

Official Organ Central Labor Union; standing for the A. F. of L.

The Charlotte Labor Journal

Patronize our Advertisers. They make YOUR paper possible by their co-operation.

Truthful, Honest, Impartial

Endorsed by the N. C. State Federation of Labor

AND DIXIE FARM NEWS

Endeavoring to Serve the Masses

VOL. VII—No. 33

YOUR ADVERTISING IN THE JOURNAL IS A GOOD INVESTMENT

CHARLOTTE, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1937

JOURNAL ADVERTISERS DESERVE CONSIDERATION OF THE READER

\$2.00 Per Year



CENTRAL LABOR UNION COMMENDS STAND TAKEN BY N. C. GOVERNOR AGAINST LOW-WAGE ADVERTISERS

(The following resolution means in no sense of the word an endorsement of Mr. Hoey, as Central Labor Union is non-political, but is merely recognizing the governor's stand, which is in accord with organized labor in Charlotte. Along with The Journal it has ever fought the "cheap labor, long-hour" advertising done by this state.—Ed.)

The letter transmitted by William S. Greene, at request of Central Labor Union, to Governor Clyde R. Hoey, is self-explanatory.

Governor Clyde R. Hoey, Raleigh, N. C.

Dear Sir:

A few days ago, the newspapers of Charlotte carried an item relative to a speech you made disapproving low wage advertising for the purpose of attracting certain industries to North Carolina, and the South in general.

The Charlotte Central Labor Union, in their regular weekly meeting, instructed me to write the Governor commending him highly for this action. My motion to do so was passed unanimously.

Kindly accept this letter as an official action of the Charlotte Central Labor Union, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, commanding you, as Governor of the State of North Carolina, for your speech disapproving the use of low wage advertising in order to attract industries, into our State.

The instructions given me by the Central Labor Union of Charlotte, also ask that copies of this letter of praise be given the Charlotte newspapers for publication.

North Carolina is gaining a place in the sun for its fair laws governing child labor, social security, unemployment compensation, and other recent legislative action indicating the social progress of our working people.

North Carolina has many natural advantages for manufacturing industries, including which is a highly skilled, English-speaking labor market.

Your efforts to have unfair differential freight rates adjusted to a reasonable basis for North Carolina, is also a fine move in the right direction. Our experience in Charlotte has proven to us that abnormally high freight rates have lost this city some very fine heavy industries. If we can be of any assistance in helping you attain this objective, kindly call on us. We would consider it a privilege to be allowed to help.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM S. GREENE,

Secretary, Treasurer, Charlotte Central Labor Union.

FOR THE PRICE OF ONE CIGARETTE!

How expensive is electricity?

Facts prove it is about the cheapest thing we use. For the price of a single cigarette—not a package—the average home owner can light a 40-watt bulb for almost 4 hours, or operate a radio for nearly 2 hours, or percolate coffee for 21 minutes, or run an automatic refrigerator for 3 1/2 hours, or run an electric clock for 3 1/2 days, or operate an electric fan for more than 2 1/2 hours, or operate a washing machine for 31 minutes, or toast bread for 21 minutes, or run an electric dishwasher for 42 minutes.

For the price of an entire package of cigarettes the average home owner can pay all his electric bill for more than a day. For the price of a movie show the family can use electricity for two weeks or more. For the price of a Sunday driving trip it can pay its household electric bill for a month or two.

Here are simple comparisons anyone can understand. They refute better than anything else the stale and fallacious argument the cost of electricity is one of the most burning problems of the day. To the average citizen the cost of almost anything else in his daily life is more than the cost of power.—Labor Exchange.

GOOD JOKE

NO ISSUE NEXT WEEK

The Labor Journal goes to press earlier this week to give our advertisers the benefit of Thursday and Friday buying, therefore Central Labor Union meeting and other late labor developments are omitted. There will be no issue the week after Christmas, as it is our custom to "lose" one week each year. Look over the ads and remember those who during the year have made your paper possible.

A passenger in an airplane was far up in the sky when the pilot began to laugh hysterically.

Passenger: "What's the joke?" Pilot: "I'm thinking of what they'll say at the asylum when they find out I have escaped."

And Lost

"I don't feel at all like a parachute jump this morning. I'm too tired. I tossed all night." "Insomnia?" "No, dice."

Forty thousand men in more than 1,500 American industrial laboratories are researching at the rate of \$300,000,000 a year.

Christmas Shop With Our Advertisers

CHRISTMAS CRIB—1937

Once again you may come and behold her, this night of Star-shining. You may kneel where she loves, where she sighs; See? Here she has found a still place in the shadows. Come close, Christian. Look in her eyes.

For all time has been leveled, and even our twentieth century is now nothing, is folded and furled Before this fair crowning of woman, the ending Of all the roads in the world.

Will you yearn for great books when within her young arms is all Knowledge? Will you reach for high triumph and gold? The loves of great men are but dead twisted candles To hers that can never grow cold.

O young Maiden, look up and behold not strange shepherds bewildered By a Star they do not understand— No Bethlehem dwellers, no wise men, no princes Who hail from an Orient land—

But instead just we poor men, we workers, we humble of humble, With our young ones to rear and to raise; We Christians of village and city with question Surrounding our nights and our days.

For our hearts are afraid, are unsteady; we feel the winds blowing Of a storm wherein Love shall meet Hate. The serpent in scarlet is massed on our doorstep And Herod has knocked on the gate. And our brothers are young, they are tender, and know not of exile. Watch us, Maiden, who fled from steeled might. For Egypt is far and we have not your angel To warn us, to lead us tonight.

—MARY FABYAN WINDEATT, Spirit.



IS THERE NO SANTA CLAUS?



The most widely read editorial ever written appeared 36 years ago in the New York Sun, has been reprinted by the Sun annually at Christmas time ever since, and is quoted in a score of languages the world over. This world-famous "Santa Claus editorial," printed below, was an answer to the following letter:

Dear Editor:—I am eight years old. Some of my friends say there is no Santa Claus. Please tell me the truth.

—Virginia O'Hanlon.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect in intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence of being capable of grasping the whole of truth.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not to believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest men, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view the supernatural beauty beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus? Thank God! he lives, and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Right To Work At Starvation Wages; Head of Am. Tobacco Company Gets More Than President in Six Years

This is the story of bonus vs. Wage: In 1936 the American Tobacco Company paid the following compensation to three of its chief officers:

George W. Hill, \$246,173; Paul M. Hahn, \$125,742; Charles F. Neily, \$125,692. Total, \$497,607.

Just in passing, it may be remarked that this one year's "compensation" of three tobacco tycoons, no one of whom has ever been accused by any responsible person of ever doing a real or unselfish day's work in his life would pay the salary of the President of the United States for more than six years, or the yearly salaries of 9 United States Senators, with a good bit left over. There would seem to be a sort of mistift here—but let us come back to wages.

The average wage in the tobacco industry last year was \$15.86 a week. The "compensation" of George Washington Hill, therefore, was equal to the weekly wages of 15,534 of his employees.

The combined compensation of the three tobacco tycoons would have paid a week's wages to 31,375 of their employees.

Unfortunately, the yearly earnings of the average tobacco worker in 1936 are not to be had at this time. They cannot be computed on the basis of 52 weeks' work a year; for steady work is what the average tobacco worker has anything else but. The best we can do is to go back to the latest year for which reliable information is available on the yearly income of tobacco workers.

That year is 1933, and the average wage for tobacco workers that year was a shade over \$583. Use the good old lead pencil for a few minutes and you will see:

That the "compensation" of Mr. Hill was equal to the yearly earnings of 422 able-bodied tobacco workers.

That the "compensation" of Paul M. Hahn was equal to the yearly earnings of 215 tobacco workers, the "compensation" of Charles F. Neily the same.

That the combined "compensation" of these three ineffables was equal to the annual income of 852 of their workers.

And these are some of the gentlemen who cry wolf when workers attempt to organize and of those who are vociferous in their clamor for the "right to work" (sic) at "starvation wages."—Official Journal A. F. of M.

George L. Googe Expresses Xmas Sentiment To Labor

TRY IT

If you want to win a race, Try it.
If you long for a honored place, Try it.
Men have lost and men have won 'Twen the settings of the sun; There's a chance for everyone. Try it.
You'll not win unless you start, Try it.
Keep the faint out of your heart, Try it.
Cut your pathway straight away, Choose to go, or choose to stay; Men move mountains every day, Try it.

—Exchange.

THE CHRISTMAS HARVEST

By ALSON SECOR in Successful Farming
Some don't believe in him because He makes them spend. They like to borrow, but never lend That Christmas cheer Which permeates this time of year.

They are tight-fisted cynics, these They never know how presents please The little kids, and others; The sisters and the brothers; The care-worn dads and weary mothers

They never leader to live Because they never learend to give. You've got to plant before you reap. If all you get you keep Your soul gets barren, sterile, sour. It takes the power Of cheerful giving. To give a zest to living.

Here's a New One

"Say," said the woman customer over the telephone, "the next time I order chicken, don't send me any more airplane fowls."

"What do you mean—airplane fowls?" asked the butcher. "You know what I mean! all wings and machinery, and no body."

PATRONIZE THOSE

WHO ADVERTISE IN THE JOURNAL.

IF YOU'R SUBSCRIPTION IS IN ARREARS SEND IN A CHECK

TELL SANTA "I'M NOT AFRAID"

"I'm not afraid," the small boy said, "That Santa Claus will be misled Because we have no fireplace deep Or chimney broad down which to creep. A radiator seems too small To let him climb or even crawl; But none the less on Christmas day We'll know that he has found his way.

"For when our radio near by Borrows the lightning from the sky And brings, to chase away our gloom, A brass band, right into the room. I know that such a clever Saint Will never let his heart grow faint. Some new improvement, never fear, Will bring him here for Christmas cheer."

—Washington Star.

Christmas Shop With Our Advertisers

