

RECORDING · THE · ELECTRICAL · ERA

VOL. XXVI

WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER, 1927

NO. 10

¶ When Congress convenes, it will have opportunity of changing the course of economic and industrial history in the United States.

¶ Labor will have an unusual opportunity to influence this decision of Congress.

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

State Federations Endorse Union Cooperative Insurance Association

In May, 1927, at Sedalia, Missouri, the **Missouri State Federation of Labor** passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Missouri State Federation of Labor go on record endorsing the **Union Cooperative Insurance Association** and its state agent, the Union Labor Insurance Agency, and recommend to the members of the affiliated local unions to place insurance of every description desired by them through the Union Labor Insurance Agency."

In September, 1927, at East St. Louis, Illinois, the **Illinois State Federation of Labor** passed the following resolution:

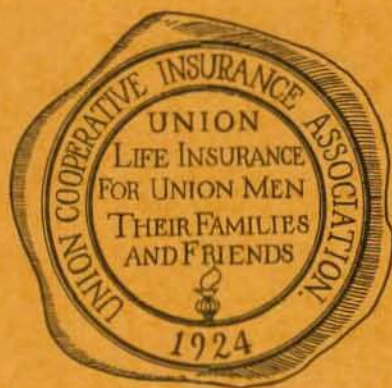
"Resolved: That this convention of the Illinois State Federation of Labor go on record as endorsing the **Union Cooperative Insurance Association**, the first legal reserve old line trades union insurance company, and recommend the same to the members of organized labor."

These endorsements and recommendations of the Union Cooperative Insurance Association by these two State Federations show the attitude of Labor toward handling its own enterprises and the desirability of using the Union Cooperative Insurance Association in obtaining **union life insurance for union men, their families and friends.**

The **Union Cooperative Insurance Association is Labor's first and original old line legal reserve life insurance company**, and is now approaching the end of the third year of the actual writing of life insurance policies. It has over \$20,000,000 of insurance in force, chiefly among Labor men throughout the United States, Canada and the Canal Zone.

Missouri Representative—O. E. Jennings, Union Labor Insurance Agency, Planters' Building, 115 North Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.

Illinois Representative—Edward J. Evans, Room 1201, 130 North Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.



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.

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International President, J. P. NOONAN, 506 Machinists' Bldg., Washington, D. C.
 International Secretary, G. M. BUGNIAZET, 506 Machinists' Bldg., Washington, D. C.
 International Treasurer, W. A. HOGAN, 647 South Sixth Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

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Contents

	<i>Page</i>
Frontispiece	506
Control vs. Drift Issue of Coming Congress	507
Machines Figure Heavily in Kayo of Farmers	510
Who Owns the Federal Reserve System, Please?	511
Great Railroad Enacts Transportation Epic	512
Adopted Pension Plan Makes Union History	514
Editorial	516
Economist Warns Labor Pays for War It Wages	518
Capitalists Look at Relations With Labor	519
State Association Sets Forth on Practical Program	520
Make Your Ballot Work the Other 364 Days (Cartoon)	521
Woman's Work	522
What Is the Inner Essence of Jove's Thunderbolts?	524
Everyday Science	525
Radio	526
Constructive Hints	527
Correspondence	528
The Octopus	547
In Memoriam	554
Notices	555
Local Union Official Receipts	559

Magazine Chat

Say, bo, for the first time in 20 months October seemed destined to bring us fewer letters than we had space for.

Oh damn, what a terrible fright for the poor overworked editorial staff. [Later: Our scare was for nothing as the correspondence shows.]

What's the matter, you press secretary from the Big Sticks and Little Sticks, and you press secretary from the Great Milky Way and the Great Electric Way—and October is such a cool month, too.

Just getting over a moral vacation or are you sore at something? We simply can't bear any slipping. When a magazine has a feature like its correspondence columns—the best in the world (sounds extravagant, but isn't)—it must take steps to preserve it.

He suddenly appeared in the editorial office—a brown, tall, lean, heavily bearded man, with the look of a Pacific Coast miner about him. He wanted to see, he said, some back numbers of the Journal, ten years back, when he worked at the trade, packed his tools, and carried a card.

He found what he wanted, stopped for a chat, and spied the August number of the Journal on the table.

"Say," he said, "Can I subscribe for this now?"

"Sure," we told him. And so the old member renewed his ties with us, and the Journal fulfilled just another good use.

The International Office has sent a handsome copy of the resolution memorializing Past President McNulty, appearing on page 515, in this issue, to each local union.

Several members thought they were the ones referred to in the column last month, when I deplored "lifting" material verbatim from other sources. A naughty conscience needs no loudspeaker.

But don't feel bad—our columns have been particularly free of this kind of editorial breaks.

If you do not want us to die of heart failure, keep the old pen flowing, boys.

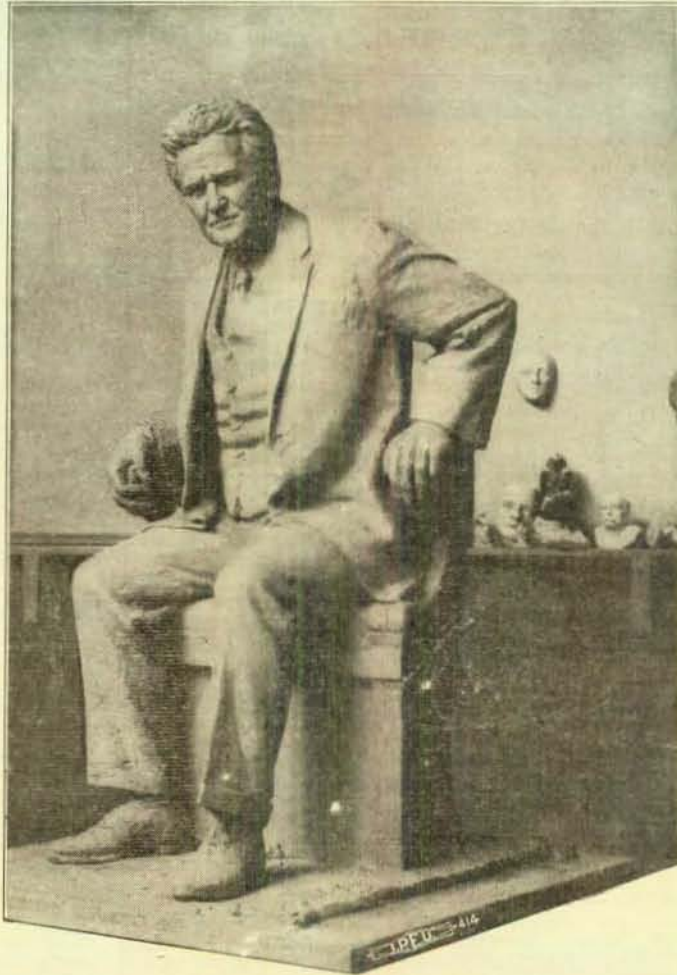


Photo by Bernes, Marotteau & Co., Paris.

STATUE OF SENATOR LA FOLLETTE

Fighting Bob—by Jo Davidson, Sculptor, now in his Paris studio. This will soon be removed to America as Wisconsin's gift to Statuary Hall, National Capitol, Washington, scene of Bob's labors for his beloved people.

This statue will take its place, I believe, with the few. Somehow the keen intelligence, the extraordinary force of will of the Senator have been caught. You look at it from one side and you see what a fighter he was. You look at it from another side and you are aware of his warm emotional life. And above it all you are conscious that he is rising to attack the enemies of his beloved people, to define and defend their rights. Powerful mind, great heart, unwearied devotion, it all speaks out of that mass of marble.
—M. C. Otto, University of Wisconsin.



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Control vs. Drift Issue of Coming Congress

NOT more than a million years ago a presidency was won by the slogan, "More business in government, and less government in business."

Now within the twinkling of an eye, all this is changed. The grandiose theory of unregulated business—good big business, working the nation's weal out of the sheer exuberance of spirit—is knocked into a cocked hat. And who fired the fatal shot? Not those awful labor unions. No. Not those terrible farmers. No. Why, big business, itself.

The strikingly interesting fact about the coming congress is that big business is waiting on the doorstep with a new born infant destined to be called "Aid for Business."

And this important fact is recorded in a spirit of levity, not because we deplore the trend, but because we see the interests of truth and reason served by the change. In an age when "rationalization" or "scientific management" is the rule of action within industries, it is inevitable that government should be enlisted to order the relations of one industry to another. And so the old policy of drift is destined to be abandoned, and the new policy of control ushered in.

Here is the prospectus of events in the coming congress:

1. The Standard Oil Company wants legislation to prevent unrestricted exploitation of oil fields.

2. Western bankers want revision of Federal Reserve Bank laws, more clearly defining the powers of regional banks—an important step as explained in another article in this issue.

3. Farmers want relief—want government in their business.

4. A large section of the population want government retention of Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam and Great Falls.

5. The south wants the federal government to begin a half billion dollar curb upon the violent waters of the Mississippi.

In addition, there is to be a sharp conflict over tax rebates that will involve the same kind of public policy.

W. C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, in a signed article in the New York Times says:

"The next session of congress will see the introduction of one or more bills to give the federal government a voice in the conservation of petroleum. Whether the projected legislation will pass is one thing, and whether, if enacted, it can stand the test of constitutionality is quite another. Eminent legal authorities believe that the federal government cannot regulate oil production without an amendment to the constitution.

"Meantime conservation must rest in the hands of private interests. The production of crude oil is peculiarly difficult of control. Because of its more or less fugitive character, oil is not like either timber or coal resources, which are fixed in position and remain undisputedly the property of the owner of the ground. If the surface over-

lying an oil pool be owned by half a dozen persons, any one of them, if not interfered with, can recover not only his own share of the petroleum, but also part of that under his neighbor's land. When a wildcatter opens a new pool, all the land adjacent but not under his control is promptly drilled up by others.

"This competitive race to bring the oil to the surface has certain recognized evils. It means too many wells in a given area where the land is held in small parcels. One of the best illustrations of that was furnished by Long Beach, Calif., where derrick nearly touched derrick. Also it may mean a sudden great interest in the current production at a time when it is not needed, throwing a heavy burden on the industry to provide storage. This phase of the situation has been unfortunately exemplified in Seminole."

It is legitimate to ask, "Why is the Standard Oil interested in conservation?" There is a strong suspicion that it does not welcome the sharp competition of independent producers, and is using this method to hold its own. It is significant that it goes to the federal government for aid.

Federal Reserve Policy Alarms Wall Street

Even Wall Street is alarmed by the policy of the Federal Reserve Bank Board. Elsewhere in this issue, we show what is behind the fight for control of the Federal Reserve.

The Commercial and Financial Chronicle, a conservative business journal of New York City, declares apropos of recent lowered discount rates:

"There can be no question that easy money and easy credit lie at the bottom of the prodigious stock exchange speculation. Now come the Federal Reserve banks, and by their action make credit still easier.

"With stock exchange speculation rampant and with borrowing on stock exchange account of huge volume and steadily growing, the true course would be to raise rates, thereby rendering borrowing on the part of member banks more costly and thus discouraging it. But the Reserve banks are anxious to increase the volume of their earning assets, which latterly have been falling off somewhat, notwithstanding the absorption of so much money in stock exchange speculation. So they offer additional inducements to the member banks by reducing their rates.

"But is such a policy sound and sensible, and is it in consonance with the theory upon which central banks are supposed to function? If not, why should the managers of our reserve institutions give adherence to it? Are there not serious portents in the course that is being pursued, and should not these receive careful attention and thoughtful consideration? Are we not sowing the wind with danger of reaping the whirlwind?"

The problem of the farmer has been insistent ever since the deflation of 1919-1920. It appears that the farmer has not relinquished

his demand for federal aid, despite reports to the contrary. Some form of the McNary-Haugen bill is expected to go through. In another article in this issue, the reasons behind the farm unrest are presented.

Water Power Still Issue

Water power will again be a bone of contention. It has been reported in Washington that conservative republican leaders have reached an agreement to compromise on Muscle Shoals, by allowing the government to retain the project, and operate it primarily for the manufacture of nitrates and fertilizers, the electric power to be sold to private power interests. Boulder Dam is to be disposed of; and Great Falls as a potential power site to be investigated.

That the electrical industry expects an investigation is indicated by this editorial in the Electrical World:

"Although congress will not assemble for three months, the air is already rife with rumors of contemplated legislation of interest to the electrical industry. Muscle Shoals and the Colorado River, it may be taken for granted, will come up for discussion, but whether definite action will follow only a rash prophet will predict. What is most to be feared from Washington this session, however, is the threatened investigation of electric light and power companies, and particularly holding companies, by a senatorial committee headed by Senator Walsh of Montana. Not necessarily because of any shortcomings of the electric light and power industry as a whole, for it has an admirable record; but because of the detrimental effect of the publicity on the security market.

"Next year is presidential year, and there are many aspirants with lightning rods down their backs seeking to be struck. To such men publicity is like a spring of water to the parched earth. It is unfortunate that investigations of this kind may be started on whims and that the motives back of them are not always above suspicion; but if an investigation is to come, it might as well come now when the electric light and power industry can best stand it. The findings may be an agreeable surprise or a heavy shock; yet the industry may make up its mind that the inquiry will not seek to advertise the accomplishments of electric public utilities, but, on the contrary, to distort and magnify blameworthy actions of a few to the detriment of many. Any exposures of wrongdoing will be welcome, for the industry cannot purge itself too quickly of those who have not its interests as well as those of its patrons uppermost. How to do this without hurting others, however, is the great problem. Unfortunately, this is not likely to give any congressional committee much concern."

Secretary Hoover reports that 300,000 are in need of help in the Mississippi flood area. It is asserted by persons in this vast district that every economic program in the states of Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi

and Tennessee, and southeast Missouri waits upon the action of congress. Should congress side-step this imperative call, it is not unlikely it will materially affect presidential election in these states. U. S. army engineers have already worked out elaborate plans for the curbing of flood waters. These involve levees higher and stronger than any ever used before. They will utilize spillways, and perhaps a 1,000 mile boulevard from New Orleans to Minneapolis will be erected on their 12-foot crown.

Labor On Guard at Washington

When congress convenes in December, labor will be present fighting for the progress of wage-earners, everywhere, and for the general welfare of the nation. According to the action of the 47th annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, held this month at Los Angeles, the principal battles will be waged in behalf of

Mississippi Flood Control and Rehabilitation
Abolishment of Child Labor
Amendment of Volstead Act
Restricted Immigration
Amicable Relations with Mexico and South America

Opposition to Imperialism and Militarism
Revision of Radio bill.

The pronouncement of the convention upon these measures, and upon other important past policies are:

Mississippi Flood Catastrophe

The Mississippi flood, the greatest nature catastrophe in the history of the United States, demands that congress provide the ways and means that will forever prevent a recurrence of such suffering, misery and financial loss.

Of the 20,000,000 acres in the flood zone over 11,000,000 were covered with the flood waters from 2 to 20 feet deep. Three-fourths of a million men, women and children were affected by the flood and 600,000 of them were driven from their homes. The loss is estimated to be more than \$400,000,000.

Thousands of houses were wrecked, many of them being lifted from their foundations by the rush of water and swept away in the torrent. Hundreds of thousands of people were forced to find safety on high spots of ground and for months were prevented from returning to their homes.

Live stock was drowned, the fields laid waste and disease became rampant. Business was at a standstill. The loss was tremendous and affected the economic conditions of the entire country.

Year after year appeals have been made to congress to aid in protecting the people of this wonderfully fruitful valley from floods. Money has been appropriated but in meager sums. States have appropriated money for that purpose and private citizens for self-protection have endeavored to build levees to withstand high floods. But the great flood of this year proved that superhuman efforts must be used to prevent in the future such a catastrophe.

The work will require the greatest engineering minds in the country. It will require large sums of money. It is believed by the executive council that only the United States government can cope with this great problem and there should be no haggling over the amount of money needed.

It is estimated that some day 10,000,000 people will live on the 20,000,000 acres in the flood zone where 1,500,000 resided when the raging waters began flowing down the Mississippi.

The river and its tributaries drain every state from the Rockies to the Appalachians and on the north to the Canadian border. It

therefore becomes a national issue, an issue that the people of our country can not ignore.

The executive council recommends that the convention adopt a strong declaration to be presented to congress, and that every aid be given in supporting such a measure as will effectually protect the people of the Mississippi valley from another such flood, no matter what the cost.

The Mississippi flood is also a warning to congress to be receptive to all demands for protection from floods in any river valley where the danger is known to exist.

Child Labor

Forty-four state legislatures met in 1927. Only one (Montana) approved of the proposed child labor amendment to the United States Constitution.

In January, 1927, President Green sent an individual appeal to all members of the legislatures in session urging them to vote favorably on the proposed amendment. Accompanying the letters were two pamphlets on child labor explaining the reasons why the amendment should be approved and answering the charges made by opponents.

In February, President Green issued an appeal to all organized labor to urge their respective legislatures to approve of the amendment. Many letters were received from members of legislatures stating that they were anxious to vote for the amendment providing it would be reported from the committees which had it in charge.

The propaganda which had been prevalent in previous years was just as active in the legislatures this year. An amazing fact developed when it was found that governors and other public officials who had demanded the right of the states to legislate on child labor just as actively opposed amendments to state child labor laws as they did to the proposed constitutional amendment. Not only did they oppose the constitutional amendment but also any remedial legislation for children in their respective states. This is evidence that they are not only opposed

to the amendment but to all state laws that will save children from industrial exploitation.

Most pernicious propaganda was sent to the various states against the amendment. This followed a report made by the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, which stated that child labor had increased in twenty-four out of twenty-nine large industrial cities. Twelve states and twenty-nine cities having a population of 100,000 or more reported to the bureau on the number of work permits issued to 14 and 15 year old children. Eight states reported increases. They were: Alabama, Connecticut, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey and Tennessee. The District of Columbia reported decreases, which the bureau credited to the compulsory school attendance law enacted by congress for the District of Columbia. This requires a child to remain in school up to the age of 16 unless he has completed the eighth grade. This law resulted in a decrease of 67.5 per cent in the District of Columbia. In other cities where compulsory school attendance was enforced there was also a decrease. According to the bureau the cities in which child labor had increased and the percentages are:

Baltimore	12.0	New Haven	14.4
Birmingham	20.1	New Orleans	9.5
Bridgeport	29.8	New York City	2.0
Detroit	13.6	Pittsburgh	8.8
Fall River	43.7	Philadelphia	24.9
Hartford	18.2	Reading	27.9
Jersey City	1.2	Rochester	16.0
Milwaukee	28.8	St. Louis	4.8
Minneapolis	18.8	San Francisco	9.9
Newark	2.0	Trenton	17.3
New Bedford	33.8	Waterbury	17.4
New Britain	37.4	Yonkers	35.2

These alarming statistics should awaken the people of our country to a realization of the future effects of such a condition.

The executive council believes that those who contend for "states rights" in regulating the labor of children do so for ulterior purposes, for in practically all such cases it has been found that they hamper every effort to enact state laws that will really protect children from exploitation. It can not be possible that this subterfuge can be long maintained. Justice may be long delayed, but there always comes a time when justice prevails. The history of legislation shows that benevolent measures require many years to be accepted. Malevolent legislation is forced through in short order.

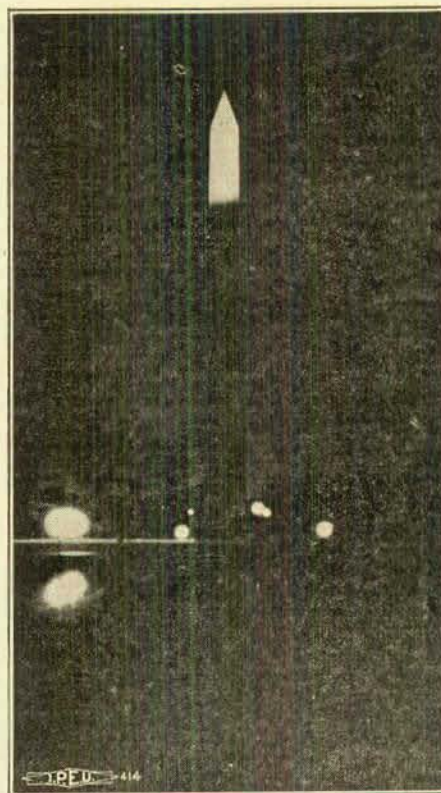
We therefore believe that the American Federation of Labor can look forward to a time when the proposed child labor amendment will be a part of the constitution of the United States, notwithstanding the great opposition of those who would exploit the children of our nation.

Modification of Volstead Act

The American Federation of Labor at its conventions in 1919, 1921 and 1923 pointed out the deplorable conditions that would come and had come from the enforcement of the Volstead Act. It was contended that the manufacture, sale and distribution of wholesome beer containing 2.75 per cent alcohol by weight would bring about true temperance.

December 22, 1925, President Green, in behalf of the executive council, addressed a communication to President Coolidge requesting him to recommend to congress that the Volstead Act be amended so as to meet the suggestions proposed by the three conventions of the American Federation of Labor.

April 9, 1926, by direction of President Green, the various declarations of the American Federation of Labor and his letter to President Coolidge were submitted to the



WASHINGTON MONUMENT
By Night

judiciary committee of the United States senate, which was holding hearings on a number of bills. Some of the bills proposed to increase the alcoholic content of beer, which is now one-half of one per cent.

The 1919 convention, before the Volstead Act became a law, declared that in the interest of morality and good citizenship it should provide for the manufacture and sale of wholesome beer.

In 1921 after a trial of the Volstead Act it was found that conditions were more deplorable than the 1919 convention believed could be possible.

During the next two years the executive council made an extensive investigation of the effects of the Volstead Act and submitted its findings to the 1923 convention of the American Federation of Labor.

Since then the executive council has persistently continued its investigations and because conditions are continually growing worse believes that this convention of the American Federation of Labor should reaffirm its former declarations in favor of a modification of the Volstead Act so as to permit the manufacture and sale of wholesome beer.

In submitting this demand for a modification of the Volstead Act the executive council wishes to emphasize that no protest is being made against the eighteenth amendment itself. We said in our declaration in 1923, which was endorsed by the delegates by a practically unanimous vote, that "it is our contention that the eighteenth amendment under a reasonable and proper legislative interpretation would be beneficial to our country and would have the support of the great majority of our people."

Those who, either by propaganda or coercive tactics, seek to enforce the Volstead Act do not refer to it. They charge every violation of the act to be a violation of the eighteenth amendment. This is not true. The Volstead Act could be amended without in any way violating the provisions of the eighteenth amendment.

Therefore, the executive council recommends that this convention emphatically reaffirm its declarations of the past and insist upon Congress amending the Volstead Act to permit the manufacture and sale of wholesome beer.

Immigration—More than 100 bills, most of them having for their purpose the breaking down of the immigration law, were introduced in both houses of congress. Those who seek to increase the number of aliens coming into this country under the non-quota class openly admit that they are opposed to any restriction at all of immigration. It is therefore natural to presume that they believe by appealing to the sentiment of the people of the United States for impractical legislation in the interest of the wives and children of aliens that it will be a stepping stone to changing the whole policy of the United States regarding immigration.

Muscle Shoals—The joint committee appointed by congress to investigate the best terms on which Muscle Shoals could be leased made a report in the first session of the sixty-ninth congress which authorized the secretary of war to enter into a lease with the Muscle Shoals Fertilizer Company and the Muscle Shoals Power Distributing Company. Shortly after the second session opened a new bill was introduced to lease to the Farmers' Federated Fertilizer Corporation. It soon became evident that no legislation on Muscle Shoals would be attempted during the session. Several interests injected themselves into the leasing proposition for the purpose, it was said, of delaying any action. It was the desire of the opponents of any legislation to refer the bills back to the senate committee on agri-



ENTICING VIEW OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON THROUGH THE ARCH OF THE UNION STATION

culture and postpone all consideration until the next congress. This was done. In the meantime friends of public ownership insisted that no lease should be entered into.

Bread Trust—Hearings were held before a sub-committee of the judiciary committee of the senate to learn in what manner the bread trust was permitted to escape punishment for its repeated violations of the federal statutes. The sub-committee first made oral request of the department of justice and federal trade commission as to what had been done by them in this case. The object was first to determine whether there should be an investigation. The fact that the investigation was started gives credence to the report that the sub-committee found there was sufficient reason for a thorough investigation and developments since corroborated this belief.

Conscription—The Johnson-Capper bill which provides that in the event of war or when the president shall judge the same to be imminent he is authorized "to determine and proclaim the material resources, industrial organizations and services over which government control is necessary to the successful termination of such emergency" and "to take such steps as may be necessary to stabilize prices of services and of all commodities declared to be essential, whether such services and commodities are required

by the government or by the civilian population." The bill also provides that "all persons drafted into service between the ages of twenty-one and thirty, or such other limits as the president may fix, shall be drafted without exemption on account of industrial occupation."

While no action was taken by this congress influential individuals and organizations are supporting this measure and it is essential that this convention repeat its opposition to this legislation.

Military Training—Compulsory military training in any educational institution other than a military school would be prohibited in a bill introduced by Representative Welsh of Pennsylvania. This bill was supported by the American Federation of Labor, but it failed of passage.

Farmers—Representatives of the American Federation of Labor appeared before committees that were considering measures for the relief of the farming population of our country. The farmers had agreed upon the McNary-Haugen bill which they believed would remedy their principal economic grievances. Labor supported the bill but after its passage by congress it was vetoed by the President.

Radio—The radio law enacted does not meet the wishes of the American Federation

(Continued on page 558)

Machines Figure Heavily in Kayo of Farmers

FARMERS and workers have one more thing in common—their common grievance against the machine. When one looks deeper than the surface, one sees behind the McNary-Haugen bill, behind the wholesale bankruptcy of the farm class, behind farm migration to the cities, there to act as anti-union competition of labor, the wholesale use of farm machinery. Indeed the key to the farm problem in the United States may be found in this terse news dispatch:

"Department of Commerce has published figures showing that on January 1, 1925, there were 506,745 tractors on farms in the United States, compared with 246,083 in 1920, an increase of 105.9%."

Every time a tractor goes to a farm, farmers are thrown out of work. These displaced men drift to the cities. They are made competitors of labor, or they exist as an undigested lump of unemployed in the industrial aggregate. Another phase of the problem is further described in another news dispatch from Piedmont, S. C.:

"The farmers are very much depressed. They cannot make cotton at 13½ cents a pound under present conditions, but they do not know what to do. Many of the white tenants have declared their intention of moving to the cotton mills."

Price fluctuations, with the break almost always against the farmer, are assuredly another cause for the present low state of the farmer. The cause of price fluctuations

may be in part due to unfavorable discount rates fixed by the Federal Reserve banks. If so, this policy is merely part of a larger policy of favoring manufacturing interests rather than agricultural. This has been

The agrarian movement is a parallel to the labor movement and to the industrial revolution. The growing class consciousness and multiplied economic groups, non-partisan, political activities and bureaucratic organization of farmers would seem to be enough to indicate the similarity of the farmers' movement to the labor movement. The rapid and drastic transformation which is taking place in farm operations, particularly in the conduct of farm business, suggests a similarity to the industrial revolution in other fields. The difference is that it was the advent of power machinery and the mobilization of capital which ushered in the industrial revolution, while it is the application of merchandizing to farm commodities and the mobilization of farm credit which is ushering in the agrarian movement. Wages and hours were the needed adjustments in the industrial revolution. Prices and markets are the needed adjustments in the agrarian revolution.

CARL TAYLOR,
Dean of North Carolina Agricultural
College.

the policy of the United States ever since the days of Hamilton and Jefferson. Tariffs are drawn to favor business. Dean Carl Taylor, North Carolina Agricultural College, declares: "Today freight rates which are a part of both farm production and farm marketing costs are high partly because railroad construction and rolling stock are built out of protected goods. Farm implement costs are high because of tariffs. These costs, plus the costs of building materials, food, clothing and implements, constitute more than 60 per cent of all costs in agriculture and they can be protected. Cotton, corn, wheat and many other farm staples are not protected because they sell in world markets at world prices."

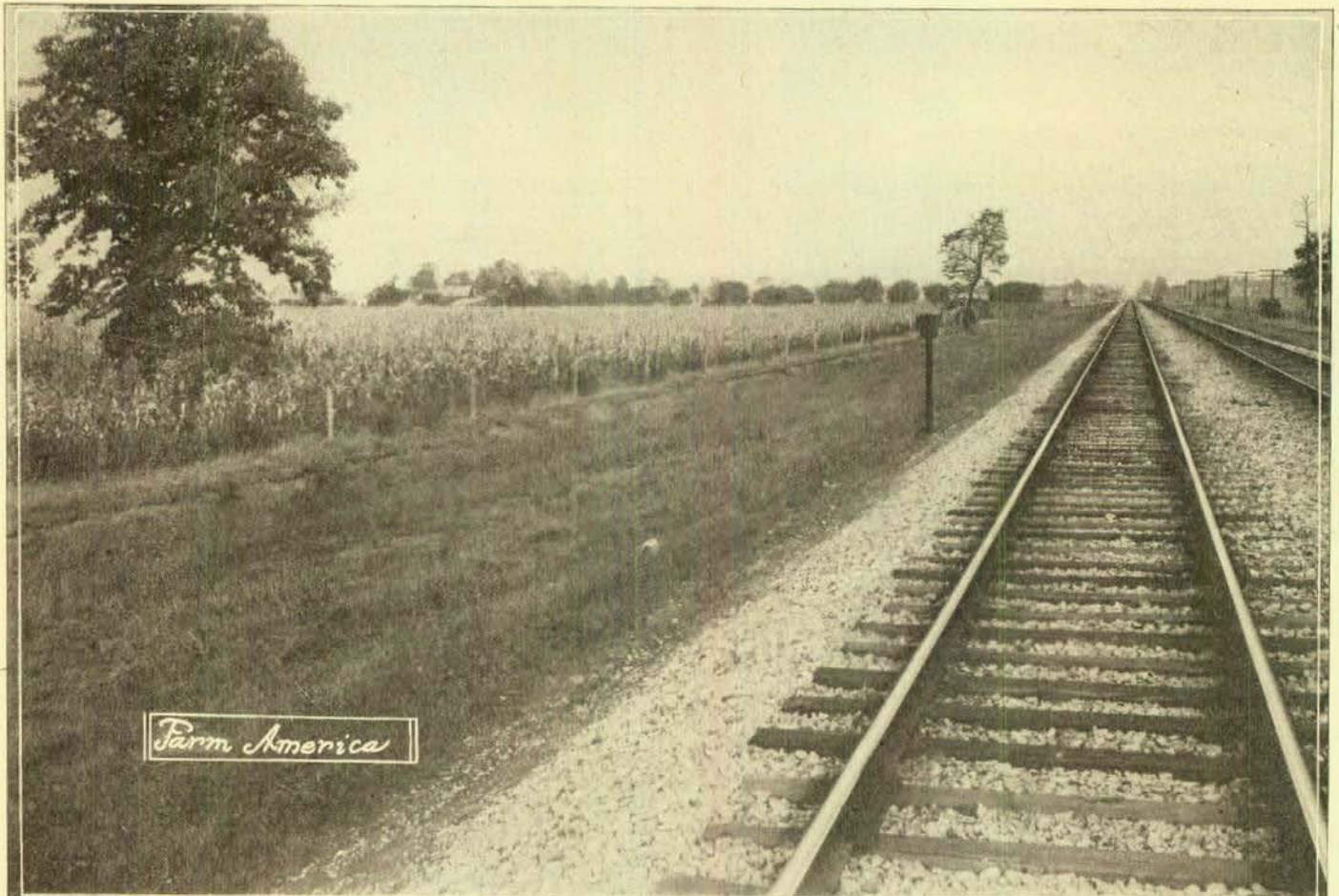
Increased use of machinery, fluctuating prices in unstable markets, and tariff discriminations are behind the farmers' woe.

II

The farmer earned an average of \$853 in 1926-1927. This puts him in a class with unskilled labor. It tells the whole story. He is bankrupt. That the state of the farmer in America is little different from the state of the farmer in Europe is indicated by the fact that the farm problem was discussed at the International Economic Conference at Geneva several months ago.

The farm problem may also kick back with vigor and strike all of us in a tender spot—our stomachs. Food products are falling off. And after all, even industrial nations have to have their onions. Large

(Continued on page 558)



Courtesy of Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Who Owns The Federal Reserve System, Please?

*"East is East, and West is West and Never
the Twain Shall Meet."*

WHO owns the Federal Reserve System? Labor first asked this question. Then the farmers. And now western bankers. The question is to be put up to congress. It is likely to plunge that body into long acrimonious debate, with all the bitter clashes which eventuate whenever losses involving classes of producers are concerned. There is a threat that western bankers may rebel against eastern. It will be a pretty fight to watch, if bankers do not patch up their difficulties behind the scenes before congress convenes. It will be a momentous conflict—do not mistake it—is in fact now—a momentous conflict.

The immediate issue is this. The bankers controlling the Chicago Federal Reserve Bank set an interest rate which did not meet the approval of the Federal Reserve Board, at Washington. The Federal Reserve Board is composed mostly of eastern bankers. And the Federal Reserve Board arbitrarily reset the interest rate for the Chicago—the seventh federal reserve—district. This was an unheard of procedure. It straightway flung into the open the question of power, of control. The theory upon which regional banks like that of Chicago have operated is that regional conditions vary so widely that the district banks only can meet them. The judgment of the local bankers was supposed to be better than the judgment of district bankers in New York or Washington. But the Federal Reserve Board, with A. W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, the fifth richest man in the world, chairman, does not think so. It believes that it knows more than the local bankers. Hence the fight.

Strengthens President's Hand

There is a threat of more than ordinary size in the reaction of western bankers. There is a veiled promise that the bankers will, momentarily at least, avail themselves of the aid of Senator Brookhart, severe critic of the system, the militant farmer organizations, and labor in an effort to control the power of the Federal Reserve Board, which they describe as "usurped" power. Of course, Senator Brookhart is poison to Mellon and the eastern bankers. The threat alone may be enough to force Mellon into line. The New York Times has this to say of the aspect of the conflict:

"What worries and almost frightens Chicago bankers is the fact that they feel they understand much better than the east understands the widespread hostility to the Federal Reserve System already developed among farmers by Senator Brookhart and those who adhere to his school of philosophy and politics. They know that many small-town merchants, and even many country bankers, have absorbed this evangelism of destruction, and that if incidents continue which indicate that the east is usurping the power and disregarding the judgment of the ablest and most conservative bankers and business men who are supposed to be in control of the western reserve banks, a storm will break that will effect the system.

"Western bankers have some understanding of the necessity of adjusting our fiscal problem to meet the exigencies of a world situation. They believe that the arbitrary cheapening of money at this time may encourage inflation, and that it is bad business for this country, looking at the matter purely from a domestic point of view; but they concede that in the end it may be better for

every one concerned if the utmost is done to help the restoration of Europe."

Representative James G. Strong, Kansas, member of the House Banking and Cur-

bankers, and the open indictment of Representative Strong indicate that the Federal Reserve Board does not take into consideration all classes when it gets the discount



U. S. TREASURY

Since days of the Nation's founding the battle of the banks has been in progress. The first Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, and the last, Andrew W. Mellon, from their seat of power in the Treasury Department, have wielded tremendous influence on business by their banking policies. Secretary Mellon is Chairman ex-officio of the Federal Reserve System.

rency Committee, has announced publicly that he would force the issue on the banking bill in the coming congress. What Representative Strong thinks of the present policies of the Federal Reserve Board will appear later.

Just now some of our readers may be asking, "Why all this pother about the Federal Reserve System?" Why, indeed? It is only a trifling reason, dear reader. The Federal Reserve Board has more power to influence for good or bad—that is for more happiness or sorrow—that is, it has more sway over the pocketbook of you or me than any other body in the United States. Yes, more than congress, or the President. In fact, the Federal Reserve Board is the governor of business in this country. It can govern for the whole people, or it can govern for a class, or it can govern for a class within a class.

The instrument of control—the scepter of the ruler—is the discount rate. When interest is low, money is easy. When money is easy, men see a chance for profit, borrow, invest, speculate, and, in theory at least, stimulate business. When interest is high, money is tight; men will not borrow, because there is no chance for profit. Business is slowed up. Low interest rates mean inflation. High interest rates mean deflation. Just the right interest rates, mean business stabilization.

Now the veiled indictment by the Chicago

Senator La Follette devoted the leading article of "La Follette's" to an analysis of the effect of Federal Reserve policies upon business. He declares the "reactionary administration must assume responsibility for the period of dangerous speculation on the stock exchange" and advocates drastic revision of the banking bill.

rate. This is a very serious indictment, but it has been heard before. That it is not without foundation is also evident. There seems little doubt that by raising the discount rate in 1919 the Federal Reserve Board deflated the farmers, and sent them on the road to ruin. This is no mere agitator's charge. It has been substantiated by no less an economic authority than John R. Commons.

Commons Reveals Important Incident.

Professor Commons was testifying before the House Committee on Banking and Currency. He said:

"My contention is this: If I can show you gentlemen that the Federal Reserve System controls the demand for credit and the supply of credit and the price of credit, that they can, controlling those three elements, which make up all that goes to constitute the price level, they are in a position by their action to inflate or deflate at any point which public policy may decide is a good place to stop at.

"Supposing that prior to 1919 we had had these two provisions in the Federal Act, first, to stabilize the price level and second, to give your reasons for it and the minority reasons. What I wish to say to you is given to me in confidence by a member of the Federal Reserve. I, of course, will not give his name. He and another member of the Federal Reserve Board in 1919 and 1929 understood what they were doing; they were inflating prices and were going to bring about a terrific depression. They knew it. There were economists enough to know what they were doing.

"They protested in the Federal Reserve Board against what was being done by the Federal Reserve Board at that time, knowing the consequences that would follow. They considered for a time whether it would not be better for them to offer their resignations and then give their reasons to

(Continued on page 557)

Great Railroad Enacts Transportation Epic

EACH day for two weeks in September and October, sixty thousand persons gathered in Baltimore and cheered a railroad as though it were a person. That railroad is the Baltimore and Ohio, and the occasion was its one hundredth birthday. Incidentally, it was the one hundredth birthday of rail transportation in the United States. And the Centenary festivities quite deliberately celebrated also the beginning of steam locomotion in Great Britain and Canada.

The cheers, the shoutings, the handclappings, the flag-wavings probably were so generous not only because of the deserts of this great modern rail system, whose history reaches back into the vitals of the nation's past, but because for the first time in America were assembled in one spot, the materials and the facts so that the complete story of the B. and O. and other railroads could actually be seen. And to tell this great story—a story which began with Indians trekking across the horizon, and ended with a transcontinental flyer—the railroad resorted to drama—to showmanship.

The Centenary celebration of the B. and O. was observed by a historical pageant—the drama of the Iron Horse. And the hero of the piece was the pulsating steam engine, which began in degradation, more like an agitated tin can in 1827, and ended in pride, as sleek, slim steel greyhounds of today capable of attaining a speed of 100 miles an hour.

Everyone's childhood desire to run an engine; everybody's delight in the massive power of 350 tons of animated steel; everybody's curiosity about industry; everybody's pride in his country found expression in the two hour drama enacted on a great outdoor stage capable of accommodating the great engines which steamed through the narrative.

The centenary pageant of the Baltimore and Ohio gets its significance from the fact that it isolates all the phenomena that have to do with a single great industry, so that these can be seen, examined, felt.

It gets its immense popular appeal, and its immense educational value from this very fact. America is an industrial nation, but so little is done by books, plays, drama and art to make Americans feel industrial America. The B. and O. pageant makes its million spectators feel the stupendous drive, and breathless romance of the rail industry.

Labor Is Honored

And one may suppose that a railroad which has become best known as a corporation which deals with its employees on a basis of reason and fairness, and co-operates actively with labor unions, should give labor its rightful place in the drama. The B. and O. did that in the beginning if we are to believe history. One scene of the pageant is an exact reproduction of the ceremonies incident to laying the cornerstone of the B. and O. in 1827. Written all over that procession was labor's share in the founding of the railroad. The blacksmiths in their leather aprons, as the Sons of Vulcan, the carpenters on a float bearing a miniature Doric Temple; and the

When Charles Carrol, of Carrollton, last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence laid the cornerstone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1827, he declared, "This event equals the signing of the Declaration." The hundredth centenary of that event held at Baltimore this month may have equal far-reaching importance. It may mark the coming of age of industrial America.

shipbuilder by a float showing the ship "Union." Electrical workers saw the beginning of their craft as a float was wafted by on the mile-long loop of track picturing the historic moment when Morse sent his famous first message, "What God has wrought," from Washington to the B. and O. station at Baltimore.

Everywhere rail workers took an active part in the performance, a concert band of B. and O. employees; a male chorus of B. and O. employees; and every engine—50 in all—captained by a grizzled old union engineer.

Dan Willard, popular president of the system, was careful to stress the workers' part in the building of the great railroad.

"A railroad is more than a lot of materials made up into tracks, cars and locomotives," said Mr. Willard. "A railroad also connotes a group of human beings all more or less skilled, some highly so, and all inspired with a feeling of loyalty to each other and to the property with which they are connected. Such measure of success as has been achieved by the Baltimore and Ohio Company during its long career has been due in no small degree to the ability of the management and to the loyalty and co-operation of its employees in all grades of service."

II

Let us suppose that you have seated yourself in the huge grandstand on a day of the pageant. You are facing a quadrangle, formed by the beautiful, substantial buildings (in the Colonial style) built especially to house the exhibits. Directly in front of you in the far center, is the band, and the narrator, who speaks through a microphone. Between you and the band is the track upon which the pageant moves. The track is paralleled by a road, and is given atmosphere by a tavern erected as an exact replica of the old colonial inns. The road and the track represent a section of the old national trail and the companion railroad, which began at Baltimore and reached westward through the Alleghanies to the Ohio and Mississippi.

A bell rings. Whistles blow. The band strikes up old familiar airs, and the drama unfolds.

The Trail of the Iron Horse.

America. Float, with the Baltimore and Ohio Glee Club, singing the Star Spangled Banner, Hail to the Baltimore and Ohio and I've Been Working on the Railroad.

In the Days Before the Railroad

American Indians with pack horses and travois pass in review. They are symbolic of early travel, crude and slow. These Indians are members of the Blood and Piegan tribes of the Blackfeet Nation, and come from Glacier Park, by courtesy of the Great Northern Railway.

Pere Marquette. The famous missionary and explorer, accompanied by Joliet and two aides, sights and blesses the Mississippi.

Early River Transport. Showing the crude bateau by which the first settlers traveled the great interior rivers, carrying their household goods preparatory to setting up their homes and clearing the wilderness.

The scene turns to the highway. Roads have been cut through the forests; over them come the steadily increasing army of pioneers; first on horseback and then transporting their goods, far beyond the reach of water transportation, by the first rough forms of road wagon. The post chaise shows itself, and so does the post rider.

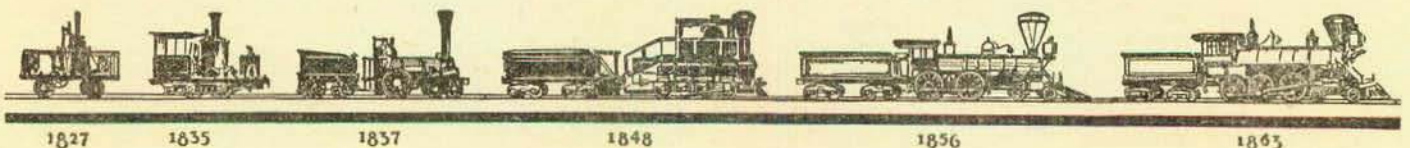
Canal Days: Better by far than the rough and frequently impassable highway was the man-built water highway that developed in eastern America. The float shows one of the early craft that plied these artificial waterways, and carried still more settlers into the west.

More and more the highway is used for transport. There come the tobacco rollers, a unique form of hauling freight one hundred years ago. There ensues the Conestoga Wagon, once a distinctive feature of the turnpike roads. A curious vehicle at this time is the so-called George Washington coach in which one sees Henry Clay riding over the National Road. It is followed by the historic coach Kearsarge; in turn by another of the same sort. The Kearsarge has been loaned by Mr. Henry Ford; the other coach by Mr. Fred Stone.

The Birth of the Railroad

These modes of transport offered no full solution of the problem of the development of the nation. Faster, more dependable transportation; transportation upon a far larger scale was necessary. The railroad brought it. The problem in Baltimore had been made acute by the fact that the then new Erie Canal was taking trade away from the city. Because of this a meeting of the prominent citizens was called at the home of George Brown.

The Birth of the Baltimore and Ohio. There is shown one of these meetings—held in February, 1827—at which the bold project of a railroad was discussed and brought into actual being. In addition to Mr. Brown, Philip E. Thomas, who was to become the first president of the new railroad, and other prominent Baltimoreans of that day are shown gathered at the table.



1827

1835

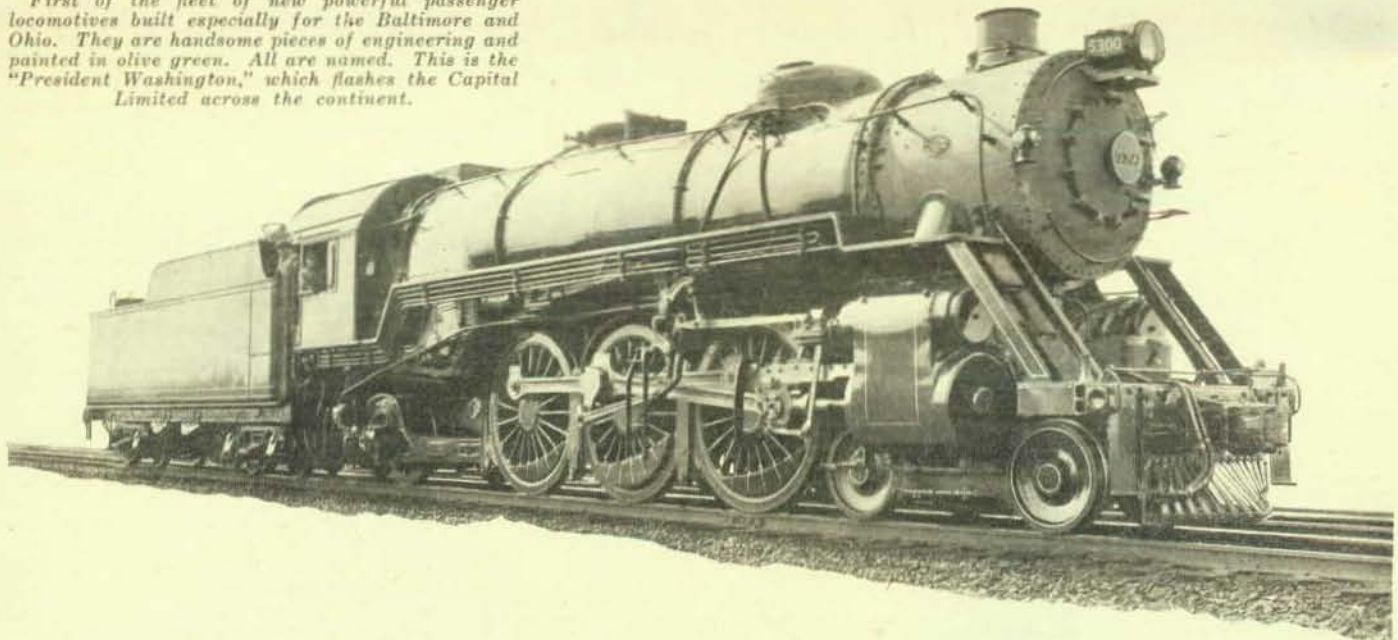
1837

1848

1856

1863

First of the fleet of new powerful passenger locomotives built especially for the Baltimore and Ohio. They are handsome pieces of engineering and painted in olive green. All are named. This is the "President Washington," which flashes the Capital Limited across the continent.



The broad roadway is now the principal street of Baltimore City. On it is now reproduced the historic parade of July 4, 1828, held in celebration of the laying of the first stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Surveying for the Railroad. Gradually the new railroad project takes definite form. Army engineers are shown surveying its route. In the early thirties, the Military Academy at West Point was the only school of engineering in the land. Its graduates therefore often were called upon to serve industrial enterprise.

The Horse Car. The new railroad was first built with no certainty as to its motive power. The men of Baltimore decided that the horse—reliable and dependable, not the uncertain steam locomotive of which they had heard vague reports from England—should be the motive power for their railroad. The horse car shown is a replica of the one which in May, 1830, began its daily trips between Mount Clare, Baltimore, and Ellicott's Mills, fourteen miles apart.

The Treadmill Car. Many ingenious devices were introduced to make horse power applicable to railroad cars. One of these on the Baltimore and Ohio was the treadmill car by which an ancient mechanical device was applied to rail transport. The treadmill car ran into a cow, was ditched, and thereafter abandoned.

The Sail Car. More ingenious was the sail car, which Evan Thomas, a brother of Philip E. Thomas, devised and placed upon the road.

The Coming of the Steam Locomotive

The horse car was not the solution of the motive power problem. Peter Cooper, of New York, financially interested in the Baltimore and Ohio, designed the Tom Thumb, the first American-built locomotive to show what the iron horse might do for them.

Tom Thumb—1829-1830. A replica of the Peter Cooper engine. It weighed only two tons but it served to demonstrate to the men of Baltimore that the steam locomotive was practical. Peter Cooper is seen driving his engine.

York—1831. So convincing was the lesson

DANIEL WILLARD AND THE B. & O.

Men laid the road bed long time ago—
But Daniel Willard is the B. & O.!
Up there to Frederick first it went,
Curve after curve the rails were bent.
Onward to Winchester, stopping awhile
At old Harper's Ferry to dream and to smile;
Then away and away to the west at last
With every obstacle in its iron way past!

Time wrought changes and growth took place;
And steel rails came and the trains that could race;
Great strange engines of iron and steel
To replace the ones that could hardly turn a wheel;
Coaches with plush seats, some with leather,
And trains that could run in any kind of weather;
Then Pullmans and fine birds for travel de luxe,
Fit for the Kings and the Counts and the Dukes.

But all this while as the great B. & O.
Crept on to the front and started to grow,
It waited one man who at last came along—
And Daniel Willard is the name for a song!
All for the vast thing, all for the great,
The old B. & O. is too good to debate—
Short lines, long lines, New York, the West,
Through Daniel Willard it has reached the crest!
—B. B., in Baltimore Sun.

engine (the original) was the first locomotive to operate in the state of Virginia, being employed on the Winchester and Potomac Railroad in 1836.

William Galloway—1837. This locomotive is a replica of the Lafayette, built by Richard Norris, of Philadelphia, and was the first engine with a horizontal boiler to be used on the Baltimore and Ohio. It hauls two flour cars, typical of its day.

Memnon No. 57—1848. Another original locomotive built by the Newcastle Manufacturing Company, at Newcastle, Del., and being for her day, very fast, was used in passenger service.

The Birth of the Telegraph. These two floats depict the first commercial use of the telegraph on May 24, 1844, when the world-famous message, "What Hath God Wrought?" was flashed along the lines of the Baltimore and Ohio from the national capital at Washington to the railroad station at Baltimore. Professor S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, is shown, seated at the desk.

Again the scene shifts to the highway and one sees another form of communication in the United States. This is the Pony Express and the early western stage coach (contributed to the pageant by the American Railway Express Company), which once gave glamor to the famous name of Wells Fargo and Company.

William Mason—1856. This original locomotive was built by the William Mason Company at Taunton, Mass.

Mr. Lincoln Goes to Washington. A critical journey was that of Abraham Lincoln over the Baltimore and Ohio in February, 1861, to his first inauguration.

Thatcher Perkins No. 117—1863. Designed along the lines of the Mason locomotive but far greater in strength were the ten-wheel engines built by Thatcher Perkins at Mount Clare in Civil War days. The Perkins is painted in its original colors and hauls a passenger train typical of its day.

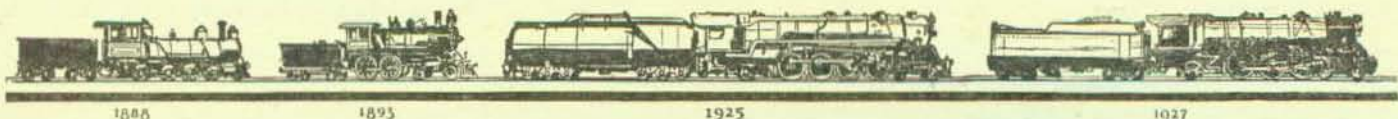
Destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio Tracks. In modern warfare severe measures oftentimes are necessary. Baltimore and Ohio lines traversed the scene of much Civil War

(Continued on page 546)

the Tom Thumb taught, that the directors of the Baltimore and Ohio offered a prize of \$4,000 for the most effective steam locomotive. The York came as the answer. It was built by Phineas Davis, at York, Pa.; weighed three and one-half tons and was capable of carrying a load of fifteen tons at a rate of fifteen miles an hour.

Atlantic—1832. No replica this, but the actual locomotive, which continued in service until 1893.

Thomas Jefferson—1835. This stout little



Adopted Pension Plan Makes Union History

ANOTHER notable advance has been made by the union. The 19th biennial convention of the International held in Detroit in August passed the pension plan outlined and presented by Secretary G. M. Bugniazet. This makes every member in continuous good standing for 20 years prior to application, and who has reached the age of 65 years, eligible to a monthly pension of \$40 plus his per capita.

Since the institution of this plan by the Brotherhood, congratulations have poured into the International Office. It is pointed out that the pension plan is one more instance of the power of the union to protect the individual member from the vicissitudes of life and industry. Fear of old age, the loss of security, is one of the dominant sources of unhappiness, it is asserted. Now once again, the union steps in to soften the disasters that normally wait upon the lives of workers.

So signal has been the success of the insurance activities of the Brotherhood, and so much experience has been acquired in the conduct of an actuarial business, that it seemed wise to advance the insurance activities of the union one more step by throwing a mantle of protection over the retiring members of the organization.

The constitutional provision creating the pension plan, as adopted by the convention, is published in full:

ARTICLE XXVI

Any member who has attained the age of sixty-five (65) years and who has been a member of the I. B. E. W. in continuous good standing for 20 years immediately preceding his making application shall be eligible to be placed on pension.

"First. Application shall be made to the local union on regular blank furnished by the I. O. Applicant must answer all questions.

"Second. Local union, on receipt of application properly filled out from the member, shall place same before the L. U. for action and if the local union's act is favorable, the officers of the L. U. shall answer all questions required of the L. U. and forward the application to the I. O. properly signed and sealed.

"Third. When application is received by the International Secretary, he shall publish the name of the applicant and the number of the local union of which the applicant is a member in the two issues of the official JOURNAL preceding the next regular meeting of the I. E. C.

"Fourth. The I. S. shall file all applications for pension benefit with the I. E. C. for consideration and action. He shall furnish the I. E. C. with the standing of each applicant according to the records of the I. O. and all other information in his possession in regard to each said applicant.

"Fifth. The I. S. shall publish in the issue of the official JOURNAL following the regular meeting of the I. E. C. the names of those members whose applications for pension benefit were acted on and shall immediately notify the members and their local unions of the Council's action.

"All members on being notified that they are entitled to pension benefit shall pay up for the current month in their local union and be issued a pension withdrawal card which shall be signed by the member before a witness and forwarded to the I. O. These members will be placed on the pension roll the first of the month following the action of the I. E. C. and their paying up in full in their

CO-OPERATION

*This is the law of the jungle,
As old and as true as the sky,
And the wolf that shall keep it
shall prosper,
But the wolf that shall break it
must die.*

*As the ivy that girdles the tree
trunk,
The law runneth forward and
back,
For the strength of the pack is
the wolf,
And the strength of the wolf is
the pack.*

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

local union, and sending to the I. O. their pension withdrawal cards.

"The I. S. shall draw from this fund for each member admitted to pension benefit the sum of forty-two (\$42.00) dollars per month, two (\$2.00) dollars of which shall be paid to the I. O. for the member's per capita, and he shall forward a check for the balance of forty (\$40.00) dollars to the member.

"Any member admitted to pension benefit shall not be permitted to perform any electrical work of any kind either for compensation or gratis for anyone.

"Any member admitted to pension benefit shall not be permitted to attend any local union meetings and shall observe his obligation of membership in the Brotherhood and

IMPORTANT

Members eligible to make application in accordance with the above law must obtain an application blank from their local union, answer in ink all questions, and present the application at a regular meeting of the local union for its action; the local union to record under seal its action on the application.

The application must be in the International Office on or before the last day of December or last day of June of any year, so that the name of the applicant for pension may be published in the January and February, or in the July and August issues of the official publication—the Worker; it being required that the names of applicants shall be published in two issues of the Worker prior to the regular meeting of the executive council.

All applications for pension received in accordance with the above and acted favorably upon by the executive council, the applicant and the local union that he is a member of will be advised of the action of the council, and if the local has issued him the special withdrawal card upon same being turned in to this office the member will be entitled to the pension starting the first of April or the first of October, making the pension effective the first of the month following the action of the council.

show due obedience to the constitution of the I. B. E. W. and the by-laws of the local unions thereof.

"Members out on withdrawal cards who have maintained their continuous good standing by the payment of their per capita to the I. O., who make application for admission to pension benefit, shall be governed and their applications handled in the same manner as active members of local unions except that notice of application shall be given to the local union in the jurisdiction where the applicant resides and to the local union that issued withdrawal card to the member to fill out blanks on the application for the information of the I. E. C.

"Any member violating any of the provisions of this Article or any member of the Brotherhood aiding or abetting any member to violate any part of this Article, after investigation by the I. E. C. and being found guilty, shall be permanently barred from ever participating in the benefits of this fund and may be suspended, expelled, or assessed as the I. E. C. may in its discretion decide."

Submitted by International Secretary Bugniazet. Committee concurs.

Union Made Shoes Lead Market

No less than 386 makes of men's shoes bear the impression of the union label of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union, according to a recent listing, and among these are some of the finest and most popular makes on the market. Glancing down the list we find such names as W. L. Douglas, Ralston Health Shoe, Stacey Adams and Co., Florsheim, and other leading makes. Two manufacturers of men's slippers are entitled to place the union label on their products, the Hazen B. Goodrich Co., and the Missouri Slipper Co.

Nearly a hundred organized factories make shoes for women, misses, boys and children, some of these making men's shoes as well. You will recognize such names as Regal, Artercraft, A. E. Little, Ground Gripper. Especially on the finer shoes are union craftsmen, with their superior skill, able to maintain their organization. Help them by looking for the label when you buy shoes for the family. It will be found either on the sole or insole.

Dogs Get Prizes for Intelligence

Annual events which emphasize, perhaps, better than anything else, the intelligence attained by some animals have been concluded recently in Stranraer, Scotland, and Aberystwyth, Wales. These are the sheep dog trials, in which the best trained and most intelligent dogs receive prizes, like the prizes at a horse show or those given to the best students in a school. Under the instruction of a shepherd, the dog contestants are expected to drive a flock of sheep successfully, keeping them from straying; to drive them through gates; to cut individual sheep out of the flock on command, and so on. The best dogs are supposed to work entirely by spoken signals, not requiring gestures or any other kind of direction. Many of the necessary operations of sheep driving can be carried out by the most intelligent of the dogs without any direction at all. The trials at Aberystwyth a remarkable dog named Jaff, trained and owned by Mr. T. Roberts and rated international champion as a result of trials made in 1922, again carried off the chief honors of the contest.

MEMORIALIZING
Frank J. McNulty
RESOLUTIONS

UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED AT THE NINETEENTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION

of the

International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers

Whereas, This organization has been making history for a period of thirty-six years. This history indicated that the objects which prompted the inception and constituted the ideals of the founders is still in the making, and

Whereas, It is a history of the struggles of human beings who have given the better part of their lives to an industry which has, during this period of time, become more intimately associated with the lives of a larger proportion of the human family than any other industry that science has given the world, and

Whereas, The progress attained in the pursuit of the commendable objects of this organization have been paid for by the earnest and painstaking efforts of the many men who have received little or no compensation, other than the deserved commendation of appreciation of their fellow men, and

Whereas, Those men surmounted obstacles that at times seemed insurmountable to the end that you and I would succeed in enjoying a fairer and more equitable share of the wealth of health, happiness, and other attributes of human progress which they helped to create, and

Whereas, No authentic history exists or ever will exist that records the hardships endured, the struggles with poverty or even a small cross section of the lives shortened and wrecked in the attainment of that proportion of the original objects which we of today enjoy, and

Whereas, During twenty of the thirty-six years of the history of this organization, the struggles, strife, success and life of the organization are so closely entwined with the life of one man, that the history of this man is the history of the organization during that period of time, and

Whereas, Prior to and following the period of his major activities in the interest of this organization, his earnest labors in the interests of this organization were exceeded by none and equaled by few fellow members, and

Whereas, This is the first Convention of the I. B. E. W. in the historical period of over twenty-two years that the cheerful greeting, earnest, honest, sincere and painstaking counsel of this man has not been available to the delegate representation, and

Whereas, The absence of this Brother at this Convention is due to the act of God, who in his infinite wisdom saw fit to bring to a close the life which has been at our command for all of these years, the life of Past President F. J. McNulty, and

Whereas, We mourn our loss, the firm belief that death alone prevents his presence here and that we are not so unworthy of his faith in our ability to carry on the work to which the most fruitful years of his life were devoted as to have caused him to voluntarily absent himself from our Convention, and

Whereas, We find further consolation in the belief that the spirit of the faithful, honest, unceasing effort put forth by him during his life is still with us, and

Whereas, We believe the greatest tribute which the Delegates to this Convention could pay to the Past President, F. J. McNulty, and the tribute which we believe he would appreciate above all other well-deserved tributes would be to pledge ourselves to carry on the work to which so many years of his life were unsparingly devoted. Therefore be it

Resolved, "That we concur in recommendation of the Committee on I. E. C. report" by a pause of two minutes, in silent appreciative meditation of the benefits accruing to the Brotherhood, through the self-sacrificing service rendered by this man who so loved his fellow man that he gave his entire life to the advancement of others, and be it further

Resolved, "That we by that act signify our affirmation of a pledge to overlook no opportunity to advance the interests of I. B. E. W. in all of its worthy objects and that as a manifestation of our good faith in this pledge that we will make an earnest and sincere effort to maintain a spirit of harmony in the I. B. E. W. as a prerequisite to the attainment of the worthy objects of the institution through which Past President F. J. McNulty honored us by rendering unselfish aid to his fellow man.

Respectfully submitted,

COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.

Members:

W. Campbell

E. J. Foley

Wm. F. Kelly

Chairman.

John H. Fitzgerald

W. Diegel

F. P. Brown

Secretary.

Whereupon, the entire delegation arose and stood in silent meditation for the period of two minutes.



Attest:

J. J. ...
G. M. ...

**JOURNAL OF
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Abolishing the Business Cycle

One of the hopeful signs of this rather confused and distracted decade is the wide interest in business fluctuations, usually termed the business cycle. Indeed, we may say that the periodic rise, recession, fall and revival of business, with all its attendant horrors sweeping over the underlying population, has become the central problem of this generation. And the search for understanding, and even control of this phenomenon goes on intently, and is destined to go on.

We do not need to assume the role of crepe-hanger in order solemnly to warn business leaders of this nation that the wiping out of the peaks of prosperity and the depths of depression to create a general level of business activity should be one of their chief obligations. Once let the underlying population become convinced that it lies within the power of men to avert such recurring economic disorders and they will not rest until the precautions are taken.

It appears to be a settled fact that the business cycle is a peculiarity of modern business organization. Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, in his recent brilliant book, "Business Cycles," finds that "business cycles are associated with a certain form of economic organization" and he defines that form as one in which "a large proportion of its people are living mainly by making and spending money incomes;" namely in a society like our own where the great majority are wage-earners. Business cycles appear in a wage-earning society. And depressions fall most severely upon the wage-earners.

It also appears certain that the business cycle problem is related to the problem of income distribution, which in turn depends upon price stabilization. Whether it is true as Representative Strong, of Kansas, contends, as quoted in this issue, that our Federal Reserve System, if administered in the interests of the whole population, could so stabilize prices as to all but wipe out depression, or not, we do not know. But his suggestion is certain fruitful, and it should be studied. There is little doubt, as the farmers know to their sorrow, that the powers vested in the Federal Reserve Board can be used with terrible effect upon one section of the population, while another smaller section grows richer and richer.

We hear a good deal from certain business leaders about the impudent insurgency of labor, but all that labor asks is that business leaders do what can be done to avert avoidable disasters.

Company Unionism To the Limit

Not even temperament is to be left the actors at Hollywood. All the purple and yellow tantrums of Greta Garbo and Jetta Goudal, which hitherto have been considered the inalienable rights not only of actors but of prima donnas, jockeys and artists have been banished. Not by the stars themselves. No. They have been exiled by the company union, that heartless economic machine, built by employers, not only to stamp out temperament, but to bring the actors' salaries down, down, as can always be done under a system of individual bargaining. The company union has arrived in Hollywood, according to Equity, official publication of the Actors' Union, under the high-sounding name of Academy of Motion Pictures of Arts and Sciences. But a rose by any other name has as many thorns. This engine of open shoppery is quietly at work to beat down hours and conditions in Hollywood. And adding insult to injury, it will not allow Greta and Jetta the luxury of a little temperament. "Efficiency always," says the machine of company unionism.

Labor Policies Accepted

Mark Sullivan, newspaper writer, declared about a year ago that labor leaders had shown during the last 25 years surprising insight into economic problems and remarkable gift for proposing wise solutions. Soon after this, there became apparent that one traditional policy of organized labor was receiving, if not universal, still wide acceptance. We refer to labor's wage economy: the conception of high wages as a balancing factor in the maintenance of good times. Business leaders mounted this platform with pleasant grace, many of them failing to acknowledge the source of their economic reasoning which they now espoused.

Now it appears that another important contention of organized labor is to be accepted. This is forecast in an announcement in this month's "Nation's Business," official organ of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. The "Nation's Business" wants the Sherman anti-trust law, if not repealed, greatly modified. Having seen this law—a dead-letter as far as big business went—successfully invoked by federal courts to cripple labor unions, big business is now unwilling to see it invoked to cripple trade associations. For trade associations are very much a part of business machinery. And if we are to believe O. H. Cheney, Vice President, American Exchange Irving Trust Company, New York City, writing in the same issue of "Nation's Business," they are on the increase. Indeed they are the very life-blood of modern business. Business has come to such a stage, that to exist, it must merge, combine, compound, grow bigger and bigger, and no hampering laws must stand in its way.

All this is being promulgated in the face of a growing disposition on the part of certain business corporations to seek the protective wing of the government: the oil trust, for instance, as described in this number.

Now labor has always contended the American citizens had the right of voluntary association to protect their economic rights. It has taken the view more lately that the hampering laws on mergers were probably worse than useless. It would like to see a more rational body of law governing business. It would like to see our laws governing industry modernized—

brought up-to-date. Above all else, it wants ambiguous and equivocal laws wiped off the books. The Sherman anti-trust law has done labor great harm. It has hampered unions everywhere. It is such a law. If it should go out, labor does not want other laws put in its place—masses of weasel words—designed to help trade associations and to destroy labor unions.

But, in the meantime, for a while at least, it looks as if labor's contention for the right of free association is being more widely recognized.

The Company Union

"America," a Catholic Review of the week, has this to say of company unions: "If there is anything more damnable in American economic life than the so-called company union, we have not yet come upon its foul trail. In its profession of tender care for the worker's welfare, it is a liar and a hypocrite to boot.

"Unions are formed to give the worker a means of protecting his rights. He cannot do this unaided, for business is organized on the principle of buying labor in the cheapest market. Labor, too, must organize, if it is to contract with the owner on a basis of equality. What one worker cannot obtain, may possibly be extorted by the united action of a thousand workers. And, as Leo XIII, voicing the philosophy of the Catholic Church, taught in his Encyclicals, the right of the worker to organize and by just means to secure all that is due him, is not a mere concession granted by enlightened states, but a natural right which every state is bound to protect.

"But the organization of the workers into a union must be brought about by the free act of the workers. A 'union' into which the worker is forced, either by his fellows or by the bosses, is not a true union, but the result of an act of violence.

"Another name for the company union, or to speak more accurately, its correct name, is 'the forced union.' As we have it in the United States, it is an aggregation controlled by the owners. Obviously, therefore, in a conflict of rights and interests, the worker is left without a representative. He is in the position of a man robbed of his property who must leave his defense entirely to the attorney for the thieves.

"As has been observed in these columns on previous occasions, the most notable fact about modern capitalism is not its shrewdness but its stupidity. At the outbreak of the war, capitalism in the United States seemed ready to acknowledge the right of the worker to enter a union and to be represented by it. Within the last few years, however, capitalism has made a determined effort to replace the workers' union by the company union.

"The effort may and probably will be temporarily successful. Men will often submit to tyranny rather than see their wives and children starve. But we do not believe that in the long run any project so manifestly contrary to truth and justice as the company union will succeed. A company union means that the worker has no real defense. Hence as long as it lasts it can keep the worker in a condition little better than that of a slave. That policy means immediate dividends, in some cases; but it also means discontent, sabotage, and eco-

nomie wars. Nations are beginning to learn that of all means of settling disputes war is the most expensive and the least satisfactory. Cannot capital learn the same lesson?

"It need not be said that this Review deplores the tendency to find the first remedy for social and economic evils in legislation. Before recourse is had to the state other means should be tried. Nevertheless, it seems that a condition has been reached in this country, against which the worker cannot be defended by private agencies. If this be true, then it is the duty of the state to protect him. Within the past year we have had more than one instance of bloated corporations brazenly defying the state and federal governments. Capital, a stupid, brutal giant, is now in the saddle. It is the duty of every upright citizen to see that he does not remain there."

Union Work of Quality

When the skeptic tells you that unions are destined to disappear; when the minimizer under-rates them; when the uninformed overlooks them, tell him: "When you go into a movie house nine chances to one the orchestra which you so willingly hear is union. When you go into a theatre 99 chances to one the actors—even the most distinguished—are union.

"When you walk down the street 99 chances to one the clothes, the hats, the shoes, the silk stockings of the well-dressed men and women you meet are union.

"When you ride on the train and street cars—entrust your lives to engineers and conductors—99 chances to one you are riding in union trains and street cars.

"When you enter a skyscraper, or public building nine chances to one you are being sheltered by a union-erected house.

"When you purchase a newspaper or magazine 99 chances to one it was set up and machined by union men.

"When you receive your morning mail, 99 chances to one it was handed you by a union man.

"The coal that warms you; the light that lights you; the food that nourishes you all were touched in process of production and delivery by union. Unions are a part of the great masses; are indubitably woven with the common life, and could not be uprooted without tearing great seams and holes in the social fabric."

The facts are too little known and too little appreciated. It is our business to see that they are known better, known farther and more favorably known.

Kerosene or Electricity

Fear has been expressed by physicians at the growth of insanity among big business men. The stress of the job has been too great, the verdict of medicine is, for nerves and brain to bear. That is one explanation. There is another. This is offered by David Seabury, psychologist. He attributes the 30 per cent growth in insanity and the 50 per cent growth in nervous diseases in the last ten years to the ill-adjustment of ethics to environment. Our old codes arose out of a vastly more simple life than that of the onrushing, turbulent, mechanical present. Our moral philosophy simply won't fit our modern lives. What we need is to take down the old kerosene lamps which used to guide us in darkness, and set up arcs of new intensity.

Economist Warns Labor Pays For War It Wages

THE September number of the American Economic Review, official publication of the American Economic Association, carries a leading article which warns labor against war.

"Once it becomes a popularly accepted idea that the issuing of public bonds involves a robbery of the community, especially wage-earners, for the benefit of capitalists, the section of the country, now perhaps the most careless, would naturally become the strongest advocates of peace and economy."

This leading article is by Frederick Barnard Hawley, author of "Enterprise and the Production Process," a work that anticipates in certain respects the economic contention of Messrs. Foster and Catchings, now accorded popular attention.

It is in his discussion of business cycles that Mr. Hawley brings his indictment against war. His view is that savings by the rich is the principal reason for business depression, inasmuch as money which consumers should have to buy back goods produced is thus hoarded and taken out of the current of productive wealth.

Affects Business Cycle

War bonds, though they at first stimulate business, by absorbing savings, later bring depressions by absorbing a large share of the workers' money to pay interest and principal. His statement follows:

"There is, however, one extremely important corollary of the law of the business cycle which demands the most earnest attention, not only of economists, but of all those interested in the happiness of the world, and especially of those interested in peace and in the welfare of the laboring classes. This problem is as to how public indebtedness affects the distribution of income between the various classes of society, between, that is, the four productive economic factors.

"Granting as we must, after what has been said herein, that any permanent widening of the field for investment must result in a like permanent addition to the possible amount of accumulations, the following results inevitably follow when the government, national, state or municipal, sells bonds, the proceeds of which it uses for unproductive, or only socially productive, purposes. The first influence is a stimulus to business activity, due to absorbing savings that would otherwise tend to press upon the limitations of accumulation. It was perhaps this transient effect, intuitively perceived but misunderstood, by Jay Cooke, that led to his celebrated assertion that 'A national debt is a national blessing.' It also partly accounts for the business activity attendant upon war. This stimulus to business is, of course, transient, ceasing when the state stops borrowing, and is paid for by a depressing influence in the future, whenever the state decreases its obligations, thus transferring a part of the burden of war upon future generations and disproving, to that extent, the claim often made that there cannot be any such transference.

"If in the past, nations, states and municipalities had conducted all their enterprises, including that of war, on a cash basis, the gross total of the capital owned by the individual capitalists of the world would have been less than it now is, by the almost exact sum of the present public indebtedness of the civilized world—and addition to their annual income, of capitalists as a class, of almost the exact sum total of the interest paid them on the public bonds they hold.

"International indebtedness, that is—debts owed by one nation to another—are not to

be included in the above sum, as they are never put upon the market, and never owed by individual capitalists. They have lost their purchasing power, and with it any claim to be considered as capital.

"The total of the sum of debt owed by nations to individuals is much less than it would have been if Germany, France and Italy and some other European nations had not virtually repudiated the greater part of their indebtedness to individuals by inflation and stabilization.

Ten Dollars Per Inhabitant

"These limitations still leave the wealth and income unknowingly forced upon the capitalists, as a class, at the expense of the community—of very serious amount. As to the United States alone, a rough calculation indicates that the addition of this unproductive capital, to the wealth of the capitalists as a class, amounts to about twenty-six billion and the yearly income they derive from it to about one billion two hundred millions of dollars—a yearly tax of over ten dollars on each inhabitant of the nation. It is also probably a deduction of over six hundred million annually from the real wages of American laborers.

"Now this vast transference of wealth and income to the capitalists, as a class, at the expense of the other productive factors is no fault of theirs. The state alone is blamable. The capitalists simply gave the state what it demanded and accepted the promise of the state in payment, in complete ignorance of the peculiar benefit to themselves, as a class, that would result. The state, likewise, can make the plea of lack of fore-knowledge of the effects that inevitably followed.

"Now there is one very marked peculiarity of the addition to capital afforded by public bonds. It is unproductive capital. There is no creative power backing and guaranteeing it. Loans to entrepreneurs are made in the belief that they will be used productively; those to governments with the understanding that they will not be used productively, but that they will eventually be repaid, with interest, from the proceeds of taxation. Public bonds remain capital for they retain purchasing power, absorb savings and pay interest; but there is no corresponding amount of capital goods remaining in existence.

"The momentous fact stated above is so evidently a necessary deduction from orienting economics on enterprise, and of defining capital in terms of its relation to enterprise, that it would have promptly unrolled itself to anyone who had attained a comprehension of capital and enterprise. It certainly suggested itself to me very shortly after I had arrived at such comprehensions. If it had been grasped a hundred or more years ago, the history of the world would have been different. How the loss of what is forced, as a gain, upon the capitalists is distributed among the three other economic productive factors is too intricate a subject to detain us here. The assumption, however, will not be extreme that more than half of the sum yearly paid out as interest on public securities, acts as a reduction of real wages. The realization of this would have arrayed a large and powerful section of the community, not only the laborers and all who were directly injured but all lovers of justice and righteousness, against war and public extravagance. Once it becomes a popularly accepted idea that the issuing of public bonds involves a robbery of the community, especially wage-earners, for the

benefit of capitalists, the section of the community, now perhaps the most careless, would naturally become the strongest advocates of peace and economy.

Cash Basis Would Be Best

"That governments should be required to conduct in the future their wars, as well as their other enterprises, entirely on a cash basis, is perhaps too much to expect. To do so would indeed reduce battle to skirmishes; but defensive wars—and every war is claimed to be defensive by both sides—must be fought regardless of which classes suffer most. Nevertheless, if the League of Nations can induce the great nations of the world to promise solemnly and agree to adopt the cash basis in future, the problems of peace and disarmament would be practically solved.

"The fact that it is generally expected that the nations of the earth, or at least most of them, will in the future have a surplus over their running expenses to apply on a reduction of their indebtedness proves that their adoption of the cash basis is by no means impracticable. On the contrary a greater surplus to apply on indebtedness would result because their running expenses would be greatly lessened as preparedness against aggression became less imperative.

"But when it is clearly perceived that the financial burden of war falls so disproportionately on the laboring classes, it will be much harder to arouse popular enthusiasm. The advocates of peace will have an argument, more effective, perhaps, because it touches the pocket, than any they are now able to present. Arousing a sense of personal injury and injustice in the large majority of the population, should surely attach them to the cause of peace. It is also to be noted that, when the state proposes to borrow for enterprises, only socially productive, this transference of income to capitalists, at the expense of the community, should have its place among the pros and cons."

Einstein Theory Has Indian Rival

The famous Einstein theory of relativity has a rival in a new theory presented to the American Physical Society by Mr. C. K. Venkata Row, of Madras, India. One of the chief successes of the Einstein theory is its explanation of the slight bending of light rays as these rays passed close to the sun. This was explained as an effect of gravitation on light. Other similar effects, also predicted by the Einstein theory, were later found in the colors of the light from certain stars and in other relations of gravitation to light rays and to the motions of the heavenly bodies. In elaborating the theory which explained these matters, Dr. Einstein was forced to abandon many of the previous theories of science and to substitute new ideas concerning the nature of space, of time, of gravitation and of other scientific fundamentals. In the new theory gravitation proposed by Mr. Venkata Row, it is claimed that the gravitational variations emphasized and explained by the Einstein theory can be reconciled with the older theories of science, so that less destruction of familiar ideas will be necessary. It remains to be seen whether the new Indian theory will survive scientific criticism, as the Einstein theory has done so successfully.

Capitalists Look At Relations With Labor

AMERICAN capitalists who shout "bol-shevik" and curse labor unions came in for their share of condemnation at the industrial conference held by Rountree Ltd. and 50 other British firms at Oxford this year. Copies of the proceedings of this interesting meeting—the twenty-fourth—for work directors, managers, foremen and forewomen, have just reached this office.

Harry S. Dennison of the Dennison Manufacturing Co., Philadelphia, who himself has no blameless record with real labor unions was one of the speakers. He made a plea for a scientific approach to industrial problems, and asked that employers might come together, pool their information, and solve their problems in the light of reason.

"It would be far more useful than the National Employers' Associations we frequently get in the United States, which meet to say that the unions are terrible organizations, and that bolshevism is a frightful menace to the United States. They curse congress for a while, and they pat each other on the back. They tell one another what enormous handicaps they have to work against, and how magnificently successful they have been in spite of everything. Then they think they have had a fine convention. . . . That is not the way of progress. The only thing that is worth while for us as employers is to find out whatever in our enterprise is not as good as it ought to be, and then make it better."

B. Seebohm Rountree, one of the more advanced British employers, spoke at length on the relations of capital and labor. A section of his address is here quoted for its unconventional and outspoken attack on the reactionaries of the industrial world.

"First of all, we must get co-operation between capital and labor. That is quite fundamental and I want to dwell upon it for a moment, because it is extraordinary how little real solid constructive thinking is given to the matter.

"Federations of employers discuss at enormous length other questions concerned

British Trade Unionism at recent sessions of its Congress decided to experiment with union co-operative management. Of particular interest, therefore, is this report of a conference of employers and employees held at Oxford recently under the auspices of Rountree Ltd. and other British firms.

with the welfare of industry, technical questions, or questions of marketing. But how often do such men really sit down, with open minds, in a scientific spirit, to try to work out the conditions which must be fulfilled if labor is to co-operate with capital? Why, they would think they were wasting their time! These pundits of industry and commerce look down from their Olympian heights with patronizing amusement upon men who so much as refer to the psychology of the worker. "What," say they, "does a worker want with a psychology?" Their only acquaintance with working-class psychology is in connection with the strikes that take place in their factories. They would not dream of devoting to the problem of mere co-operation between two gigantic industrial factors real scientific thought, such as Marconi gave to the development of wireless telegraphy. Or, remember the thought that built up the ordinary locomotives that brought some of us to Oxford, or the magnificent automobiles in which a few of you traveled! Has any such thought been given to the development of co-operation between capital and labor?

"Now unless, we are prepared to think, and to think hard about that question, we shall never achieve true industrial efficiency. Therefore, I fling back the taunts of men who talk of us as visionaries, and I say that we

are more clear-sighted, and longer-sighted than they are. Some of them think themselves clever fellows for keeping the worker in his place and getting "snap" into their workshops by sheer arrogance and obstinacy. Well, I admire snap, but personally, I would rather be without it if strikes followed in its wake. I would rather have co-operation, based upon a real harmony of outlook, than the brittle and transient efficiency that is founded upon false authority. Some of the people who think they understand how to manage workers and deal with labor, remind me of the woman who said—"Well, I ought to know how to look after children—I have buried seven."

Real Co-operative Management

"The first step in getting co-operation between capital and labor is to be firmly convinced in our own minds that such co-operation is infinitely worth while. It is essential to real efficiency, and it calls for the very ablest thinking of which we are capable—continuous thinking, not merely a few spasmodic reflections. When we firmly adopt the view that high wages are essential to the prosperity of industry in Britain, we have taken a very important first step towards getting co-operation between capital and labor. The second step is actually to treat the workers as co-operators, and not mere servants. That alters the whole outlook of your relation with them. If I have servants, I can—temporarily—order them about and tell them what to do but if I have co-operators, I must ask them to come and help me. This means consultation with the workers, and it means publicity. You cannot co-operate with a person who has not the haziest glimmering of what you are talking about. I was once taken to the Dutch Street Club of Authors in New York, and I said: 'I wish that you people would come and manage industry, because being novelists and poets, you have imagination, and we employers have so desperately little!'

"Have you ever thought what an extraordinarily unimaginative creature an employer is? I believe he is the most unimaginative being upon earth! We are trying to get the co-operation of the workers. How much do we tell them of what we are after? How much do they know about the Economics of Industry? How much do they know about the necessity for making profits? How much do they know about the kind of competition we are up against? Take your co-operators into your confidence, and tell them everything that you possibly can. That is a condition of efficiency."

J. R. Clynes, British Labor Leader, offered ten rules for labor efficiency.

(1) The consistent avoidance of waste in the use both of materials and energy.

(2) Good time-keeping. I think under this head considerable advance has been made, though it is not long since I heard the story of the employer who invited his workmen to make suggestions as to ensuring good time-keeping; and one man dropped into the box a slip of paper on which he wrote, "Let the last man in blow the buzzer."

(3) A readiness to make the best of new processes and inventions.

(4) A full use of the educational opportunities to acquire technical knowledge which are now so abundantly afforded.

(5) A frank recognition of all stages of authority to ensure a high standard of workshop discipline.

(6) Co-operation with the management to obtain the maximum value of services con-

(Continued on page 557)



INTERIOR OF EASTON LODGE, SHOWING A PORTRAIT BUST OF LADY WARWICK, THE COUNTESS WHO GAVE HER BEAUTIFUL HOME TO BRITISH UNIONS. THERE THEY MEET, REST AND CONFER.

State Association Sets Forth on Practical Program

IN company with a number of states, Pennsylvania has an aggressive state association of electrical workers. State meetings are designed to bring delegates from locals together to discuss union problems, pool experiences, and work out common solutions. Through the courtesy of W. F. Barber, L. U. 163, Wilkes-Barre, its author, the *Journal* has received a copy of a proposal for a State Bureau of Employment. This is still in a formative stage, but contains features of interest to other state associations.

"Tentative Resolution, For a Bureau of Employment Within the Penn State Electrical Workers Association"

For the local unions affiliated with the association.

To be submitted to the next state convention, by W. F. Barber, secretary-treasurer.

Bureau of Employment

The Bureau of Employment is a department of the association, for the expressed purpose of finding employment for the unemployed members of the local unions affiliated with the association. This is to be done through an education campaign throughout the state, through our vice presidents in their jurisdictions, with the co-operation of the secretary-treasurer's office, and members of all local unions.

Members of the Bureau

We would suggest that the four regional vice presidents constitute the board, with the first vice president as chairman and the secretary-treasurer as secretary, the president is ex-officio member of all committees.

Duties of the Board

The board to meet at a designated city, as requirements demand, by request of the secretary or at the request of two-thirds of the locals affiliated, or three members of the board, to legislate improvements for the employment department.

Working Plan of the Department of Employment

First. The secretary must be furnished with the proper information from each local union affiliated, this to be done either direct, or through the vice presidents, who are to inform the secretary of all information of their district, coming to their attention. Outside of information received from the vice president direct, said information will be given from a questionnaire sent out by the secretary to each local union affiliated, and the vice president to receive copies of received questionnaires.

Kind of Information Needed By the Secretary's Office

Second. Number of members in local union. How many members idle each week. Classification.

The secretary to send out questionnaire for recording number of members of each local union, number of members idle, names and addresses of members idle, married or single, age, and qualifications. This is necessary so that the secretary can file a record card of the member, and local union, in vice president's jurisdiction, who will receive a copy each week, and a report covering matters of importance as received by the secretary pertaining to his district.

This questionnaire is to be filled out by

the secretary of the local unions, or by some one so designated to do this work by the local unions each week, or after each local meeting.

Daily Inter-Office Clearing System

The bureau of employment should maintain a daily inter-office clearance card system with other states having state associations, whereby applications of members idle who cannot be placed to work through our vice presidents and local unions in the state can be placed to work in other states.

Semi-Monthly Reports

A semi-monthly report system should be adopted, and a concise and specific report on employment sent to the secretary's office on the first and fifteenth of each month, for the benefit of the secretary and the board, and the success of the department, from each local union affiliated, depends upon their hearty co-operation.

Co-operative Representative Local Unions

It will be found most advantageous to insure that it properly reflects the pulse of those interested in the various activities of our industries along electrical lines, and with proper employment of our members through the development and organization of committees, or some one designated, in our local unions, particularly interested in the success of our association, the proper policies and instructions to be given by the secretary's office, and with this co-operation our state association will be the benefit to the members, that the promoters and organizers are aiming for. In the state of Pennsylvania, and all states covered by our Brotherhood, and which can be developed into an interstate clearing house for electrical workers for steadier employment in all states.

Co-operative Relations Between Local Unions and Employers

In addition to co-operation with the other local unions in the state, and other states, the association by using the Employment Department, and other employment departments, such as the Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry, who have branch state employment offices throughout the state, Harrisburg, Allentown, Altoona, Erie, Johnstown, Lancaster, McKeesport, New Castle, Oil City, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Reading, Scranton, Williamsport and these are state employment offices which are conducted in co-operation with the United States Employment Service, covering all classes of labor.

Through our state association local committees, a relationship can be created in cities where the state have employment offices, can work out with the managers of these offices a connection with the office of our employment department that will bring our idle members in touch with employers who use the State Employment Department to supply them with qualified workers who otherwise couldn't be reached.

Also our local committees can send in the names of all union and non-union contractors in their jurisdiction, with addresses and any information that would help to sell the contractor to the worth of our union men now in their employ, and those who do not employ our men, the reasons why it would pay them to sign contracts with our international through our local unions. This could eventually create scale of wages the same all over the state, which would mean a Pennsylvania state agreement, signed through the Penn State Electrical Workers Association and the International Brotherhood of Electrical

Workers, as suggested by our International Secretary, Brother Bugniazet.

Big Question To Be Solved

This is a big proposition for "big men" in our organization, and I wonder if we can produce them, from our local union ranks, in the state of Pennsylvania.

This being a tentative matter for our membership's consideration, which is going to cost money, yet the promoters of this matter have every reason to believe that it will produce good interest on every dollar spent to put it across. It is your money, members of the rank and file, that must be spent to make it a success, the same as the taxpayers' money is spent by the state for the state employment offices, and some of that money is coming from your state taxes. Beneficial contact can be created between the state employment offices and your association, as well with private employment offices, individual and corporations, if you form an employment department, properly financed, organized and following the proper discipline for steadier employment for the members of the association and work out a standard rate of wages throughout the state, and standard working conditions.

The question arises in your mind as you read this, as is natural, "This is only a money scheme for someone to get an easy job." Stop and think the amount of work that it will take for those who will be employed by you, to make it possible to create a plan and policy that will give you more work for the year and years to come, which means more money for you to place in the bank. Now we believe that with the five cents per capita tax per member per month it will be possible to build up the membership so that there will be enough money to carry on the work of the Employment Department. And if not, after an investigation of the subject, if you want it bad enough, that you will find the money to pay for it, and make it a success.

Expert Examines Changeable Island

That the United States possesses a changeable island, which looks like one thing one year and like something totally different a few years later, is the report of Dr. T. A. Jaggard, well-known volcano expert, who has been examining the Aleutian Islands, southwest of Alaska, under the auspices of the United States Geological Survey and of the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association. This remarkable Lon Chaney among islands is Bogoslof Island, known to contain a number of active volcanic vents. The island is not regularly inhabited but was visited by Dr. Jaggard in 1907. Since then changes in the shape of the island have been reported by passing ships but the changes were not studied in detail until Dr. Jaggard revisited the island this summer. He finds an entirely new lava peak 200 feet high, a lagoon filled with warm water and heated by volcanic fires, and the alteration of some of the former peaks of the island. The only inhabitants of the island are hundreds of sea-lions and thousands of birds, the latter finding the volcanic warmth agreeable, no doubt, in the midst of the near-arctic seas. The volcanic activity is still in progress and the island's countenance will probably continue to change. Dr. Jaggard hopes to arrange for a continual watch to be kept of volcanic phenomena in the region.

Make Your Ballot Work the Other 364 Days



Yes, brother, this is a picture of the potent power of your ballots. Up in the left hand corner you see yourself at the ballot box "clothed in the majesty" of your might as a "sovereign voter" of the United States. This is election day. Down below you see the man you voted for—the sovereign representative—but buttonholed by a powerful lobbyist—on the job 365 days. The voter may be all powerful one day in the year, but the other 364, he has a rival in the big lobbyist.

The only way you can make your ballot work 365 days of the year is by electing men that can't be buttonholed.



WOMAN'S WORK



The Housewife's Guide and Friend

"ABOUT ten or fifteen years ago," remarked the advertising manager of the big department store, "I was young and full of ideas. The store was struggling along, not getting much business, and I put on a series of publicity stunts to get the public's attention. First we had a lot of parades to start the campaign. Then we advertised 'The Mysterious Mark-down Man.' At a certain hour each day he appeared, dressed in red and masked. Armed with a big black pencil he swiftly made his way through the store, here and there marking down the price on some article. Crowds of women gathered every day to see him and the marked-down articles were bought quite eagerly. That stunt made a hit. We were able to get rid of a lot of old stock that had been hanging around for years and many new customers were attracted to the store.

"Flushed with my first success, I tried a new stunt. This time I established a testing bureau on the main floor. Customers could bring in samples of material, whether bought in our store or elsewhere, and the bureau would, by a simple chemical test, determine whether the goods was all linen, all wool, all cotton, all silk, or a misleading mixture. We tested other articles, too, but dress goods were the greatest item.

"Well, I was standing on the main floor, pleased to see the crowds gathering at the bureau's booth, when I noticed one of the buyers rushing towards me. He was so mad I thought he'd explode. In a few well-chosen words he told me what he thought of me and my bright ideas. All day long women had been taking his "woolen" hose over to the bureau for tests. I had instructed the chemist to give an honest analysis and he frankly confessed the hose were 50 per cent cotton. Then the irate customers went back to the department and took the matter up with the buyer, ending by hurling the offending hose on the counter and walking out.

Nearly Wrecked His Job

"Then came the dress goods buyer, a powerful figure in store politics, and with him the owner of the store. The bureau had showed up the dress goods all too glaringly. I tried to put up a fight for honest merchandising, but I hadn't a chance. The next day the bureau had disappeared and the booth was being used for a sale of "pure wool hose"—for as the buyer insisted, though they might not be all wool, all the wool in them was pure wool. And just about this time I decided to give up publicity stunts and keep my job."

Even in those days, it seems, the consumer could not be positive what he was getting.

I thought of this story, told to me by my friend the advertising manager, the other day when I read "Your Money's Worth," by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. It is a harrowing tale of the adventures and perils of the consumer's dollar as it goes forth through a wonderland of trade competition and advertising in quest of a small, clipped remnant of the consumer's bacon. It is a tale as exciting as Ulysses' perilous return from Troy,

with fiery patent medicine dragons, siren songs of new styles and yearly models, cyclopean giants of fraud and adulteration, and Circes who change cheap goods to expensive ones with a wave of fancy paper and tinsel ribbon.

Everywhere the poor dollar goes is darkness and mystery. Trade names confuse and mislead, advertising threatens and yells, salesmen browbeat and insinuate, competition pulls this way and that way. Prices cajole and mock, for the article at the highest price may actually be the poorest in quality. Is there nothing to guide the dollar in its search or to bring it safely home?

Trade Names Confuse

Wives of workers try so hard to get the most out of each dollar, but even they are misled into needless waste of precious money because they don't know about either the value or the quality of what they buy. How much real maple is there in the high priced, highly advertised maple syrup? In small type somewhere on the label you may read "combined with pure cane syrup"—that is required by the pure food law—but is it ever mentioned in the advertising? Is this "English broadcloth" really the fine quality material that is made in England? Is there any rubber in rubberoid roofing, or any silk in silkaline? Has sealine any relation to real seal? (There are scores of fancy names to conceal the origin of rabbit fur!) When you pay for a gallon do you get four quarts? One of the authors found, in a small Illinois town, 18 out of 22 gas pumps giving short measure. When home-prepared wheat breakfast food can be made for four cents a pound, how much extra are you paying for the box and paraffine paper of package goods?

We know quantity fairly well, though some shocking crookedness in weights and measures still flourishes. But how can we measure quality?

Messrs. Chase and Schlink might lead us into the mazes of treacherous wonderland and leave us there, we'd never find our way out. But they take pity on us and show us a faintly blazed pathway that might become a broad trail, if only enough consumers would come that way.

The federal government buys its goods by specification. Instead of taking what is offered, they describe exactly what they want. The government can buy first class automobile oil suitable for lubrication of finest cars at 49½¢ a gallon in one gallon containers. We pay \$1.25 a gallon for oil at retail, often of an inferior quality. A commercial preparation for moistening mimeograph stencils costs the consumer \$3.20 per gallon—the government makes its own at 5 cents per gallon. The Bureau of Standards has arisen to prepare the government's specifications. They test qualities—the soapiness of soap and the rubberyness of rubber. It is estimated that the wealth of the nation has been increased a billion dollars a year by virtue of the bureau's activities. But most of this valuable research is not available to the public.

Bureau of Standards for Consumers

Which, the authors declare, brings us to ask a blunt and necessary question.

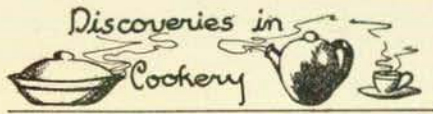
"Why does a service run by taxpayers' money refuse information covering competitive products—to that same taxpayer? The answer is obvious but not altogether convincing. It is argued that the general release of test results covering competitive products by name of maker will promote commercial injustice. K's oil may never have been submitted for test. A's oil, which made a high rank, has changed its process and is now inferior. The point is well taken of course, but is it important enough to freeze out the common citizen to eternity? * * *

"In the long run would not the great savings which the government achieves through the bureau's work be multiplied a hundred fold if all could take advantage of its findings—both ultimate consumer, manufacturer and dealer? Manufacturers would have at their command the net working result of research facilities which even great corporations cannot now afford (or think they cannot), the consumer would have a chance to know how to secure better overcoats, shoes, household equipment—a hundred things—at a fraction of the cost that he now, out of his limitless ignorance, is forced to pay. A scrutiny of the catalogue of one of the great mail order houses, reveals the fact that on over half of the non-luxury products listed, the bureau has already collected essential information. * * *

"Furthermore, there is no reason why the citizens who pay for the bureau and the other government laboratories should not have the right to initiate a series of tests when the field is important and the known information either adequate or non-existent. Manufacturers and promoters can now secure all the results of competitive tests (makers' names deleted); and they have initiated thousands of new tests which the bureau has conducted often without cost to themselves. Has not the ultimate consumer an equal right?"

Cicely Applebaum, in her review of this book in *The Advance*, says that consumers should organize to secure their money's worth—workers especially should heed this advice. Perhaps you may think a great many unworthy products would be weeded out and this would mean workers thrown out of employment; but these products would soon be replaced by worthy ones, which require just as many workers to make them. Organized labor probably would benefit by the change—shoddy products almost invariably are made with non-union labor. The same manufacturer who adulterates his goods will cheat his workers. Then, too, the dollar, freed from the tribute exacted by the hocus pocus of advertising, would really have a chance to do what you want it to. I wonder if union men's wives could not form the backbone of a great organization of enlightened consumers, demanding the truth?

In the meantime, read "Your Money's Worth" and consider what you can do.



SUNDAY EVENING HOSPITALITY

by Sally Lunn

I invite my very best friends for Sunday evening.

Maybe you can guess why. When the people you really like come to your home you want to enjoy them. You want to sit down with them by your cozy hearth fire, talk with them, listen to music, read aloud, play games or whatever you like best. But if you are cook, serving maid and hostess all in one, as I am, you must plan a simple meal or you'll get very little of your friend's company. That's why I love to have them come on Sunday night for then a light, simple meal is naturally most appreciated.

Some folks call the Sunday night meal "tea" but I prefer to call it "supper", it's less confusing. How I laugh, every time I think of the first time I was invited out to "tea" and taking the word literally, ate a good meal before hand and was so chagrined not to be able to do justice to my hostess' generous spread!

Make everything informal. Instead of your long linen tablecloth, use place mats on the bare table, or if you wish to serve in the living room, all the serving may be done from a small table, while the guests, after filling their plates, dispose themselves comfortably around the room.

One hot dish generally is enough, with a hot drink of some kind—coffee, tea, or hot chocolate. If you have an electric grill or chafing dish you can prepare a creamed meat, chicken or fish dish at the table and serve it piping hot on toast. The remnants of the Sunday chicken dinner will serve a very creditable chicken a la king if the meat is chopped, and heated up with white sauce or the chicken gravy, and a few green peas and bits of canned pimento to give color and flavor. Have everything ready beforehand and ready to heat up and serve.

Here is a simple but quite adequate menu:

MENU

- Mushrooms with Chestnuts on Toast
- Vegetables in Jelly
- Tea Biscuits
- Hot Chocolate

The vegetables in jelly may be prepared in the morning or even on Saturday, and only the tea biscuits and the mushroom toast made ready when supper time comes. Though you may prefer tea or coffee to the hot chocolate, still, chocolate served with a marshmallow or whipped cream sweetens the whole meal and makes dessert seem unnecessary. Here are the recipes you will need:

Mushrooms with Chestnuts on Toast

Remove stems and peel caps of large mushrooms, allowing two or more to each person to be served. Remove shells from an equal number of large chestnuts and simmer them in salted water till tender. Place the mushrooms in a shallow pan with the top of the cap down and dot with butter. Place a whole chestnut in the center of each mushroom and pour three-fourths of a cup of coffee cream into the pan.

Baste the mushrooms with the cream and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. Place on small squares of toast and pour the cream from the pan over the whole before serving.



No wonder Louise Lorraine wears a smile! The tweed of her oxfords matches the tweed of her trig sport coat. One tweed is smart enough—two tweeds are irresistible!

Vegetables in Jelly

Soak one tablespoon of gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water for five minutes and then dissolve the whole in a cup of boiling water. Add one-fourth cupful each of sugar and vinegar, two tablespoons of lemon juice and a teaspoon of salt. Strain and cool. When mixture begins to set add one-half cupful of diced celery, one-half cupful of raw chopped cabbage, one-third cupful of raw cucumber cubes (previously soaked in salted water for two hours), one-fourth cupful of cooked chopped carrots, one-half cupful chopped beets, one of beans and one of whole peas. Place in a fancy mold or individual mold, put it in the ice box and allow to set firmly. When time to serve, unmold on a bed of lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise to which has been added a small quantity of horseradish.

Another nice supper toast, one that may be prepared in a chafing dish or electric table stove, is the following:

Supper Toast With Crabmeat

Prepare two cupfuls of medium white sauce as follows: melt two tablespoons of butter and stir in four tablespoons of flour. When smooth, add slowly two cups of cold milk, one teaspoon salt, and one-eighth teaspoon of paprika.

Meanwhile, flake two cups of crabmeat, fresh or canned, and add one tablespoon of chopped pimento, one teaspoon finely

chopped onion, and enough mayonnaise to moisten thoroughly—about one-third cupful. Toast one side of six slices of bread. Butter the untoasted side and spread thickly with the crab mixture. Serve with white sauce poured over all.

For a festive hot sandwich interestingly different, try—

Scrambled Shrimp Sandwiches

Remove the intestinal veins from shrimp, then finely chop; there should be two cupfuls. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in an omelet pan or skillet, add the shrimp and stir until hot, then add four eggs beaten with four tablespoonfuls of milk, season with salt and a sprinkle of cayenne. Scrape the mixture from the bottom of the pan as for scrambled eggs. Have ready twelve slices of bread toasted lightly and well buttered. Spread half the slices with a layer of the mixture, place the remaining slices atop, sandwich fashion, and pour around a small portion of white sauce. Sprinkle with paprika and serve hot.

Another type of supper centers around a fairly substantial salad, such as a potato or mixed vegetable salad, served with hot rolls or a variety of sandwiches? You can make a very attractive salad by scooping out fine red tomatoes, one for each person, and filling with egg, lobster, chicken or meat.

(Continued on page 533)

What Is The Inner Essence of Jove's Thunderbolts?

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

"Time wipes out the fancies of imagination, and strengthens the judgments of nature."

Cicero

BY asking "What is man that Thou art mindful of him and the son of man that Thou visited him," the ancient Hebrew disclosed a desire to know man's position in the physical world as well as his spiritual relations to the creator. This query is undoubtedly the fundamental riddle of man's universe. Many have attempted to answer the inquisitive psalmist of old but more and more it is becoming clear that no categorical or absolute answer is possible, and that whatever answer is offered must be a developing and unfolding one. Furthermore, it is safe to say that one of the elements of a satisfactory answer to the riddle must be a more complete knowledge of the physical nature of the universe in which man moves and has his being.

While the psalmist propounded a question, it was not with the hope or expectation of receiving an immediate and explicit reply, but the query gave him the opportunity to expound his theory of man's religious nature and relation to God.

There is scarcely any physical, social or religious phenomenon without a corresponding theory which either attempts to explain it or to find some immutable and underlying cause for the particular manifestation. Often, however, the theory explains nothing but merely inhibits further inquiry. This is especially true of many social theories which do not lend themselves to experimentation or verification. The protectionist has one theory of international trade, the free trader another; the capitalist has one theory of social order, and the communist another; one group of social ameliorators advocates limitation of output, another advocates maximum production, etc. All of these theorists can point to certain incidents and events which seem to substantiate their theory, but none of which can be verified in a truly scientific sense. That is, in the same sense that theories of physical phenomena can be verified. Many a seemingly sound theory of today is destroyed by a new fact tomorrow. This change in the potency of theories runs throughout not only social phenomena but throughout the physical sciences. It does not behoove any of us to be dogmatic. The true attitude of a searcher after truth is that taken by the famous Louis Agassiz who, refusing to believe a friend's fish story as to the size of a certain species of fish because that species did not grow to that size, when confronted with the material evidence remarked, "Another theory of science smashed by a cold fact."

Theories Sometimes Obstruct

The manner in which theories inhibit thought and retard progress is evidence by Aristotle's theory concerning falling bodies and Newton's theory of the nature of light. The first has already been touched upon, but as the latter is very closely related to theories of electricity which are the subject matter of this article, a little fuller treatment is justified. According to Pythagoras and his followers, vision or sight was the result of the bombardment of the eye by small particles continually projected at high velocity from the surfaces of objects. Another school of dialectic philosophers insisted that the source of the visual rays was

the eye and that these rays in conjunction with light from the sun and emanations from the object completed the act of vision. I suppose the intimation of this theory came from the fact that contact with an object gave one a knowledge of the texture and roughness of the object through the sense of touch, and hence feelers extending from the eye gave the perception of color, etc. Be that as it may, this theory was only short lived as it could not withstand the attacks of experiment. But not so with the corpuscular theory which survived all attacks for over 2,000 years, and even when it should have been relegated to the limbo of forgotten things life was breathed into its dying body by the genius and authority of Newton—another example of the power of authority. But let us not be too hasty in condemning a theory or custom just because it is old; sometimes these old theories have a way of appearing in a new guise to confound the critics. But we must go on with the story.

It is not merely a rhetorical expression to say that man's mental evolution is a product of his inquisitiveness, to the stimulation of which, the query, "What is electricity," has contributed greatly. What is the inner nature, or essence, of Jove's thunderbolts which rend the sky, destroy the works of man, but leave no remnants of themselves, has attracted man's attention from time immemorial, and many are the fantastic explanations offered. No matter how far-fetched and unscientific the theory of the essential nature of electricity, each and every such theory has had its effect in shaping thought, by either furthering or hindering the development of electrical science and the harmonizing of natural phenomena. It is this harmonizing of natural phenomena that embodies the answer to the psalmist query.

The final test of the validity of any theory, social or electrical, is, does it work? Does it harmonize and satisfactorily explain every manifestation associated with the fundamental phenomena and does it lend itself to prophecy? The corpuscular theory of light satisfactorily explained many of the phenomena of light such as reflection and refraction; for every billiard player had knowledge of the fact that the angle of reflection was equal to the angle of incidence, but it failed to explain destructive interference. That is, the obliteration of light when a surface is illuminated from two identical sources of light, but at different distances from the surface. If two identical machine guns be fired at a target at the same time, the number of bullets hitting the target will be twice as great as when only one is fired, but when two light guns are fired the result is in some cases darkness, not twice the illumination. This was a crucial test for the corpuscular theory and it had to be abandoned for a more rational one. Likewise, the caloric theory of heat failed to explain the continued development of heat when a cannon was being bored. Both these theories, however, had their effect on the development of a rational theory of electrification.

Early Conception of Electricity

It was well known that rubbing generated heat and as heat was considered to be an imponderable—without weight—substance that flowed into a substance when its temperature was raised and out when the temperature was lowered, it seemed entirely

logical to explain electrification in a similar manner. Thus Wilhelm Jacob's Gravesande (1688-1742) associated the two phenomena when he said "electricity is that property of bodies by which—where they are heated by attrition—they attract and repel lighter bodies at a sensible distance." In his view heating and electrification were if not identical at least related processes. In describing the process of electrifying a glass rod he again says—"This tube heated by rubbing has a very sensible electricity." This hazy conception of the identity of heat and electricity is further disclosed by his conclusion from the experiment. He says:

"The glass contains in it and has about its surface a certain atmosphere which is excited by friction and put into a vibrating motion The fire contained in this glass is expelled by the action of this atmosphere." What is more natural than the attempt to explain an unfamiliar phenomenon on the basis of a more familiar one, and this on the assumption that the familiar phenomenon—in this case fire—is known? No better example of this erroneous process is found than the many attempts to explain electricity in terms of matter.

Stephen Gray, the discoverer of conductivity, describing one of his experiments concludes "that large surfaces may be impregnated with the electricity effluvia." In short, he conceived the process of electrification to be one of adding an imponderable fluid to the substance or body electrified. His experiment showed that the body rubbed and the rubber were charged with different kinds of electricity, two fluids were assumed to flow during the process of electrification, one into the body and one into the rubber. This still was merely an explanation of the process of developing a certain form of attraction and gave no hint of the inner nature of electricity. It did, however, convey to the mind the idea of continuity and fluidity. The human mind is never satisfied with the manifestation itself but craves an explanation, or to be more exact, thoughts will not remain isolated but must be associated with other thoughts, accordingly the two-fluid theory of electricity caught the popular fancy.

Franklin Abandoned Old Theories

This two-fluid theory of electricity was simple and very suitable for mathematical calculation, but it did not satisfy the mind of Franklin who assumed that electricity is an element present in all matter, and that the process of charging or electrifying a body was a process of redistribution of this element. When a body was charged by rubbing an excess of the fluid flowed into it, and a deficiency existed in the rubber. His theory of electricity was known as the one fluid theory in contradistinction to the two fluid theory of Symme, Nollet and others. It will be noted, however, that in so far as the essential nature of electricity is concerned Franklin's theory is no more informative than the other. They were both explanations only in their seeming.

Electricity manifested itself by attracting light bodies at a distance. This exertion of a force across space, known as action at a distance, was the physical phenomenon observed and either hypothesis gave an apparently correct account of it. The mathematical treatment of Poisson (1781-1840) and of La Place (1749-1827) was mechanical

(Continued on page 555)

EVERYDAY SCIENCE

Optical Glass

The study of effects of various chemicals in glass on light passing through such glasses has given us a great variety of optical glasses for correcting vision, use in telescopes and microscopes, x-ray bulbs, and other devices. A chemist, Otto Schott, made many of these discoveries in Germany, from 1880 to 1900. The United States Bureau of Standards and the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, cooperating with manufacturers of optical glass during and since the European war, have established American independence in this field. An oxide is dried rust of a chemical element, just as iron oxide is rust of iron. In addition to substances already mentioned, the oxides of zinc, barium, aluminum, strontium, boron, and a number of other chemical elements, produce colorless glass. The chemist tries to substitute these, partly or entirely, for the materials used in making glass.

Care of the Feet

There are 26 bones in the foot connected by more than four times as many ligaments, and operated by many muscles and nerves. There are four arches in the foot, the long arch, at the inside of the foot from the heel to the great toe; the front arch, extending across the ball of the foot; the third arch, at the outside of the foot from the heel to the base of the small toe, and the fourth arch, across the middle of the foot under the instep. Through misuse of the foot, lack of exercise of leg muscles, or wearing of badly designed or ill fitting shoes, the arches may begin to sag and bones may slip out of place. Then distress is bound to follow. If the distress were limited to the feet, it would be bad enough, but it often extends to remote parts of the body. Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, poor circulation, indigestion, unruly nerves, spinal disorder and pain, often mistaken for kidney trouble, neuritis or rheumatism, may have their origin in the feet. Your body rests upon your feet just as a high building rests upon its foundation. If a stone slips out of place in the foundation, a crack may appear in the topmost ceiling. If your feet become weakened or flattened, you are likely to feel the effects clear to the top of your head.

Anthracite Coal

Anthracite coal represents the highest stage of mineralization of coal. It contains little moisture and valuable matter, but runs high in carbon. It is hard, lustrous and has a vitreous fracture. It is hard to ignite, but burns with an intense heat when supplied with 12 times its weight in air. Pennsylvania produces practically the entire supply of the United States.

Bituminous Coal

Bituminous coal is the chief coal of industry. It constitutes about two-thirds of the entire annual output of coal, including lignite, in the United States. Bituminous coals are classified as coking and non-coking, or free-burning. The former are valuable for gas manufacture and are used in the production of coke, while the latter are largely used for steam production. The emission of yellow flame and smoke is characteristic of bituminous coal.

Lumber Industry

In Western Washington and Oregon there are sixteen million acres suited to forest crops. Thirty million dollars a year is being put into new buildings in Seattle. The population has grown from 80,000 to 425,000 in a quarter of a century. Around Seattle trees two hundred feet high and ten feet in diameter are common. There is enough timber like this in the Pacific Northwest to build forty-eight million houses—three times as many houses as there are now in all the United States.

Extra Weight

The plan of dieting in weight reduction is to eliminate the concentrated starchy and fatty foods and substitute for them bulky foods which contain less fat-producing qualities but which give adequate nourishment and satisfy the appetite. The fat-forming concentrated foods are of several classes and consist of such substances as, first, butter, cream, fatty portions of meat, vegetable oils and nuts; second, starchy foods, such as bread and pastry, the bread being taken as a rule with butter, giving a very fat and starchy combination, while pastry has both fat, in the form of butter, and sugar; third, sweets and sugar. Sugars are used largely to add to the palatability of certain foods.

Electric Fertilizer

A New York inventor has perfected a flow which distributes a high voltage to the ground as the flow operates. The inventor claims that weeds and harmful bacteria are destroyed by the 100,000 volts applied. The soil is made fertile also. A tractor generating unit furnishes the high voltage while drawing the flow.

How Bacteria Are Carried

The mode of access of bacteria to the animal body is a matter of prime importance. The living tissues are protected by the skin, and those bacteria which cannot gain access through the natural apertures of the body lined by soft penetrable "mucous membrane" have to pass through the dry, horny skin by way of accidental cracks and scratches or else by attaching themselves to the parasitic insects which pierce the skin for the purpose of blood-sucking, such as fleas, flies, bugs, ticks and lice. The germ which causes hydrophobia has not been satisfactorily identified, but it is established that it is brought into man's body through wounds inflicted by the teeth of dogs or other animals suffering from the deadly infection of rabies. The hydrophobia germ is present in a rabid animal's saliva. The organism causing typhus or jail fever has been shown by experiment to be introduced into man by the louse. Yellow fever is due to a microbe, probably a bacterium, which is injected into man by a stab of a species of gnat. The bacterium causing trench fever is carried by the louse. Relapsing fever (or famine fever) is caused by bacteria carried by the bed bug. The bacillus of tuberculosis, discovered by Koch in 1882, infects various tissues and organs and if not cured will cause the destruction of lungs, glands and other organs invaded. The bacillus of leprosy enters the human body from infected persons through wounds or ulcerous surfaces.

Ford Cars

While Henry Ford is preparing some new dresses for his new Lizzy, the General Motors is turning out and selling 100,000 Chevrolet cars a month. Perhaps some of the smart delegates to the Detroit Convention will discover what ailment the Ford plant has. At that the car of a million blokes and jokes is missed. One time an electrical worker had to carry his tool bag, 100 feet of conduit, two step-ladders and a dark brown taste for his boss by trolley car to the job being done. Now the electrical worker has to use a Rolls Royce or a Packard until Henry puts forth his 1927 or 1928 mystery model.

Simple Glass Making

You can make common glass (soda lime glass) yourself. Thoroughly mix 100 grams of white sand largely silica, 35 grams of soda ash (dried washing soda, the chemist calls it sodium carbonate) and 15 grams of limestone (principally calcium carbonate). Place this mixture in a cup or crucible made of fire brick and heat it in a stove or furnace until it melts to a clear mass about as stiff as ordinary molasses on a warm day. During the melting the limestone and soda ash lose carbon dioxide, which comes off as gas. Consequently, the glass will be full of bubbles if not heated long enough. If you will next dip the end of a one-eighth-inch iron pipe into the glass and gather a small ball, you can blow it into a bulb or hollow object of any desired form.

Attar of Roses

One of the principal ingredients in that high-priced perfume, Attar of Roses, is toluene, made from coal tar distillate and called phenylethyl alcohol. This phenylethyl alcohol is the principal odor contained in rose water and is the distinctive constituent of dried rose leaves from which they get their peculiar rose odor. Should anyone carefully compare the odor of the oil as obtained from Bulgaria with the odor of the roses grown in our own gardens, he would immediately find that there is something lacking in the rose oil. The reason is that the phenylethyl alcohol, the carrier of the rose odor, is soluble in water, and during the ordinary process of steam distillation, as carried out in Bulgaria, most of this alcohol stays dissolved in the water and is afterwards sold as rose water.

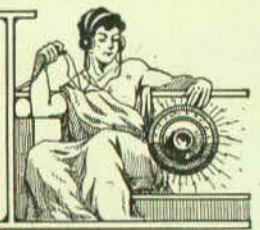
Modern distillation plants established in these countries in the past few years separate this water from the oil in small containers and return it automatically to the still without handling it. In this way the loss of phenylethyl alcohol in the oil is minimized. In France and Germany, where similar rose oil is produced, the most modern stills are used and all the phenylethyl alcohol is saved.

It takes from 250,000 to 750,000 roses to produce one pound of the pure Bulgarian oil of rose. This has led to much faking of rose oil substitutes for the genuine article.

When an electrical worker goes into the market to buy the real Attar of Roses for his lady love he must bring a well-filled pocketbook. But still, making a hit is costly anyway and so why not with the right article?



RADIO

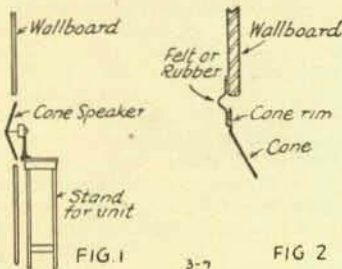


How to Improve Your Loud Speaker

An engineer high up in the radio world declared the other day that the perfect loud speaker had not been invented. However that may be, you can probably improve your speaker by performing a simple operation.

Edited by R. B. BOURNE

ALTHOUGH any of the present-day cone loud speakers may be depended upon to give quite excellent reproduction, there is always a chance for improvement. The reproducing units in practically all of the modern speakers are fundamentally the



same, and are nearly all good. In any event, it is not recommended that the set-owner try to improve his speaker by experimenting with this part of the speaker. The chances of any one other than an expert improving this part of the instrument are slim. On the other hand, there are excellent chances that an inexperienced person will completely ruin the unit for good work. Play safe, and let the reproducing part of it alone.

The chance for improvement lies in the possibility of improving the baffle action of the cone itself. If you own an Acme free-edge cone, or any other so-called free-edge instrument, make an experiment some time by removing the case or housing around the edge of the cone. What happens? Well, instead of a good loud-speaker you now have a poor one. The tone is shrill, sounds tinny, and seems to have a high-pitched rattle all over the scale. What have you done? The

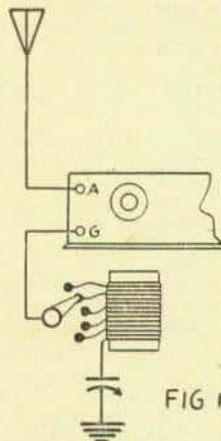


FIG 1

unit has not been touched; the cone is still getting exactly the same quality from the phone unit as before. What has happened, however, is that you have removed the baffle

around the edge of the cone, and the vibrating edge now being exposed instead of enclosed is prone to make all kinds of odd noises.

It will probably immediately occur to you that if the baffle provided with the instrument makes such a big difference, it is possible that by further improving the baffle action we could further improve the quality. You are right—we can often do so.

One way to do this is to take a piece of celotex wall board about three or four feet square, cut a hole in it just large enough for the cone to fit in without touching, and place the speaker so that the cone projects through this hole. A noticeable improvement on the lower end of the scale frequently results.

Further improvement can be made as follows: Cut a hole in the board about half an inch larger all around than the diameter of the cone. Place the edge of the cone flush with this hole (having removed the baffle furnished with the instrument) and then glue a rim of felt or thin rubber to the edge of the cone and the wallboard, as shown in

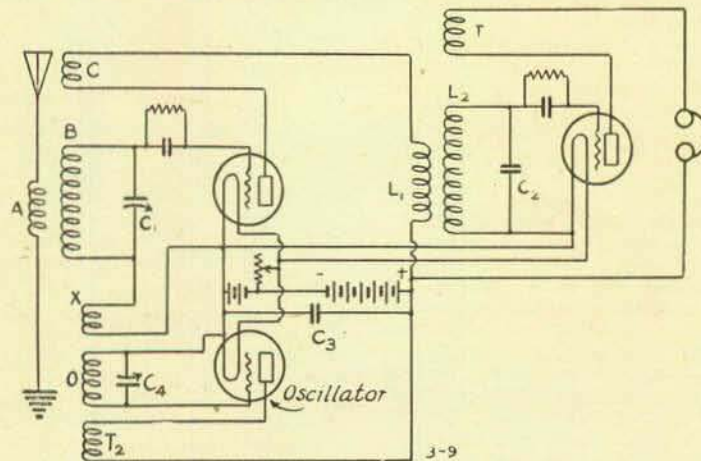


Figure 2. This should be done completely around the circumference, and is best if only one piece of material is used. Do not stretch

the action. The cone unit must of course be supported on a wooden stand in the rear of the wallboard, so that no strain is placed on the cone itself.

A Tuned Antenna for Increasing Signal Strength

Tuned antenna circuits passed out of popular favor some years ago when the demand for simplified receivers made itself felt. Listeners did not want an instrument with two or three controls. The fact that such a receiver would give slightly better results had no effect. Simplicity was demanded, and the average person was perfectly willing to sacrifice some of his signal strength in order to attain single-control.

Today, however, many people are losing their passion for single control and are willing to add another control or so for auxiliary use—if it will help dx or selectivity. One illustration of this is the practice of many manufacturers of making two control instead of single-control receivers. The second

control is the tuning condenser on the first r. f. stage. This condenser frequently tunes somewhat differently from those in the following stages, due to its nearness to the antenna. Since operating this first condenser on a common shaft with the others would thereby result in receiving signals in the first stage several degrees off-wave, and since so doing would mean a considerable loss in signal strength, listeners are well satisfied if this control is made independent of the others.

Another control that can frequently be added to advantage is a tuned primary. This may be added to any standard set by making up a coil of 45 turns of No. 24 d. c. c. wire on a three-inch form, tapping it every 9 turns, and connecting it in series with a 23-plate (500 mmfd) variable condenser to the set, as shown in Fig. 1.

Another advantage of a tuned primary is that it permits increased selectivity with no loss in signal strength. To gain selectivity in your receiver, wind a two-turn coil of bell wire, and slip it over one end of the tuning coil in the first stage. Connect one end of this two-turn coil to the antenna, and run the other end to the tapped-coil and con-

(Continued on page 556)

the material tightly between the cone edge and the wallboard, but leave it with a little slack, as shown. This enables the cone to move freely, but makes a very excellent baf-

CONSTRUCTIVE HINTS

Thawing Water Pipes

In thawing large water pipes, such as run from the main to the building, satisfactory results can be obtained by using standard distributing transformers, with primaries connected in series and secondaries in parallel to give 55 volts, or both primaries and secondaries in parallel to give 110 volts at no load. No regulating apparatus is considered necessary as variation in current may be obtained by changing connections and by looping the secondary cable. It is possible to thaw any pipe with this arrangement.

Air Circuit Breakers

The air circuit breaker is used almost invariably as an automatic device to prevent harm to machines or other electrical apparatus, which might result because of abnormal conditions in the circuit. These abnormal circuit conditions may be short circuit or overload, underload, reversed current, undervoltage, overvoltage, unbalanced voltage in three-wire systems, phase reversals, etc. In some cases, the breaker may be a self-contained piece of apparatus which will open automatically and at once upon the occurrence of an abnormal condition, while in other cases the opening of the breaker may be delayed for a time, or it may be caused to open by the operation of some other device, such as a limit or a push button switch or relay, a speed limit device, etc. However, any alternating current relay which will function to trip oil circuit breakers may be employed in a like manner to trip open an air circuit breaker by the simple expedient of using with the air breaker a shunt trip or undervoltage device, where the coil will be energized or de-energized as required by the closing or opening of the relay contacts. For both alternating and direct current circuits of moderate capacity, where severe overload or short circuit protection only is desired, the circuit breaker has a rival in the fused switch because of its small initial cost; however, where the conditions of operation are such that overloads may be of frequent occurrence, the breaker will be cheaper in the end on account of the cost of fuse renewals. At the same time, better protection is afforded by the breaker because the breaker not only can be calibrated to trip at predetermined loads, but also assures greater continuity of service. The manually operated breaker is the type most commonly used. By the use of remote control breakers the station wiring can often be laid out to much better advantage, resulting in a large saving of copper. For such conditions solenoid operated breakers are available.

Long Bit Extension

At times it becomes necessary to extend a bit to 6, 8 or 10 feet long in order to bore a hole through a partition from ceiling to the floor below. This can be done by using the right size of gas pipe to accommodate the bit size. With the bit fastened to the first length of pipe the bit can be turned with a Stillson wrench. Other lengths of pipe can be coupled to the first section until the bit comes through the bottom of the partition. By using an expansion bit three or four circuits of one-half inch pipe or BX cable can be provided for.

Overload Relays

These relays are primarily for alternating current service and are designed to protect circuits and connected apparatus, in general, from overload and short circuit conditions. They are used to trip automatic devices when trouble occurs, localizing it so as to disconnect as little of the service as possible. These standard unit relays are recommended:

1. On radial load feeders (the last link in the transmission system).
2. On the less complicated systems, where conditions do not require the use of a higher priced relay, such, for instance, as the circuit closing induction type.
3. Where circuit opening contacts are desirable on account of the absence of direct current for tripping (the use of tripping reaction with circuit closing relays should be kept in mind).

Prepayment Watt Hour Meters

Where the service to certain classes of consumers must be rendered under somewhat unfavorable conditions from the view point of the usual method of metering, such, for instance, as transient or shifting populations involving frequent "cutting in" or "out" of service, reading, billing, collecting, etc., such cases may be metered more efficiently and conveniently through the use of the prepayment type of meter. The prepayment meter is made for this class of service and is arranged so that after if one or more coins in the usual manner the consumer may receive energy up to the full amount of that for which payment has been made. The coin device permits prepayment of from one to twenty coins at a time. When the energy paid for has been used the meter automatically opens the line switch. The coin required is a 25-cent piece. The device is self-contained, strong and is tamper-proof. The mechanism is entirely mechanical in its operation. The element of the single phase meter is employed.

Flashlight

A pocket flashlight is handy for exposing places where an open flame would be dangerous.

Pendent Switches

On new building construction where temporary lights are required key sockets can be used as switches in an emergency. A key socket can be used as a single pole switch by screwing a 6-ampere plug fuse into it.

Soapstone

Soapstone on a wire-pulling job saves muscle. By applying soapstone to the feeders the pull-in is much easier and the tendency to bind, which causes a hard pull, is eliminated. Wax or axle grease or auto grease is also valuable when pulling in lead-covered cables.

Switchboard Plugs

For filling screw holes in black slate switchboard try the following: Mix the required quantity of plaster of paris and black putty at the mixture of two parts putty to one part plaster. By doing this a suitable filler of good match is made. Dull black sealing wax has also been used with success.

Portable Test Meters

The question of periodical meter testing is of vital importance to every central station or isolated plant, since the revenue received depends upon the accuracy of the meters used. The use of the portable testing meter is recognized as the best and most efficient way of testing service meters. The time and labor saving features which result in increased efficiency are obvious. Moreover, the use of the portable test meter results in greater accuracy, as errors due to fluctuating voltage load, personal errors, etc., are minimized or eliminated. The test meter combines in one standard several capacities, covering a range from light load to full load, making possible rapid testing, since no time is lost in changing standards. In using the test meter constant load is unnecessary, since the only observations required are the number of disc revolutions of the meter undergoing test and the pointer indications of the meter before and after test. Personal errors of observation are practically eliminated.

Foot Candle Meter

The foot candle meter is a small, self-contained instrument which measures illumination intensities in foot candles. This unit is rapidly becoming recognized as the popular as well as the scientific measure of intensity in illumination, which makes the application very practical. Technical knowledge is not required in the use of the meter because the adjustment is very simple and determinations are readily made. The foot candle meter meets a long-standing demand for a small portable instrument which can be used for measuring the light delivered in the work. This effective light is what the consumer actually pays for and is therefore the only kind of illumination in which he is interested from a commercial standpoint. Factory tests have proved that higher intensities than those now in general use result in improved labor conditions and increased production.

Drop Cloths

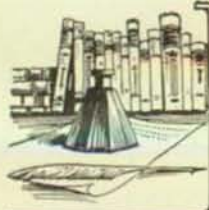
Drop cloths come in handy on old house jobs. All of the dirt and grit are caught in the cloth and time is saved in cleaning up the job.

Flow Meters

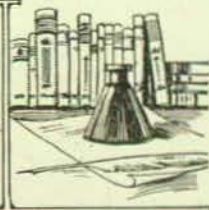
Flow meters provide a means for accurately measuring the total flow of steam, water, air, gas, oil, etc., through pipes or closed conduits, and so furnishing information of great value in the economical management of any manufacturing industry or central station.

Vacuum Fishing

On difficult conduit runs where on account of sharp or too many bends the fish wire cannot be shoved through do this: Use an ordinary vacuum cleaner and by its suction draw a thread or string through the pipe by suction. A small ball of cotton or fine paper should be made on the thread or string for extra suction area. With the thread or string through the conduit pull a heavier cord and then the fish wire can finally be pulled through. Before pulling in the wire rub well with soapstone or talcum powder or tire talcum.



CORRESPONDENCE



SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

New York State Association of Electrical Workers

Editor:

Having been appointed press secretary for the New York State Association of Electrical Workers at the recent convention, I thought it about time I got busy and started contributing a few lines to the WORKER each and every month.

Well, our association comprises 19 local unions out of a possible 60 locals chartered in the state of New York. Now 19 out of 60 seems on the face of it to be about 33 per cent affiliated and 67 per cent not affiliated, but such is not the case when the individual membership of the affiliated locals is considered. We have about 75 per cent of the organized electrical workers of New York state, because included in the 19 are such locals as No. 3, of New York; No. 41, of Buffalo; No. 86, of Rochester, and Nos. 43 and 79, of Syracuse, and practically all the larger cities of the state. Our president is Brother George Willax, of Buffalo, and our secretary is Brother Henry Wildberger, of Westchester. The purpose of our association is strictly for legislative purposes and the upbuilding of the electrical worker in New York state.

At our recent convention, held in the city of Albany, the state capital, practically all affiliated locals were represented. There were many worthy resolutions endorsed, mainly in regard to labor laws and as the New York state legislature does not convene until in the month of December we have decided to hold our conventions just prior to the convening of the legislature, because by being on the ground at that time we figure that we can secure better recognition. We hope to have with us in December all the boys who attended the last convention and as we simply took a recess for a few months we trust that No. 3 will certainly send Brothers Wieben, Smith and Curry.

I see by the September issue of the WORKER where Local No. 102, of Paterson, N. J., has started a school for educating along the lines of self-confidence, platform speaking, debating, orations, etc. Well, that's going to be a big help to the Brothers of that local, especially the older Brothers if they take part in it, because when a fellow's days are numbered as a wire jerker it is too late for him to get out and earn a decent living with his physical powers because he is just about caught up physically, so he should learn to use his mental ability more and as the tongue is the mouthpiece of the brain it behooves him to attend those classes so he can develop both his mental and speaking ability, which will enable him to make a fair living without using his bodily strength, which he would be in no condition to do after working about 20 years as an inside wireman.

H. D. O'CONNELL.

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

Editor:

Brother Walter J. Kenefick gave us an excellent report of the convention. If any of the Brothers haven't got a good idea of what

READ

Linemen, do you know? By L. U. No. 21.
 How they celebrate Labor Day in Tulsa, by L. U. No. 584 and L. U. No. 1002.
 Electric beacons and the Western Air Terminal at Oakland, by L. U. No. 595.
 After the Convention at Detroit, by L. U. No. 17.
 L. U. No. 323 raises a Craft question.
 Indianapolis sits in, by L. U. No. 481.
 Triple membership, by L. U. No. 375.
 Omaha favors electrical worker, by L. U. No. 22.
 Eric gets behind State association, by L. U. No. 56.
 Paterson looks at education, by L. U. No. 102.
 Tolerance and the Union, by L. U. No. 1099.
 Spring Valley speaks, by L. U. No. 363.
 Montreal wants information for power house men, by L. U. No. 492.
 The linemen's lament, by L. U. No. 1154.
 Bachie on shore-leave, by L. U. Nos. 210 and 211.
 If you can beat these letters for drive, newsmanship and constructive suggestions, sign on the dotted line.

went on in Detroit it isn't Walter's fault. The size, seriousness and importance of the convention were vividly presented to us.

I wish that I could put as much enthusiasm in reporting about work here as I did in the above paragraph. However, that's not possible, as it is very dull here and has been for quite a while.

Any Brother whose middle name is Censor may stop right here and now.

There are two kinds of soldiers in the "Liberation War of Humanity." One gives life and substance without hope of reward. The other is mercenary; he is in the game for what he can get out of it. Ordinarily the division is, of course, not sharp. Human beings are not to be divided that easily. There are many shades of character, and motives are probably always somewhat mixed. Sometimes, however, an event occurs that brings the two kinds out in the open, in sharp relief, black and white. The Sacco-Vanzetti case was such an event. It was a roll call of civilized humanity and the mercenaries were conspicuous by their absence.

One of the things that I have gained from my reading is a love and respect for intellectual honesty, honesty toward opponents as well as friends. P. A. Boland, of L. U. No. 58, in his vicious and dishonest paragraph about me in the September WORKER shows that he has none. He knows

very well that the letter which aroused his ire was written at the request of Brother Mulligan. If the contents of that letter were not pleasant, the fault lies in the subject. It is easily understood why Boland prefers certain kinds of history. Religious bigots and patriotic rascals are always eager to forget, distort or falsify history. The honest man gains from all kinds of history a better understanding of the present.

Wendell Phillips said: "If there is anything that cannot bear free thought, let it crack." Brother Boland, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

It would be nice if someone were to call the attention of the chamber of commerce and the K. K. K. wizard to Boland's paragraph; perhaps they would send me a check. I could always use a little extra money.

I. S. GORDON.

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

Editor:

The electrical workers of Detroit are back to earth again now that the after effects of the convention have worn off, and the excitement of being host to such a large delegation as that which attended the one held in Detroit, has subsided.

I know it becomes discouraging for the readers of our monthly JOURNAL to find embodied in most of the articles, the fact that there is no work at the location from where the article is forwarded; however, at this time I feel it my duty to inform the Brotherhood that a few weeks ago the Detroit Edison Company, our largest employer, laid off 50 linemen and nine cable-splicers, and we understand that another decrease in forces affecting our members, is to be made by the company. Most of those laid off have taken traveling cards and departed for other parts of the country, and we hope that they will be fortunate in their endeavor to secure employment.

The labor movement in the city of Detroit is preparing to enter into another political campaign for city offices, the primary election to be held on October 11, and the final election in November. The political action committee of the Detroit Federation of Labor, made up of fifteen representatives from the different affiliated organizations, has already selected its candidates for councilmen. Our form of city government here is composed of a mayor and nine councilmen, to be selected at large, and of course several other offices which it isn't necessary to mention. The committee has seen fit to endorse six of the present councilmen, and three of them are carrying union cards. One of these, the present business representative of the bricklayers' organization, one the past business agent of the Detroit street car men's organization, and the other a member of the musicians' union. The other three members of the old council have been very favorable towards our cause, this being the reason the labor movement is again endorsing them.

One of the three new selections of the committee, is the ex-sheriff of our county who served two terms which is the limit here, and whom the labor movement in general respects very highly. Another one of the new selections is a member of Local

Union No. 58, I. B. E. W., who has charge of the inside electrical inspection for the city of Detroit, and who in the last election came within one place of being elected, and we hope he will be successful at the coming election. The last one of the new selections is a former councilman who was defeated at the last election, but who has always been fair to organized labor, and we hope that we will be able to put him back in his old job as councilman.

To date the committee has not seen fit to select its candidate for mayor, and I know that this will be a surprise to a number of the delegates who were present at the convention in Detroit, and who heard the present mayor's address of welcome to them, who is up for re-election. But of course the labor movement has its many different angles, and the writer will have more to say on this matter in future correspondence.

I might say in passing, however, that the electrical workers' organizations in Detroit are very much in favor of the present mayor's re-election, but will abide by the decision of the political action committee when the choice is made.

I also want to again remind members of the Brotherhood, who are out of employment, that it will be a waste of time for them to come to Detroit as we are trying to place our own members on jobs if any, until such time as our business begins to pick up again. Since December of last year we have had an average of ten to 15 floaters a week coming through here, and the executive board has tried to take care of them financially, but we are at a point now where this can no longer be done, and although my sympathy goes out to the members out of employment, I feel sure that it would be an injustice on my part if I did not apprise the general membership of the above facts.

By the time this article goes to press, all locals should have received their quota of tickets that are being mailed from our office for the raffle of Brother Tom Burke's car, and the sooner the locals return the unsold tickets, or the money for those which have been sold, the earlier the drawing will take place. I will appreciate it if the secretaries will take care of this matter as soon as possible and not delay returning the unsold tickets. Announcement will be made through the JOURNAL as to the winner.

WILLIAM P. FROST,
Financial Secretary.

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

Editor:

We haven't much to say as things are just about the same as they were last month. No change to speak of. We are hoping for a change for the better but it doesn't seem to materialize. Local No. 18 is progressing slowly; we take in a few applications each meeting and the members are trying to build up our local.

Our Labor Day celebration went over with a bang; it couldn't do otherwise as one of our members was the chairman of the general Labor Day committee, and oh boy! what a chairman he was. He may have equals but no superiors. Our next big doings is the A. F. of L. convention which convenes in our city October 3, and we are ready for them, and when they leave us they are going to want to come back to see us again.

Our delegates from the Detroit convention report a very successful meeting and a wonderful time. I am quite sorry that yours truly did not get to go after hearing about the good times that were had. Well, as my time and space are limited will ring off for this period.

J. E. HORNE.

L. U. NO. 20, NEW YORK CITY

Editor:

My letter will, indeed, come as an anti-climax to anyone reading the clever writings of Jim Trueman, or of Bachie, which writers I sincerely admire for their literary talents, their sympathetic understanding and their wit. I beg you, therefore, dear reader, to be indulgent with me on account of my unfamiliarity with this journalistic task, as I believe, that once I have seen this writing in print, I will gain courage and perhaps even assume the blase nonchalance of the seasoned journalist.

A great French philosopher once remarked: "Without enthusiasm there is no genius." All great accomplishments have been the result of a high degree of enthusiasm; it is the mainspring of all action, and this quality is especially essential in those of us who are actively engaged in organizing our fellow workers. We must ourselves be enthusiastic about our organization and its activities, if we wish to arouse a similar feeling in those whom we desire to join our ranks as good union men. No one has ever risen to the heights of genius who was not possessed with this most vital quality, enthusiasm, regardless of the degree of efficiency he has obtained in his particular art, craft or profession.

A few weeks ago we came to a point where we considered ourselves strong enough to present a wage agreement to the officials of the Brooklyn Edison Company, to affect their entire construction department, a force of about 200 men. We sent them a very friendly letter, requesting them to meet a committee of their employees with a view to discussing this wage agreement. We thought that we at least would get a hearing from them, as most of us were in the employ of the company, and with excellent records, for a period of from 3 to 10 years. However, we waited in vain for our answer. After about ten days we sent them another communication to the effect that if we did not hear from them at a specified time, we would proceed with the regular procedure. They answered this by firing without a minute's notice our able recording secretary, Brother Gomez and myself, our humble press secretary. Naturally we had been most active in this movement for organizing our fellow-workers here, and some one posing as our good friend has turned informer for the company. It is depressing to think that one should be forced to work alongside such low-down scum, who under the guise of honest worker, will betray his own class, who are trying to better the position of our fellow-men.

There is a great deal of work to be done for this company, as they are about to install a new generating unit at their Hudson Ave. power plant, an undertaking that will probably employ some 300 electrical workers for a period of eight months or more. This work the company contemplates doing through contractor, with the aid of members of Local No. 3. We feel that we will have the whole-hearted support of the International Office in our struggle to make conditions for ourselves as well as of our Brothers in Local No. 3. And so we look with confidence toward the future, and we hope that we will be able to report to the Brothers in our next letter how we have won our battle.

FRANK B. LINDER.

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

"(Didga Ever and Doya Know?)"

Editor:

Didga ever stop to think, Brother linemen, that you're not gettin' a square deal? Perhaps you have, but doya know, that it is mostly your own fault, in a great many instances? Well, it is, for a fact.

If you were one of the big units (one of the big-I-ams) in the business world, you wouldn't pay your employees any more than they asked for, and you wouldn't even consider the proposition of increasing their wages if they did not request you to do so collectively.

Didga ever blame yourselves, because you are in the rut, and underpaid? No, you blame the corporations for keeping your noses on the grindstone, and the ball and chain about your necks, so to speak.

Doyaknow how much you have left the day after payday, when the rent and all the other bills come due? Didgaever vote against yourself on election day? Didgaever figure it out that you all can't be executives? Doyaknow all the big-I-ams have a union, called an association and doyaknow you can't buck 'em alone?

Didgaever stop to wonder what becomes of the rest of your pay, that you don't find in your envelope on pay day? Didgaever stop to admire the beautiful homes the big-I-ams live in out in suburbs, and wonder why you live in a couple of rooms somewhere in a shack?

Didgaever scratch your head, and try to figure out how it is the Big-I-ams never let you set a price on your labor?

Doyaknow Brother linemen, you can't all be umbrella menders when your pole-pegs give out?

Doyaknow that if every organized worker in the big city unions would induce just one other fellow craftsman to become a member that the membership would be double, and by following up on this plan we would advance ahead, and soon be in a position to throw off the bonds of slavery that we have entangled about ourselves?

Brother Linemen, doyaknow if you work more than eight hours per day for straight time, and for less than a dollar and fifty cents per hour for straight time, that you are slaves to industry in this age of the world 1927?

Brother electrical workers, doyaknow the modern world, at this time, depends upon your achievements?

Doyaknow that old wintertime is approaching again, Brother linemen, when the poles and arms and wires are cold and icy, and the old north winds blow?

Didgaever dope-it-out?

JIM ASHTON.

L. U. NO. 22, OMAHA, NEBR.

Editor:

The following are newly elected officers: President, J. M. Anderson; vice president, A. Krell; recording secretary, L. Harmon; press secretary, H. H. Walker; first inspector, B. Cohn; second inspector, E. Motz; foreman, E. Young; financial secretary and business agent, J. M. Brown; treasurer, J. W. Ratliff.

Local No. 22 takes a great deal of pleasure in stating that John M. Gibb, our most faithful worker, was appointed city electrician, and is worthy in every way of this recognition. The city will indeed be greatly benefited as we know Mr. Gibb is going to serve in that capacity in the same manner he carries on all his work. He was our business manager for a number of years and the success of our local is largely due to his efforts. He has been succeeded by J. M. Brown, another faithful member, who has a good record as a union man and we know will make a competent business manager, having had the varied experience essential to that office. We should progress very nicely with our new group of officers.

Things in Omaha are very quiet at present with probably more idle men than we have had for years but the spirit of unionism always prevailing, the unfortunate ones are being taken care of. However, I would

suggest that any traveling Brothers who have thought of coming to Omaha for work defer their trip until we are able to report more optimistically.

Robert Peterson, my predecessor, who left last June for college, is getting along nicely. Of course, we knew Bob would as he is the kind who goes to school for what knowledge he can gain and not for fun, and believe me, Bob is capable of absorbing that which is taught him. We wish him all the luck in the world. It has often occurred to me that we could further raise our ranks if all apprentices were compelled to be high school graduates, and even those now serving as apprentices required to equip themselves with high school education as this would not be impossible considering the innumerable night schools throughout the country.

We had our picnic at Krugs Park on July 30, and hope you all had as good a time at your picnic as we did at ours.

H. H. WALKER,
Recording Secretary.

L. U. NO. 39, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Editor:

The practical value of our traveling card comes in mighty nice in times like we are having. Indications for betterment are difficult to determine till after our municipal election.

These are the kind of times that arouse our interest and curiosity in our organization's affairs; not because we pay, but having no job we seem to have more time.

Now we'll appreciate the value of time and the cost of living, and strive for that degree of mental development called culture to go with our practical knowledge, so as to be capable, alert and progressive. Some will fight for the fruit that ripens and falls from the political tree, but we know those plums breed a sense of obligation.

Solemn funeral services for Brother J. M. Flannigan were held in St. Patrick's church on Tuesday, September 27, at 9 a. m. Monsignor F. T. Moran was celebrant of the solemn high mass and all the members of Local No. 39 that could were in attendance. Brother Flannigan is survived by three sons, also members of our organization. He ranked high and was a true and loyal member of Local No. 39. His was a sterling character; he was a diligent worker and will be sadly missed by all who knew him. Loyalty is a beautiful thing anywhere.

JOHN F. MASTERTON.

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

Editor:

Surely this is the age of wonders, last night with two radio cones connected in series before me I sat listening to the broadcast of the fourth annual radio industries banquet in the Hotel Astor in New York city, truly a wonderful accomplishment. The radio industry as a whole is to be congratulated on this achievement.

And tonight the Dempsey-Tunney argument. Boy! Howdy! If I had bet I would have bet on Tex Rickard, promoter de luxe. But now that it has been settled all I can say is that it sure was some fight with Gene Tunney, the man I gave preference, the champ.

Try as they may once they are dethroned they can't come back. True it is Dempsey came very near doing the trick but it was not the Dempsey of old and he was simply outsmarted by a man who used his head as well as his fists and it was that old one-two that did the trick again.

Lest we pass over the wonder of radio hurriedly let's ask ourselves, who really makes all this possible? The answer is

easy—the electrician. Boys, we've got the biggest thing on earth today in electricity, the possibilities of which no man is capable of estimating. The fact that we have at our command that which kings in years past would have gladly given kingdoms to possess, should instill in us the desire to upbuild in every way and to guard jealously our chosen profession.

Bachie's "The Boomers Last" was pretty well "de"composed and well received. The next thing I'll be tempted to send in the "de" cayed one, namely "The Booting of Dan McStew," which was B. P. This also reminds me of one Dusty Rhodes who, upon hitting town, loosens up thusly, "I just blows in from de guts of a wreck, goes down de main drag, makes a hit for a thin one, gets a tap on de bean from a fly mug. Say, Bo, I don't get a square deal."

Our fall season is just about with us and that means the Ladies' Social Club will be busy with dances and card parties. The first one of the season is to be given next Saturday evening and we're all looking forward to these gatherings.

The night school classes for helpers are soon to open at the schools and the helpers are preparing themselves for same. There is much to be learned in these classes which take in the elementary as well as the advanced electrical engineering.

In closing let me again compliment our worthy Editor and his able staff for the truly marvelous strides our JOURNAL has taken. One would do well to read and re-read every article in "Everyday Science" and to thoroughly digest every article from cover to cover in the JOURNAL. All-in-all, we have a JOURNAL to be proud of and one which no man, electrician or otherwise, can well omit from his reading list.

W. C. LINDELL.

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

Editor:

Again I must get busy with the old pencil and get in a few lines before the first of the month. The JOURNAL seems to get better every month, so I have to keep busy and stay in line. Saw quite a few favorable comments on the August JOURNAL, but the members of Local No. 53 did not look with favor on the frontispiece, said it looked too much like a telephone lineman, with his bare hands and his sleeves cut short and the tie wrench in his belt. As Local No. 53 has no telephone men on its roster it was natural that they should look with disfavor on it.

Speaking of the telephone linemen it looks like the International Office would make some effort to line up some of these men, also the Kansas City Power and Light Co. men. There are about 200 unorganized linemen and cable splicers working in this jurisdiction and some effort should be made to organize them some way. L. U. No. 53 hasn't the finances to put on a campaign and the individual members haven't the time to spare. Both local and individuals are willing to co-operate with the I. O. if the I. O. will co-operate with them. Will open the charter and can offer some good inducements if we get some help.

The Kansas side pays union linemen \$8 per day. Missouri side \$6.60 for non-union linemen. That is quite an inducement in itself. The K. C. Power and Light linemen haven't had a raise since L. U. No. 53 got them their \$6.60 per day and 8 hours. The telephone pays from \$4 to \$6; twenty-year men get \$6, and sixty-cent service button.

This is not meant for a slam at anybody but a condition that should be looked after. Somebody is sitting down on the job and letting these companies get away with their company unions and small wages. If they

continue, inside of 20 or 30 years there will not be any International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and somebody is going to lose some fat jobs. I hope you will not take offense at this and fail to publish it.

JOSEPH CLOUGHLEY.

L. U. NO. 56, ERIE, PA.

Editor:

Local No. 56, situated, as you might say, on top of the chimney part of the state, does not see much smoke coming out of the stack. Perhaps the various locals burn smokeless coal in their activities. But that is hardly probable, as our delegates to the convention reported a small representation from Pennsylvania.

Now that our state association convention was delayed so that we might all better attend the nineteenth biennial, which we did not do so well, Local No. 56 wants to shovel some coal on the fire so that every local may be smoked out and represented in Altoona in November, or whatever the official designations call for.

This will be read after present embryo plans have become successful or otherwise, but we hope it will do some good, so here goes.

Believing that good feeling and acquaintance does not prevail in Pennsylvania, Local No. 56 and Local No. 294, of Warren, had a pleasant get-together at Warren last March, which makes our boys feel that we want to go to Oil City No. 1099, Monday, September 26, for the same purpose, at which time we hope Meadville No. 504 and Warren No. 174 will be there as well as our sister Local No. 30 of Erie, so that we can perfect plans for a convention special to Altoona—a la Chevrolet, or what have you?

Our delegates report a conference of Pennsylvania delegates at Detroit attended by our International Vice President Kloter, whose experiences warranted him in telling us we would have to get busy and hustle if we wanted anything in the line of a state association, and our own little hard knocks and experiences tell us that you certainly have to fight for everything you get these days.

International Vice President Evans, connected with the Illinois State Association, sounded a keynote of success for Pennsylvania as a result of Illinois experiences, which he related at this conference, and his attendance and good will were appreciated.

The number of state associations and their success warrant the locals of Pennsylvania in going out and getting theirs, for not one is going to bring the much-needed benefits to you on a platter.

A very good aid in the start-off and the future is no one other than Brother W. F. Barber, of Local No. 263, and his untiring efforts. His experience and present status in life, which the locals in Pennsylvania can freely have, should be well received.

The foregoing is easily prompted by what could be ours and of great use during this slackness and possibly later barrenness of work. We had a spurt the past two months in the line of work but we wish our next president was elected this fall instead of a year from now.

J. B. WARDELL.

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

Editor:

I promised last month I would come through once more with my monthly contribution. The September issue of the Journal reached me a day ago and, as usual, read it from cover to cover twice to absorb its contents through my thick head. At our regular meeting the boys saw fit to appoint a press secretary and relieve me as pro tem.

The secretaryship was dumped on me so as to relieve me of pro tem—that appears to be a frame up or a case of rob Peter to pay Paul. I promise to do my best, so I won't write much.

Our attendance is getting larger and more harmonious. It seems as though there have been static eliminators placed about Local No. 60, and personally I feel better. Work here is not plentiful although every member is working. There are several buildings going up but are well up and we have enough men to take care of the work. Last week I pulled my tool bag from under the garage work shop and decided to go and earn an honest living by putting in nine hours and getting paid for eight. Eight hard hours I worked the first day?? My back was about to break as I am not used to that. It is nine months since I bended a pipe. I find piloting a couple of movie machines is much easier, but I am doing both for awhile.

Two travelers were issued lately. Brother Peterson took one and placed it with Local No. 500. That's a linemen's local. He follows that line of work. We hated to lose him but we know he won't forget the bunch. The other traveler issued was a good issue and the less we speak about it the better we feel.

Brother Henry has had about all the worry any one man can have at one time. His little daughter has been very ill. At this writing she is in a local hospital. We pray the higher powers for her recovery.

I ran into an old timer today—Bill Dokes. His smiling face still with him and growing younger every day. Good write up was the first thing he said. I am glad some one does appreciate my efforts. That's one man who reads the JOURNAL. He said he feels as though he was a two year, still twisting wires for Chub Talcot. "Boy," he interrupted me, "last night I celebrated my fortieth wedding anniversary." Bless his old but kind heart. Bill is the oldest man in this town that twisted wires. He was twisting them when I was unknown, even to my parents, and the Lord knows I ain't a chicken any more. I have a boy almost 15—but he won't twist wires for a living.

In the August issue I made a statement that there are members who don't read the Journal.... I made a canvass of that statement and found one that don't. Brother Wyle is the boy. He says he has no time to read. I bet he reads the baseball sheet of the daily paper or the comic sheets on Sunday, yet he overlooks the best there is in his profession. I know Ed will read them some time. Maybe he is like me, I work from 8 to 5 at the electric shop and from 5:30 to 11 at the theatre and time is limited.

We didn't send a delegate to the convention this year. Our funds wouldn't permit it. I regret that very much. The Labor Day parade was as usual—a long line of organized men in parade, a big turn out. The sidewalks lined with people, gazing at the crafts as they marched by. I was badly disappointed in our showing. We had at the previous meeting an understanding that no penalty would be assessed to any member failing to appear for parade but it was left up to the men to show their spirit. Yes sir! Out of 93 members, 15 had the spirit of unionism. With as small a showing as that the parade was called off. The excuse of some was that they were either out of town, fishing or working, while others were full of spirits gotten from the brown jug. I claim that is a disgrace, the first year in 18 years that Local No. 60 was not in line. Local No. 60 is nervous as it is, and if that keeps up she will be a nervous breakdown, sure. Let's hope next year we will be well represented.

The August issue of the JOURNAL was a corker. The front page appealed to any-

body. Very good work. It's the first time that I had the pleasure of getting a photo of our I. O. officers. Whoever elected Brother Bugniat to his present task certainly used rare judgment. A broad-minded and intelligent looking man, worthy of his title. My desire is that he remain at his present post and continue the good work he is doing.

The moving picture machine operators scored another victory. We were locked out for three days, got our money as we wanted it and are back at the booth. The managers operated with rats furnished by a wop who runs a theater at Mexican town, a hot-bed for scabs. He turns them out by the gross at \$12 a week. They are all Mexicans and beans selling at four pounds for a quarter, twelve dollars buys many bushels. Lochese is this wop's name. He don't realize the harm he is doing himself. The boys were not hostile or else a few scalplings would have been in order. Outside of a set of black eyes, a burnt main switch board, a few motors, slides upside down, the managers got off easy.

Ex-Member Charles Hays lingered in the six month limit until he finally dropped his card. He is maintenance man for the Aztec theater and works without a card among card men. I can't understand why a man stretches out his hand when he is in need of local assistance and shows his color when in a good position that was obtained by the local. No principle, I call it. The business agent was instructed to call on him with an application blank to sign. If he fails, the I. A. T. S. E. locals will be notified and if Charlie don't watch his steps he might be walking down the street talking to himself.

Brother Billy Williams tells me he hasn't received a copy of the JOURNAL in a coon's age. Please place his name and address in your mailing list. I don't want to lend him mine. He might forget to return it. He lives at 318 Austin St., San Antonio, Texas. I promised I was not going to write much and to live up to my promise I must pull the main now before I blow out a fuse.

With best regards to the Brotherhood.

G. L. MONSIVE.

L. U. NO. 98, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Editor:

Well, Brothers, you can tell the world that the officers of Local No. 98 are on the job by the way they are getting rid of that age old jinx—unemployment. One hundred men have been taken off the street during the last month, due to the untiring efforts of Lou Fowler and George Webb, our business agents. The situation is rapidly becoming better.

In our efforts toward organization, I would like to mention here that our business agents are working early and late and have succeeded in closing the shops of the Philadelphia Sign Co. and the Central Sign Service Co. They are negotiating with Mr. Wolf, of the General Outdoor Advertising Co., and have assurance of closing this shop also.

The members of the executive board and the various other officers are doing their share of work to put Local No. 98 out in front. And don't forget that Brother James Meade is also giving his co-operation to the outside districts. Good boy, Jim.

Local No. 98 is co-operating with the new Local No. 314, of Camden, N. J. Ask Brother Tweedie, their business agent.

Inside Stuff

Listen, boys! If you want to know anything about married life, ask "Snap" Holloway. It won't be long now.

What do you think of J. Bass and his new

teeth? I guess he got jealous of Hughie Gilmore.

It will be great to be called Grandpop. How about it, Bill Burrows?

L. F. had better keep his eye on the wheel instead of looking at the short skirts. Leave that for a young fellow like me.

It won't be long now, boys. I saw Gus Roth coming out of the City Hall the other day.

I guess that's about all now, but watch yourself. I have a lot more up my sleeve.

F. W. DEXTER.

L. U. NO. 100, FRESNO, CALIF.

Editor:

With organized labor, things are slowly bettering themselves, at least in the building trades, and while the industrial associations, at present, are not very active, we still have very good reasons to know that they are not dead, but in those same reasons see that the time is not far distant when they will cease to have much bearing on the wage conditions of any organization. The "why" of this is simple.

At the beginning of the open shop propaganda, the country was, apparently, taken by storm. The contractor was first asked to join, then threatened if he didn't join. Many of organized labor's friends were got into the association and were afraid to get out—then. Now, they see where their conditions were hurt as much if not more than ours, and they have stopped to tally, and I hardly think they have found what they were after; a lot of books are marked in red, where the color should have been more pleasing to the eye.

All through this open shop fight in California, the name of the State Building Trades Council of California has played a big part, and there is no question, in my mind, as to who the credit goes, for organized labor, being today in as good condition as they are. There is no local of any craft, that can claim credit for the arrest of the measly conditions that the industrialists tried to shove down the throats of the members affiliated with organized labor of all crafts.

But it remained for the State Building Trades Council, an organization of organizations, with almost every organized individual in the state affiliated, in the building trades, to put forth the energy and furnish the leadership, even in the courts, to meet them and to fight them off of their feet.

And so comes the dawn—or does it? After all this, after we actually prove to the satisfaction of all concerned, that the State Building Trades Council is necessary to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," what happens? I will explain by asking a question.

Why is it that the A. F. of L. wants to do away with the State Building Trades Council? Ever since I have been able to understand the meaning of the word co-operation, I have been told and shown, that in union there is strength; it has been taught to the world, by all the teachings of all right minded teachers, and we in organized labor know the truth of them. It has been and is taught to day, by every organization in existence, and yet. Why, in the 1926 convention of the A. F. of L. was section 38, as amended, ordered to go into effect on the first of January, 1928, or any other date?

Can it possibly be the truth, that because of some difference in opinion between the president of the State Building Trades Council of California, and the powers that be in the A. F. of L., that the living, working-wage conditions of an entire state are to be put in jeopardy? It may be, I doubt it, that in some of our states it doesn't mat-

ter whether there is a state building trades council or not, but as I see it, in the state of California it makes the difference of good conditions or bad.

We have had all the bad that we want. There is a way to make the conditions we have had better or good, as you will, but that way is not through the dissolution of the State Building Trades Council, with its powers, and in dissolving any union, in my mind, there is more to be taken into consideration than the difference of opinion of any two or three men and more especially when you are gambling with the living conditions of more than that in thousands.

If, in union there is strength, in a union of unions there is strength tenfold, and that is the principle of the building trades, and in the dissolution of such a body we are surely on the road that leads to yesterday, and the ways that have been tried and proven good will be set aside for what? Echo answers what?

In one of California's most advertised cities, we have a dual building trades council, one sanctioned by the state B. T. C. and the other by the A. F. of L. I am quite sure that you can go into no other supposedly organized city in the state and find conditions quite so rotten as the ones in that city. Open shop? Surely—and they never had anything else. A city, mind you, that boasts of its inhabitants in hundred thousands, but hardly mentions its few hundred organized mechanics except to tell you that you will not or need not be bothered by them.

So—turn to the ant, thou sluggard—what would be the conditions and the wage of most of the members of organized labor in the state of California today, were it not for the strength of the State Building Trades Council of California in the recent upheaval of all things organized, in the building trades, by the industrial association? What would have happened around the bay, in Santa Clara county, in fact all through the state, had we not had the State Building Trades Council, a solid front of united organizations of the state? Again—echo answers—what?

What is that word we use when speaking of that big country of Europe? Chaos? What would lead to it quicker than the dissolution of a governing body, that governs, and in a central position where the trouble of one is the concern of all? There is that old saying—"We live and learn"—and I think we have lived long enough and learned enough to know, that with the dissolution of the State Building Trades Council, the right arm of labor is removed in the building trades.

J. H. ROBINSON.

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

Editor:

In every group, society, lodge or organization, there are members and their number is often very few, who are energetic, and who endeavor to show a "365 days in the year" interest in what their organization is accomplishing. Yes, there are some members like that. Loyalty is a fine quality when consistently exercised.

Then, there is always another class, consisting of some who never attend a meeting, while to do any work is unthinkable, but nevertheless, this class is always strong on the criticism gag for whatever is done.

Yet there is another class, generally the greater bulk of the members, in any organization, just happy to drift along and follow in the rear, and generally satisfied so long as the "other fellow," does the planning and accepts the responsibility.

I've found these three classes in every organization and Local No. 102 is of course,

no exception. It is not difficult to see at a glance which class an organization must depend upon for guidance in its forward career. The proper question now is: What class are you in?

The winter months will soon be here, already the air has that crisp autumn tang, and meetings will not be so warm, and attendance generally increases.

The vocational school has commenced the fall term, and if you have not signed up yet, do so without delay.

The electrical vocational school advisory committee, which consists of two representatives from Local No. 102, and two local contractors, have made the following recommendations for the 1927-1928 evening sessions:

Course	Teacher
1 Elementary Electrical Theory—Tuesdays	David Vogel
2 Wiring—for Helpers—Thursdays	David Vogel
4 Armature Windings and connections A. C. and D. C.—Mondays	N. Saunders
5 D. C. Generators and Motors—Tuesdays	N. Cantillina
6 A. C. Motors elementary—Wednesdays	N. Cantillina
6-A A. C. Generators and motors advanced—Wednesdays	P. Hoedemaker
7 Transformers—Thursdays	O. Kriesel
9 Advanced Electrical Theory—for Journeymen—Mondays	P. Hoedemaker

These are all unit courses and you may take as many as practicable. The classes will have opened by the time this goes to press, commencing October 3, and will close about March 15, 1928.

An indication of what the vocational school has come to mean to those who wish to go forward and keep abreast of the electrical trade, can be readily seen in a comparison of last year's registration of 211, and the registration of 1917, which was 26.

Paterson is proud of its vocational school. It is second to none throughout the state. And those who have taken part in its development, may congratulate themselves upon this great and immeasurable service to the trades, and to industry.

Hello, Bachie! How did you enjoy your statewide tour of inspection? I'm glad to hear the home fires were still burning, when it was over.

I am going to drop in at the "Lyceum" tonight, or maybe Capt. Kidds. Regards from Joe Titterington and the quartette.

JIM TRUAMAN.

L. U. NO. 106, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Editor:

Work around here is fair with but few of the members loafing, three or four fairly large jobs just under way that will help this winter. The Delmar Electric Co., of Erie, Pa., has one of the school jobs. Brother Vern Phoss is taking care of that job for them. Linquist Electric has the other school. Brother Stromdahl is taking care of that. The U. C. A. hospital is let to Westburgh Electric Co., just starting. Westburgh also has Shea's Opera house. The outside is fairly good but the N. L. and Ont. Power Co. wants only young fellows. One good lineman in each gang the rest would-be's, .65 per hour (top price), broken time. Impossible to get them lined up so that they can get a fair day's wage and straight time. Just killed an inexperienced young lineman working alone on a pole carrying 4,600 bare, only 24 years old. Here's hoping that the New York State Association of Electrical Workers with the aid of the State Federa-

tion of Labor will be able to get their safety law for linemen in this state enacted.

This calls for two men on a pole at the same time while working on over 2,000 volts wire, 36 inch climbing space, transformers on side and several other needed things for the down trodden linemen. Most of them are willing for some one else to better their conditions, but they won't get in an organization that is willing and doing all in its power to aid them. If they would only see the light and get on the right side of the fence; enough said.

It seems good to have Brother "Shorty" Shears with us again, after battling three years to save his leg, but all in vain. He now has a wooden one and is winding armatures for Westburgh Electric Co. Brother Bert Kinney is working in Oil City, Pa. Brother Del Greene is working in Warren. Several more of the boys are working out of town. Brother Frank Ball is in the hospital having undergone an operation a few days ago. Brother Kruger and Mrs. Kruger are putting on a stag party at his cottage on the lake September 18. If the cottage was large enough he would invite the ladies also. This will be over before you read about it. Brother Keller has returned from the Detroit convention and reported a good time. Lots of the delegates enquiring for the writer. The writer sends his best regards to all of them and hopes he will be able to meet some of them in 1929.

Local No. 106 has some baseball team as they won the championship in the Sportsmen's League. Enclosed you will find the box score of the final game.

FLINGS NO-HIT GAME TO TAKE LEAGUE FLAG

The Electricians defeated the Paquin-Snyder team for the championship of the Sportsmen's League at Allen Park last night by the score of 3 to 0. "Spitball" Carlson was in fine form as he held the P-S hitless and struck out ten men. Harold Gehrig played a fine game at first for the winners.

Paquin-Snyder

	AB	R	H	E
Hines, c	2	0	0	0
J. Johnson, 2b	2	0	0	1
Moran, 3b	1	0	0	0
Harrison, ss	2	0	0	0
Munella, p	2	0	0	0
Mason, lf	1	0	0	0
When, 1b	2	0	0	0
Swanson, rf	2	0	0	0
Percy, cf	2	0	0	0
Totals	16	0	0	1

Electricians

	AB	R	H	E
L. Carlson, lf	2	1	2	0
M. Ahlstrom, ss	1	0	0	0
Swede Carlson, 3b	2	1	0	0
H. Gehrig, 1b	2	0	0	0
Fritz, c	2	1	2	0
Mackay, 2b	2	0	1	1
Richmond, cf	2	0	0	0
R. Ahlstrom, rf	2	0	0	0
Art Carlson, p	2	0	1	0
Totals	17	3	6	1
Paquin-Snyder	000	00	0	0
Electricians	300	0x-3	6	1

Two-base hit—Mackay. Double play—Moran to Harrison to P. Johnson. Struck out—by A. Carlson, 10; by Munella 4. Base on balls—off A. Carlson 1; off Munella 1. Hit by pitched ball—Maron by Carlson. Umpire—Swede (Osk) Larson.

Our agreement was put through for \$1.12½ per hour, but there are a lot of things in

it that need ironing out, so we are patiently waiting for Brother Bennett to come back and do the ironing. Hurry up, Art!

The last WORKER certainly was a hum-dinger, getting better with every issue. More power to you Brother Bugnizet. Will close for now hoping this will satisfy for my long delay.

W. R. M.

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

Editor:

At this time, this local deeply regrets the sad death this month past of Brother P. C. Fish, a dutiful and faithful member of this local, whose spirit has been that of a true and loyal Brother always, as is readily seen by the card he has carried; initiated in the year 1893 at Local No. 1 of St. Louis, and is numbered 6030. Extreme sympathy is most sincerely extended to his family and friends.

We notice in the reports of the majority of press secretaries an always recurring statement of "Not much doing" or "Many Brothers out of work" and similar unfavorable remarks, and these reports are not alone, for from nearly every traveling Brother who returns from Florida to Seattle, California to New England, we receive the same unfortunate news. This is a condition that should not exist, especially at this time of the year when construction work is at its height, and is a condition that should be taken seriously by every active officer and member in every local in the Brotherhood. It may not be necessary to reveal the cause, but the effects are felt, not only individually but extend through the internationals into the A. F. of L. which has lost a membership of over a million members during the past seven years.

The war following days of prosperity have brought a condition, not only that of a surplus of non-union labor and open-shop conditions, but that cost of production has been reduced by more than one-fifth, principally through the adoption of machinery such as thread-cutting machines, electric drills, already assembled switchboards and many, many other labor-saving devices. Of course, no fair-minded man will offer any argument against any labor-saving device invented or used in the trades.

There is the cause, we feel the effect; now what is the remedy? Is it not the organizing of every capable non-union mechanic and the five-day week? If every press secretary would place his efforts in this wise and write of the conditions of his own locality with ideas as to the possible remedy, it would be but a short time before every officer and executive board would be putting on an organizing program that would put us far ahead of where we are today. Through the adoption of the five-day week, will a resultant effect be realized? Do you know that the painting and spraying machine has brought about the five-day week to over 100 painters' locals in the country? Do you know that I have at hand a note whereby Local No. 1 of St. Louis, adopts the five-day week September 1. Last year Local No. 3 of New York organized a study class which considered 10 subjects interesting to organized labor which included the five-day week and the plan of organization?

I am sure that every member of this local thanks the delegates to the convention for the successful and good work that obtained therefrom.

E. W. FINGER.

L. U. NO. 139, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Editor:

This month at B. T. C. we re-elected one of our delegates, "Natty," to the president's chair.

This year we celebrated our outing with the plumbers and steam-fitters local. The ball game was beyond comparison. Our worthy vice president, Dugan, operated on the batting plumbers, and the hits were few and far between—our fielders. As a pinch hitter—I mean getting hit in a pinch—our Freeman got in the way to a good advantage to our team. He also collected two hits for it. We made a great mistake by not having a man along the base lines to pick up cigarettes, especially after "Blondie." The plumbers got disgusted, tired or something because they quit us in the fifth with us away ahead.

Last meeting we had our inspector, Mr. Olmstead, give us a talk. It was very informal and instructive. He certainly can give us a lot of help if we would help him. For the benefit of those who were not there, will give you an earful. He claims that if every job was inspected—big, little, new or old—we would all benefit. We would get more work, customers would get a better job, contractors would get more, inspectors would get more. But—here's the catch—the contractor don't want it bad enough. We have got to think and talk this over, boys. Come up and air your thought. Help put it over. It is money in your pocket.

I understand that the committee on entertainment and instruction (Freeman, Phone 245-W) has another speaker planned for the last meeting in September. I think it is someone from E. W. L. & R. R. Co. Also he will try to get someone for at least one meeting a month. Any Brother who knows of anybody who could give us a talk let the committee know. I am sure the local will appreciate it.

Soon a pamphlet published by C. T. & L. assembly will be placed in the hands of every union worker of Elmira and vicinity. It will have a list of all union made and labelled goods that can be purchased here and also the merchant selling it. That ought to help educate a few of us to look for the label.

JAMES E. PRICE.

L. U. NO. 151, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Editor:

As it has been some time since L. U. No. 151 had a letter in the WORKER, will try my hand once more. We have no press secretary.

Another Labor Day is past history and the Bay District did themselves proud in the turnout for that day. There were between 30,000 and 35,000 in the line of march. The electrical workers made a good showing. All local unions marched in a body, Nos. 6, 151, 595 and 50, the last two being the inside and outside locals from Oakland. One time you could not tell a narrow back from a rough neck. The banners of Local No. 557, cable splicers' local of San Francisco, and Local Unions No. 6 and No. 151 were side by side going up Market Street.

While there is no oversupply of work here, practically all of the members of No. 151 are busy.

Will have two bond issues on the ballot November 8, and if they get the necessary two-thirds majority, will bring the Hetch-Hetchy power line into the city and build a step down station.

Also several miles will be added to our Municipal Railway. But if they pass there will be quite a bit of preliminary work to be done, before the construction work can be started.

The following is a newspaper clipping of the earnings of the Municipal Railway here for the 14 years it has been in existence, on a five cent fare:

"An amazing story of how the Municipal

Railway has earned more than five and a half million dollars profits, has saved the people millions of dollars by keeping street-car fares at 5 cents and has added millions of dollars to the wealth of the city was revealed today when railroad officials issued a formal statement of the railroad's financial affairs.

"The statement covered the period from December 28, 1912, to January 31, 1927, and was considered a striking reply to propaganda already begun against the Municipal Railway bond issue in May.

"During the 14 years, the railroad's operating receipts were \$34,332,090.74 and operating expenses \$28,307,615.72, leaving an excess of receipts over operating costs of \$6,024,475.02.

"More than five and a half million dollars of this has gone into the railroad—two-million-odd dollars to retire the bonds and \$3,500,000 for extensions.

"The remainder is being held in current funds—depreciation, operating, accident and insurance.

"The railroad began in 1912 with a line out Geary Street to the Richmond district, which was about as populated as the Sunset district is today with vast stretches of sand, dotted only here and there by homes.

"Today the Richmond or Park-Presidio district is one of the most densely populated sections of the city, its wealth has multiplied many times—all because it got transportation.

"It is estimated that the Municipal Railway, by keeping street car fares at five cents, while fares in other cities went to seven cents and more, has saved the people of San Francisco \$50,000,000 since the war period of high prices.

"Fifty million dollars is 10 times what the railroads cost the people."

The Railway has paid better wages and working conditions have been better than any of the privately owned companies here. The only thing I can see for us to do where existing companies will not play fair is to boost for public ownership; then elect people to office that will give us an even break.

C. D. MULL.

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

Editor:

I received a letter from Brother Elmer Schwab, first vice president of the P. S. E. W. A., Local 56, that he is taking care of his district. He has a meeting of Locals 56 and 30 of Erie, 174 of Warren, 504 of Meadville, and 1099 of Oil City, next Tuesday night, September 27, at Oil City, in the north-western part of the state, and I know if any one of our five vice presidents is going to make his district 100 per cent for the association Brother Schwab has the best start so far. I hope the other vice presidents will take note and get busy, as this is not a one man job, everybody interested in this game must get on the job and produce every day in the year for the Penn State Electrical Workers Association, by interesting members and their locals to affiliate and when our vice presidents get busy like Brother Schwab, by holding their own district meetings of delegates from local unions in their districts, as often as consistent, district caucuses if you please, and when we have our state meetings, we will be able to accomplish wonders for our industry in the state. At present we have paid in initiation fees from Locals 56 Erie, 81 Scranton, 98 Philadelphia, 143 Harrisburg, 163 Wilkes-Barre, 229 York, 367 Easton, 371 Monessen, 375 Allentown, 743 Reading, 1021 Uniontown, 1099 Oil City. 712 W. Bridgewater adopted constitution, but have not sent in their check. Twelve have sent checks and one we are looking for their

check. 229 York sent 85 cents per capita tax, which I deposited to be credited when the per capita tax is requested. Our plan is to first get as many or all the locals in the state affiliated by paying their \$3.00 initiation fee and get some concrete movement started, and then start the per capita tax payment. First sell the locals to the association, which costs \$3.00, then organize these local unions in districts and each vice president do as Brother Schwab, first vice president, is doing, get his district organized. If five vice presidents are not enough to cover the state, then let us add more. As it is now we have some vice presidents with more locals to get to than others; they need help, therefore it is necessary for the officers of locals now affiliated to assist in getting the other locals in their district not affiliated, to become members of the association.

It was very forcibly impressed upon me when we got some of the Pennsylvania delegates who responded to the invitation of Brother Woomer to meet after the Friday afternoon session of the convention, to talk over the state association with Brother Evans who gave us some very important thoughts from the years of study by him, Brother Kloter, Brother Meade and others present, and the thought that impressed me was, that some of the locals believe that this association will take away from them their local autonomy. In other words dictate their local policies. In drafting the tentative constitution which was revised and adopted at Harrisburg, May 11, 1927, Article I Organization. Section I, states: This organization shall be known as the Pennsylvania State Electrical Workers Association of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

Section 2. The objects of the Pennsylvania State Association of Electrical Workers shall be, to promote the united interests, to seek harmony, to strive for better legislation in local, state and national assemblies, to better the conditions of the electrical worker, and to further the welfare of the electrical craft through mutual organization.

I haven't been able to see whereby any member of any local can interpret where the association could be benefited by interfering with their local business, but we can help them from the outside when they need help on the inside (if they request said help) as part of the International, in cooperation with the International as subject to the International laws. I was glad to receive this knowledge as expressed by one of the delegates from No. 5 as I believe that some locals are holding back perhaps for this reason. I want to make it plain that this association cannot live and be of any use to us unless it brings results for "all for one, one for all." It is the baby in the cradle now and it will be only so strong and useful as we from day to day make it, so in conclusion on this subject, I just want to say to the locals not yet members, that we need you and you need the association, which is part of the International, and I am waiting to enroll your local on the books.

We appreciate the co-operation of the I. O. in placing this matter before our members and we hope to take to Miami, Fla., a caravan of delegates from every local union in the state, and some fraternal delegates, who from the knowledge gained will make better union men to work with the I. O. and the membership of their local unions, through the efforts, if properly organized, of the state association in the next two years.

Our local conditions here are not of the best, but through our business department conducted by business manager, Brother Mosley, we have been able to keep our members employed as they wouldn't have been if Brother Mosley wasn't on the job. We just have gone through an election of county and

Memorializing

BROTHER GEORGE KING

RESOLUTION UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED AT 19TH
BIENNIAL CONVENTION, INTERNATIONAL
BROTHERHOOD OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS

RESOLUTION NO. 37

Whereas the inevitableness of the decimation of our ranks by the activity of the Grim Reaper is again brought to our mind by the knowledge that since our last convention Brother Geo. King, of L. U. No. 41, of Buffalo, N. Y., has left our ranks to solve the problem of eternity; and

Whereas when the final day of accounting arrived for him we sincerely trust that the fact that his activities in the interest of his fellow man, which helped to make the world a better place to live in, has been credited to his account on the stewardship of his life; and

Whereas Brother King was a former member of the I. E. C. of the I. B. E. W., a frequent attendant at our international conventions and a loyal member of his Local Union; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we regret the loss of Brother Geo. King, we find consolation in the thought that the living of such a life of loyalty to this organization as he lived, not only entitles him to favorable consideration in our judgment in the next world, but has added prestige to his Local Union and to the I. B. E. W.; and be it further

Resolved, That the resolution be published in our official Journal.

Respectfully submitted,

RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE,

WM. F. KELLY, *Chairman.*
F. P. O'BRIEN,
W. H. CAMPBELL,
J. H. FITZGERALD,
E. J. FALEY,
A. W. DIEGEL,
PETER MUSE.

The recommendation of the committee was unanimously adopted.

city offices. Brother Lynch put up a good fight for register of wills, was just a few votes short of the democratic nomination. Brother Cavanaugh ran for sheriff, who had the same luck, but we are proud of these two members who showed that the electrical workers breed the type of men who have the guts to go after what they want against the big money bag of the other fellow. We are just as proud of them defeated as we would be if they won the jobs they wanted and had the nerve to go after.

W. F. BARBER.

L. U. NO. 193, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Editor:

The convention is over and it had it over all other conventions in the number of delegates and visitors, as well as a desire to help make better conditions for its members.

There is one thing I believe should be done and that is every local should be compelled to send a delegate to the conventions. Of course that would call for increased dues, but the laws should be changed to meet the additional expenses. Perhaps change the representation to one delegate for the first 300 members or less, and one delegate for each additional 300 members or major fraction thereof. Make the transportation 20 cents per mile instead of 10 cents per mile and \$50 to those who stay to final adjournment, instead of \$40 as now. This would come nearer defraying the delegate's expenses, while it would cut locals of some of their delegates, but would make each local send a delegate.

The way it is now a small local can hardly afford to send a delegate and besides they generally have one or two in the local who are always kicking about sending a delegate and they keep a number of locals from attending, because they are able to use the argument: Lack of finance. Of course, they are not much interested in making better conditions and are members only on account of circumstances. They are the kind who wish all things to come their way, but do not wish to do anything that may help in general. We have a few here who think a delegate should put in his time without compensation; get things for the members and bring back his fare. These are the kind who never try to do anything. Of course, they are not out in any way, and figure that all others sail in the same boat.

This local is having its ups and downs. We started organizing, got in about 60 new members and had a lot of work for a short while. Most of the new members got laid off, and we are expecting a layoff for some of the older members. We issued about 30 traveling cards. Most of these went south. Work around here will be slack for a while.

F. C. HUSE.

L. U. NO. 196, ROCKFORD, ILL.

Editor:

Well, boys, here we are again with a few lines in regard to what's going on. The first thing is that we are all glad to hear from our president, Brother S. B. Dunn, who was a delegate to the International convention in Detroit, that our convention was greater than ever. Brother Dunn gave a good description of the entertainment that was given the boys, but I had better not try to tell the world about it, because his wife might want to read the WORKER.

Everything in Rockford is going along at the usual gait, most everyone working same as ever. Work here is about the same as in all other towns about the country, lots of men out of work in other crafts about town, but I don't look for hard times because there

is too much money in circulation for that, everybody is building. Rockford is about to have a hotel. When I say hotel I mean a hotel which, when finished, if they don't quit after they get the foundation built, will be one of the most up-to-date hotels in the middle west. It will cost something in the neighborhood of \$2,500,000.

Brother Van Hyer was in to see the fight and he said there are only two reasons why he is not champion of the world, they are: First, Gene Tunney, second, Jack Dempsey, so there you are. Brother Leitz agreed with him.

One thing I would like to mention, Brothers, and I wish that every Brother would read this, and that is, don't forget that Christmas is coming and that a lot of you Brothers will be buying cigars, candy, cigarettes, etc., and that you all have a chance to buy off of one of your own Brothers. Boys, just think of what you can do for a good union man, Brother S. B. Dunn. Brothers, I am ashamed to write this, but do you know that Brother Dunn only gets about 1 per cent of the union trade in Rockford and the only union man in town who is in the cigar and pool hall business? Is it any wonder that we have nothing to do with the Rockford Central Labor Union? That's the kind of union men we have in Rockford, and I guess it is the same all over the world. Brothers, don't forget Brother Dunn around Christmas or any other time. I am pretty sure that Brother Dunn would mail all orders to boys out of town prepaid.

SAM SASSALI.

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

Editor:

Well, all I know about this year's beauty show is what I read in the papers, as due to continued inactivity I got a beautiful case of the heebie-geebees, if you know what I mean. So on the day after Labor Day I applied for time out and through the kind intervention of the First Luff, the Skipper gave me shore-leave for four and one-half days.

Trenton was the first port o'call and I drifted in there just in time to attend a little get-together feast that the E. B. of No. 269 was throwing for the same body of august rulers from No. 314.

Among the most distinguished guests were Herb Tweedie, Vince Toal and W. S. Brashear of No. 314; Mike Dietrich, Russ Burgess and my little ol' playmate, "Battling" Jack Carney, all of No. 269. Last but not least were the congenial hosts of the evening and foremost among them stood out "The Rube," "Louie the Marchian" and "Red" Norton. Many important problems were ironed out, the principal one being the correct spelling and pronunciation of Brashear. Needless to orate, a good time was had by all and I hope I am in time for the next one.

Paterson was next on the list and there I had the pleasure of meeting a worthy colleague, Jim Trueman, scribe of No. 102. Never have I met up with a finer gentleman.

We attended the public speaking class that is conducted by L. U. No. 102—and of which friend Jim is the prime factor. It was my good fortune to listen to a lively and highly interesting debate between Nick Cantolina and Sammy, the sea-lawyer. They both are orators of no mean ability and while I just can't recall the exact topic of debate I do know that in a few short years Sammy will become one of our greatest authorities on international law. But no stuff, that class is the goods and before it was over I was wishing that I had had some practice along those same lines.

Afterwards I met so darn many of the regular fellas that I can't remember them

all. However, there was Joe Titterington, Herbie the uke artiste, "Capt." Kidd, without his pirates, and that harmonizing and very obliging quartette that sang everything I ast 'em to. In fact, afterwards I got thinking about them and believe that the only songs I forgot to ask for were, "On the Road to Mandalay" and "Here am I, Broken-hearted." I'll remember them next time.

Then came "Red," Harry and Mike from Church Street and Chang, of chop suey fame. About that time we all decided to call it a day and I was introduced to the softest and finest feather bed I ever fell into. No kiddin', I sure enjoyed that downy couch and no darn alarm clock to bother me the next day.

Those bimboes certainly know how to entertain a guy and I hope to return the compliment the first time any of them show up here in Atlantic City.

So after roaming around North Jersey for a couple of more days I finally landed back in my own bailiwick very much astounded, not to say perturbed, to learn that I was 36 hours overdue. My fren', the Jimmy Legs, slapped me in the brig right pronto and the next morning the C. O. handed out the following: eight months confinement to my own parrish, 60 days on K. P. and fined 15 days pay. Now ain't I glad that "She" wasn't the skipper the time that a couple of us went A. W. O. L. from Paris Island. We were gone a week and only got 10 days in the barracks and no passes for two months.

Ever since the "Battle of the Long Count," when Gene got all the breaks, I have felt like singing that simple little ditty made famous by my friend Tad, "Lock Me in the Same Old Cell That Dad Called Home, Sweet Home," and I might add, "You Can Throw the Key Away." The final summing up should be that Dempsey took it like the regular champ he is, "without a squawk." But migosh a couple of times, that fatal 7th round is going to furnish enough material for nineteen stove-leagues.

This is the second day I have worked since August 11, and the old bean couldn't stand the strain, as it is aching to beat the band. Goodnight and good luck.

BACHIE.

P. S.—Since Bill Rogers got himself appointed congressman-at-large I have received the portfolio of "Press Secretary at Random."

L. U. NO. 212, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Editor:

Many thanks to Locals No. 17, No. 58 and No. 514. This from the Cincinnati delegation. We have partaken of your hospitality and have only kind words to offer in return. Your untiring efforts to entertain were more than appreciated, and would have withstood any unfavorable comment, even though it would have been brought about by our old friend, the former press secretary and critic of Local No. 53. We would have liked very much to thank each one of you personally, with a hearty handclasp, but our hasty exit from your beautiful "City of Flowers" would not permit us to do so.

We carried with us, however, fond memories of many happy moments spent in Detroit. We found a few old rounders of No. 212, who had selected a berth with you some time previous, who were more than anxious to see us get along during our visit. Seaman, Fritsch, Robinson and O'Connor, all originally from "Cincy," were wonderful guides on sight-seeing trips.

I had the honor and pleasure of being included in a luncheon party put on by Brother O'Connor, who is B. A. of Local No. 514.

The hungry bunch stormed the Oriental cafe and immediately proceeded to devour all the foodstuffs set before us—showing no mercy on our host whatsoever. The check must have been staggering. I remember Dave opened his bill book and after scanning it carefully, I think he wrote out a check covering the bill. Incidentally it was a delightful party, consisting of O'Connor, Smith, Boyle, and Denske, of No. 514; Mohr, of No. 38, Cleveland, with Mrs. Mohr and Master Mohr and myself. I have since then offered regrets that wiremen cannot lunch in a like manner every day.

And Bob Evans, of No. 58! Did you all meet Bob? That fellow knows every cafe in Detroit also knows where they serve chow mein at 3 o'clock in the morning. I think our delegation would have seen more of Bob had he not been acting as special chaperon to Robertson of No. 568, Montreal. Robertson wasn't accustomed to such territory.

I wonder how long it took Charlie Potts, of No. 8, to get back into the harness. Charlie had a standing invitation to visit our room, No. 1339, which caused the good old fashioned friendly spirit to be brought out occasionally.

Yes, No. 101, of "Cincy," was also represented. Sweeny was on the job from start to finish.

One of the most pleasing incidents to me, personally, during the trip was the meeting of Byron Simonton, of No. 17. Neither he nor I had ever before heard of another Simonton connected with the Brotherhood and both of us are members of long standing. Byron is employed as night trouble man by the Detroit Street Ry. Co. We two spent two hours (in room 1339) tracing ancestors, but to our sad disappointment arrived at nothing of interest to either one of us, with the exception that on our adjournment it was mutually understood that the present generation of Simontons in general will not discriminate between any of the many brands which may be set before them.

Frank Guy, one of our esteemed delegates, has wondered who feeds the pigeons at the old Detroit Library since his return to "Cincy." Information can be forwarded to him, care Local No. 212.

Death has once more visited Local No. 212 and we are forced to note in this issue the removing from our body of Brother Edward Bankhart and Brother Cyrus Ingram.

Brother Bankhart met death in a similar manner to Brother Michael Parsley, whose death we noted in the July Worker. While working in the elevator shaft, on the same job and for the same contractor, a heavy plank was dropped from one of the floors above, striking him on the head and causing instant death. This job, the new chamber of commerce building, is now marked with four deaths, one iron worker, one laborer and two of the boys from No. 212.

Brother Ingram died a natural death following an illness of a few months.

Hoping to live to see the day when a building mechanic can go to his daily work with more assurance of a safe return to his loved ones at night, I remain, yours for more safe and sane building construction.

THE COPYIST.

P. S.—Congratulations and best wishes to the entire official body at the I. O.

L. U. NO. 225, NORWICH, CONN.

Editor:

A few paragraphs from Local No. 225, I. B. E. W., of Norwich, Conn., or the Rose of New England. A letter from us is very rare to the Editor of the Worker. It sure will surprise the boys of Local 225, if they are lucky enough to see this in the Worker.

Work seems plentiful around here in the last month or so. All the boys are working. But looking ahead all the Brothers of the local can see a hard winter. Such being the case, it was hardly worth while to advertise that work is plentiful.

Like many other locals, Local No. 225 has just 50 per cent of her members who are union, the other half are in the Brotherhood because they have to be, in order to keep their job, and for what they can get out of it. This half of the members seldom attend the meeting. You know the kind, those members who always kick because they are fined, and why they are fined, and who ask these questions to the member who attended the meeting the night before: "What happened last night?" "Was there anything new?" and such questions. Take it from me, Brothers, every time you miss a meeting you miss something that has happened. Something that you will regret missing the next day and for days to come.

Brother Edward Woodard, our delegate to the convention held at Detroit, made his report at our last meeting. It sure was wonderful the way he described the convention. The way the Brothers listened to him, it all made them proud to have had their local represented at such a vast meeting of the I. B. E. W.

W. LA COURSE.

L. U. NO. 245, TOLEDO, OHIO

Editor:

One of the members here has been bragging about the Journal all this month to his many friends, telling them what a fine magazine it is and letting them read the Toledo bunk first. (His name appears in its lines.) We are amid the vacation period here and all those that have saved their summer's wages are spending them now before snow flies. So many of the boys have made interesting trips to different far off cities in Canada, United States and Michigan, that it sounds like a travelogue on the job now. Eaton Adams has just returned from a very successful trip to New York city and other principal eastern cities, returning by way of Niagara Falls and reports the water still going over strong. He reports having traveled with the four hundred set while visiting New York. Swam in the same ocean with the wealthiest. Saw all the bright lights on Broadway (drove right against them) and saw all of Brooklyn (from Brooklyn Bridge). He says the Statue of Liberty turned right around to greet him. We asked him how he liked the Bowery. "Fine," says Eaton, "stayed at that hotel two nights." But they let him return safely. But now he don't travel so much with the four hundred. He is reduced to about two sixty-nine.

About the time that the boys are reading this they will have something else to occupy their minds besides vacation and who caught the biggest fish, for another stock campaign ends on the twentieth of October and they will all be busy telling of the fish they cornered. The bait is the already large dividends and profits paid by the different cities services and public utilities in this busy little section and the landing net will be the dotted line. (Sign here, please.) I, too, am going to do some casting on those ten days; possibly dive right into the lake of prospects and if possible make a record catch.

Our sick list this month has the names of two of our members, Fred Swartzwalter and E. Wingard. Fred's case is a very deep mystery to the local doctors. It's one of those baffling cases. Fred has strained himself while lifting. That is the mystery.

Where did he do all of this lifting? While with our other patient it is rather more serious. Brother Wingard is confined to the little hospital cot with a broken leg and several severe cuts about the face and body received while racing with time from Maumee to his place, two miles in the country, on a motorcycle. I've been told that he made a turn in the road, but not soon enough. Time and bends in the road wait for no man. Cheer up, Brother Wingard, your cigarettes are assured by the visiting members and we all wish you a speedy recovery.

The light company has supplied a few of the heavy squads with new seven and a half ton trucks. All they lack is two port holes, an open muffler and an anchor and they would resemble a man-o'-war in full action. The bodies have all the latest features with every convenience, a place for everything but the men. Recruiting here is very slow and our hiking army is far from war strength.

Three of the members here have threatened me with violence unless they receive a copy of the JOURNAL this month. In case my body is found in some secret place, I had better tell you who these men are: Fred Yackee, 1819 12th Street; Roy Gilmore, 1733 Stahlwood Ave., and Ed. Radunz, 1401 Foster Ave., all of Toledo, Ohio, and Arthur Cranker, No. 309 Conant St., Maumee, Ohio, has promised to help them in their dirty work. So Mr. Editor, for my safety and for the good of the JOURNAL, let's put these four names on the already growing list from Toledo. As far as I know at this time these four men are the only ones who are not getting the ELECTRICAL WORKERS' JOURNAL. Thanks for your cooperation last month in securing copies for the majority of those boys who were not getting it. I have talked to over half of them and they not only got it but are proud of it, and that's the spirit that is making this magazine more and more popular each month.

The summer has again flown and in our midst is old King Winter with his many different kinds of weather. And the boys who promised last winter to come in as soon as summer came have again the same excuse, but during these last summer months their caps remained bare but were coming in as soon as fall comes. It is getting to be a joke to listen to the excuses of these men for not being one of us in principle. The greatest excuse is, I am buying a home and raising a family, which is the finest thing that a man can do, but, Brothers, I ask you readers, this, "Do these men owe anything to organized labor?" Did organized labor do anything for them; did we do anything toward making it possible for these men to buy their homes and to educate their families? Did our collective bargaining have a tendency to establish a wage enabling these men to compete with the present living conditions? Did trade bartering get the present conditions which they enjoy on their jobs? Does it take nerve to work on the opposite side of a pole for eight long hours day in and day out with a man who has the emblem of a loyal union man on his hat, where he must look at it each time he casts his eyes in his partner's direction? The answer is "no," that is not nerve, that is fear, for the man with nerve will be found in the battle fighting for his rights; fighting for the conditions that are educating this other man's children. Fighting for the right to maintain the present scale of wages that makes it possible for this other man to make these payments on this home that shelters these children, while he himself is in force with the slacker, profiteering from the gains of those who fight his battles, taking what is not his, taking what he has not helped to get.

We should be glad that there is a button of distinction on the caps of the majority

here, and these others—well? Maybe the next generation will change all this.

And now, Brothers, if you have read this all the way through, don't lay it away but go back to the first page and read it all the way from cover to back and pass it on to show your friends what a big, clean, progressive, educational magazine we, the electrical workers, have. You can do this with pride.

EDW. E. DUKESHIRE.

L. U. NO. 259, SALEM, MASS.

Editor:

Old Man Work is just hanging 'round.

Brother Ed. Sargent resigned as president and Brother Smalley was elected to fill the vacancy.

Brother Wiley did a Steve Brody; from now on some other body drives the family Lizzie.

Brother A. Sargent doesn't believe in that yarn about Old Mother Earth not being able to feed her creatures of the higher order in another century. Thanks, Art, I don't smoke.

Brother Shattuck returned from Detroit.

Here's a little bedtime story: Once upon a time there was a small local of the I. B. E. W., very much like a lot of other small locals of the above organization. The members were of a trusting disposition; prone to accept all bounties as gifts of God and Providence; granting all alibis as the gospel truth and laboring and suffering under the delusion that they were—according to the constitution—equal, individually and collectively, to their larger sister locals. Also all members are Brothers, striving always for the good and welfare of the union.

Now Jimmy Jones was a member of the above small local.

One night as he slept the sleep of the just, had one been watching, a smile could have been detected playing over the features of the sleeper, as he dreamed pleasantly of the helping hand stretched out from the I. O. and the larger locals for the purpose of encouragement and Brotherliness. Oh, me! Sweet dreams.

In the morning he awakened, rested and refreshed. The old coffee, bacon and eggs seemed to have added flavor as he recalled the beautiful vision of the night just passed. Such a morning; birds singing; the sun streaming through the windows; blue skies. Oh, me! It's a great old world after all.

The good wife is kissed good-bye for the day; the lunch bag is captured and happily Jimmy whistled his way into the morning.

Noontime; the lunch bag empty; some little wife at that. Four-thirty, off for home once again. The mail; light, gas, tax, grocery, butcher, notice of next installment of \$25 due on the old bus, and, a card notifying him to attend that night's meeting.

Recalling the convention call, read at a previous meeting, he hurriedly gulped his supper and hied forth to the meeting hall.

Routine of business over. New business. Election of delegate and alternate to convention at Detroit. What is Jimmy hearing! Small locals got to band together; got to protect themselves from big locals; I. V. P. doing nothing but drawing breath and salary, laughing at hick locals. Jimmy is bewildered. What was it he dreamed last night? His thoughts revert back to previous meetings.

One meeting especially stood clear in his mind. B— sent delegates to talk about agreement—the city mouse comes down to visit the country cousin. Brother Funnell, of B— ridiculed and picked on an agreement made in all good faith with a sister local; how also he tried to impress on the members the necessity of B— running jobs in local territory according to B—'s agreement, not the local union's.

ON EVERY JOB THERE'S A LAUGH OR TWO!

She was only an electrician's daughter, but oh, boy! wot fixtures!

Cheer up, fellas! We got crowded out a couple of times but the Editor promises it won't happen again, so start the contribs this way!

Bachie says this is a true one:
"Back in 1917 while registering for the draft, the bird ahead of me was a trifle under the weather due to celebrating something or other not wisely but too copiously. The registration clerk was having a hard time getting coherent answers to the questions and in a moment of disgust shouted.

"Hey, you! Just wotinell is the color of your eyes?"

"Quick as a flash the souse retorted, 'Blood-shot, you blankety fool, bloodshot!'"

The junkman has a picturesque trade, says Mrs. Ray Eggers, wife of the press secretary of Local 695. A junkman has to keep his wits working, and she sends us this story in proof of it:

"Any rags, paper, old iron?"
"No," retorted the man of the house, "My wife's away."

"Oh," said the junkman with an insinuating smile. "Any bottles?"

Oh, gosh, these flivver pokums! What are you fellows doing now Henry's suspended production? This one is from M. M. McKenney of L. U. 567. Mac didn't say he wrote it himself and we wouldn't want to say we hope so:

Amerrycar

My flivver, 'tis of thee
The car that shaketh me,
And puts my wife and me
In jeopardy;
I have to pay the bills
Incurred by kindred ills
That oft in me distills
Antipathy.

I hate thy knocks and pounds
That in thy frame resounds,
Thy engine that rebounds
Annoyeth me.
Yet when the day is done,
And I would homeward turn,
To find the gas is gone—
Oh, woe is me!

Ed Dukeshire of Local 245 claims he knows two Scotch linemen who unfortunately missed a double header game. They got a late start for the field and after running all the way were so tired they couldn't climb the fence.

For shame, Duke, try an' make us believe a Scotch lineman would leave his climbers home!

Tighe of Local 675, has an idea for civic improvement—send all the non-union workers out of town. It's this way, he says:

A tramp approached a solid citizen and demanded, "Would you improve your city for a quarter?"

"I should say I would!"
"Well, give me a quarter and I'll move to the next town."

Here's another Brother who seems to think the Scotch are a race of unconscious

comedians! Boy, Scotchmen are nothing to laugh at—try to borrow money from one and see. M. J. Butler of L. U. 261 passes on this story from the London Graphic:

An English lady advertised that she fasted 40 days and nights for her health.

Two days later she received 60 letters proposing marriage—and all from Scotchmen.

Brother W. R. Lennox of Local 418 claims this is a partial report of a baseball game played by the Snow Shovelers Union and the Ice Boat Pilots at Pasadena, Calif., July 4.

The game was called with Glue at the stick and Smallpox catching. Cigar was in the box, Strawberry Short Cake played short and Corn was in the field. Egg was umpire and he was rotten, Cigar let Board walk, Song made a hit, and Sawdust filled the bases. Then Soap cleaned up and Cigar went out, Baloon started to pitch but went up in the air. Cherry tried it but was wild, Ice went in and kept cool until he was hit by a ball. Then you ought to have heard Icecream, Lightning finished the game and struck out six men, Lunatic was out because he was off his base. Bread loafed on third, and Light was put out on first. Crooks stole second. (Cabbage was manager because he had a good head.) Knife was called out for cutting first base. Grass covered lots of ground, and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Steak was put out on home plate. Clock wound up the game by striking out. If Door pitched he would have shut them out.

"What about this, Detroit?" inquires D. B. Foster, press secretary of Local 226 of Topeka, Kansas. (Migosh, and he got the story out of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang—oh, Fos!)

An applicant for work at the Ford plant asked a veteran Ford employee if it were true that the company was always finding methods of speeding up work by using fewer men. The veteran replied, "Most certainly!" "In fact," he continued, "I had a dream which illustrates the point. Mr. Ford was dead, and I could see the pallbearers carrying his body. Suddenly the procession stopped. Mr. Ford had come to life. As soon as the casket was opened, he sat upright, and on seeing six pallbearers, cried out at once, 'Put this casket on wheels, and lay off five men!'"

Radio Fans Invent New Game

A new outdoor sport for radio fans enlivened the recent field day of the Golders Green and Hendon Radio Society in England. Instead of hunt-the-button it was hunt the radio set. A small radio broadcasting station was set up in secret in the buildings of a farm house. At intervals this station sent out radio signals. Members of the society mobilized in the neighborhood and attempted to find the secret station, much as radio scouts in wartime might hunt for the secret radio transmitter of a spy. Mr. Maurice Child, using an apparatus to detect the direction from which radio waves are arriving, made three readings of this direction at different points a few miles apart, combined these on a map according to the well-known surveyor's method of "triangulation" and was thus the first to locate the hidden station, winning a prize offered by the British radio magazine, the Wireless World. Four other contestants succeeded in finding the secret station within the time limit set by the rules.

His dream is a bit shattered.

But, happy thought. The I. O. would support the weak locals. All is rosy again.

Balloting for candidates breaks his reveries. For the first time a delegate was to be sent to an International convention. For the first time his little local was to take part in the deliberations and functioning of the I. B. Cost, \$300; a good investment. Assessment; but worth it. If the small locals would only stick together. The old I. V. P. ousted; a new one elected; one from some other local than B—; one whose interest would be in all local unions, not just one.

Two weeks later the delegates returned. Meeting night. Some report—but—what is it? Brother— didn't make it? Brother Funnell of B— was elected? How come! Brother Delegate, says support Brother Funnell. Sure, that's right, but what happened?

Later he knew the facts. Little local delegates stood solid for their man, but the ebony individual in the kindling wood was this: Brother Funnell was a hand picked, I. O. cultivated thistle. Brothers Broach, Bugniazet, and the rest of the politicians herded the little local delegates into a room. They told them of their choice, then instructed: "There's your man, vote for him." What a tragedy! What a farce.

Jimmy's dream was smashed completely, but it was certainly beautiful and inspiring while it lasted.

The I. O. was with the big gang in the show-down. To one they gave the soft-downy bloom, but the rest got only the thorns.

Perhaps, some time, the thorns can be used with telling effect.

Moral: Keep your trust in God and your hand in your money pocket.

J. FLYNN.

Editor's Note: As to International's selecting a vice president this letter is a misstatement, as well as that of the Editor's telling locals who should represent them. He was not in such a meeting. So the writer is in error as to his facts.

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

Editor:

To begin with, on August 26, Brother Alex Howatt, first vice president of the State Federation of Labor, and Brother Bill Howe, secretary-treasurer, arrived in Wichita to speak at a mass meeting of the central labor body, but for some reason, I presume, the members of organized labor understood the meeting to be for the delegates only, as it happened to be on the regular meeting night of the assembly. It was too bad this happened, for Brother Howatt and Brother Howe gave some good talks upon different subjects pertaining to the welfare of organized labor.

The delegates were there in full force, and they in turn took back to their respective locals the gist of what the meeting was for. Alex told us about our wonderful compensation law and how our prisons are taking care of our dependents. It seems our taxes are not high enough to take care of these poor unfortunate crooks and gunmen, so they are let out for hire to whoever has not enough money to pay the wages of a free laborer. I would like to write more about this, but I hate to have it get out of the state of Kansas. We all know about it anyway, and are preparing a weapon to handle this business effectively, the name of it is election. It is too bad that some of our politicians are not far-sighted enough, or else they have forgotten that their jobs depend upon our votes, but be that as it may, organized labor of this state will be prepared to throw a wicked bomb, chuck full of votes cast by an intelligent mass of humanity for the right men, who will be more than pleased to protect the la-

boring man's and women's interests. Labor as a whole has kept aloof from politics, but when one gets slapped slam bang into the mush with rotten and detestable legislation, it's time to sit up and take notice, and when we who do try our best to protect the public as well as ourselves get busy, there will be several politicians who will sit up and take notice; yea, terribly shocked to find out that organized labor still functions in the state of Kansas.

What I am getting at is, Educate the newcomers into what unionism really is, so that they can answer questions truthfully and intelligently for those wishing the information. Don't let them go out half-cocked with a lot of hard-boiled and crazy ideas, that as soon as they pay their first month's dues they can whip their boss into shape to their liking and make them like it, just because they have the backing of the whole International behind them. Nothing is crazier. We are organized to hold just such birds in check and prevent anything like this happening. We are not a hard-boiled organization. We want to be upon friendly terms with our employers. If we don't happen to have an agreement with them now, we may get one with them later. I know one city which has been set back several years, because they did not stand pat upon their agreement and probably will be for several years to come, just because they failed to see the spoiled apple in time.

These spoiled apples will probably roll around and try to tell us who is who, and what's what, around election time. After telling us, they will roll around to our employers and do the same, consequently there will be a split in ideas. Then the same old thing, the grand ole party will be represented by punk men, the state with punk legislatures. Corporations will have their progress held up. Men will get laid off and cheap prison labor will hold free sway, and we will march with a small American flag and shout Hurrah! and like it. Well, if the rank and file of this state likes what the present incumbents have promulgated, I suppose I will march, too, and say hurrah! "and like it."

The industrial court has come and gone, but not until it had created considerable strife. This alone has set Kansas back several years and made her the laughing stock of all the other states. What we want are good, clean, wholesome laws, gotten up by good, clean, deep-thinking men, who hold the welfare of their state at heart, who will stand by her first, last, and always and it is up to all of us to start educating, while we look about us for the best we can find to represent us. It is to our interest that not one of us but all of us over this state support our paper, the Federationist. Subscribe for it and read it; it may help you all to know that we are backed up in this movement by two large corporations of this state in the movement for clean politics.

Brother Howe, of the Federationist, did not wish to disclose them. There are others, business men of this town, who are with us. They want our support and I will say we want theirs.

The Labor Day parade was a great success. The boys who could get into town all marched still we had only one-third of the members marching.

The Long Bell Lumber Co., of this city, gave us the use of one of their trucks which we turned into a gorgeous float. There were numerous other floats in the parade and two-thirds of the local marched. In all, the day was a great success, with speaking and sports in the afternoon at the park.

I was going to say that the committee which was appointed to look after the float should be given credit, myself included, but

I will change it to say that the local as a whole did nobly, for when the boys all saw that they had a real committee, they all pitched in and helped.

The Kansas Gas and Electric Co. had their annual picnic, coming right after Labor Day. It, too, was a great success, being attended by some thirteen hundred employees. Local Union No. 271 was well represented. The afternoon was filled with sports and all kinds of games for grown-ups as well as the kiddies. The company furnished everything, including the eats. It was some job to feed this large mass of people but it was done systematically and no one left the grounds hungry, unless he or she was troubled with Mr. J. D.'s ailment.

I like to mention affairs such as this and as far as I know, this is the only company in this state which thinks enough of its employees to set aside a day each year for merry-making at its own expense. This company is composed of as fine a bunch of men and women as can be found only in an organization of this kind. These annual picnics get better and better each year. Each one leaves hopes of a better one the next time. It is really a sort of get-together meeting affair, upon a large scale, a family reunion, with friendliness upon all sides.

CHARLES F. FROHNE.

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

Editor:

Labor Day of 1927 has passed into history and we celebrated it here on the Sunday preceding, with a picnic, in lieu of the old time parade on Monday. We have been doing this for some years back, for the reason that during and since the open shop drive, the opinion prevailed that a Labor Day parade would only advertise the weakness of the labor movement. Now that may or may not have been good judgment. The real enemies of organized labor, with their spies and stool pigeons, know anyhow. And while a poor turnout would be discreditable advertising for the movement to the rest of the general public, does the rest of the G. P. pay much attention to such things? On the other hand, it appears to me that there is a vital connection between the Labor Day parades and the enthusiasm of the rank and file in the localities where they are held, and while it may be argued that it is the enthusiastic union men who turn out in the parades, also it is undoubtedly true that the Labor Day parade always creates enthusiasm, not only among the participants but also in the minds of that portion of the working class that are spectators. On the relationship of the parade to union enthusiasm much might be said, but the crux of the matter appears to be, that lack of enthusiasm causes lack of Labor Day parades, which in turn lessens the amount of union enthusiasm. Figuratively, both the root and the fruit are apathy.

Apathy! There is no other word that represents so great a menace to the labor movement; yes, to the very existence of the foundations and superstructure of organized society, as that one word "apathy." In my last month's letter I stated some of the laws of economics apropos to the present industrial depression, and I intimated the vicious tendency of this depression to grow steadily worse, unless something is done to stop it. Before anything is possible of accomplishment, in this direction, a serious and acute interest must be aroused in the public mind, and here we find the chief obstacle to be—apathy.

In a recent statistical report of the Department of Labor of the U. S. Government it is shown that during the six year period from 1920 to 1926, the total amount of employment, in the United States, has decreased

18 per cent and the average monthly pay roll has decreased 30.1 per cent, while the efficiency of labor's productivity has increased 34 per cent.

According to Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, the earnings of 25 of the largest corporations increased 70 per cent during the same period. And, in August of this year, Roger Babson stated that in six years' time the average price, per share of stock of 20 of the largest corporations, had increased from \$64 to \$177.

Now this statistical data while it is, in relation to the present industrial depression, only corroborative evidence that low wages and unemployment together with increased production are contributory causes of that depression, yet it confronts us with a condition of affairs that, to any student of the trend of events, must be superlatively alarming.

The ever-increasing rapidity with which the rapidly increasing wealth of the country is concentrating in the hands of the few, on the one hand, and the enormous increase of unemployment and the constant decrease of wages, on the other, plainly indicates an approaching condition in this country of such a disparity between the two classes that if it continues spells slavery, the most abject, for the workers of this country.

One needs but to recall the history of the encroachments of vested interests on the democratic rights of the general public to realize what we may expect in the future. Everyone knows how the rights of free speech and free assemblage have been abridged at the behest of the powers of wealth. And not only those personal rights, but many community rights are being taken away.

Right here, in the state of Minnesota, in the last few years, the rights of a city, town or county to control its own affairs, relative to telephone companies, street railway companies, bus lines and railroad crossings, have been taken from them and placed in the hands of the state railroad and warehouse commission. And now there is a move on foot to take the right of decision on the issuing of bonds or the contracting of bonded indebtedness away from the cities and towns and place it in the hands of the state board of taxation. This would forever throttle all municipal ownership in the future, thus enlarging the opportunities for exploitation of cities by private corporations through the ownership of public utilities.

Is this to continue until a maddened and brutalized people turn upon their exploiters and in blind desperation destroy organized society and plunge the world into anarchy and chaos?

If not, then this apathetic condition of the public mind must be overcome, and people aroused to the necessity of an intelligent, united effort to solve these problems. Not in the interest of any individuals or any class, but for the general welfare of society and the preservation of civilization.

W. WAPLES.

L. U. NO. 298, MICHIGAN CITY, IND.
Editor:

Local No. 298 was very glad to see our last letter in the JOURNAL. We all like the JOURNAL extremely well, and feel that we should help to keep its pages filled with a few lines even though they may not be as interesting as the majority of the letters that are in it. I certainly like to read all the letters myself, and I know a lot of our boys do.

By reading a number of letters in the September JOURNAL, I see that work is getting slack around over different parts of the country. Things are not so bright as they might be here, but I think most all

of the boys are working yet, some of course expecting to get laid off almost any time in the next six weeks or two months and a few of the boys have quit to go south, evidently don't like the snowballs, and I don't blame them, for I don't myself. Well, I guess I will ring off for this time, by wishing everyone a lot of good luck and happiness.

HERBERT WALCOTT.

L. U. NO. 308, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.
Editor:

Local No. 308, for some reason, does not break into print very often, and it grieves me very much to start off with this kind of a letter, but, Brothers, self-preservation is the first law of nature, therefore take notice, if you are coming to Florida this winter, particularly to St. Petersburg—we still have the good old sunshine, bathing beauties and balmy breezes.

Also, we are very glad to meet old friends or new ones. But when it comes to work, there will positively not be enough for the home boys, and when it comes to financial aid, well, that has been done, if you know what I mean.

So, Brothers, if you have enough in the bankroll to see you through, if you work or not, come on down, we will be glad to see you; if we have more than we can handle, we'll be glad to see you get it; but if you come expecting work or financial assistance you will be sadly disappointed, because when a fellow gets several installments behind on the lot, the house, the car and the last baby, and the butcher don't look so glad to see you as he used to, it will make you pretty hard in time, and that's most of us, and I don't mean maybe.

F. G. LOLL.

L. U. NO. 317, HUNTINGTON, W. VA.
Editor:

Well, boys, another month has gone by, and we are still progressing, so you know we are doing a little bit of good. Everybody is still working, but can't say that it will be for long. We are about to finish one of our big jobs, and I expect some of the Brothers will be drifting, and we sure do hate to see them go, as we have been here for quite a while together.

Well, Brothers, this has been a pretty fair summer; work has been real good most everywhere, and but few of the boys out of work, and now old Jack Frost is here at our doors. I wonder how many are prepared for it. If we aren't so well prepared this winter, the only thing to do is, to keep on fighting. You

know our old saying if you don't succeed, just keep on trying.

It will be three years the 10th of this November since we reorganized No. 317 and we are still doing business. We are getting most all the work that amounts to very much. We have a bunch of contractors that are still holding out on us, but I am sure if we just keep right on, we will change their minds.

We elected a new chairman last meeting, C. W. Sprocker, and I want you all to know him. Our former chairman, Brother C. Atkinson, resigned, and is going into the contracting business, and we all wish him the best of luck.

The State Federation of Labor is giving a meeting for all organized labor in this vicinity on November 9, at 2 p. m. and we are expecting a big turnout.

H. F. EDWARDS.

L. U. NO. 323, WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA
Editor:

Well, West Palm Beach had a most wonderful Labor Day, the greatest ever. All locals had a beauty and a float—both were properly clothed and made a beautiful display. Our city fathers honored us with a fine display from each department. They also decorated the streets along the line of march. After the parade we went to Guse's Bath, where the beauties were judged and the judges were judged by the beauties and general sports were enjoyed by all.

Some time ago, I asked a Brother of Local No. 323 what other Brothers thought of armoured and non-armoured wiring, such as so-called BX and Romeex? So far I have received no reply. I know it has been passed by the Board of Fire underwriters but is it satisfactory to the Brothers of the I. B. E. Workers? Does it not cheapen our work? Does it make a neat workman like the job? Is it safe in damp places, like Florida? I would like to hear from some other Brother as the Brother who asked me to put this in will not be satisfied until he gets some answer from some other local on this matter.

We are sending out "stay away" notices as we have 69 journeymen and only 25 per cent working, so save your money and stay away from here except you have lots of money to feed, house and get away for yourself and those with you.

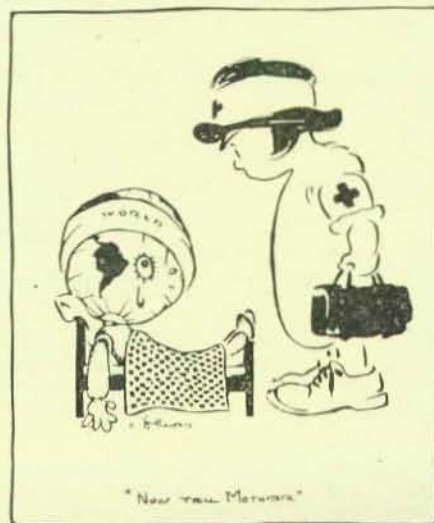
G. H. BLAKE.

L. U. NO. 349, MIAMI, FLA.
Editor:

After visiting other locals on the way back from the convention, our delegates are back and have made a splendid report of the convention.

The old age pension is another stride forward, and should set an example for other organizations to follow. The group insurance is something all local unions should investigate and adopt.

Our delegates report conditions of employment much better in the north than in Florida, for which we are thankful. At present we have over 100 members of this local in various parts of the country who have been denied admission in the local unions in whose jurisdictions they are working. Adding these (if they should return) to those already on the unemployment register, we will find ourselves confronted this winter with a still more serious unemployment problem than that which already exists. The officers and members of our local are determined to provide work for our members, most of whom have been out since January or February, before any members coming in are taken care of. We would like to take care of every Brother who wishes to come our way, as we did in the



boom days, but it seems those days are gone forever, and we find ourselves unable to provide steady employment for over 25 per cent of the membership, and so are compelled to govern ourselves accordingly.

Any traveling member will save himself time and money and us a lot of trouble by giving Miami, Florida, a wide berth this winter. All summer our welfare committee has provided the bare necessities for those unable to leave, to the extent of over \$8,000, and are nearing the end of the line with no prospects in view. The writer is a confirmed optimist, but, boys, facts are facts, and there is no use kidding ourselves.

R. H. COLVIN.

L. U. NO. 353, TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

Editor:

The Labor Day parade made a very fine showing this year. We had exceptionally good weather.

There was also a parade of the national unions, which followed in the rear of the international unions.

The prizes for the best floats were, first prize going to the float showing a room fully equipped with electrical devices and a radio loud speaker working. This float was entered by Local No. 353, and the entire credit goes

break into print, also wish him success with his increasing membership.

P. ELSWORTH.

L. U. NO. 363, SPRING VALLEY, N. Y.

Editor:

This is our first article to the WORKER and while it will be brief we hope that it will be accepted.

We had a clam bake on September 11, last, and we sure had a great time. Our only regret was that not all of the boys could be there. There was plenty to eat and drink and we should give our committee a vote of thanks for the efficient manner in which it was carried out. I could tell a lot of tales but guess that they had better be withheld.

We are growing by degrees and hope to continue.

Work is rather slack here at present although we had a good summer.

I. L. K.

L. U. NO. 367, EASTON, PA.

Editor:

We of L. U. No. 367 again had the pleasure of having Brother Arthur "Up-and-at-'em" Bennett, our I. R., with us for a few days and while here this time he obtained the signature of one of our largest contrac-

suppose that a large number of the local unions throughout the country have these same troubles; in fact, it can all be laid to the natures of us poor humans, but nevertheless, we will all be better off if the rank and file can be taught that it will be of great help to all when these little points in our natures are fought and conquered, and our minds are made up to give the officers of both the local union and the International Office our full support and co-operation and carry on our dealings with our employers in a real businesslike manner, keeping all useless questions from the floor during meetings—which is the one thing that goes to make poor attendance at meetings.

We have also established a B. T. C. in Easton and have it working along preliminary lines. Another step towards advancing the labor movement in this vicinity, which I am pleased to say was sponsored by the members of L. U. No. 367, and we hope for large results for all crafts affiliated.

H. E. MADDOCK.

L. U. NO. 375, ALLENTOWN, PA.

Editor:

During the past eight months L. U. No. 375 has tripled its membership; it has also tripled its initiation fee; it has engaged a business agent; and through the loyal co-operation of the various building trades unions, it has managed to keep nearly all our Brothers constantly employed; most of our men were kept busy wiring two new local skyscraper buildings.

However as business is slumping very much we are unable to honor any traveling cards from "floaters," especially as our efficient business agent, "Casey" Benner, is kept busy day and night in order to scare the wolf away from our various domiciles.

Television, radio, death-ray, arc-lights, intrepid aviation exploits, and the marvelous inventions daily occurring in both the chemical and electrical fields, all duly impress us with the momentous fact that

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime.

So, tell me not in mournful numbers
That life is but an empty dream,
And the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returneth,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-prints in the sands of time.

Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's sullen main—
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother—
Seeing, will take heart again.

Trust no future, how'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead,
Organize NOW in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to organize that each tomorrow
Finds us further than today.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a UNION MAN in the strife.

With apologies to H. W. Longfellow.
Au-revoir 'til a fortnight hence.

E. S. FREY.



THIS CROWD WON A LABOR DAY PRIZE IN TORONTO, CANADA. THEY DESERVE IT. L. U. 353

to Brothers Selke and Tipping, and the Labor Day committee.

The cup which we won last year for the greatest percentage of members on parade, we lost this year due to lack of support of the members turning out to parade. The Brothers who did not parade do not realize how much hard work and effort are necessary to make these things a success and it is always done by two or three, who receive very little, if any, credit.

Work in Toronto is fair and there are more jobs in view. The Queens Hotel, opposite the new Union station, is being torn down to make way for the new C. P. R. Hotel, which will take in the block to York Street.

Work on the new Union station, which is now in operation, is progressing. Enclosed in a picture of some of the Canadian Comstocks' boys who are doing that job.

Glad to see Brother Love of the Hull local

tors, with whom it has always been a hard matter to even get a real interview, to an agreement. This one signature made it 100 per cent easier to obtain other signed agreements, both for L. U. 367 and our sister Local No. 375, of Allentown.

Brother Bennett again gave the membership a talk, which, if adhered to, should enable this local to hold what it has obtained through Brother Bennett's efforts and continue to advance in standing until this local is at least a fair representative of the general policies of the L. B. E. W., both as to the handling of its affairs along real business lines and showing results in the way of better conditions for its members.

I agree with the Brother from San Antonio, that the one large item we small locals especially have to combat is the one of internal strife and petty jealousies. I

L. U. NO. 481, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Editor:

Just how well Local Union No. 481 will be represented by me as press secretary remains to be seen in future issues, as I was just elected and this is my first attempt to tell something about No. 481. Whatever the opinion may be as to my ability, I haven't any idea but will do my best. We, here in Indianapolis are progressing slowly but surely, and quietly, as we just passed through one of the most peaceful and quiet elections we ever had, all factional disputes were forgotten and we succeeded in electing a very efficient, true and tried set of officers to run our business this coming year. Brother Elmer Hardesty, president; Brother V. Logan, vice president; Brother Roy Creasy, recording secretary; Brother George Larrair, financial secretary; Brother Clem Parrish, treasurer; and the old war horse Charles Lutz after an absence of about six years was again elected business agent. I am sure the local as a whole (which they demonstrated by their vote) was glad to get Charles back again.

It was our sad duty today, 29th, to administer the last rites to one of our worthy Brothers and ex-members, James Whisner, who died in Baton Rouge, La. Jim was a good union man and a good fellow and we extend to the family and relatives our heartfelt sympathy.

Work here is very slow as we have quite a bunch loafing but hope for better business in the near future.

FLOYD TEMPLE.

L. U. NO. 492, MONTREAL, QUE., CANADA

Editor:

At our first meeting in September we had a splendid report of the convention at Detroit, also a resume of what took place at the convention of The Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, held in Edmonton, Alberta. Both reports were given by our

delegate, Brother J. P. Brodrick, to a fairly good meeting, who were very attentive and appreciative. We are all impressed with the new pension scheme of the I. B. E. W. It is certainly something worthwhile and it is to be hoped it will be permanent and that the fund will always be solvent and never need any help from assessments. Local 492 was pleased to know the resolution sponsored by them (to have the executive officers make every effort to make our insurance benefits more attractive) had been passed on favorably by the convention, and we trust at the next convention we will hear of changes in those benefits that will please us.

Another splendid action of the convention which has the approval of the whole organization I am sure, is the granting of pensions to the old representatives of the Brotherhood who through sickness are unable to make the grade, we owe them a debt of gratitude and it is the least we can do.

It was good to see a letter from Local 586 of Hull in the last WORKER; it is evident it has grown from an infant into a lusty youngster in a very short space of time. Keep at it Hull, you have our best wishes.

We have reached a resting position in our campaign of organizing the Montreal Tramway Power House employees and we are trying to consolidate our forces before we make our next move.

It is to be hoped that the members of 492 who are in the tramway company will hang together and not feel beaten because of the difficulties that seem in the way; success is not always gained at the first attempt.

The radio bugs of this local enjoy the splendid radio page of the WORKER and last month's issue was no exception, with the fine description of a five tube set.

I would like to see helpful information on the page "Constructive Hints" which would be of practical use to station operators, on the line of "Extracts from an Operating Code Book" such as was issued

a few years ago by the Philadelphia Electric Co. or some original dope sent in by our own members, on such subjects as setting of relays, charging electrolytic lightning arresters, various methods of grounding lines, etc. They would, I am sure, be of interest to us all and they could come up for discussion at the next meeting after publication and this would also benefit us in our daily work. (Editor's Note: Good idea. Will try to respond to request immediately.)

Montreal is having a fair share of prosperity just now, Mother Bell is starting on a new head office on Guy Beaver Hall Hill and a branch exchange on Attwater Street. Construction has commenced on an eleven-story office building on St. Catherine Street to be called "Confederation Building," and the head office of the Royal Bank is now nearing completion of the outside work, and its 23 stories can be seen from all over town. The Sun Life Assurance Co. is building an extension to its head office.

"Where are the boys of the old brigade?" is asked on meeting nights and for those who haven't been up for some time, I would say we meet in the same place on second and fourth Wednesdays and would like to see better attendance this winter than this past summer.

H. M. NEVISON.

L. U. NO. 520, AUSTIN, TEXAS

Editor:

Well, we pulled the best Labor Day parade and celebration ever pulled off in Central Texas. Some 18 or 20 unions were lined up for parade with from 12 to 18 floats. Governor Dan Moody, a member of Taylor, Texas, Local, led the parade. The parade was nearly two miles long, and believe me, the people of Austin and surrounding country got the one big surprise of their lives. They didn't think that labor could pull a stunt like that.

In the afternoon there were races, swimming contests, a few speeches and a basket



HERE IS LOCAL UNION 520 SHOWING THE WORLD HOW ELECTRICAL WORKERS OBSERVE LABOR DAY IN AUSTIN, TEXAS. GOVERNOR MOODY LED THE BIG PROCESSION.

picnic at Barton Springs. At eight o'clock there was a band concert and at nine o'clock a dance. The afternoon before at the Labor Temple Miss Althea Garrett, of the bookbinders' local, was crowned queen. Also Queen Althea of the House of Garrett rode back of Governor Moody in the parade in a beautiful float, representing a boat, made by her local. Queen Althea also led the grand march at the ball.

I am forwarding under separate cover a picture of Local 520 float. All members present, even Ceil Moxingo who only about a week before was badly burned on the hip and leg while working on a cable pole. Ceil just couldn't stay put so out he came and we loaded him on the float and all other members of the local paraded back of the float, making it 100 per cent strong.

The float was built to represent a powerhouse with pole line and all the line hardware, just like a real job. Also a bank of power transformers with an underground service. On each side of the building the words "International Brotherhood Electrical Workers, Organized November 28, 1891," were printed with the "hot mitt" symbol in the center. It certainly was a keen job. The float was built through the untiring efforts of Brothers L. E. Purnell, J. H. Brown, "Red" Wendenberg, F. W. Nowlin, W. Peterson and wife and Malcolm Millison and wife. These people worked like Trojans from Saturday afternoon until late Sunday night; several others assisted. The local presented Mrs. W. Peterson with a suit case for her efforts in helping to get the float ready by serving the boys a chicken dinner. Brothers Nowlin and Kain were on the committee to get the suit case and present it to her on behalf of the local. Brother Nowlin was put on the committee because if ever the case is stolen why he could look on the handle and recognize it by the owner's finger prints, as he has a memory for finger prints. Ask Bob or Onery. The other day Frank lost some No. 6 wire and Nuley found it by Frank's finger prints. Save me, Benny and Simpson.

I am going to lose my private secretary. My sister-in-law who has been copying my letters on the typewriter, so the Editor could read them, is going to get married. She wants me to give her away. I haven't got the heart. I feel so sorry for Donald; the poor boy. If I do he mustn't blame me. All right, Anne, here's luck to both of you. Come back soon and help the Editor and me out with another one.

LITTLE BENNIE.

L. U. 527, GALVESTON, TEX.

Editor:

We had a little spurt in work for a while but it has started to slacken now. Wish that it would keep up a while longer so as to make a little more time.

We have Brother Dan Tracy here with us to help us with the contractors that have not yet signed the new agreement.

He has met the unfair contractors a couple of times but did not have much success with them and I think that it will take a little time to get them straightened out but am sure that he will succeed—at least I hope so.

I was in hopes to have my letter about the strike ready by now but will wait and see what luck Brother Tracy has with the unfair contractors and I have to get this letter off so as to have it to the Editor in time, so will make my letter longer next month.

R. D. S.

L. U. NO. 584, TULSA, OKLA.

Editor:

We enjoyed the greatest Labor Day celebration in Tulsa's history, having entertained

the state-wide celebration on that date. The parade was several miles and over two hours in length. The floats were numerous and showed considerable thought as well as labor and expense in their preparation.

Am enclosing a picture of our float which may be used if space permits. It attracted considerable attention along the route, and at the same time was over the heads of perhaps a great majority of people along the route of the parade.

The Labor Day queen was the candidate of the electrical workers and while in numbers we are a small organization we showed that we could, and would, and did go down in our jeans and produce the collateral to purchase the required number of votes to put her over.

She received 130,000 votes against the



LABOR DAY FLOAT OF L. U. NO. 584

Left to right—Edison; J. R. Bramwell, Stienmetz; W. E. Liptack, Morse; S. A. King, Marconi; F. L. Lawson, Bell; W. W. Whitener, Ampere; Earl Hemphill, Franklin; J. J. Reeb; Watt; Geo. Lively.

candidate of the sawdust makers, her nearest competitor, who received 84,000 votes, and I might add that of this number the girl herself sold 40,000 votes. So you can see that she really had poor support.

The queen is the wife of our alleged wire patchers, Brother S. W. Spurrier, and even at the risk of the wife seeing this and the consequent results I will say that she was really a beautiful queen.

We have had the misfortune to lose, by traveler, one of our really active Brothers, who was very active on the Labor Day committee and was largely responsible for at least the success of our float. I refer to Brother W. H. (Red) Whitworth who has gone back to Florida for the winter.

Business looks good here for the winter and while there seems to be a sufficient supply of mechanics we have been fortunate in keeping our loafing list down. We have had the state fair, the Fourth International Petroleum exposition, and some power plant work to keep the Brothers ahead of the wolf at the door. Personally I have never been in sympathy with the general trend of a great deal of the correspondence in the JOURNAL which so plainly seems to fear that a traveling Brother might come their way for a meal or a few days' work.

The purpose of the Brotherhood is to build local unions, to improve working conditions as well as to advance the class of work done; not to build up a series of mutual admiration societies. There should be a universal initiation fee so that the Brother in the small local could enjoy the same benefits as the traveler from the larger cities, without having to pay somebody an unreasonable amount for the privilege. And if some of you birds think it isn't a job to hold a local in a small town with a membership of less than twenty, perhaps half of that number scattered, just come out and try it.

I have had that experience the past year and know. But at the same time Brothers a local of 20 with 12 present is a better showing than a local of 150 with 25 present.

S. A. KING,
1546 E. 1st. St.

L. U. NO. 586, HULL, QUE., CANADA Editor:

First of all, let us give three hearty cheers for the success attained by the convention, and a tiger for the pension fund. Boys, the electrical workers are sure making history. Now that we have shown so much legislative ability in our own organization, let us prepare to climb to even greater heights. The next convention would be a good time for the electrical workers to take the lead in a continent-wide campaign for better and more uniform compensation laws.

Many states and provinces are living in the middle ages as far as this form of legislation is concerned. How about using the next two years to work up a little enthusiasm among the locals? Then at the convention we can formulate our plans and go over the top to make history and to make the world a better place to live in.

In my last letter I announced a smoker we were having. Well, we put it across fine. Sent the boys home with smoker's cough, also hoarse and happy. We are having another one soon. I will give you the low down on it in our next issue.

Conditions are fairly good here. No one out of work at present. We have one big job slowing down and slated for a lay-off this week, but have two more opening up soon. The rates are just what you can get, mostly 70 cents. However, one of the new jobs will be a closed shop and will pay 80 cents.

F. H. LOVE.

L. U. NO. 595, OAKLAND, CALIF.

Editor:

As air navigation seems to be the "spirit of the times" we will give you a few items on same, now that Oakland has become famous almost overnight as a world airport. The Oakland Municipal Airport is located near San Leandro, off of the southeast shore of San Francisco bay. Covers approximately one mile and three-quarters square. The temporary runway used in the Hawaii flights is approximately 7,200 feet long and 500 feet wide. It was the only airport on the Pacific coast where the big tri-motored army plane could take off with a heavy load of gas. This airport was dedicated by Col. Charles Lindbergh on September 17, when he unveiled a bronze plaque commemorating the first successful Oakland to Hawaii flight by Lieutenants Lester Maitland, pilot, and Albert E. Hegenberger in the great tri-motored army plane.

It is said Oakland airport is to be the western airways terminal. From reliable source we get this information. The air lane is now being surveyed and charted between Oakland and Los Angeles under the supervision of the air service division of the U. S. Department of Commerce. It is proposed to install 32 beacons along the route and illuminate eight landing fields. Lights will be ten miles apart, beacons to set upon 51 foot towers, controlled by sun valves. One beacon is to be erected on Mission Peak, near Mission San Jose, 2,400 feet above sea level, and it is said it can be seen by aviators on a clear night 100 miles. These beacons will be two million candlepower. Telephone booths will also be installed along the route. The superintendent of lighthouse service, Department of Commerce, will oversee and maintain these airports, beacons and airway. We should all get busy and get on this work and not let it go to non-union men and outfits.

The Dole flight to Honolulu, scheduled to start August 12, did not get off until the 16th, due to too hurried preparations and not all planes having finished the govern-

ment inspection. Quite a lot of electric and radio apparatus was used on these planes. The wiring was "haywire," but I believe the right idea, and there should have been the best of radio equipment and operators. The air ships' running lights were the same as all ships that go to sea; red, for port, green for starboard (right) and white for stern (tail). The inductor compass was electric; the Wright whirlwind motors had twin magnetos of inductor type and double spark plugs. Some were equipped with radio beacon, radio receiving sets and some with no radio.

The best electric and radio equipped plane was the navy ship, "El Encanto," which cracked up on take off. She had a 100 watt radio, wave length of 600 meters, trailing sending antenna, call letters KGK; also audio receiving set with loop aerial on top of plane. Out of the nine planes to start only three had sending sets. Five got to sea and three were lost and two got across the second day out. The "Woolaroc," pilot Goeble and navigator W. V. Davis, won the race in 26 hours and 14 minutes. The radio beacon worked perfect and they followed a set course.

The experimental "radio beacon" was installed at Crissy Field, San Francisco, and on the island of Maui, Hawaiian Islands. Radio beacon is the creation of A. Hendricks, civil radio technician of the army signal corps. Operation: The signal letters were N-T-A. If a plane flew too far to the north then signal "N" would come in. If too far to the south, out of course, the signal "A" would come in. If ship was on true course the signals would blend in receiver as a signal "T," like an invisible filmman—"all's well!"

All radio sending equipment of Dole flight planes was inspected and operators licensed by U. S. supervisor of radio, Department of Commerce, Federal Building, San Francisco. This department issued the call letters.

In the eventful mercy flight of Capt. William Erwin, pilot, and Alvin Richwaldt, navigator and radio operator, on the "Dallas Spirit," which took off later to try to find the lost Dole fliers, the ship gave a good account of herself by radio code system. She put out a good log of navigation until her end. The ship was equipped with a Hertz set, 50 watts power on 33.1 meters, short wave armature band. Power furnished by wind motor driving direct to a 500 cycle, 200 volts, one ampere a. c. generator. Antenna consisted of trailing wire, twenty feet long with fish weight. Messages were received in Honolulu, Oakland and New York. At about 700 miles at sea an SOS call came in saying: "We are in tail spin—sure got scared;" —"Now we are in another tail spin." This was the last signal. The synchronous hum of the radio arc could be heard to go up to high pitch, then died out, caused by the speed of the wind motor. Thus radio told the fate of the Dallas Spirit, the only plane with radio sending set that got to sea.

A. E. DANIELSON.

L. U. NO. 635, ROCK ISLAND, MO-LINE, ILL, AND DAVENPORT, IOWA

Editor:

Just a few remarks from the Tri-Cities, for our monthly JOURNAL, which sure is getting to be a regular magazine.

As it usually happens, while a part of the building program for the year did materialize, nevertheless at no time have we had a shortage of men and it looks like we are due to have a quiet winter, though we have some large jobs under way here in the Tri-Cities and some are unfair to the building trades in general, but as we now have elec-

trical ordinances in each of the cities, with an efficient inspection department to enforce them, we look for some improvement; and if we will ever see the time when all our contractors will get together and work together and get their 54 per cent more than cost price then we will all note a big improvement. But I presume this condition exists in most parts of the country, as only recently I saw an article in a leading electrical magazine stating; Leadership Wanted, Men Who Can Lead. So it seems the profession in general has grown ahead of the executives, but the day will come when we will see the chain electrical stores, so we will have a chance to see if it is for the better.

This community lost a good friend and a great worker for the cause of organized labor in the death of P. J. Carlson, business agent of the carpenters, and he surely has been missed. Brother R. L. Naylor, one of the old-timers in the game, had the misfortune of having a stepladder slip with him, and as a result he got a bad fall and had his leg broken in two places, but he is around on crutches now and is getting along fine and is able to smoke his daily number of Clown cigarettes.

A few days ago I noticed a couple of our Brother linemen in an alley looking over a rubbish heap and curious like I asked them if they were looking for last winter's snow, and one of them disgusted like looked at me and said "No, we're looking for the old time line-foremen who had sense enough to stay off the pole and not try to do a lineman's work along with his executive position."

E. H. SMITH.

L. U. NO. 695, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Editor:

News is slack here at this time. No new developments or happenings of any kind. Our local has finally got to where each member is fined the sum of \$1.00 if he is not present one meeting night each month. Some said they wouldn't pay it, so the committee got wise, too, and they made it clear that their monthly dues would not be ac-

cepted, unless accompanied by the extra "tardy charge." This may help the cause; we sincerely hope so.

Safety first is another point that should be impressed on our minds. The memoriam list is growing. It might have been avoided by several good Brothers had they used and understood the motto of "safety first." I wish I had the vocabulary and gift of speech to express my ideas on this subject, but as I am limited when it comes to such a broad subject, I will only hope some gifted scribe will hear this hint and give us a good write-up in the next WORKER on "safety first." Work is the same, no advancements, but we hope steady work continues, now that winter is here. "The fight is over, what next?"

RAY EGGENS.

L. U. NO. 723, FT. WAYNE, IND.

Editor:

The Tunney-Dempsey fight has come and gone, but the seventh round will go on forever. Vacations and the world's series are things of the past and we are now looking forward for something new.

George Morrow is the sub-station construction engineer. He is making rapid strides in finishing the new west-end sub-station. He is ably assisted by George Deel.

Herbert Dull is back again on the city job, after several years spent in the Keystone State.

Harry "Speed" Lotz, with Mrs. Lotz and son, Gerald, spent their vacation touring Wisconsin. They know every lake and river in the state. "Speed" said the scenery was wonderful but the fishing was better. They also caught quite a few "muskie's." I think he meant mosquitoes.

William Miller, of the Home Telephone, had his leg broken just above the ankle. While pulling a pole, it broke off at the ground throwing William Lewis (who is no lightweight) onto Bill. Brother Miller is doing nicely and will be out on crutches before long.

Carl Meiboom has turned farmer along with linework. He started a little late in



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Meriden, Conn.



the season but he says he'll get a flying start in the spring.

Merle Teeters is champion fisherman so far this season. He brought a board with fifteen pike heads nailed to it to the store-room as proof of his ability as a fisherman. According to the heads the largest weighed about 21 pounds and the smallest about 3 pounds. There is a rumor out that he bought the heads from other fishermen.

Harry Arnold, of the Indiana Service Corporation, has been playing consistent baseball all summer but the "breaks" were against him. We expect to see Harry in a football uniform before long as he is a dangerous man in the backfield.

Evan Wright is back with the Service Corp. again hitting the sticks. Selling cars is going to be a side line for him from now on.

ANTHONY J. OFFERLE.

L. U. NO. 728, FT. LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

Editor:

Brother Jim Gilbert reports that when it comes to conventions Locals 58 and 17 are there with what it takes to entertain the boys and make them feel at home and if there was any Brother didn't have a good time it was no fault of those two locals and 728 wants to thank them for making Jim feel that way.

I haven't had a chance to read all of the letters thoroughly but have sketched the most of them and was more than interested in Brother Dukeshire's letter. He has touched on a subject that is of far more importance than the most of our members realize and that fact has been brought home to me very forcefully quite recently as we have a political battle on here that is second to none and if there is any Brother who did not read Duke's letter you missed something that will stand a lot of thought.

It is almost inconceivable that members of organized labor who are in the habit of demanding an even break on everything else will stoop to cater to a political boss or ring but nevertheless it is a fact and inevitably when they are approached on politics and asked to indorse a labor ticket they will become very indignant and ask what right the union has to tell them how to vote and when the ring or boss politician sends his sooth-sayers around with honeyed words and back pats he falls like a barometer before a hurricane and forgets to get peeved and begins to be a walking campaign. Now dear Brother, I am not speaking of any one local or our own local, for we have one of the best bunch of standpatters here that you ever heard of and they work together on everything. But I am speaking of organized labor as a whole, there are a few members in every local who are always playing the game right and a few locals in every jurisdiction that stand pat but organized labor can never be a power in politics until every member gets it through his head that his organization and the organizations with which it is affiliated are the only ones that are working for his welfare and that labor has never got anything from the politician that they can get out of giving to it and never will, so why listen to their line. You will notice that wherever labor has taken it upon themselves to elect a man to an office they generally succeed and then quit and pat themselves on the back awhile and by the time they wake up again the bosses are back in again. It is high time that every member of organized labor wake up and get busy and find out who runs this old U. S. A.

And to the locals of Florida, let us get busy right now and build up a good fighting machine so that next fall we can send some men to Tallahassee who will give us some legislation. Let us each be a committee of

one to promote this issue and put it over.

Well, I guess that just about exhausts my line, but I can't sign off without saying I am glad Brother Jack Askew over in Birmingham came to life at last. I was afraid he was going to overlook me. Thanks for the buggy ride, Jack, and if you can't find it I will send you under separate cover the address of the collector of wise cracks. I am sure you can win a brown derby.

And, Brothers, please don't come to Florida to work this winter, for we have nothing but vacations here, but we would like you to take one of them if you can. Write our business agent if you don't believe me and he will send you a picture of the sidewalks we have worn out in the past year hunting beans.

EARL L. WARREN.

L. U. NO. 729, PUNXSUTAWNEY, PA.

Editor:

Well, I suppose when you see the number of this local you will probably have to get out your little book and see where the dickens that place is. Well, this is the town you took the rap at last winter regarding our weather seer, "The Groundhog." Well, please don't do it again because just the next day after, it snowed about two feet and well, you know the old gag, the next day there was an emergency pole line a mile long to build. Please lay off the "chuck."

Well, conditions have been pretty good here all spring and summer, the boys are getting in almost every day. Thanks to the underwriters' inspector a lot of the screwdriver kind are disappearing. We were unable to send a delegate to the convention but hope by the next one to be better situated.

DUNK ELDER,
Financial Secretary.

L. U. NO. 1002, TULSA, OKLA.

Editor:

The Brothers of our local are all out with a new ambition, all feeling fine after our delegate, Brother Claud Smith, started to make his report of the convention. The Brothers have been firing questions at him like a school boy with a double barrel paper wad blower and he seems to have an answer for all. I want to say here and now, don't be surprised if you see a hat in the ring for 1931 convention in the magic city, near the center of the U. S. A. Tulsa has had more conventions this year than any city in the U. S. We have everything that a convention needs except the delegates, and can furnish part of them. The top of our city is decorated with the stars and stripes; when the flag wears out it is replaced with a new one. Well we appreciate the progress of the convention and look forward for good results.

I have been telling the JOURNAL of the state wide Labor Day celebration and it went over with a bang. Just imagine ten thousand union men in a city 15 years old marching three miles on hot asphalt under a blazing sun and the many other events for attraction. And I want to call your attention to the fact that the chamber of commerce decorated the streets for this occasion, which is the first time in history. So you see labor and capital are going hand in hand in this great state. Organized labor in this city is more than thankful to the officers of the chamber of commerce for all the decorations Labor Day.

L. U. No. 584 won the queen contest for Labor Day and L. U. Nos. 1002 and 584 paraded in the first section under two banners, and we had a good turn out. The music was out of step part of the time but that did not keep them out of line with the fellow ahead. Now the oilionairs are preparing for a chance to show their stuff. They

call it the International Petroleum Exposition the last week in September.

Jehovah hath established his throne in the heavens; and His kingdom ruleth over all.—Psalms 103: 19.

O. L. WOODALL.

L. U. NO. 1037, WINNIPEG, MAN., CANADA

Editor:

The fall days are approaching and the song of the coal dealer is heard throughout the land. Everybody is working. Brother Carl F. Miller dropped in from Springfield, Ill., and went to work with the Winnipeg Electric the next morning. He wants to know what we have done with all the snow, but it will be along, Brother Miller; it will be along. Brother Harry Barrett came back from California. He is able to navigate with a stick. Hello, you land of sunshine and oranges: that is no way to treat a fellow. However, he is quite cheerful. Brother Charlie Bencheler, of Baker Street, San Francisco, Brother Bill Masters was telling me you were pretty badly shook up, and that you enjoyed by letters from Winnipeg in the JOURNAL. If my humble pen has been the means of giving five minutes' cheer to a disabled Brother, then it has indeed accomplished something more than I expected.

Say, Brother Ed, what in the world have you done to Brother Dealy, of St. Catharines, Ont.? His somewhat pessimistic letters have suddenly stopped. Whatsamatter, Brother Dealy?

The report of Brother Horn, of the I. C., especially the pension scheme, was received with much acclaim. It is one of the finest pieces of legislation every attempted, not to mention accomplished. Brother Leyton wants to know if he can start in on it right away.

IRVINE.

L. U. NO. 1054, SALINA, KANS.

Editor:

We are trying to form a building trades council in Salina. I don't know what success we will have but we never will know until we try. Lindbergh never knew he could cross the ocean until he tried. He succeeded, maybe we will.

I believe that it will at least arouse interest in unionism and what it stands for, get us to work to organize our fellow workmen.

For when you go to your local meeting and you do nothing but pay your dues you lose interest and say, what's the use, and if you are not in a place where you have to carry a card to work, chances are you drop out.

But if you have something to do and you see that you are accomplishing something, you take an interest in your local, your fellow worker and workers in other lines as well and if your craft is 100 per cent help out some other craft, for whenever you convince another man that he ought to be a union man you are just helping the cause of unionism that much.

All our members are working at present but that is about all, we are not being rushed any and it doesn't look like we will be.

W. L. JOHNSON.

L. U. NO. 1099, OIL CITY, PA.

Editor:

A great number of the words which we use today are derived from the Latin language and the one which should mean a great deal to the members of the I. B. E. W. is frater, which in English means brother. From this one word we get the various derivatives such as fraternal, fraternity, brotherly, brotherhood, etc.

The dictionary tells us that brotherhood means a union of brethren or members joined

together in a spirit of brotherly love and to protect the interests and wellbeing of its members. All organizations are founded upon the truth of this definition.

I do not know just when the first brotherhood was formed, but long, long ago at Sparta in ancient Greece, there was an organization of youths who were noted for their fortitude and courage. Also at the time when Alexander the Great, had conquered most of the then known world, there was Judas Macabean, a courageous man who joined together his friends and relatives to withstand the cruelties and oppressions of Alexander the tyrant.

So on down through the pages of history many men have organized at various times and for various reasons, mainly to overcome the oppressions of their cruel kings or the atrocities of their brutal masters. In the majority of cases the objective of these brotherhoods were attained simply because every member was working and at times fighting for the welfare of the order.

Dumas tells us that there was an order working for over one hundred years to overthrow the French monarchy and to cast off at the same time the ruthless power of the aristocracy. Most every one is familiar with the form of government which the French people have today and of the great cost at which it was obtained.

It should not be necessary but I will state that no organization can be successful if some of the members are so bigoted as to air their religious views or cast slurs in any way whatsoever about the beliefs of their fellow members. The I. B. E. W. is an organization to promote the welfare of the electrical worker and as such, harmony must prevail among all members and locals.

This is an enlightened age and religious matters are being looked at from a broader viewpoint than they were in the days of our ancestors. A fine example of bigotry is furnished in the pages of our own history and that was during the reign of terror caused by the so-called witches in Massachusetts. One of the methods of determining the innocence or guilt of a person was to throw them in the water. If they drowned they were innocent and if they floated they were guilty. Being found guilty they were tortured for a day or so and then burned, to the great delight of the assembled multitude.

As I said, this is an enlightened age and if a fellow member was a Hottentot and ate snakes it would be all right with me, provided he didn't try to convince me that snake meat was the only kind to eat.

Well, will close my sermon and give you a little news of our local. We are holding a banquet and good-will meeting to the members from Erie, Meadville and Warren. There are going to be lots of eats and music. It is customary to say eats, drinks and music, but due to the energies of Mr. Volstead x x x — x we will have to imagine the drinks. Some people hold that the Good Book is prophetic and I wonder if that passage about the wine when it is red is a prophecy. Most of the stuff we get here is white.

Things electrically are about the same, "kinda quiet." One member is out of work and one new member obligated. Another theatre is going to be started soon and a rectory building has been started since my last letter. Can say that the wearing of labeled goods idea is gaining a foothold and hope that some of the other locals use the same system.

OGGIE.

L. U. NO. 1154, SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Editor:


In taking up some of the Editor's time and space, I will scribble a few notes from Local No. 1154. Will have to apologize as I received a communication from our worthy Editor that my note was too late to go to press last month.

At my last visit to the local the boys were all scratching their heads and preparing for an examination for a new city ordinance. Within our jurisdiction lies about a dozen separate incorporated cities and every once in a while they revise their city ordinances and then it means another examination, and if you don't qualify you don't work; that's all. A fine thing for a wire jerker to have to know a half dozen different city ordinances in order to hold

a position. I will say this to the traveling Brothers and floaters: Better know your stuff when you come this way and have a pocket in your clothes large enough to pack all your license cards.

Work is pretty quiet in our jurisdiction. There is only about enough to keep the boys going and that's all.

We have a good Brother in our local who at one time won for himself the name of "electric wizard," but it seems he is about to fall from his throne. Never mind, Mike, there is another examination and the boys from Great Falls will always welcome you back. Don't know what is going to become of Brother Peek—saw him hiking across a barren field with a golf stick the other day. Brother Peek looked well fitted-out for the occasion all right, only that he should borrow Brother Lyman's ice tea strainer



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Compound Leverage gives it **three times** the cutting power of any other plier. Makes a clean cut, quickly. No more hacking and tugging. Easy on the hand—doesn't tire.

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Our special-analysis Vanadium alloy tool steel, hardened by our own heat-treating department **won't break**, under any stress the strongest hand can give it. Its Box-Joint construction with electric welded rivets insures perfect alignment and prevents sticking. We have dropped these pliers from the 12th story of a Chicago office building, onto the cobblestones in the alley below, and they did not break.

SIDE CUTTING PLIERS

6 in. \$2.75
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Sleeve-Joint Twisters—
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ONLY REAL IMPROVEMENT IN PLIER DESIGN IN 50 YEARS

Three big tool steel rivets (instead of one) hold the parts in perfect line. No sticking or cramping. Compound "toggle-joint" leverage enables you to cut No. 2 steel wire or 8000 lb. guy.

The Best Plier Value

Costs a few cents more than ordinary pliers, but will last two or three times as long.

HOW TO GET ONE

If your local dealer has not yet put in a stock of Master pliers, don't let him sell you any substitute, but send us a money order for the size you want, together with the name and address of the dealer you wish to favor. Plier will be sent you immediately by parcel post, prepaid.

MASTER PLIER CORPORATION

Forest Park (Suburb of Chicago) Illinois

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**

and knickers to complete the make-up. About the only golf stick I ever reard of a wire pusher manipulating was a pipe hickey. Oh, Peet from Peoria is getting to be a sporty boy, begorra!

Local No. 1154 at present is just marking time to the beat of the drum. Work and conditions at present are a little slow but most of the boys keep on the go. California builds the year around and everybody is timed to a certain gait.

Wonder, what has happened to Florida, our competitor? Seems like all the tourists are coming this way this fall and winter, according to railroad reports, and by the looks of the sight-seeing cars. About 200 sight-seeing cars in Los Angeles carrying from 35 to 60 passengers apiece all going loaded. Still we read in the WORKER from some of the Florida scribes to stay away, 40 to 90 per cent of the men walking the streets. I read in another column where two Hoosiers got homesick and beat it back to good old Kokomo. Never mind, they all come back.

Sometime back I recall when some of the Brother scribes got all het up on evolution. Now after it is all over what has been accomplished outside of using up good news space in the WORKER? Next here comes a religious argument from a Tucson, Ariz., Brother and a Springfield, Mass., Brother. I don't think the ELECTRICAL WORKER is a place for sectarian feelings to be threshed out, as we of a working body of men must respect all religious creeds of this nation. A man with unlimited finances can express his views and pay his way out but as Brothers of one great organization we must pull together and fill the columns of the ELECTRICAL WORKER with views and conditions of the individual locals throughout this United States and Canada; news of an educational nature; news of your own working conditions, suggestions from various writers which may in time develop into big things, sometimes even to a report that 99 per cent of your local is loafing. I realize that some press agents would be ashamed to make such a report but nevertheless it may help some other Brother who may think of drifting into your midst. So devote the columns to the welfare of your local and make it a legitimate report.

Our recording secretary, Brother Earl Glascock, has tendered his resignation and the local extended him a standing vote of thanks for his most efficient efforts in executing his past duties.

And we, Brother Glascock, the Brothers of No. 1154, extend a hand of sorrow to you in behalf of the loss of your beloved wife and may the angel of peace console her in her eternal slumber and may the spirit of that beloved one on her final journey watch over those little ones left on this earth to battle through life and guide them to happiness, health and riches.

I will give the name of our newly-appointed recording secretary later.

O. B. THOMAS.

GREAT RAILROAD ENACTS TRANSPORTATION EPIC

(Continued from page 513)

fighting. Frequently its tracks were torn up and destroyed, first by one army and then by another. The money loss was very great.

Ross Winans No. 217—1869. The camel-back locomotive.

J. C. Davis No. 600—1875. This locomotive was exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876.

A. J. Cromwell No. 545—1888. A very successful consolidation locomotive designed by A. J. Cromwell, a former Master of Machinery of the Baltimore and Ohio.

The Coming of the Electric Locomotive—

1895. This float shows the first electric locomotive to operate on a steam railroad.

No. 1310—1896. The inauguration of the famous Royal Blue Line between Washington and New York called for locomotives capable of tremendously high speed.

Muhlfield 2400—1904. This, the first Mallet ever built in the United States, was designed for the Baltimore and Ohio by John E. Muhlfield, then the road's General Superintendent of Motive Power, and more recently the designer of the John B. Jervis of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, which is also shown in this pageant.

Locomotive Visitors From Afar

The pageant now turns from the development of the Baltimore and Ohio. Various locomotives from other railroads have come to the Fair of the Iron Horse. These now take their place in the procession.

England, the Mother of Railways. The modern railroad was born in England. Upon this float one sees the Rocket, the famous Stephenson locomotive which made a sensational success at the Rainhill Trials, outside of Liverpool, in 1829. George Stephenson is shown standing by his locomotive.

King George V No. 6000—1927. From England there has come the most powerful locomotive ever built in Great Britain. Built by the Great Western Railway at its Swindon shops it is easily capable of sustaining a speed of eighty miles an hour and, upon occasion, of one hundred miles an hour.

Confederation No. 6100—1927. Another foreign visitor is the giant Confederation of the Canadian National Railways, the largest passenger locomotive in the British Empire.

No. 2333—1926. Another Canadian guest at the Fair of the Iron Horse.

Visiting Locomotives From United States Railroads

The pageant now returns to early locomotives of the United States—those belonging to railroads other than the Baltimore and Ohio.

DeWitt Clinton—1831. The locomotive, with its old-fashioned train, was built at the West Point Foundry in New York City and made her first run between Albany and Schenectady over the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, now a part of the New York Central system, on August 9, 1831.

John Bull—1831. Among the earliest locomotives imported from England was the John Bull from the famous Stephenson Establishment at Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was placed in service on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, now a part of the Pennsylvania System, on November 12, 1831. The engine and the original coach are ordinarily kept in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

Satilla—1860. Built by the Rogers Locomotive Works for the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad, and recently restored by Mr. Henry Ford, who has loaned it to the Fair of the Iron Horse.

William Crooks—1861. The first locomotive to operate in Minnesota, having gone into service from St. Paul to St. Anthony, now Minneapolis, June 28, 1862, with the baggage car and coach shown in the procession.

No. 5205—1927. This is the Hudson type locomotive brought out by the New York Central Railroad in the late summer of 1927, for the haulage of heavy passenger trains at very high speed. The engine is 95 feet long and has gigantic pulling force.

No. 8800—1926. To the Baltimore and Ohio Centenary the Pennsylvania Railroad has sent one of its finest highspeed passenger locomotives.

John B. Jervis—1927. One of the most radical departures in American locomotive design is the John B. Jervis built by the

Delaware and Hudson Company. The outstanding feature of this locomotive is the water-tube boiler, capable of carrying a sustained pressure of 450 pounds to the inch.

No. 1125—1927. This Decapod freight locomotive of the Western Maryland Railroad is employed in overcoming the steep grades of the Alleghenies. The total weight of the locomotive and its tender is 417 tons, and it has a tractive power of 90,000 pounds.

Modern Locomotives on the Baltimore and Ohio

The procession of the pageant closes with an exposition of modern motive power and trains of the Baltimore and Ohio.

President Washington No. 5300 and the Capital Limited—1927. The final triumph of the procession is the beautiful locomotive President Washington, first locomotive of the President class, which made its debut upon the Baltimore and Ohio in this summer of 1927. Resplendent in their olive green coloring, the President locomotives attract universal attention. While they are designed primarily for the New York-Washington service, the President Washington here hauls the famous train—the Capitol Limited, which has already won in its daily trips between Chicago, Washington and Baltimore, a nation-wide reputation for service, comfort and dependability. The six cars shown in the Capitol Limited of the procession, represent but half the ordinary length of the train, yet typify each feature of its unusual equipment—from barber shop to observation platform.

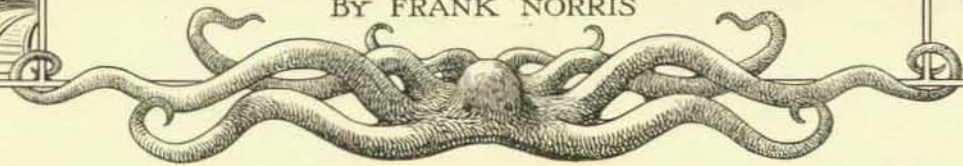
Electric Waves From Brain Detected

Dr. Ferdinando Cazzamalli of the University of Milan, in Italy, who attracted world-wide attention two years ago by his reported discovery of electric waves, like radio waves, emanating from the living human brain, has published a preliminary report of further experiments tending to establish this remarkable conclusion. A more complete report is to be presented to the International Congress of Psychic Research later in the year. Dr. Cazzamalli's method is to place a human subject and a sensitive radio receiving set inside a metallic cage, this cage being necessary in order to shield the apparatus from stray radio waves or other disturbances originating at nearby radio stations or elsewhere. The human subject used is ordinarily a "psychic" one; that is a person subject to trances like those of mediums or to mental disturbances like hysteria. During psychic happenings curious signals not otherwise explainable are detected in the radio receiver. One instance, now reported, is a signal perceived when a trance medium inside the cage experienced what the experts in psychic research call "cryphesthesia," which is the perception otherwise than through normal touch or sight of the nature of an article concealed by wrappings. Another instance was a radio signal perceived when a hypnotized subject was made to recall mental images of dead relatives. Dr. Cazzamalli believes that his experiments prove the emission from the brain of electric impulses of some kind. These must be taken into account, he maintains, in theories of mental action. Although experts elsewhere in the world were fully respectful of Dr. Cazzamalli's previous experiments, many of them dissented from his conclusions. In the present communication the Italian savant answers some of these previous criticisms, making what must be admitted to be a good case for the correctness of his viewpoint.



The OCTOPUS

BY FRANK NORRIS



To the first friend that he met, Dyke told the tale of the tragedy, and to the next, and to the next. The affair went from mouth to mouth, spreading with electrical swiftness, overpassing and running ahead of Dyke himself, so that by the time he reached the lobby of the Yosemite House, he found his story awaiting him. A group formed about him. In his immediate vicinity business for the instant was suspended. The group swelled. One after another of his friends added themselves to it. Magnus Derrick joined it, and Annixter. Again and again, Dyke recounted the matter, beginning with the time when he was discharged from the same corporation's service for refusing to accept an unfair wage. His voice quivered with exasperation; his heavy frame shook with rage; his eyes were injected, bloodshot; his face flamed vermilion, while his deep bass rumbled throughout the running comments of his auditors like the thunderous reverberation of diapason.

From all points of view, the story was discussed by those who listened to him, now in the heat of excitement, now calmly, judicially. One verdict, however, prevailed. It was voiced by Annixter: "You're stuck. You can roar till you're black in the face, but you can't buck against the Railroad. There's nothing to be done."

"You can shoot the ruffian, you can shoot S. Behrman," clamoured one of the group. "Yes, sir; by the Lord, you can shoot him."

"Poor fool," said Annixter, turning away. Nothing to be done. No, there was nothing to be done—not one thing. Dyke, at last alone and driving his team out of the town, turned the business confusedly over in his mind from end to end. Advice, suggestion, even offers of financial aid had been showered upon him from all directions. Friends were not wanting who heatedly presented to his consideration all manner of ingenious plans, wonderful devices. They were worthless. The tentacle held fast. He was stuck.

By degrees, as his wagon carried him farther out into the country, and open empty fields, his anger lapsed, and the numbness of bewilderment returned. He could not look one hour ahead into the future; could formulate no plans even for the next day. He did not know what to do. He was stuck.

With the limpness and inertia of a sack of sand, the reins slipping loosely in his dangling fingers, his eyes fixed, staring between the horses' heads, he allowed himself to be carried aimlessly along. He resigned himself. What did he care? What was the use of going on? He was stuck.

The team he was driving had once belonged to the Los Muertos stables, and unguided as the horses were, they took the county road towards Derrick's ranch house. Dyke, all abroad, was unaware of the fact till, drawn by the smell of water, the horses had halted by the trough in front of Caraher's saloon.

The ex-engineer dismounted, looking about him, realising where he was. So much the worse; it did not matter. Now that he had come so far it was as short to go home by this route as to return on his tracks. Slowly he unchecked the horses and stood at their heads, watching them drink.

"I don't see," he muttered, "just what I am going to do."

Caraher appeared at the door of his place, his red face, red beard, and flaming cravat standing sharply out from the shadow of the doorway. He called a welcome to Dyke.

"Hello, Captain."

Dyke looked up, nodding his head listlessly. "Hello, Caraher," he answered.

"Well," continued the saloonkeeper, coming forward a step, "what's the news in town?"

Dyke told him. Caraher's red face suddenly took on a darker colour. The red glint in his eyes shot from under his eyebrows. Furious, he vented an explosion of oaths.

"And now it's your turn," he vociferated. "They ain't after only the big wheat-growers, the rich men. By God, they'll even pick the poor man's pocket. Oh, they'll get their bellies full some day. It can't last forever. They'll wake up the wrong kind of man some morning, the man that's got guts in him, that will hit back when he's kicked and that will talk to 'em with a torch in one hand and a stick of dynamite in the other." He raised his clenched fists in the air. "So help me God," he cried, "when I think it all over I go crazy, I see red. Oh, if the people only knew their strength. Oh, if I could wake 'em up. There's not only Shelgrim, but there's others. All the magnates, all the butchers, all the blood-suckers, by the thousands. Their day will come, by God, it will."

By now, the ex-engineer and the bar-keeper had retired to the saloon back of the grocery to talk over the details of this new outrage. Dyke, still a little dazed, sat down by one of the tables, preoccupied, saying but little, and Caraher as a matter of course set the whiskey bottle at his elbow.

It happened that at this same moment, Presley, returning to Los Muertos from Bonnevill, his pockets full of mail, stopped in at the grocery to buy some black lead for his bicycle. In the saloon, on the other side of the narrow partition, he overheard the conversation between Dyke and Caraher. The door was open. He caught every word distinctly.

"Tell us all about it, Dyke," urged Caraher.

For the fiftieth time Dyke told the story. Already it had crystallised into a certain form. He used the same phrases with each repetition, the same sentences, the same words. In his mind it became set. Thus he would tell it to any one who would listen from now on, week after week, year after year, all the rest of his life—"And I based my calculations on a two-cent rate. So soon as they saw I was to make money they doubled the tariff—all the traffic would bear—and I mortgaged to S. Behrman—ruined me with a turn of the hand—stuck, cinched, and not one thing to be done."

As he talked, he drank glass after glass of whiskey, and the honest rage, the open, above-board fury of his mind coagulated, thickened, and sunk to a dull, evil hatred, a wicked, oblique malevolence. Caraher, sure now of winning a disciple, replenished his glass.

"Do you blame us now," he cried, "us others, the Reds? Ah, yes, it's all very well

for your middle class to preach moderation. I could do it, too. You could do it, too, if your belly was fed, if your property was safe, if your wife had not been murdered, if your children were not starving. Easy enough then to preach law-abiding methods, legal redress, and all such rot. But how about us?" he vociferated. "Ah, yes, I'm a loud-mouthed rum-seller, ain't I? I'm a wild-eyed striker, ain't I? I'm a blood-thirsty anarchist, ain't I? Wait till you've seen your wife brought home to you with the face you used to kiss smashed in by a horse's hoof—killed by the Trust, as it happened to me. Then talk about moderation! And you, Dyke, black-listed engineer, discharged employee, ruined agriculturist, wait till you see your little tad and your mother turned out of doors when S. Behrman forecloses. Wait till you see 'em getting thin and white, and till you hear your little girl ask you why you all don't eat a little more and that she wants her dinner and you can't give it to her. Wait till you see—at the same time that your family is dying for lack of bread—a hundred thousand acres of wheat—millions of bushels of food—grabbed and gobbled by the Railroad Trust, and then talk of moderation. That talk is just what the Trust wants to hear. It ain't frightened of that. There's one thing only it does listen to, one thing it is frightened of—the people with dynamite in their hands—six inches of plugged gaspise. That talks."

Dyke did not reply. He filled another pony of whiskey and drank it in two gulps. His frown had lowered to a scowl, his face was a dark red, his head had sunk, bull-like, between his massive shoulders; without winking he gazed long and with troubled eyes at his knotted, muscular hands, lying open on the table before him, idle, their occupation gone.

Presley forgot his black lead. He listened to Caraher. Through the open door he caught a glimpse of Dyke's back, broad, muscled, bowed down, the great shoulders stooping.

The whole drama of the doubled freight rate leaped salient and distinct in the eye of his mind. And this was but one instance, an isolated case. Because he was near at hand he happened to see it. How many others were there, the length and breadth of the State? Constantly this sort of thing must occur—little industries choked out in their very beginnings, the air full of the death rattles of little enterprises, expiring unobserved in far-off counties, up in cañons and arroyos of the foothills, forgotten by every one but the monster who was daunted by the magnitude of no business, however great, who overlooked no opportunity of plunder, however petty, who with one tentacle grabbed a hundred thousand acres of wheat, and with another pilfered a pocketful of growing hops.

He went away without a word, his head bent, his hands clutched tightly on the cork grips of the handle bars of his bicycle. His lips were white. In his heart a blind demon of revolt raged tumultuous, shrieking blasphemies.

At Los Muertos, Presley overtook Annixter. As he guided his wheel up the driveway to Derrick's ranch house, he saw the master of Quien Sabe and Harran in conversation on the steps of the porch. Magnus stood in the doorway, talking to his wife.

Occupied with the press of business and involved in the final conference with the League's lawyers on the eve of the latter's departure for Washington, Annixter had missed the train that was to take him back to Guadalajara and Quien Sabe. Accordingly he had accepted the Governor's invitation to return with him on his buck board to Los Muertos, and before leaving Bonneville had telephoned to his ranch to have young Vacca bring the buckskin, by way of the Lower Road, to meet him at Los Muertos. He found her waiting there for him, but before going on, delayed a few moments to tell Harran of Dyke's affair.

"I wonder what he will do now?" observed Harran when his first outburst of indignation had subsided.

"Nothing," declared Annixter. "He's stuck."

"That eats up every cent of Dyke's earnings," Harran went on. "He has been ten years saving them. Oh, I told him to make sure of the Railroad when he first spoke to me about growing hops."

"I've just seen him," said Presley, as he joined the others. "He was at Caraher's. I only saw his back. He was drinking at a table and his back was towards me. But the man looked broken—absolutely crushed. It is terrible, terrible."

"He was at Caraher's, was he?" demanded Annixter.

"Yes."

"Drinking, hey?"

"I think so. Yes, I saw a bottle."

"Drinking at Caraher's," exclaimed Annixter, rancorously; "I can see his finish."

There was a silence. It seemed as if nothing more was to be said. They paused, looking thoughtfully on the ground.

In silence, grim, bitter, infinitely sad, the three men, as if at that moment actually standing in the bar-room of Caraher's roadside saloon, contemplated the slow sinking, the inevitable collapse and submerging of one of their companions, the wreck of a career, the ruin of an individual; an honest man, strong, fearless, upright, struck down by a colossal power, perverted by an evil influence, go reeling to his ruin.

"I see his finish," repeated Annixter. "Exite Dyke, and score another tally for S. Behrman, Shelgrim and Co."

He moved away impatiently, loosening the tie-ropes with which the buckskin was fastened. He swung himself up.

"God for us all," he declared as he rode away, "and the devil take the hindmost. Good-bye, I'm going home. I still have one a little longer."

He galloped away along the Lower Road, in the direction of Quien Sabe, emerging from the grove of cypress and eucalyptus about the ranch house, and coming out upon the bare brown plain of the wheat land, stretching away from him in apparent barrenness on either hand.

It was late in the day, already his shadow was long upon the padded dust of the road in front of him. On ahead, a long ways off, and a little to the north, the venerable campanile of the Mission San Juan was glinting radiant in the last rays of the sun, while behind him, towards the north and west, the gilded dome of the courthouse at Bonneville stood silhouetted in purplish black against the flaming west. Annixter spurred the buckskin forward. He feared he might be late to his supper. He wondered if it would be brought to him by Hilma.

Hilma! The name struck across in his

brain with a pleasant, glowing tremour. All through that day of activity, a strenuous business, the minute and cautious planning of the final campaign in the great war of the League and the Trust, the idea of her and the recollection of her had been the undercurrent of his thoughts. At last he was alone. He could put all other things behind him and occupy himself solely with her.

In that glory of the day's end, in that chaos of sunshine, he saw her again. Unimaginative, crude, direct, his fancy, nevertheless, placed her before him, steeped in sunshine, saturated with glorious light, brilliant, radiant, alluring. He saw the sweet simplicity of her carriage, the statuesque evenness of the contours of her figure, the single, deep swell of her bosom, the solid masses of her hair. He remembered the small contradictory suggestions of feminine daintiness he had so often remarked about her, her slim, narrow feet, the little steel buckles of her low shoes, the knot of black ribbon she had begun to wear of late on the back of her head, and he heard her voice, low-pitched, velvety, a sweet, murmuring huskiness that seemed to come more from her chest than from her throat.

The buckskin's hoofs clattered upon the gravelly flats of Broderson's Creek underneath the Long Trestle. Annixter's mind went back to the scene of the previous evening, when he had come upon her at this place. He set his teeth with anger and disappointment. Why had she not been able to understand? What was the matter with these women, always set upon this marrying notion? Was it not enough that he wanted her more than any other girl he knew and that she wanted him? She had said as much. Did she think she was going to be mistress of Quien Sabe? Ah, that was it. She was after his property, was for marrying him because of his money. His unconquerable suspicion of the woman, his innate distrust of the feminine element would not be done away with. What fathomless duplicity was hers, that she could appear so innocent. It was almost unbelievable; in fact, *was* it believable?

For the first time doubt assailed him. Suppose Hilma was indeed all that she appeared to be. Suppose it was not with her a question of his property, after all; it was a poor time to think of marrying him for his property when all Quien Sabe hung in the issue of the next few months. Suppose she had been sincere. But he caught himself up. Was he to be fooled by a female girl at this late date? He, Buck Annixter, crafty, hard-headed, a man of affairs? Not much. Whatever transpired he would remain the master.

He reached Quien Sabe in this frame of mind. But at this hour, Annixter, for all his resolutions, could no longer control his thoughts. As he stripped the saddle from the buckskin and led her to the watering trough by the stable corral, his heart was beating thick at the very notion of being near Hilma again. It was growing dark, but covertly he glanced here and there out of the corners of his eyes to see if she was anywhere about. Annixter—how, he could not tell—had become possessed of the idea that Hilma would not inform her parents of what had passed between them the previous evening under the Long Trestle. He had no idea that matters were at an end between himself and the young woman. He must apologise, he saw that clearly enough, must eat crow, as he told himself. Well, he would eat crow. He was not afraid of her any longer, now that she had made her confession to him. He would see her as soon as possible and get this business straightened out, and begin again from a new starting point. What he wanted with Hilma, Annixter did not define clearly in his mind. At one time he had known perfectly

well what he wanted. Now, the goal of his desires had become vague. He could not say exactly what it was. He preferred that things should go forward without much idea of consequences; if consequences came, they would do so naturally enough, and of themselves; all that he positively knew was that Hilma occupied his thoughts morning, noon, and night; that he was happy when he was with her, and miserable when away from her.

The Chinese cook served his supper in silence. Annixter ate and drank and lighted a cigar, and after his meal sat on the porch of his house, smoking and enjoying the twilight. The evening was beautiful, warm, the sky one powder of stars. From the direction of the stables he heard one of the Portuguese hands picking a guitar.

But he wanted to see Hilma. The idea of going to bed without at least a glimpse of her became distasteful to him. Annixter got up and descending from the porch began to walk aimlessly about between the ranch buildings, with eye and ear alert. Possibly he might meet her somewhere.

The Trees' little house, toward which inevitably Annixter directed his steps, was dark. Had they all gone to bed so soon? He made a wide circuit about it, listening, but heard no sound. The door of the dairy-house stood ajar. He pushed it open, and stepped into the odorous darkness of its interior. The pans and deep cans of polished metal glowed faintly from the corners and from the walls. The smell of new cheese was pungent in his nostrils. Everything was quiet. There was nobody there. He went out again, closing the door, and stood for a moment in the space between the dairy-house and the new barn, uncertain as to what he should do next.

As he waited there, his foreman came out of the men's bunk house, on the other side of the kitchens, and crossed over toward the barn. "Hello, Billy," muttered Annixter as he passed.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Annixter," said the other, pausing in front of him. "I didn't know you were back. By the way," he added, speaking as though the matter was already known to Annixter, "I see old man Tree and his family have left us. Are they going to be gone long? Have they left for good?"

"What's that?" Annixter exclaimed. "When did they go? Did all of them go, all three?"

"Why, I thought you knew. Sure, they all left on the afternoon train for San Francisco. Cleared out in a hurry—took all their trunks. Yes, all three went—the young lady, too. They gave me notice early this morning. They ain't ought to have done that. I don't know who I'm to get to run the dairy on such short notice. Do you know any one, Mr. Annixter?"

"Well, why in hell did you let them go?" vociferated Annixter. "Why didn't you keep them here till I got back? Why didn't you find out if they were going for good? I can't be everywhere. What do I feed you for if it ain't to look after things I can't attend to?"

He turned on his heel and strode away straight before him, not caring where he was going. He tramped out from the group of ranch buildings; holding on over the open reach of his ranch, his teeth set, his heels digging furiously into the ground. The minutes passed. He walked on swiftly, muttering to himself from time to time.

"Gone, by the Lord. Gone, by the Lord. By the Lord Harry, she's cleared out."

As yet his head was empty of all thought. He could not steady his wits to consider this new turn of affairs. He did not even try.

"Gone, by the Lord," he exclaimed. "By the Lord, she's cleared out."

He found the irrigating ditch, and the beaten path made by the ditch tenders that bordered it, and followed it some five min-

utes; then struck off at right angles over the rugged surface of the ranch land, to where a great white stone jutted from the ground. There he sat down, and leaning forward, rested his elbows on his knees, and looked out vaguely into the night, his thoughts swiftly readjusting themselves.

He was alone. The silence of the night—the infinite repose of the flat, bare earth—two immensities—widened around and above him like illimitable seas. A grey half-light, mysterious, grave, flooded downward from the stars.

Annixter was in torment. Now, there could be no longer any doubt—now it was Hilma or nothing. Once out of his reach, once lost to him, and the recollection of her assailed him with unconquerable vehemence. Much as she had occupied his mind, he had never realized till now how vast had been the place she had filled in his life. He had told her as much, but even then he did not believe it.

Suddenly, a bitter rage against himself overwhelmed him as he thought of the hurt he had given her the previous evening. He should have managed differently. How, he did not know, but the sense of the outrage he had put upon her abruptly recoiled against him with cruel force. Now, he was sorry for it, infinitely sorry, passionately sorry. He had hurt her. He had brought the tears to her eyes. He had so flagrantly insulted her that she could no longer bear to breathe the same air with him. She had told her parents all. She had left Quen Sabe—had left him for good, at the very moment when he believed he had won her. Brute, beast that he was, he had driven her away.

An hour went by; then two, then four, then six. Annixter still sat in his place, groping and battling in a confusion of spirit, the like of which he had never felt before. He did not know what was the matter with him. He could not find his way out of the dark and out of the turmoil that wheeled around him. He had had no experience with women. There was no precedent to guide him. How was he to get out of this? What was the clew that would set everything straight again?

That he would give Hilma up, never once entered his head. Have her he would. She had given herself to him. Everything should have been easy after that, and instead, here he was alone in the night, wrestling with himself, in deeper trouble than ever, and Hilma farther than ever away from him.

It was true, he might have Hilma, even now, if he was willing to marry her. But marriage, to his mind, had been always a vague, most remote possibility, almost as vague and as remote as his death—a thing that happened to some men, but that would surely never occur to him, or, if it did, it would be after long years had passed, when he was older, more settled, more mature—an event that belonged to the period of his middle life, distant as yet.

He had never faced the question of his marriage. He had kept it at an immense distance from him. It had never been a part of his order of things. He was not a marrying man.

But Hilma was an ever-present reality, as near to him as his right hand. Marriage was a formless, far distant abstraction. Hilma a tangible, imminent fact. Before he could think of the two as one; before he could consider the idea of marriage, side by side with the idea of Hilma, measureless distances had to be traversed, things as dissociated in his mind as fire and water, had to be fused together; and between the two he was torn as if upon a rack.

Slowly, by imperceptible degrees, the imagination, unused, unwilling machine, began to work. The brain's activity lapsed proportionately. He began to think less, and feel more. In that rugged composition, confused, dark,

harsh, a furrow had been driven deep, a little seed planted, a little seed at first weak, forgotten, lost in the lower dark places of his character.

But as the intellect moved slower, its functions growing numb, the idea of self dwindled. Annixter no longer considered himself; no longer considered the notion of marriage from the point of view of his own comfort, his own wishes, his own advantage. He realized that in his new-found desire to make her happy, he was sincere. There was something in that idea, after all. To make some one happy—how about that now? It was worth thinking of.

Far away, low down in the east, a dim belt, a grey light began to whiten over the horizon. The tower of the Mission stood black against it. The dawn was coming. The baffling obscurity of the night was passing. Hidden things were coming into view.

Annixter, his eyes half-closed, his chin upon his fist, allowed his imagination full play. How would it be if he should take Hilma into his life, this beautiful young girl, pure as he now knew her to be; innocent, noble with the inborn nobility of dawning womanhood? An overwhelming sense of his own unworthiness suddenly bore down upon him with crushing force, as he thought of this. He had gone about the whole affair wrongly. He had been mistaken from the very first. She was infinitely above him. He did not want—he should not desire to be the master. It was she, his servant, poor, simple, lowly even, who should condescend to him.

Abruptly there was presented to his mind's eye a picture of the years to come, if he now should follow his best, his highest, his most unselfish impulse. He saw Hilma, his own, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, all barriers down between them, he giving himself to her as freely, as nobly, as she had given herself to him. By a supreme effort, not of the will, but of the emotion, he fought his way across that vast gulf that for a time had gaped between Hilma and the idea of his marriage. Instantly, like the swift blending of beautiful colours, like the harmony of beautiful chords of music, the two ideas melted into one, and in that moment into his harsh, unlovely world a new idea was born. Annixter stood suddenly upright, a mighty tenderness, a gentleness of spirit, such as he had never conceived of, in his heart strained, swelled, and in a moment seemed to burst. Out of the dark furrows of his soul, up from the deep rugged recesses of his being, something rose, expanding. He opened his arms wide. An immense happiness overpowered him. Actual tears came to his eyes. Without knowing why, he was not ashamed of it. This poor, crude fellow, harsh, hard, narrow, with his unlovely nature, his fierce truculency, his selfishness, his obstinacy, abruptly knew that all the sweetness of life, all the great vivifying eternal force of humanity had burst into life within him.

The little seed, long since planted, gathering strength quietly, had at last germinated.

Then as the realization of this hardened into certainty, in the growing light of the new day that had just dawned for him, Annixter uttered a cry. Now at length, he knew the meaning of it all.

"Why—I—I, I love her," he cried. Never until then had it occurred to him. Never until then, in all his thoughts of Hilma, had that great word passed his lips.

It was a Memnonian cry, the greeting of the hard, harsh image of man, rough-hewn, flinty, granitic, uttering a note of joy, acclaiming the new risen sun.

By now it was almost day. The east glowed opalescent. All about him Annixter saw the land inundated with light. But there was a change. Overnight something had oc-

curred. In his perturbation the change seemed to him, at first, elusive, almost fanciful, unreal. But now as the light spread, he looked again at the gigantic scroll of ranch lands unrolled before him from edge to edge of the horizon. The change was not fanciful. The change was real. The earth was no longer bare. The land was no longer barren—no longer empty, no longer dull brown. All at once Annixter shouted aloud.

There it was, the Wheat, the Wheat! The little seed long planted, germinating in the deep, dark furrows of the soil, straining, swelling, suddenly in one night had burst upward to the light. The wheat had come up. It was there before him, around him, everywhere, illimitable, immeasurable. The winter brownness of the ground was overlaid with a little shimmer of green. The promise of the sowing was being fulfilled. The earth, the loyal mother, who never failed, who never disappointed, was keeping her faith again. Once more the strength of nations was renewed. Once more the force of the world was revived. Once more the Titan, benignant, calm, stirred and woke, and the morning abruptly blazed into glory upon the spectacle of a man whose heart leaped exuberant with the love of a woman, and an exulting earth gleaming transcendent with the radiant magnificence of an inviolable pledge.

III

Presley's room in the ranch house of Los Muertos was in the second story of the building. It was a corner room; one of its windows facing the south, the other the east. Its appointments were of the simplest. In one angle was the small white painted iron bed, covered with a white counterpane. The walls were hung with a white paper figured with knots of pale green leaves, very gay and bright. There was a straw matting on the floor. White muslin half-curtains hung in the windows, upon the sills of which certain plants bearing pink waxen flowers of which Presley did not know the name, grew in oblong green boxes. The walls were unadorned, save by two pictures, one a reproduction of the "Reading from Homer," the other a charcoal drawing of the Mission of San Juan de Guadalupe, which Presley had made himself. By the east window stood the plainest of deal tables, innocent of any cloth or covering, such as might have been used in a kitchen. It was Presley's work table, and was invariably littered with papers, half-finished manuscripts, drafts of poems, notebooks, pens, half-smoked cigarettes, and the like. Near at hand, upon a shelf, were his books. There were but two chairs in the room—the straight backed wooden chair, that stood in front of the table, angular, upright, and in which it was impossible to take one's ease, and the long, comfortable wicker steamer chair, stretching its length in front of the south window. Presley was immensely fond of this room. It amused and interested him to maintain its air of rigorous simplicity and freshness. He abhorred cluttered bric-a-bac and meaningless *objets d'art*. Once in so often he submitted his room to a vigorous inspection; setting it to rights, removing everything but the essentials, the few ornaments which, in a way, were part of his life.

His writing had by this time undergone a complete change. The notes for his great Song of the West, the epic poem he once had hoped to write he had flung aside, together with all the abortive attempts at its beginning. Also he had torn up a great quantity of "fugitive" verses, preserving only a certain half-finished poem, that he called "The Tolders." This poem was a comment upon the social fabric, and had been inspired by the sight of a painting he had seen in Cedarquist's art gallery. He had written all but the last verse.

On the day that he had overheard the conversation between Dyke and Caraher, in the latter's saloon, which had acquainted him with the monstrous injustice of the increased tariff, Presley had returned to Los Muertos, white and trembling, roused to a pitch of exaltation, the like of which he had never known in all his life. His wrath was little short of even Caraher's. He too "saw red"; a mighty spirit of revolt heaved tumultuous within him. It did not seem possible that this outrage could go on much longer. The oppression was incredible; the plain story of it set down in truthful statement of fact would not be believed by the outside world.

He went up to his little room and paced the floor with clenched fists and burning face, till at last, the repression of his contending thoughts all but suffocated him, and he flung himself before his table and began to write. For a time, his pen seemed to travel of itself; words came to him without searching, shaping themselves into phrases—the phrases building themselves up to great, forcible sentences, full of eloquence, of fire, of passion. As his prose grew more exalted, it passed easily into the domain of poetry. Soon the cadence of his paragraphs settled to an ordered beat and rhythm, and in the end Presley had thrust aside his journal and was once more writing verse.

He picked up his incomplete poem of "The Toilers," read it hastily a couple of times to catch its swing, then the Idea of the last verse—the Idea for which he so long had sought in vain—abruptly springing to his brain, wrote it off without so much as replenishing his pen with ink. He added still another verse, bringing the poem to a definite close, resuming its entire conception, and ending with a single majestic thought, simple, noble, dignified, absolutely convincing.

Presley laid down his pen and leaned back in his chair, with the certainty that for one moment he had touched untrod heights. His hands were cold, his head on fire, his heart leaping tumultuous in his breast.

Now at last, he had achieved. He saw why he had never grasped the inspiration for his vast, vague, *imperial* Song of the West. At the time when he sought for it, his convictions had not been aroused; he had not then cared for the People. His sympathies had not been touched. Small wonder that he had missed it. Now he was of the People; he had been stirred to his lowest depths. His earnestness was almost a frenzy. He believed, and so to him all things were possible at once.

Then the artist in him reasserted itself. He became more interested in his poem, as such, than in the cause that had inspired it. He went over it again, retouching it carefully, changing a word here and there, and improving its rhythm. For the moment, he forgot the People, forgot his rage, his agitation of the previous hour, he remembered only that he had written a great poem.

Then doubt intruded. After all, was it so great? Did not its sublimity overpass a little the bounds of the ridiculous? Had he seen true? Had he failed again? He re-read the poem carefully; and it seemed all at once to lose force.

By now, Presley could not tell whether what he had written was true poetry or doggerel. He distrusted profoundly his own judgment. He must have the opinion of some one else, some one competent to judge. He could not wait; tomorrow would not do. He must know to a certainty before he could rest that night.

He made a careful copy of what he had written, and putting on his hat and laced boots, went down stairs and out upon the lawn, crossing over to the stables. He found Phelps there, washing down the buckboard.

"Do you know where Vanamee is today?"

he asked the latter. Phelps put his chin in the air.

"Ask me something easy," he responded. "He might be at Guadalajara, or he might be up at Osterman's, or he might be a hundred miles away from either place. I know where he ought to be, Mr. Presley, but that ain't saying where the crazy gesabe is. He ought to be range-riding over east of Four, at the head waters of Mission Creek."

"I'll try for him there, at all events," answered Presley. "If you see Harran when he comes in, tell him I may not be back in time for supper."

Presley found the pony in the corral, cinched the saddle upon him, and went off over the Lower Road, going eastward at a brisk canter.

At Hooven's he called a "How do you do" to Minna, whom he saw lying in a slat hammock under the mammoth live oak, her foot in bandages; and then galloped on over the bridge across the irrigating ditch, wondering vaguely what would become of such a pretty girl as Minna, and if in the end she would marry the Portuguese foreman in charge of the ditching-gang. He told himself that he hoped she would, and that speedily. There was no lack of comment as to Minna Hooven about the ranches. Certainly she was a good girl, but she was seen at all hours here and there about Bonneville and Guadalajara, skylarking with the Portuguese farm hands of Quien Sabe and Los Muertos. She was very pretty; the men made fools of themselves over her. Presley hoped they would not end by making a fool of her.

Just beyond the irrigating ditch, Presley left the Lower Road, and following a trail that branched off southeasterly from this point, held on across the Fourth Division of the ranch, keeping the Mission Creek on his left. A few miles farther on, he went through a gate in a barbed wire fence, and at once engaged himself in a system of little arroyos and low rolling hills, that steadily lifted and increased in size as he proceeded. This higher ground was the advance guard of the Sierra foothills, and served as the stock range for Los Muertos. The hills were huge rolling hummocks of bare ground, covered only by wild oats. At long intervals, were isolated live oaks. In the cañons and arroyos, the chaparral and manzanita grew in dark olive-green thickets. The ground was honey-combed with gopher-holes, and the gophers themselves were everywhere. Occasionally a jack rabbit bounded across the open, from one growth of chaparral to another, taking long leaps, his ears erect. High overhead, a hawk or two swung at anchor, and once, with a startling rush of wings, a covey of quail flushed from the brush at the side of the trail.

On the hillsides, in thinly scattered groups were the cattle, grazing deliberately, working slowly toward the water-holes for their evening drink, the horses keeping to themselves, the colts nuzzling at their mothers' bellies, whisking their tails, stamping their unshod feet. But once in a remoter field, solitary, magnificent, enormous, the short hair curling tight upon his forehead, his small red eyes twinkling, his vast neck heavy with muscles, Presley came upon the monarch, the king, the great Durham bull, maintaining his lonely state, unapproachable, austere.

Presley found the one-time shepherd by a water-hole, in a far distant corner of the range. He had made his simple camp for the night. His blue-grey army blanket lay spread under a live oak, his horse grazed near at hand. He himself sat on his heels before a little fire of dead manzanita roots, cooking his coffee and bacon. Never had Presley conceived so keen an impression of loneliness as his crouching figure presented. The bald, bare landscape widened about him to infinity.

Vanamee was a spot in it all, a tiny dot, a single atom of human organization, floating endlessly on the ocean of an illimitable nature.

The two friends ate together, and Vanamee, having snared a brace of quails, dressed and then roasted them on a sharpened stick. After eating, they drank great refreshing draughts from the water-hole. Then, at length, Presley having lit his cigarette, and Vanamee his pipe, the former said:

"Vanamee, I have been writing again."

Vanamee turned his lean ascetic face toward him, his black eyes fixed attentively.

"I know," he said, "your journal."

"No, this is a poem. You remember, I told you about it once. 'The Toilers,' I called it."

"Oh, verse! Well, I am glad you have gone back to it. It is your natural vehicle."

"You remember the poem?" asked Presley. "It was unfinished."

"Yes, I remember it. There was better promise in it than anything you ever wrote. Now, I suppose, you have finished it."

Without reply, Presley brought it from out the breast pocket of his shooting coat. The moment seemed propitious. The stillness of the vast, bare hills was profound. The sun was setting in a cloudless brazier of red light; a golden dust pervaded all the landscape. Presley read his poem aloud. When he had finished, his friend looked at him.

"What have you been doing lately?" he demanded. Presley, wondering, told of his various comings and goings.

"I don't mean that," returned the other. "Something has happened to you, something has aroused you. I am right, am I not? Yes, I thought so. In this poem of yours, you have not been trying to make a sounding piece of literature. You wrote it under tremendous stress. Its very imperfections show that. It is better than a mere rhyme. It is an Utterance—a Message. It is Truth. You have come back to the primal heart of things, and you have seen clearly. Yes, it is a great poem."

"Thank you," exclaimed Presley fervidly. "I had begun to mistrust myself."

"Now," observed Vanamee, "I presume you will rush it into print. To have formulated a great thought, simply to have accomplished, is not enough."

"I think I am sincere," objected Presley. "If it is good it will do good to others. You said yourself it was a Message. If it has any value, I do not think it would be right to keep it back from even a very small and most indifferent public."

"Don't publish it in the magazines at all events," Vanamee answered. "Your inspiration has come from the People. Then let it go straight to the People—not the literary readers of the monthly periodicals, the rich, who would only be indirectly interested. If you must publish it, let it be in the daily press. Don't interrupt. I know what you will say. It will be that the daily press is common, is vulgar, is undignified; and I tell you that such a poem as this of yours, called as it is, 'The Toilers,' must be read by the Toilers. It must be common; it must be vulgarized. You must not stand upon your dignity with the People, if you are to reach them."

"That is true, I suppose," Presley admitted, "but I can't get rid of the idea that it would be throwing my poem away. The great magazine gives me such—a—background; gives me such weight."

"Gives you such weight, gives you such background. Is it yourself you think of? You helper of the helpless. Is that your sincerity? You must sink yourself; must forget yourself and your own desire of fame, of admitted success. It is your poem, your message, that must prevail—not you, who wrote

it. You preach a doctrine of abnegation, of self-obliteration, and you sign your name to your words as high on the tablets as you can reach, so that all the world may see, not the poem, but the poet. Presley, there are many like you. The social reformer writes a book on the iniquity of the possession of land, and out of the proceeds, buys a corner lot. The economist who laments the hardships of the poor, allows himself to grow rich upon the sale of his book."

But Presley would hear no further.

"No," he cried, "I know I am sincere, and to prove it to you, I will publish my poem, as you say, in the daily press, and I will accept no money for it."

They talked on for about an hour, while the evening wore away. Presley very soon noticed that Vanamee was again preoccupied. More than ever of late, his silence, his brooding had increased. By and by he rose abruptly, turning his head to the north, in the direction of the Mission church of San Juan.

"I think," he said to Presley, "that I must be going."

"Going? Where to at this time of night?"

"Off there." Vanamee made an uncertain gesture toward the north. "Good-bye," and without another word he disappeared in the grey of the twilight. Presley was left alone wondering. He found his horse, and, tightening the girths, mounted and rode home under the sheen of the stars, thoughtful, his head bowed. Before he went to bed that night he sent "The Toilers" to the Sunday Editor of a daily newspaper in San Francisco.

Upon leaving Presley, Vanamee, his thumbs hooked into his empty cartridge belt, strode swiftly down from the hills of the Los Muertos stock-range and on through the silent town of Guadalajara. His lean, swarthy face, with its hollow cheeks, fine, black, pointed beard, and sad eyes, was set to the northward. As was his custom, he was bareheaded, and the rapidity of his stride made a breeze in his long, black hair. He knew where he was going. He knew what he must live through that night.

Again, the deathless grief that never slept leaped out of the shadows, and fastened upon his shoulders. It was scourging him back to that scene of a vanished happiness, a dead romance, a perished idyl—the Mission garden in the shade of the venerable pear trees.

But, besides this, other influences tugged at his heart. There was a mystery in the garden. In that spot the night was not always empty, the darkness not always silent. Something far off stirred and listened to his cry, at times drawing nearer to him. At first this presence had been a matter for terror; but of late, as he felt it gradually drawing nearer, the terror had at long intervals given place to a feeling of an almost ineffable sweetness. But distrusting his own senses, unwilling to submit himself to such torturing, uncertain happiness, averse to the terrible confusion of spirit that followed upon a night spent in the garden, Vanamee had tried to keep away from the place. However, when the sorrow of his life reassailed him, and the thoughts and recollections of Angèle brought the ache into his heart, and the tears to his eyes, the temptation to return to the garden invariably gripped him close. There were times when he could not resist. Of themselves, his footsteps turned in that direction. It was almost as if he himself had been called.

Guadalajara was silent, dark. Not even in Solotari's was there a light. The town was asleep. Only the inevitable guitar hummed from an unseen 'dobe. Vanamee pushed on. The smell of the fields and open country, and a distant scent of flowers that he knew well, came to his nostrils, as he emerged from the town by way of the road that led on towards the Mission through Quien Sabe. On

either side of him lay the brown earth, silently nurturing the implanted seed. Two days before it had rained copiously, and the soil, still moist, disengaged a pungent aroma of fecundity.

Vanamee, following the road, passed through the collection of buildings of Annixter's home ranch. Everything slept. At intervals, the aer-motor on the artesian well creaked audibly, as it turned in a languid breeze from the northeast. A cat, hunting field-mice, crept from the shadow of the gigantic barn and paused uncertainly in the open, the tip of her tail twitching. From within the barn itself came the sound of the friction of a heavy body and a stir of hoofs, as one of the dozing cows lay down with a long breath.

Vanamee left the ranch house behind him and proceeded on his way. Beyond him, to the right of the road, he could make out the higher ground in the Mission enclosure, and the watching tower of the Mission itself. The minutes passed. He went steadily forward. Then abruptly he paused, his head in the air, eye and ear alert. To that strange sixth sense of his, responsive as the leaves of the sensitive plant, had suddenly come the impression of a human being near at hand. He had neither seen nor heard, but for all that he stopped an instant in his tracks; then, the sensation confirmed, went on again with slow steps, advancing warily.

At last, his swiftly roving eyes lighted upon an object, just darker than the grey-brown of the night-ridden land. It was at some distance from the roadside. Vanamee approached it cautiously, leaving the road, treading carefully upon the moist clods of earth underfoot. Twenty paces distant, he halted.

Annixter was there, seated upon a round, white rock, his back towards him. He was leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands. He did not move. Silent, motionless, he gazed out upon the flat, sombre land.

It was the night wherein the master of Quien Sabe wrought out his salvation, struggling with Self from dusk to dawn. At the moment when Vanamee came upon him, the turmoil within him had only begun. The heart of the man had not yet awakened. The night was young, the dawn far distant, and all around him the fields of upturned clods lay bare and brown, empty of all life, unbroken by a single green shoot.

For a moment, the life-circles of these two men, of so widely differing characters, touched each other, there in the silence of the night under the stars. Then silently Vanamee withdrew, going on his way, wondering at the trouble that, like himself, drove this hardheaded man of affairs, untroubled by dreams, out into the night to brood over an empty land.

Then speedily he forgot all else. The material world drew off from him. Reality dwindled to a point and vanished like the vanishing of a star at moonrise. Earthly things dissolved and disappeared, as a strange, unnamed essence flowed in upon him. A new atmosphere for him pervaded his surroundings. He entered the world of the Vision, of the Legend, of the Miracle, where all things were possible. He stood at the gate of the Mission garden.

Above him rose the ancient tower of the Mission church. Through the arches at its summit, where swung the Spanish queen's bells, he saw the slow-burning stars. The silent bats, with flickering wings, threw their dancing shadows off the pallid surface of the venerable facade.

Not the faintest chirring of a cricket broke the silence. The bees were asleep. In the grasses, in the trees, deep in the calix of punka flower and magnolia bloom, the gnats, the caterpillars, the beetles, all the micro-

scopic, multitudinous life of the daytime drowsed and dozed. Not even the minute scuffling of a lizard over the warm, worn pavement of the colonnade disturbed the infinite repose, the profound stillness. Only within the garden, the intermittent trickling of the fountain made itself heard, flowing steadily, marking off the lapse of seconds, the progress of hours, the cycle of years, the inevitable march of centuries.

At one time, the doorway before which Vanamee now stood had been hermetically closed. But he, himself, had long since changed that. He stood before it for a moment, steeping himself in the mystery and romance of the place, then raising the latch, pushed open the gate, entered, and closed it softly behind him. He was in the cloister garden.

The stars were out, strewn thick and close in the deep blue of the sky, the milky way glowing like a silver veil. Ursa Major wheeled gigantic in the north. The great nebula in Orion was a whorl of shimmering star dust. Venus flamed a lambent disk of pale saffron, low over the horizon. From edge to edge of the world marched the constellations, like the progress of emperors, and from the innumerable glory of their courses a mysterious sheen of diaphanous light disengaged itself, expanding over all the earth, serene, infinite, majestic.

The little garden revealed itself but dimly beneath the brooding light, only half emerging from the shadow. The polished surfaces of the leaves of the pear trees winked faintly back the reflected light as the trees just stirred in the uncertain breeze. A blurred shield of silver marked the ripples of the fountain. Under the flood of dull blue lustre, the gravelled walks lay vague amid the grasses, like webs of white satin on the bed of a lake. Against the eastern wall the headstones of the graves, an indistinct procession of grey crows ranged themselves.

Vanamee crossed the garden, pausing to kiss the turf upon Angèle's grave. Then he approached the line of pear trees, and laid himself down in their shadow, his chin propped upon his hands, his eyes wandering over the expanse of the little valley that stretched away from the foot of the hill upon which the Mission was built.

Once again he summoned the Vision. Once again he conjured up the Illusion. Once again, tortured with doubt, racked with a deathless grief, he craved an Answer of the night. Once again, mystic that he was, he sent his mind out from him across the enchanted sea of the Supernatural. Hope, of what he did not know, roused up within him. Surely, on such a night as this, the hallucination must define itself. Surely, the Manifestation must be vouchsafed.

His eyes closed, his will girding itself to a supreme effort, his senses exalted to a state of pleasing numbness, he called upon Angèle to come to him, his voiceless cry penetrating far out into that sea of faint, ephemeral light that floated tideless over the little valley beneath him. Then motionless, prone upon the ground, he waited.

Months had passed since that first night when, at length, an Answer had come to Vanamee. At first, startled out of all composure, troubled and stirred to his lowest depths, because of the very thing for which he sought, he resolved never again to put his strange powers to the test. But for all that, he had come a second night to the garden, and a third, and a fourth. At last, his visits were habitual. Night after night he was there, surrendering himself to the influences of the place, gradually convinced that something did actually answer when he called. His faith increased as the winter grew into spring. As the spring advanced and the nights became shorter, it crystallized into

certainty. Would he have her again, his love, long dead? Would she come to him once more out of the grave, out of the night? He could not tell; he could only hope. All that he knew was that his cry found an answer, that his outstretched hands, groping in the darkness, met the touch of other fingers. Patiently he waited. The nights became warmer as the spring drew on. The stars shone clearer. The nights seemed brighter. For nearly a month after the occasion of his first answer nothing new occurred. Some nights it failed him entirely; upon others it was faint, illusive.

Then, at last, the most subtle, the barest of perceptible changes began. His groping mind far-off there, wandering like a lost bird over the valley, touched upon some thing again, touched and held it, and this time drew it a single step closer to him. His heart beating, the blood surging in his temples, he watched with the eyes of his imagination, this gradual approach. What was coming to him? Who was coming to him? Shrouded in the obscurity of the night, whose was the face now turned towards him? Whose the footsteps that with such infinite slowness drew nearer to where he waited? He did not dare to say.

His mind went back many years to that time before the tragedy of Angèle's death, before the mystery of the Other. He waited then as he waited now. But then he had not waited in vain. Then, as now, he had seemed to feel her approach, seemed to feel her drawing nearer and nearer to their rendezvous. Now, what would happen? He did not know. He waited. He waited, hoping all things. He waited, believing all things. He waited, enduring all things. He trusted in the Vision.

Meanwhile, as spring advanced, the flowers in the Seed ranch began to come to life. Over the five hundred acres whereon the flowers were planted, the widening growth of vines and bushes spread like the waves of a green sea. Then, timidly, colours of the faintest tints began to appear. Under the moonlight, Vanamee saw them expanding, delicate pink, faint blue, tenderest variations of lavender and yellow, white shimmering with reflections of gold, all subdued and pallid in the moonlight.

By degrees, the night became impregnated with the perfume of the flowers. Illusive at first, evanescent as filaments of gossamer; then as the buds opened, emphasising itself, breathing deeper, stronger. An exquisite mingling of many odours passed continually over the Mission, from the garden of the Seed ranch, meeting and blending with the aroma of its magnolia buds and punka blossoms.

As the colours of the flowers of the Seed ranch deepened, and as their odours penetrated deeper and more distinctly, as the starlight of each succeeding night grew brighter and the air became warmer, the illusion defined itself. By imperceptible degrees, as Vanamee waited under the shadows of the pear trees, the Answer grew nearer and nearer. He saw nothing but the distant glimmer of the flowers. He heard nothing but the drip of the fountain. Nothing moved about him but the invisible, slow-passing breaths of perfume; yet he felt the approach of the Vision.

It came first to about the middle of the Seed ranch itself, some half a mile away, where the violets grew; shrinking, timid flowers, hiding close to the ground. Then it passed forward beyond the violets, and drew nearer and stood amid the mignonette, hardier blooms that dared look heavenward from out the leaves. A few nights later it left the mignonette behind, and advanced into the beds of white iris that pushed more boldly forth from the earth, their waxen petals

claiming the attention. It advanced then a long step into the proud, challenging beauty of the carnations and roses; and at last, after many nights, Vanamee felt that it paused, as if trembling at its hardihood, full in the superb glory of the royal lilies themselves, that grew on the extreme border of the Seed ranch nearest to him. After this, there was a certain long wait. Then, upon a dark midnight, it advanced again. Vanamee could scarcely repress a cry. Now, the illusion emerged from the flowers. It stood, not distant, but unseen, almost at the base of the hill upon whose crest he waited, in a depression of the ground where the shadows lay thickest. It was nearly within earshot.

The nights passed. The spring grew warmer. In the daytime intermittent rains freshened all the earth. The flowers of the Seed ranch grew rapidly. Bud after bud burst forth, while those already opened expanded to full maturity. The colour of the Seed ranch deepened.

One night, after hours of waiting, Vanamee felt upon his cheek the touch of a prolonged puff of warm wind, breathing across the little valley from out the east. It reached the Mission garden and stirred the branches of the pear trees. It seemed veritably to be compounded of the very essence of the flowers. Never had the aroma been so sweet, so pervasive. It passed and faded, leaving in its wake an absolute silence. Then, at length, the silence of the night, that silence to which Vanamee had so long appealed, was broken by a tiny sound. Alert, half-risen from the ground, he listened; for now, at length, he heard something. The sound repeated itself. It came from near at hand, from the thick shadow at the foot of the hill. What it was, he could not tell, but it did not belong to a single one of the infinite similar noises of the place with which he was so familiar. It was neither the rustle of a leaf, the snap of a parted twig, the drone of an insect, the dropping of a magnolia blossom. It was a vibration merely, faint, elusive, impossible of definition; a minute notch in the fine, keen edge of stillness.

Again the nights passed. The summer stars became brighter. The warmth increased. The flowers of the Seed ranch grew still more. The five hundred acres of the ranch were carpeted with them.

At length, upon a certain midnight, a new light began to spread in the sky. The thin scimitar of the moon rose, veiled and dim behind the earth-mists. The light increased. Distant objects, until now hidden, came into view, and as the radiance brightened, Vanamee, looking down upon the little valley, saw a spectacle of incomparable beauty. All the buds of the Seed ranch had opened. The faint tints of the flowers had deepened, had asserted themselves. They challenged the eye. Pink became a royal red. Blue rose into purple. Yellow flamed into orange. Orange glowed golden and brilliant. The earth disappeared under great bands and fields of resplendent colour. Then, at length, the moon abruptly soared zenithward from out the veiling mist, passing from one filmy haze to another. For a moment there was a gleam of a golden light, and Vanamee, his eyes searching the shade at the foot of the hill, felt his heart suddenly leap, and then hang poised, refusing to beat. In that instant of passing light, something had caught his eye. Something that moved, down there, half in and half out of the shadow, at the hill's foot. It had come and gone in an instant. The haze once more screened the moonlight. The shade again engulfed the vision. What was it he had seen? He did not know. So brief had been that movement, the drowsy brain had not been quick enough to interpret the cipher message of the eye. Now it was gone. But something had been

there. He had seen it. Was it the lifting of a strand of hair, the wave of a white hand, the flutter of a garment's edge? He could not tell, but it did not belong to any of those sights which he had seen so often in that place. It was neither the glancing of a moth's wing, the nodding of a wind-touched blossom, nor the noiseless flitting of a bat. It was a gleam merely, faint, elusive, impossible of definition, an intangible agitation, in the vast, dim blur of the darkness.

And that was all. Until now no single real thing had occurred, nothing that Vanamee could reduce to terms of actuality, nothing he could put into words. The manifestation, when not recognizable to that strange sixth sense of his, appealed only to the most refined, the most delicate perception of eye and ear. It was all ephemeral, filmy, dreamy, the mystic forming of the Vision—the invisible developing a concrete nucleus, the starlight coagulating, the radiance of the flowers thickening to something actual; perfume, the most delicious fragrance, becoming a tangible presence.

But into that garden the serpent intruded. Though cradled in the slow rhythm of the dream, lulled by this beauty of a summer's night, heavy with the scent of flowers, the silence broken only by a rippling fountain, the darkness illuminated by a world of radiant blossoms, Vanamee could not forget the tragedy of the Other; that terror of many years ago—that prowler of the night, that strange, fearful figure with the unseen face, swooping in there from out the darkness, gone in an instant, yet leaving behind the trail and trace of death and of pollution.

Never had Vanamee seen this more clearly than when leaving Presley on the stock range of Los Muertos, he had come across to the Mission garden by way of the Quien Sabe ranch.

It was the same night in which Annixter out-watched the stars, coming, at last, to himself.

As the hours passed, the two men, far apart, ignoring each other, waited for the Manifestation—Annixter on the ranch, Vanamee in the garden.

Prone upon his face, under the pear trees, his forehead buried in the hollow of his arm, Vanamee lay motionless. For the last time, raising his head, he sent his voiceless cry out into the night across the multi-coloured levels of the little valley, calling upon the miracle, summoning the darkness to give Angèle back to him, resigning himself to the hallucination. He bowed his head upon his arm again and waited. The minutes passed. The fountain dripped steadily. Over the hills a haze of saffron light foretold the rising of the full moon. Nothing stirred. The silence was profound.

Then, abruptly, Vanamee's right hand shut tight upon his wrist. There—there it was. It began again, his invocation was answered. Far off there, the ripple formed again upon the still, black pool of the night. No sound, no sight; vibration merely, appreciable by some sublimated faculty of the mind as yet unnamed. Rigid, his nerves taut, motionless, prone on the ground, he waited.

It advanced with infinite slowness. Now it passed through the beds of violets, now through the mignonette. A moment later, and he knew it stood among the white iris. Then it left those behind. It was in the splendour of the red roses and carnations. It passed like a moving star into the superb abundance, the imperial opulence of the royal lilies. It was advancing slowly, but there was no pause. He held his breath, not daring to raise his head. It passed beyond the limits of the Seed ranch, and entered the shade at the foot of the hill below him. Would it come farther than this? Here it had always stopped hitherto, stopped for a moment, and

then, in spite of his efforts, had slipped from his grasp and faded back into the night. But now he wondered if he had been willing to put forth his utmost strength, after all. Had there not always been an element of dread in the thought of beholding the mystery face to face? Had he not even allowed the Vision to dissolve, the Answer to recede into the obscurity whence it came?

But never a night had been so beautiful as this. It was the full period of the spring. The air was a veritable caress. The infinite repose of the little garden, sleeping under the night, was delicious beyond expression. It was a tiny corner of the world, shut off, discreet, distilling romance, a garden of dreams, of enchantments.

Below, in the little valley, the resplendent colourations of the million flowers, roses, lilies, hyacinths, carnations, violets, glowed like incandescence in the golden light of the rising moon. The air was thick with the perfume, heavy with it, clogged with it. The sweetness filled the very mouth. The throat choked with it. Overhead wheeled the illimitable procession of the constellations. Underfoot, the earth was asleep. The very flowers were dreaming. A cathedral hush overlay all the land, and a sense of benediction brooded low—a divine kindness manifesting itself in beauty, in peace, in absolute repose.

It was a time for visions. It was the hour when dreams come true, and lying deep in the grasses beneath the pear trees, Vanamee, dizzied with mysticism, reaching up and out toward the supernatural, felt, as it were, his mind begin to rise upward from out his body. He passed into a state of being the like of which he had not known before. He felt that his imagination was reshaping itself, preparing to receive an impression never experienced until now. His body felt light to him, then it dwindled, vanished. He saw with new eyes, heard with new ears, felt with a new heart.

"Come to me," he murmured.

Then slowly he felt the advance of the Vision. It was approaching. Every instant it drew gradually nearer. At last, he was to see. It had left the shadow at the base of the hill; it was on the hill itself. Slowly, steadily, it ascended the slope; just below him there, he heard a faint stirring. The grasses rustled under the touch of a foot. The leaves of the bushes murmured, as a hand brushed against them; a slender twig creaked. The sounds of approach were more distinct. They came nearer. They reached the top of the hill. They were within whispering distance.

Vanamee, trembling, kept his head buried in his arm. The sounds, at length, paused definitely. The Vision could come no nearer. He raised his head and looked.

The moon had risen. Its great shield of gold stood over the eastern horizon. Within six feet of Vanamee, clear and distinct, against the disk of the moon, stood the figure of a young girl. She was dressed in a gown of scarlet silk, with flowing sleeves, such as Japanese wear, embroidered with flowers and figures of birds worked in gold threads. On either side of her face, making three-cornered her round, white forehead, hung the soft masses of her hair of gold. Her hands hung limply at her sides. But from between her parted lips—lips of almost an Egyptian fulness—her breath came slow and regular, and her eyes, heavy lidded, slanting upwards toward the temples, perplexing, oriental, were closed. She was asleep.

From out this life of flowers, this world of colour, this atmosphere oppressive with perfume, this darkness clogged and cloyed, and thickened with sweet odours, she came to him. She came to him from out of the flowers, the smell of the roses in her hair of gold, the aroma and the imperial red of the carna-

tions in her lips, the whiteness of the lilies, the perfume of the lilies, and the lilies' slender, balancing grace in her neck. Her hands disengaged the scent of the heliotrope. The folds of her scarlet gown gave off the enervating smell of poppies. Her feet were redolent of hyacinth. She stood before him, a Vision realized—a dream come true. She emerged from out the invisible. He beheld her, a figure of gold and pale vermillion, redolent of perfume, poised motionless in the faint saffron sheen of the new-risen moon. She, a creation of sleep, was herself asleep. She, a dream, was herself dreaming.

Called forth from out the darkness, from the grip of the earth, the embrace of the grave, from out the memory of corruption, she rose into light and life, divinely pure. Across that white forehead was no smudge, no trace of an earthly pollution—no mark of a terrestrial dishonour. He saw in her the same beauty of untainted innocence he had known in his youth. Years had made no difference with her. She was still young. It was the old purity that returned, the deathless beauty, the ever-renewed life, the eternal consecrated and immortal youth. For a few seconds, she stood there before him, and he, upon the ground at her feet, looked up at her, spellbound. Then, slowly she withdrew. Still asleep, her eyelids closed, she turned from him, descending the slope. She was gone.

Vanamee started up, coming as it were, to himself, looking wildly about him. Sarria was there.

"I saw her," said the priest. "It was Angèle, the little girl, your Angèle's daughter. She is like her mother."

But Vanamee scarcely heard. He walked as if in a trance, pushing by Sarria, going forth from the garden. Angèle or Angèle's daughter, it was all one with him. It was She. Death was overcome. The grave vanquished. Life, ever-renewed, alone existed. Time was naught; change was naught; all things were immortal but evil; all things eternal but grief.

Suddenly, the dawn came; the east burned roseate toward the zenith. Vanamee walked on, he knew not where. The dawn grew brighter. At length, he paused upon the crest of a hill overlooking the ranches, and cast his eye below him to the southward. Then, suddenly flinging up his arms, he uttered a great cry.

There it was. The Wheat! The Wheat! In the night it had come up. It was there, everywhere, from margin to margin of the horizon. The earth, long empty, teemed with green life. Once more the pendulum of the seasons swung in its mighty arc, from death back to life. Life out of death, eternity rising from out dissolution. There was the lesson. Angèle was not the symbol, but the proof of immortality. The seed dying, rotting and corrupting in the earth; rising again in life unconquerable, and in immaculate purity—Angèle dying as she gave birth to her little daughter, life springing from her death—the pure, unconquerable, coming forth from the defiled. Why had he not had the knowledge of God? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. So the seed had died. So died Angèle. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain. It may chance of wheat, or of some other grain. The wheat called forth from out the darkness, from out the grip of the earth, of the grave, from out corruption, rose triumphant into light and life. So Angèle, so life, so also the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption. It is reaped in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour. It is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness. It is raised in power. Death was swallowed up in Victory.

The sun rose. The night was over. The

glory of the terrestrial was one, and the glory of the celestial was another. Then, as the glory of sun banished the lesser glory of moon and stars, Vanamee, from his mountain top, beholding the eternal green life of the growing Wheat, bursting its bonds, and in his heart exulting in his triumph over the grave, flung out his arms with a mighty shout:

"Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?"

(To be continued)

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Death Claims Paid From September 1, Inc., September 30, 1927

Local	Name	Amount
134	James Freeman	\$ 1,000.00
86	Nelson Fullam	650.00
26	Vernon Quigley	1,000.00
I. O.	J. J. Maloy	1,000.00
3	Wm. P. Moore	300.00
212	Edw. Bankhart	1,000.00
3	David Fitton	1,000.00
420	H. L. Fry	1,000.00
995	J. H. Whisner	1,000.00
362	L. Welker	650.00
514	Walter M. Allen	1,000.00
104	Wm. Shields	650.00
17	J. P. Halnan	825.00
22	Joe Vitek	1,000.00
103	David V. Porter	1,000.00
134	Jno. F. Harris	825.00
103	Chas. O. Libby	650.00
134	A. E. Hoover	1,000.00
212	Cyrus B. Ingram	1,000.00
134	John Hoban	1,000.00
36	Benedict E. Downing	300.00
9	Olaf T. Moline	1,000.00
94	H. M. Estes	300.00
134	Geo. F. Covey	1,000.00
9	Paul H. Zabel	1,000.00
134	Gail T. Barnard	1,000.00
		\$ 22,150.00
	Total claims paid from Sept. 1, including Sept. 30, 1927	\$ 22,150.00
	Total claims previously paid	1,110,261.10
	Total claims paid	\$1,132,411.10

DISCOVERIES IN COOKERY

(Continued from page 523)

chopped, mixed with mayonnaise and seasoned with salt, pepper and paprika.

There are so many nice things to put in sandwiches that I really hesitate to recommend any! Usually I like to put a variety of ingredients on the table and let the guests choose what they like best and make their own sandwiches. Thinly sliced cold meats, cheese worked to a creamy consistency, sardines, hard boiled eggs, mayonnaise, lettuce, salmon or tuna, jelly, peanut butter or hot crisp bacon are some of the things I like in sandwiches. Pickles, relish, mustard, catsup and paper-thin slices of raw onion may be used for flavor.

Instead of a regular dessert of cake, pie or pudding, pass fruit, hard candies or mints; or if you have an open fire, toasting marshmallows will bring everyone into the jolly, friendly circle again.

LOCAL SECRETARIES



Here's a prize that will add interest and inject enthusiasm into your next organization campaign—every Brother wants one. A handsome finger ring in 14-karat green and white gold, with the I. B. E. W. "Lightning Bolt"—priced **\$10**



IN MEMORIAM

J. D. Edmonds, L. U. No. 6

Whereas it has been the will of the Almighty God to call from our midst Brother J. D. Edmonds, and

Whereas Local Union No. 6 has lost a true and loyal member; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved widow and family our most heartfelt sympathy, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our International Office for publication in our official Journal and that a copy be spread upon the minutes of this local union and that a copy be forwarded to the bereaved widow, as an expression of sympathy in this, her hour of sorrow, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days.

HOWARD E. DUNN,
WM. RHYS,
FRED TAYLOR,
Committee on Resolutions.

Edward S. Bankhart, L. U. No. 212

Whereas it has been the will of Almighty God to call from this world our beloved Brother, Edward S. Bankhart, age 22 years, and

Whereas he was suddenly called from this life August 31, 1927, at the very threshold of a useful career, and

Whereas being initiated into the Brotherhood January 21, 1923, by L. U. No. 212, Cincinnati, Ohio, we treasured his presence among us; therefore be it

Resolved, That we bow our heads in prayer that his soul may rest in eternal peace, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning as a mark of respect to him, and be it further

Resolved, That this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to his family, a copy be spread on our minutes on a page devoted to his memory and a copy be forwarded to the International Office for publication in our official Journal.

H. FITZPATRICK, President,
A. LIEBENROOD,
W. MITTENDORF,
E. SIMONTON,

Committee.

Walter Allen, L. U. No. 514

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call from his loved ones our esteemed friend and Brother, Past President Walter Allen, whose untimely call from this earth leaves a lasting memory in the hearts of his many friends, and

Whereas we deeply regret the sad occasion which deprives us of the companionship of so kind and faithful a friend and Brother, and though we question not the Divine Will, nevertheless we mourn his loss, and

Whereas he was held in high regard by all with whom he came in contact, both for the ability and industry he brought to his work, and for his lovable disposition and straightforward honesty that characterized all his dealings, and

Whereas as a union man and officer of our local he was of the type that is the very bone and sinew of every great movement, striving for justice and human advancement, and was a model of constancy in the faithful observance of all his union obligations, and in his devotion to his family and friends, and

Whereas our dear Brother's death is a great loss to his bereaved family and friends, we are certain that the knowledge of what he was in life will strengthen them to bear their sorrow and we commend them to the Great Consoler of Mankind; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Local Union No. 514, I. B. E. W., extend their most sincere sympathy to his bereaved family and friends in their hour of sorrow, commending them to Almighty God for consolation, truly believing that death is but the transition to life eternal, and be it further

Resolved, That in respect for him our charter shall be draped for a period of 30 days, a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his home, a copy sent to the I. B. E. W. for publication in the Journal, and a copy spread upon our records.

D. O'CONNOR,
J. J. O'MALEY,
J. FERNIE,
Committee.

Joseph Vitek, L. U. No. 22

Whereas God, in His divine providence, has called from his earthly labors the above named Brother, and

Whereas we deem it fitting and proper that the members of this local union offer a tribute to his memory, one who has ever been loyal and a faithful friend and Brother in our councils; therefore be it

Resolved, That the sincere sympathy of the membership of Electrical Workers Local No. 22 is hereby extended to the bereaved family, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minutes, a copy sent to the bereaved family and a copy given to the International Office for publication in the Journal.

G. LAWSON,
J. W. RATLIFF,
Committee.

Michael J. Flannigan, L. U. No. 78

We have learned with profound regret of the sudden death of our beloved Brother, Michael J. Flannigan, who departed this life Friday, September 23. In the passing of Brother Flannigan, the Brotherhood has lost one of its loyal and valued members and the wonderful work he has performed for his union will be indelibly stamped in the hearts of his fellow associates at the municipal light plant.

He was straight forward and honest with his duties to the world, his genial nature won for him an endearing place in the hearts of all who knew him. He was a kind and loving father, who took the deepest interest in his family. He was a devoted pal to his children and was richly possessed with the sterling qualities of God's most noble men. He was exemplary in his habits and a shining example to his fellowman. In every relation in life he was the same true and model man, making all his associates happy by his smiling nature and words of good cheer. His name is now registered in the calendar of saints, peacefully waiting for the reuniting on that eventful day for those he loved best.

His mission on earth was to illustrate the pure and simple doctrine of righteous living, aiding and assisting those in distress and in burying the dead.

Resolved, That in this hour of trial and affliction we tender to his beloved family our heartfelt sympathy, and share deeply in the sorrow of the widow, his children and relatives, and pray that our Heavenly Father will extend to them his consolation to strengthen them in their hour of bereavement.

Farewell, farewell, our comrade true,

A last farewell to thee;
Rest thou in peace, thy honored name
Shall not forgotten be;
Thou wilt be missed; 'twas sad to part
On this bleak earthly shore.
Had we not hoped in Heaven to meet
Where partings are no more.
From earthly toils and worldly cares
His spirit hath release;
Life's journey's o'er, in realms of bliss,
May his soul rest in peace.

JOSEPH E. ROACH.

Cyrus Ingram, L. U. No. 212

Whereas we as members of Local Union No. 212, I. B. E. W., have been called upon to pay our last respects to Brother Cyrus Ingram, who died at his home September 16, 1927, and

Whereas it was the will of Almighty God that he be taken from us; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Local Union No. 212 recognize the loss of a true and faithful Brother, and be it further

Resolved, That the members of Local Union No. 212 hereby extend to the members of his family their deep sympathy and heartfelt condolence; be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for 30 days in his memory, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on our records, and a copy be forwarded to the International Office for the coming issue of our official Journal.

H. FITZPATRICK, President,
A. LIEBENROOD,
W. MITTENDORF,
E. SIMONTON,

Committee.

Frank Gulley, L. U. No. 214

Whereas the members of Local Union No. 214, Chicago, Ill., deeply regret the sad and sudden death of our esteemed Brother, Frank Gulley;

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of 30 days and a copy of this resolution be spread on the minutes of our local union, a copy to his sister and a copy for publication in the official Journal.

RAY WESTGARD,
Recording Secretary, Local Union No. 214.

James Greenfield, L. U. No. 631

We, as members of Local Union No. 631, I. B. E. W., of Newburgh, N. Y., deeply regret the sudden death of a true and loyal worker, Brother James Greenfield.

His many friends and fellow workers deeply regret the sudden and untimely calling from this earth.

It is with heartfelt sympathy that we extend our condolence to his widow and family. May they in this hour of darkness be strengthened to know that we also bear their sorrow.

Resolved, That our charter be draped for 30 days and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his widow and that they be spread on the minutes of our local union and a copy be sent to our official Journal for publication.

ERNEST OLSON,
JOHN MUNDAY,
EDWARD CUNNINGHAM,
ROBERT HENTZE,
Committee.

D. W. Landes and James E. Ware, L. U. No. 865

We, the members of Local Union No. 865, I. B. E. W., deeply regret the death of our late Brothers, D. W. Landes and James E. Ware, and

Whereas the members will suffer the loss of true, loyal and self-sacrificing Brothers, who were always ready and willing to do all they could for the benefit of the local; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Local Union No. 865, extend to their bereaved wives and relatives our heartfelt sorrow and sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That in respect to their memory our charter be draped for a period of 30 days, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to their wives, a copy to our Journal for publication, and a copy spread on the minutes of the local.

W. S. PEREGOY,
W. M. MOLESWORTH,
ROBT. S. MONTGOMERY,
Committee.

Charles O. DuCasse, L. U. No. 794

Whereas we, the members of Local Union No. 794, have been called upon to pay our last tribute of respect to our Brother, Charles O. DuCasse, and

Whereas we, the members of Local No. 794 and System Council No. 7, I. B. E. W., realize we have lost a true and loyal member; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of sorrow; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter be draped for a period of 30 days, a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes and copies sent to his family, and to the International Office for publication in the Journal.

C. A. LATHAM,
C. E. BACUS,
J. R. RICE,
Committee.

L. L. Shearer, L. U. No. 504

Whereas the Almighty God in His Infinite wisdom has seen fit to take from his loved ones, in the prime of his manhood, our esteemed and respected Brother and associate, L. L. Shearer, and

Whereas Local Union No. 504, I. B. E. W., has suffered the loss of a true and loyal Brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, as a union in brotherly love, extend our deepest, heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved loved ones; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved family; that they be spread upon the minutes of this organization and a copy be sent to our Journal for publication and that our charter be draped for 30 days.

A. HEATH,
S. H. WASSON,
Committee.

NOTICES

All craftsmen are warned not to look for work in West Palm Beach, Fla., as business in all lines is extremely dull.

If you are contemplating spending the winter in Florida, be sure to bring with you sufficient funds to carry you through while here, and take you back when you return.

This warning is sent you for your own protection, as the charity funds of our unions in this district are exhausted, and it will be impossible for you to procure either work or financial assistance from the unions here.

Yours for the protection of the unemployed.
CENTRAL LABOR UNION,
 of West Palm Beach, Fla., and Vicinity.

To all Local Unions and Members:

Due to the amount of trouble this local has had with a number of traveling Brothers from the jurisdiction of other locals coming to Los Angeles, seeking employment and in some cases securing it without getting in touch with this local union and in several instances working on jobs in our jurisdiction without depositing traveler, notice is hereby given that the maximum penalty provided in our constitution will be imposed on all members of our Brotherhood who, on and after the date of this notice, solicit employment to work, without first having secured permission, or deposited traveler. To those local unions which are members of the Joint Executive Board of Southern California and operating under 30-day agreement, it is only required that the members of these locals shall notify the business agent before going to work. This does not permit members of these locals to solicit employment within the jurisdiction of Local 83.

Fraternally yours,
CHARLES E. DWYER,
 Recording Secretary, Local No. 83.

WHAT IS THE INNER ESSENCE OF JOVE'S THUNDERBOLTS?

(Continued from page 524)

and concerned itself not at all with the nature of electricity nor of the means by which this action at a distance was transferred across space, but solely with methods of calculating this force under certain conditions. One of the most fruitful contributors to modern theories, Sir J. J. Thomson, comments on this mathematical development thus:

"The physicists and mathematicians who did most to develop the fluid theories confined their attention to questions which involved only the law of forces between electrified bodies and the simultaneous production of equal quantities of plus and minus electricities, and refined and idealized their conceptions of the fluids themselves until any reference to their physical properties was considered almost indelicate." Not until the time of Faraday did physicists turn their attention to the medium by and through which these forces became manifest, and this brings us to the remarks of Faraday quoted in the concluding paragraph of our detour into chemistry. Faraday pictured to himself a natural unit of electricity associated with each and every atom of matter. That is, he considered electricity to be granular rather than fluid, a conception more akin to Newton's corpuscular theory of light than to the fluid theories of Franklin and Symmer. Not until fifty years later were other physicists bold enough to suggest the discrete or atomic structure of electricity. When submitted to the ultimate test Faraday's theory worked both in furthering investigation and in practical applications as well, for all modern electrolytic industries apply his theory. Furthermore, many new discoveries have been made by the aid of his theory.

Faraday Asked New Questions

As already suggested, mathematical equations by which the magnitude of a force at a point could be calculated when the distribution of the electrical charges was known did not seem to Faraday to be a complete solution of the "action at a distance problem." He conceded that the calculated results agreed with experiment, but his inquiring mind was as much concerned with the medium as a means for the transmission of the force as with the intensity of the force. To his mind the question of how does the force get to the point was also important. Again he pictured to himself an imponderable medium in which both the agent acting and the recipient of the force were immersed and this medium, called the ether, was the transfer agent. A purely hypothetical medium, one which must have contradictory properties if it is to function, said his critics. Nevertheless, from that day to this the problem of the ether has inspired some of the most profound and learned physical dissertations. But never mind the dissertations. Did investigations premised on the ether's existence bear fruit in further extending man's knowledge of the physical universe and his control of his environment?

When the corpuscular theory of light failed to account for destructive interference, an observed fact; Huygens' theory of wave motion received more respectful attention. According to Huygens light is not a stream of imponderable bodies shot out from a human's body, but a wave motion in an imponderable medium, the ether. Here then are two media, one transmits light and the other magnetic and electric forces. Some of my readers may remember the term luminiferous ether—light bearing

ether—which no modern physics contains.

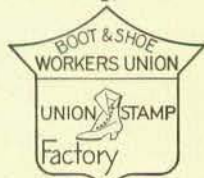
According to the conception of Faraday the ether had certain electrical and magnetic properties, or perhaps it were more accurate to say that when subjected to magnetic and electric forces it behaved in a definite and characteristic manner. When a charge was moved through it a magnetic field was developed which was both a seat of energy and an agent for conveying that energy from the moving charge to conductors in its path.

Impressed by this conception of the means by which electrical and magnetic forces are transmitted, Clerk Maxwell, a compeer of Faraday's, applied his mathematical genius to the problem of force transmission by the ether and discovered that this force, or better electromagnetic disturbance, moves through space with the speed of light and that light phenomena and electromagnetic phenomena are one and the same, both being vibrations or waves in the imponderable medium postulated by Faraday. Thus two more seemingly dissociated phenomena were brought into harmony, and another component of the answer to the psalmist question was found.

In 1923 over seven billion gallons of gasoline were required to operate the fourteen billion automobiles which are now used in the United States. This enormous quantity could not be produced directly from available crude oil production if only 25 per cent of the gasoline which is originally present were used. If we were limited to this original gasoline there would be a shortage and its price would be much higher than it is. The great gasoline process called "cracking" has saved gasoline which was formerly lost.

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RADIO

(Continued from page 526)

denser combination. Fig. 2 gives an idea of how this is done. The two-turn coil will give great selectivity, owing to its loose coupling, but the tuned primary will build up most of the lost signal strength to its former value.

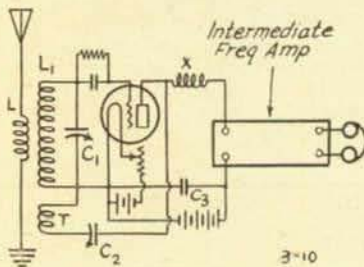
In using either of the systems shown, the signal may be tuned in as usual at first, and after this is done, the taps and primary condenser should be varied until loudest results are obtained. A little practice will make the operation of the added control very simple, while the advantages gained in signal strength and selectivity are considerable.

A Three-Tube Super-Heterodyne

When anyone mentions the word superheterodyne, the hearer is liable to conjure up visions of eight and nine tube sets, expensive kits of intermediate frequency transformers, a maze of wiring, etc. Even the compact superheterodynes being designed for portable sets employ five or six tubes.

However, a simple superheterodyne that will give fair results need not employ more than three tubes. The circuit is shown on page 326.

It will be noticed that it is a superheterodyne reduced to its simplest terms. There is a first detector, an oscillator, and a second detector. These are the three essentials of the superhet, and we must have them. However, we are not using any additional tubes



for intermediate frequency stages, short-wave amplifiers ahead of the first detector, audio amplifiers, etc.

The two coils A and B are the usual broadcast receiving coils, with the usual tickler C. The tuning condenser C1 is a customary 23-plate or 11-plate instrument. The coil X is the coil used to couple the oscillator to the first detector, and may consist of three or four turns of No. 24 wire about 2½ inches in diameter, and placed fairly close to the oscillator coils O and T2. These oscillator coils are also standard, and tuning of the oscillator is done by the condenser C4.

The only intermediate frequency transformer used is preferably made out of honeycomb coils, since we are going to use a tickler in conjunction with this second detector. It might be difficult to couple a tickler satisfactorily to a manufactured intermediate frequency transformer. Therefore we will make ours. The primary L1 may be a 300 turn honeycomb. The secondary L2 is a 500-turn or 750-turn, and is shunted by a tuning condenser C2. This condenser may be either fixed or variable. A fixed capacity of .0001 or .00025 mfd is satisfactory. The tickler T should be mounted so that it may be adjusted for maximum regeneration. This tickler should be a 300 turn coil.

Now, you ask, what is this good for? Well, it obviously will not give the results that would be attained by using two or three stages of intermediate frequency amplification. However, by using regeneration in both of the detector circuits, as we have done, it is possible to get a noticeable increase in signal strength over that obtained with the regenerative short-wave detector alone. So

it is worth while. Then, too, if you ever want to add intermediate stages, you have the most difficult part of the set already assembled. Try it.

A Short-Wave Superheterodyne

When one goes down to the short waves to listen for code or low-wave phone, there are really only two types of receivers to consider. The simplest form, of course, is the regenerative detector, with perhaps a stage of audio after it. The other type is the superheterodyne, and this is for the person interested in radio-frequency amplification. Tuned r. f. amplification is not yet a success at short wavelengths, so that all types of this receiver are best left out of our reckoning.

For receiving code signals, it is probable that a person will never want anything more than a detector and onestage of amplification. With this combination, c.w. signals may be received from all over the world, and while a short-wave superhet may bring these signals in somewhat louder, it is yet to be proved that the superhet is capable of any better distance than the detector and one-step. For code signals the simpler receiver is still supreme after nearly four years of work on short waves.

For short-wave phone signals, however, such as KDKA's broadcasting, transatlantic phone, 80-meter amateur phone, etc., a superhet is capable of giving very much better results than the straight detector.

In the diagram above is shown the connection for the first detector and oscillator of a short-wave superhet. But where is the oscillator? The detector is its own oscillator. That is the nice thing about a short-wave super. No separate oscillator or trick circuits are needed. The first detector may be allowed to oscillate, and will work very satis-

factorily in the dual capacity. The circuit shown is an ordinary regenerative circuit, the tuning condenser being C1, and the oscillator control being C2. L, L1 and T are best bought in kit form. X is a choke, of about 150 turns of No. 26 wire on a 1-inch form.

Since the detector works as its own oscillator here, you may ask why it is not possible to do the same thing on broadcast waves. The answer is quite simple. Suppose that we are using a 10,000 meter (30 kilocycle) intermediate frequency. To heterodyne a 400-meter signal to this wave, the detector-oscillator would have to oscillate at 413

CONDUIT TABLES



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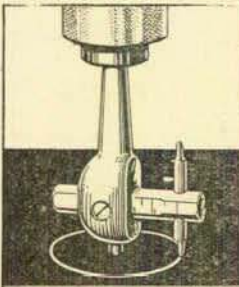
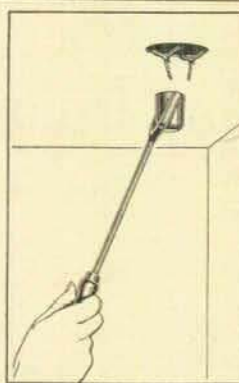
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meters—13 meters off the wave of the incoming signal. Therefore, if we tuned C1 to 413 meters, in order to have the tube oscillate at that wave, we would be tuned 13 meters off the signal we wanted to receive, and it would probably be received very weakly, if at all.

On the other hand, if we are tuning for a 60-meter signal, it is necessary to have the oscillator at 60.4 meters, to heterodyne to 30 kilocycles. Now we are only .4 of a meter off—not enough to matter. Under these circumstances the detector will be sufficiently closely tuned to the signal to receive it quite satisfactorily.

The intermediate frequency amplifier and second detector are not shown, as ordinary connections are used exactly as for a broadcast superheterodyne.

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(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.)

WHO OWNS THE FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM, PLEASE?

(Continued from page 511)

the public for resigning at that time. They finally agreed to go along with the system, the majority, and simply to file their reasons in the records of the Commission, so that in case the question was raised after their death, their record would be clear. That is what they did, I understand."

How Representative Strong regards the situation is told in an interview with Universal Service.

"What is needed is a definite policy prescribed by law, leaving the means of achieving the prescribed aim to those in control of the system. This does not mean any enlargement of powers. The powers already delegated are sufficiently large to enable the Federal Reserve System to influence the general price level within wide limits in view of the fact that the Reserve banks hold over half of the world's monetary gold.

"Their policy during the past eighteen months, has been one of deflation, the price level having been reduced approximately 10 per cent. They could just as easily inflate the price level to approximately twice its present height, because they have about twice as much gold in reserve as the law requires.

"Obviously the only equitable and sound policy for the Federal Reserve System is to strive to stabilize the price level. This should be the avowed and mandatory aim.

"Then business men, farmers, wage earners, investors and all others who are so vitally interested in knowing what their dollars will buy, would have something definite to count on and could govern their transactions and agreements accordingly.

"I am satisfied that such a policy would do away with 90 per cent of our labor troubles; would go a long way towards permitting the farmers to work out their difficulties, and would practically abolish the business cycle with its alternate booms and slumps."

CAPITALISTS LOOK AT RELATIONS WITH LABOR

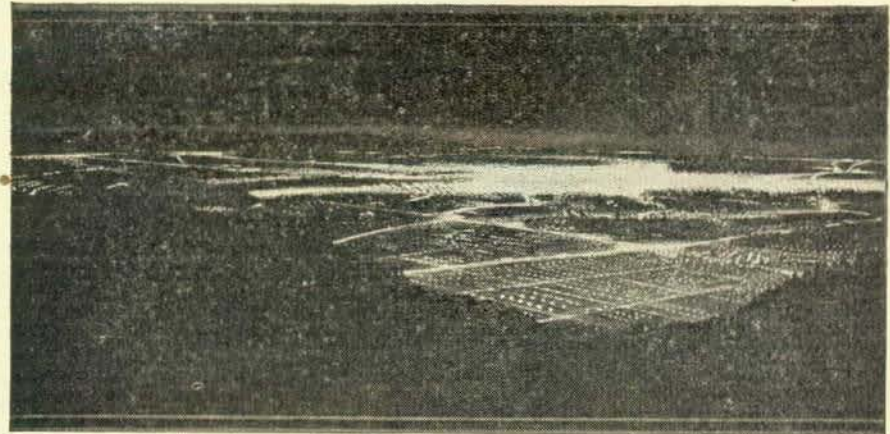
(Continued from page 519)

sistent with a good standard of human treatment for wage earners in all departments or grades.

(7) The acceptance of rules to ensure fairness between workmen, and equitable opportunities for advancement in the workshop.

(8) The acceptance of provision for ultimate or voluntary arbitration in place of stoppages of work.

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(9) Willingness to adopt every available aid in increasing production.

(10) The greatest care in choosing as working-class officials men who possess the

skill and the personal attributes which are required for conducting properly the business between themselves and employers' representatives.

MACHINES FIGURE HEAVILY IN KAYO OF FARMERS

(Continued from page 510)

scale starvation may face a solution of farm troubles.

Just now the two antagonists—farm interests and industrial interests—are looking at less distant goals. They are arraying themselves for a bloody battle in the coming congress. Their respective solutions of the farm problem may be summarized.

Farmers want:

Balance of power in congress.

Defeat of Eugene Meyer, banker, Coolidge's appointee to the Federal Farm Loan Board.

Passage of McNary-Haugen bill.

Industrial interests want:

Control of congress.

Appointment of Eugene Meyer.

No tampering with tariff laws.

No passage of McNary-Haugen bill or any other favorable to farmers.

The McNary-Haugen bill, which is the prize of battle, has one feature which breaks precedents. The bill is designed to influence prices—farm prices—in behalf of farmers. Farmers argue: Since the principal trouble is with fluctuating prices, prices must be stabilized. Here are the principal features of the bill:

Formation of government marketing corporation with a revolving fund of \$250,000,000 supplied by the government.

Protection of farmers who sell their products in falling world markets by assessing products sold in domestic markets, and equalizing the price.

Behind the present conflict, it is believed, is a willingness on the part of bankers and industrialists to see the farmer mechanized. Secretary of Agriculture Jardine, Louis R. McKelvie, farmer governor of Nebraska; O. H. Cheney, New York banker; E. J. Gittinus, vice president Case Threshing Machine Company, have all recently written articles advocating Fordized agriculture. They want to see the farm factorized. Recently the department of commerce, of course, friendly to the industrialists, declared: "Those farmers who cannot survive must look to other lines, just as manufacturers and merchants do who cannot compete successfully. All progress has this result. Workers have been continuously thrown out of employment by improved methods of production. The result of this machinery movement will be to force more people into towns and cities."

Labor has always been sympathetic with the workers on farms. Labor has co-operated with farmers. Labor, however, believes farmers are not likely to win lasting redress until they organize on an economic basis.

CONTROL VS. DRIFT ISSUE OF COMING CONGRESS

(Continued from page 500)

of Labor as expressed by the 1926 convention. The executive council insisted that control of broadcasting should be placed in the hands of a permanent commission. This was provided for in the bill introduced by Senator Dill of Washington while the house bill introduced by Representative White of Maine placed the power in the hands of the secretary of commerce. Congress was deluged with appeals for the passage of the White bill. After many meetings of the conferees they finally reached a compromise to appoint

a commission of five members who would serve one year under a salary of \$10,000, but after that they would be paid \$30 a day for each day's attendance upon sessions of the commission or while engaged upon work of the commission.

The commission is authorized to classify radio stations; prescribe the nature of service to be rendered by each class of licensed stations; assign bands of frequencies or wave lengths of the various stations; determine the location or classes of stations or individual stations; regulate the kind of apparatus to be used and make such regulations as it deems necessary to prevent interference between stations and to carry out the provisions of the act.

One year after the first meeting of the commission all the powers and authority vested in the commission except as to revocation of licenses shall be vested in and exercised by the secretary of commerce. Any person, firm, company, or corporation, or any state or political division thereof, which becomes aggrieved at any decision of the secretary of commerce may appeal therefrom to the commission. Decisions of the commission as to matters so appealed and as to all other matters over which it has jurisdiction shall be final, subject to the right of appeal to the court of appeals of the District of Columbia in case of a refusal for a construction permit, for a station license by the licensing authority, or for the renewal or modification of an existing station license.

Section 29 provides:

Nothing in this act shall be understood or construed to give the licensing authority the power of censorship over the radio communications or signals transmitted by any radio station, and no regulation or condition shall be promulgated or fixed by the licensing authority which shall interfere with the right of free speech by means of radio communications. No person within the jurisdiction of the United States shall utter any obscene, indecent, or profane language by means of radio communication.

All applicants for licenses shall sign "a waiver of any claim to the use of any particular frequency or wave length or of the ether as against the regulatory power of the United States because of the previous use of the same, whether by license or otherwise."

During hearings of the commission it was admitted that radio was in the process of development and that the future was so uncertain that it undoubtedly would be found necessary to make frequent changes in the regulations or of the law itself.

Miners—H. R. 14684 by Representative Parker, of New York, chairman of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce, "to protect the government and the public from shortage of coal," failed of passage. It directed the bureau of mines to gather statistics as to the number of mines, the number of employees, rates of wages, the time worked, the tonnage produced, the methods of marketing and distribution, the consumption, the stocks and selling prices of coal, and make them public from time to time. The secretary of commerce was authorized to require that all reports made to the bureau of mines should be under oath and a penalty would be imposed on any person who refused to file a report. The bureaus of the government having information regarding the coal industry were instructed to furnish the bureau of mines such statistics in its possession. All records and correspondence of the United States coal commission, the federal fuel distributor and the United States fuel administration were to be transferred to the bureau of mines. In case of a threatened strike which would interfere with interstate or foreign commerce the president could order the secretary of labor to act as mediator and establish temporary boards of mediation. If mediation failed he could declare a national emergency to exist in the production, transportation and distribution of coal and other fuel. The bill would grant additional powers to the interstate commerce commission, provide for the appointment of a federal fuel distributor, for the declaration of car service priorities, and for the fixing of prices. This bill and others of similar import were successfully opposed because of their impracticability.

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MISSING		660	45812	80	685276.	373	11876.	811	5656.
17	49562	705	867320	83	52502, 52546, 52714.	382	34097.	865	910401.
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67	716857-716878	936	727202, 727211	125	786703.	405	738308.	970	702720.
87	31850	948	87450	134	875841.	408	731139.	1154	374807.
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232	706674	VOID			814836-840.	494	821118.		903.
234	376464, 376466,	3	15529, 15730, 15874,	156	715918.	564	717671-672.	68	857561-570.
	376467, 376473,		15916, 15934,	164	845746-845750,	569	42146, 163, 192, 225,	408	562456, 562485.
	376475, 376476.		15943, 15977.		845888.		237, 254-255, 260,	561	625651-674.
239	394107	34	861084.	191	714492.		266, 274-275, 277,	650	872340.
306	684330, 684332,	43	923016-923030.	199	781957.		284, 290-291.	705	867304, 867316,
	684334-684336.	46	816280.	223	598933, 598942.	574	57078.	763	708752-755.
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375	53171-53173		105023.	246	576381-576382.	593	35731.	68	857571-580.
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536	446758-446779	67	716893.	296	861342.	681	771386.		
				310	944125.	702	766248.		
				323	597208.	712	931681.		

Permitted Floods Suggested

Basic scientific facts which must not be forgotten when the present flood situation in the Mississippi Valley is considered are emphasized by Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, of St. Louis, in a recent letter to the New York Times. All geologists know, Dr. Bostwick points out, that the occurrence of floods along such rivers as the Mississippi is not an abnormal event. The real bed of the river is not a usual, low-water channel but is the wider valley between the tall bluffs which all travelers notice along the Mississippi. If levees are built as at present, close to the low-water channel, that has the effect of barring the river from the wider valley, which Nature expects the water to use in flood times. It is worth considering, Dr. Bostwick urges, whether the low, flat plains along the Mississippi, between the river and the bluffs,

should not be treated as a part of the river protection established farther back. The flood valley; all towns removed from these plains and the lines of flood plain thus abandoned could be used for agriculture and would be amazingly fertile. This is well-known to be the effect of a similar policy in Egypt, where the annual floods of the Nile are proverbial as aids to fertility.

Thunderstorm in Rome Heard in England

How a thunderstorm in Rome ruined radio reception for listeners in Spain, in England, in France and even in Norway was described recently to the Royal Meteorological Society, in London, by the well-known physicist and radio investigator, Mr. R. A. Watson Watt. As a part of a long-continued

study of the radio disturbances called "static," under the auspices of the Radio Research Board, Mr. Watson Watt has determined the exact locations of thousands of thunderstorms and other atmospheric disturbances which manifest themselves by crashes or other noises in the radio receivers of British listeners. The storm in Rome was one of these. At the instant of each lightning flash in Rome crashes or clicks were heard in radio receivers all over Europe. Such impulses of "static" are recorded by Mr. Watson Watt and his collaborators on registering apparatus, so that the exact times can be compared with that of the thunderstorms. Many of the crashes heard in English radio receivers are found to come from great distances, often exceeding two thousand miles. Some have been identified as coming from storms as much as 4,500 miles away.

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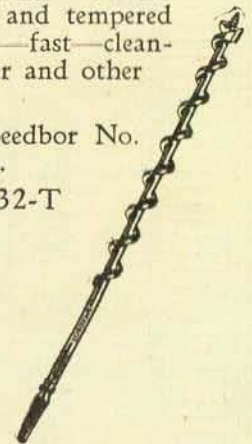
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"The liberal weekly is taking the place of the disappearing independent daily. The liberal monthly continues its former role and in addition supplements the weekly."

Thus a liberal weekly, of national influence, summarizes the newspaper situation in the United States. It fails to mention the arriving labor journal, which is supplying its hundred of thousands of readers with well-tempered, INDEPENDENT facts and views.

THE ELECTRICAL WORKERS JOURNAL, the AMERICAN FEDERATIONIST, the LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL, "LABOR" and other union-owned publications have entered upon a new era of enlightened and enlightening journalism. They keep in step with the kaleidoscopic industrial and economic forces which are changing our lives.

America no longer is a rural nation. It is no longer a village nation. It is an urban nation organized like a great corporation about the factory and the producing stations which nurture it.

The labor journals speak with authority for the great masses of workers who are making this new America possible.

Electrical Workers Journal

“**T**HERE seems to be no limit to our national efficiency. At the same time we must ask ourselves, is automatic machinery, driven by limitless power, going to leave on our hands a state of chronic and increasing unemployment? Is the machine that turns out wealth also going to create poverty? Is it going to give us a permanent jobless class? Is prosperity going to double back on itself and bring us social distress?”—SECRETARY OF LABOR J. J. DAVIS.

