



Editorial Page of The Canadian Labor Press



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The Canadian Labor Press

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389 COOPER ST., OTTAWA

A WEEKLY NEWS LETTER

BEWARE OF FALSE COLORS

Everybody knows the old story about the wolf in sheep's clothing.

What about the newer brand of deception—the destroyer who comes masquerading as a liberal, a progressive? Gentlemen of the jury, he is a bad actor.

Is he with us today? He never misses a chance.

He is trying to smash the international conference on limitation of armament.

How does he do this mean thing? He uses various tricks. He tells you how reactionary everyone else except himself seems to be. And you are expected to infer that what every one else proposes is hopeless.

Then he tells you stories intended to incite national distrusts and suspicions. He tells you about the nationalism and militarism of France. He harps on that long and dimly.

He goes down the line in that fashion. He wants to get everyone disgusted with everything but himself.

He looks for every chance to play the bolshevik game. He takes a fling frequently at the trade union movements.

He never misses a chance—all in the name of liberalism. Look out for them. They are on the job. Don't let real progress be destroyed by those who pretend progress while they plot destruction.

OPEN SHOP WAVE RECEDING

The general labor movement is in agreement with the Electric Worker when it states that the wave of the open shop has been broken on the groynes and breakwaters of the organized labor movement and is receding now at a rapid rate with all its fury removed. In the review by the Electrical Workers the situation is clearly analyzed when it says that the movement to destroy labor organizations and place the workers under industrial bondage is declining far more rapidly than the most optimistic expected. The pirate ship "American Plan" is fast breaking up on the shoals of stupidity, having been run aground by its navigators, the Chambers of Commerce, Manufacturers' Associations and Big Bankers, who proved very poor helmsmen, on account of their lack of knowledge of human nature.

It was quite natural that the cruise of the "American Plan" would be short and unprofitable inasmuch as it started to sail pacific waters and touch at peaceful ports to discharge its cargo of hatred, war and misery. The business men of moderate means who invested in the venture are now taking dividends in the form of loss of trade and all too frequently, bankruptcy.

An invoice of the results of the open shop movement shows it produced economic loss to the Nation so great that it precludes calculation. It might well be said that insofar as business is concerned December 31st is at hand, the entire year having been dissipated in a useless, foolish attempt to crush Labor, reduce wages and destroy living standards. Labor has and will continue to resist every unreasonable attempt to reduce wages and destroy American living standards. No one will profit more by the resistance that Labor is making than the business men and merchants who joined with big interests in the movement, as all thoughtful persons are agreed that when the purchasing power of the mass of people is destroyed, business likewise is included in the ruins.

The present industrial situation does not represent the last chapter in the book. Let those who would destroy Labor remember that Labor crushed today will rise tomorrow. The resumption of business activities will be the dawn of Labor's tomorrow and the moment conditions improve and business resumes a normal trend (it cannot be suppressed forever) Labor embittered by the attempts to enslave it will be more militant than ever, fully determined to recover by force, if need be, what was taken away by force, and we can look for strikes tomorrow where lockouts exist today. Rather unpleasant to contemplate, yet facts, and facts that we hope will be sufficient to convince employers and employees that there is no question of industrial relationship but what can be adjusted by the application of rational common-sense methods.

FOOD COSTS STAND

There was practically no change in the retail cost of food in 13 principal cities of the country from October 15 to November 15, according to the United States bureau of labor statistics.

There was a decrease in six of those cities and an increase in five and no change in two cities. These cities decreased: Washington, 3 per cent; Atlanta, Peoria and Springfield, 2 per cent; Little Rock, 1 per cent; Manchester, one-tenth of 1 per cent.

The following cities reported increases: Rochester, 1.25 per cent; Philadelphia, three-tenths of 1 per cent; Baltimore, Louisville and New York, two-tenths of 1 per cent; Denver and Norfolk reported no change during the month.

theater in this city, in which eight persons lost their lives, and many others were injured, is protected against accidents of this character. Before the owner leased the theater he compelled the operating company to insure him for \$10,000 against the loss of one life and \$25,000 for the loss of more than one life.

The owner of the building is head of the state builders' exchange which opposes organized labor.

BLIND COOPER JOINS UNION

Officers of the Coopers' International union have received a membership application from Charles Groth, of Rochester, Pa.

The cooper who secured the application writes: "Will say that Charles Groth is one of the best mechanics I ever ran into. The man is stone blind, but he can make one of the best looking barrels that you ever laid eyes on, and also, when it comes to making tools he is there with the goods."

REJUVENATION, by Meg Villars

Mrs. Brahn-Smiff stared at her reflection in a tall Empire mirror that swung between bronze columns in her excessively golden and green Empire bedroom. The mirror shuddered at the insult, and also possibly because a lumbering motor-lorry passing through the placid square viciously shook the house.

Mrs. Brahn-Smiff shuddered too; but her sludder had nothing to do with the motor-lorry.

What good was it that Mr. Brahn-Smiff had made millions during the war and showered all the treasures of the earth, including emeralds to go with the gold and green Empire bedroom, upon her, if she looked like this!

"This" was a short, dumpy and rotund figure, surmounted by a triple arrangement of chins, above which pursed a damp mouth that was once no doubt of the rose-bud type, a button-nose that may have been "charmingly upturned" in its youth, and brown, bovine eyes that must certainly have been described as "souful" at the time when her hair, instead of being a greasy mouse-colour, was blond cendre and fluffy.

Mrs. Brahn-Smiff examined her reflection with a cruelly merciless gaze—full face; with a hand mirror, *de profile!* She stepped back and took in the coarse ankles that bulged over the dainty shoes dangerously propped on perilous heels. She noted the obvious armature of her stays, the ridges—visible beneath the clinging crepe de Chine of her super-costly and absurdly embroidered frock—where they began and ended; the swollen veins of her fat little hands; the deep creases where her chins sagged, almost smothering her magnificent pearl necklace in their folds. She shuddered again, and turning away, walked across the vast bedroom to the telephone.

As she put out a hand to unhook the receiver, a small sandy man bustled, with precise little steps, into the room.

"Ulo, Maria!" he said.

"Ulo, John!" she answered.

"Just off, ol' girl," he said.

"Will you be ome to supper, I mean?" she asked.

Mr. Brahn-Smiff replied that he thought not.

Unwisely, Mrs. Brahn-Smiff pointed out that he had not been "ome to a meal" for several days, and angrily Mr. Brahn-Smiff called on Gawd to inquire whether a man mightn't ave a bit uv fun after years of moiling and toiling to feed an ungrateful female.

For one exciting and deeply-

breathed moment one wondered whether the Empire bric-a-brac would serve as missiles, when suddenly Mrs. Brahn-Smiff relaxed and spoke meekly.

"John," she said, "I've been thinking of going down to Jane's for a few weeks. I'm feelin' a bit tired and run down. A sight o' the country 'ud do me good."

"That's right, ol' girl... take care y'self... I'd come, too, if it wasn't for—er—board meetin's and—er—things."

They kissed each other with comfortable heartiness that smacked loudly. Outside the door John grinned—a little shamefacedly perhaps—and went downstairs rubbing his hands.

In the bedroom Mrs. Brahn-Smiff was talking at the telephone.

"Doctor," she said, "I'll double the fee and all expenses if y'all do it in six weeks."

"Gurr... click... gurr," said the telephone, mysteriously.

"That's right!" said Mrs. Brahn-Smiff, "I'll be comin' tomorrow."

Mr. Brahn-Smiff precise little steps were less precise than usual as, seven weeks later, he walked down the broad steps of his imposing club. A year ago he would have said "my club" very much as a young mother says "my baby," with the proud conviction of having achieved the unachievable. Now the two words had come to stand for certain acute periods of discomfort. "My club" was a place where one somehow felt terrifically small and insignificant, where every man's gaze was an inimical stare, and where the very page-boys seemed to have a greater part in the "sorry scheme of things entire" than himself.

This evening had been particularly trying. The dinner had been composed of awkward dishes that had proved his undoing. The Bortsch soup, for instance, over which he had made a fool of himself by loudly deriding the servant who set the accompanying cream at his elbow; the coquille St. Jacques that had clattered out of his plate and fallen to the floor; the spaghetti that had so vilely splashed his shirtfront; the chicken-bone that, in a moment of forgetfulness, he had gnawed.

Someone had sniggered... and for that snigger Mr. Brahn-



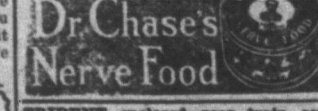
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Smiff hated all mankind as he walked down his club steps. Also... his boots hurt him. Tight patent-leather is not conducive to comfort on a warm June evening.

Why wasn't he in shirt-sleeved and slippers comfort in his own home? God... if he only had the nerve to sit on the balcony like that, and be damned to the neighbours anyway.

The car into which he climbed purred its sly way through quiet streets St. John's Wood-wards, and stopped before a baby house that stood in a toy garden. From the ground floor came soft lights and the gay drone of a gramophone. They were dancing within. Several couples passed, and Mr. Brahn-Smiff followed one of them with intent eyes. She was slim and blonde, and had that extremely expensive air that is often attained by the young person who has not remained in the walk of life to which her parents' partner was a dark young man who danced with an air of acquired courtesy and grave abandon. Her upward glance as she moved in his arms was eloquent of surrender and adoration.

Mr. Brahn-Smiff leaned forwards and spoke to the chauffeur, who immediately sounded the hooter.

The slim blonde woman swung out of her partner's arms with hard, angry eyes and petulant mouth. With a sudden click the gramophone was stopped—the dancers distributed themselves in sitting attitudes round the room. One girl hastily took up a piece of embroidery; another opened a picture-postcard album; two men sidled sheepishly towards the door.

Mr. Brahn-Smiff smiled at the

opened the door. "No; I'm not musical comedy soubrette who coming in. Give your mistress this 'shis' was a little flat case), and here, Marie... buy yourself a new hat!" The girl dimpled as she slipped something that crinkled into her apron pocket.

Mr. Brahn-Smiff climbed back into his car. He smiled a little ruefully as he called himself names... and yet he was not nearly rueful as he felt he ought to have been.

"Old fool!" he said; but he said it as if he enjoyed saying it. He felt indulgent and tender with himself.

Then he forgot the slim blonde woman, and thought only of the journey he would take next morning—to see Maria—his ol' girl—who had not written for ages, and who was with Jane down in the country.

The car swung into the tranquil square where their very new redbrick mansion stood.

With a glad little chuckle he stared upwards at the unexpected sight of lighted windows belonging to the room usually occupied by his wife. "The ol' girl's back," he thought, joyously. With a boyish slam he clanged the door of the car, and forgot his tight shoes as he charged up the front door-steps, tugging at his key-chain.

He knew now that he had missed her. He became suddenly aware that the one thing anole in the world he desired was to sit quietly by Maria's side—her plump little hand in his, his tired head pillowed on her comfortable shoulder, her soft lips against his forehead.

He roughly pushed open the door of her room, advanced with

outstretched arms—and faced of which were hidden under her a stranger. Not quite a stranger, newly-dyed and excessively golden hair.

He had known someone like this years ago... or this, rather, was a caricature of that someone. He stared in silence, and his arms fell empty to his sides.

"M'ria!" he said, miserably.

Mrs. Brahn-Smiff, triumphant in her rejuvenation, beamed at him joyously. The doctors had slimmed her into a makeshift shapeliness; the resulting wrinkles had been massaged, and her skin tightened by means of almost invisible seams, the scars

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