

WORKER BANK TO PAY MORE TO DEPOSITORS

Milwaukee. — The Commonwealth Mutual Savings Bank announces that hereafter the interest rate on deposits will be 4 per cent instead of the 3 1/2 per cent. the bank has been paying.

The bank was organized over 10 years ago by local Socialists and union men, under state law that permits mutual banks to operate on a plan whereby there are no stockholders and all profits go back to the depositors. Its success was instant and has continued with increasing popularity.

"Every dollar deposited insures greater returns to depositors and at the same time reduces the cost of making a loan to the worker who has not yet cleared his home of a mortgage debt. We have proved that workers by co-operation, can charge labor fees for loans and pay labor more for savings than can be done by banks that are run for the benefit of stockholders," the bank says.

NO NEED TO APPLY FOR RELIEF

Declares Coal and Food A Plenty Given Families of Striking Miners.

Edmonton, Alta.—Several serious cases of extreme hardship have been found among the families of striking miners now in jail awaiting trial. Robert Peacock, Calgary, secretary of the District 18 of the U. M. W. A. when asked over the long distance telephone as to the use to which the alleged "war chest" of \$100,000 was being put, in view of the fact that some strikers' families were actually without food or coal, said: "I did not bring \$25,000 to Edmonton with me, but we had that amount

in the bank at Calgary for use in the Edmonton strike. I deposited it in the Bank of Commerce at Edmonton sufficient money for two weeks' rations, and when this fund is exhausted, a similar sum will be sent up to Edmonton for the same purpose. "Not only have we \$100,000 guaranteed by Indianapolis headquarters for the Edmonton strike, but another \$100,000 after that if necessary, and as much more beyond it as may be required to win out in the fight against the operators," added Mr. Peacock. "The police may crowd the jails with pickets whom they arrest. We will send as many more into the field."

William Ryan, vice-president of the U. M. W. A., and leader of the strike, said that they had paid out over \$11,000 to the strikers and their families already. They had bought \$4,500 worth of groceries, and had placed an order for another \$1,500 worth today, in addition to which they had in some cases paid the rent of homes of the strikers.

Asked as to the stories from strikers' wives that they were destitute, Mr. Ryan said: "There is no reason for any of them to be without food. All of them get relief rations yesterday and any woman who needs food knows she can get it at the store we have opened on Jasper street. We have bought quite a lot of coal also for our members."

NOT A BOLSHEVIK OR EVEN COMMUNIST

Jean Longuet, French Socialist Leader and Editor, in Toronto

Toronto.—Jean Longuet, French Socialist leader and editor of the Socialist daily paper published in Paris, La Populaire, who arrived in Toronto to give an address, in an interview said he was not a Bolshevnik and in fact was not even a Communist. "To make all producers, consumers and all consumers producers—that is the goal we are aiming at," M. Longuet said. He admitted that the aims of the Socialist and Communist were almost identical, but the two differed in tactics.

M. Longuet said Communists were forced to obey whatever orders came from Moscow, and they were not free as were the Socialists. With reference to recent talk of his not being allowed to speak in public in this city, M. Longuet laughed and shrugged his shoulders. He intimated that the trouble probably had arisen through excessive caution on the part of his manager, rather than as a result of any contemplated action by the police. He had had no difficulty of this nature in any city of his tour, he said.

IN THE STRIKE-BREAKERS' CAMP

Continued from Page 1. ...ability. Except possibly during the war, unskilled, semi-skilled, and unattached (not to say floating) labor has never had such a joy ride as this strike gave it. Even during the war the average employer could not be as free with transportation as are the railroad employers.

He Rambled All Round. "And from Indianapolis Ah's going to Cincinnati, and from there to Nashville, and from Nashville Oh's going to ship down to some job around Charlotte, North Carolina, and from there, etc. Thus a young colored boy was explaining to his chum. When I remarked that he was evidently doing a good part of the country, he came back with his quick boast: "Yes, and yeh ain't heard nothin' yet to what Ah's already done."

"We fellows got more yesterday," so a couple of tough looking youngsters were telling at the station before I went to work. "But if we quit, then we'll lose our transportation back to Philly—you know you got to stay fifteen days steady to get that. But if you fire you, then they gotta give you your transportation back. That's the law. So last night we went and hid and then got our boss to tell the super that he'd fired us. So here we are with our money and our tickets back home."

"How much of a stake you got today, buddy?" So runs the talk among the great majority of these drifters. They are evidently so philosophical that they are able to resist the lure of labor except when a job—a short-time job—furnishes such big earnings as are offered by the present rates, plus overtime, plus, in some cases, a bonus of a dollar or two a day, and plus, in all cases, free board and room, together with free transportation. Contrary to general belief, among the strikers, they have not been earning straight hourly wages above the rates scheduled by the Railroad Labor Board's decision.

Merry Life But a Short One. Many of these floaters are snaks—that is, professional strike breakers, who lead a merry high-spot life and usually a short one. "Wherever his labor agent tells him, there's he's gotta go. See?" one of their friends explains. "His agent can wire him at any time for any job at any place. Of course he don't do no more work than he has to. He's mainly there to count one so the papers can say the job's going on fine—that, and to be ready to fight in case the strikers start something. In between jobs he mebbe gets cleaned out of money. Well, all he has to do is to go to his agent and say: 'Gimme thirty dollars on account!' Just like that. See?—and it's took out of his pay later on. Easy money, I'll say. The minute things get too quiet here, his agent'll probably wire him to beat it out to some place where there's more trouble."

"A lot of these snaks are Junkers too," explains still another. "You know—sneak birds—dope feeds. The police here has taken three hypo needles offa one man."

Even for such workers—such alleged workers—the hours on the job in the 'house' have their satisfactions. Perhaps these come from the sense of multiplying your own personal power—as though the work brought it about that it is you and not the engine that after all the maneuvering, backs out onto the turntable and goes out to the farm, or the ready tracks, there to wait to be coupled on to Number 16 and chase it up to the division's end.

The trouble is not with the hours of labor, but of leisure. The camp's sleeping and eating quarters are hastily constructed. The dozen box cars fitted up with beds look to be the best, but these have been reserved for the salaried guards and foremen. We common laborers and helpers of all colors—including one from India—have been put into bunk houses, sixty or a hundred of us in a bunch. The constant chatter of the colored waiters just outside and the swarms of hungry flies within—make it plain enough why most of the night workers try to do their sleeping in the round-house—on the job—instead of in the camp. The more they can sleep in the house, furthermore, the more overtime they can stand and the more pay and a half they can get out of the passing days to build up their stake.

"That camp, it is a place only fit for swine!" So the green-but worker from Jugo slavia exclaims. No place to wash except that little basin where all that go by on the street above can see. My body, it is black like coal. And to eat! Only by grabbing everything with both hands. Never in my life have I ever seen a place so dirty everywhere the lime and the flies. Nothing like it since my years in the war in the old country. War, it is here too—in our camp. Only few days before you came, two men were shot by outsiders. Easily from all the hills they can shoot down upon us—as swine. When once I learn English, then will I never more break strikes!"

Under these conditions, in the camp—also in the house and in the towns in the enemy's territory out beyond the No Man's Land shared between our armed guards and the strikers' pickets—it is not strange that things go pretty much hit or miss. Oddly enough, those who have been carrying the real responsibility and doing the real work that gets out the engines, are, for the most part, the strike-breaking strikers. I mean the many men who are strikers in one

railroad community but nevertheless are earning money as strikebreakers in another. It is evidence of the difficulty of holding great bodies of workers together that many in the country have been doing this under such pressure as a friend here says he did: "Four weeks I stayed out with the boys—believing the leaders' that every day they were going to win. If I'd 'a been single, I'd 'a stuck till the cows come home. Without a wife, a fellow can beg, borrow, steal, or bum and still stand by his mates. But what is a fellow going to do when his wife and two kids—after four weeks, you understand—begin to say 'Daddy, I just got to have a pair of shoes, or 'Papa, how shall I start to school without a new dress?' A fellow's just got to do something then, I tell you; he's just got to."

I wonder if, when the strike is over, he will get away with his story of 'farmin' with my uncle up in Vermont. I recall too many unhappy endings told at the boarding house table last week: "Up at F—one of the boys that hesitated several days makin' up his mind to go out has been fired out of two lodges and lost all his benefits. Besides that, he's been in bed, ever since. I guess something must 'a happened to him."

Jim Will Have to Leave Town. "Looks to me like our old friend Jim—you know, he has been trin' to get the fellows back to work and lay down on their buddies—will have to leave town when it's all over. They are refusin' to sell him goods or give him a shave down-town, and I reckon the church members will refuse to stand for him."

Personally I feel fortunate to be out of the camp again after a few days and safe in another place away from both the picket line and those hard-boiled snaks that were supposed to guard us. Thank my stars, too, I'm not troubled by the sleeplessness of the night-shift man who tries to stick by his boss.

It is simply impossible for the white collared occupant of a salaried year-by-year position to appreciate the importance of the day-by-day job to all the greater world that depends on it.

By the same token, also, it is impossible for the rest of us to understand the heart of the worker. I mean that loyalty to one's cause and to one's class always roused in the hearts of strong men by crucial, life-protecting conflict.

"Nothin' to Conclude On." The hearts of many railroad presidents have doubtless been deeply hurt when their men joined the strike. That unhappiness can be understood when—as happened more than once last June—ten men voted to strike on roads where they were well treated, while they voted not to strike on certain other roads where managers and workers have been much farther apart. To the first sort of executive it looked like disloyalty. To the worker it was not a question of disloyalty, but of which loyalty.

"I've worked on this line thirty-eight years—goin' on thirty-nine," said an old veteran the other day, "and I want to say that there ain't a better railroad in the world to work for than mine. But all the boys voted to help the other shop men get the treatment we're gettin' here, and when the super tried to persuade me to play safe and go back, I told him I'd been square all my life, and I couldn't think of makin' sure of my old age as far as money was concerned—you see, I'll get my pension soon, or will if we go back—and run the risk of goin' down to my grave with all my pals and neighbours a-disrespectin' me. I just couldn't do that."

"I got a wife and three kids," said a younger man. "But before we'd steal the jobs of our friends I'm tellin' you we'd eat the bark off the trees!"

I am not saying whether such decisions and such choices of loyalty are wise and right or not. I simply say that those decisions have to be made—with infinitely more wrestling and travail of spirit than most of us can realize. In the words of one who went through it: "If we turn down the boss and stick by our buddies we may have to get another job—mebbe in a factory or steel plant. But if we stick by the boss and turn down our buddies—why, then, we're just yellow. We gotta leave town—gotta sell our house and everything—and start all over again, somewhere else."

No wonder the negro baggage huster was puzzled to find the right word for such a problem of balancing off against each other these competing rights and opposing duties as between the man who leaves the job and the man who takes it: "Yessah, of all the strikes I've ever seen, this here one is the most unconquerable. There just aint nothin' to conclude on!"

Other Troubles Beside Wages. In spite of that, I think that we can conclude on this—or these: Seniority always will and always should loom large to the railroad worker. But it should hardly furnish the obstacle some executives have described in the way of giving justice—that is, a decent job—to both the striker and the strike breaker after the dispute is settled. The reason is that 80 per cent of my strike-breaker friends will linger only a few days on the railroad after they are deprived of the special "war-time" advantages of much overtime, with free board, room, and transportation.

Most of them, furthermore, have not the ability to earn the pay they can get under the stress of strike labor shortage.

Second, the biggest cost of the strike will be its hang-over in the demoralization and unhappiness that will hold the country's shops and round-houses in its ugly and costly grip for months and months after the peace is declared.

Third, the safety of the travelling public certainly requires that railroad work be done by workers who not only know their job but also care for it and are happy year after year in the enjoyment of its responsibilities.

Fourth, the very well-being of the public certainly requires that this question of loyalty to one's immediate neighbours or to one's employer—this matter of holding the job and fighting for it—must not be allowed to cause such colossal economic and social disturbances. Peace needs no such wars as these.

Can this be done without the Railroad Labor Board? If not, why hasn't the board found the answer—for that was what it was expected to do. How did it fail to gain the confidence of these 400,000 shopmen—also of those railroad managers who disregarded some of its decisions? What are the troubles—besides those of wages and wage cuts—which must somehow be got off the minds of both workers and executives before we can expect peace on the railroads? Unless too many adventures come into the next week or two, farther down the line, I hope to get more light shortly on these questions. —Colliers' Weekly.

ANOTHER LABOR WIN. Melbourne, Australia.—Cloghin, another Labor party candidate, has been declared elected to the Australian federal senate from South Australia.

MEN SEEKING PEACE SLAIN BY GUNMEN

Marion, Ill.—(By International News Service.)—Union miners, accompanied by five deserters from the imported crew in the Lester strip mine were on their way to enter peaceful negotiations with the non-union men to quit and leave the county when a machine gun masked by brush carried to the summit of the dump cut loose at them, killing Jordie Henderson, an unarmed union man, at its first spray of bullets across the countryside.

This was the story of a defense witness in the trial of the five union miners indicted for murder during the riots of June 21 and 22.

WORKERS' LEAGUE TO HEAR COURSE

Sociology and modern science will be the subject of a course of lectures to be given by John C. Kennedy before the Young Workers' League of Seattle, beginning Friday at 7:30 p.m. The lectures will be held at 617 University street. Union men and women are urged to attend. Membership in the league is granted to applicants between 14 and 30 years old.

TO CALIFORNIA VIA CANADIAN NATIONAL ROUTE.

At this season of the year, many Canadians are planning to visit California. Of course there are many routes, each with their special scenic interest, but, treating travel as fundamental of education, why not travel one way through Canada. It will give you an opportunity of knowing your own country better, a chance to view the finest mountain scenery in America, and to visit our own all-year-round resorts on the Pacific Coast, Vancouver and Victoria, where the grass is green and flowers bloom, and golf, motoring, and all outdoor sports may be indulged in throughout the winter months. Discuss this tour with an agent of the Canadian National Railways, before concluding your plans. "The Continental Limited," which runs daily between Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver is one of the finest all-steel equipment trains in America. For full particulars, apply to the city passenger office, Canadian National-Grand Trunk Railways, North-west corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto. Telephone Main 4299 and Adel 5179.



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