

Readings for May First
and
Thoughts for May Second

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"The Society We Live In is ill. It's a fractious, feverish invalid, gouty, greedy, ill-nourished. You can't have a happy left leg with neuralgia, or a happy throat with a broken leg."

H. G. WELLS.

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From the Amalgamated Call to Celebrate May Day

. . . We have passed out of both the war prosperity and the acute industrial depression that followed it. Unemployment is not as widespread to-day as it was a short time ago; slashing of wages has reached and passed the worst; but the open shop campaign is still in full force.

The Amalgamated passed through the period of crisis with its ranks firm and its fighting strength unimpaired.

In almost all clothing centers we took action, with considerable success, for the protection and promotion of the members' interests. We inaugurated organization campaigns to bring into the Union those clothing workers who are still unorganized. The result was a substantial increase in membership in a number of places. The Union also brought wage improvements to many of our members.

We have made gratifying progress on the field of workers' education.

In obedience to a mandate from the Fifth Biennial Convention of the Amalgamated, held last May at Chicago, we have entered two new fields of activity:

1. We have organized Amalgamated Banks. We have two banks now, one in Chicago and one in New York. We hope to have more in the future. The success of both banks is assured.

2. We have organized the Russian-American Industrial Corporation for the purpose of aiding the workers in Russia in their huge task of industrial reconstruction.



Both of our new activities, the Banks and R. A. I. C., have been fully justified by the success already attained.

We are glad to say that in no instance have our new efforts interfered in the least with the normal Amalgamated work. On the contrary, the enthusiasm for the Banks and the R. A. I. C. has served to stimulate the efforts for the purely industrial and organization work of the Amalgamated, and vice versa.

Our achievements, both for ourselves and for others, assume still greater importance in view of the universal reaction, the world-wide Fascism, which is terrorizing the labor movements in nearly all European countries outside of Russia.

In our own country, the enemies of labor are wide awake and highly active. In one state workers are imprisoned; in another, a striker is lynched; in a third, legislation is proposed which will make it impossible for labor unions to live.

At the same time efforts are being made in the ranks of the organized workers to strengthen the industrial power of labor and to attain political power.

The Amalgamated, ever conscious of its oneness with the working class generally, is responsive to every move that will add strength to organized labor.

On May Day the enlightened workers of the world renew the call for unity, the appeal for international brotherhood.

On May Day we renew our pledge to carry on the struggle until labor is completely emancipated.

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and
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Men and Monkeys

If you have ever stood before the cage of a gorilla in the Zoo you must have been startled by its resemblance to man. What did it mean?

The gorilla stands there looking at you through his cage—it is almost a human look in his eyes. He walks, stooping over, on his two hind legs, with his ungainly forelimbs hanging loosely from his shoulders. The top of his head is flat and his jaw protrudes; he cannot talk with us; he is muscularly ten times stronger than you and I, yet we have put him into a cage and kept him there. A strong, powerful beast, enslaved. Filthy, ferocious and dumb—yet with a startling resemblance to any of us. What does it mean?

In brief, the explanation is something like this. The first small animals living on the earth grew in size and complexity until many kinds of animals lived upon the earth, until some kinds disappeared and others developed, on and on, growing, changing, dying out, continually being born, with each offspring a little different from its parent.

Perhaps it was a million years ago, perhaps it was more, when an animal appeared on the earth that is of great interest to us. We don't know just what it was like, but we think that we are one branch of the family and that the gorillas are another branch of the very same family. So that we are cousins, first, second or third, but cousins at any rate, of that filthy, ferocious beast in its cage.

The transition from animal to man was slow and gradual. Man grew out of the animals that came before him with only a few slight changes—slight, we say, yet big enough to build the enormous civilization we now take for granted. In various parts of Europe bones have been found that tell the story of the growth of man. The earliest forms we know of must have been queer combinations of the gorilla and man, with flat skulls, low foreheads, stooping postures and protruding jaws. It must have been four or five hundred thousand years ago that a type of man appeared whom we would have definitely called a man.

So it was that animals changed and developed and kept on changing. So it was that one branch of the animal family developed a larger brain, walked on its hind legs, developed a useful thumb on the limbs that were left free and with the added advantages of brain and thumb built a tremendous civilization, created what seems to be a new kind of living. Man's new life has been growing and accumulating—from the time the first hammer was made until the Woolworth Building was erected, from the time he picked berries until the day when he walks into the Automat, deposits some metal in a slot and walks out—fed.

All this sphere is man's—beyond the sphere of the gorilla. What all this may mean can scarcely be said.

His brain is still like the animal's—just a little larger.

He still needs food and the satisfaction of sex.

He still bears children and doesn't yet know what to do with them.

He still fights an inevitable struggle for the satisfaction of his immediate needs.

But one thing he has—his consciousness—he knows what he is doing, he has learned to doubt his own life, to seek something better, something bigger—

But as yet—well, the gorilla may not be so proud of his cousin after all. Not always, at any rate.

Changing Human Nature

Man has been on earth so many thousands of years. What of these ages that have rolled on and on? Has man learned to think out his problems differently? Are wars any less possible today than ever before? Has man stopped oppressing man? Is there any less selfishness or less hatred around us?

Man's mind reflects animal, savage and child influences. We must remember that man's thought today is what these long ages have made it.

Man has come to be what he is today by a slow development, thru first, the animal stage, and later, a period of savagery. The animal and savage periods were much longer than the period of civilization. It is therefore not surprising that man should still bear with him the nature of his animal and savage fore-runners.

Man is a slow-going animal. An animal learns very slowly, and early man learned almost as slowly. Each advance in thought took thousands of years. It took him thousands of years to develop stone tools, which gave him his first advantage over the animals. It wasn't until thousands of years later that he learned to sharpen his rough stone implements, or put a handle into them and develop a hatchet. The wonder isn't that advancement came so slowly. The wonder is that this early animal-like being was capable of any advancement at all.

Yet man has made tremendous advances along some lines. It did take early man thousands and thousands

of years to discover the use of fire, or to develop tools, or learn how to take care of the soil. And it wasn't until thousands of years later (only about a hundred years ago) that we got to steam power or railroad transportation; and the automobile and the intensive use of electricity did not really come until within our own time, and the wireless and radio weren't developed until a few years ago.

Man is still young and still crude. But changed conditions have made him move differently. In the last two thousand years he has moved much faster than in the twenty thousand years before that; in the last two hundred years he has gone much faster than in the important two thousand years that came before them; and in the tremendous mechanical strides of the last twenty years he has leaped beyond the record of these two busy last centuries.

These changes have meant great re-direction of man's thought. Man is still controlled by his three pals—the animal, savage and child minds and these keep man from going on faster. They hold him to old desires and worn-out creeds. Whether he can go beyond them is a problem.

One thing man accomplished. He has divided off into groups—sections—races we call them. And the play is to make believe that these races are different and that one race is better than another. We hear a great deal about German stolidity, French temperament, English stubbornness, Russian melancholy, Scotch shrewdness, etc.

Supposing you should transfer a colony of one hundred French babies to Germany and they were brought up entirely without the knowledge of their origin. Would they be any different from one hundred German children of that vicinity? Or, if you transferred one hundred English babies to Italy, would these retain their "English character" in their new fatherland? Science says "No!"

Students of human nature generally agree that man all over the world is much the same with regard to original nature. Chinaman and Hindoo, Spaniard and Jew, Catholic and Ku Klux Klanner, the same stock of instinctive reactions; the same human emotions, impulses, wants, desires in all of them.

Not only that, but modern man is not different in nature from the men who lived thousands of years ago. By nature modern man is no different than the cave man hunter of old.

So far as conduct and reactions, there may be every difference. Man is made not only by his heredity (his nature) but by his environment (the civilization of his age).

When conditions are changed, human behavior changes. But the changed behavior does not mean a different kind of human nature. German and French, Jewish and Turkish and English institutions may all be different, but "the same original fears, angers, loves and hates are hopelessly entangled in them."

The wholesale human sacrifices, saintly tenderesses, the cruelties of ancient pirates, the call to universal brotherhood, the magic of the Indian medicine man, and the experiments of the chemist, the militarism of a Prussian, and the non-resistance of China, and the countless other such differences all spring practically from the same stock or native instincts.

And while the upholders of old systems are defending their out-worn institutions on the basis that you cannot change them until "human nature" is changed, psychologists point to the fallacy and wait for new economic conditions to bring swift realization of its forecast of newer and greater possibilities for man.

Man's Mastery Over Nature

Some time in your life you must have stopped to watch one of those huge derricks—monster machines that make foundations for big buildings. It leaves one breathless—those huge teeth eating out the earth, tearing up with one mighty pull earth and rock embedded for centuries. And somewhere inside is a man, carefully but quite lightly, pushing a lever. How long would it take for the man's single pair of hands to dig the earth with a shovel? How many generations would come and go before one pair of hands could dig the foundation with its bare nails?

In the days before houses, before cities, before factories, men had to face difficulties quite different from ours. The primitive man had to protect himself from wild animals, get his own food, keep himself warm and alive without aid. He had to pit himself against the greater strength of the animals, against the mighty forces of nature. He could do it only if he put to work forces as great as the forces he was combatting, only if he could learn to make and use tools—the means for applying forces to our own ends.

His first tools may have been crude—perhaps it was just the idea of using a stone to chop open a nut—but it saved energy and time—it was an advantage, a tool, a scientific machine. Once started, human beings went on,—slowly, with thousands of years between each step,—but always on and on, steadily. Fire was feared

as a monster that could devour whole forests, but with scientific advance men learned to use fire for their own purposes.

That was the line of advance of early science. Mysteries and terrors were understood and the old fears transformed into forces under the control of men, into the means for living more decently and more easily. Fire could heat and change foods, a chipped rock was used as a knife, a stone was made into a hammer, a pointed arrow could kill an animal—and thus men began to conquer the other animals, to conquer the cold and the rain, to change the problem of food-getting.

Science has been moving by leaps and bounds—men have been mastering nature in gulps. Scientific inventions in only the last five hundred years have changed the character of every hour of the twenty-four in each day.

Let us take a few of the inventions of the last five hundred years.

The compass was invented—what happened—men began to sail across oceans, men who had been afraid to sail out of sight of land. A bigger world was discovered. The great mystery of “beyond the waters” had been cleared. Europe was pulled out of its provincialism.

The printing press was invented—and men began to live in other men's lives, one man could speak to hundreds of thousands—the newspaper was made possible—men were able to live broader lives.

And the use of power—trains that eat up space—
make all the world one—engines that can perform
wonders—steamboats.

And electricity—and wireless—and automobiles.

And these are only a very few of the many important
inventions and discoveries of the last five hundred years.
What will the next five hundred bring?—and the next
—and the next—

Once a cold, hungry, trembling savage huddled alone
in fear inside a dirty, grimy cave.

Now a warmly clad man enters the subway reading
an account of the last attempt to send a wireless mes-
sage to the planet Mars.

Through science Man has become Master, Conqueror
of Nature and each day adds new conquests.

On the Backs of Slaves

Despite this advancement in the mechanics of life man still finds himself very much—a slave. Civilized man has often dreamed of the freedom of the wild man, the unrestrained liberty of the savage. But there never was such a thing. At the very dawn of the race of man enslavement was the price of life. Enslaved to every want, primitive man was at the mercy of accident every minute of his existence. See him—naked, hungry, cold, helpless, living on such plants and dead animals as he could find in the forests.

Those were days of universal slavery, enslavement to mysterious unknowable Nature. Physical struggle was the price of life, struggle for food, for the crudest shelter against wind and storm and cold, for woman and sex.

The curtain of history rises over the slaves of ancient Egypt—hundreds of thousands of them dragging for hundreds of miles the lime and clay for the vast pyramids that have remained the wonder of the ages. Science was born in Egypt. Mathematics, industry. The alphabet and writing. And all was founded on this human power, the human energy of these hundreds of thousands of slaves.

Who will say whether there was improvement in their lot? Who will hold that these slaves of ancient Egypt or in ancient Greece or China or among the Hebrews did not in their despair curse their lives, and life itself? Who will compare the dumb silent sufferings of these

ancient builders of civilizations and say that their share was better than those of their old ancestors, the slaves of nature, their ancient, primitive fore-runners?

"Feed them well," said an ancient counselor to a Roman emperor, "for well fed your people are as peaceful as lambs."

That was the philosophy of Rome. A great empire was built on the backs of these slaves, kept pacified by a loaf of bread, and kept in control by fear of losing even that. And on holidays there were games, circuses, and popular amusements.

But times came when despair became too desperate, when even the beaten spirits chained by their fear of losing that one more loaf, could go on no longer.

History records terrible revolts by ancient slaves. They rebelled, fought, destroyed, threw fear into the hearts of their oppressors. But in the end they were beaten, and chained once more. And so it went on and on. From slavery to serfdom. The modern wage system followed.

Millions and millions enslaved, and a few on top, living, playing, manoeuvring!

Modern science came. Modern industry. All on the basis of human power, human energy, slave power, wage power.

How long this can go on it is not possible to say. But there will come a change. Changes are coming.

Labor Movement—the Challenge of the Slave

The Labor Movement is the denial of slavery, the undoing of it.

The beginning of the rebellion against slavery was never recorded, but it was begun in ages past. It started in the protest and challenge first uttered by the slave under the cracking whip of the overseer. It was inarticulate at first. Since then many thousands of years have elapsed and labor still is not free, not even always articulate. But it is rapidly growing conscious of itself.

The story of the Labor Movement is the story of these protestant utterances becoming articulate, acquiring shape and developing a concerted movement for a stated end. It is not merely the story of rebellious uprisings and revolts. It is a great deal more. It is the story of self-consciousness that developed through revolutions in the minds of revolutionists.

Jewish masons and builders in Egypt, some 1500 years before the Christian era, so it is claimed, were the first strikers in the world's labor history. They rebelled against labor conditions imposed on them and demanded a change, and went on strike. But that was only a strike, a cessation of work. The rebels did not revolt against the system. They weren't conscious of the existence of such a thing as a system. They merely wanted more bread; they demanded new, improved conditions under which they were to labor. The possibility of creating a new condition in life, of bringing about a real change

in the play of social forces, did not occur to them. Action of laborers becomes a labor movement when labor sets out to move ahead on the plane of human life, when it forges onward and upward on the social ladder.

A veritable act of Labor Movement was that of the slaves or plebs in ancient Rome, some 500 years after the strike of the Jews in Egypt. The plebs threw up their work and refused to stay on in the Great City built by their labor but a step-mother indifferent to the fate of its fettered citizenry. They marched, all as one, out of the city and proceeded to build a new center all for themselves. The rebels acted as a class. They proclaimed a goal and went about its realization in man fashion. They were ready to challenge the power of the masters, knowing that the real power to work and build, was with them, the plebs. And the master class, the Patricians, surrendered. They changed the laws, they extended the franchise to the plebs, the workers. The leaders of labor were appointed to office, and, as is not at all uncommon in labor history, the leaders compromised the cause of labor with the master class.

There were strikes, and uprisings, and concerted movements of Labor throughout the run of social history. Many a conflict meant bloodshed, war, in which great stakes were played, and heavily paid for when lost. Throughout all of them runs the one motive force, the Labor Movement, the movement of laborers realizing ever more fully the sameness of their interests and commonness of their aims.

The path of labor toward organization and emancipation is not spread with roses. Thorns there are plenty. Difficulties come not only from the outside but from within as well. There the worst enemy is found not infrequently. Ignorance, prejudice, betrayal and above all lack of will power stands in the way of the better day for all who toil.

But the labor movement is gradually coming into its own. Its greatest achievement during the last century and the first part of the present century is organization. The fact that tens of millions of organized workers fight shoulder to shoulder, stand together in unity, even though at times lacking in vision, and battle to conquer, is a definite challenge to the mastery of idlers and usurers. The very functioning of organized labor is a defiance of the system which breeds wars, unemployment, child labor, exploitation of woman and race hatred.

The breakdown of the dominant social organization and its inability to provide for most people most of what they need, particularly manifest since the world war and the so-called peace following the war, served as a gigantic eye-opener to a blind world. The criminal stupidity of it all is now being realized by all who are not the profiteers or retainers of the system.

The Road of Labor—the Road to Power

The multitudes realize ever more fully that there is no salvation for the world unless the Labor Movement assumes power and responsibility over a demoralized and chaotic world.

The European Labor Movement is seriously contending for power. American workers, until very recently better situated than most of labor the world over, are approaching the unavoidable cycle of development.

It is a peculiar story, that of the American Labor Movement. Here is a country of gigantic accumulation of capital and ruthless exploitation of all natural resources, that of labor included. A labor movement active, virulent and definitely conscious of its ends and means would logically be expected. Yet, it is in America, that the labor movement has been shirking, as if on purpose, every opportunity to consolidate the ranks and to concentrate its effort on the struggle for results and power. It is enough to recall Homestead, the Pullman struggle, the Steel Strike of 1920, the bulk of the history of the A. F. of L., a long chain of defeats that should have been avoided.

Politics in this country is generally despised, politicians are considered the lowest of all on the ladder of social preoccupations. Yet labor more than any group of the people voluntarily submits to domination by politicians, of the lowest brand at that. The notion of independent labor political action, while it springs up every now and

then, here and there, has never failed to fall flat, burying underneath it its proponents.

Ninety-five years ago a political party of American labor came into being, and the program of that party, which was then fully representative of organized labor, contained a plank demanding the "abolition of wage-slavery." But today, in the year of our Lord, 1923, official spokesmen of large American unions, of real industrial organizations in the basic labor of the land, will deny vehemently that there are social and economic classes in the United States.

Perhaps it is so because our country is still in a condition of flux; that all is still changing; that there is still a shifting frontier line ahead of the country and between social classes.

But changes are coming even in retarded America. We see the hosts of the working class closing ranks, even though some superannuated heads and infantile minds try to block the way.

It is all a problem of further accumulation of strength, of fundamental education, of training. And labor is learning fast in these days of rapid changes. Labor is thinking the great thought of the age; it is thinking its road to power.

What Power Means

There is beauty in labor demonstrations of solidarity. There might be wisdom in protests against injustice. And it is perfectly glorious to see a mass of men and women get together on May Day and voice their aspirations. But there is one thing that truly matters, and that is, action—action that leads to power.

The working class may be justly demanding what is due it. But it will be denied its due just the same. It will be told that it is not able to do things, to run affairs. And the working class will be making efforts to prove its ability to manage matters. So the labor movement of a generation has spent itself to prove labor's ability to run unions, to manage parties, to organize co-operatives, to carry on educational activities, to put its own house in order.

But when labor is convinced of the justice of its own case, and has shown to others its justice and ability, no progress has yet been made. For a world in arms, ready to defend privilege and plunder, is not ready to surrender or submit to claims of justice or proof of ability. It is power that will count in the final count.

And so, as you talk of what you are rightly entitled to, of what the world of labor could do if it had its way, remember that your dreams of to-day will be a reality to-morrow if you have the power to enforce your will. One inch of accomplished thought will outweigh, on the scales of the future, miles of talk.

Where the Workers Rule.

There is one place in this world of ours where Labor rules. That is Russia.

The millions of workers and peasants of Russia, for ages preyed upon by all sorts of overlords and masters, are now in control of their own destinies.

Soviet Russia is a fact. And it is facts, not fancies, that matter in the world of vital realities. The workers' rule in Russia is solidly entrenched behind the power of will and will to power of the conscious men and women of the revolution, the millions of them.

Much older labor movements in many a country have reached the zenith of success and recognition and then declined. But the youngest of all, the movement of Russia, holds the most commanding position, and holds it with unbroken steadiness and unchallenged supremacy. That is because the Russian movement placed the problem of power in the center of its thought and activity.

The success of the Russian movement bears out the idea that power is the one matter that matters. The Russians could have justly claimed the right to be their own masters ten years ago no less than to-day. And the workers in England or Germany or France or United States are to-day no less able to take care of their own

lives than are the Russians. But it is not justice of his case, or ability to do what he wishes that bears out the worker's contention. It is the power to enforce his right that makes justice a reality. The workers and peasants of Russia have developed their power, and as long as they possess that power no adversities will take them off the track of their great historical destiny. The future is theirs, though the day seem not always so bright, and there be many a thorn in their way. This is the greatest lesson of the greatest event in human history—the Workers' Revolution in Russia.

What the Movement Means

Life is chaos. A factory, stupidly managed, abominably so. All is frightfully messed up. And the "crown of creation," the "directing reason," man, is but a ball in the hands of the most undisciplined player—of chance. Today the master of his fellow men, he is tomorrow at the mercy of a speeding auto, a falling brick, a microbe. Life is chaos, with so few of us truly living our lives.

The capitalist order of things subdues personality and crushes life out of life.

* * *

Here is a flowery youth. Some eighteen years old, he enters life, full of expectation. He believes he will burn his way through. He won't be one of the many. He won't be just fuel. He will light. His eyes tell you that. He knows that. Erect, proud, conscious of his strength and will to power he anticipates a lone, exciting, enticing joy-ride. But—

Some twenty or thirty years later. He is a cog in a huge machine. The motion of the mass carries him, or pushes him along, drives him. Part of routine, of a huge, all-absorbing, all penetrating deaf and dumb rotation, he exhibits no will of his own. The gleam in his eye is gone. The drabness of everydayness has dulled dreams down to the level of a deadening reality. The machine rolls on and on, for no reason except the will of the master.

* * *

There in the subway a girl, back from a day's hard labor, hanging on to the "strap" with one hand and gripping a story-book with the other, feverishly absorbs page after page. She reads of a life in which it is not given her to participate. Tired faces around her, exhausted bodies, compressed air, a mass of humanity uncomfortably huddled together, all forging ahead, hurrying, and what for? Just to get out at one station or another, rest up, feed up, replenish the stocks of used up energy, again to expend it tomorrow, and again to rush on for food and rest, and again to hurry back. . . The dreadful monotony, the murderous meaninglessness, the boredom of it all. . . The girl reads on in her book, her eyes gleaming as she looks up and glances about her without seeing anything in particular. In her story there is life and color, motion, promise and fulfillment. Imagination runs unhampered. The girl conquers immediate reality by invading the realm of the imaginary. Over the limitations of environment she is erecting a world of words. The riches of fancy undo the poverty of life for her.

* * *

Father works away his life, to raise a child, to allow it what he himself was deprived of in childhood. He limits his own participation in life so that the young one may have plenty, or be better equipped for the conquest of it. But why? Isn't life too short for sacrifices, and isn't the insufficiency of it sufficiently limited?

We fear death. We dread death even if life be drudgery. We will do anything to reach out of the physical limitations of our race. And the father sees in his child the tomorrow he may not live to see himself, the promise of living another day, even if not a better one. He will continue to live in his child long after his own days will be the possession of the past.

* * *

What the movement means to me is just what the novel means to the girl in the subway, and the child to the father. It is intoxication with the future, which is reasonably certain, and it is more than that.

We cannot prevent death. But we could make life more orderly and beautiful, more yielding. There is no limit to what man could do, if his creative forces were released from the all-devastating struggle for a minimum of living.

Under our economic system, man is enslaved by man, the great multitude by a small coterie. Our social system is the deadliest enemy of social society.

What stands in the way of a more beautiful tomorrow is the power of the few over the many. And so life, worthy of its name, is really a game for power. In this game *one* is but naught and the many are all. One, I am powerless. Alone, I am lost. Only when linked with all honest, striving, vigorous, fighting men and women the struggle of the ages sees its ultimate triumph.

The struggle for a truly human life is being fought over the face of the earth, throughout the stretch of generations. It is participation in this struggle that makes life worth while. The labor movement leads in this struggle. It is the one great inspiring force. With it, the future is sure, however remote. With it every step forward is not merely an improvement of immediate conditions of life but an assurance of eventual victory.

The bigger tasks in life are beyond the strength of one. They will not be accomplished in a day. And so I associate with all who think and will and do.

In the labor movement an advancing humanity is being realized. The beautiful structure of the day to come will be built by it, and I am one of the builders. I may not live to see it done, but what of it, as long as I know that I have done my share of labor in the making of it. The labor movement means to me exactly this foreboding of the future day.

The movement is the life of reason and the reason for life, the red roses of tomorrow and their fragrance amidst the thorns of today.



An Amalgamated Member's Creed of Unionism

I build my Union to be my Fortress, where I entrench myself for defense and advance. I want it to be powerful, to be able to instill the fear of God into the hearts of labor's enemies.

But that is not all.

I want to live in my Union. I want it to be the shrine where I worship to the ideal of my life. I want to draw my inspiration from it for many a disheartening battle ahead. It is to be the Fortress of my struggle and my Temple.

As the Romans of old would say: A healthy spirit in a healthy body.

That is what I want my Union to be.

And so I understand my duty to the Union as that of service and loyalty. I will staunchly stand behind my Union banner and build up a powerful fighting machine of Labor.

My active interest in Union affairs, my thought and belief, is the least I will give. Thus I will help construct the Temple in and out of my Union.

For I want a Union, that is a fortress against the outside world, and a shrine to worship in, a Temple for all within.

How the Amalgamated Differs

It is out for real accomplishments, for actual power, the only condition of lasting attainment.

It has forced the world to reckon with it because of the power it has developed. All its activities are animated by this attitude of organizing, consolidating and wisely using the organized power of its membership.

It carries on extensive education activities; its purpose is that of developing a consciousness of power in the members.

It is associating with other unions, contributes to causes of other workers outside of our own industry. That creates new bonds of solidarity, adds more power to the power of the Union.

It is building up a number of institutions, such as labor temples, labor banks, union libraries, labor publications; it is showing power to do things.

It is building the fortress of labor. It is consolidating our organized labor power. Let us stand behind it.

Mail it Today

You have read this booklet. It was prepared, printed and published by your own organization. This is but a small sample of what could be done—

IF you are interested,

IF you are willing to cooperate,

IF you fill the blank below and mail it today, and

IF you get others to do likewise without delay.

The Amalgamated Book Club is preparing for immediate publication two important books.

1. "America As It Is"—the story of what's what and who's who in the United States—an inventory of present-day American civilization.
2. "Stories of Labor's Struggles the World Over"—a colorful expression, in selected stories, of humanity, driving, hoping, and doing.

Both books from 500 to 600 pages, excellently printed and bound—One Dollar.

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