Congress gave it to the women of the District of Columbia, but their Court of Appeals by a majority of one man recently declared it unconstitutional. This extraordinarily reactionary opinion seemed based on the old laissez-faire methods, long since discarded in modern times, that the workers should be free in every way, and this included their right to work under such degrading conditions as might result in their debasement and that of the race. The case will undoubtedly be taken to the Supreme Court. For if the employer is not paying a living wage, then it is plain to the thoughtful that the charities often have to make up the difference. Thus it is the public that really subsidizes that business, and that employer should change to a line enough needed to enable him to keep his force above the life-line. It is not a praiseworthy example of civilization to take all a man's time and strength, and then put him in a position of having to ask for help. Wasn't it blind generosity that prompted an employer to give five thousand dollars to the community chest when his own men could not live off

their pay and had to be assisted by the included charities? It sounds better to call it philanthropy than what it really is: short-sighted or selfish economics.

We have now abundance of proof that the man seeking work cannot possibly enter a factory with the feeling of equality, man to man, with the employer. He cannot alone stand up for his rights, and that brings us to one of the most disturbing words in our language—the unions. We look upon them with horror because they suggest street-fights and agitators that have to be taken off to jail, but the era is now opening when the public must try to understand why working people need to organize. Collective bargaining is the only way to get a square deal. But what a world of trouble between the theory and the practice! We are past the slave period when a man could be worked against his will, and there are undeniable signs that the day is not far distant when the economic waste, as well as the more distressing human waste, of the strike will be superseded by some arbitration boards acceptable to both parties. The responsibility for a strike is on the side that is wrong, though we are apt to blame corrupt leaders. The justice of it is the point for careful study, but as the contest grows bitter and sympathetic strikes confuse the original issue, destructive methods follow, and they at once lose public sympathy, the many being held responsible for the violence of the few.

Women are slow to organize, and hundreds suffer individual injustice because they have not yet learned as men have the power of concerted action. As a rule, they expect to stay in industry only until they can marry, and evening meetings do not appeal to them as much as the movies, but the fact that married workers are now rapidly increasing may help unite all in bettering their condition. This need was apparent in a summer hotel recently where the bell-boys and porters secured better food by an hour's strike; but the chamber-maids, not knowing the advantage of organization, worked on underfed in a place too remote for them to afford the railroad-ticket back to their friends.

This is indeed a different world from 1913, though many employers are too

near-sighted to see it. If this country would only accept the unions in principle, it would give them a chance to stop fighting and do their house-cleaning, and it would be a big stride toward industrial peace. The manufacturers, the merchants, and most other employers form their associations; why has not the other side an equal right? The unions have undeniably done wrong, but they have not always been able to get their side before the public; and it is an open question, when one considers the unequal power of money, if they have been more sinned against than sinning. When England gave up trying to break the unions, they changed for the better. Until something wiser can be established to promote the welfare of the working people, the unions will get members, fight them though we will. They have the spirit of democracy with them, and though many do not want to believe it, it is truth that they have raised the standard of living for thousands struggling up to better relations with life and for millions to come after them. Those who would justify themselves, saying, "I believe in fair wages but I don't believe in the unions," should read the history of trade-unionism and learn that without the tragic suffering of valiant souls united against the wrongs that are now so clearly seen, wages could not have been raised, and the non-union workers have enjoyed if not earned the advance the unions have brought into being for all. The open shop sounds ideally fair, but Chief Justice Taft once warned about keeping it open at both ends, and too many know to their sorrow that though many concerns stand for the open shop, the union men are mistrusted and often dismissed for talking union to their fellow workers, and detectives to check organization are in the employ of too many companies.

The inflammable talk about the unions is unworthy of this country. Unless too long oppressed they can be trusted, for the majority of their members are responsible men. No class has a monopoly of the virtues; in the various walks of life good and bad are mixed together, with heredity and environment reacting on all. The finer feelings were not entailed by the Creator to rich or poor. Men treated like

dogs are apt to be dogs, and those treated like men, in most cases, try to be men.

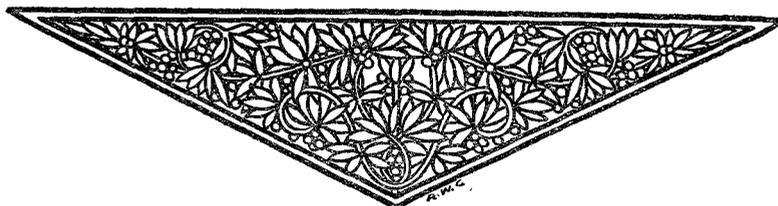
Granted that high wages are of no lasting benefit without thrift, that is no reason for lowering them, but gives strong support to the need of showing a wasteful and extravagant nation the things worth while. So few of the rich or poor know what to do with leisure unless they have money to spend. Wholesome recreation so urgently needed to offset the monotony of industry is not within the reach of all, but it is penetrating through our consciousness that human fellowship is required for normal living—the heart needs its warmth and the head its stimulus. We cannot have democracy only in government; it means as well the democratization of the good gifts of life. Music, painting, sculpture, the drama, architecture, literature, and all the other ways by which man has sought to express himself, are a common possession. How shall we put the key that will unlock their kingdom into the hands of the heirs who know so little of their treasures?

Of course no one change will counteract all the evils of modern life; shorter hours will not stop the feeble-minded from reproducing themselves, nor high wages enrich a barren mind. We have indeed too many incompetent, inefficient workers, and too many wealthy men and women who would also have been unable to be self-supporting, to say nothing of contributing anything to the progress of mankind. The schools must keep the children until they are better fitted for life in the community. The subtle influ-

ence of the home and false standards play a potent part in much of the unrest today, but has it not been the families of the capitalists that were setting the example?

The workers were mostly simple-hearted folk and wanted only bread, peace, and brotherhood, and we who were in control mismanaged affairs so sadly that unemployment, war, and hatred have prevailed. We failed in our part—that has been the chief cause of labor's bitterness—and it has made the workers whatever they are to-day. Class hatred only widens the breach. Instead of anathematizing labor as good for nothing, perhaps we would better remember that the work and long patience of many have made the green earth a fairer place for thousands less conscientious than themselves, and that any intolerance, bitterness, or vehemence that either side shows is the accompaniment of unenlightenment—that unenlightenment which the last generation did so little to change.

How many of us can truly state that it has been entirely through our own effort, or deserving, that we are not doomed to pass our days at a machine? To see ourselves in the life of the other, that is the challenge of the future. Can we see it? The men in the mob, *our* brothers, the lazy, the ignorant, the vicious? Yes, as much as the glutton, the materialist, and the monopolist. A few can go forward but they cannot stay long without the many. We are all related, and when we learn to say the right pronoun, not I, nor They, but We, the world may be a happier place for all.



To All Friends

BY FRANCIS CHARLES MacDONALD

WHEN this corruptible must be
Got rid of, do not make for me
A solemn funeral, nor prepare
A ritual, nor mark with care
The burial-place of my old bones
With rose-bushes and ugly stones . . .

I fear a pious epitaph
Would make the sad survivors laugh.

But since I must be buried, go
Lightly with me, that men may know
How happy we shall all be when
We find a way to meet again;
And where you put me, in that place
I shall be quiet, by God's grace.

I shall be quiet? That thing,—I?
These be the signs to know me by:

When, on an autumn night, you feel
Home-sick for God-knows-where, and steal
Out into darkness, wistfully . . .
There in the darkness I shall be.

Or on a spring night, when the air
Is full of lilacs everywhere,
And suddenly, not knowing why,
You stop and wonder . . . That is I.

Or when, on summer nights, the flash
Of imminent lightning, and the crash
Of thunder waken you from your sleep,
Come,—join the vigils I shall keep!

But, winter nights, I shall not haunt
The lonely roads, nor in the gaunt
Ungenial gardens shall I be,
Crouching for shelter by a tree . . .

God, no! But let your fancy stray
To some wild snowy yesterday,
And stir the fire. Put out the light,
And say: "We have with us to-night . . ."

Do not spend your money on stones
To set above my mortal bones,
But give a party. Let the air
Ring with it. I shall be there!