

problem, but we did it. We adopted all kinds of revised and new methods of storage and manufacture, too detailed to tell you. But the point is, we regularized the use of a product that had never been regularized before.

I hope no one will try to refute this evidence by telling me that Procter and Gamble is a freak concern. Any company that, in a highly competitive industry, can make a net profit of \$9,132,000 in 1932 is the kind of a freak company with which most of us would like to be associated.

My second objection to the single state pool concerns the wastes of unemployment. Let us consider the case of an individual company. Adjoining a large city in the Middle-West is a well-known manufacturer who, I am told, fired about one hundred thousand of his employees at one fell swoop. The city on whose outskirts the plant is situated had to take care of these men. And when I say "city," I mean, of course, the taxpayers of that city. It is reported that those taxpayers paid more than \$8 million in relief until such time as the manufacturer saw fit to rehire some or all of his force. It may be that, in immediate saving, the manufacturer gained by this act of social injustice. In the long run he is probably bound to lose. Not only are such practices wasteful productively: they start a chain of ill-will that millions of dollars in advertising can never cancel.

But, granting the manufacturer a monetary saving, consider the loss to the community! That is the kind of loss we could curtail if the responsibility for it were placed squarely upon the employer. But when you put that burden upon the state, or divide it between the state, the employer and the employee, then it becomes everybody's business. And what is everybody's business rapidly becomes nobody's business. As a well-known English economist recently wrote:

While relieving unemployment, it is just as indispensable that we should at the same time harness all the motives and forces in society . . . to one great effort to reduce unemployment. . . . A scheme either of insurance or relief which makes leaders of industry—whether employers or trade unionists—careless as to the creation of unemployment is a social danger of the first magnitude.

My third argument for the plant or industry fund is that it gears into the new machinery under the codes. Few people outside industry can appreciate the profound change in management which NRA is bringing about. May I offer first-hand experience? The industry with which I am connected is the imported date-packing industry. We are very

small, as industries go, but there are some thirty-six of us employers with plants situated in fifteen states. Most of us had never seen each other before this code activity commenced. All of us nursed grievances against some or all of the rest. We prided ourselves upon our lack of cooperation. In these respects we were probably an average American industry, imbued with principles of rugged individualism that had been drilled into us by circumstances and the spirit of the times.

During the weeks that dragged along while we were fighting for our cause in Washington, a strange metamorphosis took place. We actually found ourselves discussing in quiet tones the future of our industry! Little by little the barriers gave way. In their place we started to erect a fairly cohesive structure based upon a genuine spirit of cooperation. By the time our code was adopted—it was the first to be signed by the President under the Agricultural Adjustment Act—we had formed an association, elected a code committee and set up a workable plan for enforcing the many new rules laid down in the code. So far we have functioned with practically complete success. This sounds like a Pollyanna fable. It is, however, all true. No one is more surprised at the result than myself, and yet I have been associated with this industry for almost fifteen years. After seeing how, in the short space of six months, starting with nothing but chaos, an industry has evolved effective machinery for enforcing our code provisions, I look forward with confidence to the use of this machinery for further industrial reforms of great importance to us all.

What is true in our field is undoubtedly true in others. American industry is evolving toward a system of cooperative practices which clears the way for unemployment reserves, set up plant by plant, or for each industry as a whole. Would it not seem the wildest folly to throw away this workmanlike structure in favor of the theoretical single state pool plan which fits into no administrative scheme as it exists today or is likely to exist in the reasonably near future?

Twenty-seven years as an employer and fifteen as a student of the unemployment problem convince me that those who believe in unemployment compensation should stand squarely behind the plan of individual plant reserves or of pooling by industry in a limited way where that is desirable. I urge this not for reasons of emotion or sentiment or loyalty or expediency, but because I believe the facts and the nature of the situation demand that solution for this administrative problem.

## The Ladder

BY ADELAIDE LOVE

"WORKMAN, what do you make with saw  
And plane and these stoutly fashioned bars?"

"I am adding as many rungs as I can  
To this ladder with which to scale the stars."

"Did you make it all?" "Ah no, long since  
In the ages past it was begun;

But the ladder is still far, far too short  
So I toil from dawn till the set of sun."

"Do you hope to mount the ladder soon  
That you labor thus and never stop?"

"My dream is not so near; I work  
That my son's son's son may climb to the top."

# Big-Hearted Clients

By GERTRUDE SPRINGER

MISS BAILEY was in that precious half-hour of the morning before the interruptions begin when she sensed something different in the usual noise of the outer office—chatter and illy-suppressed giggling. “Sounds like a kaffee-klatch,” she told herself. She was still deciphering one of those portentous, single-spaced memoranda “To all Supervisors,” when her door opened a crack and a voice chirped, “I come in? I bring my friends to see the boss lady.” And suddenly the kaffee-klatch was all around her with a frantic secretary or two hovering on the outskirts.

“I’m Mis’ Berger,” beamed the quite evident hostess, “I meet you when you talk to our Mothers’ Club—you know. Your girls been so good to me in my trouble that I tell all my friends to get on the relief. But they’re so ashamed, so I bring them. Mis’ Gutman and Mis’ Schwartz and Mis’ . . .”

Miss Bailey in her best board-meeting manner acknowledged a round of smiling curtsies, and then, since something more was evidently expected of her, delivered a little homily on the nature and purpose of relief intimating delicately that “people like we are” get along if we possibly can for fear of depriving someone worse off. “And of course you know that there are many people without good friends like Mrs. Berger to bring them in and we have to be fair and take each one in his turn. Suppose you each think it over and if you want to wait your turn one of these young ladies will talk to you. But I am afraid you may have to wait quite a while.”

Shepherded by the still cheerful Mrs. Berger, the kaffee-klatch withdrew to the outer office where, presently, four decided to wait and four, just a shade virtuously, to go home. Mrs. Berger’s little party was over and no feelings hurt.

Relief workers are the target for so many complaints that when a client advertises her satisfaction the fact is heartening though the result may be embarrassing.

“We never hold it against a client who brings in friends,” says a supervisor in a mid-western city, “provided of course she is genuinely big-hearted and is not trying to show off how much pull she has. We find that the show-off quickly loses interest when we make it clear that each case is dealt with privately and on its merits. The genuinely big-hearted client can often be very helpful after she understands—and that takes painstaking explanation—the how and why of accepting some applications and rejecting others. One of our clients who at first all but beat a drum rounding-up people to apply for relief was eventually much more interested in explaining to all and sundry just how relief is

*What can a worker do about a client who:*

*Produces a flock of new applicants by canvassing her neighbors and advising them to “get on the relief?”*

*Sustains her reputation as Lady Bountiful by being neighborly with her food allowance at the expense of her own family?*

*Presses hospitality on the visitor in the form of a fine big chocolate cake and a glass of home-made wine?*

*With a budgeted food order already inadequate, takes in an old grandmother and an elderly aunt who have burned their bridges in another community?*

organized. Her’s was no doubt a rough and ready interpretation, but it did discourage useless applications. On the other hand many cases that need our help desperately have been brought to us by clients, and for that we were grateful. We do not discourage clients from bringing in new applicants, but we try to make them discriminating.

“But in any event it seems to me that the source of the referral is none of our business. Everyone who comes to the office as an applicant is en-

titled to a fair hearing whether he came by his own decision, at the suggestion of a district leader or at the urge of a ‘satisfied customer.’ Need and eligibility are our only concern.”

One thing that people have learned these last troubled years, if they didn’t already know it, is the infinite generosity of the poor to the poor. But there are instances when the generous impulses of a happier day persist against the dictates of common sense, when a reputation as the Lady Bountiful of a neighborhood is maintained at the cost of immediate responsibility.

“I KNOW it doesn’t fit the picture of motherhood to say that some women will deprive their own children of food to make generous gestures to the neighbors,” says the supervisor of a big city district, “but it does happen sometimes and our workers never quite know how to deal with it. Neither do I for that matter. Just yesterday one of the workers came in all bothered about Henry Johnson’s oranges. Mrs. Johnson’s food order called for six oranges a week to supply needed vitamins for Henry, aged six. But Henry, it seemed, wasn’t getting the oranges. The visitor happened in just as Henry, reluctant and a little tearful, was being sent out with an orange to old Mrs. Snow, this being her ‘day.’ It developed that the six oranges went out on regular schedule, one a day to somebody or other. Thus was Henry being trained to be selfless. ‘Always I tell him it is better to give,’ said Mrs. Johnson. ‘Me? There ain’t a selfish bone in my body. Always I give. All my friends say so.’

“Now of course we couldn’t expect to change Mrs. Johnson’s conviction of virtue or to make her see that Henry had a property right in the oranges. Her mind just didn’t work that way. The best we could do was to preach the doctrine that charity begins at home and to suggest that Mrs. Johnson appraise her neighbors’ needs more carefully. Maybe they had more oranges than she had. Maybe they should apply for relief. Of course there is the possibility of a lot of grief for the neighbors in turning Mrs. Johnson loose as a self-appointed investigator, but I don’t suppose