

THE CHARLOTTE HERALD

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We are endeavoring to promote a closer affiliation and a more effective co-operation between producers and consumers for the common good of all.

Communications on any and all subjects of general interest solicited. No communication, however, containing a personal attack on any man or woman will be published.

Words and acts of public men and women may be as severely criticized as the writer may desire, but the line is drawn on personal attacks.

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WHAT IS A GOVERNMENT?

Blind, idolatrous worship of a government is not patriotism. It is dam-phoolishness. A government is simply an administration of public affairs by individuals chosen, elected or selected to do that particular part of the public work for which he is selected.

Every office holder is just a human being, endowed, burdened and cursed with all the frailties of human nature. The ideals and provisions of the American government is one of the most beautiful, most perfect man-made things in all the world's history.

When any man who is chosen to fill a niche, and become a cog in the wheel, to put into practice the ideals of the government, and fails or refuses to do so, then he ought to be kicked out of office.

Yet there are fanatics in America who think a criticism of a public official is un-American, unpatriotic and "against the government."

The people of the United States is America—its heart and soul and very being. So when any officer of the government is not taking proper care of the masses of the people, he is the one who is a traitor, and often has the help and assistance and influence of good men and women whose blind, idolatrous worship of "the government" causes them to lose sight of the real thing that the government was established for.

The man or woman who looks over the heads of suffering childhood, over-worked and under-nourished womanhood, and the bent forms of toil-worn men who are being imposed upon, and see nothing but the glamor of a government official, and in that glamor their sight is dimmed to the human suffering brought upon the people of the country through the acts of the same government official, is the real enemy to the ideals of the very government they so blindly worship.

It is an admitted fact that the American people are not far removed from the idol-worship stage. The regard in which the United States supreme court is held is evidence of this fact.

Nine men, always politicians, at that, constitute the Supreme court. They're just human beings, and their early training often has been that of the corporation lawyer or professional politician.

Any one who knows cornfield beans from an ostrich, knows what kind of training both politicians and corporation lawyers receive.

In spite of this knowledge, there are tens and tens of thousands of people in America who think it is an act of violence, disloyal, hateful and unpardonable, for any citizen to criticize or disagree with a decision of the United States Supreme court!

And this in the face of the fact that nine members of the same court are often, nearly always, divided in their opinions! It matters not if four of the nine members say one thing, and the other five take the opposite view on a question, one must not criticize the decision of the Supreme court! No, Sir, that'll never do. The Supreme court is sacred, don't you know, and whatever the Supreme court does, is right, don't you know again?

We've often wondered how such people feel toward the four members of the Supreme court who voted against the five. They're all members of the same sacred court—and one group or the other is wrong.

But that makes no difference to some of our idolaters. Don't you dare criticize the decision, although four members of the court voted against the five. If you do, you're not a good American.

This country would be infinitely better off if these people worshipped the ideal of the American government, and would see to it that the office holders do those things that are provided for in the basic principles of the government that was given us, instead of simply standing in high places and shouting their Americanism to the world.

WHY CUSS LABOR ALL THE TIME?

Every once in a while that great daily newspaper, The Charlotte Observer, takes a whack at the "high wages" paid the workers of the land. On last Friday The Observer published an editorial that does not sound at all like the writings of our good friend, Col. W. H. Harris. It reads more like a syndicated editorial sent out by the steel trust or the efforts of some understudy in The Observer office whose lessons in journalism were taken from some correspondence school.

The Observer was taking up that old, worn-out, frazzled, and long-discarded argument that high wages of industrial workers is the cause of the low income the farmer gets for his produce. Never, in all the billions of remedies offered for the solution of economic problems, has there been a more false argument than this.

The industrial worker constitutes the largest single group of customers the farmers have. The better wage the factory worker gets, the more he can buy from the farmer.

Here's one trouble with this country: There is one food dealer for every two farmers. Just think of this one moment. Let's say it again:

Wherever two farmers are found, there is one dealer, making a living for himself and his family, on handling and selling the products of the two farmers.

Out of every dollar the wage-earner spends for the products of the farmer, that farmer receives only 33 cents—the balance, or 67 cents, go to the dealers, the carriers, etc.

Of a million dollar payroll received by labor and spent for the products of the farm, the farmers get \$333,000, and the dealers and middlemen get \$667,000.

These are not our figures—they're government figures. Why cuss labor all the time? Why not have

something to say about the men in between?

Labor costs in a five thousand dollar house are only a little more than \$1,300. The architect's fee, the contractor, and the financing agency gets that amount, less a few dollars. In other words, the architect, contractor and financier get, with in a few dollars, as much for the erection of a five thousand dollar home as all the common labor, the carpenters, the plumbers, the electricians, the brick layers, the plasterers and painters combined.

Why not have something to say about this element that enters into the cost of building, instead of laying it all upon the shoulders of the workers?

Many cotton mills hereabouts pay 10 cents a day for running a loom for 11 hours. Just to see how little the cost of labor enters into the cost of living, read this assertion:

To reduce the wages of every one employed in a mill 20 per cent, would make the cost of a 3-yard dress about 2 3/4 cents lower. If everybody in a mill worked for nothing, and said, "Thank You, Sir," at the end of the week instead of drawing pay for that week's work, would reduce the cost of a 3-yard dress less than 12 cents.

These are not our figures. They're given out by the secretary of the Pacific Mills, Columbia, S. C.

Then, there being only two basic sources of wealth—the raw material and the conversion of that raw material into the finished product, it stands to reason that every dollar accumulated by one in the whole country, is an accumulation of profits on either the products of the farmer or on the finished products, which work is done by labor.

What about the fight promoter, who takes hundreds of thousands of dollars for an exhibition of brutality? Does he not figure in on this condition of which The Observer speaks?

And baseball clubs, and dance halls, and pool rooms, and churches, and schools, and colleges, and good roads, and newspapers that are growing richer every day, and presidential parties junketing all over the earth, and Daugherty's stopping at Grove Park Inn, where it costs a dollar an hour to breathe? Every dollar so spent comes directly from the producer of the raw material and the men who convert that raw material into the finished product.

Why not lay some of the blame of the predicament of the farmer at the door of the cotton, cattle and grain gamblers of the nation? The Observer very wisely speaks words of praise of men in Charlotte and other sections, who raise no cotton, nor do they take the cotton and convert it into the finished products. All they do is to buy and sell the cotton after the farmer has produced it.

And these cotton buyers make more money, much more money, than any of the men who grow the cotton.

Who pays these bills? When a cotton buyer takes a profit of a cent a pound on a bale of cotton from the time he pays the farmer for it until he sells it to the man who manufactures it into cloth, who but the dear public pays for this cotton buyer's activities?

No, the thing is never discussed fairly. The farmer and the wage-worker are the two absolutely essential groups of people in this country.

These two groups do the actual work of the world, and work harder, have less and are more bitterly assailed and denounced than and other group or groups.

They should, by all means, have the greatest enjoyment of all people.

If there is any group that should go hungry or go on slim rations, it is that group in between the workers of the field and the workers of the factory. Those groups live by their wits, and cuss if they can't get all that is made by the two big essential groups.

Who paid the bills in the case of the Lowell Cotton mill, where Mr. Ross received, on a \$1,200 investment, 70 additional shares of stock in that mill, \$3,290 in cash dividends, and is now suing other members of the firm for an accounting of an additional \$792,000 profits—all in ten year's time?

Don't this same dear public that we hear so much about when workers are asking for a wage increase, pay Mr. Ross and his associates this exorbitant profit?

Then why cuss labor all the time? Why not take a fling at such groups as these? Why rile about "high wages," in a land of millionaires, private yachts, golf links, sables, display of diamonds, and where gamblers who never produced a thing in their lives, live in luxury, and take the lead in church and community affairs?

All these things enter into the conditions as they exist today—and all the Hoovers, all the Daugherty's, all the Gary's, and all the writing and raving on earth will never change these conditions.

What can you expect in a country where there is one food dealer for every two farmers?

What is there to boast about in the advancement of a state when a \$1,200 investment is worth more, by nearly one-third, than a full year's work of a man engaged in the biggest industry of the section?

After all, why harp on labor all the time, and never chirp about the loafers, the gamblers, the speculators, and that vast army of rich idlers living lavishly on the profits made on the product of the farmer and the labor of the man who converts the raw product into the finished article?

BAREFACTS.

By J. M. Baer, The Congressman-Caricature. By International Labor News Service

INJUNCTIONS FOREVER! It used to be "Freedom Forever" but now Attorney General Harry Daugherty "thinks" it's going to be "Injunctions Forever!"

But Daugherty has another thing coming. In fact he has several things coming. Harry says that the Chicago Federal court order issued by a judge he recommended making permanent the sweeping injunction asked by the Government in the shopmen's strike "forever settled" the law, insuring the public against a strike tying up interstate commerce.

"Forever" is a long time, Harry, and all sorts of changes are likely to occur before it is over. It's even barely possible that you and the Administration and the judges it appointed may be gone from the scene before "forever" has ended.

No court that exists can stop men from refusing to work. If this refusal to work ties up interstate commerce the courts can't do more than fulminate. True, they can issue outrageous injunctions, such as the Daugherty injunction, but the injunctions won't prevent men from going about their normal activities as long as the Constitution of the United States stands. As President Coolidge of the American Federation of Labor said: "The men will continue to exercise the normal activities guaranteed to them by the laws and the Constitution of the country."

The only thing that the Chicago court's decision settled "forever" was the fact that labor can expect nothing from the present Administration. As long as the injunction was only temporary, there was hope that the judiciary might see a light and realize what a deadly blow at freedom the purpose of the decree was thought practically it amounted to nothing.

But now that the injunction has been made permanent, labor knows once and for all what to expect from this "friendly" administration. The decision shows beyond a doubt the labor policy

of those who are in control of the national government.

The President may make professions of love for the workers but now they know that "forever" Daugherty with a dagger for labor in his hand is hiding behind the Chief Executive.

THE DEVIL WAS RIGHT, AFTER ALL.

From the very beginning of the newspaper business there has been eternal warfare between the editor and the "devil" boy in the printing office. Just why the apprentice in a newspaper or printing office is called the "devil," is another story. Yet the title fits him for a nicety. No newspaper editor has ever, so far as we know, discounted his ability, knowledge and importance.

His only rival in self-esteem is that confounded "devil," the apprentice. After two weeks in an office the "devil" is confident that he knows more than the editor ever will know. Sometimes he is right, and that is what hurts the editor.

All of which leads up to an acknowledgment that the "devil" was in the right last week. We were writing about the wonderful maps of North Carolina being given away by the Merchants and Farmers Bank of Charlotte. President Wilkinson's name was changed to "Wilkinson." The "devil" boy told the editor he was wrong—that it was Wilkinson. Quite an argument followed.

The boy offered to show, by the telephone directory, the dictionary, or in any other way, but that old, old feeling of hatred all editors have for smart "devil" boys blinded all reason, and the name went through—wrong.

So it is all through life. Stubborn, unreasonable, stiff-necked prejudice always blinds men to the right. We apologize to the "devil."

Incidentally, the Merchants and Farmers Bank has a few of the North Carolina maps left. They're wonderful—and they're yours for the asking.

MEN DON'T LOVE 12-HOUR DAY.

Men don't like the 12-hour day. Common sense tells us this. Yet Judge Gary and other steel magnates go on declaring steel workers just simply dote on the 12-hour shift!

But if any proof is needed that the 12-hour day is unpopular, the Colorado Iron and Fuel Company can supply it. J. F. Welborn, head of the company, in a letter summarizing the result of the change from the 12 to an 8-hour working shift at the company's steel plant, wrote:

"A factor of added interest is that fact that, with almost capacity operations at our steel plant, during the last few months and employing over six thousand men, we have experienced no shortage of labor. Our operating officials have frequently expressed the belief that this condition is due, in large part at last, to adoption of the 8-hour shift."

Judge Gary assures the world that there is a shortage of labor in the steel industry. It is likely that if the Steel Corporation had put the 8-hour day into effect it, like the Colorado Iron and Steel Company, would have experienced no difficulty in obtaining help. It stands to reason that men will not work 12 hours in a steel mill unless they are driven by dire necessity. If they can earn their living elsewhere by working a reasonable number of hours, they will give the steel mills a wide berth.

Men have no love for the 12-hour day, Gary notwithstanding. If Gary persists in asserting that steel workers are fond of the 12-hour day, he'll gain a reputation for "nerve" exceeding that of a man who will flirt with a woman standing in a street car, while he himself is comfortably seated.

NO MORE RAILROAD STRIKES.

Well, boys, there'll never be another railroad strike. The Asheville Times has said so, and of course, that ends it.

The Times says the country will never permit another tie-up of the roads like that of 1922. No, no. It just shan't be done, you know.

We're sorry for you, boys, but the Asheville Times has told the world that there shall never be another railroad strike, so there's no hope for you, only to take the medicine little Benny Hooper and his chief, Lord Daugherty, hands out to you. You needn't think of striking in protest of any of their decisions, ultimatums, wage-setting, etc. You simply can't strike, for The Times has said so.

Gosh! What is it that gets into the craniums of such men as the editor of The Asheville Times, that they so emphatically make such statements? It must be an awful disease. No wonder such men are angular of frame, and suffering from that awful malady that prompts them to say to the thousands of railroad workers of America: "It matters not what people may do to you. It matters not what conditions are imposed upon you. You HAVE to go ahead and do the transportation work of this nation, regardless, for we'll not have you striking again!"

Ain't it awful to be that way? Say, you engineers at the throttle; you conductors in charge of the trains; you firemen who do more work in one day than the editor of The Times will do in a lifetime; you trainmen who swing from moving cars, run on slippery ties to throw switches, race for miles to flag trains and protect the lives of the passengers; you shopmen who work in din and noise; you trackmen who take the cold winds, the rain and sleet and snows, and the boiling sun, to keep safe the tracks for traveling humanity—how do you feel when the editor of The Asheville Times tells you that no more shall you ever strike, regardless of any and all conditions that may surround your lives and those of your loved ones?

Yes, we're sorry for you railroad men. It is hard for you to have to give up your only weapon of defense. But you are already forbidden to strike again. D. Hiden Ramsey has passed the word down the line, and the die is cast, the future is sealed, the past must not be thought of any more.

Poor railroad men!

It used to be the "walking delegate" who kept industry in a turmoil. Now it is the "talking delegate" who raises hell all the time, and keeps up a furor in industry. Most of those "talking delegates" are camouflaged as newspaper editors, and who feel that in order to make their paper a favorite with the powers that be, it is necessary to constantly ding-dong about the awful wages paid labor, etc., and so on and so forth. Labor dispensed with the walking delegate. Now let the employers clip the wings of the talking delegates, and then the workers and their employers can get together, unmolested, and speedily and satisfactorily settle their differences.

There is just as much value to be gained from a "company union" that is, a union of workers formed by the employers, and fostered and fondled by them, as there would be in selecting a board of directors for a corporation from among the workers in that industry. Could you imagine any corporation going into the shop and selecting a board of directors to run the affairs of that corporation? A group of workers who would allow the company to form the union for the workers, name the officers and otherwise run the union, are just as big fools as a corporation would be to select their directors from among their workers.

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The Buyers' Guide Arranged herein in alphabetical order will be found a guide for those who want information concisely and quickly as to the whereabouts of the most convenient and dependable places in which to shop. Those merchants whose advertisements are listed below are reliable Charlotte business men whose wares will pass the test of the most rigid scrutiny and who may be depended upon to represent their products as they are. Just run down the alphabet until you find the name of the article you desire to purchase and you will find instantly where it may be procured.

Say You Saw It In THE CHARLOTTE HERALD

A If You Want to Buy, or Sell, or Paint a Car SEE ME We Fix 'Em, Sell 'Em and Paint 'Em O. G. THOMAS 304 S. Church Phone 5210

B EARN'S SHOE SHOP 511 West Trade Phone 5447 Quality Shoe Repairing Prices Most Reasonable

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