

Cy Warman On Capital and Labor

AN ADDRESS TO THE CANADIAN CLUB, GUELPH

When in England I received an invitation to talk to you, I said I would talk about the struggle against capital. I had to change the title of my talk, for a struggle is supposed to be a holy war—this thing of which I speak is a holy terror.

The indiscriminate, wanton war on capital is unholy, because it kills only the innocent.

Let us say, for the purpose of this talk, that it takes two ingredients properly mixed to make a country, a nation, if you will, out of a colony. These are capital and labor.

Either is utterly helpless without the other's aid. We hear a lot about "organized capital" as of an evil doing. A "combine," even, is not necessarily a crime, unless it be a combine in restraint of trade.

Among the earliest combiners upon this continent, we may mention the man who pioneered in this Province in the early days of the Dominion. When the homesteader had his logs hewn out, and on the ground, he organized his neighbors. When they gathered together they became a building combine. Their combined strength lifted the logs, one at a time, until the walls were up. Then they put up the rafters, so that the settler could roof it all over. Then they went home, but they did not rate because a saving combine. They would meet again elsewhere, because each man on his own job could not lift those logs in a lifetime. It required an organization of men and muscle—a combine. By these means the houses went up rapidly, one after the other, the fields were cleared, and the result is what you have today—a beautiful country filled with homes.

Out of these rude homes have come some mighty men. The great Lincoln was one, and only a few miles down the line, on a gentle slope by a little spring, I have seen the last log of the house wherein the Hills lived. And there, still singing the same sweet song, is the running brook where little Jimmy J. used to cut the ice and water the stock. He's still cutting ice.

Also, this bush-bred boy has done more for the development of the Northwestern States than any other man in America, and has made more homes for the homeless than any other individual, so far as I know.

Not one of you will argue that this early-rising building combine was not a good thing—a thing necessary.

Now let us look at the other picture for a moment. We will take the case of Mr. Smith, who wants to start a new industry in your city—a sawing mill or a sewing machine factory. He finds he has not enough money of his own, so he asks his friend Jones to join him. There you have the firm of Smith & Jones, both good fellows.

They prosper and want to branch out and build reapers and mowers, and so they combine with Fraser & McDonald, who run the saw and door factories and business booms. They are still respectable citizens, but they need more capital, and so they form a stock company, sell shares, grow into a large manufacturing concern, employ thousands of men, pay taxes and contribute largely to the upbuilding of the community.

Now the four founders of this industry are supposed to live on the sunny side of Easy street, but as a

matter of fact they work as hard as ever, their responsibility has grown with their income; the welfare of thousands depends upon them, upon their success and prosperity.

They are still respectable as they believe, and yet as the shop grows and the chimneys multiply, there creeps into the conversation of men, and into the papers nasty little knocks and hints of a grim combine grinding out the souls of men.

A man wants to build a railway, he acquires a charter, forms a company, and presently a new territory is open for settlement, adding thousands in population and millions to the wealth of the country. The millions of dollars distributed during construction, and the perpetual employment of thousands of men, are the direct result of this organization of capital. Now, is it not fair and just that these investors who show their faith in the country and the people thereof should receive something in the way of interest on their money?

I am willing to admit that some men in America are rich out of all reason, and that the wealthy are wasteful and sometimes arrogant and oppressive, but I protest against the growing tendency upon the part of the political upper-crust and the social under-crust, the railway officials as a semi-criminal class who are happiest when hunting along the line which separates the land of lawful things from the land of things unlawful.

I hope this happy land will always have a day's work for the man who is willing to work, but I have no faith in the efficacy of Mr. Churchill's latest battle cry: "Nobody should have anything till everybody has something." It sounds all right, but it will not work.

No, I do not want to wait for my "something" until the anarchist, the idler, the socialist loafer, and the screaming suffragette get their "something."

No man who is fit to live likes to live on charity. The trouble is that too many men prefer muck-raking to honest toil.

A private knocker is a public nuisance. The discouragement of capital, if it is a crime against labor, is the extra hazard of honest enterprises driving capital to Wall street, and labor to benches in the park.

It is as important for capital to earn a living as it is for labor to earn a living, because when the dollar kills the workingman's day's work is done. Kill capital and labor will starve.

Labor should be protected from professional muck-rakers, firing at capital, hits labor nine times in ten. The same hand (or mouth) that raises the bank rate, reduces the day's wage of the workingman, by the same movement and at the same time.

Labor should be protected from its fool friends. The socialist should be screened off from the anarchist, the anarchist from high explosives, and gin.

What you want here in Canada is not cheap labor, but labor unfettered and free to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage.

Cheap labor is always expensive. In China they pay 10 cents a day for men, and move freight at ten cents per ton-mile. On the North American continent, we pay from ten to twenty times ten cents a day, and move freight at 7-10 of a cent per ton-mile.

This is what the railway manager has done. He has found a way to pay the highest rate of wages, and at the same time to move traffic as cheaply as it is moved anywhere.

This has cost something in the way of work and worry, for while the labor union has been clamoring for higher wages, the public has been demanding a two-cent rate.

And while the shareholder has been shouting in one of the manager's ears for dividends, the shipper has been shouting in the other for lower rates. There are two classes of men who will never agree—the shareholder and the shipper; neither will ever be able to see the thing as the other sees it, but not so with the employer and employee.

This latter truth is made manifest by the numerous provisions that are being made by the various railways for the welfare and protection of employees; especially in providing insurance for employees retiring after years of faithful service.

I do not agree with secretary Taft, who regards a gigantic controversy between capital and labor as something inevitable. I believe that the representatives of capital and labor in the future, as in the past, will continue to treat, one with the other, each driving the best bargain possible for the interests he represents, and that the final outcome in nine cases out of ten will be shaded and shaped by the silent operation of the inexorable law of supply and demand. We have before us at this moment the most undeniable evidences of this fact. Toward the close of 1906 labor became so scarce, the demand so much greater than the supply, that the rate was forced to the highest possible rate, and in many cases beyond the employer's ability to pay. Business boomed and nobody wanted to stop. Every man who could rent a dollar did so, enlarged his plant, and employed more men.

In 1907 the crash came. The demand for goods stopped. Orders were canceled. The banker wanted his dollar back, but the borrower was unable to pay. Capital took to the storm-cellar; labor sat down and folded its idle, empty hands.

The climax came like a cloudburst. In the desperation of today men remembered yesterday. Rural papers were still printing Uncle Joe Cannon's famous exclamation: "This country is a helluva success." Now the idle workman, thumbing the tobacco into his pipe, repeated it with bitter irony: "Yes, it is a helluva success," but the accent made all the difference in the world.

Now we come to 1908. I think you will agree with me that the railroad is the business barometer we have. It is quite impossible to refer to all of the roads, but we will glance briefly at the result of the large business done by the New York Central

In the past year, it was a great year for business. Every official from the president to the Poughkeepsie policeman had all he could handle. The company collected six and a quarter million dollars more than it had collected the year before, but when they figured up at the end of the year they found that they had paid millions of dollars for the privilege and expenditure of handling this increased traffic. Owing to the increased cost of labor and all kinds of material, they found that while the gross earnings had grown six and a quarter millions, the net earnings were three and three-quarter millions below the net earnings of 1906.

And what is true of the New York Central is true, in a measure, of other lines.

This persistent war on capital has been directed mainly against the railroad, and workingmen, in instances, have aided the political pirates, and thereby helped them to strangle the goose that must supply labor with its Easter egg.

President Taft, of Yale, and other students of political economy, who have watched the war, are agreed that the railroad has not had a "square deal." No sooner had the railroad stepped into the open to face the federal giant than the provincial Apaches, who people state legislative halls, began to fire on his flanks from ambush.

And what is the result?

Here is one: Of the 17,000 miles of live project afloat in the United States at the close of last year, not more than 8,000 miles will be put under construction, simply because, owing largely to the pressure put upon the railways, both by the federal and state governments, the railroads are unable or afraid to finance new roads which are needed by both themselves and the public.

Recent decisions of the supreme court justify the contention of the railroads that much of the past year's legislation has not been preceded by intelligent study or investigation, and has been passed without reference to practical results. Uncertainty as to the effect of these laws, and doubt as to how far regulation and special legislation as to railroads is to be carried, have, without question, been the causes which have unsettled the sense of securities, and helped to bring on the present period of depression.

We have seen how a fair year increases the demand for, and the price of, labor. Now, unfortunately, we shall see how a lean year increases the supply and reduces the prices of a day's work. This is the law.

Instead of a gigantic struggle between the employer and employee, I foresee a combination of both for self-protection. The railroad and the employees will learn in time that the injury of the one is the concern of the other; that unjust legislation which cripples the railway, and renders it incapable of earning interest, destroys its ability to pay good wages to its employees. No braver men live than the men who man our trains and our engines, and they deserve better pay than ordinary workmen; but they are ill-advised when they hunt with the cheap politician, who plays for the applause, or the political socialist, who is ready to reap what he sows.

No doubt there are many honest men in public life, both in Canada and in the United States, who believe that railways would be better managed by the state, but those who believe in municipal state control can find little justification of their position in the experience of the London county council.

Up to three years ago, a Mr. Hill had the steamboat business on the Thames all to himself, but about that time someone persuaded the county council to build a line of boats, and he went into the excursion business. They tried to buy Hill out, but he did not want to sell. They put a new boat on the line and tried to ruin his business. Now, the British like fair play, and when he saw this game he kept on patronizing the old boats. Today the entire outfit is for sale.

In the short course of three years a sum has been lost equal to almost half the capital cost of boats and piers. This is the unfortunate financial result achieved. On a capital expenditure of £201,000, the loss is £137,083. If it is not possible to sell or charter the boats at an early period, the high-water committee still do not propose to run a service in the coming summer.

The debts and interest charges will have to be paid, whether the steamboats are used or not, but the receipts from fares fall so far short of the bare working expenditure that it will be cheaper to keep the boats idle. The anticipated results of running a summer service or of keeping boats at their moorings compare thus: Cost of service, net deficiency £22,075. Cost of laying boats up, net deficiency £34,329.

So you see the municipality will save £12,745 by keeping the boats idle, and this is a good object lesson for those who oppose private enterprise and favor Government ownership.

With three great systems in Canada keen to insure the best of service at the lowest possible rate. Get acquainted with railway officials; approach them in a business manner on a business matter. Remember that while your own home city is the fair-est in the land, all towns must look alike to the railway manager. I have been putting my personal opinion forward pretty freely tonight, but I don't want to go away leaving the impression that I am a capitalist—I am independent.

I should not care to be as rich as Mr. Rockefeller, but I'd like to live in a Windsor lady's appeal.

To All Women, I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment, which positively cures leucorrhoea, ulceration, displacements, falling of the womb, painful or irregular periods, uterine and ovarian tumors or growth, hot flashes, nervousness, pains in the head, back or bowels, melancholy, kidney and bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write today. Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 11, Windsor, Ont.



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Girls who work for their living are especially exposed to the dangers of organic feminine disorders. Standing all day, or sitting in cramped positions, walking to and from their places of employment in bad weather all tend to break down their delicate feminine organism.

No class of women are in need of greater assistance, and thousands of letters like the following demonstrate the fact that

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restores the feminine system to a strong, healthy, normal condition. Miss Abby F. Barrows, of Nelsonville, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was very sick, had dull headache, pain in my back, and a feminine weakness. I had been to several doctors and they did me no good. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, and I can do most any kind of work. I am in better health than I ever was, and it is all due to your medicine."

Miss Lillian Ross, of 530 E. 84th St., New York, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I had a female trouble, nervous headaches, and was tired all the time, and could not sleep. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me feel so much better that I hope every woman who suffers as I did will try it."

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A quiet, peaceful place somewhere Between the tramp and the millionaire. Where it's not all joy and not all pain, Not too much shine or too much shades.

Just a place to shield me from the rain, An easy place where the rent is paid, And not too close to the man of care, And not too far from the millionaire.

READING ALOUD A NEGLECTED TALENT

HOW CHILDREN CAN BRING MUCH PLEASURE TO FRIENDS.

Accomplishments, by which, when the word is used in connection with a prominent man, rather than utility is contemplated, have not very conspicuous place at this hour. We pay more attention to mathematics than to music, to manual training rather than to painting and water colors, to chemistry than to making artificial flowers. The ornamental branches, so to speak, are out of fashion. Thanks to a recurrence of common sense, nobody is now satisfied with a smattering of anything, and a little French, a little Italian, a slight acquaintance with drawing and the ability to play a few showy pieces on the piano, are considered of no value whatever. This is as it should be. Intellectual discipline and the ability to use tools are the requisites sought by sensible women and men in the training of their daughters. One beautiful and charming accomplishment once well-nigh universal and still within the reach of everybody, is alas much neglected by parents and teachers, and its absence affords reason for regret, if not for lamentation.

Nobody learns to read any more, and the art of reading aloud has retired into the shadowy region of other lost arts. Even public speakers, part of whose duty it is to read with distinctness and expression, frequently read very badly. There is less agreeable reading in the pulpit than there should be, and in the parlor and the family circle, the person who can read aloud acceptably and delightfully is a person of great attention is paid in school to reading, including pronunciation, vocalization, and interpretation than is desirable. To find a young woman who can read an essay, a story, review, a magazine article, or a chapter of the Bible to the pleasure of her hearers is really so great a treat that words are hardly adequate to its description.

In order to the acquisition of an accomplishment that would add immeasurably to the joy of life, training should be encouraged to read aloud. It should also be allowed to listen to reading, and some portion of each evening should be religiously devoted to this occupation.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all plumes, blotches and discolorations disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and mental systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard-earned dollars.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. THREATENED WITH PARALYSIS. Peter E. Summers, of Kalamazoo, Mich., relates his experience: "I was troubled with Nervous Debility for many years. I lay it to indigestion and excesses in early youth. I became very despondent and didn't care whether I worked or not. I imagined everybody who looked at me guessed my secret. Imaginative dreams at night weakened me—my back ached, had pains in the back of my head, hands and feet were cold, tired in the morning, poor appetite, fingers were shaky, eyes blurred, hair falling, memory poor, etc. Numbness in the fingers set in and the doctor told me he feared paralysis. I took all kinds of medicines and tried many first-class physicians, wore an electric belt for three months, went to Mt. Clemens for treatment, but received little benefit. At Mt. Clemens I was induced to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kennedy, though I had lost all faith in doctors. Like a drowning man I commenced the New Method Treatment and it saved my life. The improvement was like magic. I could feel the vigor going through the nerves. I was cured mentally and physically. I have sent them many patients and will continue to do so."

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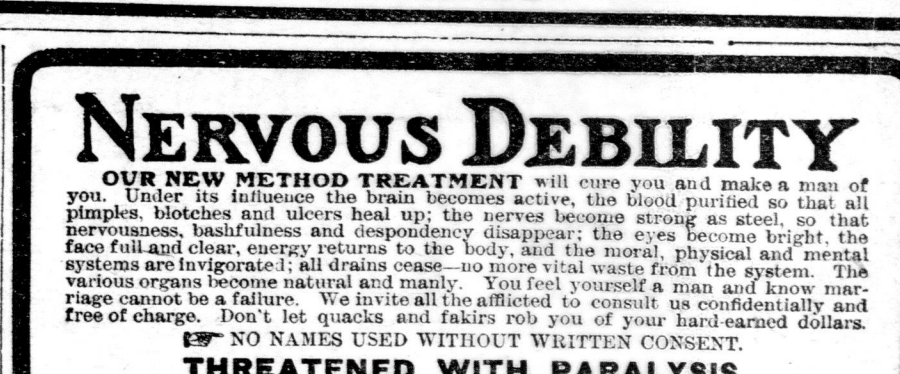
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