

The Journal of

ELECTRICAL WORKERS AND OPERATORS

RECORDING · THE · ELECTRICAL · ERA

VOL. XXVI

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 1927

NO. 7

*“What constitutes a State?
 Not high-raised battlements, or labor’d mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown’d;
 No: men, high-minded men;
 Men, who their duties know;
 But know their rights; and knowing, dare maintain.
 These constitute a State.”*

Quoted by Jefferson, 1816.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD

OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS

DEVOTED TO THE
CAUSE OF
ORGANIZED
LABOR



AFFILIATED WITH THE
AMERICAN FEDERATION
OF LABOR IN ALL ITS
DEPARTMENTS

THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN—SOMETIMES

TIME: May 19, 1927.

PLACE: Local Union Meeting.

SUBJECT: Group Life Insurance.

COMPANY: Union Cooperative Insurance Association.

MOTION: To insure members under group life insurance policy,
effective June 1st.

AMENDMENT: To make the policy effective May 20th.

VOTE: Motion carried, as amended.

Sequel:

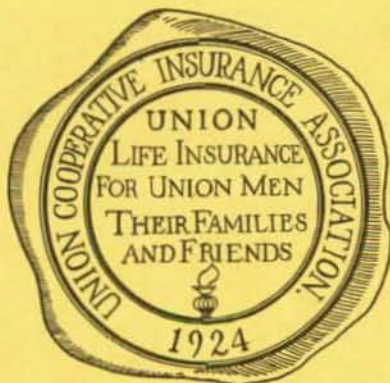
May 20. Policy in effect.

May 23. Member, 25 years old, in best of health, in accident,
dies immediately.

May 25. Company receives notice and evidence of death; makes
immediate payment.

**Take life insurance when you do not need it. A week—or even three days—
makes two thousand dollars' difference to a mother or wife—sometimes.**

COOPERATION FOR PROTECTION accomplishes great things.



This company issues the standard forms of life insurance for men, women and children, home safeguard policies, children's educational policies, and group life insurance for labor organizations.

Write today and get information and rates.

UNION COOPERATIVE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION

HOME OFFICE: MACHINISTS' BUILDING

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
**INTERNATIONAL
 ELECTRICAL WORKERS AND OPERATORS**
 PUBLISHED MONTHLY

G. M. BUGNIAZET, *Editor*, Machinists' Building, Washington, D. C.

This Journal will not be held responsible for views expressed by correspondents.

The first of each month is the closing date; all copy must be in our hands on or before.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

International President, J. P. NOONAN,
 506 Machinists' Bldg., Washington,
 D. C.

International Secretary, G. M. BUG-
 NIAZET, 506 Machinists' Bldg., Wash-
 ington, D. C.

International Treasurer, W. A. HOGAN,
 647 South Sixth Ave., Mt. Vernon,
 N. Y.

INTERNATIONAL

VICE PRESIDENTS

E. INGLES, 559 St. James St., London,
 Ont., Can.

JOHN J. SMITH, 63 Paul Gore St.,
 Jamaica Plains, Mass.

E. F. KLOTER, Machinists' Bldg., Wash-
 ington, D. C.

A. M. HULL, P. O. Box 1196, New
 Orleans, La.

H. H. BROACH, Machinists' Bldg.,
 Washington, D. C.

D. W. TRACY, 2505 Yupon Street,
 Houston, Tex.

T. C. VICKERS, 537 Pacific Bldg., San
 Francisco, Calif.

E. J. EVANS, 130 N. Wells St., Room
 1201, Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL

EXECUTIVE BOARD

CHAS. P. FORD, *Chairman*.

Machinists' Bldg., Washington, D. C.
 First District ----- G. W. WHITFORD
 1517 Third Ave., New York, N. Y.

Second District ----- F. L. KELLY
 95 Beacon St., Hyde Park, Mass.

Third District ----- M. P. GORDAN
 607 Bigelow Blvd., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fourth District ----- EDWARD NOTHNAGLE
 110 R St., N. E. Washington, D. C.

Fifth District ----- M. J. BOYLE
 4923 Grand Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Sixth District ----- G. C. GADBOIS
 1532 No. Boston St., Tulsa, Okla.

Seventh District ----- C. F. OLIVER
 217 S. Clarkson St., Denver, Colo.

Eighth District ----- J. L. MCBRIDE
 165 James St., Labor Temple,
 Winnipeg, Can.

TELEPHONE OPERATORS'

DEPARTMENT

President ----- JULIA O'CONNOR
 1108 Tremont Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Secretary ----- MABLE LESLIE
 1108 Tremont Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Magazine Chat

One of the trends in union business that we are glad to note is the growing importance of press secretaries. Reports indicate that there is keener competition for this position which brings no immediate remuneration only opportunity for service, and heavy responsibility to put the local right in the eyes of the Brotherhood. These are not little things.

Acknowledging a good deal of bias mixed up with our judgment we believe that the press secretaryship is an important job. It corresponds in the local to the editorship of the official JOURNAL on an international scale. The press secretary can be a door or a window. He can cut off the light, or he can let it pass through. The light in this case being the true union spirit—which is not a sentimental thing merely, but a business, economic and social energy.

We have said before that it is easy to forget the union in the rush and run of ordinary life. The press secretary like other officers never forgets the union. He can not. It is his job to remember the union. He not only must remember the union but he must write those things, and in such a clear, attractive way, that his Brothers shall remember the union.

He must write about local affairs so that they have meaning for an international organization. The Brother in Calgary must communicate with the Brother in Virginia. And the Brother in Indiana must communicate with the Brother in Panama.

He can do more. He can forward workers' education and keep alive an interest in general economics—questions that affect vitally the union's life.

The JOURNAL frequently likes to acknowledge the service of the press secretaries. This JOURNAL knows that it could not get along so well, or be one-half as interesting without the loyal, interested and interesting work of its press secretaries.

No, we don't want anything—except more work like it.

Contents

	<i>Page</i>
Frontispiece	338
One Fine Spring Morning We Visited Monticello!	339
Where Shall We Look For 100% Americanism?	342
Open Shoppers Admit Force of Labor's Wage Theory	343
Seven Writers Extol Merit of I. B. E. W. Queens	344
High Wages—First Step To Better Times	347
Editorial	348
The Electrical Heating of the Modern Home	350
True Inwardness of Employee Stock Ownership	351
Woman's Work	352
Lindbergh's Flight Result of Harmonious Forces	354
Brotherhood Conference Discusses Building Trades	355
Radio	358
The Octopus	359
Cartoon	360
Constructive Hints	361
Everyday Science	362
Correspondence	363
In Memoriam	386
Notices	390
Local Union Official Receipts	391



*"I have sworn upon the
altar of God eternal hos-
tility against every form
of tyranny over the mind
of man."*

Th. Jefferson



THE JOURNAL OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS & OPERATORS

Official Publication of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers

Entered at Washington, D. C., as Second Class Matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 28, 1922

SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

\$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE



VOL. XXVI

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 1927

No. 7

One Fine Spring Morning We Visited Monticello!

A LONG spiral road lifts you up above the picturesque city of Charlottesville into the Jefferson estate at Monticello. Virginia mountains wall Charlottesville; Virginia trees were just beginning to leaf, glinting under a morning sun, as we made the ascent to this relic of a past civilization—a world in itself. We talked as we climbed—thinking about many incongruous subjects, and voicing our thoughts, as we willed.

Why was Jefferson neglected and Hamilton and Washington made so much of? In all the city of Washington (from which we had travelled down to Monticello the day preceding) there was not one monument to the Author of the Declaration of Independence. Why?

How much did Jefferson know of the relation of economics to politics? Was this democrat of democrats after all an aristocrat? He was a farmer all his life—a working man—and he built the republican, afterwards the democratic party, out of the southern farmers and the northern mechanics—a true farmer-labor party—but what would he have thought of trade unionism today? Jeffersonian individualism and trade-union collectivism, would they mix?

Was Jefferson just another dead hero? Or is Jefferson a living force—deservedly so—in America today?

And so, talking and wondering, we came to the gates of the estate. From a keeper's lodge, a little negro boy dashed out, to swing the heavy iron gates, and let us in—no doubt as some other dark lad more than a century ago had done often for Mr. Jefferson, in his gig, or mounted on his favorite horse. And here we were in the estate left much as it was when Jefferson began to build there in 1771.

* * *

If we had turned to the left instead of to the right, we should have come to the Jefferson graveyard. And though we saw that last, we want you, dear reader, to see it first, for it somehow sums up the whole life of Jefferson better than any other relic of that ancient civilization.

A simple granite shaft—in shape much like the famous monument to Washington at the National Capital, but much smaller—say about twenty feet high, surrounded by a high, ornate iron fence. The ashes of the man Jefferson mingle with the clay of Virginia at that spot. That man had been the most creative force of his generation. He had been Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice President and President (two terms) of the United States. But he had ordered engraved upon this stone this brief inscription:

Here was buried

Thomas Jefferson

Author of the Declaration of Independence
of the Statute of Virginia for Religious
Freedom

And Father of the University of Virginia.

Seeing that is to see all of Jefferson's career; not glory, not wealth (he died a poor man) but a lifetime struggle for freedom—political, religious, intellectual. "I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man," he declared. "I will endeavor to keep attention fixed on the main object of all science, the freedom and happiness of man."

Here is something to which the heart of every good trade-unionist can respond.

* * *

The parking space on the hill (Monticello means "little mountain" and is preferably pronounced Monticello) near the house affords a view of Rock Fish Valley and the silver expanse of the Rivanna River—as fine a panorama of stream, mountain and forest as exists in these states.

From the very moment you arrive you feel an air of hospitality, good old Virginia hospitality, such as Mr. Jefferson might have proffered. This, we concluded, was in part due to the thoughtful care of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation. This organization is made up of citizens who revere the memory of Jefferson. It is only four years old, and only last year—July 4, 1926—was Monticello thrown open to the public. It is the intent of this organization to repair the slight to Jefferson's memory by building a national shrine here, at a cost of \$1,000,000. Every visitor who pays the nominal entrance fee is made to feel that he is a contributor to the Foundation. This is one reason you feel a part of the enterprise as you enter.

* * *

The house is "done" in the Roman style,

"Thank God Thomas Jefferson lives," were the dying words of John Adams, Jefferson's close associate in the early Revolutionary days. He was not aware Jefferson had died a few hours before him on July 4, 1826. Adams' words, however, was prophetic for Jefferson still lives today in the life and thought of America to which he devoted so much of himself. We of the Foundation have sought to make of Monticello, his beloved home, a shrine so that the Americans of this and future generations who visit here may dedicate themselves anew to the preservation of Jefferson's ideals of civil liberty, religious freedom and the progress of mankind through universal education

STUART G. GIBBONEY,

President,

Thomas Jefferson Memorial
Foundation

after Jefferson's own plans. It has been described as an example of good architecture, whose merit lies in geometrical simplicity and proportion. It ranks Jefferson with the best architects of England, France and America of his time. Yes, Jefferson was an architect and a city planner. He designed the capitol at Richmond, Va., the buildings of the University of Virginia, and many other buildings. He played an important part in the establishment of the design of the city of Washington, usually attributed entirely to L'Enfant and Washington. Jefferson also chose the design for the nation's capitol building. All these facts make the visitor regard the quiet dignity of Monticello with deepened interest.

* * *

We walked around to the front of the house and entered through the principal entrance. The reception hall with its white balcony and fireplace and hardwood floors, imported, leads you at once into the spirit of the whole house. One pauses here to remember.

On the floor are hoof marks of the cavalry of Colonel Tarleton who had sought to capture Jefferson—then Governor Jefferson of Virginia. Hearing the soldiers coming, Jefferson slipped by private passage to the slave quarters and by horse to safety.

What an active full life this quiet, sedate, scholarly radical lived! His correspondence was enormous. It was as if he edited a magazine dealing with political and scientific matters. He wrote to hundreds of prominent people throughout the world. He has left 16,000 clear, human, incisive letters. He built his political machine by letters. He kept close to Madison, Monroe and other giants of his day.

He was a farmer—practical and scientific. It is asserted that he introduced the principles of crop rotation and terraced farming into the colonies. He introduced rice growing to the South. He was a musician; he found relief from the vexations of the daily job by playing his Cremona. He was an inventor; the list was large; a plow, a manifold signing machine, a multiple copy press, a double swinging door and a folding letter; some of which you see at Monticello. He originated America's decimal system of money. He was rector of the University of Virginia. He was a student of history, Latin, Greek, Italian, French, German, Mathematics, Geography, Civics, Economics and Philosophy. He inspired and furnished money for the Lewis and Clark Exploration of the northwest.

Busy always. Yet he was a playful father, and a companionable husband. And not once was he ever ill—and he lived until he was 83. There must be something in having many interests, we concluded, passing from the reception room to Jefferson's own chamber.

* * *

Jefferson's own room is the most interesting in the house. Here you feel the real

man breathed and worked. The couch bed, uncanopied, splits the center of the room, so that the man can turn from his desk on one side, or from his bath, on the other and drop to sleep under its covers. He designed it that way. He has a desk chair, comfortable, yet suggesting toil—midnight toil. But the book shelves are all empty. We recall that Jefferson, when aged eighty, after giving his all for and to his country, poor, yet unbeaten, sold his library for \$23,000 to the U. S. Government. It was said to be worth a half million dollars, but the Congressional Library at Washington had been destroyed by the British Army, and the Government asked, and Jefferson would not, could not, say no.

We find a room called President Monroe's, and another called Madison's. Monticello was the center of much visiting—always. Madison, called the Father of the Constitution, was Jefferson's friend and protegee. He and Jefferson had stemmed the tide of tyranny and suppression let loose by Hamilton and the Federalists, in the mad days of 1796-1798. A study of those two years—as Claude Bowers paints the terror in his masterpiece "Hamilton and Jefferson"—repays every American. If any trick used then by the party in power is unfamiliar to Americans who lived through the World War, let them reveal it. The sedition law had been passed by timid profiteers and monarchists. A reign of terror began. Even Jefferson was marked out; his political opponents hoped to send him to jail. This is the picture Bowers paints:

"Judges were terrorizing the people with wild charges to grand juries. The Right Reverend Bishop White of Philadelphia was preaching piously and patriotically from the text: 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers. For there is no purpose but of God. Whoso therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.' The administration organ in New York was laying down the dietum: 'When a man is heard to inveigh against the sedition law, set him down as one who would submit to no restraint which is calculated for the peace of society. He deserves to be suspected.' And Timothy Pickering was nervously peering through his

spectacles over Jeffersonian papers seeking some phrase on which a prosecution for sedition could be brought, and prodding the district attorneys to action. 'Heads, more heads!' screamed Marat from his tub. 'Heads, more heads!' echoed Pickering from his office."

The quiet of Monticello now belies such stirring hours. From the portico we may look far away across the hills to peaceful farms, through trees of Jefferson's own planting.

All in all the experience is worth travelling far to get, this visiting of Monticello. This home is more personal than Mt. Vernon, Washington's rehabilitated estate and more revealing of the former owner. Somehow you feel that Jefferson built Monticello, that it expresses him while Washington inherited Mt. Vernon, and it expresses a predecessor. Washington died the richest man in the Colonies, and Jefferson, one of the poorest. One was the warrior, the other the statesman, probably the only statesman of front rank produced by America.

Just before his death Jefferson wrote a letter to a namesake. It is his death-song, a summary of a long and useful and thrilling life.

Letter to Thomas Jefferson Smith

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run; and I, too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

Monticello, February 21, 1825.

Under Jefferson's Leadership These Rights Achieved

THE FIRST TEN COMMANDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; of the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

ARTICLE II

A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed.

ARTICLE III

No soldier shall, in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

ARTICLE IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

ARTICLE V

No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

ARTICLE VI

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the Assistance of Counsel for his defence.

ARTICLE VII

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury, shall be otherwise re-examined in any Court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

ARTICLE VIII

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.



ENTRANCE HALL AT MONTICELLO, HOME OF JEFFERSON, AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
On Its Floor Hoof Marks of Invading British Cavalry Are Seen



MONTICELLO, HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON
Charlottesville, Va.

ARTICLE IX

The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

ARTICLE X

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the United States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

Jefferson and Labor

It is often asserted at the present day that the American worker is better off than his European brother. In this connection it is interesting to note what Jefferson found in France just prior to the French revolution.

"Of twenty million people supposed to be in France," he wrote home, "I am of opinion there are nineteen million people more wretched, more accursed in every circumstance of human existence than the most conspicuously wretched individual in the whole United States."

Jefferson's contact with the French workers also throws light on the question, "What was Jefferson's relations to labor?"

Claude Bowers says: "But if he loved the society of Paris, he was not, like Morris, seduced into an acceptance of its system. His passion for democracy did not permit him to judge the happiness of a nation by the luxuries of the court and aristocracy. He struck out into the country to judge for himself of the condition of the peasants, looked into the pots on the fire to see what they ate, felt their beds to see if they were comfortable. He inquired into the wages and the working conditions of the artisans of the cities—and his conclusions were unavoidable, of course. 'It is a fact,' he wrote 'in spite of the mildness of their governors, the people are ground to powder by their form of government. Of twenty million people supposed to be in France, I am of opinion there are nineteen million more wretched, more accursed in every circumstance of human existence than the most conspicuously wretched individual in the

whole United States'. And to another: 'I find the general fate of humanity here most deplorable. The truth of Voltaire's observation offers itself perpetually, that every man here is either the hammer or the anvil' He was shocked by a system that dedicated the sons of peasants as cannon fodder in remote wars precipitated by the whims of a prostitute; that winked at the debauchery of their wives and daughters; that gave men to the bastille for the expression of criticism; that crushed people with intolerable taxation to sustain the luxury of a few; that forced the poor to live on food not fit for a stray dog in a city slums, and which awed the masses into submission to such conditions by the bayonets of the soldiery. This was the France of which he thought in the day when his sympathy with the Revolution was to damn him with the Federalists' taunt of 'Jacobin' and 'anarchist.'

**JEFFERSON'S DECALOGUE
OR
HIS TEN RULES OF CONDUCT**

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

It was this sympathy of insight into the problems of the workers that led Jefferson to propose the freedom of Virginia slaves a half century before the Civil War.

The provision for this follows:

"To emancipate all slaves born after the passing the pact. The bill reported by the revisers does not itself contain this proposition; but an amendment containing it was prepared, to be offered to the legislature whenever the bill should be taken up, and further directing, that they should continue with their parents to a certain age, then to be brought up, at the public expense, to tillage, arts, or sciences, according to their geniuses, till the females should be eighteen, and the males twenty-one years of age, when they should be colonized to such place as the circumstances of the time should render most proper, sending them out with arms, implements of household and of the handicraft arts, seeds, pairs of the useful domestic animals, etc., to declare them a free and independent people, and extend to them our alliance and protection, till they have acquired strength; and to send vessels at the same time to other parts of the world for an equal number of white inhabitants; to induce them to migrate hither proper encouragements were to be proposed. It will probably be asked, Why not retain and incorporate the blacks into the State, and thus save the expense of supplying by importation of white settlers, the vacancies they will leave? Deep-rooted prejudices entertained by the whites; ten thousand recollections, by the blacks, of the injuries they have sustained; new provocations; the real distinctions which nature has made; and many other circumstances, will divide us into parties, and produce convulsions, which will probably never end but in the extermination of the one or the other race. To these objections, which are political, may be added others, which are physical and moral."

Unnecessary

Sam: You ought to brace up and show your wife who is running things at your house.
Tom: It isn't necessary, she knows!—Houston Post.

Where Shall We Look For 100% Americanism?

Fruits of Labor

LIBERTY, civil and religious, has sweet and attractive charms. The enjoyment of this, with property, has filled the English settlers in America with a most amazing spirit, which has operated, and still will operate, with great energy. Never before has the experiment been so effectually tried, of every man's reaping the fruits of his labor, and feeling his share in the aggregate system of power. The antient republics did not stand on the people at large; and therefore no example or precedent can be taken from them. Even men of arbitrary principles will be obliged, if they would figure in these states, to assume the patriot so long, that they will at length become charmed with the sweets of liberty.—*Ezra Stiles (1773), president of Yale College.*

Birthright

All eyes are opened or opening to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already opened to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God.—*Thomas Jefferson (1787), Letter to Robert C. Weightman.*

Methods

If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it.—*President Thomas Jefferson (1801), Inaugural address.*

Values

As long as our Government is administered for the good of the people, and is regulated by their will; as long as it secures to us the rights of persons and of property, liberty of conscience and of the press, it will be worth defending.—*President Andrew Jackson (1829), Inaugural address.*

Courts

The people are the rightful masters of both Congress and the courts—not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert it. Legislation and adjudication must follow and conform to the progress of society.—*President Abraham Lincoln, in debate with Douglas, 1854.*

Duty

America has no reason for being unless her destiny and duty be ideal. It is her incumbent privilege to declare and stand for the rights of men. Nothing else is worth fighting for.—*Woodrow Wilson (Chicago, January 31, 1916).*

Whose?

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.—*Abraham Lincoln, at first state convention in Illinois in 1856.*

Power

The framers of the Constitution did not believe that any man or any body of men could safely be entrusted with unlimited power. They thought and all experience jus-

tified them in thinking that human nature could not support the temptation which unlimited power always brings.—*Henry Cabot Lodge.*

Liberty

Liberty has never come from the government. Liberty has always come from the subjects of it. The history of liberty is a history of resistance. The history of liberty is a history of limitations of governmental power, not the increase of it.—*Woodrow Wilson, New York Press Club, September 9, 1912.*

Monopoly

It is much to be lamented that each state, long ere this, has not hunted them (monopolists) down as the pests of society and the greatest enemies we have to the happiness of America. I would to God that one of the most atrocious in each state was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman.—*George Washington.*

The freest government can not long endure when the tendency of the law is to create a rapid accumulation of property in the hands of a few and to render the masses poor and dependent.—*Daniel Webster.*

Corruption

I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. * * * As a result corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed. I feel, at this moment, more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless.—*Abraham Lincoln, Letter to William P. Elton, November 21, 1864.*

Tyrannies

We believe that great fortunes, even when accumulated by the man himself, are of limited benefit to the country, and that they are detrimental rather than beneficial when secured through inheritance.—*Theodore Roosevelt, Op. cit., p. 27.*

I have scant patience with this talk of the tyranny of the majority. Whenever there is tyranny of the majority I shall protest against it with all my heart and soul. But we are today suffering from the tyranny of minorities.

It is a small minority that is grabbing our coal deposits, our water powers and our harbor fronts.

A small minority is fattening on sale of adulterated foods and drugs.—*Theodore Roosevelt, New York City, March 20, 1912.*

Predatory Wealth

The people of this country are not jealous of fortunes, however great, which have been built up by the honest development of great enterprises, which have been actually earned by business energy and sagacity; they are jealous only of speculative wealth, of the wealth which has been piled up by no effort at all, but only by shrewd wits playing on the credulity of others, taking advantage of the weaknesses of others, trading in the necessities of others. This is "predatory wealth" and is found in stock markets, not in the administrative office of great corporations where real business is conducted, real commodities made or exchanged.—*Woodrow Wilson, Jefferson dinner, New York City, April 13, 1908.*

War

Justice is as strictly due between neighbor nations as between neighbor citizens. A highwayman is as much a robber when he plunders in a gang as when single; and a nation that makes an unjust war is only a great gang.

Where liberty dwells there is my country.—*Benjamin Franklin, to B. Vaughan, Passy, March 14, 1785.*

Labor

By the "mud-sill" theory it is assumed that labor and education are incompatible, and any practical combination of them impossible. According to that theory, a blind horse upon a tread-mill is a perfect illustration of what a laborer should be—all the better for being blind, that he could not kick understandingly. According to that theory, the education of laborers is not only useless but pernicious and dangerous. In fact, it is, in some sort, deemed a misfortune that laborers should have heads at all. These same heads are regarded as explosive materials, only to be safely kept in damp places, as far as possible from that peculiar sort of fire which ignites them. A Yankee who could invent a strong-handed man without a head would receive the everlasting gratitude of the "mud-sill" advocates.—*Abraham Lincoln (1859), "Mud-sill Theory of Labor."*

Freedom of Opinion

"You will do me the justice to remember, that I have always strenuously supported the right of every man to his opinion, however different that opinion may be to mine. He who denies to another this right, makes a slave of himself to his present opinion, because he precludes himself the right of changing it. The most formidable weapon against errors of every kind is reason. I have never used any other, and I trust I never shall.

"He that would make his own liberty secure, must guard even his enemy from oppression, for if he violates this duty he establishes a precedent which will reach himself."—*Thomas Paine (1790).*

Criticism

"The opportunity freely and publicly to criticize judicial action is of vastly more importance to the body politic than the immunity of courts and judges from unjust aspersions and attacks. Nothing tends more to render judges careful in their decisions and anxiously solicitous to do exact justice than the consciousness that every act of theirs is to be subjected to the intelligent scrutiny and candid criticism of their fellow-men."—*Present Day Problems,* p. 129—*William H. Taft (1908).*

Quotations on this page are taken from a book entitled "The Essential American Tradition," by Jesse Lee Bennett, a contributor to this Journal. The book is published by George A. Doran Company, New York City.

Open Shop Admits Force of Labor's Wage Theory

THERE has been sent to the office of this JOURNAL a copy of a confidential, circular letter sent out to all employer members of the National Metal Trades Association. This Association dwells very near to the open shop throne. In fact, there is evidence that it is the "daddy organization" of all the open shop squads in America. It was founded in 1899; boasts that it has mastered the technique of breaking strikes; that it has efficient spy system; that it raises secret huge war-chests to combat organized labor; that it has more than 1,000 member corporations; that it aids employer groups outside its membership; that it commands a general staff; that it furnishes strikebreakers, and runs scab employment bureaus; that it is prepared to furnish armed guards; that it is prepared to furnish armed cars to blackleg workmen; that it pays fines from general funds to go open shop; that it operates powerful legislative lobbies; in short, it—the National Metal Trades Association—is the 100 per cent model efficient open shop organization of the nation.

Yet this huge powerful, organization commanding billions of capital has been hard hit by the workable truth in organized labor's wage theory. It is seeking to drum up opposition to it among its members. It has turned loose its own staff of statisticians in an effort to disprove the veriest axioms of current economic theory. It is trying to "propagandize" its own group, through distribution of a book written by one of its own members. In short, it is disturbed by the swift spread of labor's thesis that high wages are a positive factor in prosperity.

Propaganda That is Jolly

Some of the propaganda of the National Metal Trades Association is very ludicrous. It is too trivial to be taken seriously. It is only jolly. It makes one want to say, "Hit, eh, boy? Golly, that's good. Only sorry, it wasn't harder."

A specimen of this kind of an attempt to discredit higher wages is found in the bulletin of the Association for March 8, 1927. "The prevailing wage level, contrary to the usual supposition has very little to do with the standard of living of a people." Note, these profound philosophers do not dare to say that wages have "nothing" to do with the standard of living. That would uncover their hand. So they say "little" to do. Even a child is likely to ask: "If, sir, wages have nothing to do with the standard of living, why not abolish wages altogether? This would be very convenient to employers—and if your theory prevails — of no inconvenience to workers."

Far more plausible is the attack made on labor's theory by the Delaware and Hudson Company (Bulletin Volume 7, No. 3) based on figures supplied by Dr. Walter Renton Ingalls, Director of the American Bureau of Metal Statistics. Dr. Ingalls' statistical findings purport to show:

That a five day week is undesirable.
That workers have not increased productivity.

That per capita wealth has not increased. The propagandists are too wary to deny that in certain industries gains in productivity and per capita income have been made. But having taken every precaution to keep wages down in open-shop fields, they now try to add these figures into the total national income, to prove that the general per capita income is virtually static.

Fortunately other statistical agencies are at work on this same problem of per capita income. The National Bureau of Economic Research, a non-partisan, research organization, of undisputed authority, unattached to any financial or industrial group, has specialized in a study of national income. The findings of the National Bureau are in sharp contrast to those of Dr. Ingalls of the Metals group. The National Bureau finds that per capita wealth is a good deal higher; that labor productivity must therefore be higher. Here is a comparison of the two sets of figures:

Per Capita Wealth in the United States As Revealed by An Industrial and An Independent Agency

	Bureau of Metal Statistics	National Bureau of Economic Research
1913.....	\$346	\$329
1914.....	337	320
1915.....	361	326
1916.....	440	385

1917.....	534	470
1918.....	606	537
1919.....	623	640
1920.....	676	697
1921.....	597	579
1922.....	551	597
1923.....	645	689
1924.....	613	700
1925.....	634	752

Per Capita Wealth in Terms of 1913 Dollars In The United States

	Bureau of Metal Statistics	National Bureau of Economic Research
1913.....	\$346	\$329
1914.....	337	316
1915.....	357	319
1916.....	352	349
1917.....	356	361
1918.....	367	340
1919.....	319	358
1920.....	338	341
1921.....	298	338
1922.....	324	369
1923.....	358	421
1924.....	341	426
1925.....	346	445

Bases Conclusions on Error

The open shop propagandists now declare on the unauthenticated findings of Dr. Ingalls:

"If the figures given in the foregoing table are approximately correct, then it must follow that the increase of output which has been such a marked feature of the past, and to which we owe all our progress, has, for the last thirteen years, been at a standstill. Human affairs do not long so remain. Either we must resume the old march forward or we must retreat, and retreat cannot but be disastrous.

"We are adding to our population about one and a half million people a year. The number coming into gainful employment must proportionately be somewhat larger than heretofore. One of the jobs we have is to provide the plant in which they may be occupied. Before the great rise in prices it was estimated that to make provision for the employment of an additional farmhand involved a capital investment of \$2,000; for an additional employee in the industries, \$2,300; and for an additional employee on the railroads, \$8,000. It seems clear that we are not making adequate provision for the future.

"There is an active propaganda now promoting a five-day week. There is no evidence that production can sustain any further depletion in the hours of labor. Much of the discus- (Cont. on page 388)

This Is Positively Painful

NATIONAL METAL TRADES ASSOCIATION Executive Offices—Peoples Gas Building—Chicago, Ill.

February 16, 1927.

Gentlemen:

I wish to direct your attention to a book entitled "The Economic Basis of Fair Wages," and which can be secured through the Ronald Press Company, 15 East 26th Street, New York City. This book is written by Mr. Jacob D. Cox, Jr., President of the Cleveland Twist Drill Company, Cleveland, Ohio. It is one of the best answers that I have seen to the fallacious assertions that high wages determine the standard of living. It is also a complete answer to much of the union sophistry which has been receiving so much publicity of late through the daily press. Furthermore, it is a fine book to have on hand as a ready reference.

I would appreciate it if you would get a copy of this book, read it over, and tell me what you think of it. If you feel as I do about it, I hope that you will endeavor to give it as wide a distribution as possible.

One of the difficulties in extending the Open Shop Movement is our ability to get a large number of employers who believe in the Open Shop, to take sufficient time from their business to combat the propaganda disseminated by the well paid representatives of organized labor. If we could get employers of labor to read this book containing fact and figures showing what individual initiative through the Open Shop has meant for our citizens we will have gone a long way in constructively advancing this movement.

With best wishes, I am

Very truly yours,

(Signed) H. D. SAYRE,
Commissioner.

Seven Writers Extol Merits of I. B. E. W. Queens

By GEORGE REDDY

Publicity Director, Mack Sennett Studios

HOLLYWOOD has a new queen of beauty, crowned by electrical workers. Of course, everyone knows that Ruth Hiatt, featured player in Mack Sennett comedies, has more than an equitable share of comeliness and charm, but now she has been officially enthroned as a beauty by the Association of Studio Electricians (Local Union 40, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers), who chose her as their officially designated queen to reign over their Fourth Annual Benefit Frolic and Ball, held in the fiesta ballroom of the Hotel Ambassador on Saturday, June 11. More than that, they presented Miss Hiatt with a mammoth loving cup of silver, bearing an engraved inscription which proclaims her triumph.

No honor in Hollywood is more eagerly sought in the screen world than that of being chosen the official beauty of the studio electricians. It is a title which carries a real significance. The studio light manipulators are not easily pleased. They are glutted with beauty from morning until night, with girls at the left hand and at the right, before and behind them, powdering and prinking and looking their loveliest for the camera's eye. No studio electrician is easily impressionable. Only true perfection of feature and form moves any one of them to display enthusiasm and wins his approbation.

Miss Hiatt won it, and in competition with a score of entries elected to competition by the electricians of each studio.

She is just a slip of a girl, this new beauty queen, whose work before the camera has already made her internationally known to millions of persons. She celebrated her last birthday with a cake officially decorated with 21 pink candles to commemorate an event which took place in Cripple Creek, Colo., on January 6, 1906.

She is a real beauty. Her hair, modishly bobbed, is blonde, that warm, shimmering tone of strained honey in the sunlight which is preordained to compliment eyes of deepest violet hue. Her features are regular and her skin a marvel of delicate coloring. Wonder of wonders, in this age of paint and powder, Ruth Hiatt remains an old-fashioned girl who has never attempted to gild the lily with even the tiniest touch of rouge on either cheek or lip, other than the make-up required in her work.

From the tips of her toes to the top of her head she measures just 5 feet 3 inches, and she tips the scales at precisely 120 pounds, a ratio which must be the acme of perfection, inasmuch as she entirely escapes the odium of "skinniness" and achieves a delicately

Mack Sennett Studio Cops Crown and Queen for New Year at Studio Local 40's, I. B. E. W. Fourth Annual Benefit Frolic and Ball. Six beautiful runners up.

rounded slenderness which is captivatingly feminine.

The role of the queen of the studio electricians' fete was not the first beauty honor accorded Miss Hiatt. In 1923 she was acclaimed the winner of the annual beach

books until 1922, when she played in extra work in "Robin Hood," followed by a "bit" with Lloyd Hamilton, which won for her a contract to become his leading woman for two years. During 1924 she enacted leading roles opposite Jack White, and in May, 1925, she was engaged by Mack Sennett as leading woman for Harry Langdon's first feature-length comedy.

The ability which she displayed in that picture brought her a long-term contract with Mr. Sennett to play the role of "Mr. Smith" in the "Jimmy Smith" series of domestic comedies, in which she is featured with Raymond McKee and Mary Ann Jackson, the child actress, formerly directed by Alf Goulding, but now being filmed under the direction of Paul Whitman.

Although by right of her years she belongs to the "flapper" generation, Miss Hiatt doesn't "flap." She is an out-of-doors girl, whose hours away from the click of the camera are passed in swimming and in romping with her small menagerie of pets, which includes a Scotch terrier, a Chow, a Great Dane puppy, and two fluffy, lively Persian kittens of royal lineage. Her keen interest in her work and driving determination to succeed in the films preclude late hours and gay parties. She lives with her parents in their modest home.

Her popularity in the Sennett organization was attested to at the electricians' frolic and ball, when the entire personnel, Mack Sennett, the technical and scenario staffs, and every one of the screen players, were present at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles to share her triumphs. Billy Bevan, featured in the Sennett All-Star comedy series with Alma Bennett and Vernon Dent, under the direction of Harry Edwards, presided as master of ceremonies.

The electrical staff of the Mack Sennett Studios, which boasts of a 100 per cent union membership, is openly exultant over Ruth Hiatt's supremacy and point out that at two previous I. B. E. W. frolics their entries have been winners, Madeline Hurlock having carried off the cup and crown in 1925 and Thelma Parr in 1926.



RUTH HIATT, WITH LITTLE MARY ANN JACKSON, MACK SENNETT STUDIOS, 1927, QUEEN OF I. B. E. W. FROLIC

beauty contest held at Ocean Park and Venice, in which hundreds of girls competed against her.

Out-of-Doors Girl

Ruth Hiatt is no newcomer in the realm of motion pictures, in which she now holds the enviable position of featured player in the Mack Sennett comedies. Her cinema debut was made at the age of 10 with the Lubin Company in San Diego, where she was attending school. In 1919 the Hiatt family migrated to Los Angeles, where Ruth again essayed the movies and played the leading role in "The Vigilantes," produced by the Bear State Film Company. Following that venture she again returned to her school

Universal City

By M. WALTERS

Local Union No. 40, I. B. E. W.

It falls to the lot of very few girls to have a movie career handed to them on a silver platter, yet that is just what happened to Barbara Kent, one of Universal's pretty leading women.

Gadsby, Alberta, Canada, is where Barbara was born and where she attended

public school. In Santa Cruz, Calif., Barbara annexed a cup for winning a beauty contest and repeated the performance in Los Angeles.

Again she repeated her previous exploits, for on coming to Hollywood, she was selected as "Miss Hollywood" in another contest. All good things happen in threes. Shortly after she happened to be in a shop making a purchase. She was seen by one of the Universal officials. An invitation to the studio for a screen test followed.

The very first role she portrayed was the heroine in Universal's "Prowlers of the



BARBARA KENT

Night," in support of the star, Fred Humes, under the direction of Ernest Laemmle.

After playing in a few more short length Westerns, she was loaned to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios to portray a leading role in "Flesh and the Devil." So well did she appear in that opus that she was borrowed by Hal Roach to play the leading role in a picture starring Rex, the King of Wild Horses.

Returning to the Universal Lot as an established feature player she was cast opposite Raymond Keane in the war epic of the air "War Eagles," under the direction of Emory Johnson. Soon after came the featured role in "The Small Bachelor," directed by Wm. A. Seiter, and at present she is playing the leading feminine role in Reginald Denny's starring vehicle, "Now I'll Tell One," with Fred Newmeyer holding the megaphone.

Barbara is a shade over five feet in height, her complexion is olive, her eyes blue and her auburn hair is unbobbed. She is fond of riding and skating and all outdoor sports.

Unions Strong

The Universal Company was started as a small concern in a tiny studio at Sunset and Gower Streets. Since that day it has moved magically forward, until today its employees number in the thousands and the "lot," as it is called in professional circles, embraces 600 acres. Five great structures are included within the acreage. These house numerous stages upon which interior sets are erected.

Universal's minimum weekly payroll contains the names of some 2,000 people exclusive of the players. The Electrical Department of the Universal City Lot is one of the strongholds of Union Labor in Los Angeles. Their electrical machine shop, electrical equipment, is surpassed by no other studio in Los Angeles. Frank Graves,

chief electrician, and Eugene Munroe, assistant chief, detail Brother Chas. Myers to handle the sale of tickets and arrangements for this lot for the Studio Electricians Benefit Ball.

First National Studio

A FEW IMPRESSIONS

By VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

It seems as though I had been around the picture studios and picture people most of my life, and as a matter of fact that is really true. I was five when I did "Jack and the Beanstalk," but before that I'd been in one film called "Behind Life's Stage" with Mrs. Carter DeHaven. I acted in films till I was ten and then went into vaudeville for three years. Of course, I was receiving an education all the while.

Of course I loved acting—especially comedy and the lighter dramatic forms. I had a fine part in "Ladies at Play" and also in "The Perfect Sap," both First National pictures, but now I am happiest of all because I am doing the feminine ingenue lead in Richard Barthelme's new picture, "The Drop Kick."

Pays Tribute to Workers

The studio to me is a second home. I have always been treated with so much kindness and I've learned to love everyone about the big film plants. The "juicers" have always been my friends. I know how much their work means to a picture—good lighting can do wonders and poor lighting, by the same token, can almost ruin an actor or actress. So I always have a warm spot in my heart for the boys up near the ceiling of the stage or wherever they may be. It's hard, hot and tedious work, but they are usually so



VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

cheerful and carefree that they make you feel the same way.

I was born in Prescott, Arizona, and I feel quite proud of the fact that on the paternal side I can trace my ancestry clear back to the days of William the Conqueror. I love tennis, swimming and outdoor sports of all kinds, but I think I'm happiest when I'm in the studio under the lights, with the cameras clicking and everybody on their toes.

I suppose I'm a real picture girl, as I say, because I have never known what it was not to be connected with the films in one way or another. And I suppose I'll be acting for many years to come—at least I hope so!

Fox Studio

By FRANK MURRAY

Publicity Department, Fox Studio

Much has been said about the merits and demerits of foggy San Francisco. But one bright spot has left there and is now enshrined upon the throne of art at the Fox Studio in Hollywood. On May 25, 1909, a little bundle arrived to proud parents in the shape of Sally Phipps. After finishing her schooling at Lowell High School, San Francisco, graduating at Fairfax High in Holly-



SALLY PHIPPS

wood, she was seen and interviewed by Frank Borzage, who cast her in her first picture, "Early to Wed."

Her red hair, brown eyes, 5 feet 3 of height, ability to assume comic and dramatic roles, have gained for her a long term contract with the Fox Studio. Her ability is not confined to the art of acting. Her drawings are often seen in some of the amateur art exhibits; at dancing she has proven very adapted. Although she is playing at the present time in comedy roles, her leisure hours are spent along more advanced lines studying psychology and astrology.

Her ability gained her the honor of being one of the Wampas Baby Stars of 1927. Her latest efforts on the silver screen are: "Gentlemen Prefer Scotch," "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl," "The Kangaroo Detective," "Love Makes 'Em Wild," "Girls," and numerous two-reel comedies.

Too much cannot be said of the electrical department of the Fox Studio for their efforts to make the electricians' benefit ball a success.

F. B. O. Studio

By PINKY WINGARD

Publicity Director, F. B. O. Studio

When Thelma Hill was fourteen years old she used to play hookey from school, steal into the old Sennett studio, near where she lived. One day a mob of children was needed and her black eyes registered on the film for the first time.

Thelma continued to grow and gradually lose her plump little girl figure and strangely enough grew to resemble Mabel Normand. Mack Sennett noticed her one day and suggested to Miss Normand's director that she be used to double the star

in the long shots and strenuous chases.

As time went on the little girl developed one of the most beautiful figures to be seen on the Sennett Lot. Needless to say, she immediately donned a bathing suit and was one of the first bathing beauties of Mack Sennett comedy. Little Miss Hill had learned other things besides how to wear a bathing suit and it was not long before she was acting.

Her present work has been under the



THELMA HILL

direction of Edward Luddy, directing the beauty parlor series at the F. B. O. Studio, in which she has been very successful. Thelma was born in Emporia, Kansas, December 12, 1907; spent her childhood in Salt Lake City, getting her screen experience from the Mack Sennett Studio in comedies.

She is an adept golfer and not at all mean at playing base ball. Van Rauch, chief electrician of the F. B. O. lot and his gang of juicers, cedar crabs, and station operators, are one of the liveliest in the studio game. Too much thanks cannot be given the publicity department, executive board heads, and the electrical department for their efforts to make their end of this benefit frolic a great success. Local Union No. 40, I. B. E. W., has the well wishes of the F. B. O. Studio in any affair it undertakes.

DeMille Studio

By C. F. WEST

Publisher, DeMille Studio

Appendicitis probably has placed the traditional "pot of gold" at the dainty feet of piquant Sally Rand, featured player for the DeMille Studio.

For petite Sally, a fraction over half-pint size, was doing quite well in vaudeville, thank you, when her personal engine began to develop a knock while she was dancing in Sacramento, and she was forced to halt her tour and have an operation for appendicitis. During her convalescence she visited Hollywood. Mack Sennett saw her, heard she was an expert swimmer, and offered her an opportunity to dive into the movies from a platform 30 feet high. Sally took the dive, and is still in the swim in Hollywood, having risen to the envied position of a member of Cecil B. DeMille's cinema stock company. "Red Dice," "Braveheart," "Getting Gertie's Garter" and the "Fighting Eagle" are among

the pictures in which she has played prominently at the DeMille Studio.

Sally is a native of Kansas City, where she developed a passion for dancing that resulted in her signing with Gus Edwards to tour the Orpheum circuit. She recently was honored by the I. B. E. W., Studio Local No. 40 of Hollywood, by being nominated as a candidate for the Queen of the Electricians' Annual Benefit Ball and Frolic. Wm. Whistler, chief electrician and Ray Hadley, assistant chief electrician, are largely responsible for DeMille's efforts in putting their part of the ball over.

Previous to this, Sally was made a Wampus Baby Star of 1927, an honor conferred on promising screen personalities by the Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers.

Cecil B. DeMille declares that Sally Rand has "piquancy" and that quality is destined to make her a very popular actress. Her



SALLY RAND

dancing has given her a grace that is invaluable for anyone who appears before the camera, and coupled with her beauty and natural dramatic talent, it seems likely that before long Sally will be one of the most prominent actresses in the motion picture field.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

By EDDIE ECKLES

Publicity Department, M-G-M Studio

Gwen Lee is proud of the fact that she comes from a great western state. In fact, she is almost as proud of this as she is of the last few roles she has had on the screen, which have launched her to almost stellar fame. She says it just goes to prove that they can't hold down folks from Nebraska—and it looks as though she was right.

Miss Lee was born in Hastings, Neb., and was educated at Brownell Hall in Omaha. She came to the M. G. M. lot to play her first role in "Lady of the Night," and her beauty, plus a vast capacity for studying the methods of the screen, won her instant success. After "Pretty Ladies" Miss Lee played a wide variety of parts, "There You Are," "The Boy Friend," "His Secretary," "Heaven on Earth" and "Upstage" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. In her last picture, "After Midnight," she plays the role second in importance to that of Miss Norma Shearer herself.

Careful study and attention to work are among her principal recipes for success. She

always makes it a point to be on the set 15 minutes ahead of her call—usually before the director arrives. It seems like a little thing, but it has done much to establish her popularity among wielders of the megaphone. If anyone is late the director always knows he can do something with Miss Lee to fill in the time so that it is not wasted. They call her "Old Reliable," which is an odd enough title for a girl just out of her teens. To attest to her popularity on the M. G. M.



GWEN LEE

lot, she was chosen to represent that studio at the fourth annual benefit ball given by the Studio Electricians, Local Union No. 40, I. B. E. W.

Mr. Kobe, William Bradley, chief and assistant chief, respectively, claim Gwen is a brick, and the same goes for every "juicer" on the lot.

Secret of New Television

The essential scientific novelty in the process of television, for "seeing" over the telephone wires or by radio, demonstrated on April 7 in New York City by Dr. Hubert E. Ives and his associates of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, is the use of a new method of illuminating the object, an image of which is to be transmitted. Previous processes of television have encountered great difficulty in sending the electric signals representing the "scene" with sufficient speed to produce a clear and recognizable picture. Dr. Ives has overcome this by using a small spot of extremely bright light, which moves back and forth over the object to be "seen" with great rapidity. The light reflected from the face of the sitter or from any other object thus illuminated is collected by large and sensitive photo-electric cells, transmuted into a varying electric current, sent over the wire or the radio waves and re-converted at the receiving end into a light-image representing the object envisaged. The moving spot of bright light at the transmitting end is duplicated by a similar moving spot of light at the receiving end. The tendency of the human eye to retain any image for a fraction of a second (the same tendency which makes motion pictures possible) makes the successive positions of the rapidly-moving spot of light blend in the eye into what looks like a continuously illuminated scene. The moving light spot occupies, both on the scene being transmitted and on the receiving screen, approximately 45,000 successive positions in each second, or over eight million such positions during a three-minute telephone conversation.

High Wages—First Step To Better Times

WHY business depressions? Why unemployment? Why low wages? Why discontent and bitterness? "It is because we do not use our vast productive resources—our men, materials, machines, and money—at any approach to capacity. We do not 'deliver the goods.'"

"Why not? We do not produce the goods which our marvelous resources would otherwise enable us to produce, because we fear that we cannot sell the goods at prices which will make continued production possible."

"And the reason we cannot sell the goods is the simplest reason of all. It is because the people who would like to buy them do not have sufficient incomes."

"What causes the lack of money? Here we come to a question which is not so easily answered. It appears, however, that there are two main reasons why people cannot long continue to buy things as rapidly as they can make them. The first reason is that the processes whereby goods are produced for sale at a money profit do not yield to consumers enough money to buy goods. As industry increases its output, it does not, for any length of time, proportionately increase its payments to the people. Consequently, whenever the country begins to prosper, the total flow of money to consumers does not keep pace with the flow of consumers' goods. The second reason for a deficiency in consumer buying is that the people, under the impelling necessity of saving, cannot spend even as much money as they receive."

"How then, can we conserve prosperity and sustain employment? Clearly there is one means, without which all other means are largely futile. We must see that the people receive enough income (as wages, interest, dividends, and the rest) week in and week out, and not very much more than enough such income, in addition to what they save, to buy all the finished products of home industry, or the full equivalent in foreign goods, about as rapidly as they are ready for sale. In the future, we must provide as effectively for financing consumption, as in the past we have provided for financing production. The gist of the matter is this: Since underconsumption is the chief cause of our troubles, adequate consumer income is the chief remedy."

"Thus, in five brief paragraphs, we have summed up our theory."

Here, then, is a recipe for making the economic order work efficiently. It is supplied by two men, William Trufant Foster, a logician, and Waddell Catchings, a business man, in their new book, "Business Without A Buyer," a work published by Houghton, Mifflin Co. This is based upon two former volumes "Money" and "Profits," and is a simple, popularized version of the more scholarly works.

There is always a danger of overestimating an economic outlook in which you find much with which to agree, and we do not want to commit that error here. On the other hand, we want to stress properly the importance of this book. Here is a candid, simple, entertaining explanation of the biggest problems, their cause, and in a general fashion, their cure, of the contemporary economic system. A reader is forced to acknowledge the intellectual honesty, the daring seamanship, and the social vision of Messrs. Catchings and Foster.

Incidentally it is interesting that the authors subjected their theory to the criticism of hundreds by offering a prize of \$5,000 for the best refutation of their theory. The prize was awarded but the authors still stand by their guns, shelling the old economic order.

And in an age of economic illiteracy, propaganda and bunk, it is refreshing to find men passing over the fictions to face the realities of economics.

Let us trace the thread of their argument by quotations from the book.

Fear of Insecurity Seen

They start with reality—the biggest fact of economics—the worker's fear.

"It is true that if Benjamin Franklin could see his country now, he would be amazed to find everybody enjoying electric lights, telephones, automobiles, radio sets, the vitaphone, not to mention the countless offerings of the five-and-ten-cent stores, which were unknown in his day. But if he got close to the hearts of the people, as was his wont, he would be equally amazed to find that in spite of the achievements of applied science, the great majority of the workers face the future with anxiety, uncertain as to employment, and unprepared for sickness or old age. As a matter of fact, in the quarter-century preceding the World War, a period of astounding advances in the science and art of production, the workers as a whole increased their real wages scarcely one-half of one per cent a year."

Since the World War, there has been a slight advance, but "all we wish to point out here is that there is no ground for confidence that such an advance will long continue, or that even that the gains will prove permanent."

Business men have failed in their duty to supply a remedy for periodical business depressions.

"Many business men, having admitted all this—in fact, having bitterly complained of all this—blithely ignore the problem of too few buyers which we have just propounded, on the assumption that there is no problem. The longer such men take that hopeless attitude, the easier it becomes for rattle-brained radicals to gather recruits; and this in spite of the fact that the great body of wage earners in the United States are not flighty, unreasonable, and responsive to the call of every wild-eyed fomentor of class hatred—but are, on the contrary, reliable, thoughtful, and slow to anger."

Business Men Backward

"When the leaders of industry and finance offer no convincing explanation of the periodic paralysis of business, and no remedy, it is little wonder that people give ear to the charge that the cause is 'price-fixing trusts' or 'the money monopoly,' or 'the sabotage of employers,' or 'the necessity for more leisure.' Such explanations of the problem of too few buyers, however vague and unsatisfactory, seem to some people more convincing than the complacent assertion that there is no such problem."

Installment buying and selling is only a palliative.

How about wages? Messrs. Catchings and Foster discuss the importance of wages to their theory by discussing Henry Ford.

"There is no doubt that business men know more about the relation of consumer income to their own success than they knew in 1921. At that time, in the midst of depression, they were determined to make matters worse by deflating wages in general. Fortunately, their program was successfully resisted by labor. Reduction of the general level of wages, Mr. Ford has always insisted, is not a cure for hard times. On the contrary, it does more than anything else to prolong hard times. Em-

ployers, in their own interests, should pay as high wages as they can pay, and still expand their business on a sound basis. Mr. Ford is right: 'The best wages that have up to date ever been paid are not nearly as high as they ought to be.'"

How can higher wages be paid?

There is a margin between the selling price of the product and all the wages which are paid in producing the product. Within that margin are included all the costs, other than wages, and all the profits. It is true that any employer can put up his wages in so far as he can make them absorb that margin. Thus, under certain conditions, he can add to wages what he saves by reducing other costs. Under other conditions, he can reduce profits and to that extent increase wages. But it is equally plain that there is a limit beyond which he cannot go, for he cannot allow wages to absorb the entire margin without becoming bankrupt.

However, these writers believe that high wages are only one factor—and important factor—in prosperity. They promise to present a more reliable cure for economic ills in a later book.

How valuable their solution will be can not be predicted. That it will be clear and honest is certain. These gentlemen represent enlightened progressive employers. They believe in making the economic system work first, by frankly admitting its shortcomings; that they will continue their fair-minded efforts in their solution is likely. However, we detect even in this book an enthusiasm for dictatorship like Mussolini's and Henry Ford's little in accord with wise and wholesome industrial development.

Electrical Device Aids Doctors

It is now possible for physicians to listen separately to the many faint sounds produced inside the living human body. Doctors have been accustomed for ages to listen to the beats of the heart and to deduce from these sounds symptoms of illness. About two years ago the engineers of the telephone industry devised an electrical apparatus by which the sounds of the heartbeat are amplified, so that a whole audience can hear them. At the recent meeting of the American Medical Association, in Washington, Dr. H. Clyde Snook, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, demonstrated the most recent form of this apparatus called the electrical stethoscope. This device uses "electric filters," enabling the physician to hear only one sound at a time. Diseased hearts sometimes produce what are called "murmurs;" soft sounds, not loud, and often obscured by the louder sounds of the heartbeat itself or by other noises. By means of the electric filters some of these louder sounds are "filtered out" of the sounds of the heart, much as a sheet of filter paper takes the sediment out of solutions filtered through it. Then the fainter murmurs can be heard. This filtering is according to the pitch of the sounds. Low-pitched sounds can be let through and high-pitched ones held back or, by a different arrangement of the filters, the high-pitched ones can be passed and the low-pitched ones excluded. Many other organs of the body, including muscles and joints, emit slight sounds when in motion, but these are so faint that physicians have seldom been able to hear them separately or to use them in diagnosis. It is expected that the new apparatus will enable some of these to be heard and will make the ear an important aid in diagnosis.

**JOURNAL OF
ELECTRICAL WORKERS**
Official Publication International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers

Devoted
to the
Cause



of
Organized
Labor

VOL. XXVI

Washington, D. C., July, 1927

No. 7

Our Yesterday and Today For the benefit of a great many of those who have come into the electrical industry under present conditions, and who can see very little progress made during their time in the industry or membership in the Brotherhood, we are publishing an extract from a book on the electrical industry, published about 1891:

"SLEEPING"

"Employees apparently sleeping, while on duty, must be discharged at once, as well as the foreman in charge, if he does not report the man, except in cases of a first offence, it shall be in the power of the Board of Control to permit an employee, having a good record, to retain his position upon working one month upon half pay."

This was one of the rules that was in effect with a number of the operating companies, and was recommended as a general rule to all companies by this book on the electrical industry.

Our younger members find it hard to believe that such a rule would be necessary, but when men worked 12 and 16 hours per day for a scale ranging from 18 cents to 25 cents an hour and were compelled to work 24 hours when their shift was changed from night shift to day shift, it might be understood why such a rule was recommended for adoption to the various companies.

We wonder what condition a rule of this kind posted by the companies would produce today, where the Board of Control might permit an employee, having a good record, to retain his position upon working one month on half pay.

Those were the days of master and man, and when the employer's word was law—which would still be the condition if it were not for the force exerted by organization on the part of the workers.

Undercutting Prosperity General impressions furnish the flattering theory that business men believe in prosperity. But business men also believe in self-interest, and self-interest of this or that big business man does not always jibe with prosperity either for the industry, or for the nation.

A striking instance of how business men are unconsciously sabotaging prosperity is contained in reports from the U. S. Treasury Department.

First, there is the damaging report on tax-exempt securities. In 1913 the amount of money invested in tax-exempt securities was \$4,410,000,000. In 1927 the sum had leaped nearly 400 per cent to \$15,348,000,000. It is plain to see that taxes on this great sum would swell the tax moneys of Uncle Sam many millions of dollars.

Second, there is the clamor of business corporations for tax rebates. The Treasury has a surplus of about \$600,000,000, and corporations want this given back to them.

What have taxes which are never collected and taxes which are given back got to do with prosperity? Just this. The keystone of prosperity is the building construction industry. And it is a generally accepted fact that a lagging construction industry can be galvanized into new life by public building. In the National Capital, for example, there is a great need for new public school buildings; and an authorized building program is being halted by lack of funds. All over the country, public moneys poured into public buildings would push the building industry past the mark set last year.

Far-sighted business men should be advocating such a public program instead of dodging taxes, and wringing their hands for rebates.

Illegal Executive Acts "The executive government of this country in its intercourse with foreign nations is limited to the employment of diplomacy alone. When this fails it can proceed no further. It cannot legitimately resort to force without the direct authority of Congress, except in resisting and repelling hostile attacks."

The foregoing is taken from the annual message of James Buchanan, President of the United States in 1858. It is quoted in a series of kindred speeches made by Supreme Court judges, presidents, secretaries of state, congressmen and lawyers, compiled by Albert H. Putney, Professor of Constitutional Law, National University Law School, Washington. This sharp, penetrating word of President Buchanan merely bodies forth what is already in the federal constitution, and what has been its interpretation and the practices of American statesmen.

Yet if we are honest, we will admit that the United States has just concluded a successful war in Nicaragua, and is ready to wage one in China—both illegal wars, unauthorized by Congress.

The War Crowd Every nation has its war crowd. It is usually composed of manufacturers of gunpowder, gas masks, guns and armor plate; of professional soldiers; of sentimental old women; and paid propagandists. The United States is no exception. It has its war crowd, often ridiculous, but never, never indolent nor modest. Go into a theatre, you are greeted invariably with some brand of war propaganda. Let a civilian aviator cross the Atlantic, and on the instant, he is claimed as a product of, and spokesman for the war crowd. Lindbergh started from St. Louis on his great exploit, as "Lindy," as "Lucky," as "Slim;" before he got to Paris he was Captain, and before he got home Colonel Lindbergh. His good sense and his extensive knowl-

edge of the ways of men kept him from donning the military uniform at his home coming, sent to him by aeroplane by the war crowd, and at no time has he seemed anything but an advocate of what his father advocated before him—international friendship. He was peace emissary to Europe, but the war crowd tried to make him a war propagandist at home.

And the irony in the situation is that Lindy's exploit gives a death blow to many of the assumptious and pretentious and old-fashioned notions of the war crowd. The war crowd has advocated a huge navy because a transatlantic flight by aeroplane was thought to be impossible. Now Lindbergh blasts that illusion. Lindbergh has proved the truth of Colonel Mitchell's contentions that the Navy as a war machine is obsolete and its development of air craft half-hearted and inefficient.

In the United States the war crowd is running true to form. It is bold, vain and intriguing. It is also old-fashioned and inefficient. A high official in the Navy the other day said in a moment of frankness, "Before the United States wins the next war it will have to clean out all the old war crowd. They are hopeless back numbers."

Worthy of His Hire Out in California a Montenegrin millhand is going to hang for killing his boss. This worker was discharged, after several months' work, and was given a pay check of \$150. No banker would honor this check and the penniless, discharged worker tried to collect the amount from the mill through various legal channels. He failed, and took vengeance on his employer.

This is an extreme case, a dreadful reminder of a trend in industry today, forcibly revealed by the June publication of the U. S. Department of Labor. Here are conclusions reached by the Department:

"The defrauding of wage earners through the failure of employers to pay the promised wages continues to be a wide-spread and serious evil."

"Thus, in 1926, in 16 states for which more complete reports were made, wage claims settled only after the intervention of the state labor officials numbered over 23,400 and represented in the aggregate a collection of \$1,216,000.

"Although the amount of average wage claims, about \$50, may seem small, the records of hardships and destitution following the workers failure to collect their earnings include such tragedies as the dispossession of lodgings, recourse to charity organizations, and even death from exposure and suicide."

And now murder can be added to the list.

The case of the California millhand is not an isolated case. It merely brings to horrible prominence a wide-spread anti-social practice of a certain group of employers.

Old Age Pension A plan providing a monthly pension for our old members is being drafted by the International Officers and will be presented for the consideration of the Delegates representing the Locals of the Brotherhood at our coming Convention, to be held August 15, 1927, at Detroit, Mich.

Employers' Union Blunders We thought everything that could be said about the eight-hour day had been said—not only by labor but by economists, physicians, the Congress of the United States, social workers, enlightened capitalists, humanists in general. We thought that one social tenet had been built so firmly into the American commonwealth, that no group however powerful would have the temerity to try to tear it out; namely, that workers' health, happiness and citizenship can be conserved by a short workday without impairment to production. However, we were mistaken.

Now comes the Union of Railroad Presidents with a proposal for stabilizing employment on the railroads. Neglecting such obvious and time-tested solutions as work-planning, reduction of the work-week and unemployment insurance, the union of Railroad Presidents' (in a recent report made at the instance of the Interstate Commerce Commission) prize remedy is that employees consent to work 9 or 10 hours a day without extra pay during times of increased business activity. This strikes directly at the basic eight-hour day.

In making such a suggestion the railroad presidents show that they do not have understanding of the temper of the workers, and that they are out of tune even with the progressive section of the employers. Their blunder is likely to add to the growing suspicion that business executives are often so taken up with technicalities of operation that they have no time to see business problems in relation to the larger issues of life and the nation. In this case they seem to approach in the spirit of little men with petty, niggardly solutions, a big problem affecting vitally not only 2,000,000 rail workers and their families, but the rest of the 100,000,000 American people.

Relax and Win Before Bobby Jones entered an important tournament he ordered two boxes of sardines, rye bread, two orders of Camembert cheese and a double order of pistachio ice cream. This hectic feast was not intended to kill off the king of golfers, but to break the nervous strain under which he was laboring. It did. The next morning on the links he was "on" his game. When Bobby sank his last putt in the United States Open, he ran to the club house weeping. The nervous strain had broken. Experiences like these lead Jones to declare that "golf is not so much a physical as it is a mental strain." And we add, "life is not so much a physical as it is a mental strain." A man is as strong as his nerves. Men don't drink so much for the excitement as for a depressant. It enables them to relax. Laughter brings relaxation. So does the theatre, and games. So should a home, a garden, and music. Relaxation is necessary. It enables the ignition system of man's 12-cylinder engine to recuperate between firings.

Gainfully employed persons have declined steadily since 1910 in the United States, declares the National Industrial Conference Board, an employers' research agency. Now every four persons keep every six. The six live on the returns from investments, or are being supported, or are in public institutions. Rather amazing, this!

The Electrical Heating of the Modern Home

By J. WINTER, Local No. 56, Erie, Pa.

HEATING with electricity has been predicted by farsighted men for years back, while others have scoffed at the idea. Even today men of good standing, men schooled in the application of electricity, shrug their shoulders and say it cannot be done economically.

In the following article let us explain and discuss an electric hot water heating system which has been tested in the laboratory as well as in a modern home, and has stood the test.

It is the Gannon & Ward Systems of Erie, Pa., which were patented in 1924 for electric heating. These systems are automatic in control and action. There is no service required. The only human touch in the system is the adjustment of the room thermostat to suit your desire.

To install successfully a system of this kind it requires the combination of a heating and electric engineer. The heating engineer to estimate and prepare the radiation in number of feet and the electrical engineer to estimate the power distribution.

Mr. F. W. A. Moeller, manager of Waldameer Beach Park, a summer resort at Erie, Pa., situated on Lake Erie, is the only man to my knowledge who had the nerve to install such a system, and the results obtained are remarkable.

System Clearly Described

Describing the installation in the modern home, mentioned above, we have the following layout. The house itself is a new home setting on a bluff about 80 feet above Lake Erie and is exposed on three sides. It has the following rooms: A large living room about 18 x 28 feet, and a kitchen on the first floor; on the second floor two large bedrooms, a bathroom, a hall and two closets. The power distribution for heating is as follows: two circuits for the living-room and one circuit each for kitchen, bath and the two bedrooms. There are placed in the livingroom five individual radiators, three on one circuit and two on the other, one radiator each in the kitchen and bath, three radiators in one of the bedrooms and two in the other. The radiators are of the Corto Type as made by the American Radiator Company. Each radiator has a G. E. emersion heating unit in one end at the bottom opening in the radiator, and a filling cap in one of the upper openings. In addition to this the controlling radiator of each circuit has a thermostat in the opposite opening to the heating unit. Each circuit is controlled by an automatic, lock-type switch, mounted with fuses and switches in a steel cabinet in the basement, a Mercoid room thermostat and a Mercoid radiator thermostat. The heating units and the radiator thermostats are connected to flush receptacles in the baseboard of the various rooms by means of a short heater cord and attachment plug, a two wire for the former and three wire for the latter.

Room and radiator thermostats are wired in series with the closing coil and closing side of mercury tubes, the opening sides of mercury tubes in parallel to the opening coil. The radiator thermostat controls the temperature of the water, opening the switch when the water temperature rises to from 140 to 165 degrees Fahrenheit, closing the switch when the water temperature drops to from 100 to 120 degrees, the desired temperature depending on the adjustment of the thermostats. While the water is heated,

We speak confidently of the electrical era, but do we know just what the electrical era means in comfort and convenience? Local No. 56, Erie, Pa., has interested itself in an electrical heat system that promises much for home comfort. It is pleasure to be among the first to take notice of this form of electrification.

and in the off periods, heat is constantly radiated, thus building up the room temperature. When the room temperature reaches the desired degree, which may be anywhere between 56 degrees and 80 degrees, the switch opens again and stays open, disregarding the position of the radiator thermostat until the temperature in the room drops.

All Natural Heat Also Used

Every foreign source of heating is utilized in this system. The sun shining on one side of the building will raise the temperature of the rooms on that side. Such rooms will be off current consumption for hours at a time. The presence of a number of people in one room raises room temperatures. It has been said by heating engineers that the radiation of heat by the human body is equal to 5 feet.

The perfect control in this system of heating makes economy possible. This condition cannot exist with a central heating plant. Even though the radiators are shut off the consumption of coal or gas in the boiler or furnace continues unabated.

Since each room is separately controlled it is possible to have 72 degrees F. in the livingroom, 65 degrees in the bedroom or 78 degrees in the bathroom.

If the house is to be vacant over a period, a temperature of 56 degrees F. can be maintained without attention, thereby avoiding, at a minimum cost, the danger of freeze-up and consequent damages.

The above installation has been in continuous operation since October, 1926, requiring not one hour of service or interruption. All through the winter months, with

the temperatures as low as 4 degrees below zero the house was comfortably heated.

(Any of the brothers travelling the main highway from Buffalo to Cleveland will pass by Waldameer Beach Park. A stop for a half hour or so to investigate and see for themselves will be time well spent.)

The cost of heating electrically compares favorably with coal, gas or oil when properly controlled as it allows heat to be used only when needed.

The same system of control is applied to the heating of the hot water supply for family use. A 30 gallon boiler well insulated, having mounted on its side the automatic switch and connections from there to the thermostat and heating unit, as described above, that is, no room thermostat required, furnishes, to this modern home, an abundant supply of hot water at a temperature of 165 degrees F. without any attention.

The hot water boiler as assembled makes a complete unit in itself and can be placed to good advantage in kitchen, bath or even closet if no room in the basement is available.

In addition to the above systems there is now available an individual radiator unit, having mounted on the radiator the automatic switch connected with the radiator thermostat and heating unit. A single pole, double throw switch makes the use of a room thermostat optional. To install one of these radiators requires the installation of a receptacle. When using a room thermostat a three-pole receptacle must also be installed to connect radiator and room thermostats in series.

If it is desired to heat from two to four rooms, the installation of a few more receptacles is required, one next to the current supply. An attachment cord and plug coming from the load side of the automatic switch connects this receptacle with the ones installed in the additional rooms. The additional radiators are now ready to be plugged into these receptacles. These last radiators would require a heating unit and filling cap only as radiator No. 1 controls the circuits. For economy's sake one might pull the plug in any room that does not require constant heating without interrupting the heating of the remaining rooms.

All radiators are portable and can therefore be easily moved when cleaning or may be stored away in the summertime.

In connection with the description of the above home let us mention that it is a 100 per cent electric home, using all modern appliances—heating, hot water, cooking, flat iron, waffle iron, vacuum cleaner, dishwasher, refrigerator, and many others. All of the above installation was done by the writer and the results obtained from the heating of the house and the hot water, was a revelation to him.

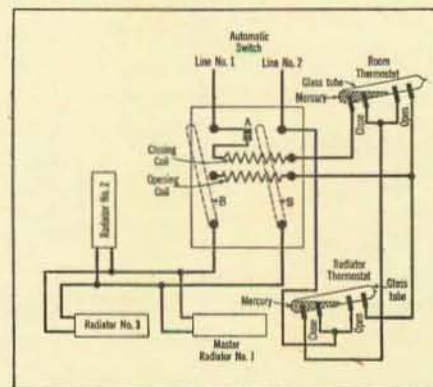
In closing this article let us make the broad statement that the time is not far off when the electrician will take the place of the steamfitter in the apartment house and hotel as well as the modern home.

Nothing, Perhaps

"Are you laughing at me?" demanded the irate professor of his class.

"No," came the answer in chorus.

"Well," insisted the professor, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"—College of the Pacific Weekly.



Power and Control Circuit Connections
Above is a schematic diagram of a circuit using three radiators. One is equipped with an automatic thermostat and all three are controlled by a room thermostat.

True Inwardness of Employee Stock Ownership

By PROFESSOR WILLARD C. FISHER, New York University

IN the daily press, in the trade journals, and in some of the popular periodicals, there appear statements which indicate several misunderstandings of employee stock ownership. And there is one point at which even the readers of this review may go astray, or be misled.

The common statements are familiar enough, in a general way. They show some scores of large corporations promoting the sale of their stock to their employees and a hundred or two smaller companies doing the same thing. The purchasing employees are shown by tens of thousands for single corporations and by hundreds of thousands in their total. They hold some hundreds of thousands of shares. And their holdings sum up to several hundred millions of dollars, possibly a billion in all.

Such figures come, directly or indirectly, from the corporation offices; and there is no reason to doubt their accuracy. But there are plenty of reasons why they do not go so far as has been alleged toward making the laborer a capitalist and master of American corporations. Nor do they reveal any industrial or social revolution, or portend one. When reduced from their impressive totals, and when placed in comparison with other relevant figures, they have a very different significance. Then they show some four or five per cent of American industrial employees owning, or setting out to own, something like five per cent of the shares of the companies for which they work, with half of these, perhaps, voting shares.

All of this, and more, the readers of this review would be able to infer from their own knowledge of the magnitude of American industries and the announced extent of employee stock ownership.

But there are misunderstandings as to the meaning of employee in this connection which appear even among well-informed persons. Nearly everybody naturally thinks of employees as laborers, even as common laborers of the rank and file. And there are declarations of those who see so much in the recent extension of employee ownership which tend to confirm the popular misunderstanding, and even appear as if designed to do so. For in nearly all of the plans for the promotion of employee ownership, the employees who are offered the stock include all, from the unskilled laborer up through foremen, superintendents, managers, and the rest, on up to general officers and the president himself.

Manifestly it is important to know what grades of employees are the owners and subscribers. The importance is so obviously great that it need not be enlarged upon here. Yet the corporations publish no information as to this distinction. Only rarely, perhaps in one or two cases of real employee ownership, do they give out data from which it can be computed, even approximately. Of course, if a corporation has sold a hundred thousand shares to ten thousand employees, it is clear enough that a great many men in the rank and file have bought at least one share, and that a great deal has been sold. And there are indications that it is the official policy of the corporations to permit no more definite knowledge of the situation.

The corporations know the facts. They have to know them. For their selling plans regularly allot shares for purchase and limit purchases and installment payments

Under the title "Distribution of Employee Stock Ownership" Professor Fisher raises two important questions in the June "American Economic Review." First, where information can be enlisted, principal stockholders under the employees' plan are "Key men" and not the rank and file of the workers. Second, distribution of stock shares is studiously kept dark by the corporations. This article is reprinted from the American Economic Review by permission.

according to wage and salary grades. It cannot be too much labor to collate and carry the data. For on approved occasions, as when it is thought well to show what diversified social classes are investing in public utilities stock, there are issued state-

ments and tables which must have involved much more of labor and expense in the preparation. Managements cannot consider it a matter of corporate and social indifference whether their offers are accepted by laborers or by superintendents and treasurers, certainly not in these days of boasted attention to other questions of personnel.

Then why are they so chary of publishing information? There are some scattered data which might yield an unwelcome answer. In Foerster and Dietel's recent book on "Employee Stock Ownership in the United States," one statement slips through, as coming from a company which opened its selling plan July 1, 1920. "The holdings among factory employees are not extensive, but practically all of key men in company have acquired substantial amounts of stock." Obscure sources yield other similar generalizations. So a "confidential report" under private auspices shows the following percentages of different classes of employees subscribing in a railroad company: officers and general office employees, 19 per cent; agents and station employees, 8 per cent; enginemen, firemen, conductors, etc., 1 per cent; maintenance of equipment, 4 per cent; maintenance of way, 1.5 per cent.

(Continued on page 390)





WOMAN'S WORK



Union Label Goods by Mail Order

Soon you may be able to buy the union label goods you can't find at the store, by mail order. The Union Label Stores at 423 So. Dearborn street, Chicago, have found such a demand for union made merchandise among the unionists of that city that they are planning to extend their trade by getting out a mail order catalogue. Thomas J. Curry, ex-member of long standing in Printing Pressman's Union No. 3, is acting president of the company backing the store and the venture has already proved so successful that the store has had to move into larger quarters to accommodate the stock of merchandise patrons were asking for. Every article sold by the store is made in union factories by union employees under union conditions, and carries the union label.

A nation-wide chain store system is the dream of the sponsors of the Union Label Stores. The first step will be to establish stores in each section of Chicago. To expand the stores outside of Chicago will be more difficult but already several cities in the United States and one in Canada have written to Harry E. Scheck, field secretary, asking that stores be started in their communities. A store of this type has been in operation for some time in Brooklyn, N. Y., under the management of Charles E. Sinnigan, New York representative of the Union Label Trades Department of the A. F. of L. And you no doubt remember accounts in the JOURNAL of the Union Label Store at Newark, N. J., and the Union Label Shoppe managed by St. Louis women.

There is no doubt that stores like these do a great deal to build up the demand for union manufactured goods. Almost every wife of a union man has at some time or other gone into a department store and asked to see some article with the union label and had the clerk either claim complete ignorance of the very existence of the union label, or say that no such goods were carried in stock. With a union label store in the community, buying would be much easier and with an alert manager ever watchful of the needs of his trade, wives would constantly be discovering new and excellent articles carrying the label.

Labor can learn something from modern business methods, advertising, publicity, efficient management, and so forth and labor has proved time and again that it could enter profitably into the business world, with labor banks, labor insurance companies, and such large undertakings. By the way, a new labor bank is to be established in Atlantic City soon! Union Label stores can do more to educate us into buying label goods than any amount of shouting. Demand the Label! though that's all right, too. We hope every active wife of a union man in the vicinity will get acquainted with the Union Label Stores at Chicago if she isn't already a regular patron, and the rest of us can hope for stores in our own towns sometime, and in the meantime we can write to Mr. Curry at 423 So. Dearborn street and ask for his printed price list on label merchandise.

Sheets and Pillow Cases Put on the Label

When you go to the August sales to stock up with bed linen, keep this piece of good news firmly in mind: you can now buy sheets and pillow cases with the union label. Negotiations have been concluded with the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Mill Company which mean that its 3,000 employees are working in a strictly union establishment. This agreement is a culmination of a friendly feeling of some time between the company and the United Textile Workers.

The well-known Pequot sheeting and pillow cases are made in this mill. Every housewife knows the high standard of quality that the name Pequot stands for, splendid wearing quality and fine finish. Now we can buy Pequot sheets and cases with the added pleasure of knowing that they are strictly union made.

The Voice of Labor, radio broadcasting station WCFL of Chicago, has succeeded, through the help of the labor press, in securing as good a wave length as any station in the country, according to Secretary Ed Nockels. In a recent report he called attention to the increasing monopoly of the air by the capitalistic broadcasting group.

"In two years," says Secretary Nockels, "our station may be the only one in the United States which will permit the voice of labor to be put on the air."

Farm organizations share in supporting WCFL, he said. From 6 to 7 every evening is the farmers' hour and from 7 to 8 is labor's hour for broadcasting.



And Luggage!

When you're getting ready to go to the convention next month or on vacation trips, don't forget the union label on your new luggage! A handsome, sturdy travelling bag like the one above is an added satisfaction because it carries the label of the United Leather Workers' International. This one is from the Franklin Mfg. Co. of Boston, Mass., and is an example of the fine luggage made in union organized factories.

The Work-Worn Wife in the Hospital

By MABEL RICE GARDNER

In the Sioux City Union Advocate
It's good of you to come to town to see me,
Eliza . . . Sit right down here close to
me,
So I can sense it's you. Somehow these weeks
Of being sick here in the hospital
Have got me so outside my old life
I wonder if I'll ever fit back in.

Ain't it a pleasure to be in a place
That's clean, without so much you lift your
hand?
I can't get over it. Just to lie here
Without a thing to do but just be sick—
Knowing that everybody will be fed
At mealtimes, whether I make the bread or
not,
And have clean sheets if I never touch the
tub!

Sometimes they fix the door so I can see
Folks passing in the hall—and not a one
Can holler at me to do something for them!
'Course, I've been sick before; but having
babies,
And getting up as soon as I could stagger
To try to catch up with the work undone,
Wasn't like this.

Just look at those sweet peas
John brought me Sunday. Every single week
He's brought me flowers when he's come to
see me—
And in our thirty-seven years of marriage
He's always grumbled when I made a garden,
Saying it was a waste of time to bother
With anything but beans and corn and
onions. . . .

I couldn't ever have forgave myself
If I'd have gone and died under the
ether. . . .
You must meet Miss McGregor—she's so dear
And seems to fancy taking care of me.
She said she'd never had another patient
As grateful as I am for little things.
I guess she'd understand if she had lived
sixty years of doing for other
people. . . .

The children have been awful good, Eliza;
They feel so sorry that their mother's sick
And in the hospital. Well, you'll not tell—
Somehow I feel it's going to be some time
Before I'll be up and around again!

A LADY WRITES

Editor:
Will I be considered "nosey," I wonder, if
I send a few lines to the JOURNAL?

I enjoy the correspondence thoroughly,
and it's beyond me how the press secretaries
can write such good letters in this honest-
to-goodness hot weather.

I don't believe that women, as a general
rule, appreciate the sacrifice a lineman makes
to keep things going. The work looks easy
but it really is no joke, and not only muscle
power is needed, but an alert brain as well.

And, speaking of brains, say, Bachie, don't

(Continued on page 388)

Convention Bound

New summer styles
Detroit ward
take their
way



"Clothes are certainly important," said the fortunate wife who is going with her husband to the convention, "but they shouldn't be elaborate and I don't think they need to be expensive. A white silk crepe dress much like this (above) would not be high priced at most shops, but how charmingly cool and fresh it looks on a summer afternoon! I like the knife pleated skirt and the soutache braid trimming is a novel touch.



"I'd feel well dressed for any daytime affair in this pretty silk suit (left) with its short jacket and pleated skirt printed in gay colors and the blouse, girdle and trimming of a plain shade. It won't muss easily nor show soil, and takes but little room in packing.

"Delegates to the Seattle convention will recall with pleasure the gorgeous scenery of the west, and this silk coat (extreme left) will remind them, for it has right in its printed design a gorgeous picture of Mt. Rainier and Paradise Valley. Incidentally, it's a useful summer wrap and the black trimming accentuates its smartness.

"Electrical workers have such lovely parties, I'll take along this evening dress (left) of pale orchid chiffon with its delicate draperies, tiny ruffles and flower decoration. I like the neckline and the little floating cape, so graceful and youthful!



New Millinery, Too

"I won't feel extravagant in adding these hats to my wardrobe for they are really advance fall models. The chic, sleek turban of metal cloth and black satin is exactly right to wear at dinner at the hotel or restaurant and the little shirred hat of plaid ribbon is so soft and 'crushable' it could be rolled up and tucked into a corner of my travelling bag."



Photos by Herbert

Lindbergh's Flight Result of Harmony Between Forces

By PROFESSOR C. M. JANSKY, Electrical Engineer, University of Wisconsin

"Practical acquaintance with the Methods of Sciences is assuredly needed to help us to live our lives. A survey of Science that shall aid us in understanding our world is no less essential to make our lives worth living."—Charles Singer.

THE above extract from the introduction to a recent book on Electricity and Magnetism epitomizes the central idea of this series of papers. Throughout an attempt has been made to suggest how the science of electricity has helped us to live our lives, and likewise the philosophic aspect of the science in making our lives worth living has been emphasized. The first part of Mr. Singer's proposition is almost universally conceded, but the second part does not receive such hearty assent, and perhaps it never will. The real and most obstinate and persistent hindrance to an unreserved acceptance of the proposition that a survey of science which leads to an understanding of our world makes our lives more worth the living, is the age-old conflict between ideas.

"Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point."

Let us, therefore, survey a few more of the steps by which the science of electricity has crept to its present point of importance in modern civilization.

Not until Oersted's discovery that moving electricity or electricity in motion is surrounded by a magnetic field was it possible to harness electrical and magnetic forces. Who, reasoning from observed phenomena of static electricity, would have concluded that a different phenomenon will result if the static charge is moved! Not the charge alone, but the charge in motion gave rise to a force that first merely moved the magnetic needle, but now the force of electricity in motion drives the mighty locomotive, transmits President Coolidge's speech from Washington to the remotest corners of the continent as well as to spaces above, and *mirabile dictu!* The same force of the moving electrons that deflected Oersted's compass in 1821 controlled the compass of the new American eagle, guiding him to the landing field of Le Bourget as unerringly as instinct guides a homing pigeon to his loft. Thus the flight of Charles A. Lindbergh was conditioned and made possible by the discovery of a new phenomenon, or perhaps it were more accurate to say by the harmonizing of two seemingly unrelated physical manifestations, electrical and magnetic. Out of such apparently insignificant and dissociated material does "the power of thought—the magic of the mind" fashion new concepts which ultimately seem to control man's destiny.

Again, while two seemingly different manifestations were combined into one, so long as the voltaic cell was the only source of the electrons whose motions produced the magnetic field, no large power machinery was possible. The law of conservation of energy—whose formulation and statement was another milestone in the progress of human thought—said "no more energy can be derived or developed by the force between an electric current and the magnet than is put into the circuit by the voltaic cell." As the cell at best was a weak source, the result was also weak.

One Good Discovery Deserves Another

In the preceding article it was stated that no sooner was one new phenomenon ex-

plained and a new truth discovered than the dim shadows of a multitude of others begin to appear on the mental horizon. So the discovery that a current of electricity exerts a force on a magnet gave rise to the phenomenon of transmission of force from one piece of matter, the wire, to another piece of matter, the magnet, without the intervention of a material body. Here again is an old phenomenon in a new guise. A horse to pull a wagon must have some material connection between its shoulder and the wagon. The water in falling exerts a force on the paddle wheel by its weight, but water is material, it can be felt and weighed; steam exerts a force on the piston, but steam is merely water the velocity of whose molecules has been greatly increased. The wind pushes on the weather vane or on the blade of the wind mill, but the wind is air in motion, and air also has weight; how then can the wire at a distance exert a force on the magnet? Well I remember observing the bewilderment of visitors when viewing the operation of an induction motor at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. That some mysterious force was exerted on the rotor was obvious, but how puzzled and bewildered everyone! Everyone? Yes, everyone, for even today, one hundred or more years after Oersted's discovery, the phenomenon is still an enigma. That is to say, the inner essence of the means by which the force is transferred is still unknown. This is no exceptional riddle of the universe, however, for how does the sun keep the planets in their orbits? Newton said gravity, but that is merely a name which means heavy, and as heaviness, or weight, is a measure of the force, the term gravity gives us no more of a notion of the agency or means by which it acts through space than the word red conveys an idea of color to a color-blind man.

Another of the shadowy phenomena appearing as a result of Oersted's discovery was the relative intensity of this force of magnetism as compared with the force between permanent magnets. Still another was the relation of the direction of the force and the direction of the current, and accompanying these was the relation between intensity of current and intensity of force. Thus the apparent solution of one problem, or the marriage of two dissimilar phenomena, gives birth to a whole flock of new and related ones. The intellectual horizon of man is thus ever widening, and his well being improving. Note I have said nothing about his moral standards.

Poor Apprentice Makes Priceless Discovery

The most significant, and in so far as future results are concerned, the most important of the new problems associated with the electro-magnetic effect of moving electricity was the reciprocal influence; namely, if moving electricity in a wire exerts a force on a magnet, will a moving magnet produce moving electricity in a wire? Or, in short, is this a rule that works both ways? The answer seems easy now, but in the days of the voltaic cell, when no insulated wire existed, and when no electrical measuring instruments were available, how was one to arrange a test or experiment to determine this reciprocal relation. The glory of proving the existence of moving electricity in a wire when magnetism is moved across the wire belongs to Michael Faraday, a bookseller's poor apprentice.

Both on account of the far-reaching and

remarkable results of Faraday's achievements, and on account of the inspirational force of his life, the story of Michael Faraday, the son of an itinerant blacksmith, and the greatest physical experimentalist of the nineteenth, and perhaps of all preceding centuries, must be told with considerable detail.

While the issue is not exactly a new one, there is extant a controversy with reference to the relative influence of environment and heredity in forming and determining human character and achievement. There are those who, taking their cue from the misinterpreted Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest, insist that environment is the most potent if not the sole factor in social and mental evolution of man. Modern behaviorists are a variant of this school of philosophy.

On the other side there are the hereditarians who insist that "nothing good can come out of Nazareth," meaning that the character and aptitude of a human being are unchangeably fixed by the character and aptitude of his ancestors and parents. Variants of these philosophers are the social ameliorators who propose to regenerate humanity by selective breeding and birth control. Both of these schools of philosophers are confounded; first by the lowly Nazarene who was born of unknown and unpretentious parents in the environment of a sheep shed; and, second, by the lowly son of a Yorkshire wandering blacksmith whose early environment was Jacob's Well Mews, a euphonious name for horse stables.

As to the influence of heredity, John Tyndall, an intimate friend of Faraday, says:

"Believing, as I do, in the general truth of the doctrine of hereditary transmission—sharing the opinion of Mr. Carlyle, that a really able man never proceeded from entirely stupid parents—I used the privilege of my intimacy with Mr. Faraday to ask him whether his parents showed any signs of unusual ability. He could remember none." As if that were not enough to refute the hereditarians, the environmentalists fared no better.

Most certainly the environment of a stable and the street adjacent were not very stimulating and conducive to the budding of genius. The ill health of his father, together with the depressed economic and industrial conditions that prevailed in England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, made the first youthful years of the future great scientist hard and difficult. "My education," he writes, "was of the most ordinary description, consisting of little more than the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic at a common day school. My hours out of school were passed at home and in the street."

Andre Marie Ampere at the age of 12 desired to study the most advanced and abstract mathematics, and shortly after, and while still in his teens, he mastered these abstruse subjects. In comparison, young Faraday was apparently hopelessly ignorant and without promise, and yet either by the divine spark of genius, or shall we say by the self-imposed captaincy of his soul, his achievement surpasses that of the mathematical prodigy.

When one considers the mathematical training thought necessary for any scientific research at the present time, it seems marvelous that one who never performed a mathematical calculation except when he turned the crank of a Babbage calculating machine

(Continued on page 385)

Brookwood Conference Discusses Building Trades

AT the close of the Power Institute at Brookwood last summer, electrical workers in attendance warmly suggested that a conference on the building trades be held at some time in the future. The announcement of a General Labor Institute dealing in part with building trades problems will be of deep interest therefore to members of the union. This important meeting is scheduled August 1 to August 13.

The plan of discussions leaves the first week largely in the hands of the building trades, and the second, in the hands of the railroad workers. Electrical workers, with their contacts with both industries, will no doubt attend both. Such men as John Frey, editor of the Moulders Journal; Otto S. Beyer, engineer retained by the workers in union management co-operation on the Baltimore and Ohio; Stuart Chase, author of the Tragedy of Waste, will speak.

Plan of the Sessions:

Morning Sessions

1. What the workers want and why they don't have it.
2. The problem of economic waste.
3. The problem of economic injustice.
4. The economic problems of the building industry.
5. The problem of unionism in the building trades.
6. Political and legal aspects of the building trades' problem.
7. The workers' approach to the railroad problem.
8. The workers' approach to the problem of steel.
9. The workers' approach to the problems of the garment industry.
10. The world economic situation as it affects American workers.
11. Political aspects of economic problems confronting American unions.

Evening Sessions

1. The new wage and production policy of the A. F. of L.
2. The tragedy of waste.
3. The engineer's challenge to the economic system.
4. Justice in wealth distribution.
5. Union-management co-operation.
6. Presenting Labor's case in arbitration and mediation proceedings.
7. The problem of organizing the metal trades.
8. The organization of women.
9. American imperialism.
10. An independent policy for Labor.
11. Workers' education in America.

Brookwood's capacity for entertainment is well-known. It offers a happy, comradely recreational life as well as keen, intensive study. The college lies in the Westchester hills conveniently reached from New York City. The cost of board and tuition is \$20 weekly. Registration can be made by mail by depositing five dollars.

Ways of Conference

Sessions are arranged so that the hard work comes in the cool of the morning, and evening. The afternoon is usually left free for study, informal discussion and play. Students often go to neighboring lakes for swimming, or drive along the hilly roads of Westchester, or play tennis or baseball. The social side of the conference is not only pleasant but valuable. In these informal groups much sound information is exchanged about union business, and labor problems. It was in such groups as these

that electrical workers decided last year to request a building trades conference. In particular did they wish to study the financial and business side of the building industry. It is now planned to take these important issues up.

Women Live to be Hundred

The fact that many more women than men live to very advanced ages is indicated once more by statistics presented recently to the House of Commons, in London, by the British Ministry of Health and tabulating the number of persons of each sex dying each year at ages of over 100

years. Since 1921, and including provisional figures for 1926, 439 such centenarians have died in England and Wales. Of these only 112 were men, the balance of 327, or nearly 75 per cent, being women. Biologists know of no reason why women of advanced age should so frequently outlive men who also manage to exceed the shorter normal span of life. The usual suggestion is that aged men are apt to attempt a more active life than aged women and accordingly are more likely to suffer accident or to overtax the waning powers of a body already exhausted by mere age. In reporting the present figures to Parliament the Health Ministry offered no interpretation of the difference between the sexes.

When Students Begin to Think

It is only the exceptional student who does his own thinking while he is in college. Usually it takes the rude and hard-boiled world to jolt him out of the handed-down opinions he has absorbed. Many years ago somebody pulled a wise-crack about "a scholar and a gentleman," therefore a student considers himself a "gentleman" and keeps his hands mentally soft and white though he may actually be doing the job of an unskilled laborer to earn his way through college. Not always. Sometimes he does his own thinking, as in the case of students at the University of Wisconsin, who have formed a labor union.

The first intimation of an awakening was a letter in the Daily Cardinal, student newspaper, signed STUDENT WORKER, outlining the situation. Several thousand students seeking jobs in a small city like Madison had resulted in cut-throat competition and employers were not slow to take advantage of it. Students working in cafeterias were receiving 35 cents per hour, Student Worker stated, or are paid with left-over meals. The prevailing rate for other jobs averaged around 35 cents an hour, he said. Employers were not to blame for taking advantage of the situation for theirs was the typical "business" attitude; but the students "should realize that their salvation lies in controlling the supply of their labor, in seeing to it that the supply is not forthcoming unless a fair wage is paid. The idea of a student labor union may sound novel to many students but such an organization could accomplish much to secure fair treatment to student workers."

Many agreed with Student Worker, it seems.

Miss Madge Argo, representative of the Cooks and Waiters Union, paid a call to Madison a few days later and found 300, many of them students, eager to join the union and a new local was chartered on the spot.

At the same time, meetings were called at the university, where students were successful in organizing the Student Workers' League to include all student workers. Ralph Connor of the class of 1929 has been elected president, and other officers and executive committee chosen.

That unusual young man, President Glenn Frank, who is heartily in sympathy with Wisconsin's liberal tradition, was asked for his statement on the organization and replied:

"I am greatly interested in the proposed unionization of the wage-earning students of the university. Human nature is the same, whether in overalls or a dress suit, and organized labor as well as organized capital may abuse its power. I think that trade unionism is only a half-way house on the road to some more democratic organization of industry. But at the present stage of our industrial evolution, I should, if I were in the ranks of labor, take my place in the ranks of organized labor.

"I believe in collective bargaining. In modern society with its large concentrations of power, both on the part of capital and on the part of labor, largely determining both prices and wages, freedom of contract for the individual has become more a phrase than a fact."

President Frank is not blind to the new impulses of progressive organized labor as he asked the students:

"Will you, as students, take pains to understand the newer and more creative tendencies in organized labor, or will you be content to adopt only the older and cruder practices of organized labor?"

"Will you undertake to raise the quality of your work as well as the quality of your wages?"

"Will you seek to establish standards as well as wage rates? The university, for instance, employs much student labor. Some of it is competent; some of it is incompetent. How far may you in justice go in demanding that the university subsidize incompetence by paying the poor and proficient like wages, and in demanding that the university take its workers from a union list in which poor and proficient workers are indiscriminately thrown together?"

"How far can you go in professionalizing part-time amateur workers?"

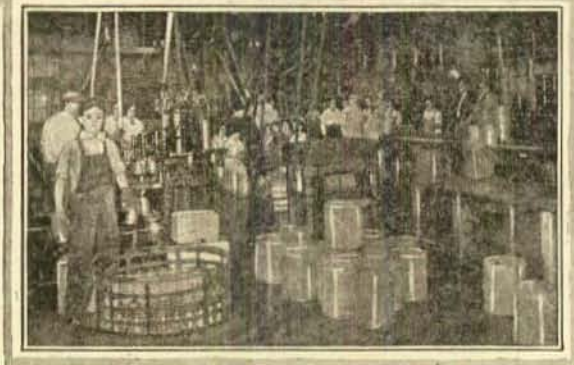
If these questions are satisfactorily answered, the student union may go far as an experiment in practical economics. Students may learn a wholesome respect for organized craftsmen if even a dishwasher is expected to keep up with standards of skill. And they may learn of what the strength of organization is made, as they sound out and repair the weaknesses of their own."

Not Posed Photographs, But Official Reports

Dewberry Growing in South Carolina



Packing Tomatoes in Florida



Interior of a Louisiana Cannery

THESE ARE NOT "POSED" PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AS ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHILD LABOR, BUT ARE REPRINTS FROM THE LAST OFFICIAL REPORTS OF THE DEPARTMENTS OF AGRICULTURE OF FLORIDA, LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI AND SOUTH CAROLINA

Picking Peppers in Louisiana



Mississippi Fruit

—Courtesy National Child Labor Committee.

Smells Reduced to Four

The long-standing scientific mystery of the classification of smells was again attacked at the recent meeting of the American Chemical Society, in Richmond, Va., by Mr. E. C. Crocker and Mr. L. F. Henderson, of A. D. Little, Incorporated, a Boston firm of chemical engineers. Psychologists have long been satisfied that all tastes can be reduced to mixtures of a very few individual sensations; usually set down as sweet, sour, bitter, salt and peppery. Since smells, in spite of their enormous variety, are apparently detected by a very few kinds of nerve endings in the nose, it has been suspected by all students of the olfactory sense that odors

would be found similarly divisible into a few unit sensations. The trouble has been to find a set of fundamental smells mixtures of which would represent all other apparent ones, just as the three fundamental colors of red, green and violet when mixed in the proper proportions can be made to represent virtually any other shade. The two Boston chemists propose a new set of four fundamental odors; "fragrant," "acid," "burnt" and "caprylic," the last being the odor of certain evil-smelling chemicals. All of the thousands of distinguishable smells with which the world is sprinkled they believe to be composed of combinations, in different proportions and intensities, of these four fundamental smells.

MORRISONIC MIRTH

As 'most everybody realizes, Frank Morrison, Secretary of the A. F. of L., harbors a heavy indignation against all communists, and he tells this story to illustrate one reason why:

"A conservative old mandarin rose to address a crowd of Bolsheviks in Shanghai. His address began and ended like this:

- "My brothers, you are working men!"
- "Hurrah!"
- "And being working men——"
- "Hurrah!"
- "You must work."
- "Throw him out! Down with him!"

That Seventh Workman—What Mass Production Is

FROM time to time, discussion arises as to just what mass production is in its relation to skill. Henry Ford, whose chief claim to world fame, is that he has brought mass production to a pitch beyond all other manufacturers, tells us exactly what it is.

This description of the process is taken from an exhaustive article by Mr. Ford in the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Mr. Ford traces in detail the course of a spring leaf through his factory.

Note the operation supplied by the seventh workman.

"For its illustrative value let us trace the course of a spring leaf after it has progressed from iron ore through ingot, bloom and billet stages, and is rolled into strips. (1) Beginning as a strip of steel prepared by the steel mill, it is placed in a punch press for cutting and piercing. The workman puts the strip into press until it hits a stop, then trips the press. The cut-off and pierced piece falls on a belt conveyor which runs along the loading end of a series of heat-treating ovens. (2) A second workman takes the pieces from the belt conveyor and places them on conveyor which passes through the furnace (in which temperature is automatically controlled); thence they are deposited at a certain temperature by this conveyor at the unloading end of the furnace. (3) The heated piece is lifted with tongs by a third operator and placed in a bending machine which gives the leaf its proper curve and plunges it in oil, the temperature of which is maintained at a definite degree by apparatus beyond the operator's control. (4) As the bending machine emerges from the oil bath, the same operator takes out the leaf and sets it aside to air-cool. (5) The leaf is then drawn by a fourth operator through molten nitrate kept at a regulated temperature. (6) A fifth workman inspects it.

"As a set of springs on the Ford automobile requires on an average 17 leaves, and 25,000 springs are an average day's output, this operation must be visualized as employing a great battery of lines similar to the one briefly described. As all the leaves in a spring are of different length and curve, from the bottom or master leaf to the top leaf, this operation must be visualized as one of many carried on simultaneously by different batteries of machines, each battery working on its own special size. All of these lines, with their various machines and operations, are converging on the point where the leaves are assembled into springs. The leaf whose progress we are describing is the simplest one.

Tightens Nut on Bolt

"We now continue the operation. (7) A sixth workman removes the leaf from the conveyor which carries it from the molten nitrate, and inserts a bolt through this and the other leaves required in the spring. (8) A seventh workman puts the nut on the bolt and tightens it. (9) An eighth workman puts on the right and left hand clips and grinds off the burrs. (10) A ninth workman inspects it. (11) He hangs the spring on a conveyor. (12) The spring passes the tenth workman, who sprays it with paint, and the conveyor carries the spring above the ovens where it was originally heated, and the radiated heat "force dries" the paint. (13) The conveyor continues to the loading dock, where the eleventh workman removes it.

"One workman under the old system could attend the leaf through all these phases, or even make a complete spring, but his production would be limited. Where large quantities

of the same article are to be made, the simplest operation may involve the whole time of one man. A one-minute operation will require one man a full day of eight hours to accomplish it on 480 pieces. Now this simple part, a spring leaf, must be identical in strength, finish and curve with millions of others designed to fulfill the same purpose, and this becomes a complicated and delicate procedure requiring automatic machinery, the most accurate of measuring devices, pyrometer controls, "go" and "no go" gauges—in fact, the best facilities that can be provided by modern management. The leaf described which is a minor matter when compared with the whole great process, becomes a major matter when considered by itself; it must have its own supply of material delivered in sufficient quantities at indicated places—for example, steel at 1; heat at 2; power and oil at 3; molten nitrate at 5; bolts at 7; nuts at 8; clips at 9; paint at 12. In this process the secrets of many arts and trades are employed.

Job Analysis Illustrated

"The story of this minor part illustrates what is meant by orderly progression of the article through the shop. It goes to meet other parts of the motor-car which have come from other parts of the plant by similar pro-

Lineman Elected Judge

On May 3, 1927, Dudley S. Valentine was elected judge of the municipal court of the city of Los Angeles, state of California.

In the election of Mr. Valentine, the I. B. E. W., has again placed one of their former members in a position of trust, responsibility and honor.

Judge Valentine is a self made man. He was self educated and you might say drafted to run for this office. He first joined Local Union No. 61 at Los Angeles, in 1908. He was working as a lineman for the Home Telephone Company. In 1915 he was chairman of the state legislative board of the



DUDLEY S. VALENTINE

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen for California. He commenced the study of law and while working eight hours a day as a lineman, he went to school five nights a week. In 1919, the day after the strike was called against the Southern California Telephone Company, Valentine passed the bar examination successfully and with high honors.

Being out of a position on account of the strike he immediately opened law offices and commenced the practice of law. His work was recognized at once and he was appointed deputy city prosecutor where he served for one year. He was then appointed register of the United States Land Office in

1922 and served for three and one-half years when he resigned to re-enter private practice. In 1927 he was drafted to run for judge and was elected by a majority of over 9,000 votes.

He is married and has two children.

"The economies arising from this method are obvious. The machinery is constantly in use. It would be economically impossible to maintain all this equipment for the service of men occupied in the entire operation of making springs. Presses, furnaces, bending machines, oil baths would be idle while the workman progressed from operation to operation. Under mass production it is the work that progresses from operation to operation. Use-convenience would be destroyed. Economy in machine hours is, however, only one element; there is also economy in time and material and labor. Mass production justifies itself only by an economy whose benefits may be transmitted to the purchaser."

1922 and served for three and one-half years when he resigned to re-enter private practice. In 1927 he was drafted to run for judge and was elected by a majority of over 9,000 votes.

He is married and has two children.

Electrical Workers Help Brookwood

Katonah, N. Y.—Completion of a seven-room fireproof stone house built by students and alumni of Brookwood Labor College was celebrated at the recent annual meeting of the Brookwood Corporation. The lowest estimate made on the value of the house by building experts is \$17,500, but the actual cost has been only \$10,000.

The stone was blasted from a nearby rock ledge, excavations were made and the foundation laid last summer by a group of miner students from Illinois and Pennsylvania. A carpenter from St. Paul, Minn., who graduates this year, supervised the construction work and did the carpentry. The plumbing was done by another student, a member of the plumbers in Brooklyn. A union steamfitter and union machinist, members of Brookwood's first graduating class, came back to install the heating system, while the painting has been done by two first-year students from locals in Oakland, Calif., and Chicago. Regular union rates were paid for labor, although students have also done much voluntary work amounting, according to the estimate of Clinton S. Golden, business manager, to \$2,000.

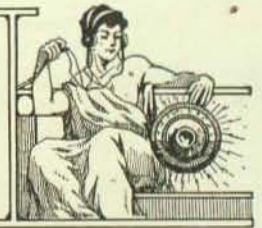
Officers of the electrical workers in New York furnished the material for wiring the house and half the wages of an electrician whom they sent. The Cavalleri Brothers of Philadelphia, staunch friends of the labor movement and of Brookwood, did the plastering, donating half the labor cost. Permission given to Brookwood several years ago by the Westchester Building Trades Council to use student labor on the place aided materially in keeping building costs low.

The new house, which represents the first step in the building program for the enlarge-

(Continued on page 390)



RADIO



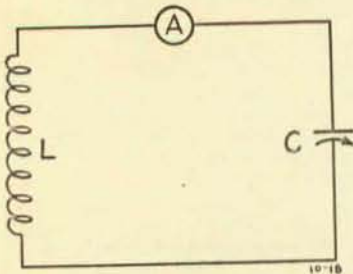
For a Small Sum You Can Construct Your Own Efficient Wave Meter.

Edited by John M. Clayton

THE wavemeter is the most elementary of all radio measuring instruments. It is the foundation of every radio station, be it amateur, broadcast or commercial and is the one most widely used instrument to be found in the amateur laboratory, the commercial laboratory or the research laboratory. It is a device which is almost indispensable to every amateur telegraph operator. Wavemeters range in price from a simple one which can be made at home for about six dollars to the primary standard type costing thousands of dollars. For our purpose, however, the simple one is as good as any, so long as certain precautions are taken and certain imperfections in manufacture avoided.

The fundamental circuit of a wavemeter is simplicity itself, consisting of a coil, a condenser and some form of indicating device. Given good material to start with the accuracy of the homemade meter can be made more than sufficiently great.

As seen in the diagram all three instruments are connected in series. The coil having a fixed number of turns is not a variable element. Constructed sufficiently strong and in a "low loss" fashion it will be practically permanent in its electrical characteristics. The indicating device, if of the current type we have shown in the diagram, has more than ample factor of safety and its constants are such that meters of the same type can be substituted without disturbing the calibration of the instrument



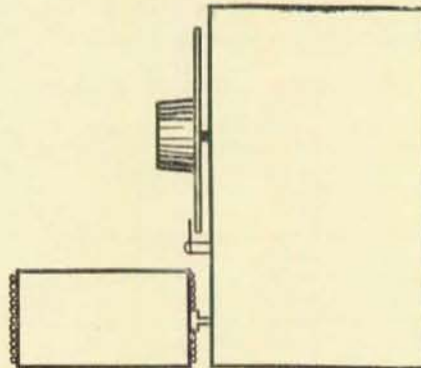
itself. The only variable and really inaccurate device is the condenser.

For wavemeter work the condenser must have ample bearings in which no end-play will occur, the rotary and stationary plates must be supported by large spacers held with good sized tie rods and the plates must be thick enough so that there is no danger of warping. The average low loss receiving condenser on the market at the present time has all of these characteristics to a degree sufficient to warrant their use in the amateur instrument. The condenser should be capable of being rotated throughout its full 360 degrees without being impeded by "stops." In order that the tuning with the instrument will not be too sharp the condenser should have a capacity (for waves between 15 and 200) in no case exceeding .00025 mfd. A lower capacity is desirable since the scale is spread out more and it is less difficult to take measurements.

The wavemeter should be mounted in a substantial box. The condenser should be

mounted on a bakelite panel attached to the box. If the meter is to cover all waves from 15 to 200 it will be necessary to provide interchangeable coils. These can be mounted in the plug-in fashion on plugs and jacks available for this work.

A very convenient simple meter is illustrated in the diagram below. The box is five inches deep, five inches wide and seven inches long. The bakelite panel should be a quarter of an inch thick. A geared vernier dial having a ratio of at least 6 to 1 is attached to the condenser shaft. This dial should be very firmly screwed in place. If it slips in the least on the shaft the calibration will be destroyed. An indicating device for reading the scale should be provided. This can be either a line engraved on the panel beneath the dial divisions, or a celluloid strip mounted above the dial. No indicating device of the current type is



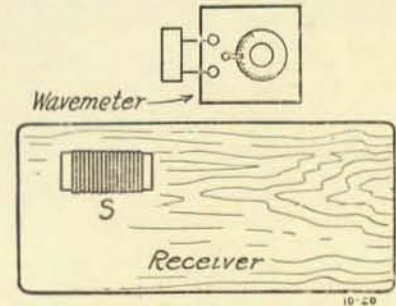
10-18

shown in the diagram. A resonance indicator is not necessary, as will be explained later on.

The coil should be wound on bakelite tubing having an outside diameter of four inches, a length of an inch and a half and a wall thickness of at least one-eighth inch. In order to make sure that the coil, when wound, will not shift on the tubing, the bakelite should be threaded. Any machine shop can cut threads in the tube for a nominal sum. The threads should be cut ten to the inch.

Two mounting plugs are attached to the coil form, and the ends of the coil should be soldered to these plugs.

For the 40-80 meter band the coil will consist of seven turns of No. 22 enamel wire, wound ten turns to the inch. The wire should be wound in the threads in the



10-20

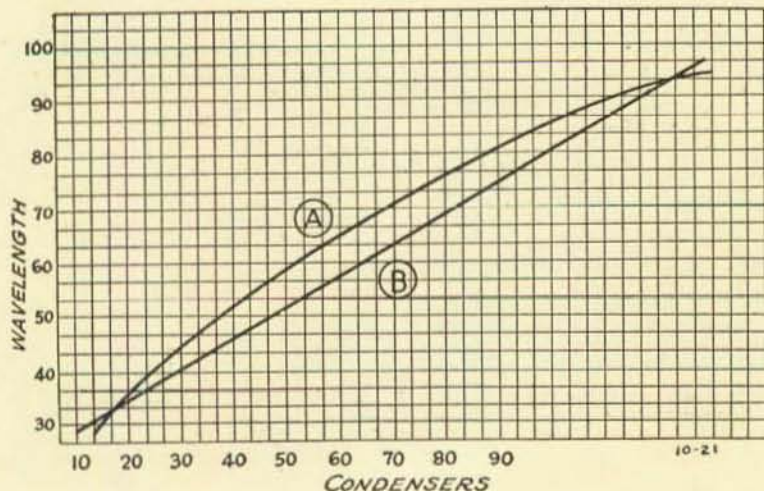
form, and should be drawn just as tight as possible.

For the waves below 40 meters the coil should have only three turns, and for waves above 80 meters the coil should have twelve turns. If only the 40 to 80 meter amateur bands are desired one coil will suffice. It need not be mounted on plugs but can be "bolted" to the panel with spacing washers to keep it about a quarter of an inch above the surface. As shown above the two ends of the coil are to be connected directly across the two condenser terminals.

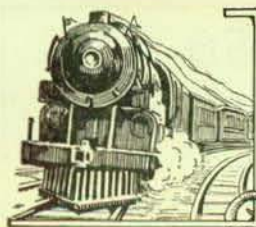
Calibrating the wavemeter is the next job. It can be readily done if a previously calibrated meter is available. Usually such is not the case, however. There are a number of Official Wavelength Stations operated by amateurs which helps to simplify the calibration work, and the Bureau of Standards at regular intervals sends out calibration wavelengths. These wavelengths and the schedules are announced monthly in the Radio Service Bulletin published by the U. S. Department of Commerce and obtainable from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, for twenty-five cents a year.

By utilizing the standard frequency

(Continued on page 388)



10-21



The OCTOPUS

BY FRANK NORRIS



Gasping out an apology, Annixter re-entered the harness room, closing the door behind him, and forgetting all the responsibility of the moment, lit a cigar and sat down in one of the hired chairs, his hands in his pockets, his feet on the table, frowning thoughtfully through the blue smoke.

Annixter was at last driven to confess to himself that he could not get the thought of Hilma Tree out of his mind. Finally she had "got a hold on him." The thing that of all others he most dreaded had happened. A female girl had got a hold on him, and now there was no longer for him any such thing as peace of mind. The idea of the young woman was with him continually. He went to bed with it; he got up with it. At every moment of the day he was pestered with it. It interfered with his work, got mixed up in his business. What a miserable confession for a man to make; a fine way to waste his time. Was it possible that only the other day he had stood in front of the music store in Bonneville and seriously considered making Hilma a present of a musicbox? Even now, the very thought of it made him flush with shame, and this after she had told him plainly that she did not like him. He was running after her—he, Annixter! He ripped out a furious oath, striking the table with his boot heel. Again and again he had resolved to put the whole affair from out his mind. Once he had been able to do so, but of late it was becoming harder and harder with every successive day. He had only to close his eyes to see her as plain as if she stood before him; he saw her in a glory of sunlight that set a fine tinted lustre of pale carnation and gold on the silken sheen of her white skin, her hair sparkled with it, her thick, strong neck, sloping to her shoulders with beautiful, full curves, seemed to radiate the light; her eyes, brown, wide, innocent in expression, disclosing the full disc of the pupil upon the slightest provocation, flashed in this sunlight like diamonds.

Annixter was all bewildered. With the exception of the timid little creature in the glove-cleaning establishment in Sacramento, he had had no acquaintance with any woman. His world was harsh, crude, a world of men only—men who were to be combatted, opposed—his hand was against nearly every one of them. Women he distrusted with the instinctive distrust of the overgrown school-boy. Now, at length, a young woman had come into his life. Promptly he was struck with discomfiture, annoyed almost beyond endurance, harassed, bedevilled, excited, made angry and exasperated. He was suspicious of the woman, yet desired her, totally ignorant of how to approach her, hating the sex, yet drawn to the individual, confusing the two emotions, sometimes even hating Hilma as a result of this confusion, but at all times disturbed, vexed, irritated beyond power of expression.

At length, Annixter cast his cigar from him and plunged again into the work of the day. The afternoon wore to evening, to the accompaniment of wearying and clamorous endeavour. In some unexplained fashion, the labour of putting the great barn in readiness

for the dance was accomplished; the last bolt of cambric was hung in place from the rafters. The last evergreen tree was nailed to the joists of the walls; the last lantern hung, the last nail driven into the musicians' platform. The sun set. There was a great scurry to have supper and dress. Annixter, last of all the other workers, left the barn in the dusk of twilight. He was alone; he had a saw under one arm, a bag of tools was in his hand. He was in his shirt sleeves and carried his coat over his shoulder; a hammer was thrust into one of his hip pockets. He was in execrable temper. The day's work had fagged him out. He had not been able to find his hat.

"And the buckskin with sixty dollars' worth of saddle gone, too," he groaned. "Oh, ain't it sweet?"

At his house, Mrs. Tree had set out a cold supper for him, the inevitable dish of prunes serving as dessert. After supper Annixter bathed and dressed. He decided at the last moment to wear his usual town-going suit, a sack suit of black, made by a Bonneville tailor. But his hat was gone. There were other hats he might have worn, but because this particular one was lost he fretted about it all through his dressing and then decided to have one more look around the barn for it.

For over a quarter of an hour he potted about the barn, going from stall to stall, rummaging the harness room and feed room, all to no purpose. At last he came out again upon the main floor, definitely giving up the search, looking about him to see if everything was in order.

The festoons of Japanese lanterns in and around the barn were not yet lighted, but some half-dozen lamps, with great, tin reflectors, that hung against the walls, were burning low. A dull half light pervaded the vast interior, hollow, echoing, leaving the corners and roof thick with impenetrable black shadows. The barn faced the west and through the open sliding doors was streaming a single bright bar from the after-glow, incongruous and out of all harmony with the dull flare of the kerosene lamps.

As Annixter glanced about him, he saw a figure step briskly out of the shadows of one corner of the building, pause for the fraction of one instant in the bar of light, then, at sight of him, dart back again. There was a sound of hurried footsteps.

Annixter, with recollections of the stolen buckskin in his mind, cried out sharply:

"Who's there?"

There was no answer. In a second his pistol was in his hand.

"Who's there? Quick, speak up or I'll shoot."

"No, no, no, don't shoot," cried an answering voice. "Oh, be careful. It's I—Hilma Tree."

Annixter slid the pistol into his pocket with a great qualm of apprehension. He came forward and met Hilma in the doorway.

"Good Lord," he murmured, "that sure did give me a start. If I had shot—"

Hilma stood abashed and confused before him. She was dressed in a white organdie frock of the most rigorous simplicity and

wore neither flower nor ornament. The severity of her dress made her look even larger than usual, and even as it was her eyes were on a level with Annixter's. There was a certain fascination in the contradiction of stature and character of Hilma—a great girl, half-child as yet, but tall as a man for all that.

There was a moment's awkward silence, then Hilma explained:

"I—I came back to look for my hat. I thought I left it here this afternoon."

"And I was looking for my hat," cried Annixter. "Funny enough, hey?"

They laughed at this as heartily as children might have done. The constraint of the situation was a little relaxed and Annixter, with sudden directness, glanced sharply at the young woman and demanded:

"Well, Miss Hilma, hate me as much as ever?"

"Oh, no, sir," she answered, "I never said I hated you."

"Well,—dislike me, then; I know you said that."

"I—I disliked what you did—*tried* to do. It made me angry and it hurt me. I shouldn't have said what I did that time, but it was your fault."

"You mean you shouldn't have said you didn't like me?" asked Annixter. "Why?"

"Well, well,—I don't—I don't *dislike* anybody," admitted Hilma.

"Then I can take it that you don't dislike me? Is that it?"

"I don't dislike anybody," persisted Hilma.

"Well, I asked you more than that, didn't I?" queried Annixter uneasily. "I asked you to like me, remember, the other day. I'm asking you that again, now. I want you to like me."

Hilma lifted her eyes inquiringly to his. In her words was an unmistakable ring of absolute sincerity. Innocently she inquired:

"Why?"

Annixter was struck speechless. In the face of such candour, such perfect ingenuousness, he was at a loss for any words.

"Well,—well," he stammered, "well—I don't know," he suddenly burst out. "That is," he went on, groping for his wits, "I can't quite say why." The idea of a colossal lie occurred to him, a thing actually royal.

"I like to have the people who are around me like me," he declared. "I—I like to be popular, understand? Yes, that's it," he continued, more reassured. "I don't like the idea of any one disliking me. That's the way I am. It's my nature."

"Oh, then," returned Hilma, "you needn't bother. No, I don't dislike you."

"Well, that's good," declared Annixter judiciously. "That's good. But hold on," he interrupted, "I'm forgetting. It's not enough to not dislike me. I want you to like me. How about that?"

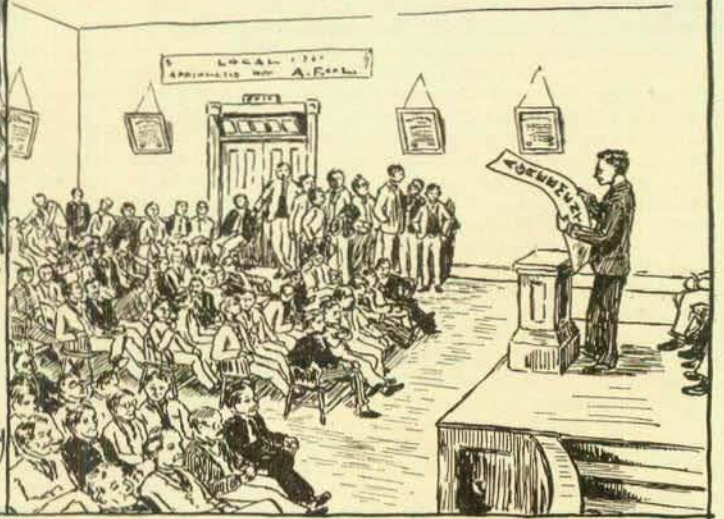
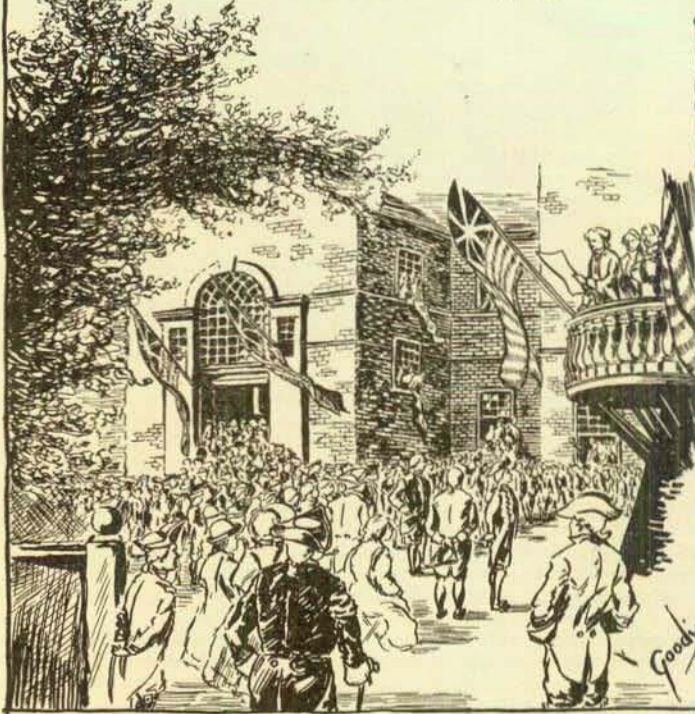
Hilma paused for a moment, glancing vaguely out of the doorway toward the lighted window of the dairy-house, her head tilted.

"I don't know that I ever thought about that," she said.

(Continued on page 379)

In July 1776
The Declaration of Independence
was read at
Independence Hall
Philadelphia.

Since 1886
Declarations of Independence
are being read at well
organized Unions
everywhere.



ON EVERY JOB
There's a Laugh or Two!

The following was brought to the job by old Dick, the Lineman:

A colored boy, Sam, had won a large "solid gold" watch and chain on a punch board. Although Sam could not tell time he was exceptionally proud of his watch and always had it in his possession. One day he meets George, another colored boy, who is no more of a master at telling time than Sam.

George inquires: "What time is it Sam?" Sam pulls out the watch, shows it to George and replies, "Thar she be."

To which George replies: "Damn if she aint."

(Contributed by the Copyist, L. U. 212)

Another Brother contributes the following:

A lineman working atop of the tower wagon slipped and fell to the pavement and was knocked unconscious. The driver, seeing his predicament, gave him first aid and brought him back in just a few seconds and upon seeing him open his eyes asked, "How do you feel now, Charlie?"

Charlie: "Fine, Jim, but how long have I been unconscious?"

Jim, being of the witty Irish type, answered: "Ever since I knew you, Charlie."

(Contributed by Dukeshire, L. U. 245)

Reading of reasons for quitting a job reminds me of the one Ace Dodds used years ago in St. Louis.

For many years he and Stormy Ferguson were pals, sharing alike their joys, sorrows and wealth. On this day Ace was decorating a stick opposite the third floor of a factory from whence an exhaust pipe stuck out for a possible twenty inches. Occasionally a puff of live steam came from the pipe much to the annoyance of Ace.

About two o'clock on that beautiful sunshiny afternoon, old Stormy hove in sight with a big bank roll and waved same at Ace, who immediately cut loose with his safety and dropped down the 50 ft. pole in less than nothing. Walking over to the gaff he announced he had quit and when asked for the reason he replied, "Well, I'll be eternally damned if I'm goin' to work in that blankety, blanked blank rain up there."

(Contributed by Bachie, L. U. No. 210-211.)

Old Friendship Road

The journey that leads on the Old Friendship Road

Is pleasant, no matter how heavy the load; There's gladness and joy in the smiles that we wear,

And the songs that we sing bring happiness there.

Along this old pathway the radiance is bright,

Which makes life worth living, a joy and delight,

No spot can be found where rich pleasures descend

Like the old trodden road between friend and friend.

Ask Me Another

Where do you go to recover yourself? To the tailor's.

If an ice wagon weighs 450 pounds, what will the ice man weigh? Ice.

Why is an engineer like a school teacher? One minds the train and one trains the mind.

What is the last thing you take off the floor when you go to bed? Your feet.

Why is an elephant like an oyster? Because neither can climb a tree.

Dumb-bell

"Why didn't you send your man to mend my electric bell?"

"I did, madam, but as he rang three times and got no answer, my man decided there was nobody home."

Helping Him Along

"Lady, could yer gimme a quarter to get where me family is?"

"Certainly my poor man, here's a quarter. Where is your family?"

"At de movies."

Right

"What is the difference between a modern and an old-fashioned kiss?"

"About five minutes."

Who Was?

Jakey—Ikey, you ought to put the curtains down when you kiss your wife. I saw you last night.

Ikey—The joke's on you, Jakey, I wasn't home last night.—Temple Topics.

CONSTRUCTIVE HINTS

Desirable Sizes of Squares

In lighting large offices, where individual desk lights are not used, the squares should be comparatively small in order to have the light on any one desk coming from many units, thus merging the shadows and decreasing the glare due to regular reflections from the desks.

In stores, the squares need not be so small. The size of the squares bears no relation to the intensity of the light, but only to the evenness of the illumination and depth of shadows.

Carbon Circuit Breakers

Non-automatic circuit breakers are simply switches capable of opening overloads, but opened and closed only at the desire of the operator. They can be made automatic only through relays operating on a shunt trip coil.

Porcelain Glaze

The glaze on porcelain is a mixture of the same materials used in the body, which fuse into glass at the firing temperature of the porcelain. This serves to cover the porcelain with a glassy surface, which is impervious to moisture and that cleans more readily than the natural unglazed porcelain surface. A great variety of glaze colors can be made by use of inorganic or metallic pigments.

Circuit Breaker Calibration

The standard range of calibration for automatic overload trip is from 80 to 160 per cent of the 30 degree rise ampere rating. Breakers can readily be set to trip at any point within their range.

Remote Metering

The ability of the dispatcher to quickly and accurately obtain readings of power at many points on the system, by means of remote metering, accounts to a very large extent for the success of super power systems. Remote metering will in time be applied to all large power systems.

There are two methods of remote metering at present. These are (a) The impulse method and (b) The current balance method.

Thermostatic Relays

The bearing thermostat is designed primarily for use in protecting the bearings of rotating machinery from the disastrous effects of overheating. Its use aids the equipment attendants. In automatic sub-stations where there is no attending operator to take care of such an emergency as an excessively hot bearing. It may also be used to advantage for the protection of mill moths and other industrial machinery as well as for the protection of transformers in isolated locations.

The bulb and bellows of the thermostat are partially filled with a volatile liquid which vaporizes at a fairly low temperature, thus definitely increasing the expansive pressure upon the bellows as the bearing temperature rises. An available pressure of several pounds at the bellows push-rod insures consistent operation of the relay contactor switch. If the temperature rise is sufficient, the bellows will expand to a point that will cause the operation of the relay and thus set in motion the control apparatus, which will relieve the condition causing the excess temperature.

Transformer Thermal Indicators

A thermal indicator for transformers has been placed upon the market to indicate the degree to which a transformer is underloaded or overloaded. There is a direct relation between the winding temperature, the hot oil temperature, and the ambient temperature, and knowing the maximum temperature reached by the oil, it is possible to determine, with an accuracy well within practical limits, the maximum winding temperature.

The transformer thermal indicator is actuated by an alcohol thermometer whose bulb is placed at the end of a flexible tube. This permits locating the bulb at any desired point in the hot oil of the transformer or regulator. Pressure from the bulb is transmitted by means of a capillary to an operating mechanism which is constructed on the principle of a steam gauge. The mechanism moves the black hand back and forth over the scale as the temperature of the oil changes, and the black hand carries the red hand with it as the temperature of the oil increases. The red hand stays at the highest point on the scale to which it has been carried, thus indicating the maximum temperature that has been reached.

Window Lighting

The number of lamps per front foot of window or the watts per front foot required for good window illumination depend very much on the location of the window, whether it is on a brilliantly lighted street and in a city where a good deal of light is commonly used in show windows, or whether it is in a town where only a limited amount of show window lighting is common. For example, in a small country town a single reflector may give a better illumination of a window with an 8-foot frontage than is common among the other windows in the town. In large cities where dark dry goods and men's clothing are displayed some merchants consider that a window cannot be too brilliantly illuminated.

On account of the efficiency of properly designed reflectors (because of the fact that they confine and direct nearly all of the light where it is wanted) it is of course not necessary to use as many lamps where reflectors are properly designed as where they are not. Where reflectors are properly designed for large lamps of 80 and 48 horizontal candle power (100 and 60 watts) respectively, the lamps can be spaced some distance apart and still give good results. Some splendidly lighted show windows in large cities have 100 watt lamps spaced 18 and 24 inches apart. In the small towns where lower standards of illumination prevail, this spacing can be safely increased to 36 inches or more.

Watts

A required amount of power (watts) may be had as a small current (amperes) at a high pressure (volts) or as a large current at a small pressure, so long as the product volts amperes is the same. Large currents require correspondingly large wires to carry them.

Transmission

The transmission of power was once a problem when direct current was the only power used. With alternating current and the flexible way transformers can be installed the difficulties of transmission have disappeared.

Speed and Torque of Motors

The speed of an induction motor depends chiefly on the frequency of the circuit and runs within 5 per cent of its rated speed; and it will not produce full torque if the line voltage do not vary more than 5 to 10 per cent. At low voltage the speed will not vary more than a slight decrease and will not be greatly reduced as in a direct current motor, but as the torque is low the motor is easily stopped when a light load is thrown on.

The current taken by an induction motor from a constant pressure line varies with the speed as in a direct current motor. When a load is thrown on the speed is reduced correspondingly and as the self induction or reaction is diminished, more current circulates in the squirrel case winding, which in turn reacts on the field coils in a similar manner and more current flows in them from the line. In this manner the motor automatically takes current from the line proportional to the load and maintains nearly a constant speed.

The so-called constant speed motors require slight variations in speed to automatically take current from the line when the load varies.

Induction motors vary in speed from 5 to 10 per cent; while synchronous motors vary but a fraction of one per cent.

Single phase motors to render efficient service must be able, where requisite, to develop sufficient turning moment torque to accelerate, from standstill, loads possessing large inertia or excessive static friction; for example, meat choppers and grinders, sugar or laundry centrifugals, heavy punch presses, group driven machines running from counter shafts with possibly overtaut belting, from alignment, lubrication, etc.

Regulation of Alternators

Practically all the methods employed for regulating the voltage of direct current dynamos and circuits, are applicable to alternators and alternating current circuits. For example: in order that they shall maintain a constant or rising voltage with increase of load, alternators are provided with composite winding similar to compound windings of direct current dynamos, but since the alternating current cannot be used directly for exciting the field magnets, an accessory apparatus is required to rectify or change it into direct current before it is used for that purpose.

It is a fact that composite wound alternators do not regulate properly for inductive as well as non-inductive loads.

In order to overcome this defect compensated field alternators have been designed which automatically adjust the voltage for all variations of load and lag.

High Voltage Insulators

In an insulator or dielectric the electrons are so closely bound to the atoms that they cannot be torn away by ordinary voltages. On a solid conductor there are free electrons. The voltage per inch which it takes to tear the electrons from the atoms of an insulator and break it down is called the dielectric strength of the insulator. The dielectric strength of air is about 75,000 volts per inch. Air pockets in insulators operating above this stress cause ionization of the air in the pockets and may heat the insulator and destroy them.

EVERYDAY SCIENCE

Tanning Methods

There are three methods in common use by which skin may be tanned, that is, made waterproof, strong, and resistant to decay. The bark of oak, hemlock, or chestnut trees, when soaked in water, gives out a powerful tanning substance called tannin. In the tannery the bark extract may be used directly, or the tannin may be dried out of it and the powder dissolved again in water when needed. The skins are soaked in a strong solution of tannin for a long time, frequently for a year. The tannins, uniting with fibers of the skin, solidify the jelly-like substances they contain. Thus skin is changed into leather.

Tanning may also be done with certain mineral substances. Certain chemicals, such as alum and some compounds of a rather rare metal called chromium will unite with fibers in the skin and produce a very tough leather. After soaking in solutions of these mineral substances, the tanned skins are softened with oil and dried. Such "chrome" leather is very waterproof, and it is much used for shoe uppers. The use of alum is necessary in preparing white "kid" leathers.

Tanning is sometimes done with oil, by soaking the skin until it becomes thoroughly filled with the oil. Soft, pliable leathers, such as chamois' skin, are prepared in this way.

Elements of the Human Body

According to Hodgdon, a man weighing 160 pounds possesses in his body:

- 45 pounds of carbon.
- 15 pounds of hydrogen.
- 90 pounds of oxygen.
- 3½ pounds of calcium.
- 1½ pounds of phosphorus.
- 1½ pounds of chlorine.
- 3½ pounds of sulphur.
- 3½ pounds of fluorine.
- 3 ounces of potassium.
- 2½ ounces of sodium.
- 2 ounces of magnesium.
- 1½ ounces of iron.
- 1 ounce of silica.

About 60 to 70 per cent of the human body is made up of water (hydrogen and oxygen.)

Purification of Water

Water for many cities and towns is purified by sand filtration. Very fine sand is placed at the top of the filter and coarse sand at the bottom. Water is allowed to run through the sand—an action which removes the impurities and a great many of the bacteria. These filters are washed by forcing water through them in an opposite direction.

Boiling is another method of purifying water. Boiling kills the bacteria but does not remove the impurities. Water may be purified in the home by this process and placed in stone jars to cool. When water is boiled the air is driven out of it. By allowing the water to stand a day or so it will absorb fresh air and again be palatable.

Distilling, still another process for purifying water, not only kills the bacteria but removes all impurities, since the water is changed into steam and condensed again to water. Rain water is nature's distilled water. In some countries this water is caught in cisterns and used for drinking purposes.

Discovery of Radium

Madame Curie, a Polish woman, a resident of Paris, took up a series of researches along the line indicated by Becquerel's discovery. She found that all uranium compounds possess radioactivity and hence that this is a property of the uranium atom. She then observed that pitch-blende, the mineral from which uranium is usually obtained, is more radioactive than might be expected from the amount of uranium present. She reasoned that the mineral must contain something more active than uranium. Working from this point of view she found that bismuth and barium are not radioactive. Hence it was probable that when extracted from pitch blende the two metals contained small quantities of other elements, chemically similar to themselves and radioactive in a high degree. Madame Curie set out to find these elements. She was soon able to show that bismuth obtained from pitch blende is in reality associated with an element many times more active than uranium. This element was named polonium in honor of her native country.

Her next work resulted in what probably always will be considered as one of the greatest chemical discoveries the world has ever received. This was a separation of a minute quantity of the element that is associated with pitch blende barium. It was named radium because of the extraordinary degree of radioactivity that it exhibited. The study of this remarkable substance has led to a better understanding of the nature of atoms and to important changes in chemical theories.

Many states have followed the lead of Massachusetts have bought radium for treating cancer patients. Radio-active elements are also used in the manufacture of luminous paints. This luminous paint is used for adding to the electric lighting scenes of spectacular plays. Pendant and switches, pull socket indicators, flush switch tops also use this new luminous marking idea as an aid to find them in the dark. An extensive variety of traffic signals and road warning sign posts are another use for radio-active luminous paint.

New York to Paris

The whole world has admired the wonderful flight of Captain Charles Lindbergh in his single handed history making trip to Paris.

The plane was built in California and backed financially by St. Louis by money and was guided to victory by one of the greatest heroes of modern times. Without any of the spectacular press agent booming which generally showers upon a national figure Lindbergh sailed away and won. Called the "Flying Fool" and other unjust names by New York Sports writers, Lindbergh has turned tables on these careless copyists. These copyists have had a bad year in the domain of heavy weight fighting and Lindbergh adds to their mixup from the field of aviation. As a fellow who had no chance to win Lindbergh had to stand for the same comparison that Jack Sharkey had against Wills, that Jim Maloney had against Jack Delaney and Sharkey had against Maloney. Moral: "Read what the so-called experts have to say and then be sure to use your own judgment, before you underestimate the other fellow's ability to win.

Causes of Headaches

Headaches may be caused by the liver, malaria, infected blood, the stomach, the ears or eyes. Sometimes a poison caused by fermentation forms in the intestines and produces headaches of the worst type. This poison is considered very dangerous and, if isolated and injected directly into the blood, would kill a person as quickly as the poison of a cobra. However, this poison is not readily absorbed by the blood. Constipation allows a great deal of poison to collect in the system. The removal of this cause relieves many headaches. Mechanics through overwork often gather in their systems a fatigue poison which accumulates faster than oxygen can carry it off. Headaches caused by study rooms and long tiring speeches are due to fatigue poisons.

Sour stomachs, biliousness, eye strain, indigestion caused by foods which should not be taken, caffeine stimulation from the drinking of coffee, or caffeine containing "soft drinks," to excess and the over-use of tobacco, are causes of headaches. Headache powders containing acetanilid do not cure such troubles. They simply cover up the true cause of the trouble and may develop a "dope" habit. The removal of the cause is the best way to cure headaches. A physician will help nature to remove the cause.

How Light Travels

Scientists believe that light travels in form of waves, not like waves of the ocean, but waves which travel in direct lines in all directions from the source of light. It also takes time for this light to travel. It has been discovered that light travels at the rate of 186,337 miles per second; in other words, it takes about eight minutes for light to come to us from the sun. The length of time required for light to travel to us from the North Star is about forty-six years. This means that if the north star should be destroyed tonight we would continue to receive light from it for a number of years to come. There are some stars so far away that it requires two hundred years for their light to reach us.

The vibrations which cause light are called ether vibrations. Ether is the invisible substance which fills all space. When the vibrations are:

Trillions per second it produces the X-ray.

Two thousand billions per second it produces the photographic ray.

Seven hundred to 400 billions per second it produces light.

Two hundred and thirty billions per second it produces Hertzian waves for wireless.

The waves in wireles vary from a few feet in length to over a mile.

Phosphorus

About one-fourth of the bones and teeth of animals is calcium phosphate. Rock phosphates containing calcium phosphate derived from bones of pre-historic animals are the chief source of phosphorus. Complex phosphorus compounds are a small but very essential constituent of the muscles, brains and nerves of animals. Soluble phosphates are very necessary for plant growth and all vegetables contain a small per cent of phosphorus. Man derives his largest supply from such protein foods as beans, peas, cheese, oat meal and bread. Phosphorus was discovered in 1669 by a German chemist.



CORRESPONDENCE



L. U. NO. 7, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Editor:

Brother Mulligan, my self-appointed critic, has grave doubts about me. I am "apparently" a good writer. I "may" be a good union man and I "probably" am the press secretary of No. 7. Now, throwing mud never clears up an argument; facts do; and Brother Mulligan should have given us more of the latter and less of the former. In his excitement Brother Mulligan missed my "slam" at God, which seems to me to be a greater offense than my "slam" at the Jesuit.

I am writing this June 28 and it is too late to give Brother Mulligan my explanation (not apology). I will, however, oblige him next month. While I am writing I might as well add a few items of local news.

Walter J. Kenefick will represent us at the I. B. E. W. convention. Also Brother Kenefick will represent the Springfield C. L. U. at the convention of the Massachusetts Brotherhood, A. F. of L., while Brother Coombs will look out for the interests of No. 7 at the same place. Business is very poor at present.

I. S. GORDON.

L. U. NO. 18, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Editor:

June 20 and too early for a report on our election of officers, so will have to hold that news off for another month.

We note with great pleasure the comment of the scribes and will say that JOURNAL is getting its just reward nowadays and is being sought by all the regular electrical workers. And look who is with us the last issue; our old friend Local No. 134; the first one I have noticed from there since Heck was a pup. Would like to see a letter in from No. 9 if the scribe has not got a broken arm. There is no use commenting on the old reliable contributors as they all seem to be doing their best. And again I must praise our Editorial writer; he sure has the "pep" and can construct an article as it should be, and he certainly knows his onions when it comes to picking his subjects. Here's hoping they continue in the future as they have in the past. And then there is old man Bachie's son of 210 and 211, the most popular scribe of this generation. I notice comment about him in Magazine Chat. That makes a fellow from the tall and uncut, like myself, green with jealousy. This worthy Brother ought to be writing for Hearst's string of newspapers instead of hooking up ice machines. Nuff Sed. (Editor's Note: We hope not, Brother.)

Local No. 18 is progressing very nicely and we are spending our money trying to increase our membership. We are fortunate in not having very many of our members out of employment, though there is no new work to speak of going on, and several of our members are on their summer vacations taking in the sights in other parts of the country. I suppose you worthies all know that the next convention of the A. F. of L. is slated for our village, and our central bodies are making grand preparations to entertain the delegates while here. I really don't know what the program is but have been given to understand that the delegates will leave our city with a

Last Word On Convention Plans

L. U. NO. 17, DETROIT, MICH.

Editor:

All arrangements for the Nineteenth Convention of the I. B. E. W., have been completed, and we can assure the delegates and visitors that they will be well taken care of from the time of their arrival, until their departure. We are making provision in our entertainment program which will especially provide for the entertainment of the ladies. Our ladies' committee informs us that the ladies will be kept so busy they won't have any time to be bothered by the men, and the rest of the committee said, "Amen."

The hotels and railroad transportation committee is busily engaged in making reservations for the delegates which are beginning to come in thick and fast. From all indications this convention will be one of the largest from the point of attendance.

The entertainment committee has provided for smokers, banquets, sight seeing trips, moonlight boat rides, etc.

Detroit is one of the most beautiful convention cities in the country and we have places of interest here that are well worth while visiting. The Book-Cadillac Hotel will be the official convention headquarters. The date is August 15, 1927, so be sure to make every possible effort to have your local send its full delegation.

Hoping to have the pleasure of showing you one of the most beautiful cities in the country and one of the liveliest group of electricians, you ever met, I am,

Fraternally yours,
DETROIT JOINT CON-
VENTION COMMITTEE,
JOS. BASSO,
Press Secretary.

warm place in their hearts for us. Our own convention is close at hand and that interests me more than the other one. Local No. 18 is presenting a resolution at our convention to change the reading of the by-laws of the E. W. B. A. Will not quote the resolution here, as it takes up too much space, though we would like to see the delegates at the convention take favorable action.

I don't want to take up too much of this valuable space, will close for this period.

J. E. HORNE.

L. U. NO. 21, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Editor:

An editorial by Brother F. C. Huse, of Local Union No. 193, Springfield, Ill., in our

June issue of the WORKER, sounds good. That is just what we should have—an organization of organizers.

We have often heard it said, and also read, about the International Office sending or going to send an organizer to a certain locality, but personally I have yet to find very many of them doing any actual organizing. I have seen and heard them in the local union meeting assemblages giving advice, telling the local members what to do and how to do it, etc., and then they go on to another city, covering their circuit, closing same at the I. O.

These men are not organizers, in my opinion, and everybody has a right to his opinion. They are representatives of the Brotherhood; good orators, and generally good fellows.

Yes, of course, we need them; most of them have good, sound, logical advice to offer, and I am sure it is appreciated by the majority, but for real constructive work in building up our international organization we should have organizers, real go-getters, unafraid to go out into the field and bring into the local unions the unorganized electrical workers, and I might say there are thousands of available prospects right at this time everywhere throughout America, wherever railway, light and power systems function.

Hundreds of electrical workers have never been personally approached with an application for membership in our respective local unions. Many of them do not know what it could mean to them. Some feel that "the union" is just some kind of a lodge or club which they feel that they cannot afford to pay dues into, and stay out late at nights. They do not know because they have never been told. Our business is not extensively advertised; perhaps the radio would help to carry our message into the homes and hearts of our fellow workers. This is a serious matter and ought to be favorably decided upon at our next convention in Detroit this August, 1927.

However, we should organize organizers before we can organize the unorganized electrical workers.

I have heard I. O. representatives tell the members in meeting "to pull together, put their shoulders to the wheel, and get out and get new members," etc. That advice sounds good. The majority of the old-timers do pull together and keep their shoulders to the wheel, so to speak, but the getting out and getting new members is something else.

We have had a sample of the local men getting out and getting their own recruits right here in this district, and the result was that the companies fired the getters and those the getters got.

If a fellow is a member of the union here and works in one of the public utility gangs, and gets one of his fellow workers to fill in an application for membership, he is fired within a few days. So that proves that the members of locals cannot successfully do very much organizing and at the same time hold their own jobs.

The companies and corporations could not very well fire an official organizer for the simple reason that he would not be employed by them. Therefore, if we are going to

build up constructively and advance ahead (not behind) it behooves that we organize organizers that will organize the unorganized electrical workers.

Don't forget this at our Detroit convention, boys.
"JIM" ASHTON.

L. U. NO. 39, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Editor:

"Ain't she a dandy?" These are the words I hear all around about the 20th of the month in regard to our JOURNAL.

I wish to thank the Brothers of Local No. 39 who so suddenly and unexpectedly elected me to this office, and if you don't get hoss-tyle at my misspelling or violations of the scribe's traffic signals I will do my best.

We had our election of officers on June 16 and congratulate the winners. But we must help them if we expect to accomplish anything. Imagine an army going to battle with a handful of officers. We must also thank all the old officers for past services rendered.

Our new business agent, John Livengood, is an enthusiast; whatever he is for, he is for emphatically, and wherever he is interested, he is restless and eager to enlist the interest of his friends.

Brother H. Davidson, as president, will stand for no infractions of parliamentary rules while he is in office. Brother Charles Morgan will now close the door.

"There are ways and ways of throwing bouquets."

We expect a good future, an increase in membership and strife eliminated. Work is dull at present and not much doing here. A few travelers stop off occasionally. We have a few little differences to thrash out with the politicians; nothing worth worrying over. Cheap hirelings who must continually keep cutting capers or King Hop will cut off their heads. They are: "What you call those fellows that monkey around a king."

We have formed good resolutions for the future and confidently hope to execute them manfully.

"The humblest worms must salve their pride by ridiculing the giants that trample them." Our intelligence alone keeps us alive. The instinct to find the very essentials of life and circumstances during life makes it almost impossible to save for a rainy day.

Mike Cullinan is still our West 41st Street Correll Buck, keeping order and decorum. He has no money that works while he sleeps, and no brand of cigars named after him; all he gets is poor quarters for good dollars, and is made to like it.

This art of releasing hot air is harder than it seems and having an instinctive perception of writing again next month if I now use a little diplomacy, I will call it quits. Nise wurd.

JOHN F. MATSERSON.

L. U. NO. 40, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Editor:

Seven Supreme Court judges recently gave a striking demonstration of the impudence of irresponsible power. The Bedford Stone case decision affects not only the stone-cutters but all workers. The reasoning used by the Supreme Court judges, Justice Brandeis and Justice Holmes excepted, proves there is a double standard of conduct, one for the capitalist and another for the workman.

It is legal for the steel trust, or any collection of capitalists to violate the Sherman anti-trust law, or any law, to increase profits. But illegal for the working people peacefully to strive for more food. This

double standard of conduct prevails not only before the Supreme Court, but before some of the lesser courts. Going no further than Los Angeles and within the past thirty days, the double standard of conduct for capitalists and workingmen has been illustrated, not in stone, but in oil. Local capitalists forged stock certificates and cleaned up fifteen millions in loot. The local legal lights have arrested no one, terming the forgeries, "an over issue of stock." The fifteen millions in loot is called, "an illegal rate of interest." Is it necessary to state what would happen to a working man caught stealing a loaf of bread?

Theoretically the Supreme Court was established by the people to dispense justice. But with only two-ninths of it functioning, it's coefficient of justice is low.

In vain we scan the pages of antiquity for a suitable comparison for our modern, seven Supreme Court judges. But with sincere apologies to Russia, they resemble nothing so closely as a soviet of seven with only the whiskers missing.

J. E. S.

L. U. NO. 41, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Editor:

Just a line from Local No. 41. There is no need to offer any excuse for my negligence during the past few months, as I have had plenty to do, but should have put some of it aside and written a few lines to the JOURNAL.

In looking over the JOURNALS for the past two or three months, I was curious and interested in the new and proposed tentative agreements for the coming year, and also how unemployment is diminishing.

We are confronted with the same problem of unemployment as the many other local unions. There has not been a period in the past two or three years in which we did not have at least 20 per cent of our membership walking the streets at all times, and it has been very discouraging to our officers, as well as the members. The officers have at all times tried to scheme and devise ways and means whereby we could prevail upon the employer to use an extra man or two to help the job along, while, at the same time we were striving to place the men to work, so you can readily see the conditions that confront Local No. 41.

Now relative to agreements. We are surely pleased to let the Brotherhood at large know that Local Union No. 41, of Buffalo, is now enjoying an agreement which is equal to any in the Brotherhood. After ten years of open shop conditions, International Representative Arthur Bennett succeeded in negotiating a closed shop agreement, with an increase of one dollar per day and the wage question left open for the following May for an additional one dollar per day increase if conditions warrant, making a two-year agreement, making the wages \$11 per day for an eight-hour day until May 1, 1928.

The local union had their annual outing on June 18, in celebration of their closed shop agreement, which was a success in every respect and a very good time was had by all present, including the contractors, who were present at the solicitation of the local union. We also invited guests from local unions from Niagara Falls, Rochester and Jamestown.

The local union selected delegates to the International Convention at Detroit; Brothers Fisher, Bennett and Willax will represent the local union.

Work in this city at present took a new lease on life with a Godsend from the Miller Electric, of Detroit, as they are doing a remodeling job at the Fisher body job and will use nearly all the men on the out-of-work list. This job will last about three weeks and possibly by that time something else will

break and give the boys steady employment for the coming year. There seems to be lots of work coming out as the architects' offices seem to be full of prospective projects, and we are trusting that they will soon be realities.

It pleases me to read the article of Wilkes-Barre Local Union No. 163, that they have succeeded in inaugurating a state organization in the state of Pennsylvania, which I know will be an asset to the electrical workers of the state. I am also pleased to state that the state association of New York state will hold their convention in Albany, convening on July 11, by which we hope many good things will develop along legislative lines. Also many good resolutions will be discussed along the lines of licenses and ordinances.

There seems to be an epidemic of licenses and permit systems in this state. Right here in our locality in our city we have the permit system and license in vogue. The same is also operating in towns right on our border. The contractors have to have three licenses to successfully operate in our city in order to work in the surrounding towns.

In closing, I wish to call attention to Brother McLean, of Jamestown, Local No. 106, that he is going to be put on the pan for not putting in an appearance at our outing. But I am looking for his presence at the state organization's convention at Albany on July 11. Also that smiling face of Harry Jordan, the business agent of Local No. 237, of Niagara Falls, as both Jordan and McLean are officers of the state organization, and should be present.

Trusting that each and every local union in the state of New York will be represented at the state organization convention at Albany, and also at the international convention at Detroit.

With best wishes for a prosperous year.

GEO. M. WILLAX.

L. U. NO. 46, SEATTLE, WASH.

Editor:

Two short months from now and the convention opens at Detroit. Time surely does fly as they say. It doesn't seem two years since Seattle welcomed a great host of delegates, and what a live bunch they were. Seattle will be at Detroit this year with three delegates—Brothers Frank Corbett and Byron Vickerage having been elected and the local voting credentials to Brother Thomas E. Lee, international organizer for this district. Two alternates were elected, but inasmuch as they belonged to the also rans I won't name them.

Just a word to Monty, of L. U. No. 477, San Bernardino, Calif. The old order changeth and nowadays, as never before, it's "Leave it up to a few to do the business." Simply a case of "let George do it." Perhaps that is as it should be, for if everyone had a finger in the pie what a sweet mess it would be. Aside from that phase of it though, an assessment tacked against a member for non-attendance really does act as a prod and he usually sees to it that he gets down to at least two meetings per month. We are all victims of habit and if we could get the habit of going to meetings regularly without having to be dragged out, what a fine thing it would be. Don't get the idea that L. U. No. 46 doesn't have a good turnout, for that's not the case. I am proud to say that we have good meetings and those of the Brothers who are good talkers bring up and discuss some very interesting subjects.

While I think of it, I will mention one point that was brought up last Tuesday night, the subject of painting as done with the spray gun. While this subject is not electrical it nevertheless has a most vital bearing on the health of all concerned. The

women (some of them) can have their paint outside, but who wants it, both inside and out? While this was said in a joking way nevertheless the health of the workmen on the job should come first. It's a case of "up with the paint and down with the spray gun."

Also glad to see Brother H. O. Buell, of No. 77, Seattle, in with a letter. We can't get out and make seventeen Red Skins bite the dust, for Buffalo Bill or Diamond Dick got all of 'em, but we surely can let the world know the west is the best by getting before them with the doings of our locals. This is a call for all western locals to haul out the old hunt and poke and shoot a letter in. Gus says, "Make 'em short and sweet and he'll print all of 'em."

About a week ago the Ladies' Social Club of No. 46 gave a pound party for Brother Abbett and his family (Brother Abbett is out here from the east and has had the misfortune of being on the sick list ever since his arrival here) at which considerable in the way of groceries was furnished by those attending and for which his family was very thankful. Brother Jimmy Hicks may have his faults, the same as the rest of us, but whenever it comes to digging down in his pockets to help a needy Brother no one ever heard him say no, and that's what counts.

Just the other day I received a newspaper from New Zealand sent by Secretary M. P. O'Leary, of the Auckland Electrical Workers Union, in which he had marked a column written by a Mr. H. G. Adam, special representative with the Australian Industrial Mission on a visit to the United States. Really it was rich reading; part of what he writes is true but on the whole he must have made the visit with a pair of horse cheaters clamped tightly on his hat rack.

In closing let me say, Brothers, don't overlook the I. B. E. W. charms pictured in the JOURNAL. I'm going to have one of those vest chain charms as soon as I can scrape up the necessary five bucks.

W. C. LINDELL.

L. U. NO. 51, PEORIA, ILL.

Editor:

Here we are again with lots of queries and complaints from the members of Local No. 51 as to why there is no article in the WORKER, so in order to preserve peace and possibly my head, I guess I better put out a little.

First, it is with a sad heart that I narrate the passing of our very much thought of Brother, Chas. A. Hughes, who was electrocuted on Saturday, June 4, at 12:30 p. m., while in the performance of his duty. In his passing Local Union No. 51 has lost a Brother who set many a good lesson for the rest of us; the family, a husband and father that loved his home and was always on the lookout for the betterment of his loved ones; the community, a good desirable citizen and neighbor, and the United States one more of the ex-service men who served his country well all during the emergency. Can more be said of one man who was a good, conscientious worker, ambitious and always working for the betterment of mankind; such was our Brother Hughes.

Well, the Shriners of Peoria, finally made their trip to Atlantic City, the home of our most illustrious press secretary, "Bachie," and when Brother Simms returned from the "trek," naturally I got lots of good information on the same bozo, and from the treatment Simms reports as receiving, I think I will pay up my dues in the Press Secretaries' Association and make a short trip to the Boardwalk myself.

Are you going to the convention or is your Local Union sending a delegate? This is something that should not be laid over

READ

Value of State Association, by L. U. No. 163.

The "low-down" about the Northwest, by L. U. No. 77.

One reaction to court decisions, by L. U. No. 40.

How company pensions work, by L. U. No. 154.

How the Journal helps meetings, by L. U. No. 245.

How open-shoppers strangle industry in Minneapolis, by L. U. No. 292.

About fair wages, by L. U. No. 267.

Rhode Island also believes in State Associations, by L. U. No. 192.

A new kind of baseball game, by L. U. No. 348.

A jaunt to Cuba, by L. U. No. 734.

Bachie attends big electrical meet, by L. U. No. 210-211.

A union as an investment, by L. U. No. 1099.

Suggestions from L. U. No. 567.

Progress always, by L. U. No. 124.

Plain talking, by L. U. No. 143.

Cleveland reports, by L. U. No. 39.

Buffalo goes forward, by L. U. No. 41.

Charleston, W. Va., leads the way, by L. U. No. 466.

And a sheaf of other "live ones" from union fields of these states.

till next meeting as our convention is all-important to every one of us, and more so to the linemen than the insidemen, but I hear the linemen are far and away in the minority at conventions. Why? Don't they care or are we just outnumbered that much?

If outside locals will put their shoulders to the wheel and do their own work that the insidemen are doing and claiming as their own, we can have more voice at the conventions next time. For example, some few months ago, when a certain outside local had plenty of men on the streets the business agent of the inside local told Mr. President of the outside local union that he wanted some men and didn't know just where to send to get some. Now a fairly good size job of ornamental lighting shows up and the business agent has some men on the street and he wants to claim this job for the inside local. Everyone that thinks he should have it stand on your head. (That will do, reverse ends.) But that is the way it seems to go. If the narrow-backs and rough-necks would just pull together and protect each other's interest instead of trying to cut each other's throats, what a wonderful boost it would be for all of us and for the International Office as well.

It will only be a couple days now until I have the pleasure of meeting our International Representative, Brother Ray Cleary, for the first time, and if what I hear of this Brother is true, I just know that I am going to have lots of good things to say of him next month.

Probably this is getting somewhat over the word limit, but it has been gathering for some time and must come out.

Every month there are more real good letters in the WORKER and it makes one

feel good to see so many waking up to the fact that we really have a JOURNAL to be proud of. It was only a few short years ago when one did not feel so elated over seeing his article in the JOURNAL; so congratulations, Brother G. M. B.

Well, Bachie, go ahead and bawl me out now for being pessimistic, but really, I feel better now and will try not to let it happen again. Will answer your letter one of these fine days.

Wishing the I. B. E. W. the best of luck for the future, will dead-end for a month.

HOLLY.

L. U. NO. 53, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Editor:

As the first of the month is close at hand had better get the old pencil in action for a few lines for the July WORKER. Will also take this opportunity to take issue with Brother Slim Yorke, of Local Union No. 271, who seems to be misinformed or all wrong; I don't know which. He seems to think that because a couple of good Brothers got killed up here, we are a lot of careless chumps or something else. But will state for his benefit that both men were members of the I. B. E. W. and paid up, as are the rest of the men on this job, including the groundmen. Brother McCollough was considered a good and careful workman and it was purely an unavoidable accident that took his and Brother Jackson's life.

This may be a jerk-water outfit, but you almost need a yellow ticket to go to work on it; being a municipal job is all that keeps it from being a closed job. The first thing ex-Brother Munnick, the city foreman, asks an applicant for a job is "Have you got a card?" The job pays the foreman one dollar per hour (straight time). Linemen, 90 cents per hour with a good chance of one dollar if we keep our present Commissioner, C. D. Darnall. Groundmen, 70 cents per hour. Time and one-half for overtime; double time for Sundays and holidays. Troublemen, \$210 per month, every other Sunday off and two weeks vacation with pay. Not so bad or not so worse. If the K. G. and E. beats that, I am for them.

This city has always been fair to its employees and wants all the precaution taken in the way of safety. Superintendent Donovan has often told us that if there is anything we need in the line of safety appliances just let him know.

Brother Yorke must have heard about the Kansas City, Mo., Power and Light Co., where they employ about 100 scabby linemen, a few good men, but not a card man on the job.

Brother Phippen just can't keep out of print or jail either. Had a fight with a newsboy and won the popular decision, but Judge Carlin Smith had the last say and it was "teh." But he is out again with his chest out farther than ever. More power to him.

This ought to hold you for the hot days that are bound to come; so long.

JOS. CLOUGHLEY.

L. U. NO. 60, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Editor:

Here we are again, Local No. 60. Just can't stay away as long as I am around, so to speak. We haven't much to boast of at this time. There is no building going on and have a good many of the members loafing, but hope things will change soon.

I want to thank the Editorial Department of the JOURNAL for the wonderful work in the monthly book. Keep it up Brothers, and soon you will make the New York City telephone directory look like a dime novel.

Speaking of nerve, Brothers, listen to the following: A lady read an insertion in a monthly magazine of a sale and the following was the outcome:

"Red Hot Electric Co.

"Gentlemen:

"Your advertisement in this month's Blah, Blah Magazine of a sale of Red Hot Electric irons for one dollar to introduce your wonderful product brings this order from me for one of your irons. Am enclosing a one dollar bill to cover charges. Please ship this iron at once as I have a big washing for next week and will need the iron badly. I know I will be perfectly satisfied with it.

"Respectfully,

"Mrs. I. M. Nery.

"P. S.—I forgot to send the dollar knowing a reliable firm like this won't mind it. I will write for a letter of appreciation later telling you how well satisfied I am with my iron."

The Red Hot Electric Co. answers the lady as follows:

"Our dear Mrs. Nery:—

"Your kind order for one of our famous Red Hot irons, together with the enclosed dollar bill received.

"Under separate cover we are shipping you one of the irons and hope it will arrive in time for next week's washing. We are confident you will be perfectly satisfied with our product, and want to congratulate you on the advantage you take of our offer of this introductory sale on this wonderful merchandise, which holds good for this month only.

"Thanking you again, we are,

"RED HOT ELECTRIC CO.

"P. S.—We forgot to send the iron knowing a well satisfied customer will not mind it. We will be very glad to have your letter of appreciation and will use it for advertising purposes."

If you find room for this in the WORKER I know it will be appreciated by some of the knights of the pliers who read the WORKER.

G. L. MONSIVE,
Member Local No. 60.

L. U. NO. 77, SEATTLE, WASH.

Editor:

Your attention is respectfully called to the fact that, due to continued false propaganda regarding wages and working conditions in the Pacific northwest being disseminated throughout the country, large numbers of linemen and inside workers are heading this way, only to be disappointed upon their arrival.

It is true that we are enjoying somewhat better wages and conditions than some other parts of the country, but there is a lack of employment at the present time in all branches of the craft. This refers especially to linemen and others in the outside branch. There are only two distributing companies in this district—the city of Seattle and the Puget Sound Power & Light Co.—and the latter company has recently been reducing its force, while the city has an established civil service department, requiring at least one year's residence in order to take the entrance examination for employment.

It is the wish of this local union that you do all in your power, through the agency of the JOURNAL, to let the Brotherhood in general know that we have enough members here now to take care of all construction, present or proposed, for the next five years, and that things in Seattle are not moving as fast as some would have them believe.

KENNETH L. WEBB.

L. U. NO. 102, PATERSON, N. J.

Editor:

Well, our annual election is over, and while coming up for air, and feeling instinctively that harmony is the only subject that needs playing up to now, I cannot help reflecting that if I had guessed my first article to the WORKER, would inform the Brotherhood of our losing the services of Business Agent Peter Muse, I'd be hanged before I'd have accepted this renomination.

That Local No. 102 has, because of a temporary spasm of discontent, brought on by a siege of unemployment, elected a new business agent, will no doubt be an unpleasant surprise to his numberless friends, associates and colleagues throughout the Brotherhood, who knew him as our business agent for the past 17 years. But if it is a surprise to you, try to imagine the shock and the disappointment it was to us, when the count showed a loss of 35 ballots to his opponent. Of course, the unemployed vote was out on deck full strength, while the employed and contented majority, of course, had to stay home to play ping pong or tiddly-winks, with the exception of a loyal hundred that lived up to their obligations. And I'll bet 50 smackers to a plugged nickel that the loudest knockers next election will be those that wouldn't vote this year. You may pause here, gentle reader, for an ironical smile, and soliloquize, "Tis human nature." That explains everything; the election and all.

Another irreplaceable loss is the resignation of "Big" Bob Sigler. Bob refused the certain re-election as our recording secretary, an office he has ably filled with great credit and distinction to Local No. 102 for the past sixteen years.

Next to the business agent, the most important office is the financial secretary, and I was happy to see Brother J. Goodridge returned by a tremendous majority. Jake has demonstrated he is the man for the job, and is thoroughly dependable.

The new administration slate is as follows: E. Braun, president; A. Gow, vice president; P. Hoedemaker, recording secretary; J. Goodridge, financial secretary; J. Braen, treasurer; J. Braen, business agent; delegates to the Detroit convention, Al Bennett, Peter Muse.

I hope by this time the outing committee will have gotten under way and harmony promoted in every conceivable way. I know of no better expedient than another session up at Robin Hood. Bring the family along and get acquainted. If the married men could win last year's game, it's clearly up to the single and the happy to get a team together this year that can hit.

How's things at Panama, Roy? Many of your friends here are on the pavement and little encouragement in sight.

JIM TRUEMAN.

L. U. NO. 120, LONDON, ONT.

Editor:

At our regular meeting held May 25, we had an old-time meeting. We had a good attendance and everybody showed the old-time spirit of L. U. No. 120 some eight or ten years back. We took in two members and had one or two applications left over, so things are looking up for us. Guess our get-together of last month had its meaning and I think it will have a better meaning later on. The old punch was there.

There are a lot of big jobs coming off this year and the contractors are asking for cardmen; so that looks very good for us. I don't think the contractors are all bad. I really believe all they wish is a square deal. The Bell boys are lost, I am

afraid they got all "het up" and then fell down. Brother Ingles got some of them talked up to a meeting and he arranged for a hall and only two helpers showed up; so that is the way it goes. There is some talk of having a general agent here for all organized bodies, which I think would be a good thing, as the plan is hardly large enough for each trade to have an agent, but there is room for one good man and more power to him. This is Trades and Labor talk.

A very interesting letter was read from the Brewery Workers' Union asking all union men to stay away from the Carling brand of beer and to drink Lobbetts Brew. I do not drink but I have heard a lot of talk about using the label, so some of our American Brothers can help some by demanding Lobbetts Brew when buying. Apparently the Carling Co. is not fair, but we know the other firm is. There was a resolution passed to this effect, that all our members go out on the job and advertise Lobbetts. This can only be done verbally, as there is a law against advertising spirituous liquors in Canada.

One very odd feature of our meeting was the fact that one of the new members has been out in the cold for twelve years, but has finally seen the light. There is one good thing about L. U. No. 120. It has not got a large membership but what few we have are good, red hot, stuff.

We are very sorry that we are not in a position to send contributions to the various locals that ask for aid, but it keeps us humping to stay on top, but I will guarantee that as soon as we are on our feet they will hear from us.

Thanks, Mr. Editor, for your prompt reply to my last letter.

E. F. PUTNAM.

L. U. NO. 124, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Editor:

The whole world enjoys an optimistic epistle, and this month No. 124 is in an optimistic mood, with the election of three members to our executive board. The fortunate members are Brothers George Brown, Arthur Erickson and George Conrad, who, working with the left-on members, Brothers Frank Murphy and Ralph Martin, give us an executive board whose executive caliber is second to none in the country. If we are fortunate in retaining this board for twelve months, our press secretary will be in a position to render a far more optimistic brief than this one, for we are expecting such positive results, and we will get them, inasmuch as they will receive the hearty co-operation and assistance of the entire local's membership, who are in accord with work that the executive board has before them.

Again, we are pleased to mention that representing Local No. 124 at the convention will be Brother Leo McCormick, our city electrician, who has served the electrical industry so well during his time in office, and also Brother Hugh O'Neil, who is known so well throughout the Brotherhood that he needs no introduction. The convention should be well proud of the attendance of two men of the caliber of these real "he" men, and the kind that makes unionism what unionism should be.

We are also pleased to report that this local at last has very nearly, at this writing, every member working, and although there is very little large construction work as yet, the small work and the remodeling jobs are keeping most of the membership busy, although there is no fear that we will be sending outside for help this year. Of course, most of the apartment buildings

are unfair, but with all this, the DeLano Construction has seen fit this summer to let some of its electrical work to fair contractors, and Frank Murphy, who has been placed as representative of our executive board, has already shown results that count, and exemplifies the fact that with the continued interest shown toward him and his work by the membership and the 24 organized and fair contractors, that the results will well prove that it is the continued organizing program that pays.

Do not forget that the Marland gasoline and oil are fair. Do not forget that the Procter & Gamble Co. is unfair.

Fifty-eight hundred boys were registered with the apprentice commission this year, and of this number approximately 850 graduated and become journeymen in their respective trades. This is just mentioned incidentally, for it is a fact that the day is coming when, as in the professions, journeymen of the trades will be graduated from the trade schools. Let us see that our apprentices attend some trade or technical school.

EMIL W. FINGER.

L. U. NO. 143, HARRISBURG, PA.

Editor:

Everyone is familiar with the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun and it holds true in the labor movement as well as in everything else.

Our struggles and problems today are fundamentally the same as they were one hundred years ago, the only difference is that since the advent of labor unions, hours of labor, means of transportation and wages have changed in dollars.

Anyone familiar with the history of the labor movement knows that agitation for a shorter workday was caused because of unemployment and seasonal conditions. But even with the five-day week in effect, as it is in some localities, and an almost universal eight-hour day in the building trades, we are still facing the problem of partial unemployment, so in reality we are fighting the same condition that existed years ago with a six-day week and twelve or more hours each day.

Members of our craft today receive up to one dollar and seventy-five cents per hour, but if there is no work a high wage scale is no good, and again as wages advance the value or purchasing power of money decreases almost in the inverse proportion the advance in wages.

However, here is something that has changed for the worse, I am afraid, and it is up to us to give it serious consideration, namely, the spirit of the individual towards his labor union. When the unions were first formed in this country men were proud to belong and on Labor Day it was easy to get everyone to march in a parade, attend meetings and do their part in working for the common good, but today it almost seems that after a man joins his craft union and keeps his dues paid when warned to do so by the financial secretary or steward that he considers he has done all that is required of him.

In a great many locals both large and small, cliques are formed and petty jealousies arise which should not be and I think that things of such nature will quickly destroy the effectiveness of the union movement than all the outside opposition we have to contend with.

I suppose all readers of our June WORKER know that a state association of electrical workers was formed in Pennsylvania and personally, if we accomplish nothing else but are able to establish good feeling between the forty locals in the state and a knowledge of each local's problems, I feel that we have gone a long way in the right direction.

I don't believe there was a delegate pre-

sent that was not glad of the chance to meet a Brother from another local and I trust they all carried back home the feeling that finally there was a chance to get together, work together for the benefit of all and some day make the lot of an electrical worker better.

CLARK.

L. U. NO. 145, ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

Editor:

Friday evening, June 24, was held election of officers, and from the results it looks like the membership wanted to clean house. The following is the line-up for the year: President, Jack Kreig; vice president, C. Winterbottom; financial secretary, A. R. Heuse; recording secretary, E. H. Smith; treasurer, McCabe; business agent, L. Judd; executive board members, A. Winterbottom, C. Winterbottom, G. Burton, A. R. Heuse, Leon Reynolds; trustees, J. Remer, L. Laveen and G. Ducharm; delegate to G. O. convention, H. Johnson, and alternate, E. Smith.

The local has lost an old friend by the death of Mr. C. O. Hammerquist, who died very suddenly. He was one of our oldest electrical contractors and while he never handled very large jobs he always gave work to the Brothers if he had enough work to require a wireman.

James Kennedy, the old war horse for Local No. 109, has left these parts headed for Oklahoma, and we sure will miss Jim, as he was a real union man.

Our business agent, H. Johnson, was very much worried a few days ago, as after attending a meeting at Labor Temple, he went out to get his Buick and could not find same parked anywhere about, so he called the police and gave them all the ear marks, and figured on riding home with a Brother in his Chevrolet. When as he was about to depart he had a hunch, or something along those lines, and recalled he had left his car at a garage. So he called the police and told them his wife had taken the car and then went home with a grin.

Well, this still finds some of the Brothers loafing and as yet no big building rush, but trust same will come soon.

E. L. SMITH.

L. U. NO. 163, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Editor:

I believe it is drawing near to the time for me to get my letter to the I. O.

I want to say that no one who enjoys this beautiful morning can fail to appreciate that there is more to life than the quarrels and misunderstandings, selfishness and greed as shown by the human family wherever there are two people together.

I have had a wonderful experience the last three years in promoting the necessity of a business policy for our Building Trades Council, because there are some business agents of other crafts and members of the council who seem to think that the council

can be run on the same policy as 30 years ago. Our Local Union has been running for the last four years on a business policy, with direct contact with our contractors, and our members are paying more for this service than any other craft is paying in dues, and it pays our members to pay the price, for they are getting the service. We have been fortunate in getting such a man to take charge of the business end of our local, and we appreciate that we are, and hope that the members appreciate to the extent of keeping their dues paid up to date or in advance, and attend every meeting that it is possible for them to attend, for as stockholders in this local union they can expect to receive from their stock only what they reasonably could expect from any other investment, and if they will take the time to use a pencil and paper and compare what they are getting for their dollar invested in the union, they will find that there is not any firm or corporation that they could invest their money with that can give them more returns for their dollar than the union.

I only want to get this to our members, and other members of local unions who don't appreciate the value of the money-making possibilities, if they would only look upon the matter as a business that will make them money, by assuring them of increased wages. Some men total their profits at the end of the day, but big business total their profits at the end of each year, and we must, I mean labor, get away from the individual and into group profit from their business, if we are to make it staple for the future.

I speak this way for the reason that the method of conducting the business of the Building Trades Council here does not meet with the policy of the electrical workers' delegates, and we believe we should publish that fact, for the reason that, if the leaders of the other crafts don't change their policies, we can see only failure for the Building Trades Council, not because of the rank and file, but because of poor leadership. I am aware that I am going to get h— from some, but I believe it is time that a spade is called a spade, and I stand on my convictions to protect or build, and not to pussy-foot. The electrical workers have followed the policy as laid down by the Building Trades Department, when all the representatives of the building crafts were here last October 11, 1926, and our international representative made the declaration that the International was behind this local all the way within the laws, and we have had three representatives in here since, who have voiced the same policy, with the backing of the I. O. and we have tried to carry out the policy of all for one and one for all. And we will have to admit that before the ball strikes us, we are going to show our possession and will not back down, until the leaders re-establish the confidence that we had in them when the drive started. We are not getting out from under, and we can prove every statement that the drive is not going to gain us what we desired, better co-operation, as one of the B. A.'s stated. Confidence, yes, and I must say that I have lost confidence in this B. A. for a better B. T. C.

I believe that I have taken up my allotted space. I want to say that I have received notice from the following locals who adopted the constitution of our State Association: L. U. No. 53, of Erie; No. 163, of Wilkes-Barre; No. 81, of Scranton; No. 712, of West Bridgewater; and I expect to hear from many more before Thursday, June 30. I would ask all locals who haven't signed up by the time of your receiving your WORKER with this notice in, that you would get busy, for you will eventually get in, so why not now, and let's do something; get on the job to your best interest.

ATTENTION, SCRIBES

Please inscribe your correct, legal name somewhere on your manuscript. We cannot publish anonymous correspondence, though we will be glad to hold back your name, at your request, providing your real name is also attached to the manuscript. You can understand the wisdom in this practice. It is followed by all publications. If a man can't vouch for what he says—well, nuf sed.

Brother Editor, if you will print this in its entirety, I believe it will bring good results. Our local is going along nicely, some members idle; lots of work contemplated. Will give more on this line in my next letter.

W. F. BARBER.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
June 27, 1927.

Brothers:

Pennsylvania State Electrical Workers Association.

The enclosed copy of the letter from our progressive International Secretary should be enough to show the rank and file of our organization what can be done with our State Association, as outlined. Much more can be done after we get properly functioning. We are now in the stage of building the foundation, and we can only build as the materials are provided by the local unions of the state.

There are three essential policies that must go into any organization in order to make it successful, "Co-operation" (which means confidence); "Finance" (which means progress); "Discipline" (which means success). Therefore, to get from this organization all that we reasonably should expect, "when we get the thirty-seven locals in the state, and more new locals we can help the I. O. to get," to produce through the proper co-operation, with finance, and discipline, we shall create confidence, progress, and success, for the principle of "all for one and one for all" in the state and the Brotherhood, as the progressive unit of Pennsylvanians.

I have three letters before me from Brother Edward F. Kloter, Edward J. Evans, and George W. Woomey, two vice presidents and one representative. Brother Kloter states in part, That Representative Meade reported to him the start we have made, and Brother Kloter is ready to do anything we require of him for future success. Brother Kloter is located at Washington, D. C. Brother Evans, of the Railroad Department of the I. O., located at Chicago, Ill., offers himself and knowledge of the Illinois State Electrical Workers' Association at any time. Brother Woomey, of Local No. 457, Altoona, International Representative under Brother Evans, don't need to say anything, as we know when we need George he is sure to be on the job for the best state association in the Brotherhood.

We have up to the present date received the adoption reports from the following locals: No. 56, of Erie; 81, of Scranton; 163, of Wilkes-Barre; 371, of Monessen; 375, of Allentown; 712, of West Bridgewater.

I just received the June WORKER, and note the local letters from No. 21, Philadelphia; 33, New Castle; 81, Scranton; 163, Wilkes-Barre; 229, York; 1099, Oil City. Local No. 21: No mention of Association. Local No. 81: Thanks "Rusty," fine co-operation. Local No. 229: Sorry your delegate missed the Harrisburg meeting, appreciate your confidence and that your local will be with us. Keep up the good work Brother Richmond. Local 1099: Oogie, you have a good letter, and hope to number your local in the Association. Brother Brown ably represented your local at Harrisburg, and was honored as vice-president. We should have more letters in the WORKER from the Penn Local Unions. If you don't advertise your local, how do we know you are a live bunch, or ready to be buried?

In conclusion, I want to say that to get anywhere, you must first make up your mind you are going to get there, and then go there, and get whatever you want. That is the reason we have organized the Pennsylvania State Electrical Workers' Association and appreciate that it can only be made a success

by having men connected who are trained to go over the top, and bring home the bacon, and no kidding about it. We want the best brains we can get from each local union as delegates, who know something about the business of an organization such as we have formed, and have good ideas how to make it better. If you haven't members such as prescribed, send those who want to learn and help make better the policies of our organization to better the principles for which we are organized.

W. F. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Pennsylvania State Electrical Workers' Association

To all locals of Pennsylvania, Greetings:

I am sending you a letter from Brother Bugniazet, International Secretary, which he has permitted me to broadcast, on the question of our Penn State Electrical Workers' Association, for the benefit of members who don't understand the importance of such an organization.

"June 1, 1927.

"W. F. Barber,

15 Daisey Lane, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

"Dear Sir and Brother:

"I have your favor of the 28th ult., and was indeed pleased to note the results of the meeting. I am sure that in the formation of a State Association if properly taken care of and receiving the proper co-operation of member locals, will prove very helpful to the industry.

"It would do one thing immediately: that is, bring about a friendly contact of the local unions in the state, which seems lacking in some states. Second, it would give you an opportunity to unify the conditions of agreements in the various localities, so that a mutual agreement for the state could be drawn. I realize that it would take a long time to enforce a universal agreement for the state, as well as a universal wage, but it would be educational to help each locality to improve its agreements and trying to incorporate them in its own.

"It would also unify the strength of the organized electrical workers in the state, with reference to legislative matters. What you say in your letter—that it is impossible to help individuals or groups who are not willing to help themselves, but we must try to educate them to the value of at least helping themselves, and when they realize the importance of doing so, they will see the wonderful things that can be accomplished for themselves, as well as the co-operation that would be given others who have been carrying on for many years.

"As to expenses, we will always find some who will complain about them—never giving due credit for what organization has done for them, but no one can meritoriously deny the fact that organized labor has raised the standard of working conditions and wages of the workers, and speaking for our own organization, the organized electrical workers who have brought up their own conditions have also brought up the standard of the unorganized worker, and if we did not have an organization there would be very few electrical workers today who would be getting over fifty cents an hour. The important thing is to bring the message home to all those interested in the industry.

"Assuring you that if there is anything the international can do to help the locals in Pennsylvania in the good work started, we shall be only too glad to do it.

"I am, with best wishes,

"Fraternally yours,

"G. M. BUGNIAZET,
"International Secretary."

L. U. NO. 192, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Editor:

A bit of news from No. 192. I have been very lax in my letters to our JOURNAL. As the scribe from Local No. 40 puts it, a new secretary goes at the job with all the "pep" and good will that is known to be possessed by man and when time comes for letter number two to the JOURNAL he either forgets or finds the task too great to tackle. Such was the trouble in my case.

I wish to extend my congratulations to the locals from Pennsylvania and Florida in their progressive steps in the formation of state associations of electricians. Believe me, Brothers, the association tends to bind all locals affiliated with them to one another, and these individual locals derive great benefit by being associated.

Here in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, the associations bring about a feeling of brotherly interest and the conventions are just full of business and very progressive steps are taken up pertaining to many things, to build up and put our locals in their proper standing in their respective localities.

Brother Scribe, of Local No. 695, from St. Joe, you are right. If the Brothers only knew and realized how their knocking is detrimental, both to the local and themselves, they would be more apt to get into the booster class. But what can you do when they find enjoyment in standing on street corners, and knocking every officer and active member of local union? We have them and we also have the boss' representative at every meeting. You can talk on progressive matters here and make motions and the boss knows all about it the next morning. This, Brothers, is a very deplorable condition to have in any local union but I must say we have it here.

We have had our efficient organizer, Chas Keaveney, with us and through his tact and diplomacy we have received an increase in wages which took effect on April 1, and all our contractors signed the agreement for the coming year.

Work is not plentiful here. We have about 10 to 15 boys tapping the pavements and the future hasn't much to offer.

I see Local No. 223, of Brockton, has delegated Brother "Happy" Ferris to Detroit for the convention. Well, No. 223, I am sure you will not be disappointed in choosing Brother Ferris as a delegate. Our own active and "go-getter" financial secretary, Brother James Trainor, will hook the rattlers for Ford City in August and he will have to do plenty of reporting to save his scalp when he comes back from the big time.

My sympathies are extended to Local No. 437, in the loss of Brother William Waldron. His death comes as a complete surprise to his many friends of No. 192.

Believe me, Brother McKenney, of No. 567, Portland, Me., the co-operation your local will get from your contractors is very good business, and wish you success in your newly formed joint welfare committee. We have tried several times to bring about the same condition here but to no avail and we are just where we started.

Say, Editor, what is the trouble with Locals No. 96, 99, 224, 437, 707 and 1029? Are they still in the I. B. E. W. movement? One would hardly think so.

Wake up, Sam Donnelly, have a press secretary appointed and let the Brothers know that Worcester has a local. Our sister local, No. 99, has enough members, I believe, to be able to pick one out and have him tell the Brotherhood that there isn't only Pawtucket in the state of Rhode Island.

I believe I am all played out on news and will leave space for the more experienced scribes.

ROCK P. MARLET.

L. U. NOS. 210 AND 211, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Editor:

It has often been said that gentlemen prefer blondes, but it remained for the Childs' Restaurant Co. to make that statement a reality. Notice has been given to their local employees that on and after July 1, all waitresses must become blondes and remain below twenty-one years of age. As that Greasy Spoon Corporation is erecting a new building on our Walk, I presume the edict is to conform with the graceful architecture and interior decorations of said building.

Along with the usual crop of grads, bridegrooms and better men, the month of June brought the Shriners and the National Electric Light Association in convention. The latter has been an annual affair for the past few years and previous to 1926, they convened here every other year. We like to see them and the carbuilders come to town, as we can always learn something new from their shows. The most modern electrical machinery is brought in and we gain the experience in hooking it up.

The Shriner's parades were very impressive with excellent music, drills and beautiful uniforms. There were about 100,000 Nobles in attendance during that week and they sure woke the old town up.

In conjunction with the Shriners an electrical and movie star pageant was staged by Harry D. Brown, an ex 211 boy, but now of Hollywood. The electrical display was very good but then it should be, as nineteen of our own boys wired the floats and ten more assisted the twenty-one members of L. U. No. 40 in putting over the show. About fifty operators were imported to run the spots that were distributed along the walk.

The paraphernalia was furnished by the Cinema Studio Supply Corporation. Besides the big spots there were twelve high-speed aeroplane motors, capable of generating at least 200 amps. each, while the peak load for the lighting effects amounted to a possible 7,500 amps. divided between the light company and several hotels that generated their own juice.

Sorry to say it was a failure financially, due, I believe, to bad judgment on the part of the producer, as neither the natives nor our visitors will pay \$3 per seat to view any kind of a parade, be it movie stars, featured players, or bathing beauties. Neither will they kick in with \$5 per ticket for any so-called "movie star" ball.

Brother A. H. Coolister was the only member of the entire bunch from Local Union No. 40, who cared to pay us a visit while working in our jurisdiction. He came up to the meeting that Monday night and discoursed very interestingly on the conditions existing in the western studios, and made a very good impression on the local outfit.

Our little personal chat brought back the days when I roamed the west coast from Tia Juana to Vancouver and back again. At that time Hollywood was but a cow-pasture and the new electric roadbed between Los Angeles and Redondo made many a deep-water sailor seasick to ride over. The chin-fest became more interesting when I learned that Coolister was a close friend of Jess Horne, Local Union No. 18, and of Joe Welch, of somewhere in California. All of which goes to prove that this is a mighty small world after all.

The seemingly negligence of the other twenty members from Local Union No. 40 was excusable when it was learned that they were newcomers to the Brotherhood and probably did not know the usual pro-

cedure when working in another local's jurisdiction.

During Shrine week I wandered along the road to yesterday, back to the scenes of boyhood, as I had the pleasure of entertaining Albert L. Simms, the vice president of Local Union No. 51, from back home in old Peory. It had been 11 years since I had talked with anyone from the ex Distillery City and as the confab drifted from one thing to another I pictured that harem-scarem gang on the east bluff.

What a gang of little imps we were, nothing was put past us by the grown-ups, from raiding the nearby fruit trees to tinning the purp that was owned by the neighborhood Scrooge. When I learned that my childhood sweetheart had been twice married and was the mother of seven, I just naturally whistled, "This Is My Lucky Day."

"Ain't it funny what a difference just a few years make?" For instance out of the 165 Peorians who were here I knew but four and only two of them personally.

Probably I asked Al. at least a 1,000 and one questions and still more came to mind after he went home. Every moment of his visit was a pleasure and I hope he plays an early return engagement. Incidentally he promised to supply Holly with postage and that just reminds me, I trust that the scribe of Local No. 51 has fully recovered from the 'flu and can once again successfully wield the "Parker" or whatever instrument he employs.

Was very sorry to read the Swan Song from Jim Trueman as I have thoroughly enjoyed all of his breezy contributions to our JOURNAL. Let us hope that the near future will see the return to the pages of the world's leading magazine (barring none and that's taking in a lot of territory), of one of the best scribes in the history of the JOURNAL—the Hon. Jim Trueman, from Paterson, N. J.

Sam Harvey, the genial chairman of 211's E. B., has been on the side lines for the past four weeks due to a severe attack of rheumatism. At present writing he is able to sit out on the porch and absorb large, copious quantities of the blessed sunshine, no not moonshine.

Well, Bugs, old fella, it's time for lunch and as I never let duty interfere with pleasure, I must say adios and toot sweet.

Yours for bigger and better sleigh rides,

BACHIE.

L. U. NO. 212, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Editor:

There is scarcely a child or grown person in Norwood but what knows Pretzel Joe. To me he is one of the most interesting persons whom I have ever met. I see him most every morning walking to his street car. Four different car lines pass this corner where he waits but he invariably can tell you when his particular car comes along. Without assistance he leaves the sidewalk burdened with a large basket and boards the car without mishap of any kind. Occasionally in the evening, after his busy day is over, and at a time when auto traffic is heavier on Hopkins Avenue than on the average street of any town, you can see Joe "stepping out." Cleanly shaved and dressed up, he struts over to Main Avenue, making all the street intersections and, steps on and off of curbs with more alertness than most people. You would have to pass or see him several times to appreciate that Joe, the "Pretzel Man," is totally blind. It is said that he can make change, even in paper money, faster than some people with good eyesight. It is well to keep such persons as this in mind, it serves as wonderful tonic when you get disagreeable over a mere, trifling headache.

I have often wondered just what has become of all the old Nick Carter five cent



From St. Louis to Seattle.
Is, sure, quite a hike
But Casey proved it could be done
Because he had no bike.
Now when he arrived in town
He was a trifle lame.
So some good soul presented him
With a banchee cane
He liked it, he loved it,
He slept with it at night,
But this Erin' cain of his
Was itching for a fight.
Now Brothers, if Jim has his stick
Take a tip from me —
He is A No.1-man, and —
Can swing the shel-ay-lee.

novels. (Editor's Note: Maybe they got into the movies.) I can recall when a kid how each one of us at school would have one concealed in our geography, as that was the only book large enough to permit you to peruse through the columns without being discovered and brought to justice by the stern, ever watchful "school marm." Quite different from the Nick Carter of those days is the Nick Carter whom we boast of in Local No. 212, as his teachings, if followed closely, will train you to travel a more profitable, straight and narrow path. Our Nick has fostered and is head instructor of the Vocational Training School for Local No. 212. Although this school is still in its infancy, I predict wonderful future results. I believe the enrollment at the present time is about 75 and all very faithful in attendance, meeting every Thursday night at Woodward High School.

When it comes to a novel crew of wire patchers I think the outfit (of which I am a party), that is dressing up over wonderful Coney Island for the summer season, should receive front page attention. The gang consists of one foreman, four inside wiremen, one lineman, two fixture hangers, one sign man and a laborer. We would be glad to hear of any one crew more assorted than this one.

It has been our good fortune to avoid prominence in the "In Memoriam" column for some time until this month. On June 2, Brother Michael Parsley was accidentally killed through a fall while at work on the new Chamber of Commerce building. His sudden death was a shock to us all, especially the ones working on the job with him. Brother Parsley came to us from Taylor, Pa., and was initiated in Local No. 212, August 1, 1923. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his family in this hour of bereavement.

THE COPYIST.

L. U. NO. 245, TOLEDO, OHIO

Editor:

This is the seventh chapter of the 1927 Log, and as it will be a hot, sweltering day in the latter part of July when the electrical workers, after their hard day's toil, will settle themselves down to read the JOURNAL (those who get it) I will start this by telling you what a nice cool day it is here at the writing of this month's collection of bunko.

It is quite necessary to have a fire here tonight, but I always get heated up writing to the JOURNAL, but realizing that there are more members here in Toledo that are reading the JOURNAL in the last six months than ever before, I can't think of any suitable objection to sending in my monthly correspondence. We have members here (good members of long years' standing) who have shown more interest in the last few months than for years previous; whether it is due to the activities through this magazine or not remains a question, but I am inclined to think that a whole lot of it is, as the men continue to inquire as to why they are not receiving the ELECTRICAL WORKERS JOURNAL. What has aroused that desire so suddenly was that they all miss it at one time. Surely it must be due to the fact that No. 245, their own local, has been boosted through its columns. Our meetings have shown improvement as well as our membership and where there are good meetings there are always certain events that cause our minutes to swell. But what I can't understand is this: Why is it that none of the Brother electrical workers like to have their names appear in this magazine? They just detest publicity; they hate it like a hungry wolf hates meat. The press secretary is criticized publicly, but privately—well, now that's different. But, anyway, the magazine is be-

ing read 100 per cent plus families and friends. So, being press secretary isn't such an easy job to satisfy all the members all the time. In presenting a rose to one it is sometimes necessary to step on another's toes. But as a whole we have a good bunch of boys here and No. 245 is here to stay.

I told you in my last letter that I would possibly have some news for you in regard to our new contract and agreement coming due in June, but to date have nothing favorable; but the outlook is bright and I can't see any hidden obstacles in our way for another year of peace and contentment among our members. But, of course, those who only work here for what we get for them and for which they pay nothing, can never be at peace with themselves until they become a part of the organization that has brought about the conditions that they enjoy along with their families. No. 245 doesn't wish to go on record as asserting that that organization alone is wholly responsible for all the conditions that we enjoy here. We are only instrumental. We have always been fortunate in having as department heads in our different occupations men whose broad-mindedness has always settled our little grievances in such a way that has always created a certain confidence in our minds, therefore making us not only employees but co-workers; all working for the same firm, the same interest, as the man over us. We are all public servants and our job is not only to serve them with light, heat and power, but also to serve them as good citizens and thereby become friends of those we serve, and by doing this we have helped make it possible for the Toledo Edison to grow to its present position as the largest firm of its kind in northwestern Ohio.

No one man ever did this; it has been done only by co-operation to the extent where every man, from the man who first secures the right-of-way all through the different units of construction, to the completion, has confidence in the man who is immediately over him, and that alone has made it possible for the Toledo Light Company to rise to its present position. The key to success is co-operation, and that is just as necessary in the rank and file of our own little organization as it is in the rank and file of the bigger organizations that monopolize the industries. No success is assured without co-operation. We have it in our rank and file here, but not 100 per cent. There are some here yet who, while they are no doubt loyal to the company, are not loyal to themselves and families, for they are not co-operating with us in retaining the conditions that have been granted us through the co-operation of the company and the members of this organization. Individualism never speaks above a whisper, while collectively we can make ourselves heard. So come on, you men who are behind in your dues, and you workers who have not yet cast your lot with the rest of us. Don't stand there alone wondering why you are not popular with the men with whom you work, but come along with them; demand the right that you shall be on equal footing with all of them.

I believe every company likes a body of loyal workers, and if those who can't be at least loyal to themselves and to their families, continue to remain as you "were," then we cannot boast of a 100 per cent (loyal) department. Pride itself prevents it, even though you are proven a good workman your cap tells a tale of its own, for as you soweth so shall you gather the "moss."

Toledo of late has been a dividing point for boomers. Few take up their residence here, as there is no work for them at their line, so they soon take leave with our best wishes and what aid we can give them. Sorry that

we can't see some of them in their working clothes. We still have several members pounding cobble stones with no relief in sight.

Our oldest (bull of the woods), Jake "Sim" Adkins, has suffered a decrease to two linemen and one "gutter monkey." At one time he had such a big crew that he only checked half of them each day, but now its "Big" Charley Hitzman, his chief hicker, with "Little" Carl Shultz, another Chinaman, acting as Charlie's understudy, comprises the main bout of "Sim's" circus with none other than Charley Kane doing the ground squirrel act in their daily performances. "Sim" at one time managed a two-ring outfit, but with the small number of freaks listed on his program now it's more like a medicine show. But leave it to "Old Ringmaster" "Sim" Adkins—he would make a showing if he had only one clown.

Our newly-constructed tower belt line around the city has given the transformer men lots of work building sub-stations at several points and their work looks neat and well done.

The city of Maumee has contributed one more member to our already large list from there, namely Ralph Charles. Ralph has been working with the engineering department, but owing to the decrease in forces he was sent and welcomed back to our gang. And Ralph just got married. In spite of that, though, he is a nice fellow. The city of Maumee has approximately twelve linemen on the payroll here and all but three wear the Electrical Worker's badge of distinction on their caps. Maumee, we are proud of you; a better record than our own city of Toledo.

And now, Brother Bugnizet, as to the letter received by me in regard to my doing something for the members not receiving the JOURNAL. There has been forwarded to you a typewritten list of members who have not received the WORKER since their names appeared on our books as members of the I. B. E. W. The list was furnished through the courtesy of our esteemed financial secretary, Oliver Myers, and through the local. I ask that this list be given your kind attention and be forwarded to the proper place so that the men whose names appear on the list will be assured of the JOURNAL in the future and accept the thanks of the members of Local No. 245, of Toledo, Ohio.

EDWARD E. DUKESHIRE.

L. U. NO. 261, NEW YORK CITY

Editor:

I am wondering if you missed my long letters. Perhaps not, but if you didn't others have, and I have received one dozen requests from the different locals, reaching out to New Orleans, asking questions regarding L. U. No. 261 and its progress, especially on our organization methods during our strike, and benefits derived from same.

I will at this time try to comply with the requests of the locals that have been good enough to praise my past letters to the WORKER. I wish to say that L. U. No. 261 has been fortunate in signing up over 150 shops in New York City, Long Island and vicinity since last October. I will admit that our executive board was at first very timid on the organizing of shops without making them 100 per cent. To this we had to concede—a fifty-fifty basis—and under the latter terms we have succeeded in making our local union very strong.

I must, at this time, admit that the credit for the advice along these lines of organizing must go to the force that is handling the tangled up affairs of L. U. No. 3, of this city, and especially from that everlasting, tireless worker and believer in organization

first, last and always, and I must be bold enough to write the name of International Vice President H. H. Broach. L. U. No. 261 had the advantage of being in the same office building with his organizing committee, and we kept our eyes on the success he made in organizing and building up the morale of L. U. No. 3, and today it looks to be the coming banner local of the I. B. E. W.; and by the selection of its officers, just elected for 1927-1928, including that staunch old veteran, Billy Hogan, as financial secretary, I am sure Local No. 3 will be heard from in the near future.

It is my fight, and my advice, to have every shop of any note in the fixture industry in New York City and vicinity, to hold an agreement with L. U. No. 261 by January, 1928. If we succeed there is no danger of No. 261 getting into the mess that the plumbers did in their strike a few weeks ago, when a group of non-union plumbers of New York City, numbering 300, was refused admission to membership in their Brooklyn union. They now operate under a state charter, and started work on 15 large jobs in Brooklyn, and on none of the jobs on which they work did men of other trades strike.

At present L. U. No. 261 has very few members out of work. We have a few manufacturers bucking us, with some fitters—such fitters as they employ. No. 261 is not in any way losing sleep over it, and we are careless about their applications or their association, but if it came to signing agreements with these shops that this scum works in, and we were to organize them—well, worse things have happened in other locals, and we would have to stoop to conquer. L. U. No. 261 is on splendid terms with the manufacturers and dealers who have signed the agreements. They are craving for our labels, which we issue free of charge, and use on an average of 35,000 per week.

Notwithstanding the decisions of the Supreme Court, I am pleased to comply with the request of No. 134, of Chicago, "Baldy," and state that our scale is \$1 per hour for journeymen and 62½ cents per hour for helpers; 48 hours. Local Unions throughout the I. B. E. W. should take into consideration carefully that L. U. No. 261 is an infant in the I. B. E. W., but few members in the industry can remember any infant, or a well established local, securing such a scale in such short order. A fitter in New York receiving \$35 per week was rare; the average was \$30 per week for nine and ten hours work per day. A few may get \$40 as fitters or salesmen in a Bowery store for 60 hours per week.

After this agreement, we may be after a higher scale; but give the infants a chance to walk. We have been creeping long enough. The manufacturers and dealers in the lighting fixtures industry in New York City looked on a union fitter as a pest and got him at the first chance. But today a fitter is handed a cigar by the bosses after lunch, and even called "Mr.," respecting him as a union man of No. 261. The manufacturers admit that the union men produce even as high as 100 per cent more than the pets they call fitters. I know from experience, and I even placed helpers in shops to show these manufacturers that they were losing by holding such wire scrapers. I found they could not and did not understand the word "polarize," or use the system on wires of chandeliers as the law calls for.

I have a petition before the New York City Board of Aldermen for appointment as shop inspector on lighting fixtures, and it is surely more essential to inspect fixtures in shops where wired and assembled than for city inspectors to try to do it on the building when the fixture is installed, and I can say from my 35 years experience, inside and

outside, that it is almost impossible for an inspector to pass on fixtures when installed.

I know that city and board of underwriters inspectors do their utmost to make the installing of such fixtures up to code, but I crave contradiction and place my experience against such, that very few buildings in New York and vicinity have lighting fixtures installed up to code in wire and construction. It can't and is not done by some of the manufacturers now catering to building work, and I consider it a menace to life and property in apartments. I will refrain from further reports on this serious matter until later.

L. U. No. 261 has further advanced, and has installed every member in Brother Tom Clark's compensation class of Local No. 3, so when a member gets injured his case is taken by Brother Clark before the State Compensation Board, and a brother doesn't have to worry when Brother Clark takes the matter in hand regarding his compensation for the injury. It's a good step in the right direction. Brothers going up against insurance companies' agents don't stand much show when they are ignorant of that law. It should be installed in all locals, to have a man well versed in compensation laws to look after its members.

I think, Mr. Editor, I am making up for my lost time on my letters, and will end.

M. J. BUTLER.

L. U. NO. 262, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Editor:

I missed last month; haven't any excuse to offer, just missed like the fellow who shot at his first rabbit.

I have been thinking, What is the matter with the union label? In any magazine or newspaper you read there is very little goods of any description that is advertised as union made. And a good percentage are just that. Are the manufacturers afraid to let the public know they are making their goods under union conditions? What is to prevent the different crafts from doing some advertising on their own hook through the advice and leadership of their grand officers? Outside of the hatters and shoemakers, who come around once in a blue moon, there doesn't seem to be much effort put forth to get union-made goods across.

I have the pleasure of reporting that Business Agent Clarence Hook made a high dive into the great sea of Matrimony. Clarence picked a nurse for his better half and is living about two blocks from the

hospital. He can get sick and still feel very comfortable. The boys of No. 262 gave him a liberal purse all bound around with a woolen string for a good start in double harness. Brother Hook and his bride spent their honeymoon in Washington, D. C., and were there to see Lindbergh arrive. Now that all have come back to earth, we can go on with the regular order of business.

Sorry to report that Brother William Atkins has been in the hospital for an operation, but is home convalescing. "Bill" is an old lineman and is still a tough old bird; it will take more than a surgeon's knife to finish him. A broad hatchet is about the only thing that will do the trick.

Sheriff (Upan Adam), of Watchung, took the part of "Heap Big" Indian scout in the Watchung Legend last week. What would that town do without our little sheriff? Last week someone saw him going home with a new red lantern; suppose he carried that on his scouting expedition so no one would shoot at him. One of the shiks of the outfit said that the sheriff made a pair of fine scouting moccasins from an old 33 by 6 inner tube. Hope he cut his toe nails so he won't have a puncture. That boy sure is a man of many parts. He is running Lon Chaney a close second.

Work is fair and all the boys are working from the last report, but don't know how long it will last; some of the big jobs are slowing down.

The Fourth of July is with us again and we haven't had any real warm weather yet. Hope to get a coat of tan by the time Labor Day arrives.

Well, boys, don't let any wild fire crackers bite you on the Fourth.

RAY M.

L. U. NO. 271, WICHITA, KANS.

Editor:

I am starting this letter with an apology. I did not believe Brothers McCullough and Jackson belonged to our organization when I wrote my last letter, but have since found that both were members of L. U. No. 53.

It is natural that we sympathize with all men in our line of work, whether they carry a card or not, and the point I was bringing out was that we must all cooperate in getting the ideals we all strive for, and one of them is the practice of safety on our jobs. A week after I mailed my letter, the Kansas Gas and Electric Company had a safety meeting, and the deaths of these brothers were brought up, and incidentally

Whiskey Blues

It was midnight and a viking sailed his ship around my bed,
While an elephant hiked miles and miles across my aching head,
Tigers frolicked upon the ceiling, and a whale sat in my chair,
Angle worms were gravely peeling apples for an eight eyed bear.
Then I floated down Lake Como with a camel painted green,
Who shot craps with me for bromo, chewing gum, and listerine.
It was not quite right a monkey dressed in bloomers and straw hat,
Should be dancing with a donkey slightly smaller than a cat.
Thirteen lambs all madly bleating, chased a purple wall eyed pike,
As I sat there sadly eating everything I did not like.
Then a fish came proudly walking and it took me by the hand,
As it led me singing loudly, crossing burning desert sands;
Andy Volstead sat in sorrow, milking whisky from a cow,
And he said, "Wait till tomorrow, you don't need that bracer now."
So he locked me in a closet with a million barrels of rum,
And I turned on every faucet but the whisky would not run;
Then the planets started falling and they fell into my shoes,
As I woke up loudly calling for cracked ice and lots of booze.

Submitted by SLIM YORKE,

L. U. No. 271.

a poster appeared upon bulletin boards regarding the use of tape lines about hot lines. This company tests all appliances and tools that are used by the men. If they fail to pass they are rejected.

Whether my letter will do any good or not, I am sure that the passing of these two men did. The writeups in the papers did not state that either of them was a member of the I. B. E. W.

The members of Local No. 271 regret the passing of the two boys, now that they are known, and we all tender our sympathies to L. U. No. 53, of Kansas City. I sincerely hope that L. U. No. 53 will not feel that I have offended any of them. I assure all that the letter was well meant, mainly bringing out the point in question—safety first.

Now for that beachcomber located at A. C. Bachie, old top, the beer is not cold here; in fact, it's perfectly horrid, though I drink it occasionally. Drink it with the hopes that I will live to taste something better; and you are right about the garters. But don't ever call the madame again by the handle, which is entirely mine. For your edification, as you say, I was born in little old New York. My folks all live there, and to keep from using my handle in full this was hung onto me about twenty years ago, and being as there are quite a large number of "Slims" I always append the Yorke to it. And so I have been known by that handle wherever I roamed. I sorter like to retain it, too, for it always reminds me of past happy days, but from here on out I will use my real name, for some of the boys seem to think I am ashamed of it. I am not; though it's unhandy, I am proud of it.

Brother A. U. Graves had to go to the hospital for an operation about five weeks ago. When this goes to the press the Brother will probably be back on the job.

The boys are all working so far, and L. U. No. 271 is trying to take care of all newcomers; none of them leave here hungry, anyway.

Bachie, I would love to see the time when I will be able to ride or stroll down the old boardwalk with you. If the much-talked-of article is not cold here, it sure must be there, but all kidding aside, your last letter was "nobly put" and the rest of the P. S. were not troubled with lame elbows.

Our JOURNAL is a great little paper, with all due credit to our Editor. It's great, and getting better and better every day.

CHARLES F. FROHME,
Alias "SLIM" YORKE.

L. U. NO. 292, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Editor:

In my last letter I started to tell of some of the more important problems facing organized labor here, pointing out some of the causes producing these conditions, and also some of the effects they have had, are having, and probably will have on the affairs of this community. I say started—and a start was all I could accomplish in one letter, for it will require several letters to give even a very cursory treatment of this subject.

Last month I touched upon some of the activities of the Citizens Alliance, as related to the matter. They are the avowedly direct antagonists of organized labor and, as such, are, of course, the most obvious of the many forces inimical to the interest of labor. But there are many other agencies and interests that are factors which directly or indirectly affect these conditions.

Unemployment, partial employment, and low wages, being among our most serious problems, whatever helps to cause these is

entitled to careful consideration. One fact, that is very apparent in its effect along this line is a lack of sufficient manufacturing industries that would help to absorb the great surplus of unemployed labor. Understand, I am not saying there are no manufacturing industries here. There are several. But, for a city, with the strategic location and natural facilities of Minneapolis, we should have from three to five times as many as we have and should be on the increase in acquiring more, instead of losing those we have—or had. And losing them we are, in one way or another and from one cause or another.

Greatest among the industries of Minneapolis, for many years, was the flour mills, this city at one time being the largest producer of wheat flour in the world. Now this great industry has nearly all gone from here, having been driven out, principally by the unfair, discriminative attitude of the railroads in the matter of freight rates. Other industries have either moved from here or failed, from this and other causes. But none of this has been caused by the lack of a sufficient quantity of cheap labor. In fact, the low wages and consequent small purchasing power among the working class was one of the contributory causes of these failures, due to the resultant very restricted home market.

Again and again industries have sought to locate here, only to be driven away by the policy pursued by certain interests here. For instance, a certain influential group here some years ago acquired a large tract of ground (?) peat bog, away out on the edge of "nowhere," and many industries wishing to come here had their choice of going out there and paying a fancy price for the location or not coming here at all. Most of them didn't come. Also any industry known to be friendly to union labor was either offered no encouragement to come here or else was actually antagonized in its efforts to locate here.

Another thing that is probably somewhat of a stumbling block in some cases to the location of certain industries here is the monopolization of power.

Minneapolis lies on both sides of the Mississippi River for over seven miles, and a large portion of this river frontage should be available for factory sights. The river is dammed at St. Anthony Falls near the heart of the business district and at one time the power rights were the joint possession of the flour mills and the city. Now, I understand, their ownership has entirely passed into the hands of the Byllesby interests, who own the electric light and power system here so that they have a monopoly of all the electric and water power here. Even the Street Car Company buys its power from them. In fairness to the Electric Light Company I will say that I don't know that their rates for either electric power or water power privilege are excessive as compared with other places having similar conditions, but it seems like criminal negligence to me, on the part of the citizens of Minneapolis to allow such a condition to come about and not to make a determined effort to save the water power rights for the city, to the end that she might use them to induce industries to locate here.

Another condition that has been a restraint in the matter of building operations in this city is the policy pursued by certain of the more prominent and influential individuals of the community of preventing the erection of any building that would be used for a line of business similar to their own. This may be done in many ways, such as preventing the issuance of a building permit, making it difficult to secure a desirable location by influencing the real estate dealers, by using

their influence with the banks to restrict the credit of the prospective builder, or through the state securities commission and the Minnesota "blue sky laws," to prevent or hamper the flotation of a stock or bond issue. Any and all of these and other methods have been, and are being, used to hamper and discourage prospective builders, unwelcome to certain of the more powerful interests here.

By means of these tactics the opportunities for employment are very greatly curtailed while large numbers of workers are continuously being lured here by the propaganda that is being broadcasted.

The pursuance of this short-sighted selfish policy on the part of these groups of prominent business interests here, is largely due to the general prevalence in the community of the attitude of being unwilling that the other fellow should make a nickel, unless "we" can make a dollar. Envy, graft, suspicion, lack of mutual confidence and the placing of petty, personal, selfish interests ahead of the general welfare seem to be the distinguishing marks of the business psychology of this community and the principal reason for the deplorable conditions existing here.

W. WAPES.

L. U. NO. 323, WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

Editor:

It is some time since I wrote, and my letter will be short this time. News is as scarce (that is good news) as hen's teeth and work is scarcer. We have about 135 members and about 50 are working at the trade, so take heed, Brother travelers, and do not come this way, as the good climate is nearly all eaten up by the Brothers who are here.

We had an election last Friday, but it was not as spirited as last year. No one seemed to want any office if there was no pay in it (good union men). I was elected to three positions and will try to hold them all down.

G. H. BLAKE.

L. U. NO. 348, CALGARY, ALBERTA., CANADA

Editor:

Casey to bat, but this time it is Local No. 348, Calgary.

Ball One! Canadian Manufacturers' Association held their convention here on June 2, 1927.

Strike one! International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers holding their convention in Detroit, August 15, 1927.

Ball two! The increase of industries in Canada and their value to Canada, as spoken of by the delegates to the manufacturers convention.

Ball three! The object of the association in coming together is to obtain the most expert knowledge which is applied to individual industries in the production of goods of the highest quality at the lowest possible cost consistent with the recognized rights of labor and distributed to Canada's consuming public in keeping with the prices of the fair markets of the world.

Strike two! What are the recognized rights of Labor? This is the problem that has been before labor all these years to be recognized as a unit that is in the wheels of industries.

Strike three! Detroit Convention, see that Canada is put on the map and get down to business as an International affair. And this for our Canadian delegates, get in and see that the boundary affair is put before the convention, and also that the WORKER is sent to all members, as at present you go

down to the meetings and some one will ask, "Have you any spare WORKER; so and so have not received any as yet? Now these members pay for it, why not get it. This is not a local trouble because there have been letters through the WORKER requesting that they be sent to them. Make this a Babe Ruth clout and see how far it will go.

PRESS SECRETARY.

L. U. NO. 358, PERTH AMBOY, N. J. Editor:

I have been trying to make up a letter for this month in our JOURNAL and did not know just how to start. I opened up the June issue to see just how I would start. Brother Horace M. Creamer, of Local Union No. 223, Brockton, Mass., has written just the right idea in the last few paragraphs in regard to cost of building for the working man and the high rate of wages being the means of cutting down the volume of building of small homes and houses to rent on a larger scale, such as apartments.

Brother Creamer, you tell the truth. Some of the same conditions are existing in this locality; it has at least started non-union conditions and open-shop and cheaper men in the field. Cut rates, piece work in some instances, are known here in some of the building crafts. That can be proven.

Conditions in the electrical line are very slow here; quite a number out of work. The Public Service Production Company started operations again in the middle of June after being idle since May 1 on account of settlement of wage scale in other parts of the state.

Local No. 358 has decided to send a delegate to our next convention. Brother Edward J. Bachman will represent us at this time. Brother Bachman is an active worker in Local No. 358; always on the job for the interest of the electrical worker here or any other place he goes. Meet him and you will say he is O. K.

We have been holding some very good meetings of late. The boys are all out strong to see what is going on, taking a little more interest than before. We are not doing very much on organizing the linemen and shop, and factory maintenance men. They do not seem to want to line up with us; afraid someone might know they are union men.

WILLIAM H. McDONOUGH.

L. U. NO. 466, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

"The Little Switzerland of America"

Editor:

Having had the position of press secretary wished upon me at our last regular meeting I will make an attempt to let a few of the Brothers know that L. U. No. 466 is still on the map and has not gone out of business, despite the report being circulated by the Charleston Chamber of "Persecution" as well as a great many so-called open shoppers.

Should I have the good fortune to get this communication by the Editor's waste basket I will try again.

Work in this vicinity is very slack at this time and we have been compelled to put Article 24, Section 9, of the Constitution, into effect, since we have a number of men who have not worked since May 1, 1926. Several of our Brothers have been compelled to take up other lines of endeavor in order to keep the proverbial wolf from the door. Any Brother contemplating a trip to this part of the country will save himself a lot of time as well as expense by communicating with our recording secretary before coming this way.

Several of the electrical magazines usually found around the shop are carrying a write-up of the large amount of work that is either

under construction or is contemplated for this vicinity. One article in particular deals with the big job being done by the chemical companies at South Charleston.

I wish to advise that the Dingle-Clark Company, of Cleveland, has one of these jobs and Brother Harry Joekers, of that city, is the pusher on same. We contemplate about three months' work there for about twenty men.

The other chemical company which contemplates near seven million dollars in construction is very much in doubt. Our Building Trades Business Agent is working hard to line this job up under fair conditions, but at present to no avail, as part of the job is being done under the open shop plan. The Charleston building trades has been badly disorganized during the past year and we hold little hope of getting on this job.

We are members of the Tri-State Council, which comprises the towns of Charleston and Huntington, West Virginia, and Portsmouth, Ohio, and since there has been a slack period in all three towns we will have ten men for every job for some time to come, even though we are able to get control of the Chemical Company's work.

We have one dear Brother from New York who is working in one of the Chemical Company's plants and who has worked there for the past three years without going through the formality of depositing his traveling card in our local and who advised our representative who called on him that he "understood that we had gone out of business," albeit he didn't take the trouble to try to find out.

At our last regular meeting we gave this dear Brother "who got such a dirty deal from No. 3" (ever hear that one before?) a gentle reminder in the form of a five-hundred dollar fine that we were still functioning and doing business as usual.

The open shop crowd here are doing everything in their power to advertise Charleston as an open shop town and two of our open-shoppers are making a valiant effort to operate under this plan. However, you don't have to strain your eyes to see that they are far from satisfied and our local union is still putting up a good scrap.

Like all locals, we have had a few cheaters and this strike has been the melting pot to bring the dross of their yellow streak to the surface. We still have a good attendance and the loss (?) of these few weaklings has served to strengthen rather than to weaken us in our fight.

Brother James Spalding, our recording secretary for two years, has been out of the city for the past five weeks and we were compelled to declare his office vacant and install Brother C. A. Reilly into the office. Brother Reilly has a long standing in the I. O. and has given freely of his time and efforts to promote the interest of L. U. No. 466, and we feel that as an officer of our local he will be a big asset to us.

We hope to have the Building Trades Council functioning again and conditions should improve steadily after the building trades laws are put into effect. Should conditions warrant it we will advise all the Brothers through the WORKER if any men are needed.

S. C. MILLER.

L. U. NO. 477, SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.

Editor:

Well, I missed last month, so I had better get something in this month. If I don't, I surely will get a bawling out.

Some of us went over to Riverside, Local Union No. 440, on June 8, and we had a fine time. If you don't think so ask Ed. Shepard; he knows. Our visit was made

mostly to arrange for our second annual wire-twisters' picnic at Riverside. We arranged for a committee from there. While we were there the boys voted to give us a cash donation for our state convention of labor. We sure do appreciate that. Thanks, No. 440.

San Bernardino has formed a Women's Union Label League. The other part of the house joined so I had to take on. We are expecting a lot from them. Come on, boys, and get your sparring partners down to the labor temple. We need them all to get over as big as we expect to. It only costs 25 cents and you get a \$100 insurance policy. You can't beat that.

L. U. No. 447 is trying to raise the initiation fee to \$75. That will make some of the boys think before they let their cards go.

Say, I almost forgot about the feed that No. 440 gave to us when we were over there. Ice cream and cake, and Macquary found some wet stuff, and I think the ice cream made me sick. I don't know what else it could have been. Do you, Porter?

Well, I guess that I had better dead-end this or it will find the wastebasket.

Sure was sorry to hear about Brother George Flatley.

MONTY,
Announcer, L. U. No. 477.

L. U. NO. 492, MONTREAL, CANADA Editor:

Yes, we have elected our delegate to the convention, in the person of our financial secretary, Charles Hodgkiss, and we feel he will work, learn and inwardly digest the proceedings, and tell us all about it on his return.

Our second meeting in June was one of the best we have had for some time, both in attendance and the helpful discussions which took place.

The Montreal tramway men were there in almost full strength, and we hope that their working conditions will be improved as a result of negotiations which are now being carried on by J. Brodrick, international representative, and the Montreal Tramway Company. We had two new members come in last month, and I know of one more tramway employee who is coming in this month, so we are prospering and growing slowly but surely, which is much better than rushing ahead one month, only to fall back the next.

I agree with those correspondents who would like to see in the WORKER the rates of wages and working conditions of other locals, and to practice what I preach I herewith give the rates paid to the majority of the members of Local No. 492, who are employees of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, and with whom we have just signed a new agreement for three years:

1. Eight hours shall constitute a day's work.
2. Twelve days holidays with pay will be granted seven-day workers having six months' service.
3. Shift workers will be required to give four hours' notice when unable to report for duty at scheduled hour.
4. A man called out from home after his regular working hours will be paid not less than five hours' pay.
5. Overtime will be paid for at the rate of time and one-half, with double time on Sundays and holidays to other than seven-day workers.
6. Men having any grievance, either specific or of a general nature, may present their case (during working hours) by committee or otherwise to the proper officer of the company, and failing reconciliation, to the superintendent of the department, and

in turn to the general manager of the company.

7. Men to be paid tri-monthly and during working hours. Should pay-day fall on Sunday or holiday, employees will be paid on the preceding day.

8. Rates of wages to be as follows:

	Year commencing June 1		
	1927	1928	1929
Station operators.....	62c	63½c	65c
Station floormen.....	51¼c	53¼c	54¼c
Construction, 1st class..	66¾c	67¾c	69¾c
Construction, 2nd class..	57c	58¼c	60c

The minority of this local are employees of the Montreal Tramway Company, one of the most prosperous traction companies on the continent, whose dividends, etc., are guaranteed by a contract with the city of Montreal, which allows them to increase the fares if necessary.

In Montreal we have a 7-cent cash fare, with four tickets for a quarter. This has allowed them to pay 10 per cent dividends for some years. Their station employees are paid an average of 7 cents less than the above rates, with no holidays granted and only straight time for overtime (deplorable working conditions, you will agree), but the one silver lining is that the men themselves are beginning to wake up and are coming to the I. B. E. W., and, as I have already said, efforts are now being made to bring their rates up and get holidays granted to them with pay.

This week the Dominion of Canada will celebrate its diamond jubilee, and from all indications prosperity is near at hand for many of its provinces.

Other locals, please follow suit and let us know your rates and working conditions.

Olive oil. H. M. NEVISON.

L. U. NO. 494, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Editor:

Greetings, electrical workers! 'Tis a tough job, this. You get the razzberry from one gang for getting your articles in the WORKER and then you get the razzberry from the other gang for not getting the article in. We will have to draw the line between the two, however, and try to satisfy the majority, for in the end it is the majority that is boss.

Someone says to write about this and someone else suggests something different. In fact, a press secretary ought to write on most any other subject but that which he originally intends to write on. Well, it's all right with me; so here is the dope on Milwaukee.

Conditions in Milwaukee have materially improved during the month of May. Our men are all working now and I expect we will continue on that way during the remainder of the year. Weather conditions have been adverse up to June 1. Not even good for fishing.

Fishing reminds me. I ought to take advantage of this space to advertise the state of Wisconsin a bit. Wonderful fishing, beautiful lakes and waterfalls. The dells of the Wisconsin River alone are worth anybody's time to see. You will also find the best highways on the western hemisphere here, too.

Let me remind you, Brothers, that if your itinerary includes Milwaukee, which it should, don't forget to drop in at 296 West Water Street. There you will find our office and headquarters. Drop in anytime between 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. You will always find some one there. Or drop in any Monday or Thursday evening. We will be delighted to have you pay us a visit.

We now have an organizing committee at work and they have been doing some very

good work. I have been told that they were successful in signing up a half dozen shops. That's fine. Let the good work go on.

Had a nice little party on the opening night at our present location on the first Thursday in May. Also put on a dance just recently at which everybody present reported having a good time. Sorry we missed out on it.

Having exhausted our supply of suggestions concerning a proper article for the WORKER we feel that the program should be brought to a close and the station should sign off.

JACOB SCHMIDT.

L. U. NO. 527, GALVESTON, TEXAS

Editor:

In my last letter I forgot to mention about the blowout given us by Local No. 716, which was some grand affair. I am sure everybody had a good time and they fared a whole lot better afterwards than the last time, and we did not have to get any of the Brothers out of the coop. We had the honor of having with us Brother Dan Tracy, also the judge of the Houston corporation court, so you see we all had to behave ourselves. We had a regular Dutch lunch, with all the trimmings and it looked like some of the Brothers had not had anything to eat all day the way they went after it. Also most of the Brothers acted like camels; you know what I mean. We wish to extend our sincere thanks and hope that we will have another one before long.

At the present time we are on a strike and are having quite a little trouble trying to make the contractors come across for \$11 per day. They are trying to pull the open shop and have about eight rats working for them, and you just ought to see some of their work. It is a crime the way it is put in. We have had Brother Robbins helping us out, but he had to leave several days ago. We have about 20 contractors and have about 10 or 12 signed up and the way things look it won't be long before the rest come across. When the strike was pulled all but four Brothers came out with us. Will let you all know what we did to them in our next letter, as they are to stand trial next week. Most of our Brothers are working at present and think that everything will be O. K.

We are just getting over the Bathing Girl Revue, which was a grand affair. We had about 200,000 visitors here for the event. I do not think there is anything to beat it any place in the country. I am sending the pictures of the winners so, gang, get out your specks and look them over. The grand prize went to "Miss New York" and we take off our hats to Local No. 261 for sending this good looking lady from your city. (Ed's Note: To date pictures have not arrived.)

We had a new electrical inspector take office several days ago and it is sure going to help us a whole lot. He is an ex-member of our local and he has condemned about seven jobs that the rats did and that is surely going to help us.

R. D. S.

L. U. NO. 567, PORTLAND, MAINE

Editor:

As June, famous for roses, brides, the inauguration of summer and our annual election of officers, made its appearance and having watched several from my exalted office of press secretary, I was prepared to evacuate the office, sing my swan song, introduce my unfortunate successor and sink into the oblivion of ex's. However, as the nominations proceeded through June, I find

myself a candidate and with no manifested opposition expect to elaborate details from No. 567 for another year for the mutual benefit or disgust of those advocates of the JOURNAL who are capable of criticizing the mediocre stuff it is sometimes necessary to chronicle in order to maintain representation in these columns of our ever-improving JOURNAL.

Constant reading of the JOURNAL warns us that as press secretaries, the least we can do is to keep well posted on current events, labor questions, economics, and matters of vital interest; not to elaborate our own private opinions too much, remembering that the rest of the boys in the local have opinions as well, but have not the privilege of airing them so extensively.

President Emery B. Walker, of Local No. 567, has declined the nomination for another term and will be greatly missed from the chair from which vantage point he has successfully skippered our craft through storms and calm, near calamities and over quicksands. Emery's deportment was ever a tribute to the office and his rush order rulings sometimes remarkable. We regret that his reign has terminated and venture to predict that his presence on the floor again will trig many a wheel of opposition. As a partial testimonial the local will probably send him to the Detroit convention.

A tribute from Local No. 567 is hereby extended to four Brothers, charter members all, who on July 1, terminate a career of trust, activity and fraternity—William E. Leach, Carl L. Kimball, George T. Sears and Harold Weston, having been adjudged contractors and actuated by our pledge to International Officer Charles Keaveney, we are cleaning house by regretfully accepting the voluntary withdrawal cards of these Brothers.

Brother James Nicholson, our delegate to the State Branch, A. F. of L. convention at Lewiston, gave us a partial but interesting report of the procedure of the convention, incidentally with no preparation at all. Brother Nicholson became a candidate for the position of secretary of the State Branch, and was defeated by three votes only. Brother Nicholson is a young man imbued with the spirit of progress, education, economics, labor and politics and if he maintains his present interest will later be prominent in some capacity bigger than the jurisdiction of Local No. 567.

For the first time in six years Brother A. F. Eagles, as president of the State Branch, hauled his hat out of the convention ring in second best condition and was forced to admit defeat in a spirited contest, being in the minority by only two votes, but both being bitter pills for Al to swallow.

In my last letter I unintentionally omitted Brother Fred Wade's name as a member of the welfare committee. Brother Wade is not deserving of any negligence, as he has always been one of our hardest fighters for what he believes is right and he is endowed with ideas that he is in no way hesitant to express.

For the benefit of any Brothers who may be interested in the development of our co-operative welfare committee, we are pleased to advise that it is functioning orderly and progressively on the basis of its formation. The meetings are well attended and matters that heretofore have bred suspicion and difficulty were threshed out and disposed of satisfactorily and the contractors even resort to the privacy of the meetings as a sort of melting pot to dispose of their own difficulties.

Immediately on receipt of the JOURNAL each month Brother Charles A. Smith relig-

iously "business agents" his commanding presence within the portals of the public library and places a copy in the reading room. Officials express themselves as pleased to have them and advised him there is much demand for mechanical journals, labor and reference books.

M. M. McKENNEY.

L. U. NO. 575, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

Editor:

As we look at the calendar we find that it has been eight months since we have written you. Now this won't do, as we are not the bunch to keep silent. Anyone doubting this statement just take a look at our scale and working conditions, and you all know that you don't get good conditions by keeping still. It takes a grand old fight. As last winter came along we found our work falling off, as it always does at that time of the year, and just when about half of the boys were idle along came a fine big shoe factory job, which kept all the boys busy all winter. The job was finished just lately. If only every winter would find a large job coming on.

On February 5, we all got together and had a large banquet and, boy, what a time we had, and oh, what a feed! Several interesting talks were made and Secretary Gordon Freeman gave a brief history of Local No. 575. In it we found that Brother Louis Drennan is the oldest member, having been an active member nearly 20 years and when I say "active" that's what I mean, for Lou has helped bear the brunt of many a hard battle that Local No. 575 has had, to obtain the splendid conditions us younger members are now enjoying. At the close of the program, each member was presented with a fine leather card case. In this town if you are asked for your card and fail to produce, you are subject to a \$2 fine, so our little card cases have become quite useful.

April found two of our apprentices finishing their time—Brothers Billam and Snyder. Snyder, a lad of 19, the next day after he obtained his card, was sent out of town to take charge of a large school house job, which I think speaks quite well for his ability.

Will have to sign off now as the pen is going dry and ink costs too much to buy, when it can be borrowed.

Extending our sympathy and assistance to our Brothers in the great Mississippi flood section and greetings to all.

E. L. MINCH.

L. U. NO. 602, AMARILLO, TEXAS

Editor:

A few lines from the land of the Buffalo. All bad news, of course, but the boys say, tell 'em the truth.

Well, here goes, any way. The Wonder City is just about ready to be buried. The boom is over; the bubble bursted; another oil boom gone like all the rest. This makes the fourth one I have made; so hope it is the last. Our membership is about half what it was three months ago, and still more leaving; so, Brothers, don't head this way.

We are about ready to elect officers again, but our members don't seem to take any interest. Don't know why, but suppose they want to see the same old war horses do all the work. After serving one term as business agent yours truly is ready to let some one else try it awhile. So I am sure, the other two candidates will have a hot race. Here is hoping the best man wins.

Well, Brothers, let's all send delegates to Detroit, and see if the coming convention can't do something to awaken the interest of the members from coast to coast. Things look rotten to me and members are com-

plaining more than ever, so let's do something that will get results after the convention adjourns. Don't think for a minute that I want to be a crepe hanger, but the facts must be faced. We must organize the non-union worker and do it as soon as possible to save the day for organized labor. Let's build up organizing funds in our local unions and not depend so much on international organizers, for we all know that the individual members can do more than all the organizers combined, if we would only try. I don't believe the International Office would object to this scheme and it would eventually eliminate a lot of expense.

J. W. CUMMINGS,
Business Agent.

L. U. NO. 627, LORAIN, OHIO

Editor:

Our 1927 agreement is now in effect; no trouble, every one is satisfied. So that's that for one more year. The scale is \$1.25 per hour, 44 hours a week, time and one-half from 4:30 p. m. to 9 p. m.; double time from 9 p. m. to 7 a. m.; time and one-half from 7 a. m. to 8 a. m.; double time for all Saturday afternoons, all Sundays and all legal holidays. To be at the city limits at 8 a. m. and at the city limits at 4:30 p. m.; all carfare over 10 cents per day to be paid by employer. One shop owner from each shop is allowed to work with his tools, but must at all times work with a journeyman. This is just a synopsis, the rest is pertaining to tools and other minor and major clauses that appear on most all agreements.

Read Brother Creamer's letter and wonder where we would be today if the organizers of twenty years ago had thought along the same lines that he does. Brother Creamer speaks of \$14 a day as if we all made that as a yearly average, but there are not over one-fifth of the men in the entire Brotherhood that make every day in the year. In this local there are only two men who have made all time for 1926. It would be better to say that we make about \$5 a day, if that much. I think we earn all we can get and if this local could get \$2 an hour we would get it and feel certain we earn it.

We have a new city electrical code and it is an improvement over the old one. The electrical inspector is a member of this local. I said inspector, but I should have said the assistant superintendent of police and fire alarm telegraph, of the city of Lorain, Ohio. How's that, Brother Tucker?

The rest of the gang are in fine shape and attendance at meetings is getting better. Preparing for a picnic. We are going to have a smoker with all the trimmings at the next building trades meetings.

H. ODLE.

L. U. NO. 684, MODESTO, CALIF.

Editor:

At a regular meeting held on June 15, the following officers were elected: President, N. A. Lambert; vice president, O. S. Pane; recording secretary, H. M. Moore; financial secretary, John M. Kyes; treasurer, O. S. Pane; first inspector, H. C. Moore; second inspector, M. Clark; foreman, C. V. Hunter; trustees: three-year term, C. E. Frost; two-year term, E. A. Taggard; one-year term, Geo. R. Nation.

Our financial secretary, John M. Kyes, will represent us at the convention.

H. M. MOORE.

THIS BUTTON IN YOUR LAPEL



proudly announces membership in the I. B. E. W. A handsome bit of jewelry, in gold and enamel. Solid gold, medium size.

\$1

L. U. NO. 695, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Editor:

Well, Brothers, this won't amount to much, but I hope to have some good news next month concerning our new contract.

There is not much excitement here right now. Everyone is working and we have had no serious accidents, for which we are mighty thankful.

We still have Brother "Bill" Goodman on the sick list. We hope he will be with us again soon. We know it must be nice on the farm, but we need him in our business.

This local is shy of another good man, Brother O. R. Williams. He has retired as a lineman and is now in Kansas.

Brothers, while taking your vacation this summer stop at Junction City and motor to the tourist camp. It's one of the best little camps in Kansas. Everything you want; if you can't find it, call for the manager and behold our retired linesman, Brother Ollie Williams. Maybe you don't think he has earned his rest. We'll say he has! Well done, good and faithful servant!

Say, boys, our seats are all filled at local meetings now. How come?

RAY EGGERS.

L. U. NO. 704, DUBUQUE, IOWA

Editor:

A few issues back Local No. 704 had an article in the WORKER in which I mentioned our difficulties here in Dubuque. We had intended having another article in before this, but have been so busy taking care of things in connection with the before-mentioned difficulties that I haven't had the time.

Brothers, we have eliminated about 70 per cent of the curbstoners in Dubuque since you last heard from us, and are still going strong on the remaining 30 per cent and getting results every day.

We are also making progress in our other difficulties. It is surprising what can be done when everyone puts his shoulder to the wheel. We have one trouble here that is hard to remedy, however, and that is lack of work. Things haven't been as slack for quite a while as they are at the present

THE NATIONAL HANDBOOK FOR WIREMAN



POCKET SIZE
300 PICTURES
32 WIRING TABLES
68 PAGES OF RULES

The Handbook's 255 pages contain all the "dope" a Wireman needs on the job.

It is Union Made. The Author is a member of Local Union No. 83, I. B. E. W. Your copy will be sent postpaid for \$3.00—or order one sent C. O. D. and pay the postman when it arrives.

ROLLIN SMITH ENG. CO.,

515—O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Calif.

writing. However, there are prospects which we hope will materialize.

Brothers, this local is getting to be a band of inventors. We have another inventor in our midst now, and, boys, his idea is a wonder. I am not privileged as yet to mention what it is, as he has not received his patent to date. However, he is expecting it and possibly I will be able to tell you all about it in our next article.

In regards to the other inventor, no doubt those of you who read our last article have been patiently waiting to hear about Brother Dirksen's invention, which I told you would be advertised in the *WORKER* following our last article. Brother Dirksen tells me it will appear in this issue, having been delayed waiting for his cuts. Turn the pages and look for it. It will be well worth your while; having had a pair of these tester pliers for some time, I know.

Have you ever been out on trouble jobs on appliances with nothing to test with, and not knowing whether the trouble was in your cord or in the appliance, and then you proceeded to put your appliance in series with a lamp and tried to stick a pin or needle through the cord to see if your trouble was there before tearing down the appliance, and in testing series Christmas tree and decorative lights you have done the same things? Now your troubles are over as far as testing is concerned. All that's necessary is to squeeze the cord with Brother Dirksen's patent test pliers and you can find your trouble in a hurry, if it is in the cord, and if not, you know positively that your cord is O. K., for they never miss. I know, because I am the proud possessor of a pair. And for Christmas tree lights they can't be beat. Brothers, order today; you'll never regret it. I'll try to get the details of our other genius' invention in our next article.

In conclusion, I wish to thank Brother Smith, from the grand office, for his kind letter in regards to our last article. Brother Smith is all to the merrily, as you will find should you be so fortunate as to have him to straighten our any of your difficulties.

G. Z.

L. U. NO. 723, FT. WAYNE, IND.

Editor:

The fishing season is on again in full blast and it is a hard proposition to find a couple of linemen on a Sunday in case of a storm or a breakdown, for the Saturday noon whistle is hardly out of steam when a regular parade is started for the lakes.

Brothers George Morrow and Walter Moser were returning from one of these week-end trips with a good mess of bass and blue gills when a lady driver in a Buick popped out onto the road. George was driving and to keep from scattering the Buick to the four winds, he took the ditch and upset. George was only slightly injured but Walt was laid up for several weeks.

So far, the champion fisherman's belt goes to Jack Loraine and Jake Madden. They had pretty good luck but Brother Loraine lost one that must have been a dandy. He said it was a pike for he used a minnow as long as his hand. Jack said it dragged the boat for 150 feet with both anchors dragging then gave a flop and away it went for deep water.

Bang, bang, bang, and a couple of hurrahs. Fourth of July has been here and gone and summer is well on the decline, but the Fourth of July now-a-days is not like it used to be. We'd go down and get a Happy Hooligan salute and place it under the town marshal's chair while he was asleep and then go to the "Little Red Inn" around the corner and "hist" a couple of cold ones, six for a quarter; those were the good old days, but now we

pack ma and the kids with a lot of grub in the old Lizzie and high ball for some lake or distant river and come home late in the evening all in.

It has been several years now that Ft. Wayne has had Automatic Telephone Service but it seems some of the Brothers have a hard time getting their party. Either the telephone is on the bum or they follow the instructions backwards.

"Am dis de city light man dat owns de bright green trim in yaller Vellie?" came a call over the telephone. "Yes," came the answer. "Well, what would ya take fo' your cah, cash?" "Oh! H—" shouted Speed Lotz as he slammed up the receiver. It had been the 'steenth call that evening. It had been told to a colored man in fun, that Speed's car was for sale, and the news spread like wildfire through the colored district. Speed parted company with his "cucumber" and is now the proud possessor of a 37 Buick Master Six. "No more loud painted cars for me," said Speed. Brother Jimmie McDonald has been having tough luck lately raising his high class police dogs. Some one poisoned several pups for him, then shot the mother of the litter. "Do a little Sherlock Holmes' work, Jimmie."

Shorty Bickel is having some opposition in the "Better Yards Contest." Harry Sutton has his yard plumbful of flowers and shrubs and is giving Shorty a run for first place.

The annual election of officers for the ensuing year took place as per schedule, the following being victorious: Harry Pickett, president; Henry J. Wright, vice president; Anthony J. Offerle, recording secretary; Ray Drewitt, first inspector; treasurer, Sam E. Evans; financial secretary, Erwin E. Stout; Warren Firestine, foreman; second inspector, Sutton; trustee for three years, Harry Pickett.

ANTHONY J. OFFERLE.

L. U. NO. 728, FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

Editor:

Time is getting pretty short but I will try to let the Brothers know that Local No. 728 is still here even though things are slow. We have some work coming on so we are not very worried. Brother Jim Gilbert says if the boys don't quit checking out he will have to order traveling cards by the bale. Well, we had an election this month but we didn't make many changes. Brother Glen Dowell was elected president. We have had so many presidents since Brother Howard Chambers left that we could hardly keep track of them, but hope Brother Dowell will stay put. Brother Siler is vice president, Brother Cooper, recording secretary, and the rest are the same as ever. The *WORKER* came so late that I haven't had time to look it over much. I generally like to go from cover to cover and clean it as I go. I hope if any of the old Brothers see this they will enjoy the thoughts they have of old 728 and while I think about it Brother Gilbert wants to see all of the local's delegates at Detroit. He says that anybody that would miss a convention at Detroit sure don't know their stuff, and some of you Brothers at Detroit that used to buddy with Jim had better look out for he is wild and woolly now and sure has an earful for all of you.

Well, I took time out to read the *WORKER* before I signed off and I see that 136 is going to have an election and if horn blowing gets you anywhere, Birmingham sure is going to have a siren for a B. A. We also vote along with Elmira to give Bachie special correspondence commission. We think Brother Creamer of 223 had a bad dream. He ought to take something for that.

The overtime boys from D. C. are in town over the week and have most of our gas

stations shut down. Seems like their stuff wasn't giving enough miles per pint, but we think they will probably be pumping nightmare and headaches by the Fourth. Well, I'll shut off the blower and do a fade out until next time.

EARLE L. WARREN.

L. U. NO. 734, NORFOLK, VA.

Editor:

After an absence of several months I am again back in the columns of our fine *JOURNAL* (thanks to our Editor). Well, Brothers, I have no excuses to make for my neglect as a correspondence secretary, at least none that I can very readily give in these columns, anyway I believe that 98 per cent of excuses are half lies, so what is the use of telling them when you don't have to? I tell on an average of ten thousand a month as it is and one or two more or less I don't think would cause me to burn any faster in that supposed to be bottomless pit of fire that so many millions of us are trying to avoid in the next life, but even at that I won't tell another one in this case.

Well, let's see, my last article was so long ago that it is hard for me to remember if I left anything unfinished in it. "Oh," yes, I remember, I was writing about that great trip that some of us took to Cuba on the U. S. S. Texas. Now there is not much use to finish it up in the detailed manner I started it, sufficient to say outside of one in the gang I think we all had a rousing good time; and the susceptibility of his stomach to various motions that were undergone by his body, caused in turn by the motion of the ship, which in turn was caused by the naughty waves, did the mischief.

We arrived in Guantanamo City after a very uneventful trip except for one little incident, the magnificent display of sleight of hand work by the driver of the train in causing the disappearance of a half a pint of embalming fluid owned by Joseph Phipps, which in that land of plenty meant nothing to our young lives, so that's that.

When we arrived at the station, we were immediately the center of attention of a large group of little brown-skinned "gutter snipes," which hung on to our flanks and harassed us the whole way to the business section of the city. Well, after a very toilsome and muddy trip we arrived at the portals of the Venus Hotel, one of the many in the (there are two) town.

Now, Brothers, you have heard of that old proverb, "the blind leading the blind" well it was certainly so in our case when we got up to the desk to register, but after a lot of sign work we finally made him understand that we wanted rooms for the night, so after that was settled we then proceeded to look after the "inner man" and that dear readers was ludicrous as the bill-of-fare was in Spanish, but even there American ingenuity rose and met the crisis and we all left the table with stomachs full of beefsteak, fried potatoes and black coffee, and oh that coffee, there was one member of our party, a little bit of a fellow, we all know him well, that drank, I think, seventeen cups of it and then lamented the fact that he couldn't get it in the States. For my part he was welcome to it.

Well, I will ring off for this time hoping that this finds all the old and steady readers of our great magazine in the best of health and happiness.

We lost one of our members last week. He passed into the Great Beyond, that unknown vastness into which we all have to some day wander; that place where some promise us happiness, some punishment,

and still some nothingness. Here's the hope of us all of Local No. 734, that peace and contentment be the share of the departed Brother everlastingly.

J. N. EDMONSTON.

L. U. NO. 1002, TULSA, OKLA.

Editor:

Well, here we are again in the good old summer time—vacation time—and I sure would like to be up in the cool Black Hills with Cal. A fine place to spend your vacation. Any old boy in the sunny south would enjoy the month of July in the Black Hills of South Dakota. If I owned a farm in Oklahoma, as Will Rogers does, I would ask Cal to spend a month with me on it, and if I had the line of gab Will has I would probably ask Cal to make the White House a permanent affair on my ranch.

I am almost afraid to say our linemen are most all working; some wireman would come in and get himself a ladder and try to catch a day before we caught him.

Our sick Brothers are improving. Brother Ted Wright has been released from the hospital. Brother "Whity" King is getting along fine. Everything seems to be getting along fine with fair attendance at meetings, and all trying to help the Brothers. You know we do not get along very well if some one does not give us a lift once in a while. Occasionally we hear a fellow say he is looking out for himself and let everybody else go to "he don't know where," and nobody ever did anything for him. We usually see that fellow taking his meals at "the Hotel De Hamburg," for after a fellow has soured on this old, cold, pig iron world nobody wants to live with him, or give him anything. So when we all think of tomorrow and the fellow who is following up with the leg irons and nippers, tip a few stones out of his path, when you have satisfied yourself that he won't tip any stones for himself, try to give him as much as he deserves. This planet is just a stopping place for us to get acquainted with a few souls; we meet and part; we like and dislike; so the best we can make of life is not too good for the most of us; while the most of us may have some bad points we all have some good hidden away in us somewhere. But don't try to live for 5 o'clock and payday only, for the sun has not half exhausted its candle power.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but Jehovah delivereth him out of them all. Psalm 34:19.

O. L. WOODHALL.

L. U. NO. 1099, OIL CITY, PA.

Editor:

Statistics, which is more or less a high-brow word for "figgers," tell us that if you deposit a sum of money in the bank at compound interest, and leave it there long enough, it will double itself. This is a very easy way to make money, if you have much to put in and live long enough. The interest does it.

The same thing applies to membership in any union, only each member has to personally furnish the interest. So let it be with unionism. The average man, instead of taking an interest in his local, is content to join, pay his dues, and if nothing else interferes, attend meetings twice or three times a year. If you deposited \$50 in a bank and the bankers used the same system, the fifty would soon be gone and they would swear you owed them money.

I consider my initiation fee an investment, and I know that if I take the proper interest

it won't take any twenty years for it to double. Conditions here, and I suppose most everywhere else in regards to the working-man, are a direct result of lack of interest of the very workingman unionism should benefit.

I will tell you of conditions of the past, and as they are going to be in the future around Oil City, but first I will air my views on unionism.

I believe in every workman a member, a fair shake for everyone, and the use of a little judgment in arguments over petty disputes among the different crafts of the building trades. Personally, if a brother craftsman beats me out of an hour or so of labor, I don't kick as long as he is "right." We are joined together and affiliated with the different crafts to promote the cause of our fellow workman, and as long as he is a member, why kick?

Well, as I was saying, Oil City used to have an I. B. E. W. membership of almost a hundred, a central labor and a building trades council with a business agent, and everything was "sitting pretty." Somehow or other petty disputes arose, this fellow was so-and-so, and another one was this-and-that, until at last everything was at a standstill. The building trades council gave up the ghost, the C. L. U. was on its last legs, and things were getting tough. Finally, some bright soul had the idea of a free banquet. That brought out the boys and sort of revived things. Brother Duffy, from Washington, was present and gave a first-class talk. Can say in passing, that if any local is afflicted with "interestitis," call on Dr. Duffy; he can cure 'em.

I was a delegate to the C. L. U., and there, as most everywhere else, things were stationary. After Mr. Duffy's talk, it was decided to get the C. L. U. on a more workmanlike basis, and from the impetus derived at the banquet it won't be long until things are humming again.

Some of the things which we are going to take an active interest in are the different phases of city government and seeing that this town is a 100 per cent card town. This seems like a large order, particularly the last, but in order to safeguard the investment I mentioned previously, we're sure going to try.

This local ratified the constitution and by-laws of the state association. The next meeting will be held soon, the date to be decided later.

You know, I was so pleased to see my letter in the JOURNAL that I carry my copy in my pocket and when I see a fellow coming who hasn't read it, I read it out loud to him, if he has the time; most of the "sons of guns" are busy, though.

Regards to all of the bunch. OGGIE.

L. U. NO. 1154, SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Editor:

At this time I will relate some of the happenings of Local No. 1154. We are marching to the beat of the drum, keeping up with work in Santa Monica Bay District to a very reasonable extent. We have a prize-fight pavilion in the shadows of the temple's threshold, which hold their weekly bouts on our meeting night, and it seems that some of the Brothers forget the principles of the meetings. Remember, Brothers, united we stand, as a body of power and act of accomplishments we reap the benefits of what we sow and it is up to the Brothers to cling together and sow that mighty seed. Remember when you are out of employment the Hall of Punch can not give you a job or will they pass you in if you haven't the buck. Admission to the No. 1154 fight

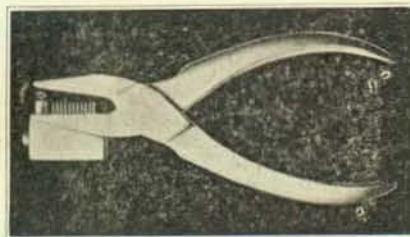
is free. If you don't believe it, come and see Joe and Sam, from the Queer-Elect, do the heavy bouncing act. So you had better cater to the hand that feeds you. Brother Glascock is calling the roll every week and Brother Strickland wields a mean right with the gavel, while Brother Lappen happens along with a black-jack deck up his sleeve, and Brother Harrison has the sevens and eevens in his pocket, which furnishes the recreation for those the "Triflers of the Gods of Chance." Brother Speed, being a little more dignified, tells the gang where to get off at once in a while. By the way, our financial and recording secretaries now have a new office, one with a handle on.

There is a problem that has always puzzled the writer of this column, a great many times, that has been practiced by some of the largest corporations and companies in the United States of the present day. I have seen it happen in many cases and it seems to have a touching effect, after one realizes that a man has followed his craft honestly and diligently for a long period of his best years, lived in a simple and moderate way, doing his bit in all respects for the sake of humanity, brought children into this world, educated, fed, clothed and protected them by the sweat of his honest brow and sturdy hand and always lived up to the laws of man and God, placed his all at the hands of the moneyed barons and at the

HERE YOU ARE BROTHERS

A TOOL especially for testing and locating broken places in insulated electric wiring.

NO MORE time wasted taking complicated switches and appliances apart as PLIERS tells you instantly where current is.



TIME SAVED ON FIRST JOB PAYS FOR PLIERS

Particularly adapted for the testing of electric light sets used in Xmas tree decorating to locate broken places in the wires and determine whether or not the electric bulbs are in good condition; it will perform this function without damaging the insulation around the electric wires or leaving the same marred in any way; it can be used without danger of the operator receiving an electric shock. Needles can be renewed.

Can furnish you with two light series plug, if desired.

Pliers Postpaid, \$1.00
Series Plug..... .35

DIRKSEN & CO.

1273 Curtis St.

Dubuque,

Iowa

end of it all his efforts, his honesty, his better life of toil, are gone for naught. Is he not entitled to something for himself and humble wife in the last and final days of their career? Picture a grand gray-haired old man with wrinkles of honesty, of hard and untiring toil, who has sat at the throttle of his locomotive guarding the lives of hundreds of souls to their safe destination, has toiled on through his old and failing years to what he expects and is promised his pension honors, and then is deprived of it all. What is left for him? He is broken in health and spirit, the goal he strived for was never reached.

I know of one of the largest corporations in the United States operating in our jurisdiction that has the pension system and just enough of the old-timers get pensioned to keep the bait fresh, but the majority get fired in the twenty-fourth year for some groundless cause. One of the largest oil refineries in the world operates within our midst and there were three men dismissed that were eligible for a pension in less than a year's time and it stands to reason that a man who has given twenty-four years of faithful and satisfactory service will give his best efforts to complete the last lap of that race with flying colors. Still there is a clause or a charge framed up against him and out he goes. The different states have what is known as labor laws and labor commissions and it seems that it would be a wise policy for our state labor commissions to put forth and enact laws that would prevent all companies and corporations from using such crude and unjust tactics where the defendant would be eligible to a fair trial before a court of honor to dig into records and make said corporations show facts that would justify them in using such rash tactics. 'Tis unfair and many an old soul has been left with nothing to go on for the remainder of his old age. Seems like after his days of toil are done he should linger to his final in peace and happiness. Visit our county poor farms and you will hear many a tale of just what I have said. After a man has done his best he is forced on the taxpayers. Think it over.

O. B. THOMAS.

Volcano is Restless

That the only active volcano within the continental United States is by no means dead but merely in a none-too-restful sleep is suggested by Mr. R. H. Finch, volcanologist in charge of the observatory which the United States Geological Survey now maintains on the slopes of this volcano, Lassen Peak in northern California. In recent communications to the volcano letter addressed to members of the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association, Mr. Finch reports fifty-two separate earthquake shocks during five days, between March 10 and March 14. There were other shocks about two weeks earlier. The mountain seems to suffer attacks of shivers, Mr. Finch reports, at intervals of about two months. A characteristic of the Lassen earthquakes is that most of them are accompanied by loud rumbles from somewhere inside the peak. Like the majority of earthquakes produced by volcanic action, the shocks do not usually extend far from the base of the mountain, although some of the recent ones were felt in nearby towns. Although the experts do not expect that Lassen Peak will break out with a seriously destructive eruption it is by no means impossible that activity of moderate violence will occur; probably to yield valuable information to volcanic science, thanks to the continual watch of the volcano now being kept by Mr. Finch.

Mystery of Headache

Although headache is perhaps the most familiar kind of pain, the physiologists have never been able to explain exactly what causes it. It can be traced frequently to indigestion or to germ disease or to some other general disturbance of the body, but the exact way in which these disturbances operate to produce a pain which seems to be located inside the skull has been a mystery. An important suggestion about this cause has been communicated to the American Medical Association by Drs. C. D. Leake and A. S. Loevenhart, of the University of Wisconsin, and by Dr. C. W. Muehlberger, of the city of Madison, in which that university is located. These investigators experimented with headaches and other bodily changes produced, both in men and animals, by the drug named glyceryl trinitrate, contained in the familiar explosive nitroglycerine. This drug seems to cause headache, they report, by increasing the amount of blood sent to the brain and thus by dilating the arteries inside the skull. It may be, they suggest, that many headaches are produced in a similar manner. The coatings of the arteries of the body are not mere inert tubes, but consist of living matter which is supplied with nerves. Changes in the size of these blood-filled living tubes might stretch or compress them, the Madison investigators point out, thus disturbing the nerves associated with the arterial tubes and perhaps causing pain.

Disastrous For Telephone Wires

Another animal danger to telephone lines has been added to the California beetles which bore holes in the leaden sheaths of the cables, presumably looking for food inside, and to the tropical monkeys who break the glass insulators and carry off the wire for some purpose best known to themselves. From Midland, Texas, news comes to the telephone journal, "Telephony," of Chicago, that the ravens living in that locality have taken to sitting on telephone wires in such numbers that the metal is broken and the wires pulled to the ground. No doubt the ravens are as surprised by the sudden collapse of their convenient roost as are the human users of the wire, but the latter suffer the greater damage. Watchman are said to have been stationed along the lines at night with shotguns, in an effort to dispossess the feathered lodgers. It is proposed to put poisoned grain in boxes at the tops of the poles, in the hope that a fatal meal before bedtime will leave less birds to roost again another night.

Lightning As Power Waste

The enormous amount of power that goes to waste continually in the form of lightning was emphasized recently by Professor C. T. R. Wilson of Cambridge University in an address before the Royal Institution, in London. The average number of thunderstorms going on continually in some part of the earth is estimated by Professor Wilson as 2,000, an increase of some ten per cent over previous estimates. A single lightning-flash represents, Professor Wilson computes, an average of about 30,000 kilowatt-hours of electric power; worth over two thousand dollars of usual American prices for electricity and constituting enough electricity to light the ordinary dwelling house for over forty years. On a reasonable estimate of the number of lightning flashes in the average thunderstorm, the earth is wasting continually in these

useless and even dangerous flashes the enormous total of nearly four billion kilowatts or over five billion horse-power; nearly a thousand times more power than all the electric power now generated in the world. Scientists have known for some years that a continual electric voltage exists in the earth's atmosphere, amounting to thirty or forty volts for each foot of height above the ground. This atmospheric electricity has some importance in radio but no plan has ever been devised for collecting it or utilizing it. Professor Wilson believes that this atmospheric electric force may be caused by the numerous and powerful lightning flashes which his statistics indicate.

Ghosts in Television

The process of television recently developed by the engineers of the Bell Telephone Laboratories has supplied a new proof that the upper levels of the air are highly electrified. The process works by radio as well as by telephone wire. As the experiments continue radio images are being transmitted continually between the experimental radio station at Whippany, N. J., and the laboratory in New York City. It is found that many of these radio images are double, a second ghostly picture of the person whose face is seen being visible beside the main image. If the engineers in charge believed in the occult they might have been frightened by this apparent evidence of psychic influence. Much slighter appearances have led to ideas of spirits and auras and other mysteries. But the engineers have found a simpler explanation. It is that the radio waves traverse two paths between the transmitter and the receiver. One path is a direct one, like the beam of a searchlight. The other path is upward to the highly electrified layer in the air, fifty or sixty miles above the ground, and thence downward again to the receiver. The electrified layer acts like a mirror and reflects the radio waves back to the earth. The ghostly images on the television screen are really mirages, like those which travellers sometimes see in the desert or on the ocean.

Lots of people seem to think union working rules are made just for annoying other folks, but they are mistaken, like the man who related this experience to the Toledo Union Leader. He was living in an old property that boasted about an acre of lawn, of course a tremendous job to keep in shape and he hired it done whenever he could.

"Well, a down-and-outer came by," he says. "I gave him the job of mowing and trimming that lawn. I was to pay him by the hour. I noticed that every half hour or so he sat down in the shade for a long rest. At that rate I figured it would be a costly job, so I spoke to the man about it. His reply was that of a genius.

"He said he was a member of the Brewery Workers' union, and that under the union's rules he had to take a layoff and drink every half hour.

"But you are not working at the trade," I protested.

"No, but I'm still a member of the union," he declared.

"He won, but it took me a long time to get my viewpoint on organized labor on straight. I didn't have brains enough to know the fellow was an imposter."



BROTHERHOOD CUFF BUTTONS

Are good looking and serviceable. Beautifully enameled. In solid gold, per pair, **\$3.75**

In rolled gold, per pair, **\$1.50**

THE OCTOPUS

(Continued from page 359)

"Well, think about it now," insisted Annixter.

"But I never thought about liking anybody particularly," she observed. "It's because I like everybody, don't you see?"

"Well, you've got to like some people more than other people," hazarded Annixter, "and I want to be one of those 'some people,' savvy? Good Lord, I don't know how to say these fool things. I talk like a galoot when I get talking to feemale girls and I can't lay my tongue to anything that sounds right. It isn't my nature. And look here, I lied when I said I liked to have people like me—to be popular. Rot! I don't care a curse about people's opinions of me. But there's a few people that are more to me than most others—that chap Presley, for instance—and those people I do want to have like me. What they think counts. Pshaw! I know I've got enemies; piles of them. I could name you half a dozen men right now that are naturally itching to take a shot at me. How about this ranch? Don't I know, can't I hear the men growling oaths under their breath after I've gone by? And in business ways, too," he went on, speaking half to himself, "in Bonneville and all over the county there's not a man of them wouldn't howl for joy if they got a chance to down Buck Annixter. Think I care? Why, I like it. I run my ranch to suit myself and I play my game my own way. I'm a 'driver,' I know it, and a 'bully,' too. Oh, I know what they call me—a brute beast, with a twist in my temper that would rile up a new-born lamb, and I'm 'crusty' and 'pig-headed' and 'obstinate'. They say all that, but they've got to say, too, that I'm cleverer than any man-jack in the running. There's nobody can get ahead of me." His eyes snapped. "Let 'em grind their teeth. They can't 'down' me. When I shut my fist there's not one of them can open it. No, not with a *chisel*." He turned to Hilma again. "Well, when a man's hated as much as that, it stands to reason, don't it, Miss Hilma, that the few friends he has got he wants to keep? I'm not such an entire swine to the people that know me best—that jackass, Presley, for instance. I'd put my hand in the fire to do him a real service. Sometimes I get kind of lonesome; wonder if you would understand? It's my fault, but there's not a horse about the place that don't lay his ears back when I get on him; there's not a dog don't put his tail between his legs as soon as I come near him. The cayuse isn't foaled yet here on Quien Sabe that can throw me, nor the dog whelped that would dare show his teeth at me. I kick that Irish setter every time I see him—but wonder what I'd do, though, if he didn't slink so much, if he wagged his tail and was glad to see me? So it all comes to this: I'd like to have you—well, sort of feel that I was a good friend of yours and like me because of it."

The flame in the lamp on the wall in front of Hilma stretched upward tall and thin and began to smoke. She went over to where the lamp hung and, standing on tip-toe, lowered the wick. As she reached her hand up, Annixter noted how the sombre, lurid red of the lamp made a warm reflection on her smooth, round arm.

"Do you understand?" he queried.

"Yes, why, yes," she answered, turning around. "It's very good of you to want to be a friend of mine. I didn't think so, though, when you tried to kiss me. But maybe it's all right since you've explained things. You see I'm different from you. I like everybody to like me and I like to like everybody. It makes one so much happier. You wouldn't believe it, but you ought to try it, sir, just to see. It's so good to be

good to people and to have people good to you. And everybody has always been so good to me. Mamma and papa, of course, and Billy, the stableman, and Montalegre, the Portugee foreman, and the Chinese cook, even, and Mr. Delaney—only he went away—and Mrs. Vacca and her little—"

"Delaney, hey?" demanded Annixter abruptly. "You and he were pretty good friends, were you?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "He was just as good to me. Every day in the summer time he used to ride over to the Seed ranch back of the Mission and bring me a great armful of flowers, the prettiest things, and I used to pretend to pay him for them with dollars made of cheese that I cut out of the cheese with a biscuit cutter. It was such fun. We were the best of friends."

"There's another lamp smoking," growled Annixter. "Turn it down, will you?—and see that somebody sweeps this floor here. It's all littered up with pine needles. I've got a lot to do. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir."

Annixter returned to the ranch house, his teeth clenched, enraged, his face flushed.

"Ah," he muttered, "Delaney, hey? Throwing it up to me that I fired him." His teeth gripped together more fiercely than ever. "The best of friends, hey? By God, I'll have that girl yet. I'll show that cow-puncher. Ain't I her employer, her boss? I'll show her—and Delaney, too. It would be easy enough—and then Delaney can have her—if he wants her—after me."

An evil light flashing from under his scowl, spread over his face. The male instincts of possession, unreasoned, treacherous, oblique, came twisting to the surface. All the lower nature of the man, ignorant of women, racked at one and the same time with enmity and desire, roused itself like a hideous and abominable beast. And at the same moment, Hilma returned to her house, humming to herself as she walked, her white dress glowing with a shimmer of faint saffron light in the last ray of the after-glow.

A little after half-past seven, the first carry-all, bearing the druggist of Bonneville and his women-folk, arrived in front of the new barn. Immediately afterward an express wagon loaded down with a swarming family of Spanish-Mexicans, gorgeous in red and yellow colours, followed. Billy, the stableman, and his assistant took charge of the teams, unchecking the horses and hitching them to a fence back of the barn. Then Caraher, the saloon-keeper, in "derby" hat, "Prince Albert" coat, pointed yellow shoes and inevitable red necktie, drove into the yard on his buckboard, the delayed box of lemons under the seat. It looked as if the whole array of invited guests was to arrive in one unbroken procession, but for a long half-hour nobody else appeared. Annixter and Caraher withdrew to the harness room and promptly involved themselves in a wrangle as to the make-up of the famous punch. From time to time their voices could be heard uplifted in clamorous argument.

"Two quarts and a half and a cupful of chartreuse."

"Rot, rot, I know better. Champagne straight and a dash of brandy."

The druggist's wife and sister retired to the feed room, where a bureau with a swinging mirror had been placed for the convenience of the women. The druggist stood awkwardly outside the door of the feed room, his coat collar turned up against the draughts that drifted through the barn, his face troubled, debating anxiously as to the propriety of putting on his gloves. The Spanish-Mexican family, a father, mother and five children and sister-in-law, sat rigid on the edges of the hired chairs, silent, constrained, their eyes lowered, their elbows in

at their sides, glancing furtively from under their eyebrows at the decorations or watching with intense absorption young Vacca, son of one of the division superintendents, who wore a checked coat and white thread gloves and who paced up and down the length of the barn, frowning, very important, whittling a wax candle over the floor to make it slippery for dancing.

The musicians arrived, the City Band of Bonneville—Annixter having managed to offend the leader of the "Dirigo" Club orchestra, at the very last moment, to such a point that he had refused his services. These members of the City Band repaired at once to their platform in the corner. At every instant they laughed uproariously among themselves, joshing one of their number, a Frenchman, whom they called "Skeezicks." Their familiarity reverberated in a hollow, metallic roll among the rafters overhead. The druggist observed to young Vacca as he passed by that he thought them pretty fresh, just the same.

"I'm busy, I'm very busy," returned the young man, continuing on his way, still frowning and paring the stump of candle.

"Two quarts 'n' a half. Two quarts 'n' a half."

"Ah, yes, in a way, that's so; and then, again, in a way, it isn't. I know better."

All along one side of the barn were a row of stalls, fourteen of them, clean as yet, redolent of new cut wood, the sawdust still in the cracks of the flooring. Deliberately the druggist went from one to the other, pausing contemplatively before each. He returned down the line and again took up his position by the door of the feed room, nodding his head judicially, as if satisfied. He decided to put on his gloves.

By now it was quite dark. Outside, between the barn and the ranch houses one could see a group of men on step-ladders lighting the festoons of Japanese lanterns. In the darkness, only their faces appeared here and there, high above the ground, seen in a haze of red, strange, grotesque. Gradually as the multitude of lanterns were lit, the light spread. The grass underfoot looked like green excelsior. Another group of men invaded the barn itself, lighting the lamps and lanterns there. Soon the whole place was gleaming with points of light. Young Vacca, who had disappeared, returned with his pockets full of wax candles. He resumed his whittling, refusing to answer any questions, vociferating that he was busy.

Outside there was a sound of hoofs and voices. More guests had arrived. The druggist, seized with confusion, terrified lest he had put on his gloves too soon, thrust his hands into his pockets. It was Cutter, Magnus Derrick's division superintendent, who came, bringing his wife and her two girl cousins. They had come fifteen miles by the trail from the far distant division house on "Four" of Los Muertos and had ridden on horseback instead of driving. Mrs. Cutter could be heard declaring that she was nearly dead and felt more like going to bed than dancing. The two girl cousins, in dresses of dotted Swiss over blue sateen, were doing their utmost to pacify her. She could be heard protesting from moment to moment. One distinguished the phrases "straight to my bed," "back nearly broken in two," "never wanted to come in the first place." The druggist, observing Cutter take a pair of gloves from Mrs. Cutter's reticule, drew his hands from his pockets.

But abruptly there was an interruption. In the musicians' corner a scuffle broke out. A chair was overturned. There was a noise of imprecations mingled with shouts of derision. Skeezicks, the Frenchman, had turned upon the joshers.

"Ah, no," he was heard to exclaim, "at the end of the end it is too much. Kind of a bad canary—we will go to see about that. Aha, let him close up his face before I demolish it with a good stroke of the fist."

The men who were lighting the lanterns were obliged to intervene before he could be placated.

Hooven and his wife and daughters arrived. Minna was carrying little Hilda, already asleep, in her arms. Minna looked very pretty, striking even, with her black hair pale face, very red lips and greenish-blue eyes. She was dressed in what had been Mrs. Hooven's wedding gown, a cheap affair of "farmer's satin." Mrs. Hooven had pendent earrings of imitation jet in her ears. Hooven was wearing an old frock coat of Magnus Derrick's, the sleeves too long, the shoulders absurdly too wide. He and Cutter at once entered into an excited conversation as to the ownership of a certain steer.

"Why, the brand—"

"Ach, Gott, der brendt," Hooven clasped his head, "ach, der brendt, dot maks me laugh some laughs. Dot's goot—der brendt—doand I see um—shoor der boole mit der black star bei der vore-head in der middle oaf. Any someones you esk tell you dot is mein boole. You esk any someones. Der brendt? To hell mit der brendt. You aindt got some memorie about does ting I guess nodt."

"Please step aside, gentlemen," said young Vacca, who was still making the rounds of the floor.

Hooven whirled about. "Eh? What den," he exclaimed, still excited, willing to be angry at any one for the moment. "Doand you push soh, you. I tink berhapz you doand own dose barn, hey?"

"I'm busy, I'm very busy." The young man pushed by with grave preoccupation.

"Two quarts 'n a half. Two quarts 'n a half."

"I know better. That's all rot."

But the barn was filling up rapidly. At every moment there was a rattle of a newly arrived vehicle from outside. Guest after guest appeared in the doorway, singly or in couples, or in families, or in garrulous parties of five and six. Now it was Phelps and his mother from Los Muertos, now a foreman from Broderson's with his family, now a gayly appalled clerk from a Bonneville store, solitary and bewildered, looking for a place to put his hat, now a couple of Spanish-Mexican girls from Guadalajara with coquettish effects of black and yellow about their dress, now a group of Osterman's tenants, Portuguese, swarthy, with plastered hair and curled mustaches, redolent of cheap perfumes. Sarria arrived, his smooth, shiny face glistening with perspiration. He wore a new cassock and carried his broad-brimmed hat under his arm. His appearance made quite a stir. He passed from group to group, urbane, affable, shaking hands right and left; he assumed a set smile of amiability which never left his face the whole evening.

But abruptly there was a veritable sensation. From out the little crowd that persistently huddled about the doorway came Osterman. He wore a dress-suit with a white waistcoat and patent leather pumps—what a wonder! A little quail of excitement spread around the barn. One exchanged nudges of the elbow with one's neighbour whispering earnestly behind the hand. What astonishing clothes! Catch on to the coat-tails! It was a masquerade costume, maybe; that goat Osterman was such a joshier, one never could tell what he would do next.

The musicians began to tune up. From their corner came a medley of mellow sounds, the subdued chirps of the violins, the dull bourdon of the bass viol, the liquid gurgling of the flageolet and the deep-toned snarl of the big horn, with now and then a rasping

stridulating of the snare drum. A sense of gayety began to spread throughout the assembly. At every moment the crowd increased. The aroma of new-sawn timber and sawdust began to be mingled with the feminine odour of sachet and flowers. There was a babel of talk in the air—male baritone and soprano chatter—varied by an occasional note of laughter and the swish of stiffly starched petticoats. On the row of chairs that went around three sides of the wall groups began to settle themselves. For a long time the guests huddled close to the doorway; the lower end of the floor was crowded, the upper end deserted; but by degrees the lines of white muslin and pink and blue sateen extended, dotted with the darker figures of men in black suits. The conversation grew louder as the timidity of the early moments wore off. Groups at a distance called back and forth; conversations were carried on at top voice. Once, even a whole party hurried across the floor from one side of the barn to the other.

Annixter emerged from the harness room, his face red with wrangling. He took a position to the right of the door, shaking hands with newcomers, inviting them over and over again to cut loose and whoop it along. Into the ears of his more intimate male acquaintances he dropped a word as to punch and cigars in the harness room later on, winking with vast intelligence.

Ranchers from remoter parts of the country appeared: Garnett, from the Ruby rancho, Keast, from the ranch of the same name, Gethings, of the San Pablo, Chattern, of the Bonanza, and others and still others, a score of them—elderly men, for the most part, bearded, slow of speech, deliberate, dressed in broadcloth. Old Broderson, who entered with his wife on his arm, fell in with this type, and with them came a certain Dabney, of whom nothing but his name was known, a silent old man, who made no friends, whom nobody knew or spoke to, who was seen only upon such occasions as this, coming from no one knew where, going, no one cared to inquire whither.

Between eight and half-past, Magnus Derrick and his family were seen. Magnus's entry caused no little impression. Some said: "There's the Governor," and called their companions' attention to the thin, erect figure, commanding, imposing, dominating all in his immediate neighbourhood. Harran came with him, wearing a cutaway suit of black. He was undeniably handsome, young and fresh looking, his cheeks highly coloured, quite the finest looking of all the younger men; blond, strong, with that certain courtliness of manner that had always made him liked. He took his mother upon his arm and conducted her to a seat by the side of Mrs. Broderson.

Annie Derrick was very pretty that evening. She was dressed in a grey silk gown with a collar of pink velvet. Her light brown hair that yet retained so much of its brightness was transfixed by a high, shell comb, very Spanish. But the look of uneasiness in her large eyes—the eyes of a young girl—was deepening every day. The expression of innocence and inquiry which they so easily assumed, was disturbed by a faint suggestion of aversion, almost of terror. She settled herself in her place, in the corner of the hall, in the rear rank of chairs, a little frightened by the glare of lights, the hum of talk and the shifting crowd, glad to be out of the way, to attract no attention, willing to obliterate herself.

All at once Annixter, who had just shaken hands with Dyke, his mother and the little tad, moved abruptly in his place, drawing in his breath sharply. The crowd around the great, wide-open main door of the barn had somewhat thinned out and in the few groups that still remained there he had suddenly

recognised Mr. and Mrs. Tree and Hilma, making their way towards some empty seats near the entrance of the feed room.

In the dusky light of the barn earlier in the evening, Annixter had not been able to see Hilma plainly. Now, however, as she passed before his eyes in the glittering radiance of the lamps and lanterns, he caught his breath in astonishment. Never had she appeared more beautiful in his eyes. It did not seem possible that this was the same girl whom he saw every day in and around the ranch house and dairy, the girl of simple calico frocks and plain shirt waists, who brought him his dinner, who made up his bed. Now he could not take his eyes from her. Hilma, for the first time, was wearing her hair done high upon her head. The thick, sweet-smelling masses, bitumen brown in the shadows, corruscated like golden filaments in the light. Her organdie frock was long, longer than any she had yet worn. It left a little of her neck and breast bare and all of her arm.

Annixter muttered an exclamation. Such arms! How did she manage to keep them hid on ordinary occasions. Big at the shoulder, tapering with delicious modulations to the elbow and wrist, overlaid with a delicate, gleaming lustre. As often as she turned her head the movement sent a slow undulation over her neck and shoulders, the pale amber-tinted shadows under her chin, coming and going over the creamy whiteness of the skin like the changing moire of silk. The pretty rose colour of her cheek had deepened to a pale carnation. Annixter, his hands clasped behind him, stood watching.

In a few moments Hilma was surrounded by a group of young men, clamouring for dances. They came from all corners of the barn, leaving the other girls precipitately, almost rudely. There could be little doubt as to who was to be the belle of the occasion. Hilma's little triumph was immediate, complete. Annixter could hear her voice from time to time, its usual velvety huskiness vibrating to a note of exuberant gayety.

All at once the orchestra swung off into a march—the Grand March. There was a great rush to secure "partners." Young Vacca, still going the rounds, was pushed to one side. The gayly appalled clerk from the Bonneville store lost his head in the confusion. He could not find his "partner." He roamed wildly about the barn, bewildered, his eyes rolling. He resolved to prepare an elaborate programme card on the back of an old envelope. Rapidly the line was formed, Hilma and Harran Derrick in the lead, Annixter having obstinately refused to engage in either march, set or dance the whole evening. Soon the confused shuffling of feet settled to a measured cadence; the orchestra blared and wailed, the snare drum, rolling at exact intervals, the cornet marking the time. It was half-past eight o'clock.

Annixter drew a long breath:

"Good," he muttered, "the thing is under way at last."

Singularly enough, Osterman also refused to dance. The week before he had returned from Los Angeles, bursting with the importance of his mission. He had been successful. He had Disbrow "in his pocket." He was impatient to pose before the others of the committee as a skilful political agent, a manipulator. He forgot his attitude of the early part of the evening when he had drawn attention to himself with his wonderful clothes. Now his comic actor's face, with its brownish-red cheeks, protuberant ears and horizontal slit of a mouth, was overcast with gravity. His bald forehead was seamed with the wrinkles of responsibility. He drew Annixter into one of the empty stalls and began an elaborate explan-

ation, glib, voluble, interminable, going over again in detail what he had reported to the committee in outline.

"I managed—I schemed—I kept dark—I lay low—"

But Annixter refused to listen.

"Oh, rot your schemes. There's a punch in the harness room that will make the hair grow on the top of your head in the place where the hair ought to grow. Come on, we'll round up some the boys and walk into it."

They edged their way around the hall outside. "The Grand March," toward the harness room, picking up on their way Caraher, Dyke, Hooven and old Broderson. Once in the harness room, Annixter shot the bolt.

"That affair outside," he observed, "will take care of itself, but here's a little orphan child that gets lonesome without company."

Annixter began ladling the punch, filling the glasses. Osterman proposed a toast to Quien Sabe and the Biggest Barn. Their elbows crooked in silence. Old Broderson set down his glass, wiping his long beard and remarking:

"That—that certainly is very—very agreeable. I remember a punch I drank on Christmas Day in '83, or no, it was '84—anyhow, that punch—it was in Ukiah—'twas '83—" He wandered on aimlessly, unable to stop his flow of speech, losing himself in details, involving his talk in a hopeless maze of trivialities to which nobody paid any attention.

"I don't drink myself," observed Dyke, "but just a taste of that with a lot of water wouldn't be bad for the little tad. She'd think it was lemonade." He was about to mix a glass for Sidney, but thought better of it at the last moment.

"It's the chartreuse that's lacking," commented Caraher, lowering at Annixter. The other flared up on the instant.

"Rot, rot. I know better. In some punches it goes; and then, again, in others it don't."

But it was left to Hooven to launch the successful phrase:

"*Gesundheit*," he exclaimed, holding out his second glass. After drinking, he replaced it on the table with a long breath. "Ach Gott!" he cried, "dat poonsch, say I tink dot poonsch mek some demn good vertiliser, hey?"

Fertiliser! The others roared with laughter.

"Good eye, Bismarck," commented Annixter. The name had a great success. Thereafter throughout the evening the punch was invariably spoken of as the "Fertiliser." Osterman, having spilt the bottom of a glassful on the floor, pretended that he saw the shoots of grain coming up on the spot. Suddenly he turned upon old Broderson.

"I'm bald, ain't I? Want to know how I lost my hair? Promise you won't ask a single other question and I'll tell you. Promise your word of honour."

"Eh? What—wh—I—I don't understand. Your hair? Yes, I'll promise. How *did* you lose it?"

"It was bit off."

The other gazed at him stupefied; his jaw dropped. The company shouted, and old Broderson, believing he had somehow accomplished a witticism, chuckled in his beard, wagging his head. But suddenly he fell grave, struck with an idea. He demanded:

"Yes—I know—but—but what bit it off?"

"Ah," vociferated Osterman, "that's just what you promised not to ask."

The company doubled up with hilarity. Caraher leaned against the door, holding his sides, but Hooven, all abroad, unable to follow, gazed from face to face with a vacant grin, thinking it was still a question of his famous phrase.

"Vertilizer, hey? Dot's some fine joke, hey? You bedt."

What with the noise of their talk and laughter, it was some time before Dyke, first of all, heard a persistent knocking on the bolted door. He called Annixter's attention to the sound. Cursing the intruder, Annixter unbolted and opened the door. But at once his manner changed.

"Hello. It's Presley. Come in, come in, Pres."

There was a shout of welcome from the others. A spirit of effusive cordiality had begun to dominate the gathering. Annixter caught sight of Vanamee back of Presley, and waiving for the moment the distinction of employer and employee, insisted that both the friends should come in.

"Any friend of Pres is my friend," he declared.

But when the two had entered and had exchanged greetings, Presley drew Annixter aside.

"Vanamee and I have just come from Bonneville," he explained. "We saw Delaney there. He's got the buckskin, and he's full of bad whiskey and dago-red. You should see him; he's wearing all his cow-punching outfit, hair trousers, sombrero, spurs and all the rest of it, and he has strapped himself to a big revolver. He says he wasn't invited to your barn dance but that he's coming over to shoot up the place. He says you promised to show him off Quien Sabe at the toe of your boot and that he's going to give you the chance tonight!"

"Ah," commented Annixter, nodding his head, "he is, is he?"

Presley was disappointed. Knowing Annixter's irascibility, he had expected to produce a more dramatic effect. He began to explain the danger of the business. Delaney had once knifed a greaser in the Panamint country. He was known as a "bad" man. But Annixter refused to be drawn.

"All right," he said, "that's all right. Don't tell anybody else. You might scare the girls off. Get in and drink."

Outside the dancing was by this time in full swing. The orchestra was playing a polka. Young Vacca, now at his fiftieth wax candle, had brought the floor to the slippery surface of glass. The druggist was dancing with one of the Spanish-Mexican girls with the solemnity of an automaton, turning about and about, always in the same direction, his eyes glassy, his teeth set. Hilma Tree was dancing for the second time with Harran Derrick. She danced with infinite grace. Her cheeks were bright red, her eyes half-closed, and through her parted lips she drew from time to time a long, tremulous breath of pure delight. The music, the weaving colours, the heat of the air, by now a little oppressive, the monotony of repeated sensation, even the pain of physical fatigue had exalted all her senses. She was in a dreamy lethargy of happiness. It was her "first ball." She could have danced without stopping until morning. Minna Hooven and Cutter were "promenading." Mrs. Hooven, with little Hilda already asleep on her knees, never took her eyes from her daughter's gown. As often as Minna passed near her she vented an energetic "pst! pst!" The metal tip of a white draw string was showing from underneath the waist of Minna's dress. Mrs. Hooven was on the point of tears.

The solitary gayly appressed clerk from Bonneville was in a fever of agitation. He had lost his elaborate programme card. Bewildered, beside himself with trepidation, he hurried about the room, jostled by the dancing couples, tripping over the feet of those who were seated; he peered distressfully under the chairs and about the floor, asking anxious questions.

Magnus Derrick, the centre of a listening circle of ranchers—Garnett from the Ruby rancho, Keast from the ranch of the same

name, Gethings and Chatterton of the San Pablo and Bonanza—stood near the great open doorway of the barn, discussing the possibility of a shortage in the world's wheat crop for the next year.

Abruptly the orchestra ceased playing with a roll of the snare drum, a flourish of the cornet and a prolonged growl of the bass viol. The dance broke up, the couples hurrying to their seats, leaving the gayly appressed clerk suddenly isolated in the middle of the floor, rolling his eyes. The druggist released the Spanish-Mexican girl with mechanical precision out amidst the crowd of dancers. He bowed, dropping his chin upon his cravat; throughout the dance neither had hazarded a word. The girl found her way alone to a chair, but the druggist, sick from continually revolving in the same direction, walked unsteadily toward the wall. All at once the barn reeled around him; he fell down. There was a great laugh, but he scrambled to his feet and disappeared abruptly out into the night through the doorway of the barn, deathly pale, his hand upon his stomach.

Dabney, the old man whom nobody knew, approached the group of ranchers around Magnus Derrick and stood, a little removed, listening gravely to what the governor was saying, his chin sunk in his collar, silent, offering no opinions.

But the leader of the orchestra, with a great gesture of his violin bow, cried out:

"All take partners for the lancers and promenade around the hall!"

However, there was a delay. A little crowd formed around the musicians' platform; voices were raised; there was a commotion. Skeezicks, who played the big horn, accused the cornet and the snare-drum of stealing his cold lunch. At intervals he could be heard expostulating:

"Ah, no! at the end of the end! Render me the sausages, you, or less I break your throat! Aha! I know you. You are going to play me there a bad farce. My sausages and the pork sandwich, else I go away from this place!"

He made an exaggerated show of replacing his big horn in its case, but the by-standers raised a great protest. The sandwiches and one sausage were produced; the other had disappeared. In the end Skeezicks allowed himself to be appeased. The dance was resumed.

Half an hour later the gathering in the harness room was considerably reinforced. It was the corner of the barn toward which the male guests naturally gravitated. Harran Derrick, who only cared to dance with Hilma Tree, was admitted. Garnett from the Ruby rancho and Gethings from the San Pablo, came in a little afterwards. A fourth bowl of punch was mixed, Annixter and Caraher clamouring into each other's face as to its ingredients. Cigars were lighted. Soon the air of the room became blue with an acrid haze of smoke. It was very warm. Ranged in their chairs around the side of the room, the guests emptied glass after glass.

Vanamee alone refused to drink. He sat a little to one side, disassociating himself from what was going forward, watching the others calmly, a little contemptuously, a cigarette in his fingers.

Hooven, after drinking his third glass, however, was afflicted with a great sadness; his breast heaved with immense sighs. He asserted that he was "obressed;" Cutter had taken his steer. He retired to a corner and seated himself in a heap on his chair, his heels on the rungs, wiping the tears from his eyes, refusing to be comforted.

Old Broderson startled Annixter, who sat next to him, out of all measure by suddenly winking at him with infinite craftiness.

"When I was a lad in Ukiah," he whispered hoarsely, "I was a devil of a fellow

with the girls; but Lordy!" he nudged him slyly, "I wouldn't have it known!"

Of those who were drinking, Annixter alone retained all his wits. Though keeping pace with the others, glass for glass, the punch left him solid upon his feet, clear-headed. The tough, cross-grained fibre of him seemed proof against alcohol. Never in his life had he been drunk. He prided himself upon his power of resistance. It was his nature.

"Say!" exclaimed old Broderson, gravely addressing the company, pulling at his beard uneasily—"say! I—I—listen! I'm a devil of a fellow with the girls." He wagged his head doggedly, shutting his eyes in a knowing fashion. "Yes, sir, I am. There was a young lady in Ukiah—that was when I was a lad of seventeen. We used to meet in the cemetery in the afternoons. I was to go away to school at Sacramento, and the afternoon I left we met in the cemetery and we stayed so long I almost missed the train. Her name was Celestine."

There was a pause. The others waited for the rest of the story.

"And afterwards?" prompted Annixter. "Afterwards? Nothing afterwards. I never saw her again. Her name was Celestine."

The company raised a chorus of derision, and Osterman cried ironically:

"Say! *that's* a pretty good one! Tell us another."

The old man laughed with the rest, believing he had made another hit. He called Osterman to him, whispering in his ear:

"Sh! Look here! Some night you and I will go up to San Francisco—hey? We'll go skylarking. We'll be gay. Oh, I'm a—a—a rare old buck, I am! I ain't too old. You'll see."

Annixter gave over the making of the fifth bowl of punch to Osterman, who affirmed that he had a recipe for a "fertiliser" from Solotari that would take the plating off the ladle. He left him wrangling with Caraher, who still persisted in adding charreusse, and stepped out into the dance to see how things were getting on.

It was the interval between two dances. In and around a stall at the farther end of the floor, where lemonade was being served, was a great throng of young men. Others hurried across the floor singly or by twos and threes, gingerly carrying overflowing glasses to their "partners," sitting in long rows of white and blue and pink against the opposite wall, their mothers and older sisters in a second dark-clothed rank behind them. A babel of talk was in the air, mingled with gusts of laughter. Everybody seemed having a good time. In the increasing heat the decorations of evergreen trees and festoons threw off a pungent aroma that suggested a Sunday-school Christmas festival. In the other stalls, lower down the barn, the young men had brought chairs, and in these deep recesses the most desperate love-making was in progress, the young man, his hair neatly parted, leaning with great solicitation over the girl, his "partner" for the moment, fanning her conscientiously, his arm carefully laid along the back of her chair.

By the doorway, Annixter met Sarria, who had stepped out to smoke a fat, black cigar. The set smile of amiability was still fixed on the priest's smooth, shiny face; the cigar ashes had left grey streaks on the front of his cassock. He avoided Annixter, fearing, no doubt, an allusion to his game cocks, and took up his position back of the second rank of chairs by the musicians' stand, beaming encouragingly upon everyone who caught his eye.

Annixter was saluted right and left as he slowly went the round of the floor. At

every moment he had to pause to shake hands and to listen to congratulations upon the size of his barn and the success of his dance. But he was drait, his thoughts elsewhere; he did not attempt to hide his impatience when some of the young men tried to engage him in conversation, asking him to be introduced to their sisters, or their friends' sisters. He sent them about their business harshly, abominably rude, leaving a wake of angry disturbance behind him, sowing the seeds of future quarrels and renewed unpopularity. He was looking for Hilma Tree.

When at last he came unexpectedly upon her, standing near where Mrs. Tree was seated, some half-dozen young men hovering uneasily in her neighborhood, all his audacity was suddenly stricken from him; his gruffness, his overbearing insolence vanished with an abruptness that left him cold. His old-time confusion and embarrassment returned to him. Instead of speaking to her as he intended, he affected not to see her, but passed by, his head in the air, pretending a sudden interest in a Japanese lantern that was about to catch fire.

But he had had a single distinct glimpse of her, definite, precise, and this glimpse was enough. Hilma had changed. The change was subtle, evanescent, hard to define, but not the less unmistakable. The excitement, the enchanting delight, the delicious disturbance of "the first ball," had produced its result. Perhaps there had only been this lacking. It was hard to say, but for that brief instant of time Annixter was looking at Hilma, the woman. She was no longer the young girl upon whom he might look down, to whom he might condescend, whose little, infantile graces were to be considered with amused toleration.

When Annixter returned to the harness room, he let himself into a clamour of masculine hilarity. Osterman had, indeed, made a marvellous "fertiliser," whiskey for the most part, diluted with champagne and lemon juice. The first round of this drink had been welcomed with a salvo of cheers. Hooven, recovering his spirits under its violent stimulation, spoke of "heving ut oudt mit Cudder, bei Gott," while Osterman, standing on a chair at the end of the room, shouted for a "few moments quiet, gentlemen," so that he might tell a certain story he knew.

But, abruptly, Annixter discovered that the liquors—the champagne, whiskey, brandy, and the like—were running low. This would never do. He felt that he would stand disgraced if it could be said afterward that he had not provided sufficient drink at his entertainment. He slipped out, unobserved, and, finding two of his ranch hands near the doorway, sent them down to the ranch house to bring up all the cases of "stuff" they found there.

However, when this matter had been attended to, Annixter did not immediately return to the harness room. On the floor of the barn a square dance was under way, the leader of the City Band calling the figures. Young Vacca indefatigably continued the rounds of the barn, paring candle after candle, possessed with this single idea of duty, pushing the dancers out of his way, refusing to admit that the floor was yet sufficiently slippery. The druggist had returned indoors, and leaned dejected and melancholy against the wall near the doorway, unable to dance, his evening's enjoyment spoiled. The gayly appressed clerk from Bonneville had just involved himself in a deplorable incident. In a search for his handkerchief, which he had lost while trying to find his programme card, he had inadvertently wandered into the feed room, set apart as the ladies' dressing room, at the moment when

Mrs. Hooven, having removed the waist of Minna's dress, was relacing her corsets. There was a tremendous scene. The clerk was ejected forcibly, Mrs. Hooven filling all the neighbourhood with shrill expostulation. A young man, Minna's "partner," who stood near the feed room door, waiting for her to come out, had invited the clerk, with elaborate sarcasm, to step outside for a moment; and the clerk, breathless, stupefied, hustled from hand to hand, remained petrified, with staring eyes, turning about and about, looking wildly from face to face, speechless, witless, wondering what had happened.

But the square dance was over. The City Band was just beginning to play a waltz. Annixter assuring himself that everything was going all right, was picking his way across the floor, when he came upon Hilma Tree quite alone, and looking anxiously among the crowd of dancers.

"Having a good time, Miss Hilma?" he demanded, pausing for a moment.

"Oh, am I, *just!*" she exclaimed. "The best time—but I don't know what has become of my partner. See! I'm left all alone—the only time this whole evening," she added proudly. "Have you seen him—my partner, sir? I forget his name. I only met him this evening, and I've met so many I can't begin to remember half of them. He was a young man from Bonneville—a clerk, I think, because I remember seeing him in a store there, and he wore the prettiest clothes!"

"I guess he got lost in the shuffle," observed Annixter. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He took his resolution in both hands. He clenched his teeth.

"Say! look here, Miss Hilma. What's the matter with you and I stealing this one for ourselves? I don't mean to dance. I don't propose to make a jumping-jack of myself for some galoot to give me the laugh, but we'll walk around. Will you? What do you say?"

Hilma consented.

"I'm not so *very* sorry I missed my dance with that—that—little clerk," she said guiltily. "I suppose that's very bad of me, isn't it?"

Annixter fulminated a vigorous protest. "I am so warm!" murmured Hilma, fanning herself with her handkerchief; "and, oh! *such* a good time as I have had! I was so afraid that I would be a wall-flower and sit up by mamma and papa the whole evening; and as it is, I have had every single dance, and even some dances I had to split. Oh-h!" she breathed, glancing lovingly around the barn, noting again the festoons of tri-coloured cambric, the Japanese lanterns, flaring lamps, and "decorations" of evergreen; "oh-h! it's all so lovely, just like a fairy story; and to think that it can't last but for one little evening, and that to-morrow morning one must wake up to the every-day things again!"

"Well," observed Annixter doggedly, unwilling that she should forget whom she ought to thank, "I did my best, and my best is as good as another man's, I guess."

Hilma overwhelmed him with a burst of gratitude which he gruffly pretended to depreciate. Oh, that was all right. It hadn't cost him much. He liked to see people having a good time himself, and the crowd did seem to be enjoying themselves. What did *she* think? Did things look lively enough? And how about herself—was she enjoying it?

Stupidly Annixter drove the question home again, at his wits' end as to how to make conversation. Hilma protested volubly she would never forget this night, adding:

"Dance! Oh, you don't know how I love it! I didn't know myself. I could dance all night and never stop once!"

Annixter was smitten with uneasiness.

No doubt this "promenading" was not at all to her taste. Wondering what kind of a spectacle he was about to make of himself, he exclaimed:

"Want to dance now?"

"Oh, yes!" she returned.

They paused in their walk, and Hilma, facing him, gave herself into his arms. Annixter shut his teeth, the perspiration starting from his forehead. For five years he had abandoned dancing. Never in his best days had it been one of his accomplishments.

They hesitated a moment, waiting to catch the time from the musicians. Another couple bore down upon them at precisely the wrong moment, jostling them out of step. Annixter swore under his breath. His arm still about the young woman, he pulled her over to one corner.

"Now," he muttered, "we'll try again."

A second time, listening to the one-two-three, one-two-three cadence of the musicians, they endeavoured to get under way. Annixter waited the fraction of a second too long and stepped on Hilma's foot. On the third attempt, having worked out of the corner, a pair of dancers bumped into them once more, and as they were recovering themselves another couple caromed violently against Annixter so that he all but lost his footing. He was in a rage. Hilma, very embarrassed, was trying not to laugh, and thus they found themselves, out in the middle of the floor, continually jostled from their position, holding clumsily to each other, stammering excuses into one another's faces, when Delaney arrived.

He came with the suddenness of an explosion. There was a commotion by the doorway, a rolling burst of oaths, a furious stamping of hoofs, a wild scramble of the dancers to either side of the room, and there he was. He had ridden the buckskin at a gallop straight through the doorway and out into the middle of the floor of the barn.

Once well inside, Delaney hauled up on the cruel spade-bit, at the same time driving home the spurs, and the buckskin, without halting in her gait, rose into the air upon her hind feet, and coming down again with a thunder of iron hoofs upon the hollow floor, lashed out with both heels simultaneously, her back arched, her head between her knees. It was the running buster, and had not Delaney been the hardest buster in the county, would have flung him headlong like a sack of sand. But he eased off the bit, gripping the mare's flanks with his knees, and the buckskin, having long since known her master, came to hand quivering, the bloody spume dripping from the bit upon the slippery floor.

Delaney had arrayed himself with painful elaboration, determined to look the part, bent upon creating the impression, resolved that his appearance at least should justify his reputation of being "bad." Nothing was lacking—neither the campaign hat with up-turned brim, nor the dotted blue handkerchief knotted behind the neck, nor the heavy gauntlets stitched with red, nor—this above all—the bear-skin "chaparejos," the hair trousers of the mountain cowboy, the pistol holster low on the thigh. But for the moment this holster was empty, and in his right hand, the hammer at full cock, the chamber loaded, the puncher flourished his teaser, an army Colt's, the lamp-light dully reflected in the dark blue steel.

In a second of time the dance was a bedlam. The musicians stopped with a discord, and the middle of the crowded floor bared itself instantly. It was like sand blown from off a rock; the throng of guests, carried by an impulse that was not to be resisted, bore back against the sides of the barn, overturning chairs, tripping upon each other, falling down, scrambling to their feet again, stepping over one another, getting

behind each other, diving under chairs, flattening themselves against the wall—a wild, clamouring pell-mell, blind, deaf, panic-stricken; a confused tangle of waving arms, torn muslin, crushed flowers, pale faces, tangled legs, that swept in all directions back from the centre of the floor, leaving Annixter and Hilma, alone, deserted, their arms about each other; face to face with Delaney, mad with alcohol, bursting with remembered insult, bent on evil, reckless of results.

After the first scramble for safety, the crowd fell quiet for the fraction of an instant, glued to the walls, afraid to stir, struck dumb and motionless with surprise and terror, and in the instant's silence that followed Annixter, his eyes on Delaney, muttered rapidly to Hilma:

"Get back, get away to one side. That fool might shoot."

There was a second's respite afforded while Delaney occupied himself in quieting the buckskin, and in that second of time, at this moment of crisis, the wonderful thing occurred. Hilma, turning from Delaney, her hands clasped on Annixter's arm, her eyes meeting his, exclaimed:

"You, too!"

And that was all; but to Annixter it was a revelation. Never more alive to his surroundings, never more observant, he suddenly understood. For the briefest lapse of time he and Hilma looked deep into each other's eyes, and from that moment on, Annixter knew that Hilma cared.

The whole matter was brief as the snapping of a finger. Two words and a glance and all was done. But as though nothing had occurred, Annixter pushed Hilma from him, repeating harshly:

"Get back, I tell you. Don't you see he's got a gun? Haven't I enough on my hands without you?"

He loosed her clasp and his eyes once more on Delaney, moved diagonally backwards toward the side of the barn, pushing Hilma from him. In the end he thrust her away so sharply that she gave back with a long stagger; somebody caught her arm and drew her in, leaving Annixter alone once more in the middle of the floor, his hands in his coat pockets, watchful, alert, facing his enemy.

But the cow-puncher was not ready to come to grapples yet. Fearless, his wits gamboling under the lash of the alcohol, he wished to make the most of the occasion, maintaining the suspense, playing for the gallery. By touches of the hand and knee he kept the buckskin in continual, nervous movement, her hoofs clattering, snorting, tossing her head, while he, himself, addressing himself to Annixter, poured out a torrent of invective.

"Well, strike me blind if it ain't old Buck Annixter! He was going to show me off. Quien Sabe at the toe of his boot, was he? Well, here's your chance,—with the ladies to see you do it. Gives a dance, does he, high-falutin' hoe-down in his barn and forgets to invite his old broncho-bustin' friend. But his friend don't forget him; no, he don't. He remembers little things, does his broncho-bustin' friend. Likes to see a dance himself on occasion, his friend does. Comes anyhow, trustin' his welcome will be hearty, just to see old Buck Annixter dance, just to show Buck Annixter's friends how Buck can dance—dance all by hisself, a little hen-on-a-hot-plate dance when his broncho-bustin' friend asks him so polite. A little dance for the ladies, Buck. This feature of the entertainment is alone worth the price of admission. Tune up, Buck. Attention now! I'll give you the key."

He "fanned" his revolver, spinning it about his index finger by the trigger-guard with incredible swiftness, the twirling weapon a

mere blur of blue steel in his hand. Suddenly and without any apparent cessation of the movement, he fired, and a little splinter of wood flipped into the air at Annixter's feet.

"Time!" he shouted, while the buckskin reared to the report. "Hold on—wait a minute. This place is too light to suit. That big light yonder is in my eyes. Look out, I'm going to throw lead."

A second shot put out the lamp over the musicians' stand. The assembled guests shrieked, a frantic, shrinking quiver ran through the crowd like the huddling of frightened rabbits in their pen.

Annixter hardly moved. He stood some thirty paces from the buster, his hands still in his coat pockets, his eyes glistening, watchful.

Excitable and turbulent in trifling matters, when actual bodily danger threatened he was of an abnormal quiet.

"I'm watching you," cried the other. "Don't make any mistake about that. Keep your hands in your coat pockets, if you'd like to live a little longer, understand? And don't let me see you make a move toward your hip or your friends will be asked to identify you at the morgue to-morrow morning. When I'm bad, I'm called the Undertaker's Friend, so I am, and I'm that bad tonight that I'm scared of myself. They'll have to revise the census returns before I'm done with this place. Come on, now, I'm getting tired waiting. I come to see a dance."

"Hand over that horse, Delaney," said Annixter, without raising his voice, "and clear out."

The other affected to be overwhelmed with infinite astonishment, his eyes staring. He peered down from the saddle.

"Wh-a-a-t!" he exclaimed; "wh-a-a-t did you say? Why, I guess you must be looking for trouble; that's what I guess."

"There's where you're wrong, m'son," muttered Annixter, partly to Delaney, partly to himself. "If I was looking for trouble there wouldn't be any guess-work about it."

With the words he began firing. Delaney had hardly entered the barn before Annixter's plan had been formed. Long since his revolver was in the pocket of his coat, and he fired now through the coat itself, without withdrawing his hands.

Until that moment Annixter had not been sure of himself. There was no doubt that for the first few moments of the affair he would have welcomed with joy any reasonable excuse for getting out of the situation. But the sound of his own revolver gave him confidence. He whipped it from his pocket and fired again.

Abruptly the duel began, report following report, spurts of pale blue smoke jetting like the darts of short spears between the two men, expanding to a haze and drifting overhead in wavering strata. It was quite probable that no thought of killing each other suggested itself to either Annixter or Delaney. Both fired without aiming very deliberately. To empty their revolvers and avoid being hit was the desire common to both. They no longer vituperated each other. The revolvers spoke for them.

Long after, Annixter could recall this moment. For years he could with but little effort reconstruct the scene—the densely packed crowd flattened against the sides of the barn, the festoons of lanterns, the mingled smell of evergreen, new wood, sachets, and powder smoke; the vague clamour of distress and terror that rose from the throng of guests, the squealing of the buckskin, the uneven explosions of the revolvers, the reverberation of trampling hoofs, a brief glimpse of Harran Derrick's excited face at the door of the harness room, and in the open space in the centre of the floor,

himself and Delaney, manoeuvring swiftly in a cloud of smoke.

Annixter's revolver contained but six cartridges. Twenty times seemed to him as if he had fired twenty times. Without doubt the next shot was his last. Then what? He peered through the blue haze that with every discharge thickened between him and the buster. For his own safety he must "place" at least one shot. Delaney's chest and shoulders rose suddenly above the smoke close upon him as the distraught buckskin reared again. Annixter for the first time during the fight, took definite aim, but before he could draw the trigger there was a great shout and he was aware of the buckskin, the bride trailing, the saddle empty, plunging headlong across the floor, crashing into the line of chairs. Delaney was scrambling off the floor. There was blood on the buster's wrist and he no longer carried his revolver. Suddenly he turned and ran. The crowd parted right and left before him as he made toward the doorway. He disappeared.

Twenty men promptly sprang to the buckskin's head, but she broke away, and wild with terror, bewildered, blind, insensate, charged into the corner of the barn by the musicians' stand. She brought up against the wall with cruel force and with impact of a sack of stones; her head was cut. She turned around and charged again, bull-like, the blood streaming from her forehead. The crowd, shrieking, melted before her rush. An old man was thrown down and trampled. The buckskin trod upon the dragging bridle, somersaulted into a confusion of chairs in one corner, and came down with a terrific clatter in a wild disorder of kicking hoofs and splintered wood. But a crowd of men fell upon her, tugging at the bit, sitting on her head, shouting, gesticulating. For five minutes she struggled and fought; then, by degrees, she recovered herself, drawing great sobbing breaths at long intervals that all but burst the girths, rolling her eyes in bewildered, supplicating fashion, trembling in every muscle, and starting and shrinking now and then like a young girl in hysterics. At last she lay quiet. The men allowed her to struggle to her feet. The saddle was removed and she was led to one of the empty stalls, where she remained the rest of the evening, her head low, her pasterns quivering, turning her head apprehensively from time to time, showing the white of one eye and at long intervals heaving a single prolonged sigh.

And an hour later the dance was progressing as evenly as though nothing in the least extraordinary had occurred. The incident was closed—that abrupt swoop of terror and impending death dropping down there from out the darkness, cutting abruptly athwart the gayety of the moment, come and gone with the swiftness of a thunderclap. Many of the women had gone home, taking their men with them; but the great bulk of the crowd still remained, seeing no reason why the episode should interfere with the evening's enjoyment, resolved to hold the ground for mere bravado, if for nothing else. Delaney would not come back, of that everybody was persuaded, and in case he should, there was not found wanting fully half a hundred young men who would give him a dressing down, by jingo! They had been too surprised to act when Delaney had first appeared, and before they knew where they were at, the buster had cleared out. In another minute, just another second, they would have shown him—yes, sir, by jingo!—ah, you bet!

On all sides the reminiscences began to circulate. At least one man in every three had been involved in a gun fight at some time in his life. "Ah, you ought to have been in Yuba County one time—" "Why, in Butte County in the early days—" "Phsaw! this tonight wasn't anything! Why, once in a saloon in Arizona when I was there—" and so on, over and over again. Osterman solemnly asserted that he had seen a greaser sawn in two in a Nevada sawmill. Old Broderson had witnessed a Vigilante lynching in '55 on California Street in San Francisco. Dyke recalled how once in his engineering days he had run over a drunk at a street crossing. Gethings of the San Pablo had taken a shot at a highwayman. Hooven had bayoneted a French *Chasseur* in Sedan. An old Spanish-Mexican, a centenarian from Guadalajara, remembered Fremont's stand on a mountain top in San Benito County. The druggist had fired at a burglar trying to break into his store one New Year's eve. Young Vacca had seen a dog shot in Guadalajara. Father Sarria had more than once administered the sacraments to Portuguese desperadoes dying of gunshot wounds. Even the women recalled terrible scenes. Mrs. Cutter recounted to an interested group how she had seen a claim jumped in Placer County in 1851, when three men were shot, falling in a fusillade of rifle shots, and expiring later upon the floor of her kitchen while she looked on. Mrs. Dyke had been in a stage hold-up when the shotgun messenger was murdered. Stories by the hundreds went the round of the company. The air was surcharged with blood, dying groans, the reek of powder smoke, the crack of rifles. All the legends of '49, the violent, wild life of the early days, were recalled to view, defiling before them there in an endless procession under the glare of paper lanterns and kerosene lamps.

But the affair had aroused a combative spirit amongst the men of the assembly. Instantly a spirit of aggression, of truculence, swelled up underneath waistcoats and starched shirt bosoms. More than one offender was promptly asked to "step outside." It was like young bucks excited by an encounter of stags, lowering their horns upon the slightest provocation, showing off before the does and fawns. Old quarrels were remembered. One sought laboriously for slights and insults, veiled in ordinary conversation. The sense of personal honour became refined to a delicate, fine point. Upon the slightest pretext there was a haughty drawing up of the figure, a twisting of the lips into a smile of scorn. Caraher spoke of shooting S. Behrman on sight before the end of the week. Twice it became necessary to separate Hooven and Cutter, renewing their quarrel as to the ownership of the steer. All at once Minna, Hooven's "partner" fell upon the gayly appressed clerk from Bonneville, pummeling him with his fists, hustling him out of the hall, vociferating that Miss Hooven had been grossly insulted. It took three men to extricate the clerk from his clutches, dazed, gasping, his collar unfastened and sticking up in his face, his eyes staring wildly into the faces of the crowd.

But Annixter, bursting with pride, his chest thrown out, his chin in the air, reigned enthroned in a circle of adulation. He was the Hero. To shake him by the hand was an honour to be struggled for. One clapped him on the back with solemn nods of approval. "There's the boy for you;" "There was nerve for you;" "What's the matter with Annixter?" "How about that for sand, and how was that for a shot?" "Why, Apache Kid couldn't have bettered that." "Cool enough." "Took a steady eye and a sure hand to make a shot like that." "There was a shot that would be told about in Tulare County fifty years to come."

Annixter had refrained from replying, all ears to this conversation, wondering just what had happened. He knew only that Delaney had run, leaving his revolver and a spatter of blood behind him. By degrees, however, he ascertained that his last shot but one had struck Delaney's pistol hand, shattering it and knocking the revolver from his grip. He was overwhelmed with astonishment. Why, after the shooting began he had not so much as seen Delaney with any degree of plainness. The whole affair was a whirl.

"Well, where did you learn to shoot that way?" someone in the crowd demanded. Annixter moved his shoulders with a gesture of vast unconcern.

"Oh," he answered carelessly, "it's not my shooting that ever worried me, m'son."

The crowd gaped with delight. There was a great wagging of heads.

"Well, I guess not."

"No, sir, not much."

"Ah, no, you bet not."

When the women pressed around him, shaking his hands, declaring that he had saved their daughters' lives, Annixter assumed a pose of superb deprecation, the modest self-obliteration of the chevalier. He delivered himself of a remembered phrase, very elegant, refined. It was Lancelot after the tournament, Bayard receiving felicitations after the battle.

"Oh, don't say anything about it," he murmured. "I only did what any man would have done in my place."

To restore completely the equanimity of the company, he announced supper. This he had calculated as a tremendous surprise. It was to have been served at midnight, but the irruption of Delaney had dislocated the order of events, and the tables were brought in an hour ahead of time. They were arranged around three sides of the barn and were loaded down with cold roasts of beef, cold chickens and cold ducks, mountains of sandwiches, pitchers of milk and lemonade, entire cheeses, bowls of olives, plates of oranges and nuts. The advent of this supper was received with a volley of applause. The musicians played a quick step. The company threw themselves upon the food with a great scraping of chairs and a vast rustle of muslins, tarletans, and organdies; soon the clatter of dishes was a veritable uproar. The tables were taken by assault. One ate whatever was nearest at hand, some even beginning with oranges and nuts and ending with beef and chicken. At the end the paper caps were brought on, together with the ice cream. All up and down the tables the pulled "crackers" snapper continually like the discharge of innumerable tiny rifles. The caps of tissue paper were put on—"Phrygian Bonnets," "Magicians' Caps," "Liberty Caps;" the young girls looked across the table at their vis-a-vis with bursts of laughter and vigorous clapping of the hands.

The harness room crowd had a table to themselves, at the head of which sat Annixter and at the foot Harran. The gun fight had sobered Presley thoroughly. He sat by the side of Vanamee, who ate but little, preferring rather to watch the scene with calm observation, a little contemptuous when the uproar around the table was too boisterous, savouring of intoxication. Osterman rolled bullets of bread and shot them with astonishing force up and down the table, but the others—Dyke, old Broderson, Caraher, Harran Derrick, Hooven, Cutter, Garnett of the Ruby rancho, Keast from the ranch of the same name, Gethings of the San Pablo, and Chatter of the Bonanza—occupied themselves with eating as much as they could before the supper gave out. At a corner of the table, speechless, unobserved, ignored, sat Dabney, of whom nothing was known but his name, the silent old man who made no friends. He ate and drank quietly, dipping his sandwich in his lemonade.

Osterman ate all the olives he could lay

his hands on, a score of them, fifty of them, a hundred of them. He touched no crumb of anything else. Old Broderson stared at him, his jaw fallen. Osterman declared he had once eaten a thousand on a bet. The men called each others' attention to him. Delighted to create a sensation, Osterman persevered. The contents of an entire bowl disappeared in his huge, reptilian slit of a mouth. His cheeks of brownish red were extended, his bald forehead glistened. Colics seized upon him. His stomach revolted. It was all one with him. He was satisfied, contented. He was astonishing the people.

"Once I swallowed a tree toad," he told old Broderson, "by mistake. I was eating grapes, and the beggar lived in me three weeks. In rainy weather he would sing. You don't believe that," he vociferated. "Haven't I got the toad at home now in a bottle of alcohol."

And the old man, never doubting, his eyes starting, wagged his head in amazement.

"Oh, yes," cried Caraher, the length of the table, "that's a pretty good one. Tell us another."

"That reminds me of a story," hazarded old Broderson uncertainly; "once when I was a lad in Ukiah, fifty years—"

"Oh, yes," cried half a dozen voices, "that's a pretty good one. Tell us another."

"Eh—wh—what?" murmured Broderson, looking about him. "I—I don't know. It was Ukiah. You—you—you mix me all up."

(To be continued in August)
(Copyright by Doubleday Page & Co.)

LINDBERGH'S FLIGHT RESULT OF HARMONY BETWEEN FORCES

(Continued from page 354)

should have had the insight into nature and nature's laws as to earn the title of master experimentalist.

Of his early boyhood not much is known. At the age of 13 he hired out as an errand boy to a small bookseller and bookbinder. As errand boy his duties were to deliver and collect books and papers which his employer rented out for a small fee. In this capacity he may properly be called the first traveling library. Being faithful in a few things, he was accepted in 1805 as an apprentice by his employer without premium. This was the youth's first opportunity to read books and to study and he made the most of it. While binding Watts' *Improvement of the Mind*, he became interested in its contents, which he carefully read. Later Mrs. Marcel's *Conversations on Chemistry* and an article on *Electricity* in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* drew him irresistibly to the study of the natural sciences. Instead of collecting stones, beads and colored glass, as most boys do, he spent his pennies for pieces of home-made apparatus and other items with which to conduct experiments. A voltaic pile was made of half pennies and discs of zinc interlarded with pieces of paper moistened with salt water, and his movies were the enchanting lectures of some scientific lecturer when his brother gave him a few pennies for admission. Among the lectures that fascinated the young bookbinder were those of Sir Humphrey Davy at the Royal Institution. The influence of these, coupled with his native thirst for knowledge, was so overpowering that young Michael then and there resolved to consecrate himself to science. But how was an unknown, uninfluential, unschooled youth to enter upon a ministry of science in a stratified society where not only the shoemakers themselves were supposed to stick to their lasts, but also their sons and their son's sons to the fourth and fifth generation?

Another Kind of Courage

We admire the indomitable will and cour-

age of Lindbergh for undertaking the seemingly impossible. But Lindbergh had his well tried plane and the aviator's skill acquired through several years of arduous experience, and he also had no social tradition to overcome. On the other hand, Faraday had no experience, no scientific training that was recognized as such, and the greatest obstacle of all he had to overcome was the inertia of the social order into which he was born. It was no less courageous, therefore, for him to address the mighty president of the Royal Society, asking for an opportunity to be useful in furthering scientific investigation. No reply came. The youth's ambition and aspirations were completely ignored. Downhearted but undaunted he penned an appeal to the great Sir Humphrey Davy himself in a letter which he later described as follows:

"When I was a bookseller's apprentice, I was very fond of experiment and very averse to trade, which I thought vicious and selfish. My desire to enter the service of science, which I imagined to make its pursuers amiable and liberal, induced me to make the bold and simple step of writing to Sir Humphrey Davy, expressing my wishes and a hope that if an opportunity came his way, he would favor my views. At the same time I sent the notes I had taken of his lectures."

To this sincere appeal Davy made courteous reply, and as his janitor, by courtesy called laboratory assistant, was leaving, Faraday was appointed to the vacancy at a salary of 25 shillings a week. This in outline is the manner in which the man who the world has since acknowledged to be the greatest of experimental philosophers, began his life of devotion and service to science and humanity.

Money Available for Inauguration of Federal Longshoremen's Compensation Act

The failure of congress at its last session to provide funds for the functioning of the Longshoremen's and Harbor Workers' compensation act after passing it will not cripple altogether the administration of the law, President Anthony J. Chlopek of the International Longshoremen's Association reports.

The act will be administered by the United States employees' compensation commission. Mr. Chlopek reports that President Coolidge and General Lord of the budget commission have agreed to the suggestion of the compensation commission that the commission be permitted to use the funds appropriated to it for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1928, for putting into effect the law as far as possible.

The commission has decided under the circumstances to establish five deputy offices. A Cleveland office will have jurisdiction over the Great Lakes district. The New York office will have jurisdiction over the New England states. The Baltimore office will function for Baltimore, Philadelphia, Hampton Roads and surrounding territory. New Orleans will have jurisdiction over the South Atlantic and Gulf Coast ports. The San Francisco office will have charge of the entire Pacific Coast ports.

The commission is now making every preparation to be in readiness when the law becomes effective July 1, 1927. The new law provides that longshoremen and all repairmen when injured aboard ship will be entitled to the benefits provided in the federal compensation law.



ELECTRICIANS—
If you've "been through the mill" you know what it means



"Mephisto"

Today electricians find that Mephisto bits are answering the needs that no other bits can supply.

They bore easily and quickly through any kind of wood and you don't have to push them.

The Ives Mfg. Company are in production again after a delay in building their new factory and will be able to fill all orders for the electricians bits in the immediate future.

Mephisto tools are stamped with the Union Label and are manufactured under strictly Union conditions.



THE W. A. IVES MFG., CO.
Meriden, Conn.

The Bit with the Razor Edge



IN MEMORIAM

Leonard Weberg, L. U. No. 9

It is with deep regret that we, the members of Local Union No. 9, I. B. E. W., record the tragic passing of our beloved Brother, Leonard Weberg, a young man in the prime of his manhood, who had been in failing health but a comparatively short time.

Whereas Local Union No. 9 feels the loss of this Brother, be it

Resolved, That we, as a union in brotherly love, extend to his sorrowing mother and family our sincere sympathy in this their time of trouble, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his mother and a copy be embodied in the minutes of the local and a copy sent to the Journal for publication.

JOY McCONKEY,
WM. MARSH,
HARRY SLATER,
Committee.

John Holligan, L. U. No. 34

Whereas God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take from our midst our beloved Brother, John Holligan, of L. U. No. 34, I. B. E. W., who died May 16, 1927, at his home, 1802 Millman Street, Peoria, Ill.; therefore be it

Resolved, That we join in heartfelt sympathy with his loved ones. His genial manner and kindly acts will long be remembered by those of us who were so fortunate to know him well; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and a copy sent to the official Journal of our organization, and to Labor Gazette, also that a copy be spread on our minutes and that our charter be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days.

JAMES HEROLD,
CHRIS KIRCHER,
BEN. MINNEN,
Committee.

H. Day Cursons, L. U. No. 41

Whereas it has pleased the Almighty Father to remove from this earth our beloved Brother, H. Day Cursons, whose buoyant spirit and deep affection will ever remain fresh in the memory of those who knew him best, therefore be it

Resolved, That L. U. No. 41, of the I. B. E. W., in the brotherly love pay tribute to his memory by expressing our sorrow at his loss and extend to the family our deepest sympathy in their hour of bereavement, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a copy sent to the family of our late Brother and a copy sent to the Journal for publication.

AL. OSTERICH,
GEO. M. WILLAX,
WM. P. FISHER,
Committee.

J. C. Carter, L. U. No. 716

Whereas the Infinite Creator of this universe has seen fit in His infinite wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed Brother and co-worker, J. C. Carter;

Brother Carter was a man among men and a most worthy member of this International Brotherhood, a man who at all times stood ready and willing to further the Electrical Workers' cause with all his power and ability. Brother Carter was a most lovable character. He was a true trades unionist and a loving husband. A man universally known for his rugged honesty and sincerity of purpose. A man whose loyalty to friends and loved ones could not be questioned.

This local union feels deeply the loss of our departed Brother and extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved wife and family. Now therefore be it

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be spread on the minutes of this local union, a copy sent to the bereaved wife and to the International Office for publication in our official Journal.

CHAS. SAXE,
A. P. GOODE,
A. G. ELLIS,
E. J. McELROY,
D. F. THAMES,
Committee.

J. K. Tatum, L. U. No. 53

Whereas it has pleased the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to suddenly call from our midst our beloved Brother, J. K. Tatum; and

Whereas in the untimely death of this Brother Local Union No. 53 has suffered the loss of a true and faithful Brother in time of strife and an honest worker; and

Whereas his relatives are deprived of one who was at all times and in all things loyal and true, therefore be it

Resolved, That the membership of this local extend their heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved relatives in this dark hour of sorrow, and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of our local be draped for a period of 30 days to his memory; that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes, a copy sent to the official Journal for publication and a copy sent to his bereaved relatives.

EDW. J. PHIPPUN,
JOS. CLOUGHLEY,
THOS. CASSIDY,
Committee.

Carl L. Jackson, L. U. No. 53

Whereas it has pleased the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to suddenly call from our midst our beloved Brother, Carl L. Jackson, and

Whereas we, as members of Local Union No. 53, I. B. E. W., have been called upon to pay our final tribute of respect and high esteem to our late Brother, who departed from our midst in the very prime of his life, which deprives us of his companionship and brotherly love, therefore be it

Resolved, That the membership of this local extend their heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved wife and relatives in this dark hour of sorrow; be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, a copy sent to the official Journal for publication and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

EDW. J. PHIPPUN,
JOS. CLOUGHLEY,
THOS. CASSIDY,
Committee.

J. J. McCollough, L. U. No. 53

Whereas it has pleased the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to suddenly call from our midst our beloved Brother, J. J. McCollough, and

Whereas in the untimely death of this Brother Local Union No. 53 has suffered the loss of a true and faithful Brother in time of strife and an honest worker; and

Whereas his relatives are deprived of one who was at all times and in all things loyal and true, therefore be it

Resolved, That the membership of this local extend their heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved father, brothers and relatives in this dark hour of sorrow; be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for the period of 30 days to his memory; that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes, a copy sent to the official Journal for publication and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

EDW. J. PHIPPUN,
JOS. CLOUGHLEY,
THOS. CASSIDY,
Committee.

Robert Crosbie Edwards, L. U. No. 413

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His wisdom, to call from our midst our beloved Brother, Robert Crosbie Edwards;

Whereas we deeply regret the loss of so kind and faithful a friend and Brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, as members of Local Union No. 413, of the I. B. E. W., extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family and relatives, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his sister, Mrs. Young Marshall, of Long Beach, Calif., and his two sisters in Scotland. Also that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and that they be sent to the headquarters of this organization for publication in the official Journal.

ALBERT H. HOELSCHER,
Recording Secretary.

Charles A. Hughes, L. U. No. 51

Whereas it has been the will of Almighty God in His divine wisdom to call from his loved ones our esteemed Brother, Chas. A. Hughes, who passed from this life June 4 while in the performance of his duty as a line-man, and

Whereas his death leaves a lasting memory in the hearts of his many friends and associates in the Brotherhood,

Resolved, That while we bow our heads in humble submission to the Divine Will, we mourn no less the taking away of our associate, and our heartfelt condolence is extended to his beloved wife and the members of his family, and we commend them to the loving care of Him who doeth all things well, and be it further

Resolved, That this resolution be spread upon our minutes, that a copy be sent to his widow and a copy to our Journal for publication and that our charter be draped for a period of 30 days in respect to his memory.

C. DIXON,
C. MOORE,
H. RUNYAN,
Committee.

L. H. Boyd, L. U. No. 84

Whereas it has pleased the Almighty to call from our midst our true friend and Brother, L. H. Boyd, the family a faithful husband, a kind and loving father; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend the bereaved family and relatives our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of bereavement, and bow our heads in reverence to an All-wise Father, who moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform, and say "Thy will be done;" and be it further

Resolved, That this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be sent to the family of our Brother and spread on the minutes of Local Union No. 84, I. B. E. W., and a copy be sent to our official Journal for publication.

H. WILSON,
F. A. McCLAIN,
J. L. CARVER,
Committee.

Michael Parsley, L. U. No. 212

Whereas Local Union No. 212, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has been called upon to pay its last tribute of respect to the memory of one of its worthy members, Brother Michael Parsley, who died instantly from a fall while at work on the new Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce Building, June 2, 1927; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family and friends of our deceased Brother our deepest sympathy, and as a mark of our sorrow, our charter be draped for a period of 30 days, a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this local union, a copy be sent to the family and a copy be sent to our International Office for publication in our official Journal.

H. FITZPATRICK,
President.
W. MITTENDORF,
Secretary.
E. SIMONTON,
Press Secretary.
Committee.

George McBride, L. U. No. 308

Whereas our Heavenly Father has issued a sudden and unforeseen call and taken from us our beloved Brother, George McBride, we, the members of Local Union No. 308, bow our heads in grief at the loss of a true friend and faithful and staunch defender of the principles for which we are organized, and

Whereas by his pleasant disposition and sincere friendship he had endeared himself to all who enjoyed his acquaintance, and

Whereas we realize the loss to his loving wife and family and in an effort to console them in their deep grief, be it

Resolved, That we extend to them our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of sad bereavement and assure them that the memory of our late Brother will be held dear in the hearts of the members of the Brotherhood, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days in respect to his memory and that copies of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved family, to the International Office for publication in the Journal of Electrical Workers, and be spread upon the minutes of Local Union No. 308.

W. J. BANDS,
President.
H. J. WELCH,
F. N. WOOD,
R. J. BEAN,
F. J. BORSTEL,
Committee.

M. L. Nichols, L. U. No. 332

Whereas Local Union No. 332, I. B. E. W., has been called upon to pay its last tribute of respect to the memory of one of its most esteemed members, Brother M. L. Nichols (Nick), who died suddenly of heart trouble, June 12, 1927.

Brother Nichols, hearkening to the Divine Command, has passed on to that undiscovered country from whose borne no traveler returns. His noble qualities and kindly spirit, his loyalty and deep affection will ever remain fresh in the memory of those who knew him best; and

Whereas we recognize that in his taking away Local Union No. 332, I. B. E. W., has lost a highly esteemed member; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Local Union No. 332 extend their deepest sympathy to the wife and relatives in their hour of grief; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days as a token of respect to his memory, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the wife, another copy be spread on the minutes of our local, and a third copy be sent to our official Journal for publication.

LOCAL UNION NO. 332, I. B. E. W.,
By C. M. PERRY.

William F. Waldron, L. U. No. 437

Whereas the members of Local Union No. 437, I. B. E. W., deeply regret the loss of our esteemed Brother, William F. Waldron, and

Whereas Local Union No. 437 has suffered the loss of a loyal member; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Local Union No. 437 extend their most sincere sympathy to his family in this hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for 30 days in respect to his memory, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his mother, and one to the International Office for publication in the official Journal, and a copy be spread on the minutes of our local union.

GEO. H. COTTELL,
WILLIAM G. RIEGEL,
FRANK W. MULLEN,
Secretary,
Committee.

James Godfrey, L. U. No. 509

Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to call from our midst an esteemed and worthy Brother, James Godfrey; and

Whereas by his kind, manly and amiable disposition he endeared himself to all of us, and our loss is lightened by the memory of these; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Local Union No. 509, I. B. E. W., extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sorrow and sympathy, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this meeting, a copy sent to his family, and a copy sent to the official Journal, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days out of respect and in tribute to his memory.

JOSEPH E. FREIHOEFER,
I. A. NERBER,
FR. SCHROEDER,
Committee.

F. Morin, L. U. No. 568

Whereas our Heavenly Father has seen fit in His wisdom to remove from our midst our esteemed Brother, Frederick Morin, and

Whereas in the death of our Brother Local Union No. 568 suffers a loss of one who was a loyal and faithful member; and

Whereas his family is deprived of one who was at all times and in all things true and loyal; therefore be it

Resolved, That our charter be draped for 30 days in respect to his memory and that copies of this resolution be sent to the bereaved family, and to International Office for publication in the Worker and a copy be spread on the minutes of our organization.

L. A. RICHARD,
Financial Secretary.

Fred D. Jarvis, L. U. No. 697

It is with profound regret that we, the members of Local Union No. 697, of the I. B. E. W., record the death of our late Brother, Fred D. Jarvis, who had been in failing health for some time and who was taken in the prime of life, and

Whereas Local Union No. 697 appreciates the loss of a true and loyal member, be it

Resolved, That we, as a union in brotherly love extend our sympathy to his bereaved

family and relatives in their time of sorrow, and be it also

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to his wife, a copy embodied in the minutes of our local union and a copy be forwarded to our International Office for publication in our official Journal.

PAUL T. HAGBERG,
Chairman.
RAY F. ABBOTT,
DUNCAN RUSSELL,
GUS H. SCHOOP,
J. A. FAUVER,
Committee.

Harold Cameron, L. U. No. 697

It is with profound regret that we, the members of Local Union No. 697, of the I. B. E. W., record the death of our late Brother, Harold Cameron, who was taken in the prime of life; and

Whereas Local Union No. 697 appreciates the loss of a true and loyal member, be it

Resolved, That we, as a union in brotherly love, extend our sympathy to his bereaved family and relatives in their time of sorrow, and be it also

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to his family, a copy embodied in the minutes of our local union and a copy be forwarded to our International Office for publication in our official Journal, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days.

WM. KNOTH,
Recording Secretary.



THE I. B. E. W. WATCH CHARM

Bears the Brotherhood emblem in enamel on a very ornamental base of gold filled scroll work.

\$2.50

DEATH CLAIMS PAID FROM JUNE 1, 1927, INCLUDING JUNE 30, 1927

Local	Name	Amount
134	Elmer Galvin	\$ 1,000.00
226	M. G. Hathaway	1,000.00
717	Geo. Wilson	825.00
103	A. Gognen	1,000.00
298	Joe Savinske	300.00
716	J. C. Carter	1,000.00
697	Fred D. Jarvis	475.00
51	C. A. Hughes	825.00
65	Angus McGilvrary	825.00
7	Jno. M. Carroll	650.00
556	Geo. A. Hull	475.00
413	R. C. Edwards	650.00
296	Chas. Morrissey	1,000.00
309	Edw. B. Hunter	1,000.00
41	Jas. Jos. Godfrey	475.00
401	Thos. Kearney	300.00
232	M. L. Nichols	1,000.00
210	Owen Simpson	825.00
3	Knud Steenman	500.00
212	M. Parsley	650.00
734	Thos. Jones	825.00
58	Gleason Simmons	650.00
298	E. R. Stevens	500.00
134	Fred Westphal	1,000.00
I.O.	Fred Krietemeyer	825.00
151	Geo. Flatley	1,000.00
17	Thos. Montgomery	1,000.00
468	Jos. Barridon	1,000.00
104	Jos. McKenna	1,000.00
84	Adam M. Dornsife	300.00

\$22,875.00

Death claims paid from June 1, 1927, including June 30, 1927 \$ 22,875.00

Death claims previously paid 1,041,461.10

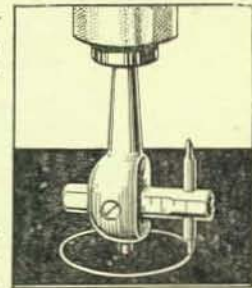
Total claims paid \$1,064,336.10

"JIFFY JR." Adjustable CUTTER

A "JIFFY" CUTTER especially designed for the electrician. Cuts holes up to 3" in diameter, in boxes, switchboards, bakelite panels and sheet metal. Fits in standard brace.

Calibrated toolholder makes it easy to adjust.
Special Knockout attachment for boxes.
All you need to adjust it is a screwdriver.

THE PRICE IS SURPRISINGLY LOW! Write us at once for Circular B just out, which describes this excellent little outfit. You will agree with us that it's one of the neatest little tools you ever saw!



JIFFY SOLDER DIPPER

Standard Size

Junior Size

Length, 14"

Length, 8"

Weight, 1 lb.

Weight, 8 oz.

Electricians Size.

Special size for fixture-hangers.

Tins 1" cables

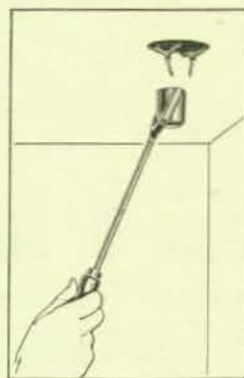
Solders 30 to 40 joints with one heat.

Solders 50 to 60 joints with one heat.

Solders 30 to 40 joints with one heat.

Prevents Painful Solder Burns. Lasts a Lifetime.
Won't Smoke the Wall Around the Outlet or Burn the Insulation.

Send us ONE DOLLAR for either size. MONEY BACK if you aren't satisfied. Thousands of these dippers used daily. Positive guarantee.



PAUL W. KOCH & CO.

400 LEES BLDG., 19 S. WELLS ST.

CHICAGO, ILL.

OPEN SHOP ADMITS FORCE OF LABOR'S WAGE THEORY

(Continued from page 343)

sion regarding hours of labor seems to be based on sentiment rather than on patient investigation of experience. It goes without saying that it is only by the sweat of his brow that man eats his daily bread. If nobody worked we would all be dead in a few months. The figures given above seem to indicate that man is already enjoying all the leisure it is safe for him to appropriate. Any further adventures along that line might lead to serious consequences to the coming generation."

How far such conclusions really affect bankers and economists is hard to measure. Business men like other human beings have a tendency to believe what they wish to believe, and if open shoppers can supply plausible reasons for reducing wages, some of them may fall. On the other hand, it is apparent that the high wage economy has the indisputable evidence of material prosperity on its side.

Auto Gas Believed Universal Poison

That the dangerous carbon monoxide gas which is given off in the exhaust of automobile engines and which has caused many human deaths is a poison also to many other kinds of living creatures, even to plants, is the conclusion of experiments reported by Dr. J. B. S. Haldane, of the University of Cambridge, England. This gas is supposed to poison man because of its damage to the blood. It combines with the red coloring matter of the blood, so that this red material can no longer perform its essential duty of carrying oxygen from the lungs to the other parts of the body. Dr. Haldane has studied the action of the same poisonous carbon monoxide on insects, which possess no red blood, and on sprouting seeds, which have nothing corresponding at all to the blood circulation of animals. He finds that the gas is poisonous to all, although not quite so fatally so as to the higher animals like man. Dr. Haldane believes that every living cell, no matter to what kind of creature it belongs, probably contains some essential constituent which the carbon monoxide poison reacts with and destroys. If this is true, carbon monoxide gas is probably the most universal poison known, unless it be prussic acid and its related compound potassium cyanide. These substances, as it happens, are chemically somewhat similar to the carbon monoxide gas. It is possible that all of them act in the same way on some substance necessary in all kinds of living matter.

Common Cold Dangerous

That the common cold, which most people regard merely as a nuisance to receive no serious attention, is actually the most fatal and most wasteful of all human diseases was stated by Dr. Charles H. Herty, distinguished chemist of New York City, in a report to the recent meeting of the American Chemical Society at Richmond, Va. The reason for this remarkable conclusion, which is supported by statistics collected by a committee of the society, is that colds are now known by physicians to be apt to lead to more fatal diseases. When to this fact is added the immense amount of time wasted each year by persons who are kept home by colds or whose efficiency and happiness are lowered by them, the justification for Dr. Herty's startling statement becomes apparent. Officers and members of the Chemical Society have been at work for

some months on plans for an intensive chemical effort to find some drug or synthetic material which will be a real cure for colds or which will effectually prevent a cold from developing into some more serious trouble.

A LADY WRITES

(Continued from page 352)

you go throwing cabbage at Slim. The beer is cold in Wichita, for I drink it and I speak from experience, but unkempt hose are out of date here, and the styles change so often that he is merely predicting a future fad.

I think it would be an immense idea for the women to write sometimes.

I can just hear the men folks say, "Well, I hope to strangle," and now I'm going to sign off, just to show you all that a woman doesn't hold the floor forever.

MRS. C. F. F.

RADIO

(Continued from page 358)

signals and your receiver you can calibrate the meter in short order. First, consult the Service Bulletin for the date and time of short wave signals and tune in the station sending these signals. After you have tuned the receiver carefully adjust the secondary tuning until the zero beat adjustment has been reached, that is, adjust the secondary circuit until the signal changes from a high pitched one to a lower one and finally disappears. The point of disappearance is the zero beat. Now bring the wavemeter up close to the secondary of the receiver, as shown in the diagram, and turn the wavemeter condenser. When the wavemeter passes through resonance with

the secondary two sharp clicks will be heard in the headset of the receiver. Move the wavemeter away from the secondary, at the same time turning the wavemeter condenser back and forth between the points at which the two clicks were heard until there is only one well-defined click in the headset. The point at which this single click occurs is the resonant point between the wavemeter and the receiver. Then read just the receiver and listen to the transmission to determine what the wavelength is. Carefully record the announced wavelength and the wavemeter condenser setting for future reference, and proceed to the next standard signal. These signals are sent at intervals of fifteen minutes on the schedule nights.

Be sure to record each wavemeter setting and each announced wavelength.

You should obtain at least ten points of resonance and ten corresponding settings of the wavemeter condenser from the directions given yesterday. You are now ready to draw the calibration curve so that the condenser settings for all intermediate points may be ascertained.

Obtain a sheet of cross-section paper and lay off, in a horizontal direction, the condenser settings from zero to 100, being careful to lay them out so that you can read to at least a half condenser degree. The diagram above shows the settings from 10 to 90 degrees only. You should use only that portion of the condenser scale between 10 to 90.

In a vertical direction lay off the wavelength figures, starting with the shortest wavelength point you have and ending with the longest. Now mark in the points you have secured as explained before. Suppose that the wavemeter setting at 30

Buy Union Stamped Shoes

We ask all members of organized labor to purchase shoes bearing our Union Stamp on the sole, inner-sole or lining of the shoe. We ask you not to buy any shoes unless you actually see this Union Stamp.



Boot & Shoe Workers' Union

Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor

246 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

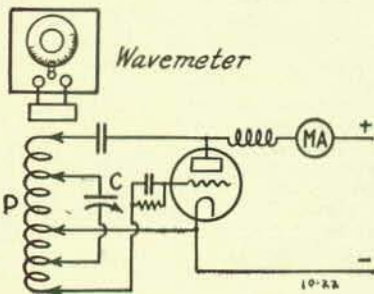
COLLIS LOVELY
General President

CHARLES L. BAINE
General Secy-Treas.

degrees on the condenser resulted in a wavelength of 40 meters. At 30 on the horizontal scale (condenser) run up the vertical line until you find where that line crosses with 40 on the vertical scale. Make a light dot at the intersection of these points. In like manner fill in all the points you have secured. Then with a French curve draw in the connecting line which will pass through all of the points you have secured.

With the coil previously described, if you are using a straight capacity line type of wavemeter condenser, the curve will be bowed as at A. If a straight wavelength type of condenser is used, the "curve" will be a straight line, practically, between 10 and 90 degrees on the condenser scale.

When using the wavemeter in connection with a receiver, the process is the reverse of that explained above on calibration. The wavemeter is set close to the secondary of the receiver (after the receiver has been adjusted to zero beat with the station whose

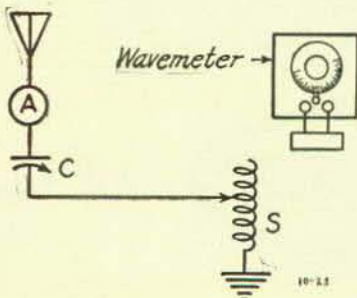


wavelength you desire to measure) and the wavemeter's condenser is varied until the clicks are heard in the headset. The coupling between the wavemeter and the receiver is then loosened until a single click appears and the setting of the wavemeter condenser is noted.

The calibration curve is then consulted and the wavelength corresponding to the condenser setting is determined, and the wavelength of the signal is the same as the wavelength on the calibration chart corresponding to the wavemeter setting.

There are several ways to measure the wavelength of a transmitter. One is shown in the diagram. The wavemeter is brought up fairly close to the primary (P) of the transmitter and the wavemeter condenser is varied at the same time, noting the setting of the plate circuit milliammeter. When the wavemeter and the transmitter are adjusted to the same wavelength, the milliammeter's needle will "dip" sharply. The point of maximum dip is the resonant point between the two circuits. By consulting the wavemeter calibration curve as explained above, the wavelength of the transmitter is determined.

If your transmitter has no indicating instrument in the plate circuit, when measur-



ing the wavelength it is operating on, the scheme shown in the diagram above may be resorted to. The antenna circuit must in-



A pagoda, a lily, or a rustic pole

Ornamental standards for street lighting are now made to express a city's individuality.



General Electric illuminating engineers have shown many cities and towns how their charm may be symbolized in artistic lighting systems. For full information about better, safer, cleaner cities address the Street Lighting Department, General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y. A wealth of up-to-the-minute street-lighting data is yours for the asking.

In San Francisco's Chinatown pagoda lanterns harmonize with the shops, while in Bronx River Parkway near New York, plain rustic poles covered with bark support the lights.

Modern lighting systems lend atmosphere by day, and after nightfall their brilliance attracts business, diminishes crime, and safeguards traffic.

GENERAL ELECTRIC ^{720-17C}

clude some form of resonance indicating device, either a hot wire or thermo couple ammeter or a flashlight lamp. Without some form of resonance indicator it is rather difficult to adjust the transmitter at all.

If the wavemeter is coupled to the secondary (antenna) coil of the transmitter, and the wavemeter condenser varied, when resonance between the secondary and the wavemeter has been reached, the ammeter will deflect sharply. Or if a lamp is used as an antenna "ammeter" the lamp will flicker. That point is the resonant point between the two instruments and the corresponding wavemeter wavelength (as determined from the wavemeter curve) is the

wavelength on which the transmitter is operating.

Care should be taken to couple the wavemeter only closely enough to the transmitter to secure a sharp indication of resonance on the ammeter. If the wavemeter is too close, two resonance points may be secured, or sufficient current may be induced in the wavemeter circuit to burn the coil or break down the condenser.

(All rights reserved by American Radio League, Inc., and Science Service, Inc.)

(This department is conducted by special arrangement between the Electrical Workers Journal and the American Radio Relay League, Inc., the national organization of radio operators and experimenters, through Science Service.)

NOTICES

Local Union 192 has placed an assessment of \$200 against Brother Aurele Henry St. Gelais (card No. 585915) for working in an unfair shop.

We are advised that advertisements are being published in magazines and newspapers for electrical workers to do power house work in the state of Washington. We are also advised that there are many men coming into the state looking for work. We request our members to pay no attention to the advertisements for the reason that there is no work for them in the state, and there is an over supply of men coming in which is causing only hardship.

G. M. BUGNIAZET,
International Secretary.

Tulsa, Okla., June 10, 1927.

One hundred dollars reward for information leading to the arrest of H. S. Justus, card No. 612201, L. U. No. 584, Tulsa, Okla.

Color of hair, brown; color of eyes, blue; height, 5 feet 11 1/2 inches; weight, 145 pounds; age, 33 years.

This man is wanted for stealing Standard Six Buick Coupe, model '27-'26; manufacturer's number 1802774; engine number 1864161, with Kansas license No. 361292.



H. S. JUSTUS

This man was formerly a member of L. U. No. 38, Cleveland, Ohio. He is also wanted for forgery and passing hot checks.

Any information in regard to whereabouts of this man will be appreciated by L. U. No. 584.

This man was holding a position of trust with a large corporation, which he was able to get through the recommendation and on the reputation for honesty of the membership of L. U. No. 584, which he has grossly betrayed.

Address any information to

W. B. PETTY,
Business Manager, L. U. No. 584.

Room 8, 202 1/2 South Main Street, Tulsa, Okla.



DIAMOND-SHAPED BUTTONS

To wear in your coat lapel, carry the emblem and insignia of the I. B. E. W. Gold faced and handsomely enameled **\$2**

ELECTRICAL WORKERS HELP BROOKWOOD

(Continued from page 357)

ment of Brookwood, will be occupied by David J. Saposs, instructor in trade unionism. A men's dormitory is the next item on the program.

At the annual meeting of the Brookwood corporation, Fred Hewitt, editor of the Machinists' Journal, was elected to the board of directors to succeed Charles Kutz. James H. Maurer was re-elected president. Labor members of the executive committee which governs the affairs of the school are Fannia M. Cohn, International Ladies' Garment Workers; A. Lefkowitz, American Federation of Teachers, and Gustav Geiges, United Textile Workers. The faculty, students and alumni are also represented on the committee.

Tom Tippet will teach economics at Brookwood next year, according to announcement made at the meeting. He comes to Brookwood from Illinois, where he has successfully conducted workers' education classes among the miners of Sub-District 5 for several years.

New Chemicals in Radio Heat

The possibility of a new kind of chemistry, quite different from the chemistry of present laboratories or factories, was suggested to the New York Electrical Society on April 20, 1927, by Dr. Harvey C. Rentschler, Director of Research of the Westinghouse Lamp Company, at Bloomfield, N. J. This new chemistry depends upon producing chemical reactions in a vacuum instead of in the air. Whatever substances the chemist may mix in his test tubes or crucibles in the ordinary laboratory there are always at least two other substances present; the oxygen gas and nitrogen gas of the air. To exclude these from the reaction is difficult. Even if the reacting materials are placed in a glass bulb or other container from which the air is pumped out, it is difficult to heat

them, for gas flames or electric arcs will contaminate the vacuum. Dr. Rentschler solves the difficulty by introducing heat in the form of electric waves, similar to the waves used in radio. These penetrate the vacuum without introducing contaminating materials. The method has been used, for example, to produce some rare metals, notably uranium and thorium, which catch fire and burn if made in air.

TRUE INWARDNESS OF EMPLOYEE STOCK OWNERSHIP

(Continued from page 351)

Nobody likes to form the judgment toward which these words are drifting—at least, no right-minded person. But on March 23 of this year I wrote gentle and specific letters to thirty of the corporations which are reported as selling stock to their employees, asking as to the grades of their employees who have taken stock. Today, April 19, I have had one fairly full reply, three somewhat indefinite but reasonably satisfactory replies, one promising the information asked for, one promising later attention to my letter, two stating that the companies are not properly in the category, five which ignore my inquiry but send the usual undistributed figures, three which declare an inability to answer. Fourteen have made no reply.

WILLARD C. FISHER.

New York University.

June, 1927, American Economic Review

Sound Advice

"Let him (the employee) first have fairly adequate life insurance, say some \$20,000, either fully paid up or safely provided for in his personal budget. Let him have in his house either an unencumbered property or a plump equity. And let him have a thousand dollars or so in a savings bank or a building and loan association. Then let him begin to purchase securities."—Willard C. Fisher.

PRICE LIST OF SUPPLIES

Application Blanks, per 100.....	\$.75	Ledger, Financial Secretary's, 400 pages.....	8.75
Arrears, Official Notice of, per 100.....	.50	(Extra Heavy Binding)	
Account Book, Treasurer's.....	1.00	Labels, Metal, per 100.....	1.25
Buttons, S. G. (medium).....	1.00	Labels, Paper, per 100.....	.15
Buttons, S. G. (small).....	.75	Labels, large size for house wiring, per 100.....	.35
Buttons, R. G.....	.60	Obligation Cards, double, per dozen.....	.25
Buttons, Cuff, R. G., per pair.....	2.50	Paper, Official Letter, per 100.....	.75
Button, Gold-faced Diamond Shaped.....	2.00	Permit Card, per 100.....	.75
Books, set of.....	14.00	Rituals, extra, each.....	.25
Book, Minute for R. S. (small).....	2.00	Receipt Book (300 receipts).....	2.00
Book, Minute for R. S. (large).....	3.00	Receipt Book, (750 receipts).....	4.00
Book, Day.....	1.50	Receipt Book, Financial Secretary's.....	.35
Book, Roll Call.....	1.50	Receipt Book, Treasurer's.....	.35
Carbon for receipt books.....	.05	Receipt Holders, each.....	.25
Charm, vest chain slide.....	5.00	Ring, 14 karat gold.....	9.50
Constitution, per 100.....	5.00	Ring, 14 karat green and white gold.....	10.00
Electrical Worker, Subscription per year.....	1.00	Seal, cut of.....	1.00
Envelopes, Official, per 100.....	1.00	Seal.....	4.00
Ledger, loose leaf binder, Financial Secretary's, 26 tab index.....	6.50	Seal (pocket).....	7.50
Ledger pages to fit above ledger, per 100.....	1.50	Travelling Cards, per dozen.....	.75
Ledger, Financial Secretary's, 100 pages.....	3.00	Withdrawal Cards, with Trans. Cds., per dozen.....	.50
Ledger, Financial Secretary's, 200 pages.....	4.50	Working Cards, per 100.....	.50
		Warrant Book, for E. S.....	.50

METAL



LABEL

NOTE—The above articles will be supplied when the requisite amount of cash accompanies the order. Otherwise the order will not be recognized. All supplies sent by us have postage or express charges prepaid.

ADDRESS, G. M. BUGNIAZET, I. S.



LOCAL UNION OFFICIAL RECEIPTS FROM MAY 11 TO JUNE 10, 1927



Table with 5 columns of L. U. NUMBERS and corresponding receipt amounts. Each column contains a list of numbers and their respective values, such as 1-705250, 137-215440, 300-851746, 465-619609, and 659-540757.

CONVENTION SPECIAL

CHICAGO TO DETROIT Sunday, August 14, 1927

Here we are again! Right off the reel, we are going to run out some new dope on the only simon-pure Trades-Union Special Train. The Boys and Girls are all talking about it. From Texas to Boston, come the inquiries: "When do we start?" "What's going to be doing?" "How do we go?" etc. Here and there and everywhere, the Gang is getting ready, waiting for the Starting Gong to ring.

Never has there been so much interest aroused. Locals that up to this time have not sent Delegates, are now going to be represented. That's the stuff, Boys! Keep up the good work. Let's see how near we can come to a 100 per cent representation. Help make the Detroit Convention the most wonderful Convention, both in attendance and valuable work accomplished, that has ever been held.

The Joint Chicago Committee will help by giving you a cordial and wholesome good time, so that you will all be pepped-up and ready to do business at the drop of the hat.

When we arrive in Detroit, those Boys in the Joint Detroit Committee are framing on you to give all the Delegates and their Wives a Bang-up good time. I know. So, tie on your hat, as we are going through a Tunnel of Joy, with all Speed Limits shattered.

Now, don't forget! Stop off in Chicago for a few days. We know you; we like you; and, we want you. The Committee will open Headquarters at the SHERMAN HOUSE, August 12. Every arrangement will be ready for the comfort and pleasure of our Friends and Guests. New and novel forms of entertainment, never before attempted, are being planned for the Delegates and their Wives. Handsome prizes will be donated to the man with the least hair on his head; the handsomest Delegate present; et cetera.

Remember: The SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVES CHICAGO for DETROIT on SUNDAY, AUGUST 14, 10:00 a. m., Standard Time, on the GRAND TRUNK-CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY, which is UNION from stem to stern.

The Joint Chicago Committee, composed of all the Chicago Locals, cordially invites the Delegates, their Families and Friends, to tarry with them for a few days and partake of our hospitality.

DON'T FORGET! WE WANT YOU.

CHICAGO JOINT COMMITTEE,

Chas. M. Paulsen, Chairman;
John Shilt, Vice Chairman;
Ward Hanigan, Treasurer;
Edw. J. Evans, Secretary.

DELEGATES

Local No. 134
Chas. M. Paulsen
M. J. Kennedy
Murt Enright
Daniel Cleary
P. F. Sullivan
Robt. Brooks
M. J. Callahan
Maxwell Jasper
Seth Piper
Thos. J. O'Brien
Matt Lenehan
John Murphy
Chas. (Shorty) Uhler
Jimmie Boyle
Thos. Murray

Frank E. Doyle
Fred Drullard
Jim Brennan
Thos. Boyle
Marshall Paulson
Ray. Cleary
Matt Vludeau
Geo. Duffy
Wm. C. J. Ryan
Jimmie Gaul
Frank Mahoney
Wm. Hogan
Edw. Cullerton
Phil Hogan
Percy Gray
Harry Farrell
Jos. Keenan

Geo. Doyle
Don McKay
Edw. Fay
Eddie Santschi
John Boekholt
Ray McElheny
Billy Cleary
Jack Brennan
Local No. 9
D. A. Manning
R. A. Brehman
Dan McAvoy
Irwin (Bosco) Knott
F. P. O'Brien
F. Hoban
Phil Bender

Ward Hanagin
Jas. F. Slattery
Paul Messenue
Local No. 713
John F. Schilt
Albert Lang
Frank Leyrer
George Doerr
George Chamberlain
Harry Cox
Local No. 214
Roy Westgard
Local No. 794
Carl A. Latham
Wm. J. Meehan

AMERICA is achieving certain things of great moment which have never been achieved before, and is developing a philosophy of life which, whether we like it or not, is obviously more suited to the modern world than that of most Europeans. * * * The dominating belief of what may be called the industrial philosophy is the belief that man is the master of his fate and need not submit tamely to the evils which the niggardliness of inanimate nature or the follies of human nature have hitherto inflicted.

—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

