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I BELIEVE IN AMERICA

I
BELIEVE
IN AMERICA

AN
AMERICAN MANIFESTO

BY
RAY W. SHERMAN



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OSKAR PIEST
1940

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To

Ruth and Ray and Helen

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Others take finish, but the Republic is ever constructive
and ever keeps vista,
Others adorn the past, but you O days of the present I
adorn you,
O days of the future I believe in you . . .

WALT WHITMAN

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CHAPTER ONE

The Challenge of Our Faith

AT A time when the world is in a disturbed state, and our own country is still afflicted with depression and perplexity, it is only natural that we should all be greatly concerned over what the future may bring. We wonder if predatory force will destroy all civilization and whether we in America shall have to abandon the dream of prosperity and happiness which has inspired us for 160 years. We wonder if we shall have to project our children into a world in which there can be only fear and unhappiness, and whether they—even though surrounded by the products of our civilization—shall have to struggle in economic darkness and grapple with forces against which they can never hope to win.

Amid all this fear and wondering it may seem quixotic to assert that, while our fears are not without foundation in fact and our perplexities are not without justification, the outcome will be that we shall see in this country a continuance and extension of our civilization, and that we in America shall enjoy in the not too distant future a prosperity greater than any people in the world has ever known.

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When this time comes, instead of millions of unemployed, we shall have more jobs at good wages than men, and thousands of positions at good salaries for men and women who can fill them. And there will be many, who today are not getting ready, who will then lament the fate that placed them before opportunity but without the ability to profit by it.

Nor will this be a war prosperity. The activities attendant upon armed conflict are not true prosperity. And regardless of what our views may be today the fact remains that all wars have to end. The desire of the peoples of the earth is not war, but peace. The prosperity we shall enjoy will be just about what you today may be hoping for but in the coming of which you have no great confidence. Furthermore, this will not be in any weirdly changed country. It will be in our own United States of America, nor is it presumptuous to declare at this point that America will be here long after you and I are gone.

Statements like these may seem in our present times to derive only from a lack of intelligence almost to imbecility. How can one venture such questionable declarations? The basis for them however does exist. Is it not further true that if there is any reasonable support for such assertions, every one of us must organize his thinking and his acting to the end that he may prepare himself to participate in this prosperity when it comes—in this country which we love.

Of course, no one can ever know for sure what will happen tomorrow. The world itself before you finish

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reading this sentence might go back into the gas from whence it came. In the great cosmos are forces we do not comprehend. Man can make an egg but he cannot make it hatch. He knows that there is a force called electricity which he can put to work but, after all the years he has experimented with it, he still does not know what it is. There are spots upon the sun which affect his living, but he does not know why. All about him are forces which he feels but cannot fathom.

Only a few months ago the earth underwent a terrific electrical bombardment which upset telegraph, telephone, radio and other electrical apparatus and, while we have petty man-made theories about it, we still remain in awe of this power which we cannot comprehend.

In 1883 the Island of Krakatao in the East Indies blew up with the greatest noise ever known to man, with atmospheric waves that went several times around the earth, and sent dust so high in the air that it colored the sunsets of the entire world. We have theories as to how it happened, but in the face of this power we are very small indeed. And out farther than man has ever been able to see lie other worlds, all holding with regularity to their places in the great scheme of things, all there before there was any human mind to measure time, all to be there when our own orb shall be a dull and lifeless moon.

In this great cosmic drama, filled with forces we can neither comprehend nor control, we cannot know

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what any tomorrow will bring. All we really can know is our yesterdays, and even they are very insignificant specks among all the yesterdays that have come and gone. However it is this knowledge of our yesterdays on which we base our hopes of our tomorrows.

We have found that certain forces act in certain ways, that the great unseen hand seems to have a plan, and when we have learned how that hand works we feel justified in making predictions. We base these predictions on the habits and ways of living things, on the coming and going of the seasons, on workings of the human mind and body, and when we intelligently use these known actions as the basis for our predictions our guesses can be startlingly correct. Even the great depression from which we have not yet emerged was predicted though few of us listened.

And so, while the earth might not be here tomorrow we are fairly sure it will be. And why? Simply because it has been here such a long time, whirling around in the same old way century after century. There once was, so they say, a continent called "Atlantis," which sank beneath the sea somewhere near the Azores. America could do that too, but we don't believe it will. And why? Simply because no continent has acted like that during recorded history and there is not now and never has been any indication that North America will do that.

If we were going to select some things for safe predictions, at the top of the list would be one that

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North America will be here a very long time to come—and just about as it is now. We would be willing to predict that human beings will continue to walk on two legs, that dogs will bark at strangers, that people will love, and hate, and wish, and hope, will get hungry and will eat, and that the human race won't change much so far as its basic emotions are concerned.

We are all familiar with the scientist who does research work. Yet all he does is fuss around till he finds, by trying again and again, that if he does certain things certain other things will happen. When he finds, for example, that he can spin rayon threads out of a liquid if he does certain things, business gambles that these results will continue and sets up big factories. Now, it could be that all of a sudden the threads wouldn't spin, but thus far they have spun, and we are pretty sure they will keep on doing so.

Our whole human activity is like that. Our nation is like that. And so is all the world. I'm pretty sure that if I took a rotten apple and squashed it over your face and shirt front you'd get mad and take a sock at me. Why? Because experience teaches that human beings have always reacted in that way.

Wherefore, if we want to find what's going to happen tomorrow, we can sometimes arrive at a pretty good guess if we find out what has happened before and base our predictions on that. And, in our guessing, we must not overlook the all important

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fact that this nation—any nation—is just people. North America was here for countless centuries before the white man came. It wasn't the land that made America. It was the people. And the growth and changes of the years have been brought about by the people, just as the growth and changes of years to come will be brought about by us and our children for generations after.

All this rather abstract discussion is to emphasize the point that our first step in trying to peer through the mists toward tomorrow is to go back over our yesterdays and see what we can find there on which to base predictions, which is what this book attempts to do. And, after it has laid before you the facts as they exist, you can then determine for yourself what the best guess is and how best to fit yourself into whatever form tomorrow may take. You may even agree with this book, which asserts, and with all the emphasis my belief commands, that America will be here long after you and I are gone and that we in this country are going to see very shortly a prosperity greater than any nation in the world has ever known.

In that prosperity will be places for many men and women who today are blue and despondent, for young men just coming out of school and wondering if there is any hope for them, for girls who wonder if they are to be deprived of their right to marriage and a home, for older people who are perplexed in today's confusion and wonder if the "good old days" will not return. Those "good old days" will not return, but

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there will come a new day by which the old will seem pale and wan, bright though the old days may now seem.

Today the air is filled with a confusion of things. We are still wrestling with the problems of depression. We are debating whether the form of country we have is best for all of us and can endure. We are wondering if our form of civilization can provide jobs for all who want to work. We listen to creedists and ism-ites who tell us something else would be better than what we have. We see a world upset by war, and thousands who hold that our existing form of government must die. And so vast is the confusion that millions of us sink in despair and let ourselves believe that in tomorrow there can be no hope.

But underlying all such situations is an old and tried and true way out of the confusion. That way is simple. It is to take the confusion apart and look at it piece by piece. Then it is not nearly so confusing. A play, a radio act, a book, an automobile, a dinner, or anything else, is just a collection of parts. Understand the parts and the thing becomes amazingly simple. And so, in times like these we can ease our minds greatly if we take today's confusion apart and look at it piece by piece.

This book attempts to do that. In chapters that follow it will take up the great depression in which we still are. It will take up this America in which we live. It will take America itself apart and look at the pieces. It will do the same with the isms. It will take

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apart the business of jobs and making a living. And after all these parts have been laid upon the table one by one and we have seen the picture piece by piece the book will put it all back together again. And it will then try to point out how the things the past has taught us apply to our future and how each and every one of us can look forward less uncertainly than we look now.

There won't be anything in this book that isn't common knowledge. Much of what is in it every reader already knows, but even though you know it you may not have put the debits on one side and the credits on the other and added them up to see if they agree. To that extent this book will be only an aid or challenge to you in your thinking. In fact it is always upon your own thinking that your own future must be based. I, therefore, do not ask you to accept any of the conclusions I have reached for myself, but I do ask you to follow me in my presentation of the evidence, and then I ask you to bring in a verdict of your own. If, when that verdict is brought in, you too agree, then you owe it to yourself to do everything you can to help make this prosperity come, and you owe it to yourself to fit yourself for a place in it.

All of us think of making money, and for the last ten years the chance to make it has seemed slim. What does the future hold? A boy not yet through high school told me a few days ago that he wasn't going to college, because he wanted to get out of school as quickly as he could and get a job before all the jobs

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were gone. He doesn't know that many of today's "big shots" will be dead before he has really grown up and that the leaders of forty years from now are today only boys in school. He's the type that will think more clearly as he grows older, but today to him all hope has gone. Yet I am sure this lad will one day make more money than he now thinks possible.

But, to make money, there has to be a nation, a country, within which to make it. What kind of country will this be? In days gone by some men have made a lot. Will men still be able to make a lot? What will be the conditions under which we shall work and live? This question and its answer are a vital part of the evidence we must consider as we face tomorrow, and along with it we must consider the many isms that could affect our way of life. There will be things in this book that may not seem closely related to the prosperity that is ahead, but they *are* closely related, for before we can play a ball game there must first be a field, and rules.

And so, let's consider all the evidence. Let's look at the kind of country in which we're going to live, and let's consider why it is likely to be that way. Let's look at the business picture of tomorrow, as it may be, as I believe it will be, and let's get ready for what may be the greatest period in the lives of every one of us.

Let me for the next few minutes be an attorney who is trying a case. The charge has been brought that this depression will never end, that when it does

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end there will be no chance for men and women, and boys and girls, that America has outlived its usefulness as a nation, that the day of opportunity has gone never to come again, that good money can never again be earned, that men can no longer strive for the thing we call wealth, and even though they strive they cannot win, and that we must plod on to the end of our days, sad and depressed, with low incomes, with few jobs, and only God, or something or other, to look after us.

As attorney for the defense I declare all this to be untrue. It's all a lie! There *is* opportunity for us, for *all* of us. America has *not* outlived its usefulness. And there is before us an era that will go down in history as one of the most brilliant the world has ever known. I herewith begin the presentation of my evidence. Will you, Mister American, listen while I plead?

CHAPTER TWO

Depressions Always End

AS THE first piece of evidence in the case of the Prophets of Gloom *versus* America I wish to dispose of this thing we call the depression, and what I propose to prove is that, although we have had hard times, there is nothing new about them and they are not so important as many people have been led to believe.

I propose to prove that there have been depressions as far back as man can remember and that there will be depressions as long as men live upon this earth. Why they come we are not too sure. The only thing of which we are certain is that they always go. I furthermore propose to prove that after each great depression we have had in America our prosperity has been greater than it had ever been.

As was pointed out in the preceding chapter of this book, we are generally safe in basing guesses on things which have happened before. Therefore, since each depression we have ever had has been followed by greater prosperity than prevailed before it, we are justified in believing now that we are approaching

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prosperity even greater than that which prevailed between the end of the first World War and the collapse of the stock market in the fall of 1929. Fantastic economics? Amateur reasoning? Maybe. But let's try to determine how much of it is fantasy and how much is fact. Then, you decide.

What makes this depression so black is that most of us who are alive today do not remember any of the depressions which went before. Therefore we think this is the worst that ever happened and that nothing again can ever be the same. However, as I stated in the first chapter, most of the things in this book are known fact. As I write I have before me a reference volume in which a section covers depressions of the world for nearly four hundred years, and it may surprise you to learn that while the present one is a great one it is merely No. 44 in this list.

Of course these depressions were really not all alike. Some of them, particularly in countries other than the United States, were due to quarrels and wars between nations, or crop failures, or other kinds of disturbance or misfortune, but the people were just as miserable in one kind as in another. And, out of the entire list, most of them were like the one we are having now, though some of them were of short duration and not very severe.

I am not going to go over all these depressions one by one because the story would become very monotonous, for they are all more or less alike in their dire effects. Nor am I going into foreign depressions. We

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shall concern ourselves with those which had a major effect on our own country.

Before each major depression there were good times and the whole world of business got to running pretty fast. Men with an adventurous spirit became involved in speculation. Factories went at top speed, seemingly in the belief that the demand for goods would never cease growing and that prices would forever continue to rise.

This resulted in a great deal of borrowing of money and extension of credit. Men who felt that they could succeed in certain business enterprises went to bankers and others who had money to loan and, because of the general feeling of confidence, this money was loaned or credit was advanced for merchandise. The whole mad race became faster and faster until a good portion of the business world was practically out on the end of a limb. That is a description of what goes on before the usual major depression.

The next thing that happens is that some one person finds he stuck his neck out too far and cannot make good on his promises. He may have manufactured more merchandise than he could sell. He may have bought stocks on too narrow a margin or done any of a number of things which you can imagine. The result is that he stumbles and falls. This alarms someone else and the next thing you know all those who have advanced money in these exciting times conclude suddenly that they want their money back.

Of course, all this money cannot be repaid that

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quickly, but when the demands for it are made those who owe it do the best they can to pay. They have to sell merchandise and stocks for less than they paid for them. At this point the prices which have been going up start down, and instead of a wild upward climb there is a mad rush backward down the hill. In this tumble there are great losses, particularly by those who were speculating. Then, factories have to reduce production, because everybody with any money starts hanging on to it and buying falls off. When buying falls off workmen are laid off in all forms of activity and we have unemployment. This makes it tough for all concerned.

However, this period of panic and inactivity cannot go on forever. In the next phase of the depression people begin to recover their common sense and courage. One by one they come out of their holes and begin to do things. The people as a whole find themselves greatly in need of merchandise they should have bought, and manufacture resumes. The unemployed get their jobs back, and the character and courage of the American people are such, and our form of government is such, that the next thing you know we are going ahead faster than we went before and the prosperity which follows overshadows anything we have ever known. This has happened time after time. Doesn't it seem a bit ridiculous to suppose that, if it has happened to us so many times before, it isn't going to happen again?

At this point I am quite willing to concede that

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you cannot make so definite a prediction as that and class it as sound economics. No economist worthy of the name—and I am not one—would make a prediction of such long range and of such definite character and hope to maintain his reputation in the business world. However, in answer to the economist I will make an assertion with which I think he will have to agree: if America never started to go ahead until the economist said it was time to go ahead, our general direction would be mostly backward.

The reliable economist deals in facts. When car-loadings increase he knows business is on the up. When people can be counted on the payrolls he knows there must be increased spending power. But until these facts develop in the economic picture he cannot make any definite statement as to future trends. Wherefore, in this book, while we are basing our belief on facts, we are dealing more with the immutable laws of nature and the lessons of history. You may call our prediction, if you wish, a hope instead of a promise, but you may concede it to be far more than that when you have reviewed the evidence in this case of the Prophets of Gloom *versus* America.

And so let's take a look at this thing we call depression and dispose of it for quite a few years to come. But let's not forget that Depression No. 45 will come along sometime in the future. There will be little ones and there will be big ones and every thirty or forty years we seem in this country always

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to have a truly big one. There is reason to feel today that no big one is immediately ahead of us and there is ample evidence that we are moving toward a period of truly great prosperity. Incidentally, there is one beautiful feature of a big depression which is that when we are in it the only direction we can go is up.

There are many books which deal with the subject, but this volume of which I spoke does a particularly interesting job. It is the *Lincoln Library of Essential Information* and it lists statistically depressions since the year 1560, 380 years ago. We don't need to go back much farther than that to convince ourselves that there is nothing new about them. Eliminating much of the detail, the list appears on the opposite page.

Let's look at Depression No. 1. England about 1560 had been having one of the wars in which it was engaged for hundreds of years, and there is no need to go into great detail to prove that wars cost money. A government at war has to have arms and ammunition, it has to pay soldiers, and, though it doesn't pay the soldiers very much, it has to feed them for you can't fight without food, and so England had to have money and of course borrowed it. Finally, it borrowed so much that its creditors began to wonder if they would ever get their money back and there suddenly developed a panic among those to whom England owed money, and these creditors started running for their holes. It was two years before they came out and meantime there was a spell of what

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<i>No.</i>	<i>Date It Began</i>	<i>Countries Chiefly Affected</i>	<i>How Long It Lasted</i>
1	1560	Belgium, England	About 2 Years
2	1563	England	3 Years
3	1569	England	5 Years
4	1587	England	16 Years
5	1620	England	5 Years
6	1630	England	A Few Months
7	1640	England	10 Years
8	1659	England	About 2 Years
9	1667	England	About 1 Year
10	1672	England	About 2 Years
11	1682	England	A Few Months
12	1696	England	1 Year
13	1701	England	Less Than 1 Year
14	1704	England, Scotland	4 Years
15	1710	England	1 Year
16	1720	France, England	
17	1745	England	A Few Weeks
18	1763	Germany, Holland, England	
19	1772	England, Holland	1 Year
20	1783	England	Six Months
21	1793	England	1 Year
22	1797	England	
23	1809	England, United States	2 Years
24	1815	England	About 2 Years
25	1819	United States	About 2 Years
26	1825	England	2 Years
27	1836	England, United States, France, Belgium	7 Years
28	1847	England, Holland, Germany, France, United States	1 Year
29	1854	United States	
30	1857	United States, Nearly All Other Countries	3 Years
31	1866	England	About 1 Year
32	1869	United States	
33	1873	Nearly All Countries	6 Years
34	1882	France, England	4 Years
35	1884	United States	2 Years
36	1890	Germany, France, England	4 Years
37	1893	United States	4 Years
38	1900	England, Germany, France	4 Years
39	1903	United States	About 1 Year
40	1907	United States, Europe	1½ Years
41	1914	United States, Europe	About 2 Years
42	1920	United States, England, Europe	Less Than 2 Years
43	1922-25	England, Austria, Germany, Japan, China	Great Variations
44	1929	Most of the World	—?—

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folks called hard times. This depression wasn't very long but while it lasted you can imagine the state of affairs.

Depression No. 4, which lasted sixteen years, was accompanied by Spanish attacks on British shipping. If you were an English businessman and your prosperity depended on shipping merchandise all over the world, it wouldn't do business any good if a hostile nation sank your ships or stole your merchandise. This kept up for sixteen years during which there was unemployment in England and people wondered if they ever again would know good times. Along with this there were bad harvests and the plague.

As we look back over the depression from which we are emerging it seems to us that nothing could have been worse. The truth is that the human race has seen periods of distress which make our recent depression look like a Sunday school picnic. Several times the plague stepped in as a factor in the economic distress of the peoples of various countries. The plague is something of which the modern world knows little except from history. It was a disease that is presumed to have come from the Far East and been carried by rats in ships. It struck suddenly. The victim started off with stiffness or convulsions, then his temperature rose rapidly and very high. Then followed vomiting attacks, giddiness, pain, sleeplessness, delirium, and finally the miserable creature in from one to three days died.

Doctors of those days didn't know as much as they

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know now. They knew practically nothing about the plague or how to combat it. Health departments as we know them now did not exist, and the human being in sickness or hard luck was treated as one of God's unfortunates and was left to get out of his misery as best he could. Sometimes people died in such numbers that there was no time for funerals and there were not enough undertakers to bury them. But the bodies had to be disposed of some way—and quickly—so public carts went through the streets, the drivers crying, "Bring out your dead!" If a member of your family had died the body was brought out and thrown into the cart and the bodies were taken away for mass disposal. The plague sometimes wiped out two thirds to three quarters of an entire population before it had run its course. That, in America today would mean 65,000,000 to 100,000,000 deaths.

We have had hard times, so we think, but what would you think if we had had a crop failure too and then in the midst of it all something like the plague? Can you imagine your sensations if a garbage truck stopped out front and a cop came to the door and asked if you had any dead and, if you had, you would have to chuck the body of some dear one into the truck without even one lone flower to go with it? That would be a truly depressing depression. All this is in history books and if you will read the further details you'll find the story far more distressing than it is here. Read the story in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. However, what we are attempting to prove at

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this point is that there is nothing new about depressions and ours really wasn't so bad.

Let's skip most of these depressions for their stories would be somewhat the same. Let's discuss our own dozen or more depressions, starting with the one of 1819 when the United States of America, having just concluded the war of 1812 with England, was beginning to feel its oats as a nation. During our early years there were events, such as the Embargo Act and the War of 1812, which reduced our foreign commerce, and this tended to increase manufacture in America. We found we could do something besides just raise crops and what was more natural than that, after the peace of 1815, America should have a manufacturing boom. This manufacturing prosperity was accompanied by an expansion of credit. Also the people of the seaboard states began speculating in land farther west. You bought a piece of it today and a little later sold it for a higher price. You might never even have seen the land at all. We followed the pattern pretty closely. We stuck our necks out too far and we came down with a bump in 1819 and had slack times for about two years.

You will note, if you look at the list, that we have had in the United States several bad depressions. Our first great one began late in 1836 or early in 1837 and lasted seven years. The young and thriving United States of America, with a backyard that stretched from near the Atlantic seaboard to out near the Rocky Mountains, got the bit in its teeth and started for

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town. The Erie Canal, which was the subject of great conversation in those days, was opened in 1825. Some people thought it wouldn't work, but there were enough who understood canal construction to bring about a canal boom and there still are in many of our eastern states the remains of canals which were going to revolutionize transportation and make somebody fabulously wealthy.

It seemed as though these waterways from the east to the west would provide a gateway for the products of our undeveloped western lands, and, if you had been living in those times, I suspect you would have been tempted to invest your money in western real estate with the hope that the value would grow. In fact if you were like many of the speculators of those days you probably would have been able to buy for one price today and sell for a higher price tomorrow. Whereupon you would have repeated the process and might even have made yourself quite a bit of money.

Then while you were in this frame of mind the railroad appeared on the scene. It was demonstrated that a steam engine could draw a heavy load on rails and go faster than horses and wagons. The railroad was as new and startling to the people of that period as radio, television and aviation are to us, and what was more natural than that money should be advanced right and left by individuals and by banks for the building of many miles of railway. The people of those times thought America was really going places. The prosperity was tremendous. In fact, business got

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so good that the United States of America paid off all its debts and had money in the bank and the first Jackson day dinner was in celebration of that event. The ghost of Andrew Jackson must be getting a big laugh out of the way we are handling our government finances today.

And then we ran true to form. In 1837 the bottom went out of everything. We had been going too fast, and the head of the parade had to sit down and rest until the tail caught up. Credit had been stretched too far, there were too many people out on the end of a limb and the inevitable happened. When the first fellow pulled in his horns the rush started. It was the worst depression America had ever known. In 1837 Andrew Jackson wished the presidency on poor Martin Van Buren who came into office with the terrible mess in his lap, and a great many people blamed him for the trouble even though he probably had nothing to do with it at all. I have just read President Van Buren's message to Congress in 1837 and it sounds as though he were talking of our recent conditions. Manufacture had slowed down, the farmers were hard pressed, banks were closing right and left, crops were failing and millions of men were walking the streets of America and wondering if they would ever work again, just as they have done during the last ten years.

Martin Van Buren was the Herbert Hoover of his day. Under President Jackson there had been eight years of prosperity. Under Van Buren, there had been four years of misery after which he couldn't

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have been elected dog catcher, and so at the end of his term they nominated a couple of other fellows on a ticket which featured hard cider and a log cabin. There is a platform for you! And it won!

What happened? At the low point of the depression America was very discouraged. It thought it was the end of prosperity. It looked back to the twinkling 1820's and didn't believe anything like them could ever again be a part of our history but, as is the case in all our great depressions, we began moving slowly upward from the low spot. The canal idea was sound and the canal business continued to grow. The railroad was a great blessing, and this business began to perk up again. Money began to reappear for investment in railroads and the mileage grew year by year, and as the mileage grew the western development of America continued. In fact until all our western lands had been taken up we, throughout our history, had land speculation.

We might go further and state here, what is more or less obvious to anyone who will reflect a moment, that we always have had and always shall have something which provides an outlet for the speculative spirit of our people. For many years western lands were a get-rich-quick opportunity. Today that opportunity has gone but it has been replaced by a speculative opportunity far greater than anything which ever existed in America before, and that is our stock market. This lets anybody in. There is always a

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chance to win, and during the period before this present depression it seemed as though nobody could lose.

After the collapse of the stock market in 1929—and the necessity for attracting patrons to moving picture theaters—we developed those various forms of gambling which enable even the newsboy to play and sometimes win. These gambling games are even sponsored by churches, which enjoy a profit from the pennies of the newsboy, the sponsors apparently not realizing that the whole thing is nothing but a new name for a very old gambling house game called “keno.” In a gambling house, keno is against the law. In churches and theaters it seems to be legal. And of course we shouldn’t overlook horse racing.

The gambling instinct has existed in peoples as far back as history makes any record. In *What Price Wall Street* by Forrest Davis is an interesting chapter on the famous tulip bulb speculation in Holland 300 years ago. Until then the fellow who wanted to take chances had to bet on cock fights, knight tournaments, dice, cards and similar speculative enterprises. However, tulip bulbs had been brought into Holland from Turkey and, since the Hollanders loved to beautify their property, these became very popular. The demand for tulips in their various lovely forms created a demand, and speculation in bulbs began.

It seemed as though the whole world wanted bulbs and that any you bought today could be sold tomorrow for a higher price. Things spiraled up and up and up. Poor folks became wealthy. People turned their

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property into cash. Houses and furniture were sold at ruinous prices so that the money could be used to buy tulip bulbs, which the buyers were sure could be sold tomorrow at a higher price. At the height of the boom a single bulb was actually sold for 2500 florins—or \$1000—a florin being worth about forty cents. Another bulb was exchanged for twelve acres of land, and another was traded for a new carriage, two grey horses and a complete harness. It is obvious to us now that no tulip bulb could be worth that much and somebody in Holland evidently discovered it too, and as soon as the first man started to run for cover the bottom went out of the whole business and there was a complete collapse of the tulip bulb boom. However it left Holland prettier than it had been before.

In the early 1700's speculators in England and France began promoting overseas developments, among which were the Mississippi Bubble and the South Sea Bubble. Prices of shares spiraled upward the same as they had during the tulip bulb boom of the early 1600's and the stock market boom of our 1920's and then there was a collapse.

It has always been that way. Mankind likes to gamble. He holds, though he will not admit it, a belief in Cinderella fairy stories and he secretly hopes that somewhere, sometime, somehow he can get rich without work. He always will be this way and, because the promotion of speculative schemes induces poor people to waste their pennies, we pass laws in an attempt to curb gambling. We have some success but

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not too much, and in each depression chapter in our history a cause has been that too many people stuck their necks out too far in an effort to get rich quick—or quicker.

But let's go on with the story of the great depression of 1837. During the period following this terrible economic slump a number of things happened to push America on its upward course. For one thing gold was discovered in California in 1848 and there was a great migration of people from all the states, hoping to pick up fortunes in the ground of California. Many of them did.

During this period the inventive spirit of America began to work and there began that great forward march of labor saving devices which has made our living different from that of any other people in the world.

In the old days farm work was done by hand. Grain was cut with a cradle, but now machines were developed which ran down the field and left the grain on the ground where all you had to do was pick it up and bind the sheaves. Take a look at a reaper in operation some day, and estimate how much grain you could cut with a cradle, and you will comprehend what a revolutionary development some of these pieces of farm machinery were. It did two things. It made it possible to raise bigger crops with fewer farm laborers, in some cases cutting the cost in half, and it made jobs for thousands of men in the manufacture of this equipment.

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The next thing people knew America was running down the road again with prosperity greater than the nation had ever known. The dark days of the depression were forgotten, the twinkling 20's seemed dim by comparison and the men who had been unemployed in 1837 forgot the days when they had walked the streets and wondered if they would ever work again. And there we have a typical chapter in American history: The great prosperity of the 1820's, the bitter depression of 1837, and the rise to greater heights in the 1840's and 1850's.

As we said earlier in this story the history of our depressions can become very monotonous because their effect on the people is always the same. Before the depression are good times and afterward we have better times than we ever had before. For purposes of record, however, you as jurymen in the trial of this case must listen while we put into the record a few important points. We have had since America was a nation four important depressions:

1837—lasting seven years.

1873—lasting six years.

1893—lasting four years.

1929—should have been over two or three years ago.

We have gone into detail on both sides of the depression of 1837. Prior to the depression of 1873 we were on our way up the hill following the Civil War. There was invention—and speculation. We got too

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far out on the end of a limb. What tipped things over this time was that France lost a war and had to pay a big indemnity to Germany. This put a lot of money in circulation in Europe. Speculation increased in both Europe and America, we began to go too fast, somebody became frightened and in 1873 we took another fall. Banks failed, business houses folded up, prices fell, unsold goods piled up on docks and in warehouses, factories shut down and during the winter of 1873 and 1874 there were 3,000,000 tramps in the United States, all hunting for work and food.

People said this was the worst depression the country had ever seen. Some of the old men tried to tell them about 1837, thirty-six years before, but most of the people alive in 1873 were too young to remember much about 1837 so they pooh-poohed the old fogies, called it the greatest depression of all time, and moaned that the good old days would never come again. However, six years later the tramps had jobs, homes were happy and we started up the hill again.

In 1893 we took another flop and a bad one. It lasted four years but it was tough. Were we to go through the details of it we would only repeat the story of 1837 and 1873. This was the time of the famous Coxey's army. Jacob S. Coxey thought the government should do something about the depression, so he started an army of unemployed from the west to Washington in the late winter of 1894. At one time he had 20,000 men. Some were sincere and some were just out for the excitement. Part of the army finally

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got to Washington, made a gesture at invading the White House and were arrested for "trespassing on the lawn" and that was the end of Coxey's army. Also there were strikes and disorders, troops were called out, but in about four years the depression faded and before long everybody had forgotten all about it.

The World War brought a boom and you all remember the boom days thereafter. You also remember how, in October 1929, the bottom went out of the stock market, and we went into the dark days of the 1930's. And we are all quite likely to claim this is the greatest depression of all time, more severe in its effects, bringing more misery and distress, and probably never to be equaled in all history. That may be right. Maybe it is, but, so far as my list goes, it is merely No. 44 in a list of depressions which began nearly 400 years ago.

My own guess—just a guess—is that thirty-five or forty years from the start of this one there'll be another. About 1965 or 1970. A pippin, with little ones in between, just as it has been all through the years. Why? Because in a free country, as this one will continue to be, you can't stop men trying to get ahead, to make money. And when they find the going getting better they try harder. This always leads us into overdoing things. And then we have to rest. If a fellow could only smell them coming and get out from under he'd be one of the marvels of all time. But the trouble is that when the next one comes—the next big one—those who received their depression education now

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will be dead or so old their warnings will be rated as the vaporings of old fogies.

But in it all one fact stands out. The depression of 1837 and that of 1873, both of which were like today's in their deep effect and serious nature, and were our longest, ran themselves out in seven years. There are those who feel, and I am one, that this one would have ended about 1937 if we hadn't hampered our national recovery with legislation which was discouraging to those who run businesses and make jobs for the rest of us.

However, that's the story of depressions. They're tough. But there's nothing new about them. They come. And they go. And this one will, before long, be merely history and we'll look back and wonder how we could have faltered so in our faith.

As for wars—well—a record of them would be a lot like the list of depressions. I am afraid the world will always have them, and the attendant hysteria will be much the same. We have been in them or near them frequently ever since the first white men landed on this continent. Without going into detail, may we not state that no matter how severe the effect has been they have always ended.

No war in which America may engage should ever be one of other than defense, and, though we are now preparing for any emergency, could it not be true that the outside world will end its struggles and that we may not have to complete the elaborate program of preparedness which is our present plan?

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This is not to minimize the present necessity for defense. We should go on till we have passed the point of greatest need, but we should not forget that the relationship between the Americas and the Old World has for more than a century been one of the shedding of shackles rather than the forging of new chains and that the conquering of any or all of the Americas by any European power possesses elements of the fantastic, providing we are equipped for defense. And the more vigorously we proceed now the sooner may we return to the ways of peace.

I know scores of people who feel we shall enter the present European war but I do not know one who wants to or who knows any good reason why we should. But they feel trickery at home or abroad may throw us in. Against that trickery every American must fight. We have an inalienable right to peace.

America has not failed yet, and it's not going to. There are too many of us who love it, who will fight for it, who are determined to protect and defend and preserve it for our children. And after us they'll be the same if we pass our faith on to them. This nation is just a group of people—with a belief.

And we repeat once more: After every depression we climbed higher than we'd ever been before. Our prosperity was greater. We were happier. We lived better. And if we have always done it, for 150 years, why should we feel that we won't do it again? One of the following statements is true. Check which is the more probable:

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1. After this depression America will go higher than it was before the depression.

2. After this depression America will not go higher than it was before the depression.

Can't you imagine the victims of the great depression of 1837 looking backward to the twinkling twenties, with the canal boom, the land boom and all the rest, the country out of debt, and, in their darkness and distress, lamenting that this was the end of prosperity so far as America was concerned?

Can't you imagine the victims of the great depression of 1873 looking backward down the years, with gold in California, railroads everywhere, new farm machinery, and all sorts of things, and, in their darkness and distress, lamenting that this was the end of prosperity so far as America was concerned?

And in 1893 can't you see the victims of that depression looking backward at the days of bicycles, electric light, telephone, more and more railroads, electric street cars, and busy factories, and, in their darkness and distress, lamenting that this was the end of prosperity so far as America was concerned?

And in 1929 and the 1930's. . . .

Well, there was a difference in each of them. In 1837 they lamented by candlelight. In 1873 by kerosene lamps. In 1893 by gas light. In 1929 by electric light. And in 1965 (?) we'll do it by who-knows-what but the lament will be the same.

And about the year 2000—but let's get on with the story.

CHAPTER THREE

America Always Goes Higher

IN CHAPTER I of this book we attempted to make the point that what mankind has done before it is quite likely to do again and that this applies particularly to a nation like the United States of America in which we have a free people, with every opportunity to follow their own desires in a social and economic way.

In the preceding chapter it was pointed out that we have always had depressions and always shall have them, and we also introduced evidence to support the assertion that after every major depression America has risen higher and been more prosperous than it was before. In this chapter we wish to present specific evidence in support of that assertion.

We could go far back in history with similar proof but the story would become monotonous. Let us therefore take up the period of prosperity between the depressions of 1873 and 1893 and then let us tell the story of the bright days which followed 1893, much of which is already known to most of us through personal experience, though we may not

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have placed the piece in its right place in the jigsaw puzzle of American history. And please bear in mind that you could go backward through the years and the story would repeat itself in its fundamentals though the details might seem different.

Wherefore let us now go back to the 1880's. Most of the people alive today recall the coming of the magic radio and the talkies but they may never have seen a mud road, nor do they realize that millions of people still alive can recall the coming of the telephone. Today it talks across the ocean. Many remember when it did not exist at all. And so at this point we shall try to tell the story of life as it was prior to the depression of 1893.

On the walls of the room where I write hang two pictures. One is of a little story-and-a-half frame house, without cornerboards, never painted. Just a rectangular affair. At one end is a door flanked by two windows. There was no room for more. In the gable above is a half window, for the low roof did not permit a higher one. Along the side are a door and four windows, marking the three small rooms on the first floor. Above were low unfinished bedrooms, one large, one small, with crevices where the snow in winter drifted in. Out back a lean-to kitchen, an attempt to give greater space in an all too crowded structure. This lean-to was not added till I was quite a lad. Before that it was just a woodshed, and not habitable.

In this house I was born and lived till I was about

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fifteen. Inside the house were only two heated rooms—the kitchen-dining-room, where the kitchen stove gave warmth, and the “other room,” as we called the living room, so named for it was the only other room besides sleeping quarters. The “other room” stove was the typical square affair with isinglass windows, and a pipe which went through one of the bedrooms upstairs but the heat from that pipe was nil in the room above. Coal was carried in a scuttle from a coalshed some feet from the woodshed door, and in winter we banked the foundations with strawy horse manure to keep out the chill.

The family life centered around this kitchen stove. In its oven were baked our bread and bake stuffs and on its top were cooked the family meals three times a day. At one end of it was a tank where water warmed as the cooking went on, and on Mondays clothes were boiled in a copper boiler and rubbed clean by hand on a washboard. They were ironed with flat irons heated on the griddles. Our baths we took once a week in a washtub, and if you don't think that's a trick just try it.

The other picture is of the little valley west of Syracuse where this house stood, across from a red brick schoolhouse. The road in those times was just one more country highway. It was however a main thoroughfare from Syracuse to the limestone highlands of Split Rock and had been better cared for than many others, but in rainy seasons or in spring-time when the frost was leaving it was mud covered,

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in spots half knee deep, and in dry times passing vehicles raised great clouds of dust.

When winter came these roads at times became impassable till teams broke the way, and where the horses went the road remained till spring. On cross roads, where drifts were deep, these tracks often remained in the fields till the end of winter. On main roads some drifts were shoveled out by gangs of drivers who needed to use them, but when the country was snowbound it was blanketed white and our roads and paths we broke through by sheer tramping and driving or digging with shovels.

In those days, the 80's and 90's, horses and wagons were our means of highway transportation. Our house was four miles from the center of Syracuse. Once a week the shopping trip for groceries required part of Saturday afternoon and evening, and when roads were bad the trip at times assumed proportions bordering on the terrible.

This was the era between the depressions of 1873 and 1893. It's what we of today call the "horse and buggy age." But we were happy. As we looked back down the years we thought times were pretty good. For years we had had kerosene lamps, but now in cities gas was common and electricity was coming in. Electricity, that wonderful servant, also had been made to run street cars, and people could go long distances in cities quickly for a few cents.

The bicycle had swarmed out over the landscape, and where we theretofore had lived quietly in the

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country the monotony of life was now broken by these marvelous creations, which went smoothly and rapidly. They cut down the time it had taken us to get from point to point. The talk of our countryside was a youth who, working three miles away in a shop, used to come home at noon for dinner. He was a "scorcher," said creature being what we now call a "speeder." Cyclists, attired in knickers, brought the air of the city to our country roads, but we never did quite get used to the female get-up.

There came improvements in stoves, which made some of those used by the preceding generation seem pretty terrible. New styles of lamps came in, but still using kerosene, and there were oil heaters for those remote and chilly bedrooms. The first time one felt heat in one of those theretofore icy rooms the sensation was indescribable, and most wonderful of all were the town houses where central heat had been installed. It seemed marvelous. To wander comfortably through all the rooms of a house in winter was something that cast a glow over the era in which we lived.

This house we occupied—in which the six of us children were born and raised—was not one of the better houses, but the arrangement of practically all common homes of those days was much the same, even in town. Two heated rooms was the custom, coal was the fuel, carried in by hand, the family life revolved around a kitchen stove and nearly all the work was just plain hard labor. Lighting was by

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kerosene, of which I have juggled hundreds of gallons on the footboard of a grocery wagon, for we dared not carry it in back with the groceries.

Bathtubs were a rarity, inside toilets were scarce and their merits debatable. Installed in an old frame house, the working of this new device made a racket which drew entirely too much attention to the use of the invention. Skulking to an outhouse might be at times conspicuous, but it at least was not raucously advertised. But there were no such things in the country, for our sole water supply was a well, and sometimes that went dry and we had to cart it from a neighbor's well in a barrel on a stoneboat.

Nor is running water, even in cities, so old. I can recall wells in Syracuse when I was a boy, even though piped water was to be had, if one could afford it. However, piped water was becoming common, electric lights were coming in, street cars were reaching out farther and farther, and we felt that the age in which we lived far exceeded in civilization and glamour anything which had gone before. The expansion of our railway systems was a mark of our prosperity, and speeds grew greater, culminating in that run of the Empire State Express in May of 1893 when it reached the unheard of time of 112.5 miles an hour. Unbelievable!

And then came the end. As this book has told before on earlier pages, the bottom dropped out of America in 1893. Our great era, with all its inventions, with all its glamour, with all its prosperity,

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with all its employment, came to an abrupt stop, and millions of men walked the streets of America and wondered if they would ever work again.

It was during this depression that adversity came upon our own family. My father, soon after he married, in 1873, opened a blacksmith shop near where two roads joined four miles west of the center of Syracuse on the old Rock Road. Here he labored for twenty years, repairing wagons, shoeing horses, and doing all manner of mechanical work of that section. But when times went bad in '93 Dad could not collect his money from the teamsters and quarrymen of the hills and he had to close the shop. He never opened it again. He got a job at twenty-two cents an hour, worked a sixty hour week and his pay was \$13.20. On this we managed to live well enough, but we had few luxuries.

Very clear in my memory is this age in which we lived, with its inventions and its advantages. Less clear is the depression of '93 because I was only a boy, but the closing of the shop and incidents connected with it I have never forgotten.

However, times began to pick up after the deep bottom of the depression had been passed, and within four years things were in pretty good shape again. The unemployed had gone back to work, the glories of the old days returned, and we thought America might go on for years again, just as it had before.

But, as had happened before, we went into an era greater than anything the world had ever known—

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from 1900 to 1929. This era I recall vividly, for I was a part of it. I saw the passing of the horse and buggy days. I saw the sweeping of the horse from the roads of America. I saw things so numerous it is hardly necessary to enumerate them here, for many of those who read this book recall them too.

Great in this new era was electricity. We had had it in the Golden Age of the 80's and the 90's but we had not dreamed of what it would do, yet there must have been dreamers who saw the vision. In the old days factories were run by steam engines, with long lines of main shafting throughout the shops. To turn one machine you had to run it all. It was wasteful. In the new era men planted motors at each machine and our manufacturing was reorganized and revolutionized.

What did this mean? The answer is most important. It meant that those men who had walked the streets in 1893 found work in this new industry. Electricity was not so much an invention as it was an industry, a new industry where none had been before.

Electricity too began to push its way into our homes. How many homes do you know of today which light with gas? How many with electric lights? The latter were uncommon rather than common forty years ago. And every time that electricity reached out for more customers poles had to be cut in forests—by men. They had to be transported—by men. They had to be erected—by men. Wires had to be manufactured and strung—by men. And thousands upon

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thousands found jobs where no jobs had been before, and this new servant of mankind brightened our living and made easier our lives. I was one of those workmen. I made wiring knobs. Thousands of them, at fifty cents a thousand.

In the Golden Age of my boyhood horsecars were a great convenience. They were easier than walking but not very fast. Then came electricity, and men harnessed it to street cars, and a whole new industry grew where little or none had been before. I worked on the extension of one of those lines, and I lived to see it abandoned in another age.

Labor in the little house in the country—and its brothers everywhere—was backbreaking, especially for women, many of whom were not cut out for that sort of toil. One of the first inventions was a washing machine which ran by hand. Then the new servant, electricity, took the job over and did it better. Why take space to describe what such a machine means? But let's not pass without noting that thousands of men found jobs in an industry where none had been before.

The old flatirons of the coal stove days—you know them at least by hearsay. Then came better irons, with detachable handles, but still for use on coal stoves. But in the new era electricity took over this job too, and next it offered a mangle so the ironer could iron sitting down. And all tribute to the army of salesmen who pushed them at us, making our living better—and making work for men.

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How many miles women's feet had treadled on the old sewing machines is beyond computation, but electricity took over this job too. We swept with brooms when I was a boy and raised a cloud of dust and germs each time we did it. So the vacuum cleaner obsoleted the broom and another new industry grew where none had been before.

Toasters. How many men do you suppose found employment in making them?

The ice machine amazed us all. We knew electricity was a fairy, but we never suspected it would waft its wand and make ice. But it did, and the ice man stories were dropped from the joke books while men were added to the payrolls.

And clocks. Until electricity took over the job in varied forms America never was too sure what time it was, but today thousands of workmen make them and they are sold cheaper than the old clocks used to be. Egg beaters. Things no end. You can add to this list from the objects about you where you sit, and each one of them meant payrolls, money for men to spend for the things other men made so they in turn could spend.

The homes in which these things were used were also revolutionized. Even outside cities there is running water now. The Saturday night bath of my boyhood days is a joke, though it wasn't then. The inside toilet, which today's youth so casually calls a "john," brought a comfort and a health that the old

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days never knew. Out went the wells with their frequent lack of sanitation.

Central heat became so common that a house without it is unusual. Hot air. Hot water. Steam. Oil began to demonstrate what it could do, and gas too, and the growth in automatic heat eased the lives of our people.

In the Golden Age we had some telephones. In those days we asked: "Who has one?" Today we ask: "Who hasn't one?" It meant thousands of poles, miles of wire and devices innumerable. Every time a bell rang a girl had to push a plug. The industry reeks with labor and payrolls. The thing that was a novelty when I was a boy, today we take for granted. I can recall the first time I ever used one.

In the Golden Age men were fussing with an engine which ran by gasoline, a dangerous fluid of which we were all afraid. Some of these men dreamed a dream, but we called them "crazy." Yet hardly was the depression of 1893 on the wane before they put such an engine into a buggy—and it ran—without a horse. A bit of a joke. In 1900, 4000 of the sputtering things were built in this country. You can find more than that at one football game today.

However, the number grew. In 1905 we built about 25,000. In 1910, 181,000. About this time when W. C. Durant said we would some day build 1,000,000 a year his business associates told him he was bordering on insanity, or words to that effect. But six years later, in 1916, we did just that. We built a million and a half in twelve months! And in 1929

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the production was about 4,800,000 automobiles and over 800,000 motor trucks. I can recall vividly the first chugging thing I saw poking down the old Rock Road near where we lived. And most of my life I have made a living out of an industry which did not exist when I was a boy.

But the automobile itself was not all of the story. Its builders devised new methods of manufacture, and these methods made possible the low prices on many of the other things this new age gave us. To meet the needs of the automobile we had to build roads. How many tons of materials or hours of labor have gone into highways I don't suppose anyone knows. It's unimportant anyway, other than that it all made work for men.

Much of the work in my father's blacksmith shop had to do with the quarrying of limestone for buildings, but in this new era someone found how to use concrete, and a new industry grew where none had been before.

The railroads of the old days were reconstructed. New rails were laid, bigger engines were built, larger loads were carried, until the reconstruction job in some cases amounted to more in wages and labor than the original building had meant in the Golden Age.

Twenty-five years ago I saw an airplane race around Manhattan Island. The other day a man flew across the continent in about seven hours.

I remember the first movie I ever saw, one night in front of the grandstand at the New York State

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Fair. It was a jittery thing. The first theaters were any old room in which the proprietor could rig up some seats and a screen. Need we comment on the number who find employment in the movies today, or the volume they have added to America's income? And before we were used to the movie the thing began to talk.

Weirdest of all was radio, which began as a fad for mechanically inclined boys less than twenty years ago. And when one night I broadcast from a high building in New York City and my voice carried to an old aunt in the house where I was born, the walls of which had once echoed with our childhood reading of Arabian Nights Fairy Tales, I felt I must somehow or other be back there again—that this couldn't be true. Yet all around me were men and women, casually working at this new industry, making a living at what should be only a dream. And when a king's voice comes to a woman at her ironing, or a ball game echoes in the body of a rolling automobile, it rather gets one who once marveled at the great civilization in the Golden Age of the horse and buggy days, days that will never come again.

The little old house in the country is no more. It has been remodeled. It has a telephone, a radio, central heat, running water, a bathroom, electric lights, gas and an automobile—and out front is a concrete road.

When the Chicago Fair of 1933 was held over half the things in it simply did not exist at the time of the

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Chicago Fair of forty years before, and all these things made work for those millions of men who in 1893 walked the streets of America and wondered if they would ever work again.

The first third of this century became "the greatest age in the memory of man." We might have had a depression about 1914 had not the first World War created such a tremendous activity. Instead of a depression we had a boom. Mechanics invested their surplus earnings in silk shirts of horrendous patterns. Prices of everything rose to fantastic heights, but nobody seemed to care.

After the World War, things slacked off a bit, and we had a little depression about 1921. However, it was short-lived. There was another slackening of pace in 1924, but throughout the 20's the trend was upward. Stock market prices rose to ridiculous heights. The activity was terrific. Even supposedly wise men declared America had reached a level for which it was destined, and that the dream of the founding fathers had at last come true.

Nobody seemed to have learned anything from history. Nobody seemed aware that great periods of prosperity always encounter a decline. Nobody seemed to comprehend that the course of this nation cannot be upward in an unbroken climb. Today we look back and wonder why more of us didn't foresee what might happen, but we didn't, and in the fall of 1929 the stock market bubble collapsed. Everybody began running for cover and from the fall of 1929

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to the spring of 1933 the nation continued to sag. We went into a period of real distress, and millions of men walked the streets of America, just as they did in 1893, and wondered if the old days would ever come again.

We looked backward to the glorious period through which we had just passed, with plenty of jobs at good wages, with high earnings in business, with new inventions popping up on the scene with great rapidity, until it seemed nothing more remained to be invented, that nothing could be done to bring back to us the glory of the days just gone.

And in our melancholy the prophets of gloom told us it was the end. The system had failed. A new "ism" must be devised. And that under this new "ism" the old days would never revive, but we should all do or be something else—but God knows what. And millions listened, and were discouraged. They had lost hope. They felt there was no future. No hope for their children in the days that lie ahead. And many a young man seeks salvation everywhere except in the one place where it can be found. And that place is within *himself*—and in *America*.

For America is going to see prosperity such as no country in the world has ever known.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Coming Great Prosperity

IN THE foregoing chapters we have introduced evidence that mankind over and over again does the same things. We have shown that depressions come and go and that in America each major depression has always been followed by prosperity greater than we had before. The preceding chapter brought us down to the present time.

Today we stand at the end of a great depression, just as our fathers did in those of 1893, of 1873, of 1837 and of the preceding centuries. And before us gleams a road that beckons to every man and woman, to every child. Nor is this belief mere fancy. The great era we just passed in the first third of this century had its indications in the dark days of 1893. And today there are indications of greater days ahead.

In 1893 when depression hit us we already had electricity but only a few men had dreamed of what it could do. However, it was there, it was ready to grow, and in the years that followed it helped to revolutionize our civilization.

During the dark days of that depression men were

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fussing with the gasoline engine in an effort to build a buggy that would run without a horse. They believed in it. They had faith but most of us laughed at the idea.

In 1895 Marconi worked out the radio telegraph. None of us could take seriously the thought that out of this would grow a magic industry, the effects of which on our people would be tremendous in a social, educational and political way.

In those days Orville and Wilbur Wright were fussing with a machine which would fly through the air and in 1903 they were successful, but we still couldn't take it seriously. In 1895 the motion picture machine was invented by Thomas Armat.

And so you see that, during the dark days that followed the collapse of 1893, and while Coxey's army was marching on the national capital, while soldiers were suppressing riots and disorders, there already existed the beginnings of the prosperity of the years from 1900 to 1929. Could we have added it up then with the knowledge with which we now can look back what a glorious opportunity would have beckoned to the ragged men who were arrested for trespassing on the White House lawn.

What we shall attempt to do in this part of this book is to pick out of the confusion of today things which men have already devised, each of which can become an industry in itself, and each of which can provide employment and opportunity for hundreds of thousands who today feel there is no hope. The

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facts which follow are simply isolated items gathered here and there, many of which you know about yourself but which you may not have put in their proper place in the jigsaw puzzle of your future.

Basic in the picture is an old but often neglected fundamental law, which is that mankind is filled with an inherent desire to be lazier and more comfortable. He will work hard in order that he may have things which make life easier and more pleasant.

When Thomas Jefferson wrote that man is entitled to the pursuit of happiness he may have realized what would make America great, but I wonder, for our happiness is not based upon activities centering around bare subsistence. Our growth, our civilization, our prosperity, have been built around the luxuries of life. Count the businesses you can see from where you live and see how many have to do with the basic needs of life.

In the great period through which we have just passed what made our prosperity? What were the activities in which most men became wealthy? In which most men were employed? In which wages were highest? In which more young men found futures? Was it food, clothing and shelter? No. Vacuum cleaners, toasters, movies, radio, automobiles, washing machines, telephones, music, advertising, central heat, automatic heat, athletics, bicycles, travel, books, magazines, newspapers, cameras, styling in everything, electric light, electric railways, jewelry, novelties of all sorts, fancy foods, candies, chewing gum,

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golf, beautification, crossword puzzles, jigsaw puzzles, airplanes, amusements, drugstore products other than drugs, phonographs, billboards, tobacco, sports clothes and equipment, busses, typewriters, adding machines, and innumerable articles in which electricity was the power—none of which are necessities, for we once did without them all. We could do so again—but we won't.

Not only shall we not do without them, we want more of them. And as long as mankind remains this way, and wants to be more comfortable, to have life easier, to be amused, to have pleasure—this alone will erect countless sign posts toward futures for young men. Let it be said here that any man who can create a practical device or service which enables man to be lazier and more comfortable has got a toehold on the road to glory.

And now we see again the importance of what was said in the first chapter of this book, which was that the basic nature of man does not change, that as he has reacted before he will react again and that we are pretty safe in building on this rock as we plan our futures.

Feeling confident that a man will get up and move about when he gets well—at least he always has—I am sure he will continue to do so. And if he has always desired a better, easier and more comfortable way of living I feel he will continue to do so. And if he has always worked to gratify those desires I feel he will continue to do so. It follows, more or

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less logically, that, if he will seek to possess things which serve those ends, our next research is to determine what things are in the offing today and which may be here tomorrow, which will help man gratify those fundamental desires, just as we might have found in the dark days of 1893 the bases for the prosperity of 1900 to 1929.

These desires are evident to any one who will reflect. The things in the offing any one could discover if he had a little time to look over the present day landscape. Therefore, if the things exist they may become businesses; some of them surely will. If they become businesses they *must* employ men. If enough men are employed we *must* have great prosperity.

It also should be stated, as must be obvious to one of mature years, that as we enter any period of prosperity—including the one about to come—a most important activity will be an increase in the businesses we had before. The bread business, for example, will grow. So will automobiles and all the other things which we already have. But these continuing and growing activities in established things are not enough to give America a great upward surge. The surge will come from other things.

After each depression there has been something which took the lead in the parade. After that of 1893 it was the automobile and what it dragged with it. After 1873 it was electricity, invention and industrial development. After 1837 it was invention and the discovery of gold. If you could guess today, and

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guess right, and get in properly, you could do very well by yourself. Any man's guess is as good as another's.

However, I have a feeling that leading the parade in this new era will be changes in our living conditions. I don't think we're as comfortable or as lazy as we'd like to be, and, once the pioneer begins to show us how, we'll flock like the birds after what he offers us.

The things I enumerate are fact. They're being done *now*. They aren't things I "thought up." They're things I discovered by looking about a bit during our recent dark days to see what was in the minds of men and what they're working on, and what effect those things could have on our living, and how much desired they might be by average people.

So let's look at our living. Take a look at your lights. Look at 'em! Hanging in half the living rooms and dining rooms in this country is a hideous chandelier. Why? Because your grandfather had to hang an oil lamp that way or not hang it at all. And because he did it that way the first electric fixtures were so made and we've been doing it that way ever since. You *see* the lights. They harm your eyes. And the system is wrong. You should see the thing which is illuminated but you should not *see* the lights, except those which are for decorative purposes. When we get into this thing, we'll reconstruct the lighting systems in all the homes in America.

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At a convention a few years ago I saw in a hotel room an exhibit of a fluorescent light. It's a tube. Inside it is a powder and a gas. It gives a better light than those we now have and it costs one third as much to operate. Much of that wonderful illumination at the New York World's Fair is that kind of light. The day I saw the demonstration in a hotel room it seemed to me a good part of the electric lights in America had become obsolete, out-moded. They'd have to be replaced. And it can't be done without the work of men, nor will it likely be done without profit to the stockholders in the companies which do the work. Today thousands of children battle their way toward defective eyesight simply because the lighting in few homes in America is what it ought to be. When we wake up we'll spend a lot of money on the job. It's worth millions just to save the eyes of our children. The subject has been given all too little attention in an age of homework.

Perhaps it's idiotic to contend that most of the homes in America are built backward. In the old days our grandfathers built their houses with the front to the road so they could see what little life went by. Today who wants to sit on the front porch and see the trucks? Yet we build house after house in a fashion to gather up the most noise and confusion and wonder why the people of this age have nervous breakdowns.

A front yard is wasted real estate for the average home. It is utterly useless. It is real estate that costs

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big money but is never used. I have a feeling we are going to see some houses built close to the street, and at the front will be the kitchen and garage, nicely designed and so screened that they will be pleasing to the view. And at the back, facing this larger back yard, with the real estate that was salvaged for real living, will be the living room of the house. You won't have to go through the kitchen to get into the play and recreation space behind. A lot that is only 40 by 100 will have nearly twice the living space at the back that it has now, and it will cost no more. If a movement like that begins it will render obsolete and undesirable all the houses that are now built backward. Will it happen? I don't know. But I know it would add greatly to man's enjoyment of life—and wouldn't cost him anything extra either. It is as cheap to build one way as another.

Nor would it add much to the cost of a house when it is being built to insulate it against heat, and cold, and noise. It's merely a matter of stuffing the walls with some not very expensive material. In a house so built the heating cost in winter would be lower, the house would be cooler in summer, and the increasing noise of our machine age would be barred from the quiet rooms of the home. If you have never been inside a building whose walls did not pass sound, and if you have never looked at the traffic of the street, and hardly heard it, you can't know what this can mean. The thing can be done. Do you know a

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man, woman or child who wouldn't enjoy such living?

These materials will become an industry where none was before. They will employ men who now seek jobs. They will add to the profits of American business. Furthermore, as soon as many houses have been so built the values of the present type will fall, and they will keep falling till we shall have a home modernization activity of no mean proportions. To-day this is a comparatively small business. But it's here. It's ready to grow. It can't grow without men and the "big shots" of this business tomorrow are today just boys in school.

Closely allied with this is air conditioning. Have you ever stopped to realize the tremendous selling job that is being done on America's home owners and occupants every time they enter an air conditioned theater, or restaurant, or store, or railway car? They are having drummed into their minds this thought: Air conditioning is here! It can't be exceedingly expensive or so many places would not have installed it. And the home occupant is thinking: "Why not in *my* home?"

Thus far the air conditioning industry has concentrated largely on commercial establishments. When it turns to home installations the thing is going to come with a rush. Today home air conditioning is practically nil. Not many years from now the house which swelters in summer heat will be in a class with the home without a telephone, automobile, or radio.

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Why do I believe this? Because—I want it and I don't know anyone who doesn't want it. The thing can be done. It's here now, waiting to grow. But it can't grow without men, and wages, and dividends.

Men are already working on air conditioning for automobiles. Will it be done? My only answer is: Do *you* want it? And if you were an automobile manufacturer in this competitive age what would you do? Your answer is the same as mine.

Another living convenience that is here, growing and ready to grow much faster and greater, is push-button heat. We've had oil for quite a few years. I'm writing this in cold weather and the steam is singing behind me, while in the basement a motor pumps oil into a fire pot, as the thermostat on the wall directs, and if the thermostat should tarry a bit I have only to move a pointer a thirty-second of an inch and the heat begins to come. No ashes. No shoveling. Heat always when we want it. And in my case it costs considerably less than before we had oil.

The gas companies are now moving into the field. In areas where they can compete in cost they will make gigantic strides, for gas is even simpler in its operation. In my area their cost is yet too high.

But both these businesses are here, and hardly begun. They will grow tremendously during the next ten and twenty years, and they can't grow without men, and wages and dividends.

Even electricity is making a bid for the job of heating. If current could be delivered cheaply enough

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it would be ideal. Can it be done? Who knows? And you, young electrical man, don't lose faith in your future. Electricity has done wonders. Perhaps we "ain't seen nuthin' yet."

I have seen a group of pre-fabricated houses, the sections manufactured in a factory, shipped to the site and put together. This idea, carried to the end for which its promoters hope, can work wonders in small home building. We do that with skyscrapers. Why not with small houses? And if we do, where are they going to be built? In cities? Maybe. But scores of them will be built outside the limits of our cities of today. When that happens real estate values will rise where farm crops now grow, and a new problem will arise of what to do with present city real estate. We'll do something, don't worry. We shall not let the city lots just lie there. There'll be activity of some sort, and work for men.

Decentralization, this moving out from the cities, has been under way for several years and will move still faster. The ten-acre farm on which I was born has already been partly sold for building lots. Most of you know of cities where this has been happening. Do you think it is going to stop? The automobile and the spreading out of electricity and modern conveniences brought this about. There are telephones, running water and electricity today where we lived in isolation when I was a boy, all making it easier for man to live, and to be more comfortable. I remember the first city man who came into our valley and built

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a home. We thought he was peculiar. Today the "city homes" outnumber the old farm dwellings.

Electricity is something which we of today take for granted. We do not realize that there are quite a few millions of people in this country who can remember when we simply didn't have any. Men had fussed with sparks from cats' backs and such phenomena for hundreds of years, and had even found how to generate current with a machine, but it was not until 1873 that it was learned how to make a motor run. The telephone was invented in 1876. The electric light was made to work in 1879 and 1880. The first public power station was opened by Thomas A. Edison in Pearl Street, New York City, in 1881, and all the commercial electrical development in this country came within the last sixty years.

Electricity has been a tremendous factor in making it easier for man to be lazier and more comfortable, it has lifted labor from the backs of men and women, it has revolutionized our civilization, and it has hardly yet begun. In the years ahead there are bound to be startling advances; it is important to note that each advance of the past was the signal for a great activity—and the employment of men.

Electricity is self-advertising. How many people do you suppose have walked through those doors between the main rotunda and the train shed in the Pennsylvania depot in New York City, where an electric eye opens the door when your knees cut the beam of light? There must have been millions, and

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every one of them had drummed into his brain the thought that here is a way electricity can be made to relieve him of labor, to make life easier for him. I saw one opening the door to the restaurant—an air conditioned restaurant—in a hotel in Sioux City, Iowa. There must be many others, but we have not yet begun to use the electric eye. I even got estimates on what it would cost to fix it so an eye could open the outside doors in winter for the dog, but it cost too much then, and now we have no dog. But if there are things this eye can do for the American people we'll have it everywhere. What do you think, young man?

As I write these pages I have to yank the (yank) typewriter carriage back at the end of each (yank) line. It really isn't much work but it does take (yank) time. How much faster and easier it would (yank) be if when it reached the end of the line elec- (yank) tricity would do the yanking. Machines have (yank) been made which do that. Do we who use (yank) typewriters want them? Don't bother with (yank) the answer. And the same, faithful servant (yank) runs adding machines and other things. I'm (yank) afraid millions of our typewriters are headed (yank) for the junk heap. (This one should have (yank) been there long ago.)

And there's television. You want it. I want it. Millions of others want it. So, we're going to have it. It isn't something yet to be invented. It's *here*! All it needs is refining and developing. Then what will

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happen? More men will go to work. It differs somewhat, too, from radio in its action, and it may mean a broadcasting construction that will involve far more than radio. I long for the day when I can not only hear but see prize fights and ball games as I sit in comfort in my living room.

As for radio—well—you probably have already read of the new frequency modulation which may junk today's equipment. What of it? We had to throw away our horse-drawn buggies, didn't we? And if you don't think there is opportunity in radio for young men and women just tune in on any station for any six hours and listen to the program makers yelling for help.

One day I was talking with a young lad about airplanes, and he said what he wanted was one that would land and take off in his backyard. I started to pooh-pooh the idea as utterly impractical. And then I didn't. I'm all through saying *anything* can't be done. And if that should come—well—you know the answer. Certainly men will never cease trying to build such a plane. I sometimes stabilize my thinking by recalling the man years ago who declared it simply was impossible for a man to throw a ball in a curved line. When we showed him one he said it was an optical illusion. Maybe it was, but I'd like to have seen him try to catch one of those illusions.

Along with flivver airplanes is the business of air transport. It has made strides, but do you think it has really begun? The air seems filled with planes,

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doesn't it? But according to the most recent figures of the U. S. Civil Aeronautics Authority there are, licensed and unlicensed, only 10,718 planes. And we have about 25,000,000 cars and nearly 5,000,000 trucks. The room for airplane expansion is enormous, and it means work for men.

While we are discussing transportation we cannot overlook the railroads. In 1929 they paid in wages \$2,940,206,163. By 1938 this had shrunk to \$1,771,-082,762, a loss of about \$1,200,000,000. Regaining even its old figures will mean a tremendous increase in America's spending but more than that is going to happen. In the railroad exhibit at the New York World's Fair was equipment which screamed to heaven that all of today's equipment is obsolete and must be junked. One engine was so big it couldn't come through the Hudson river tunnels and they had to take it up the river and bring it to the Fair on bridges. Cars shown there were more comfortable than most of today's equipment. Engines were newer and better. And roads, even during depression years, have been electrifying, all of which costs money.

Ever since the first roads were built they have been improving, adding new and better equipment, laying heavier rails, making smoother roadbeds and finding out how to draw heavier loads. The railroad exhibit at the Fair indicates that we are in for another era in railway development. They're out to get back some of the business they lost to automobiles and motor trucks, and they've got to spend money and hire

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men to do it. As one who has traveled for years—85,000 miles in one period of eighteen months—this railway evolution is one of the most interesting developments ahead of us.

Ever hear of the Diesel engine? It burns oil. It's cheaper to run than a gas engine. We've just begun to find out what it can do, and its further development will be a noteworthy achievement in our history in the years just ahead. It runs trucks, railroad equipment, machinery, nearly everything.

The scientists who are developing new forms of glass have done wonders during recent years but even they have hardly begun. The utensils in your kitchen are made of glass which didn't exist a few years ago, and now that men have found that new things can be done with these new kinds of glass we're due for tremendous strides. They even propose to make building bricks of glass.

I'm told that men are experimenting with clothing made out of wood—cheaper to buy new than to send to a laundry. That a man is experimenting with a self-extinguishing cigarette, which would be something! You wouldn't have to hire a cop to keep hot butts off the piano when you had a party.

Our educational system is due for a complete revision, for it's sadly out of whack. It is taking kids too long to learn. We have speeded up many things since I was a boy but our educational system hasn't kept up.

One day I was talking with a veteran educator in our high schools. I asked him if he had ever seen a

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geometric diagram which showed, by a drawing, *why* we do what we do when we figure square root. He had never heard of it. Yet a teacher in a red brick schoolhouse showed it to me forty years ago. It made it so much easier to learn square root.

One day in the office of a commercial concern in New York I saw a moving picture which made geometry as simple as A B C. But I never knew of one in a public school.

One night in a movie I saw the story of *why* the Constitution was adopted. It was the equivalent of pages of history. It was the first thing of its kind I had ever seen. When I left the theater there literally were tears in my eyes and a choke in my throat. Why? Because at last this great tool, the movie, which science had given America, was, I thought, going to be used to make it easy for kids to learn. But I doubt if much of this is being done in our public schools.

It was the shock of my life when I visited Valley Forge and found Washington had camped on a hill instead of in a ravine. I thought the Pilgrim Fathers were a bunch of greybeards until I looked it up outside of school books and found that when the Mayflower landed in 1620 Bradford, who a year later became governor, was only 30, John Alden was 20, Miles Standish was 36, Elder Brewster was 54. And I further learned that Miles Standish was married when he landed, probably didn't figure as narrated in the "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" poem, and that if he did he was a widower around

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forty years of age while John Alden was a husky young cooper in his twenties. No wonder the gal proposed to John.

In commercial exhibits, made by manufacturers who have things to sell, and who therefore *have* to do a good educational job or be licked by a competitor who does a better one, I have seen movies of how the oil circulates in an engine, how the gasoline goes in and becomes power, and other things too numerous to mention. Maybe they have such movies in physiology classes. If so I never heard them mentioned by a school child. Instead they sweat over books and learn in the hardest way.

I can visualize a complete physiology course done by movies. I can imagine the history of the earth, with all its ages, the rise and fall of continents, shown in slow motion, just as commercial movies show the opening of flowers and the works of nature. I can see history taught by movies—*accurately* and not in Hollywood style—leaving kids with pages of knowledge in only a few minutes. I can see the intricacies of geometry and arithmetic simplified in picture form. I can see children—without the drudgery of homework—arriving at present high school age with knowledge they do not now possess.

All this *could* be done. I believe it *will* be done, for our children are too precious a property to be entrusted to an outmoded system that drives many a child from school when the right handling might have led him up the road to fortune. I'd like to see

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our educational system turned over to a couple of dozen good advertising and promotion men for study and recommendation. In the advertising business if your readers don't learn their lessons you don't eat.

But, to arrive at this result, we'll have to change some thinking among our educators, and when the thinking is changed—as it's *got* to be—we'll have to remodel or tear down all of today's schoolhouses. That and the equipment for the job will be a gigantic industry in itself. Fanciful? Read it over again tomorrow after you've slept on it. Did you see the General Motors Futurama at the New York World's Fair? And in the Chrysler exhibit did you see those mysterious parts of an automobile march out and take their places one by one? If you saw those things, take another look at that struggling child, under an eye-killing lamp, sweating over books that are none too easy to follow, and ask yourself if the kid is getting a break in an age which has made it easier for us to do everything else except learn in school—and get a start in life.

Our educators, our teachers, are wonderful people. We love them. They guide our children through their early years. They help us shape their characters. They work for all too little. But the system which lays down their tasks needs revision. It's mostly that an old system has become a habit, and no one has tried hard enough to change it.

In the years ahead the chemist, the metallurgist and the engineer are going to do weird things. Not so

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many years ago the neat leg was encased in expensive silk when it wanted to be at its best. Then the chemist took over the job and spun threads out of a tub of batter and he hasn't stopped exploring yet.

Plastics offer entrancing possibilities. There's no end to where the chemist may land when you give him rope—as industry does. What would your grandmother have said if you had told her you some day would wear a stocking made out of a chemist's stew, and that an industry would grow up where none had been before?

The automobile was a revolutionary invention. It changed the life and the face of America. But it is going further. The inherent characteristic of the automobile is speed. If men hadn't wanted to go faster they would not have bought automobiles. To make them go slower is not natural. They should—and they will—go faster. For it is not speed alone which is dangerous. It is speed in the wrong places.

To go faster and more safely we shall do some things to the car itself but many more things to the roads on which they run. Some day you'll take off—and that just about describes it—from New York for Chicago and you'll be there in the same time it would take you now to get from New York to Syracuse. Dangerous? No. No more than 50 or 60 is today. When we straighten and bank roads, separate traffic at grades, and traffic going in opposite directions, and make separate pedestrian walks, the danger will be determined by the condition of the car and

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the skill of the driver. Millions of dollars will go into highway construction in the near future for we have found it one of the best investments America can make. New York City has done wonders. The day the World's Fair opened they turned out the reserves to handle the traffic jam, but there was no jam. We had built beyond our expectations, with bridges, tunnels and parkways. Chicago and other cities have done likewise. The whole country is going to do the same.

Today we have 25,000,000 passenger cars. That in itself is great promise for tomorrow. If no man keeps a car longer than seven years it will take nearly 4,000,000 a year of new ones to replace the old. That is a prosperity business in itself. But economists tell us we shall have far more than today's 25,000,000. They won't walk and they don't like old cars.

Tomorrow's car will be different, too, in many ways. Polarized lenses and windshields can make it possible for you to look at an oncoming car at night and not see its headlight glare at all. Magic? No. Merely something the industrial scientist has already worked out and will have ready soon.

And I have a strong suspicion there is going to be a big growth in the escalator business. There ought to be. Why should we all do so much walking up and down stairs in public places, when those little, old electric motors, which were born only 60 years ago and are still young, can do the job for us with no effort at all? Men and women would live longer if they didn't have to puff up so many stairs.

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And all these things, or enough of them, will bring an activity such as we have never had before. Each of them is not just a "thing." It is an industry, with factories, wheels turning, men working, wages being paid, dividends being earned, and the money spent for the products of other factories. It will be a prosperity such as no country in the world has ever known, created under the American system, by men and women who hold to that system and take advantage of it.

It will provide work for those millions of men who of late years have struggled on relief or walked the streets in search of work. It will furnish opportunities for youth, such as youth has never had before. It will bring happiness to our homes, better living to our people, and the "golden ages" of the past will by comparison seem pale and wan.

For bedded in today's America are these beginnings of greater things. Written in our history is the record of deeds no less amazing. And steeled into the fiber of our people is a courage, a daring, and a will that makes them like no other people upon this earth.

All of this may sound a bit fantastic. Perhaps I may seem to have exaggerated. Perhaps I have let my enthusiasm run away with me. Maybe I have.

But just go back with me to my boyhood days—to that little frame house in the country beside a dusty road. Let's sit on the bank beside that road and watch the teams go by, drawing limestone from the quarries in the hills for the building of the city of Syracuse.

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Those plodding teams were one of the few diversions of our day.

And then, as evening falls, let's go inside, light a kerosene lamp, and in one of the few books in the house let's read the story of "Darius Green and His Flying Machine." And let's laugh! Laugh! At the fool! He thought men could fly through the air—with the birds.

All that would have been needed to complete our merriment would have been another fool, to predict that someday a man, then living, would build a factory employing one hundred thousand men! At the utterly preposterous wage of five dollars a day! Building a buggy—that would run without a horse!

And that's nearly the end of this part of my story. But I can't finish it. I can't write 130,000,000 endings for 130,000,000 different people. Each one of you must write an ending of your own. And you can write what you will and as you will—you can even call me fool—but there are two things you must never forget.

Never lose faith in America. America has been the hope of the world for one hundred and sixty years. It can't fail! It won't fail!

And—never lose faith in yourself.

For *you* are America.

America is yours to do with as you will. To do *in* as you will. And it will never die.

Nor will my belief in it.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Racket of the Isms

SINCE we are going to have in this country a great prosperity, since the wheels of business are going to turn rapidly, since there must be work for many men and women, the question which arises in the minds of most of us is whether we shall be able to go on in the old way, making money and enjoying prosperity as did our people in the days which went before. The only thing which would prevent our doing that would be a change in the American way of living and of government.

During recent years the air has been filled with commotion and confusion on this subject. For ten years we have made a target of any man who had money, and we have been successful in building in the minds of thousands of people a belief that to be successful is a sin. It is high time we took the whole thing apart, both America as it was and is and all the isms which would change it, and removed some of the fog that has blanketed us for the last ten years and left so many of us so far down in the dumps that we feel we couldn't share in prosperity even if it came.

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What kind of America shall we have? How much right is there in some of these isms? I have come to certain conclusions on this subject myself and I herewith present the evidence which leads to my own beliefs.

My first experience or contact with isms was when I was a reporter on a newspaper in Syracuse more than thirty years ago. In those days there were so-called "anarchist" groups, which really were fellows who wanted to be clubby in the back room of a saloon and most of whom didn't know what anarchy was. There also were groups that expressed a belief in socialism and, because I was in contact with these organizations, I had to learn the basis of their creeds.

Shortly thereafter I moved to New York City and it wasn't hard to find a man on a soapbox on a neighborhood corner expounding some philosophy or creed which he felt was better than the thing we call Americanism. One of these fellows gave a course in socialism on six successive Tuesday evenings—away back in 1914—at Broadway and West 157th street—and I stayed with him till he had finished. I bought his booklets and literature, I read them, and it seemed to me then that, while his desires were worthy, his methods would not work. Occasionally during the years that have passed I have checked up on the ismites to see if any had discovered a new philosophy. They are all still cockeyed, and in this chapter of this book we shall discuss "isms," "leaders," "reformers," or whatever you may choose to call them, and at its

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end you must arrive at your own conclusions, and if you then still believe in Americanism you will work for it and oppose those who are against it for there will then be enough of us to hold for ourselves the thing which was left to us by our fathers.

We shall consider first who these reformers are and where they come from. Secondly how it is they make such great progress. Thirdly what is wrong with their schemes. When you have done you should be able to take an ism apart yourself and determine what parts of it are sound.

We should, however, distinguish between honest, sincere, intelligent reformers who promote worthy causes and the other class which some people even call racketeers. Some are practically racketeers even though they themselves don't realize it. We always have some keen, far-sighted people who work for improvement in America. They have done and do good. But these people don't make much fuss and don't try to stir up dissension. They work soundly and continue to be honored and respected Americans.

Where do these "reformers" come from? Well, they are generally pretty keen men who understand how to arouse people. They may have been anything before they got into the "reform" business but they all of a sudden discover they can lead people. Then they begin to travel very rapidly. Generally they gather up some spare change along the way and raise "funds." Some of them use the money for truly honorable work and some just use it. But, while the

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reform craze is on, few of them have any trouble paying their rent. They're much different from one who "had no place to lay His head."

The mental processes of the average reformer are a matter for speculation. If he honestly believes in his cause he is not to be criticized, for he is doing what he thinks is right. But if he knows the thing he advocates won't work and can't be done he's just a hypocrite and a gyp. He is taking money from people under false pretenses, he is disturbing their minds, he is leading them toward possible trouble, and he ought to be in jail. Some of them finally get there. If more of them could be put in jail or some secluded spot earlier in each depression the depressions wouldn't last so long, for the people would more quickly get back to simple business.

Why do they make so much progress? Well, there's a trick in it. And this you should read carefully in case you have any idea of going into the reform racket, for I think my years of study of these things have given me the answer. And it's simple.

You make your story in two parts. Part one has to do with present conditions and what is wrong in them. There's always something wrong some place, and all you have to do is make a careful study and build up a swell story about the "wrongs" in the present condition of the country, or the party, or the club, or what have you.

Now—you get up and tell your story. As you go along everybody says: "This bird is right. He knows

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his stuff. He's one hundred per cent right." And you are, for you are telling nothing except what everybody knows. That's the first half of your story.

Now for the second half. In this you build up the story of your "reform." Maybe you believe in it and maybe you don't, but you have to make it sound plausible. It has to have a cornerstone. If the cornerstone is sound your reform is sound and there is hope it may some day be brought about. Much of the agitation of recent years, however, has been based on cornerstones that were not sound, but the people who followed didn't know that.

So you get a cornerstone. Let's assume it's an unsound one. Thinking people know it won't work but you are not relying on informed people for your following. So, you glibly make the statement, such as "money is only paper," and from there you build your whole reform story on this unsound foundation.

What happens is this: The first half of your story, about conditions with which everyone is familiar, rattles along like sound fact, which it is. Everybody agrees. You win the audience. Then, having won the confidence of the audience, you slip over the "cornerstone," and the crowd, which has followed your facts up to that point, will slide right along with you and swallow the cornerstone. Then, on that you build the story of your reform and the following keeps right on coming, and the next thing it knows it is sold to the hilt on something that never in the world will work.

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Then you pass the hat. For reforms, good or no good, can't be carried on without a little financing. And sometimes the little turns out to be a lot.

It is very difficult to separate any depression's reformers into the sound and the unsound, the sincere and the racketeers. Sometimes the sound are racketeers and the unsound are sincere.

But every depression develops a crop of them, just as the growing season develops weeds. We've had them in every depression we ever had that lasted long enough to cause people to worry about their personal welfare. We shall continue to have them as long as the world lasts, and their method will be the same, for human nature hasn't changed much since Cain whacked Abel as one means of bringing about a "reform" in Cain's behalf.

The whole thing would be laughable if it were not for the fact that so many millions of honest, sincere, hard working men, women and young people are deluded into following false prophets, into fighting for causes which in the end would only hurt them, and the millions put money and effort behind the reformer's cause instead of working for the welfare of themselves and their America. Uninformed people are often led into trying to tear down the economic house in which they live.

That's how reformers get their followings and sellisms. They talk about things the "millions" don't understand, mix fact and fiction, sound and unsound, so listeners can't keep up with them.

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There was in one period a leader who won fame and a following by urging the farmers to "raise less corn and more hell." Coxey with his army is credited with being sincere, but if he had been given the job of running America, and if he had put his schemes into effect, he would have wrecked everything. His interest in hungry people was worthy but his scheme was unsound.

Now, let's take one of these "reforms," take it apart and see why it got a following and why it wouldn't work. I have followed these things for twenty-five years or more. Recently I wondered if perhaps I hadn't fallen a bit behind so I sent the office boy over to Communist headquarters in New York to buy what they considered their best book on communism. I read that. There has been no change. It's the same old story I listened to twenty-five years ago. Only they tell it better.

It is evident that, basically, communism, socialism, and a whole long string of isms are the same. They propose to put everybody on an equal basis financially or economically. And for a starter they'd take away from the "haves" and divide it up with the "have nots." One reason these isms get such a following is that there are more "have nots" than there are "haves," and who isn't in favor of a system that will give him something without any work on his part? I'm for it myself, and just as soon as I discover a system that I think will work I'll be right behind the "leader" whooping like an Indian—so long as he

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doesn't propose to take what little I've got and divide it with all those who have less.

One of the most disturbing isms of the recent depression won fame under the slogan "Every man a king." It was a swell slogan. And a swell scheme. Millions fell for it. Millions might have been welded into a following by the late Huey Long if fate hadn't removed him from the scene. But it was one of the biggest pieces of poppycock that the world has ever seen to delude honest workmen—and they didn't know it. They believed it. They were ready to fight for it, to put money into a fund to support it, and in the end it never could have been made to work.

One night I listened on the radio as Huey explained his scheme. As I recall it, he started off by saying that some had a lot and many had little. Well, that's a fact, isn't it? Right with you on that, Huey! Therefore, what we need is a system that will give the many more. Right with you on that Huey. And isn't it good sense, at that?

What he proposed was that every family be given a home, an automobile, a radio, a college education for the kids, and a few other things I may have overlooked. But, in a general way, that was the idea. Now, we all have to agree that some have much and many have little. That's fact. We also must agree that it would be swell if the many could have more—and without working any harder for it. We'll even follow Huey with his home, his radio, his automobile and his college education—despite the fact that I had

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to work nights for mine. When he said that he had the crowd with him.

Then he began laying his cornerstone. How to do this? Easy. Just take the wealth away from the "haves" and divide it among the "have nots." How to do that? Easy. And I think I am quoting Huey pretty accurately, for I listened to this part of it very attentively. I thought maybe somebody might have dug up a scheme that would work. Well, he used Henry Ford as an example. When they want an example of a "have" they all pick Henry because he has a lot and is a quiet sort of fellow who doesn't talk back. He just keeps on working.

But you have to be careful how you pick on Henry, for there are millions in this country who admire and respect him and who have not forgotten that he was born on a farm, started as a mechanic, worked overtime till 11 o'clock at night to get his start in the city of Detroit, failed twice before he got the Ford Motor Company started, at the age of forty, and has done a great deal to give us the civilization we have today. Many people feel that, since he didn't steal it, but got it by doing a masterful job, he's entitled to what he made. So, you have to be careful how you approach this matter of taking Henry Ford's wealth away from him.

This means that we have to make our scheme plausible and salable. So, we'll do that by not taking all Ford's wealth away from him. We'll leave him an amount that sounds big to the average man. We can

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make every man a king by giving him part of Ford's wealth but at the same time we leave Ford enough to make him a couple of kings and an emperor or two thrown in. No kick about that, is there? Besides, Ford has no need for all this wealth. So let's take it away from him.

But you can't pick on Henry alone. We have to pick on everybody who has wealth. So, the basis of the scheme is that we'll take all the wealth away from the "haves," excepting \$3,000,000. "Three million dollars!" cries the Man-in-the-Street. "Good Lord! That ought to be enough for any man! What can a man do with more? I'd be satisfied with a half a million." So, the scheme seems sound up to there.

But here's the fake cornerstone. Have you detected it yet? If you haven't you can understand why so many millions of people fell for the every-man-a-king scheme. The cornerstone is dividing-the-wealth-of-Henry-Ford. Mind you, at this same time, we're taking all the wealth away from everybody over and above \$3,000,000. "What's the matter with that?" says the Man-in-the-Street. "Just take it and divide it that's all."

Very well. Let's see you take it. "But what's to stop us?" says the Man-in-the-Street. "He's got it, hasn't he?" Okay, go ahead and take it. We can go on like this, arguing indefinitely, and the Man-in-the-Street will believe it can be done till he tries it and finds he can't. By that time we've wasted precious years and wound up in an awful mess.

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Huey started off by saying, for purposes of illustration, that the Ford wealth might be two billion dollars. That's two thousand million. Incidentally, that is Long's figure, not ours, nor Ford's. Now, we're going to take \$1,997,000,000 away from Ford and leave him with \$3,000,000 with which he should be very comfortable—and Edsel, too. But how to do it?

Let's try to uncover some facts. In the first place, what is Henry Ford's wealth? "Money," says the Man-in-the-Street. That's poppycock! No man ever had or ever will have a cash bank account that big. So, if you're going to take Ford's wealth you've got to take something besides cash. Henry Ford's wealth is mostly the Ford Motor Company. If you take his wealth that's what you've got to take.

Okay, let's take it. Shall we take the bricks and mortar, the steel and concrete, the railroad rails, the ships, the mining machinery, and all the other materials and buildings? Certainly not! The Man-in-the-Street doesn't want bricks. He wants cash! Furthermore, if you did take the bricks and the concrete you couldn't sell them for very much. They're of value only so long as they stand in their present form and are the tools with which the Ford Motor Company works.

That's right, agrees the Man-in-the-Street. We can't destroy the Ford Motor Company. It's a money maker. Let's take the company over and share the money it makes. Very well, how to do that? The only way you can do it is to take the stock of the company.

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That's what Ford's wealth is, the stock in the company. It isn't cash. It's a plant. And unless the plant can continue to operate and make automobiles, it isn't worth a dime, except for junk. Today it's a money maker, but kill the automobile market and you couldn't give the plant away.

All right, let's take the stock of the Ford Motor Company. It's worth, so Huey suggested in his illustration, \$2,000,000,000. Let's consider that as 2,000 shares of stock each worth \$1,000,000. We'll take 1997 of these shares and leave Henry three, each worth \$1,000,000. Swell! Now we've got his wealth!

Okay. What are you going to do with it? The Man-in-the-Street doesn't want stock. That's just pieces of paper. I've got some stock not six feet from where I sit this minute and it's just pieces of paper and I don't mean maybe. It's pretty, but I haven't enough to paper a room and it isn't good for anything else. That's easy, says the Man-in-the-Street. We'll sell the stock and divide the money. And the money we get from Ford's stock and the stocks of all the other rich guys will put the "have nots" on easy street.

Very well, let's sell these 1997 shares of stock in the Ford Motor Company. Fine! But who's going to buy them? Shall we sell them to the Man-in-the-Street? Don't be foolish! He doesn't want stock. He wants cash. And he hasn't much surplus cash anyway. Therefore we'll have to sell the shares to people who have money. Okay. Who has money?

Well, there's John D. Rockefeller, Jr. We'll try

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him. So we say: "John, want to buy some swell stock in the Ford Motor Company?"

"With what?" says Rockefeller.

"With money, of course," you reply.

"But I haven't much money," says he. "You took all I had except three million dollars and I've got that invested in Federal, state and municipal bonds and I think I'd rather have the bonds than the Ford stock."

So, you try Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., of General Motors. "Here's your big chance, Alfred," says you. "Once General Motors wanted to buy the Ford Motor Company and here's your big chance. The stock's for sale. Only a million dollars a share for 1997 shares of it. Better grab it—some of it, anyway."

"With what?" says Sloan.

"Money," says you.

"Ain't got no money," says Sloan. "You clipped me down to three million dollars and I've got that all tucked away in government bonds. If I put it all into Ford stock my three million would buy only three of your 1997 shares. I really couldn't help you much if I put all I've got into Ford stock. And to do that I'd have to sell the bonds. And who'd buy the bonds from me? Anyway," he suddenly asks, "what makes you think the shares are worth a million dollars each?"

"Easy," you reply. "The price is based on the earnings of the company."

"When?" says Sloan.

"Last year," says you.

"What about next year?"

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"Why not? They always earned big, didn't they?"

"Sure," he replies, "but that was when Henry ran the plant. If you take control of it away from him who's going to run the plant?"

"Henry," says you.

"I don't think he'd do it," Sloan replies. "I wonder if you know Henry Ford very well."

"We'd make him run it!"

Whereupon Alfred goes off into hysterics and screams, "Make him run it! You can't even make your own baby eat spinach!"

About this time you lose hope of selling any of the stock to the men you thought "had money." Anyway, if each put all of his \$3,000,000 into the stock it would take 666 of those millionaires to buy up these shares in this one company. And to do that they'd have to find buyers who would give them cash for the securities of other kinds they now own and would have to sell.

About this time you're getting tired of being thwarted in the carrying out of this grand scheme which was going to make every man a king. So, you declare: "We'll fix the blankety-blanks. We'll just turn the stock over to the government treasury and issue money against it." Which you do. Henry quits and goes back to the farm. And now, who's going to run the Ford Motor Company? Well, there's Jim Farley. And Morgenthau. The Roosevelt boys. Cordell Hull. And several hundred members of Congress. Pick any one of them and let him run it. Okay,

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brother. They're all capable men in their own fields but the one who would stick his neck out and try to run a great, industrial enterprise like the Ford Motor Company would be a fool and he knows it. And, if he did, your great Ford corporation would begin to shrink. In the end it would fail. And the total accomplishment would have been the ruining of one of the greatest wealth producing machines ever constructed since time began.

Meantime, the Man-in-the-Street. What of him? He got his share of this money that was printed with Ford stock as backing. But the backing of the money is no good. Therefore the money is no good. But, ah hah! You got rid of yours before anybody knew it was no good! Is that so! Do you mean to tell me that anybody would take the money in the first place? Don't you suppose its value would be determined by what people who know money thought of it? And don't you suppose those people would know in the first place that it wouldn't be any good? Not all the people are suckers.

Meantime what has happened to the 100,000 men with their wives and children who used to get \$6 or \$7 a day working in the Ford plant? For the plant is now full of dust and cobwebs. Your imagination can finish the story. There'd be a depression, and sorrow, and misery, and sickness, and starvation, and bloodshed, and death such as no depression in this world has ever seen. Men, women and children would kneel

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in the streets and lift their hungry faces to God and pray: "Give us back our Henry Ford!"

And the man who sold them the grand scheme with its unsound cornerstone. What of him? Perhaps the only hand left to punish him would be that of God. Certainly he'd never stay to face the wrath of the people whose happiness he'd destroyed.

And the destruction would go farther than that, for hundreds, maybe thousands, of other plants throughout the world have dealings with Ford and if you destroyed Ford you would destroy them too. Huey's illustration of the Ford case was well taken. But you can go back in this story and insert the names of any man or company and it would be the same.

That's just one scheme, one ism, which deluded millions of people during the last ten years. There were others—many of them. Let's take another.

There's a man in this country who had a plan. I credit him with being sincere, but I charge him with ignorance of what makes the wheels go round, of what makes business, and wages, and happiness. And I feel that the people who followed him and who put their hard earned money into his plan were laboring under a delusion. It was one more unsound cornerstone. As for Huey Long, was he sincere? My only answer is that I cannot believe that his intelligence—for he was intelligent—would have permitted him to carry his plan through to its ultimate end. I think he would have stopped before he reached the result he must have foreseen. They say anything goes in poli-

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tics. Maybe he was using his plan to gain a following for political ends.

But this other man, and his plan. I have his literature. I have a magazine, or booklet, he put out, showing eight thousand people gathered in the auditorium of an important city, following a big parade, in which men, women and children were all decked out in white, all following this leader and all wanting his plan carried through to its end, the end of which would have meant the destruction of America. He will disagree. But that is my opinion.

As a starter, he cited the things which were wrong. And there were, are and always will be some. Then he began to move toward his plan, and the place where he laid the unsound cornerstone was when he said in this book that *government say-so is what makes money acceptable and useful*. That's poppycock! The Russian and German governments put their say-so on millions of rubles and marks, saying they had a certain value. But the value went down and down and down till the wind blew the bills down the street and the waste paper man wouldn't even bother to pick them up.

It takes more than government say-so to make money acceptable. There has to be something back of it. Back of our money is gold. Briefly, back of money has to be some article which is scarce and therefore valuable and easily handled and transported. Most of the world uses gold. This gives the money a stable value. It's a long story and maybe nobody fully under-

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stands it. Suffice it to say, however, that no other system has yet worked. Nor, I believe, will it.

The average man does not fix the value of money. The value is fixed by people who know what is going on, who know what is back of money, who know whether there is too little gold back of it. They take it or don't take it at face value, and this value trickles through all down the line. *Nor can any government say-so change this price.* It simply can't be done. Therefore, when this man proposed to put the government say-so on a lot of paper and make its value stick he was proposing something that can't be done.

Then, he said, one reason why business was so bad was that there wasn't enough money to go round. Therefore, we should have more of it printed and put into circulation—\$100,000,000,000 of it. This, he said, would cause the wheels of business to spin rapidly and we would all be exceedingly prosperous. If a man wanted to go into business, he said, he would apply to the government for a loan. The government might lend him the money. If he made good he'd pay it back. If he failed, said this man, the government would charge it off as "experience gained." Gained at whose expense? Yours, reader, and mine. And wouldn't that be fine!

Also, he said, back of this money would be "all the wealth of the country." That sounds fine but just how much of a pig would be back of a dollar bill? And what if the pig died? You couldn't work it out so it would mean anything. A dollar isn't a dollar. It is a

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promise to pay so many grains of gold. It's definite. You can take that gold note to any other country in the world and swap your money on a gold basis. Could you swap it on a ham and eggs basis? How much ham or eggs would be back of a dollar? A dollar that didn't mean anything would have no value.

His whole book is a glorious picture of the prosperity that would follow if the government printed a lot of money and put it into easy circulation. All that is true, if—and the “if” is this: His cornerstone is the assumption that government say-so is what makes money valuable. The Man-in-the-Street may not know this isn't so, and evidently the thousands who followed this leader didn't know that, but it isn't so, and his cornerstone was rotten.

There were other isms too numerous to mention, nor do I know about all of them, but the idea in most of them is to give a lot of money to the fellow who has little and let him get rich quickly without much work. That idea always appeals to the man who has little and, when he can be fooled into swallowing a false doctrine, he can be induced to work like a hound at something that can't be done. The only way to get money is to work for it, and the man who works with his hands alone can never become very wealthy.

And old age pensions. It's a beautiful idea. There's some way something can be worked out. But never in the world can we pay to old folks pensions that are bigger than the pay they drew when they worked, and anybody who tells the old people otherwise is

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misguided or a faker. It all goes back to what wealth is and how it is created. Which is another story. But with all the ismites we've had during recent years my faith in America remains unshaken. This people is more intelligent and better educated than any other people in the world. All it needs is the facts and it will make its own decisions. During the next twenty years this people is going to find these facts. And when it finds them, some of the ismites will go overboard and we shall have fewer rackets in this racket-ridden country.

You ask, if all these things are true, if all these facts exist, why aren't they taught in schools? Don't ask me, brother. Ask your educators. I'm just a business man who is trying to write a book.

But sooner or later, and the sooner the better, such things *must* be taught. We're cheating our children if we don't do it. One of the great weaknesses in our system today is that the seller of unsound doctrines is outselling the seller of fact and truth and common sense. The "ism boys" have their stories well organized. You may sense they are phoney but you can't prove it. Put an ismite on one soapbox and an American business man on the other and the ismite will make a sucker out of the business man in less than ten minutes and sell the crowd on horsefeathers.

And why? Simply because the story of common sense has never been organized. The business man senses it but he can't tell it. He's like a salesman of a wonderful product being outsold by a better sales-

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man with a worse product. What America needs today is good salesmen of common sense. The people want it. They need it. They are hungry for it. And they don't get it. From anybody. Any place. Or if they do it's in language they can't understand.

I have on my desk a wonderful book by a wonderful man. It's autographed. I'm proud to own it. It tells the story of common sense. But it is all done in such language that it is not easy to understand. What good is a book like that to the Man-in-the-Street? It's weak selling of a strong product. And the book by one of those "leaders" I mentioned a few pages back is so easy to read, so easy to understand, that it won thousands of followers. I doubt if the great man's book won any. It's pathetic.

CHAPTER SIX

Why Communism Won't Work

IN THIS chapter we shall discuss communism. It has been much talked about during recent years but I question if many of those who have discussed it, who have been free in their use of the term "red" as an appellation, really know what communism is, what it proposes to do, what merit it has if any and whether those we call "reds" are really communists.

All of America should know the truth about communism, and I believe the time will come when our schools will teach it. I do not mean they will recommend it but they will teach the truth about it. They will teach both sides of it, tell how it originated, why it won't work, why all the people who tried it didn't like it and why it has failed everywhere it has been tried since time began.

At this point the ismite may arise and declare that communism is new and has never been given a trial, and when he says that he demonstrates his own ignorance of economics and of history, for communism is one of the oldest and most colossal flops in the world and the people who are working for it and have been

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convinced that their efforts are for the good of themselves and mankind are just a bunch of suckers. Somebody sold them a gold brick. Communism is just one more ism with the phoniest cornerstone in the whole house of isms.

Furthermore, a lot of those who are fiddling and fussing around with communism don't even know what it is. If they did they'd drop it like a hot potato. They think they are trying to bring universal happiness when they would bring only universal misery. They think they are working for universal freedom when they are working for universal slavery. They think they'd like it themselves and that is the best proof that they don't know what it is.

Well, what is it? Just a minute, brother. Let's go at it in logical fashion. Let's approach the subject as the "reformer" does. Let's consider what is the first half of the story. The first half is that some people have more wealth than others. That's true. It also is true that, left to our own devices, this condition will continue. Margaret Mitchell will write a *Gone With the Wind* and sell millions while I'll write this book and come nowhere near that mark. Duryea and Ford will both start to build cars and Ford will become wealthy while Duryea will die poor.

Point No. 1 is that some have more than others. Point No. 2 is that this isn't fair. It brings unhappiness to those who have less. So, the plan is to even things up and let everybody share and share alike. We'll divide everything the same way we divide the streets

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and highways. We'll fix it so nobody can amass wealth and the way we'll do that is very simple. *We'll do away with private wealth.* We'll let the government own everything, everybody will work for the government and the government will feed, clothe and shelter everybody. There just won't be any private wealth.

If you're a farmer what you raise would go into a common stock and everybody would eat out of that common stock. If you're a shoemaker you'd work in a shoe factory and all the shoes would go into a common stock. Instead of shoe stores I suppose there'd be shoe depots and when you needed shoes you'd draw a pair from the shoe depot. You'd always have what food, clothes and shoes you needed but you'd never have any more than you needed because there would be no need to save or hoard anything. You wouldn't need any savings because the government would feed you till the day you died, and anyway there wouldn't be any money such as we have now.

"That would be swell!" declares Youth, or Somebody. "No worries. No need to save for old age. No need to worry about rent or food. No need to worry about that new suit. Just work every day, which we have to do anyway, and everybody would be supremely happy." All brotherly—and sisterly—love.

Communism is a lovable idea that has been floating around in the mind of the human race for nobody knows how many years. I suspect the first man who formulated the idea was one who saw his hard work-

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ing neighbors getting ahead of him and who felt it wasn't fair. So he concocted this plan of communism and ever since then the world has been fussing with the idea, occasionally trying it, then forgetting it tried it and wanting to try again, and meantime creating a lot of disturbance and kidding a lot of suckers into paying dues so communistic leaders can work at communism instead of with picks and shovels. The pick and shovel boys pay the dues. Generally they sooner or later get wise to themselves and quit paying, but there's always a new crop of suckers, and the movement goes on, and on, and on. Ism leaders are seldom dispossessed for non-payment of rent.

In this country is a Communist Party, with candidates. The World Almanac, 1940, bottom of Page 138, says it has 80,327 members. In the 1936 presidential election it spent \$162,040—not much, but in a list of seven political parties its expenditure was No. 3 in the list. It managed to poll around 100,000 votes in a 1938 election for congressmen. It does exist, it does collect money, and people do vote its ticket.

Now, what is its cornerstone and what's phoney about it? Just this: It says you and I and all the rest of the world would be content to work, not for money, not to keep what we earned, not to take our pay and buy the kind of shoes we liked, not to save up and take a vacation or buy a better car, but to be just a lot of people, all alike, all sharing alike, and that our real recompense would be the plaudits of society and of our neighbors. In other words, we'd work for cheers and a pat on the back, plus enough to eat and wear.

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I quote from *What Is Communism?* by Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party of the United States of America, Page 178, last paragraph: "Socialism is not only a revolution in economic life. *It makes an entirely new human race.*"

As to what you'd work for I quote a little further up on the same page: "For the main mass of workers, socialism introduces *New Motives*, social motives, the motives of social emulation, the *honor* and *heroism of serving society* and not private profit-takers." The italics are mine. Read 'em again.

Here's another item most of the boys in the parade overlook. The platform of the Communist Party in the 1936 election goes on for page after page with "bait"—things that sound fine. But over on its last page it sets forth its cornerstone as follows:

"Our economy [which means 'our business'] must be taken from the incompetent and greedy hands of Wall Street [whoever that is]. It must be *made the common property of the whole people*. . . . Only when socialism will be established, as today in the Soviet Union, will there be no crisis, no poverty, no unemployment—but there will be abundance and security for all, with the gates of progress open to humanity."

And it winds up the dissertation with this: "Forward to a progressive, free, prosperous, and happy America!"

I'll bet a good many of the dues-payers read

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through the front part of the platform about "*Jobs and a living wage for all! Unemployment insurance! Old age pensions! Social security for all! Save the young generation! Free the farmers from debts! Make the rich pay! Curb the Supreme Court! Keep America out of war!*" and a lot more "bait" items and never delved into the tail end of this document to see how all this is to be brought about. For the way to bring it about, according to communism, is to *do away with private property* and make every man an employee of the government and let the government do the feeding, housing and clothing of all who work. And you couldn't go shifting around to get a better job. You'd stay put, spend your life there, be happy—maybe—and get a permit every time you wanted to perform many of the simple acts of life.

Perhaps at this point one of the dues-payers says: "What! Me be just one of the great crowd! Not have any chance to rise! Not get a better job! Not get more pay! Not have the nice neckties I want! Not live in a better flat if I can afford it! Not be any better off than some bum who doesn't work half as hard as I do! You mean to tell me that's what communism would do to me?"

Exactly, Mister Dues-payer. That's exactly what it would do to you. All of which you'll find out if you'll only read carefully some of the literature and platforms and things that your dues are paying for. And all of which you'll learn in greater detail if you'll go over to the public library and read up on the history

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of the idea. But don't expect to find much of anything in school textbooks below the grade of college, and not too much even then, for it isn't there. They don't teach it. They let kids grow up and be suckers.

So, the dues-payer, when he learns the truth, generally quits. Why? Because he doesn't want to be one of a mob. He wants to stand on his own two feet and be a man, and a better man if he's got it in him. And right there is where the whole thing falls apart.

The main principle is to have *no* private property. Everybody equal.

The way to get there is to take all the individualism and selfishness out of mankind, to *make a new human race*.

Can that be done? Anybody with half a brain knows it can't, so what is the use of fiddling around with the idea when never in God's world can it be made to work? Yet the Communist Party reported that for the 1936 campaign somebody kicked in with \$157,297 (*World Almanac*, 1940, Page 816).

And what the communist worker and dues-payer seems to overlook is that he can't work for any part of the party platform without working for *all* of it. Work for the "bait" and you work for the sucker deal too.

All of which is an important reason why I have faith in and believe in America. It is not a sucker people. It's just slightly uninformed. Give our people the truth and they'll take care of the rest. And eventually

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they'll get the truth. They should be getting it in high school, at least, now.

In all this, frequent reference is made to "socialism." What's the difference? None, so far as the creed is concerned. Socialism and communism are the same except that the modern communist believes in violence to attain his ends while a socialist is inclined to be peaceful about it. A communist is a socialist with a club in his hand.

Part of our set-up today partakes of socialism. Our streets and highways. They're public property. We all own them and all have equal use of them. Some water supply systems are slightly socialistic. The post office is a little that way. But to put everything on that basis would not be pleasing to us.

Here's something else that doesn't seem to be generally grasped, although it can be found in books on communism. Much is said about the desire of the communist to "destroy" America, and the general belief seems to be that they "really wouldn't do anything like that." Well, they say they would. If you'll do some reading on the subject you'll find that the plan of communism is in three phases. It is admitted, I think, by anyone who will reflect a moment that no system of government like ours, or any other, could be made over into communism. It's a different animal. So, the program is:

Step No. 1. Tear down the government you now have.

Step No. 2. Set up a dictator.

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Step No. 3. Let the dictator work out communism.

And Step No. 2 is as far as it ever gets. The dictator finds he can't work out communism, so, having a fine racket, and being still of that old form of the human race which the communists are going to change, he just hangs on to his dictatorship.

"But," protests the Man-in-the-Street, "hasn't Russia worked out communism?"

You couldn't be more wrong, brother. Russia tore down the government it had, and set up a dictator—Step No. 2, and during the years following the World War an attempt was made to make communism work, but once again the great ideal proved impractical, and bit by bit, departures were made from the idea, until today Russia, despite common belief, does not have communism. But it still has its dictator.

The people of Russia do not rule Russia. The dictator's word is law. If you doubt it, go over there and start an argument with him and see where it gets you. Some day when the Russian people become as educated as our people, they'll throw out the dictators and set up a government like ours which, imperfect though it may be, is still the finest type of government ever established on this earth.

But the educating of a people is a long, slow job. It may take generations. It will take bloodshed, years of it perhaps, to bring about these changes in a country like Russia. And during all those years there's nothing we can do about it. To step in and shed our own blood would do no good, for, even though we handed the

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Russian people a government like ours, they would lose it, for they are not yet ready for self government. We've got to wait. It's too bad, but it's the only way.

In Russia today there is no communism. No freedom. There is a lack of happiness. Yet the communist party platform of 1936 urged us to copy Russia's plan and urged us "forward to a progressive, free, prosperous, and happy America!" Horsefeathers!

Why are men communists? Some are plain racketeers. Others are intelligent but uninformed and unthinking. Others are run of the mill suckers. Some, who ought to be ashamed of themselves, are in it for the publicity. They like to see their names in the newspapers but they'd howl murder if they thought they were to be regimented under a communistic system. Few of them have moved to "glorious Russia." In such movements are often to be found those who are labeled "youth." They make a lot of noise. In fact they keep it up till they're about thirty years old. After that they discover the capitalistic system isn't so bad and, anyway, three decades of living bring considerable common sense.

However, our educational system is in part to blame. The public at large should be posted on all these isms so it can pick and choose. Capitalism is merely an ism like all the rest, but because it's here and the accepted form of working and living we take it for granted. Nobody takes much trouble to defend it.

As for communism, and its sister creeds, under

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whatever names, there is nothing new about it. It's very old. Once upon a time there was a man named Plato. He was a philosopher. Today he might have been a newspaper columnist or the leader of a cult or something of the sort. It's quite a long time since Columbus discovered America, isn't it? Well, as far before the birth of Christ as it is from today back to Columbus, this man Plato lived, walked, thought and taught in Greece. And one of his ideas, about which he wrote, was an ideal state—communism. He was born in 427 B. C. and lived to be 80.

Who may have held the thought prior to Plato we do not know, but Plato got his story into book form and it has lived through the years. After him came others, with the same idea in varying forms. The desire always was to improve the condition of the common man, and some of the thoughts of these communistic thinkers have become part of our civilization, but the *basic* thought, though it has been tried many times, has failed to work in practice, and for the one great reason—man does not want to be regimented or made equal to all his fellows. He wants to be an individual. He wants to improve himself if he can. And if he is willing to work harder than the other fellow he doesn't want the other fellow to share in the results of that hard work.

Aren't we all like that? And if we are how could communism ever work?

And now, it will be news to thousands, maybe millions, of people, that we have tried communism right

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here in America. And we couldn't make it work. We gave it a fair trial, too. And guess where? Among some group of theorists? Among a bunch of crack pots? No, in the old, rock ribbed settlement which helped give America her birth—Plymouth Colony. The Pilgrim Fathers tried communism. And one of our best high school histories of America, one which is standard in many schools, which has 1600 pages, devotes two and a half lines to the fact that the Pilgrim Fathers tried communism and that it was a grand and glorious failure. It seems to me this story rates a little more than two and a half lines in a school textbook.

The Pilgrims were mostly north of England farmers who didn't like the way they were supposed to worship God in England in their day, and so they formed religious groups of their own. The authorities didn't look too kindly on this, so the Pilgrims hired a boat and sailed to Holland, where they had been told one could worship as one pleased.

They settled in Holland but, to make a living, were pretty much compelled to take jobs at various trades, and they didn't care for this, for they were farmers. Also, they were surrounded by a foreign language, and this made them homesick. And by 1620 a treaty of peace was due to expire the next year and they were quite sure there would be war in Europe. During the dozen years they were in Holland they talked about all these things and finally sent agents to see if they couldn't get somebody in England to finance a voyage to the New World, which had been discovered by

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Columbus only a little over 100 years before and to which explorers had been going at intervals and returning with stories of the good soil and decent climate. They thought they could make a deal whereby they could pay for the voyage after they got settled in the New World.

The agents were successful. They interested a group called "Adventurers," and they were all of that. Today we'd probably call them "Underwriters." Anyway, the Adventurers each put in money and two boats were secured—the Mayflower and the Speedwell. The Pilgrims wanted to get to sea in midsummer so they'd have a chance to get settled before winter. They sailed from Southampton, England, August 5, 1620, with 120 passengers, but the Speedwell proved unseaworthy and they had to return. Finally the Mayflower alone, 180 tons burden, about 95 feet overall, with 102 passengers, sailed from Plymouth, England, September 6, 1620, thinking it was going to Virginia.

But the captain sailed into Cape Cod Bay and dropped anchor inside the hook of Cape Cod. They set out in their small boat to find a site for their new home. They finally selected the spot where Plymouth now stands and here they landed December 21, 1620, with no shelters except what they could erect themselves, with a cold winter coming on, and no other white men anywhere around. Just virgin country, snow, and Indians.

They had a contract with the Adventurers which

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provided that they should send back to England the furs and other things they could secure in this new land. The deal was to last seven years, after which the debt was presumed to be satisfied. So they went at their job.

They were hardly landed when some scourge hit them—flu, pneumonia, galloping consumption or something—and at one time only seven were on their feet and able to take care of the rest. Use your imagination a bit. Rude cabins. One hundred and two people. Ninety-five of them so sick they couldn't get up. Seven able to care for ninety-five. And a New England winter. By spring half of them were dead. In fact they were afraid to let the Indians know how many had died so they smoothed over the graves and, when summer came, planted grain on them. Out of eighteen wives fourteen died. Out of twenty-four households four were wiped out clean. Their straits were desperate.

But spring came, with its warm New England sun, and one by one the sick ones crawled back to health. They got some corn from the Indians and planted it. Some of them ate sea food but many of them didn't like it. They struggled on and barely existed.

Now, here was an ideal spot to try communism, all for one and one for all. And that's what they did. They set up a government of a strictly communistic sort. All the food raised went into a common store. Everybody ate out of the common store. And the governor ran the colony. It seemed the only way they

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could survive and, anyway, they had heard of this idea before and decided to give it a try. If they could make it work it would be wonderful and they should all be very happy.

It was one of the finest set-ups in the world to try it. Here were men all of one race, all speaking the same language, all friends and former neighbors, all fearing God, all presumably filled with brotherly love, no problem of what to do with the wealth of Henry Ford, for there was no wealth. Nothing but poverty. If they could create any wealth they could all own it share and share alike.

In their early days of desperation the plan seemed to work all right, for their one great task was to keep alive. Any of them would have done anything at that time to save his own life. Anyway, what difference did it make who shared the wealth, for there was no wealth to share?

But as soon as times got a little better the system began to fail. At first some worked like dogs and hoped everybody else would do the same. But in a short time some of the harder workers discovered that they were doing more work but getting no more out of it than those who worked less hard. Also, some of them had been brought up better than the others. They were cleaner, I suppose, their manners were better, and they didn't like the idea of being lumped into one gang with a lot of fellows who, perhaps, smelled worse on hot days than they did.

Also, there was women's work to be done and the

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authorities—call them dictators if you wish—told which women to do what and, according to the communistic system of government, they had to do it. But their husbands didn't like this. If there was any wife-bossing to be done each husband figured he could do it himself without any help from a dictator. The women didn't like it either.

There was quite a bit of "sickness" too. In fact, it soon developed that this share and share alike idea was swell when it came to the wealth but it didn't pan out when it came to the work. And some of the more ambitious men figured they could do better if each could have what he could make for himself and, if the loafers didn't want to work, let 'em starve or go live with the Indians, or something. *But stop eating off my labor!*

Well, the colony dragged. It was getting no place fast. It didn't seem to thrive. There was complaining and bellyaching and general discontent, so the people petitioned the governors to give each man his own land and let 'em go to it. Which they did. And things began to spin from then on. It was the common people themselves who asked that communism be done away with.

They gave up one ism and adopted another. The system they gave up was communism. The one they adopted was capitalism. And it is capitalism which transformed this country from a wilderness into the greatest country in the world. And after communism failed three hundred years ago, under such ideal con-

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ditions as that, there are those who would have us, with our 130,000,000 people, throw out capitalism and try again an experiment which we tried and found to be a failure.

Where do I get all this? Well, after the first governor died, which he did soon after they got started, one William Bradford was made governor and he it was who was the big shot during the trial and failure of this experiment, and he kept a diary and wrote a history. It is three hundred pages. You can probably find at least one copy in your local library. In it he describes the failure as follows:

“All this while no supply was heard of. [They had been hoping for supplies from England. Their own supplies were very low.] Neither knew they when they might expect any. So they began to think of how they might raise as much corn as they could, and obtain a better crop than they had done, that they might not still thus languish in misery.

“At length, after much debate of things, the Governor—with the advice of the chiefest among them—gave way that they should set corn every man for his own particular [meaning every man on his own] and in that regard trust to themselves. [In other words, every man take care of himself and his family.] In all other things to go on in the general way as before. And so, assigned to each family a parcel of land, according to the proportion of their number for that end . . . and ranged all boys and youth under

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some family. [For some of the young folks had lost their parents during that first terrible winter.]

"This had very good success; for it made all hands very industrious, so as much more corn was planted than otherwise would have been by any means the governor or any other could use, and saved them a great deal of trouble, and gave far better content.

"The women now went willingly into the field, and took their little ones with them to set corn, which before would alledge weakness and inability; whom to have compelled would have been thought great tyranny and oppression.

"The experience that was had in this common course and condition, [in other words, communism] tried sundry years, and that amongst Godly and sober men, may well evince the vanity of that conceit of Plato and other ancients, applauded by some of later time, that the taking away of property and bringing the community into a common wealth would make them happy and flourishing, as if they were wiser than God.

"For this community . . . was found to breed much confusion and discontent and retard much employment that would have been to their benefit and comfort. For the young men that were most able and fit for labor and service did repine that they should spend their time and strength to work for other men's wives and children without any recompense. The strong man . . . had no more in division of wealth and clothes than he that was weak and not able to do

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a quarter the other could. This was thought to be injustice.

"The able and graver men to be ranked and equalized in labor, and victuals, clothes, etc., with the meaner and younger sort, thought it some indignity and disrespect unto them. And for men's wives to be commanded to do service for other men, as dressing their meat, washing their clothes, etc., they deemed it a kind of slavery. Neither could many husbands brook it.

"Upon the point of all being to have alike, and all to do alike, they thought themselves in the like condition and one as good as another; and so, if it did not cut off those relations that God hath set amongst men, yet it did at least much diminish and take off the mutual respects that should be preserved amongst them. And would have been worse if they had been men of another condition.

"Let none object that this is men's corruption, and nothing to the course itself. I answer, seeing all men have this corruption in them, God in his wisdom saw another course fitter for them."

And his last paragraph, translated into a more modern form of expression, means just this: That you can't defend the system and charge the failure against the men of Plymouth, for men the world over and since time began have the same characteristics as had the men of Plymouth. They all want to stand on their own feet, to have what they can produce, to live their own lives in their own way without regimentation,

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to save or spend as they wish, not to have to carry drones and loafers on their backs, and to be independent and free. And that God himself must have intentionally made us all like that and must have had in mind some system other than communism when he planted the first blooms in Eden.

Bradford ought to have known. He had been in jail for his beliefs in England. He had been a leader in the group for years. He had lived through that first terrible winter. He had worked hard to pull the colony through. And in the end he had to abandon communism and write it down as a flop and a failure. You fathers of high school boys, ask them to tell you the story of Plymouth's attempt at communism. Ask them what communism is. Ask them what they believe and why.

But that wasn't the only attempt at it in this country. After we became a nation, from 1800 on for half a century or more, people here and there throughout America, continued to fuss with the idea. They set up their little groups, under various names, but all tinged with communism, and one by one they failed. Wherever you find it the story is the same, for men will not long tolerate the plan. They don't like it. I once pushed a truck on a seven-day eight-hour shift for seventeen cents an hour. But what I made was mine. In my time I've won and lost, but even when I lost I asked only the chance to try again. And I want it to be the same way for my children.

And any of our 130,000,000 people who think at

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all wants it to be that way. Maybe you haven't got very high. But neither did Henry Ford's father, or the late John D. Rockefeller's father. And in your sons and daughters can be realized all the hopes you may have had, provided you don't shackle and handcuff them before they're born with a system which says you stay where you are or sink lower but you can't rise any higher.

The Man-in-the-Street doesn't see how this could be brought about in America, how we could lose our American system. We have too many intelligent people to let it happen, but here's how it could be done. We'd elect a communistic or careless congress and a slick president. That could happen if enough people could be deluded into voting for the "bait" and overlooking the sucker plan.

The congress would pass laws making the president a dictator. Meantime congress would enlarge the Supreme Court and it would be made communistic in character. Then you'd have a dictator whose acts would be approved by congress and the court of last resort would declare them all constitutional. The Constitution is what the Supreme Court says it is and it would say, in effect, that it was an outmoded scrap of paper.

The dictator would declare all property the property of the government and we'd be in Step No. 2 of communism, and that's as far as we'd ever get. And once the dictator got us by the tail he would be loath to let go. It would be too good a racket.

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But, you say, all this is poppycock. Certainly it's poppycock. The American people are too intelligent to let it happen. But, the fact remains that in 1936 somebody kicked in with \$157,297 to attain that end and 100,000 people voted for it. Allow two voters and four to five people to a family and this vote represents a population about as big as Atlanta, or Dallas, or Birmingham, or Memphis or Providence. And how many of them knew what they were voting for? The fact that they voted for it and may not have known what they were doing is what's alarming. How many of them, in the public schools which all of us pay for, ever learned the truth about all the isms? Capitalism. Communism. Collectivism. Socialism. Fascism. Individualism. Americanism. And all the rest.

CHAPTER SEVEN

You Must Have a Chance to Win

IN THIS chapter we wish to present evidence to prove that after all the hubbub and commotion is over we must and will have an America in which wealth will be respected and not condemned and the way to it will not be closed to any boy or girl. All of us want to continue the America we love but we cannot continue if we do not continue those principles which have made our nation great. When we all have a clear understanding of it we shall discover that wealth itself harms no one but can bring great benefits to all the people of the country.

At the present time much of the ismites' agitation has to do with the division of wealth and in order that we may clearly understand the subject let us consider first what wealth is and if we are going to divide it let us find out how we first created the wealth which is to be divided. At this point fix firmly in your mind this fact that you cannot divide that which doesn't exist. Half of nothing is still nothing. *The problem is not so much how to divide wealth but how to create it.* Before you wrestle with the prob-

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lem of how to dispose of your apple crop you first must grow a tree. Wherefore, to get a clear picture let us start with no wealth at all. Let us go right back to the shores of Cape Cod Bay in the spring of 1621.

At that time it was 242 years before Henry Ford would be born on a farm in Michigan. It was 288 years before the first Model T would be built. But the steel that went into the Model T was here. The gold that bought them was in the hills in California. The gasoline and oil that ran them was under the soil of America. The materials for the roads over which they ran were here. The things we call wealth were here—but the Pilgrims were very poor.

At Plymouth was the soil as it had lain for centuries, trod only by the feet of Indians and wild animals. On a rise of ground above the shore were a few rude cabins. In the warming sun were some fifty men, women and children, still weak from the sickness of winter, hungry from the lack of English food. Off a way from the cabins was the ungrassed earth under which lay fifty of the dead who had landed only ninety days before. To most of us "money" is "wealth," but if gold had been piled heaven-high on the shores of Cape Cod Bay the Pilgrims would still have been poor, for wealth to them meant anything but gold. They had to have corn for bread, meat from the forest, skins for clothes and shoes, and, against a day of famine, they had to have a surplus. But the surplus would have been in pits and storerooms and not in banks.

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The problem of the Pilgrims was to produce wealth, and to do this they established a communistic system, and, as this book has told, it failed utterly. The system could not produce enough for life and health, let alone a surplus. And why? Because there was no incentive to produce. There was no reward ahead of him who worked hard and helped build a surplus. No matter what he did, no matter how hard he worked, he wound up right where he had started. He was still poor, he was still equal to every other man in "wealth." So nobody worked any harder than he had to and the colony continued to be an impoverished collection of unhappy individuals. Perhaps a few who were getting along without much work were content. The majority were not.

The Pilgrims were in a football game on a field which had no lines and in which there was no score. Nobody could win. They might plunge and struggle with all their might and the only result would be bruises and broken bones. Of victory there could be no hope. According to Page 178 of Earl Browder's *What Is Communism?* the players should have been satisfied with applause and pats on the back when they came up with bloody noses after hard line plays or runs. And, fired by this applause, they should have battled mightily for one more inch on a lineless field. The game, however, degenerated into a sort of namby-pamby medicine ball contest and Coach Bradford began to be alarmed, for the game had to be kept going, score or no score.

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Finally the players themselves grew tired of it. They decided this was a heck of a way to play football. "Listen," they said to Coach Bradford, "this thing is stupid. If we're going to play ball, let's play ball. Let's put some lines on the field and let's have a score board so we can keep track of how many we make."

"But," said Coach Bradford, "if we did that one team would be sure to get ahead of the other. Would that be fair?"

"Fair me eyeballs!" yelled most of the players. "We want to play ball! We want to fight! We're sick of this sissy business! What's the use of being a good football player if you can't win anything? Give us a chance at these guys and we'll show you a football game. They may lick us today but we'll get back at 'em tomorrow. Anyway, if we lose we can take it. But give us a chance to try. We're sick of this dumb thing. We'd rather try and lose than have no chance at all."

"Very well," said Bradford, "but before we try this new plan of yours shall we not make a rule that one team shall be limited to the number of touchdowns it can make? We must be fair to all, you know."

"Hell no!" roared the players. "Supposing we made all you allowed us in the first quarter. Whaddyuh going to do with the other three quarters? Serve tea or something?"

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"Oh no," said Bradford, "you would just keep right on playing till the end of the game."

"Sez who?" asked Elder Brewster. "Yuh mean to tell me I'd keep on playing after I'd won what touchdowns you'd let me have. Yuh must be nuts. We just tried that, didn't we? And we're sick of it."

"But the rules—" began Coach Bradford.

"Listen, Bill," said John Alden, "you just make some rules about no bitin' or gougin', no murder and no mayhem, and no stealin' the ball without due process of autopsy or somethin' and we'll take care of the game. Get me?"

"Well—" said Bradford. "If you want it that way ——"

"Sure we do!" they all yelled. "Give us a few rules and an honest referee and we'll show you a ball game."

So they changed the game to meet the demands of the players and they went at it. And now the women and kids went yelling and screaming up and down the sidelines.

The air was filled with flying turf. The players grunted and thumped and ran, and before the afternoon was over the scoreboard was covered with figures and Coach Bradford was amazed at what this new deal had done.

They were just coming in at sundown. They were sweaty and dirty and tired. One of them had a busted collarbone but had kept right on playing. There was blood on their faces and shirts. One team had lost, just

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as Coach Bradford had said it would. "Sure," said one of the losers, "we lost, but we made some touchdowns just the same and next time we're going to make some more. Boy! Is this a ball game!"

As the book told earlier, communism was abandoned because it wouldn't get the work done. Under the new system every man was promised that whatever he could produce was his. The more he worked the more he would make. If he loafed he might starve to death. If he got sick his friends helped him, but if he just loafed they had no use for him, and the result was that the loafers had to work or not eat—and they liked to eat.

Nor was any limit put on what a man might make for himself. The sky was the limit. And out of this new game in which any man had a chance to win, and in which he had a promise of a reward before he began, if he had it in him, they all went at things with a vengeance and the activity put Plymouth Colony on its feet and finally led to the wealth of Henry Ford, which the ismites now propose that we divide.

What is wealth? It is mostly labor. The soil was there, and the seed corn. They lay valueless till a man tilled the soil and put the seed into the ground. His labor and God's help turned it into a crop, which man with his labor harvested and made into bread. Nothing had been done to these raw materials till man applied labor to them. And if he applied enough labor to enough natural resources he created a surplus and

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this became surplus wealth—which is what most of us mean by “wealth.”

If he produced twice as much corn as he needed his wealth was no good unless he could trade it for something he didn't have, but wanted. So he traded it for shoes, or clothes, or perhaps the labor of another man who helped him work still more acres and raise still more corn. With his surplus wealth he acquired more natural resources and hired more men to help him, and his surplus increased.

These men who worked for him had an equal chance with him. But some didn't want to work hard enough to save up a surplus. Others didn't have the type of mind which enables one to plan projects. God hadn't made them that way, and maybe they hadn't trained what brain God gave them. But they were content to work, and they relied on the surplus-creator to provide jobs for them. And this he did.

To make easy the handling of all these surpluses money was devised, because you couldn't cart corn all over and trade it for what you might need. So money was devised as a “medium of exchange.”

Now, as time went on men found the wood in the forests and to this wood applied labor. This caused the wood to become various needed articles. It was wood plus labor. The same with iron, and coal, and oil, and all the other articles we use. They are raw materials to which labor has been applied. Even the machinery in factories which is used to make auto-

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mobiles is nothing but iron ore to which labor has been applied.

In other words, the wealth of America is raw materials to which labor has been applied. And Plymouth Colony demonstrated that only a reward system could induce labor. With no labor America would have had no wealth. Labor has made it. And the thing that made it great was great labor plus the promise of a reward to the man who tried.

Wealth is materials to which labor has been applied.

The problem in any ism is to get men to labor.

They will not labor without a promise of a reward if they win. And no limit on the reward.

Would Henry Ford—or you—have done what he did if he had been told before he began that he couldn't win? That if he made money he couldn't have it for his own? That he could make only so much and beyond that he would be foolish to work? Or Chrysler? Or Rockefeller? Or all the others you can name? You know businessmen near you. Would they have tried, risked their savings, if they hadn't felt they might win and could have what they won?

In Plymouth Colony there must have been some who did not want to go to the trouble of being employers. They didn't want to worry. They didn't want to work overtime to produce a surplus. They just wanted jobs. They wanted somebody to give them jobs. But out of all those in the colony there must have been some who saved their surplus, pro-

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vided employment and made it possible for those who wanted to work to eat. They were the employers, the bosses, the capitalists, the money grubbers—call them what you will—but without them those who were unwilling or unable to make employment for themselves would not have been able to live.

And from the days of Plymouth on it has been the same. With the hope of reward before them, and with the retention of that reward promised by a capitalistic system, men have saved and scrimped and built businesses. They have struggled with inventions. They have worked nights and holidays to get ahead, believing in their ability to erect an economic structure that could make money for them—and each time any such structure was erected it made work for many men. The making of payrolls became our greatest business.

And throughout all this activity labor was applied to raw materials and the result was wealth. Some of it was in the form of money, but most of it was not, for the wealth of America exceeds its money many, many times over. Our wealth is in our business structure, our stores, our factories, our machines and farms and the market that exists for the things they can produce and sell.

But, as in the imaginary football game we talked about a few lines back, not everyone can win. For every business that has succeeded hundreds—maybe thousands—have failed. Today there are in the automobile business twenty-one cars, but the history of

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that industry for forty years is strewn with the wreckage of companies that failed. Where we today have a few names, history records about one thousand which tried and have gone.

Yet, without the failures we would not today have the great industry we have, with its thousands of workmen, not only in car factories but throughout the world, in plants of suppliers, on farms and plantations, in mines, and in salesrooms and garages. It all grew because men were promised rewards if they could win, and thousands tried. They were not resentful because they didn't win. They'd had their chance. In fact, some tried again and won.

Among these was Henry Ford. If the name of Ford seems to appear frequently in this book, it is because he is the great outstanding example today of an individual, who, under the American system, started with nothing and by his own efforts became very wealthy. In the beginning he was a "have not"; today he is most decidedly a "have." We use him as an example because there is no other that so well illustrates the point.

He didn't arrive at his present position over-night by the wave of a fairy wand. He was born on a farm in Michigan July 30, 1863. It was the usual farm, not overly prosperous, and Henry didn't like it. He wanted to be near engines. So he went to Detroit—on foot.

He got a job in a shop where they did engine work, but the pay was only \$3.50 a week—and it would

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cost him a dollar more than that to live. So he got a job from seven to eleven at night in a watch repair shop where he got two dollars a week. That was in 1880. He was then seventeen years old.

The capitalistic system gave Henry Ford the urge to work hard, to try to win, to do something more than other men were doing. Through the years of struggle that followed he studied engines, and particularly their application to a road vehicle, an idea just beginning to receive attention. He put in hours of overtime, trying to make a horseless carriage that would run. Finally he wheeled the thing out one rainy night. And it ran. And on the sidewalk in the rain, pattered the wife who has been at his side through all the years.

He believed he had something. He formed a company, but it turned out to be a disappointment. He formed another company, and that likewise was a disappointment, call them failures if you will. Many a man, unsuccessful twice, would have quit and retired into the security of a job. He was getting on in life. Gambling with savings was no light matter.

But Henry Ford tried again. He still wanted to win. And at the age of forty he started the present Ford Motor Company which grew into one of the greatest monuments ever erected to one man. He had twenty-three years of struggle and grief behind him. He was making his third attempt to manufacture.

It wasn't a path of roses. It was the contrary. But finally there was victory. The company began to

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make money. And millions upon millions of that money were ploughed back into the business to make it bigger, to improve methods, to build cars cheaper and to raise the wages of men to a higher figure than had ever existed in the industrial world. The company in peak periods employed two hundred thousand men, representing probably a million men, women and children.

Henry Ford made money. But in the making of it he left a trail of benefits, cheap cars for everyone, good wages for workmen, improved industrial processes that were copied in industry generally and that cheapened many products, a better living for millions of people, for the story has multitudinous ramifications.

To the soapbox orator who would tear this system down I ask: If Henry Ford had made less would any of us have made more? I demand an answer. Was his money a weapon for the oppression of labor or a tool for the manufacture of wages? I demand an answer. If he had not been permitted to keep what he made how could he have built this gigantic business that gives work to so many men? If he hadn't had before him the promise of reward would he have tried at all? Would he have tried again after he had failed twice? And if men aren't to be permitted to build businesses like this who is going to provide jobs for those of us who want to work? We can't eat theories. The Pilgrim Fathers tried that and nearly starved.

Today the "reformer" points at the great Ford in-

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stitution and uses it as a whipping boy as he lays his unsound cornerstone. But I ask him this: You may devise a system that would *run* the Ford Motor Company, but can you devise a system other than what we have that can *build* a Ford Motor Company? He's *got* to answer that question or get off his soapbox, for it's of vital concern to 130,000,000 of us Americans. We know our America is only a collection of men who employ and men who work. Most of us want jobs—just jobs. Somebody's got to provide them. And we want bigger and better jobs in a bigger and better America. And most of us are willing to give big rewards to the man who can provide us with the means of life and happiness.

You can add a long list. The late Chrysler, once an apprentice in a railroad shop. The late Schwab, once a stake driver. The late Rockefeller, born poor in a little country town. And so on no end—General Motors—General Electric—all of which began with nothing because some man dreamed a dream and worked hard to make it come true. He had nothing behind him and everything before him. Which is a lot different from nothing behind and nothing ahead.

The corner druggist, grocer, barber, and all the rest, are in the same class. They take their savings and start businesses. Thousands fail. The pathway of America's progress is lined with failures. A few succeed. And from the successes come our prosperity, our wages, and the development and improvement of our civilization. There isn't any other way.

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The savings, the surplus, that men use in building these businesses we call capital. Capital is only the tool with which they build. And it's a delicate thing. If lost it's gone forever. It's timid. Scare it and it runs to safety and hides and won't work. Encourage it and it can do wonders in the hands of able men. The boy, just out of school, who wants a job, doesn't want fewer and smaller businesses in America. He wants more and bigger businesses so there can be more jobs. He wants more capital being used by more men. And, if he becomes one of those misguided lads who seek to hamper and discourage capital, he is tearing at the house in which he wants to find a home.

Much mud has been thrown at the capitalist. Some of it stuck. But a fact we should always remember is that, while the first capital used in the start of a business may be money, that money is speedily transformed into other things. With the druggist it is transformed into his stock and his fixtures. With the barber it becomes his tools and chairs. With a factory it becomes the materials and machinery. Part of it has to go for rent and like items till the earnings are big enough to provide for them, and many a business has failed because its starting money wasn't enough to pay the rent and wages until there were customers enough to get it around the corner.

The question of wages is the point at which many people get off the track, and where the agitator lays many an unsound cornerstone. Let's forget the wage for a minute and see where it comes from. A company

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buys raw materials for which it pays 50 cents. It has to pay 20 cents taxes. It has rent and other items amounting to 10 cents. It simply *must* pay out that 80 cents. It can sell the article for \$1. This leaves 20 cents for all the people who worked on the job—and the profit too. Let's set aside 5 cents as profit, for unless the business can earn money, set up savings for a rainy day, and enjoy confidence and credit it may pass out of the picture. This leaves 15 cents for wages of all concerned. That's *all* there is and there isn't any more. So, it has to be divided according to the contribution each worker makes. The man whose management keeps the thing together is entitled to pretty good pay, for without his ability the thing would flop and there'd be no wages at all. The die maker is worth more than the janitor, for dies are all important.

Now, the workers decide they should have more money. There's only one place from which it can come, and that's to stretch that 15 cents into say 20 cents. This causes the article to be sold for \$1.05. And the hitch is: Will the public pay \$1.05 for the article? If they will, swell. If they won't, sales will begin to drop off and, while the workers will get more, there will be fewer workers because fewer articles can be sold.

There is a happy point at which sales can be biggest and wages and profits the highest. But wages can go only so high in any business. High wages in the building trades in some cities threw thousands of men

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out of work because the customers wouldn't buy houses at those prices. It was a swell idea, but it wouldn't work.

A minimum wage law is a good thing. It prevents abuse of labor by unscrupulous employers. But a law which disregards the foregoing fundamentals is unsound and does nobody any good.

Nor do we need the expensive machinery of unionism as it exists today. Much of what has till now existed has outlived its usefulness. The bitter labor wars of recent years have served a good end in that the fight to drive worker and employer apart is causing them to see they really are partners, and they are drawing closer together.

I believe in unionism. Wholeheartedly. But I further believe thousands of workers have been misled and abused, have lost millions in wages when it wasn't necessary and have been victims in a war between kings and dictators whose interest was anything but that of those they were supposed to help.

Another unsound cornerstone is the limitation of what a man can make in a year. I argued this one day with an educator. His theory was that some men make too much. I'll agree that some men make a lot but how much is too much? When Plymouth was groveling in misery it could see no harm in a man making a lot so long as he didn't steal it or cheat anyone, or play the game unfairly or ruthlessly. Nor can I.

Anyway, this educator said there should be a limit. Why? Well, because some made too much. But when

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I tried to get his idea on what was too much he was very vague. He, however, had a firm notion, though he couldn't define it, that our system would be better if we prevented men making over a certain amount. He had no plan for lifting up the man who had little. He proposed merely to hold down the man who made a lot. Finally I asked him this:

You have been an educator for years. You are one of the best teachers in this city. You haven't made much money out of it. You own an average home. You can educate your children. But you'll never make much out of the school business.

Now, let's suppose that your years of work cause you to discover certain things that are invaluable to all the fathers and mothers in America. These things can help us get our children better started in life. It will give them a better chance to win in the world. These things are worth a lot to us. And you put them all into a book.

But you aren't sure the book will sell. You take the manuscript to a publisher. He doesn't know whether it will sell. It will cost him a couple of thousand dollars to put the book on the market and if it doesn't sell it's a total loss to him and you get nothing out of it. Back of it is his money and twenty years of your life. It's just a grand gamble.

But, he brings it out. It sells for two dollars. Your royalty is thirty cents a copy. And to the amazement of both of you the fathers and mothers of America begin plunking down their two dollars and inside of

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twelve months you have sold a million copies. Those things do happen, you know.

Now, never mind what the publisher makes. Anyway, all he's doing is making up the losses he sustained on a lot of other books which failed to sell. But your royalties the first year are \$300,000. Back of this book are twenty years of your life, during which, at comparatively low pay, you learned the things that are in the volume. You never can write another—one book is your limit. Everything you know is in this one. And it has earned for you \$300,000. On this you could have an old age income of \$9,000 a year if you put it out at three per cent. Now, should you be allowed to keep it—or not?

He shook his head. Said No. It was too much.

But *why*?

He had no answer, except his oft repeated statement that it was too much. But, finally, I asked him what he was going to do when the publisher sent him the check. He laughingly replied: "Oh, I'd probably be weak enough to take it."

There's been much discussion of this limitation of income during recent years. Many people believe in it. It's neither practical nor fair. The man who makes a lot one year may make nothing for the next five. Anyway, what harm is done by a man making or having money? Having money is one thing. Abusing it is another. Bribery and the illegal use of money should be penalized but the way to penalize the misuser of big money is not to put a senseless limit on all

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the rest of us. If a limit had been set when America was founded we never would have had the America of today. There never would have been a Ford Motor Company with its 200,000 names on the payroll at good wages. There would have been no General Motors, no General Electric, no Rockefeller, no Chrysler, no great railroad systems. The misuse of great wealth is the spark behind the idea. The limitation of incomes is *not* the answer.

The late Ralph Hitz is an excellent example of the folly of trying to limit what a man can make. If we're going to do that we must make a rule that applies to all cases. We can't say we'll not apply the rule to Henry Ford or the others who may have paid high wages. We can't make a football rule that says lateral passes shall not go forward and then say we'll not apply the rule to popular players. We've got to make a rule that applies to all. If we're going to make an income-limiting rule we must apply it to Ralph Hitz too, and we must tell him before he begins whether the rule is going to apply. We can't change the rules in the middle of the game.

Ralph Hitz was born in Austria. When he was fourteen he came to America on a visit with his father. But when the elder Hitz was ready to go back he couldn't find Ralph, so finally sailed without him. The lad had got himself a job as a bus boy in a Broadway restaurant. These jobs do not pay big money, but young Ralph wanted to stay in America. He wanted to try to win in this great, free country. So he

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took any job he could get. His first one paid \$3 a week.

Now *don't* start arguing about whether that \$3 was low. It was. That's another subject. It has nothing to do with limiting incomes. Let's discuss wages at one time and limiting incomes at another. Let's not get our minds befogged by mixing subjects so we don't know what we're talking about. That \$3 was low. But what has it got to do with how much we're going to let Ralph Hitz make if he stays in America and tries to win success? One of the troubles of America today is that those who attempt to discuss basic rules get off the track and wind up discussing anything but what they began to discuss. Every pullman car and bridge party should have a parliamentarian.

After this first \$3 job Hitz worked over the United States as a waiter, kitchen helper and cook. He was getting an education in hotelkeeping. How many of us would pay that price? Finally he felt he knew more about hotels than a lot of people who were running them. He felt he could make hotels pay, and continue in business, whereas if they continued to lose money they'd close, all the help would be out of work and the people with savings invested in the hotel stock would lose their money.

He got into the management end and became manager of the Hotel Gibson in Cincinnati. He boosted the earnings from \$95,000 to \$272,000 a year. His arrangement, when he really found what he could do, was a base salary plus a part of the operating profit.

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In other words, he got a percentage and the more he could make the hotel earn the more he could make. He had an incentive to work his head off, and did, and died at the age of 48.

His work was so good that the Hotel New Yorker, in New York, sent for him. Now, get this picture. There are today about 1500 people employed in the Hotel New Yorker. The builders owed a \$13,000,000 mortgage. The hotel has 2500 rooms. Its location was not considered the most accessible, but it was built in boom times. The problem was to make it pay. If it couldn't pay it would have to close. If it closed the married men among that 1500 employees would have to go home at the end of work and say: "Mother, we're out of a job. The hotel has closed."

Here stood the possibility of a gigantic business success—or a failure. The owners of the hotel were not sure they could make it a success. So, in 1929, they sent for Ralph Hitz, who seemed to have the ability to make hotels pay. He had done so in Cincinnati. The question we now have to decide is how much we're going to let Ralph Hitz make. If you were an employee in the hotel what limit would you fix? Or would you do as the owners did and fix no limit at all?

With no promise of a reward the ex-bus-boy would not have tried. Under the system we employ in the building of America he made for the company the first year an operating profit of \$1,293,000 and made good money for himself. He then went on and did the same for other hotels which were doing none too well and

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saved the jobs of thousands of men and women, who otherwise would have lost their sources of income, and preserved the savings of those who had invested in hotels.

But, says a perennial critic: "He made too much." Okay, brother, then you figure out some way to save the jobs of the 1500 people who work in the New Yorker. And if you can't do that get off your soapbox and go into deep silence for a long, long time. And while you're in that silence think this over: If you were the father of a bus boy what limit would you want put on what he could make? If you were the father of a boy whom you had put through school at great sacrifice on your part what limit would you want to put on what he could make? And if, like Henry Ford at the age of forty, you felt you had a chance to win, what limit would you want put on the result of your gamble with your savings in a business venture? And don't mix the raising of the wage of the \$3 bus boy with the limiting of his future earnings. But many do just that, and get nowhere in their thinking.

Furthermore, I have found that each man with whom I have discussed this, and who was for such limitation, fixed the limit at about five times what he himself was making. The \$20 a week man thought \$100 was enough. The \$10,000 a year man thought \$50,000 was tops. And some say the limit should be that which the President of the United States receives.

That's also unsound. The president didn't *create* the

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United States. He merely *helps* run something someone else created, and there are hundreds who could fill the office where only one can be chosen. In fact, some who could never be elected could do a better job than some who are given the office. The evidence that the president is not all important as an individual is that we have never given him more than eight years for fear he'd get the idea he owned the job and become a dictator.

The president gets \$75,000 a year, but by the time you add in the other things he gets, his income is far more than the mere money we pay him. Also, were you to set the presidential salary alongside what the same man had been able to earn in private life you'd be surprised at how many were not big earners when they were on their own.

This country wants successful businesses. The only way to get them is to pay the men who make them. Putting limits on incomes is going half way to communism, which has no incomes at all.

And every father and mother must decide—the great majority has decided—what kind of game you want to set your children into. Do you want them to start with two strikes? Or have a fair field and the only limit their own ability?

But, says someone, there are millions who can never get big incomes. Quite true. There also are those who will never own automobiles, who will never own homes, whose children will never get to college—which doesn't mean too much anyway. And among

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130,000,000 people there simply have to be leaders and followers, just as there is a first team on a football field, a lot of second, third and fourth team men on the benches and scores who never even get into a uniform.

You can't take the struggle out of life. Life is a battle even for the growing things in the fields. There are big trees and little ones in the forest. It has always been so and always will be with mankind. Not all were created with equal ability. Some can never be business managers. They haven't got it in them. They have to have jobs. They couldn't qualify for big money. But any one of them, under our system, has a chance to do the best he can with the ability he has, and some of the most unbusinesslike people have made the most amazing incomes. And as we operate it now the system gives assurance that no one will starve. If the poorest is sick he gets medical care. We have refined and shall continue to refine the system, but that is entirely different from destroying it. What we need most is an education of all our boys and girls, who will run this country tomorrow, on all the isms so they can tell the difference between an ism which would refine and an ism which would destroy.

And so, I believe in America. I believe in the inherent soundness of the great majority. I believe our fathers and mothers want their children to step forth on a field where they can win if they've got it in them. I believe there are enough of them now to hold to a

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basis of Americanism, and common sense, and that as the years go by this number will grow, and that America will continue to be unshakeable, a light for all the rest of the world, a land where happiness is not a dream but a reality.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Why America Is What It Is

IN THE chapters just preceding we have introduced evidence to prove that the many isms offered in place of Americanism would not work and that we are best off if we continue under the greatest ism of them all, which is Americanism. And lest we forget how Americanism came to be let us go back through the years to its origin and find out not only what it is but why it was built this way.

Underlying the thing we call America is a desire, a desire so simple that it is often hopelessly buried in the words of histories and books on economics. About all it amounts to is: *I want to live my life in my own way and be let alone.*

It does not mean a life without laws; it does not mean a life without social obligations; it does not imply individualism to the exclusion of human brotherhood. But it does imply a desire for freedom of action within equitable social limits; liberty under laws imposed with the consent of the governed; and it denies the right of anyone to impose unreasonable regimentation and to limit man in his efforts to make

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out of himself the kind of creature he believes God intended.

This belief, or hope, or desire, is as old as man. It throbbed in the minds of men when they roamed in tribes. It motivated the Children of Israel when they began the long trek out of Egypt. It was the driving force behind the hundred and two Englishmen who risked their lives in a cockle shell that they might find sanctuary here three hundred years ago.

And ever since the day they set their chattels on the shores of Cape Cod Bay that desire has been the purpose of every move we have made. It has been the foundation upon which we have built all that we have. Holding to it will bring what happiness we may have in days to come.

At times we seem about to depart from it. Our activities become complicated. We are tempted to make moves without sufficient thought, but always the great motivating desire surges up through the confusion, and the American people set themselves more firmly upon the rock. And so long as that desire remains, so long as we never let our minds become confused, we shall be able to continue on our way in search of happiness.

The first who came here risked everything. Half the Pilgrims lost their lives before they ever saw fresh growing things in an American springtime. But they were bold hearts. They had lived so long in lands where they could not live their lives in their own way

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and be let alone that they would rather face death than not be free.

In the sixteen hundreds they began coming here. The Mayflower landed on the shores of Cape Cod Bay in 1620. The first settlers came to Virginia in 1607. Rhode Island was settled in 1636. And so on. Only one or two birds come first when you throw out bread, but soon they come in flocks. So with the peoples of the Old World, who were weary of the rule of kings and autocrats, tired of a land where even one's praying was censored, hopeless under a caste system which said that rank at birth counted more than the ability of the man. They secured grants of land from the British government, and from these small beginnings the country grew.

Perhaps we forget the isolation and unneighborliness of these early settlers and the problems, and the purposes, that shaped their growth; they, all the time, holding fast to that desire to live their lives in their own way and be let alone.

Today an airplane with a tail wind whiffs across a colony in less time than an early settler could disembark from his ship. Movement was slow. Distances were great. Boats moved by sail, dependent on the winds. A day's travel for a horse is about thirty miles. And from Boston to New York is 232 miles. From New York to Richmond 343. From Portland to Charleston 1077. And the roads were terrible. It took a week to go anywhere at all and the settlers mostly stayed home, living their lives in their own way.

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The result was that there grew up thirteen distinct and separate colonies, all widely separated by time and miles, having little or no mail, and no newspapers for many years.

The first magazine was started in 1741—120 years after the Pilgrims landed—and it died in three months. Schooling was scanty. The colonies had little or nothing in common. Each was very proud of the job it was doing in its own little area. Each was jealous of the others. Judged by modern standards, they were thirteen separate nations, as separate in many ways as the nations of Europe.

But they did have one thing in common—a king. The king of England bossed them all and did such a terrible job of it—of not letting them alone—that they got very sick of him and his ways. He was preventing them from living their lives in their own way. Here and there, over a period of years, there were revolts against this royal regulating, and this opposition to the rule of England proved to be one common ground on which they could get together. It took years for them to unite, but finally they did, and the War of the Revolution was the result.

But these thirteen separate nations had a hard time uniting even to fight this war. They were still jealous of one another, each afraid the other would put something over on it. But, to unite at all, there had to be some form of agreement, so they drafted what they called the Articles of Confederation. But they were not much more than a friendly agreement. The col-

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onies still remained thirteen separate and independent nations.

The Revolution began. But can we today imagine the State of Iowa telling its soldiers under General Pershing in France that they had fought long enough and could come home? Can you imagine Pershing yelling for supplies and Congress doing nothing about it? But that's the sort of thing that happened when these thirteen independent nations undertook to run a war. They were lucky to have won at all.

However, they won, disbanded the army, and looked about to see where they stood. They had signed the peace treaty, mind you, not as the United States of America, but as thirteen separate and independent colonies. One sign, all sign. And, being still a bit stand-off-ish, they elected to go ahead under the sewing circle agreement of the Articles of Confederation. They still wanted to live their lives in their own way and be let alone.

Each state could coin money—and did. In other states nobody knew what it was worth, if anything. The money of no two states had the same value in other states. States could, and did, erect trade barriers against other states. All of which made it difficult to do business across state lines. If you were rich in Connecticut and took your money to South Carolina it might not be worth much of anything.

Also there was the need of defense. No one colony could wage a very big war and under the Articles of Confederation the whole affair was very loose. This

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went on for six years after the Revolution ended and by this time it was obvious that something had to be done. It was all right to be independent but there were certain things which should be done in common.

What were they? A convention of delegates met in Philadelphia in the summer of 1787 and argued from the twenty-fifth of May till the seventeenth of September over how to set up a central government that really was a central government but which still permitted the people in the various colonies to live their lives in their own way and be let alone. A central government needed certain power over the entire thirteen colonies. Thus far all power reposed in the colonies. What powers would they give up?

What? Let New York rule Virginia? Don't be silly! Let Maryland govern Rhode Island? Poppycock! We got along up here all by ourselves for one hundred and fifty years, and we don't propose to let any people who have never been up here, and don't know anything about our desires or our problems, tell us how to run our state. We want to live our lives in our own way and be let alone.

Well, said the compromisers, what powers will you give the central government?

For one, said the colonies, we'll concede that it should handle the army and navy. If we're attacked we've got to fight as one nation. So they wrote down that the central government should handle the national defense.

So it went all summer. One by one the states agreed

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on powers they would be willing to give up. Post roads and post offices. Coinage of money. Regulation of commerce with foreign nations and with the Indians. And some other odd powers. And there they quit.

One hot argument was between the little states and the big ones. The little ones refused to stand for a congress based on population, for then the big states could swamp the little ones. So they compromised on a congress of two houses, one house based on population and the other equally representing each state. And that's why we today have a House of Representatives that changes with the population and a Senate with two members, and no more, from each state regardless of its size. It was a tough battle, and even when it was done some of the delegates wouldn't sign it. They were afraid it would prevent them living their lives in their own way.

However, it was sent to the states to be ratified and the fight started all over again. Some held that the states were surrendering too many rights. Some thought it too hazy on some points. They were afraid some fellow some day might distort the meaning and get away with something. They didn't want it to say anything they weren't sure of. But it managed to squeak through—with the understanding that it would be amended on certain points, and made clearer, at the earliest possible moment.

And amended it was. The new government was set up March 4, 1789, with George Washington as pres-

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ident, and a little over two years later—which was pretty speedy in those days—ten amendments were declared ratified—December 15, 1791.

Every man, woman and child should read these ten amendments, for not one of them dealt with what the central government *could* do. They made it very plain what the central government could *not* do. And the most important of all is the tenth, which says:

“The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited to it by the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.”

In substance this said: “These states have been here for one hundred and fifty years. We are independent states, developed by people who know how they want to be governed. We in Massachusetts tried communism before most of the other states had any white people in them at all. We have worked, and built, and saved, and struggled, and done it in our own way, and we want to go on doing that.

“We’re workers, doctors, lawyers, farmers, store-keepers, manufacturers and what not, and we want to go on being that, and if any laws to govern our actions are needed we know better than anyone else what those laws should be, and we’ll pass them.

“We at this late date don’t propose to set up a central government with the power to interfere in our local affairs. There are certain things the central government can do better than we can, and those things we have listed. And unless you find a power

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listed in the Constitution it *isn't* there. It is still a state right, a right of the people to live their lives in their own way and to be let alone.

"On top of that, we have just got out from under the rule of one king and we are taking no chances that another unwelcome power shall be set up over us. Let the central government take care of the jobs we have given it and we'll take care of our own affairs. Somebody some day might even stretch the central government to the point where it would become so expensive it could ruin us all. We want none of that. So, we've put in these ten amendments to make it plain what we want done.

"As time passes this central government may need other powers. If it does we've fixed it so it can get them. Just let Congress propose an amendment, asking for that power. Let the states vote on it. If we want the central government to have that power we can always give it, but until we, the people, do give it it *hasn't* got it."

Several times the people have been asked to give added powers to the central government, and have done so. The power to impose income taxes. Changing the time of the president taking office. Prohibition. And, later, it took back from the central government its power over the liquor business. And this amendment was proposed and passed in less than eleven months. It doesn't take long—if the people are for it.

The people felt they had built a safe document in the Constitution, and had set up safeguards on their

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right to live their lives in their own way and to be let alone. They were not even sure of the human beings who might be chosen to govern so they checked them one against the other. They figured it might be possible for a bunch of plunderers to get control of Congress. Or an unscrupulous politician might become president. They weren't even sure that judges would always be honest and fair. So they set up a three-part government—Congress, president and courts.

Congress can pass any law it wishes, but if the president refuses to sign it it has to go back into the mill again and be passed by a two thirds vote after another public airing. Or if Congress passes a law and the president signs it, and if a citizen thinks it has departed from the Constitution, he can take his case to the courts and the Supreme Court can rule it contrary to the Constitution. The courts are the last line of defense of the common man. With them at his side he can defy the greatest legislative body in the world and the head of this great nation. And if the court says Congress does *not* have the power under the Constitution there is always an easy out. Propose an amendment and ask the people for the power. If they want it granted they can quickly give it, but until they do give it to the central government it still reposes in the states and the people.

I feel that this point is going to assume importance in the near future as the people begin anew a study of their government and their Constitution, under the

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leadership of men and women who will make the teaching of government the basis of their public careers. If all the people were fully informed and zealous in preserving their right to live their lives in their own way and to be let alone, I wonder what they would have thought of some legislation of recent years. Some of the things we have done were not done under specific grants of power in the Constitution. It is questionable if the "welfare clause" hasn't been stretched beyond the meaning of the founders.

We can stretch the Constitution until the whole thing is meaningless, we can destroy the document the founding fathers framed to safeguard the rest of us, when it is, oh, so easy to give the central government power if we want it to have it. But it was never intended that it should be taken by clever or subtle means. That's what the framers of the document sought to prevent, and they left to us who followed them to hang onto the rights they preserved for us.

From the very beginning was the fear that the continuation of any one man in our highest office might lead to a weakening of the safeguards that had been set up, and so, unwritten though it is, we as a people have accepted that the reign of power of any leader must be broken at the end of eight years. Had the founding fathers had the benefit of the experience of the republic of today they would have written this safeguard into the Constitution and what they omitted experience now indicates should be included.

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Our future safety—which I am sure we shall preserve—lies, after all, in the governing power of our sovereign people. Before there were people here there was no government. First people came. Then the people decided what kind of government they should have. *They* created it. *All* the power lies in *them*. What they built they can change or destroy. We could, if we wished, vote the Constitution into the discard and set up a king. Or we could, if we wished, write into our laws that every tenth child born should be executed, or that all brunettes should be slaves. We can do *anything* we want to as far as our government is concerned, for we it is who make it. A sovereign is a ruler. In this country the people are *sovereign*. No one else. Just the people. *Not* the Congress. *Not* the courts. *Not* the president. Not these are the rulers. The rulers of America are the people in movies, in busses, at beaches, in shops, in mills, in homes. Just people, who want to live their lives in their own way and be let alone.

But the average man, busy making a living, is not situated so he can make an intensive study of the Constitution and of government. I feel that, just as depressions bring agitators and ismites, the time is now ripe for the appearance of a great leader who will become a teacher of government, and of government by laws, not by men. This leader will try to impress upon all of us that *we* are *sovereign*, that there is no authority in the central government except what *we* gave in *written form*, that the Constitution

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of the United States of America is the most stable, most sensible, fairest basis of government ever devised anywhere at any time and that we should stay close to it and not depart from it. In a wobbling world we must remain rocklike.

People by the millions will revere this man, for he will never seek to remain other than the servant of the sovereign, and he will try to help them live their lives in their own way and be let alone.

For an American is not so much the native of a country as he is a man with a belief. This belief is an indefinable thing. It has within it bits of the thinking of man since he began his long march centuries ago. It will gather to and within itself the philosophy of generations yet unborn. But always it will be shot through with the effulgence of hope, the heart of it will be courage to face insuperable odds, and the icons of the believers will be freedom—and happiness.

In that I believe. Unalterably.

CHAPTER NINE

The Communist Manifesto Fake

IN DEFENSE of Americanism I would like to introduce in evidence one of the fiercest attacks ever made upon it. This attack is one of the great documents in economic and political history. It is the basic creed for a movement that today is strong. It is the cornerstone and foundation of everything communistic, and because of the strength of the document itself the movement has grown and still grows.

This document is *The Communist Manifesto*, the one great exposition of the communist creed. It is the "Red bible." On it are founded the political platforms of the Communist Party and it is the basis of numerous other isms. It was written by Karl Marx, in conjunction with Friedrich Engels, and is one of the finest pieces of salesmanship in literature. The man who wrote it was a master of his craft. His type of mind would have been successful in law, and, if he were alive today and were to apply his talents to an American commercial enterprise, he could become one of the greatest executives in our modern industrial world.

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Heinrich Karl Marx was born in Treves in Rhenish Prussia on the fifth of May 1818, the year the first American transatlantic steamship was launched. His father was a lawyer. The son went to the high grammar school at Treves and from 1835 to the universities of Bonn and Berlin. He studied law, then history, then philosophy and in 1841 received the degree of doctor of philosophy. In his school years he became acquainted with so-called radicals and acquired views which made it difficult for him to continue with his chosen career as a college professor, and so he went to work on a radical newspaper. In 1842 when he was twenty-four years old he became one of its editors.

From then on he was a writer, an agitator and a leader in groups which were opposed to the prevailing forms of government in the nations of Europe and he led a rather poor existence, because no great revenue could come from this form of work. He was buffeted about as were most people who opposed the existing scheme of things in those days, but he still remained a leader and a thinker and, though his major conclusions were unsound, he did much to rivet attention on injustices in the world of his day. He died March 14, 1883 at the age of sixty-five. His most famous major work is *Das Kapital* but his *Communist Manifesto* stands without question as one of the great documents in economic literature.

During the middle years of the last century there existed the Communist League, a workingmen's as-

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sociation, begun in Germany and later extended to other countries. At a meeting of the league in London in 1847 Marx—then twenty-nine years old—and Friedrich Engels—age twenty-seven—were commissioned to prepare for publication a complete theoretical and practical statement of the communist program. It was written in German in January 1848 and was sent to a printer in London, shortly before the French revolution of that year.

The Manifesto sets forth that the objective of communism is to do away with all private property, because the unequal ownership of property is the cause of most of the economic distress of the people of the world. Throughout his Manifesto this master salesman stretched words and twisted facts until, to one who doesn't make a complete analysis of his statements, he proved that the world is hopelessly cock-eyed and the only out is communistic government.

In his twisting of words he for example says that the history of all hitherto existing forms of society is the history of class struggles. He then goes on to mention the classes, and maintains throughout his discourse that there is always a class of oppressors and always a class of oppressed. He then says that, no matter how times change, we always have oppressors and oppressed and if he were here now he would insist that we have them today, though I think any American would hesitate a long time before he would put himself in either class.

He then proceeds from oppressor and oppressed to

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the development of two great classes, bourgeoisie and proletariat, which interpreted in language of our modern economic setup is employer and workman. If a speaker on this subject talks fast and doesn't give you time to think you might follow him in his reasoning up to this point.

He then goes on to say the modern development in the world has pushed all other oppressor classes out of the picture and left only the employer as the great oppressor class. The next step was, so he said, that the employer seized control of the government and left the workman neatly tied up in a knot with nothing to do except continue being oppressed.

It is this distortion of terms and twisting of facts which lures one off the track. We know we have employers and employees and shall always have to have them, but if you are an employee do you consider yourself one of the oppressed class? If you don't the philosophy begins to get a little bit shaky at this point.

He then moves on to the profit motive, which is man's desire to make money, and at this point, instead of saying that the employer "hires" the employee, he says the employer "exploits" the worker.

It must be obvious that, unless a business can make a profit, it cannot continue to exist, and if it does not continue to exist it cannot provide income for anyone. It therefore follows that the employer must make a profit on the workman. There isn't any other way that business can be conducted, but Marx in his use of

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the word "exploit" would lead us to believe that *any* profit which the employer makes on the workman is unfair and illegitimate. That is the dictionary definition of the word.

In America we have been moving toward a refinement of our system in which, in years of unusual profit, a share of it is returned to the worker, in some form or other. And our growing unemployment and security taxes are simply a form of return of business income to the worker. But, despite any such system, any business must retain for itself what may sometimes seem more than is necessary, for a business must build a surplus and make itself strong against the days of adversity. Disregarding all this however, Marx glibly contends that any man or woman who works for a wage is mistreated, regardless of what the system is, and, with that distortion of fact, he attempts to incite hatred of the employer in the mind of the workman and fill him with an intense desire to destroy the entire employer group.

The making of money seems distasteful to Marx, and he even goes so far as to say that the employer class "has converted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of science, into its paid wage-laborers . . . and has reduced the family relation to a mere money relation."

He next takes up the growth of modern business and makes a great point of the fact that ours has pretty much become a business world. Business, he says, reaches out and touches even barbarian nations

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and causes them to become civilized whether they want to or not.

If we follow this philosophy of Marx to its conclusion we would leave all the undeveloped portions of the world just as they are. We would not make any effort to carry education, Christianity, sanitation or civilization to the backward peoples of the earth. These peoples may be content as they are, due to the fact that they do not know any better way of living, but it must be evident to anyone who is familiar with their condition that they will come nearer to the destiny our Creator had in mind if they can be raised to a higher plane of intelligence, if their ways of life can be made more human, if disease can be lessened among them, and if they can be shown the wisdom of abandoning their primitive practices such as the murder and burial of the aged and other customs which are the acme of cruelty. If you follow the Marxian philosophy to its practical conclusion we must make no effort to bring the influence of our civilization to any part of the world which has not asked for it.

The growth of great cities he deplures. He can see no benefit to mankind in the development of chemistry, railways, telegraph and all our other inventions, but he does see that these inventions, and the system of which they are a part, have created forces with which the employer class can be destroyed and that the system also has created the working class which is to be the destroyer.

At this point in the Manifesto he rises to another

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stage of the ridiculous when he says that there really is some benefit in enormous cities in that they have "rescued a considerable part of the population from the idiocy of rural life." As one who was born in the country and who is familiar with life as it exists in America I rather resent this insulting description of a way of living which is enjoyed by millions of our population. Just because Marx didn't like country life does not justify him in applying the term "idiocy" to a way of living which so many of us hold dear. There are millions who wouldn't live in a city for anything and we do not favor any philosophy which contends that we ought to. Communism, however, when it is unmasked, is not a doctrine of live-and-let-live. It is a doctrine of force, which would compel men to be subservient to the government. It pretends to work for rule *by* the workers. Instead it would rule the workers.

He uses the term "slave" in reference to workers under our present system, and he rises at times to rather fantastic heights, such as when he says, "no sooner is the exploitation of the laborer by the manufacturer so far at an end that he receives his wages in cash than he is set upon by the other portions of the bourgeoisie, the landlord, the shopkeeper, the pawnbroker, etc." To us in America that picture becomes a little bit comical. We are glad to receive wages and we like to buy things with them but, according to *The Communist Manifesto*, the employer "exploits" the worker and as soon as the poor bird gets out of

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the door with his pay envelope all the shopkeepers in town leap on his neck and try to get it away from him. In a way it may be true yet it is wholly false.

He also says that wealth has concentrated in a few hands and a casual listener might let the statement stand. However, homes are wealth, and 14,003,074 families in America out of 29,904,663 owned their own homes at the time of the 1930 census.

According to figures of the American Bankers' Association, as of June 30, 1939, there were 45,000,000 savings deposits in America totaling \$25,000,000,000, an average of over \$500 each.

Sixty-eight per cent of all the motor vehicles in the world are owned in the United States. We have 25,000,000 passenger cars, which is almost one to every family of the oppressed workmen of *The Communist Manifesto*. Instead of tramping miles through the mud to perform his daily wage slavery, he rides to work in an automobile and listens to a radio as he rolls. This radio may, as the workman rolls to work, even carry the uncensored diatribe of a communist who is trying to convince the workman that he really has no home life, that he has no country he can call his own, that anything he owns should be the property of the government, that it shouldn't be possible for him to put money in a savings bank, that he shouldn't have a chance to buy a better automobile if he can afford it, that the employer toward whose plant he is driving is his enemy, that this worker is an oppressed, exploited and thoroughly miserable person, and that

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the road to happiness consists in the destruction of it all. The communist will not include in his remarks the statement that, under a communistic dictatorship, no man would be permitted to live who attacked the government as we under our system of freedom permit ours to be attacked.

There are over 28,000,000 homes in America with radios and the total number of sets in use is over 40,000,000. The number of washing machines, vacuum cleaners and other labor saving appliances is tremendous and the educational dream of *The Communist Manifesto* is near realization under our American system.

In the days when Marx wrote the Manifesto he may have been able to discern an employer class and a working class but today many of the shares of stock in our employing corporations are owned by workmen. The contention of the Manifesto that wealth is centralized in a few hands is not true, in fact never was so true as Marx stated, but when a communist orator glibly rattles off figures and makes broad statements he can leave his audience believing that there really are two separate classes in America hostile to one another, that one has everything and the other has nothing, and from that the logical conclusion is that the class with nothing should pull down the whole structure so that no one can own anything at all.

He then goes on to declare that "the modern laborer . . . instead of rising with the progress of

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industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of existence of his own class. He becomes a pauper, and pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth."

If you take that statement without thinking you might believe it but, as the first proof of it—if you are going to believe it—I would suggest that you get in your automobile and go out and take a look at America.

I know people who are very poor but I do not know anyone who has starved. Some of those who are very poor can never make more than a mere living because they do not or cannot make any great contribution to the system under which we live. Many of them do not use as well as they might the abilities God gave them. Many are unwilling to make an effort to improve their natural talents, and some are unwilling to work any harder than is necessary to eke out a bare subsistence. Just as was the case in Plymouth Colony, I do not see how man can ever devise a system which will provide any great rewards for this part of our population.

In many ways they will always be something like children. We shall have to look out for them and see that they do not starve. We shall have to protect them from disease. We shall try to teach them or compel them to maintain a degree of sanitation which is not detrimental to themselves or repulsive to their neighbors. We shall have to provide for them means of education and use all the influence and pressure we

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can to cause their children to take advantage of our schools, but we cannot give them disproportionate rewards, for, if we do, we remove from existence the incentive to work and we would breed a soft and flabby race of people which in the end would sink back to an aboriginal way of life.

However, Marx contends that in the system under which we live "pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth." That simply is not true. If a defender of communism concedes that it is not true now but that it was true when Marx wrote the Manifesto then he must further concede that if the Manifesto was based on conditions which no longer exist this bible of destruction is very much in need of revision. However if he attempts to revise it he will wind up by having nothing left. In fact, the great creed which today is luring and misleading so many is simply a mess of economic horsefeathers.

In the second part of the Manifesto he takes up the relationship between the working class and communists, and states that the immediate aim of the communists is the "formation of the proletariat [working man] into a class, overthrow of the bourgeois [employer] supremacy, conquest of political power by the proletariat [working man]."

Doesn't it seem to you that we in America have provided all the Manifesto requested? The workingmen of America are privileged in secret ballot to vote for any thing or any man they approve. The system even permits the existence of a political party based

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upon *The Communist Manifesto*, and if all the people of America wanted to vote for it they could do so. If the working man wants to consider himself as in a class by himself and hostile to his employer he can find plenty of opportunities to register his desire by peaceful ballot, and in fact on many occasions he has overturned an administration as a protest against its management of our affairs.

In his effort to sell the worker on feeling that he is part of an oppressed class Marx further condemns our modern system "under which the laborer lives merely to increase capital, and is allowed to live only in so far as the interest of the ruling class requires it." All of this is so far fetched as to be almost silly. It is like one of those old fashioned melodramas which once thrilled audiences in a day when there wasn't very much theater to entertain us. Since then, however, our outlook has broadened greatly, and when we see an old fashioned thriller like "Fireman Save My Child" it is generally played to amuse rather than thrill and instead of gripping the arms of the seats we simply laugh. A beer hall in New York became very popular during recent years by playing old fashioned thrillers while the customers shrieked their acclaim of the hero and booed and hissed the villain. There are parts of the Manifesto which are melodramatic to the point of burlesque.

This master salesman then went on with his swell job of selling. Instead of telling his story and leaving possible objections in the mind of the listener, he did

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what all truly good salesmen do; he stated the objections that might be raised to communism and answered them, and he answered them so cleverly that thousands, after they had finished reading it, were unable to detect the holes in it.

This, whether you know it or not, is how a skilled salesman works. He tells his story to you as best he can, but his experience causes him to know that, as he talks, there are certain objections which will come into your mind. If he told his story and dropped the matter there he would be only part way to the sale, because you would then begin bringing up objections and the salesman and the customer would become involved in so heated an argument that the sale would fail. Wherefore the smart salesman, as soon as he has presented the principal parts of his story, begins setting up these objections himself and answering them one by one. By the time he has finished he has knocked down all the objections that were in your mind and you are likely to buy what he has to sell even though you thought you bought it because he was "such a nice young man."

In other parts of this book we have stated the reasons why communism will not work and has failed wherever it has been tried. Marx was nobody's fool and he knew these objections thoroughly. Wherefore, after he had presented the reasons why communism should be adopted he boldly began to answer the objections and he did such a masterful job of

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selling that any soapboxer can make a monkey out of almost any man in the crowd who tries to heckle him.

He says "you are horrified at our intending to do away with private property. But in your existing society private property is already done away with for nine-tenths of the population." And that is a very clever answer to the objection because it immediately wins the support of many who have no property. They say: "The man is right. The only property he proposes to do away with is the property of the rich. I am for it." Supposing, for example, you were listening to a soapboxer who was advocating communism and you asked him if it were true that communism proposes to do away with private property. Supposing the soapboxer shot these questions back at you; the questions by him, the answers by you:

"Do you own a house?"

"No," you answer.

"Do you own an automobile?"

"No."

"Do you own a piano?"

"No."

"Do you own anything other than the furniture in your flat and the clothes on your back?"

"No."

"Do you own any stocks or bonds?"

"No."

"Have you a large amount of money in any bank?"

"No."

"Does the man you work for own a house?"

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"Yes."

"Has he any money or stocks and bonds?"

"Yes."

"Does he own a piano?"

"Yes."

"Does he own an automobile?"

"Yes."

"Then," says the communist soapboxer, "if we do away with private property we won't take away anything you own because you have nothing. The only private property we'll take will be that of the man for whom you work. The property this man has he made by exploiting you and making an unjust profit on your labor, and until you adopt communism this condition will go on. You will continue to have nothing and he will continue to have wealth to which he is not entitled.

"Now," snaps the soapboxer, "what objection have you, Mr. Heckler, to doing away with private property?"

The soapboxer has made a monkey out of you. You cannot give him an answer which intelligently or convincingly expresses the thoughts in your mind. The crowd, always interested in a diverting argument, laughs at the cleverness of the soapboxer, while you slink away wondering whether perhaps the ismite may not be right. You haven't with you any World Almanac with its record of home owners, automobiles, radios, banks and other property mostly owned by the great mass of the common people, and even if

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you had it he would make a fool of you in some other way.

Referring to the middle-class owner of property, he says, this group "must indeed be swept out of the way and made impossible."

He ducks cleverly around another objection and doesn't answer it at all. "It has been objected that upon the abolition of private property all work will cease and universal laziness will overtake us." History teaches us that this is one of the great fallacies in the communistic theory and, if Marx had taken the whole of history as a basis for his Manifesto instead of only the parts he wanted to use, he would not have had to dismiss this objection with his flippant statement that "according to this, bourgeois [employer] society ought long ago to have gone to the dogs through sheer idleness; for those of its members who work acquire nothing, and those who acquire anything do not work." That is a completely cockeyed, mixed up assertion that says nothing but has a convincing ring. And then he skipped gaily on to something else, leaving the listener feeling, as in the case of other isms pointed out previously in this book, that he might be right.

He then starts on the matter of abolition of family life, education and religion and when he gets down to the matrimonial status of the human race he gets a laugh from the crowd with his declaration that "the communists have no need to introduce community of women: it has existed almost from time immemorial.

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Our bourgeois [employers], not contented with having the wives and daughters of their proletarians [working men] at their disposal, not to speak of common prostitutes, take the greatest pleasure in seducing each other's wives." This is typical of the high-handed manner in which the ismite disposes of objections. He is like a lawyer for the defense, who, having no defense, seeks to distract the jury by attacking the district attorney.

This type of answer is for those who do not think. It is like mud slinging in a political campaign. The listener gets a certain enjoyment out of seeing people pilloried. He also reflects upon the published immoralities of well-known people and wonders if there may not be a germ of truth in what the soap-boxer says, not stopping to ask himself if all the immorality is among employers while all the working class is virtuous.

All of us love America and if communism is going to destroy it we are concerned. But Marx disposes of that objection thus: "The communists are further reproached with desiring to abolish countries and nationality. The workingmen have no country. We cannot take from them what they have not got."

According to the Marxian philosophy, workmen the world over are in one class and employers the world over are in another. Instead of nations, with peoples of different characteristics and ways of life, there should be only two classifications, one of workers, the other of employers. The communist can argue

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upon this point until he is blue in the face, but the fact will always remain that a Frenchman, an Englishman and a German are different persons with different characteristics, different forms of enjoyment, different kinds of food and an American is a still different creature. Limburger or snails, I am afraid, will never be popular American delicacies, and, Marx to the contrary, I am afraid we shall have nations on this earth till Providence takes us all back to the Tower of Babel and restores to us the unity of language which the old story says we lost there.

The objection concerning religion he covers but not too specifically, though we are quite certain that he doesn't think it of great consequence. In fact, some of the things he says are so disrespectful to the beliefs handed down to us by our fathers that it is better not to recite them here.

When he gets down to his conclusion, he explains what political parties are supported by communists in various countries and why, and he names the political parties in Europe in his day. The party supported was not the same in each case but it was always the party which the communists felt would help them most in bringing about a destruction of the existing order. He said, "in short, the communists everywhere support every revolutionary movement against the existing social and political order of things. . . .

"The communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all exist-

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ing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a communist revolution. The proletarians [working men] have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

“Workingmen of all countries, unite!”

This is a rather plain statement that any political party in any country having communistic support is, in the opinion of the communists, working for, or is a tool that can be used for, the destruction of the way of life in that country. Does it not further follow that any group which does not work for the preservation of the fundamentals of Americanism is, even though unknowingly, working hand in hand with the disciples of Marx?

Workingmen of America, think it over!

However, I doubt if Marx envisioned a nation like ours. Some of the conditions he described in his Manifesto may have been true of Europe in his day. Some of the objectives in the Manifesto have merit, but none of them are worth the destruction of the American system. The cornerstone of it all, as Marx declared, is the abolition of private property.

It is interesting to note that he states that the taking away of capital from the employer class and the centralization of industry in the hands of the state will be done by degrees, and he then points out ten measures for making inroads upon the existing social order to the end that it finally may be completely destroyed. The measures he recommends follow:

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"1. Abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes."

(If we read these ten measures we are left in wonderment, for in America we have already done many of these things, not for the destruction of our system but for its preservation and perfection. His first point we shall never accept. We shall not abolish private property.)

"2. A heavy progressive or graduated income tax."

(We already have an income tax and some of us think it is too heavy. To make it confiscatory would further Marxist ends.)

"3. Abolition of all right of inheritance."

(The right of inheritance is greatly curtailed. Big estates are heavily taxed at death. Too high a tax would be Marxist.)

"4. Confiscation of the property of all emigrants and rebels."

(I doubt if we would want to do that here. It is purposeless except as a measure of force against freedom loving people. If a man wants to leave America we let him take his goods and go. To do otherwise would be repulsive to us.)

"5. Centralization of credit in the hands of the State, by means of a national bank with State capital and an exclusive monopoly."

(State control of credit we have not adopted but we have gone a certain distance in that direction.)

"6. Centralization of the means of communication and transport in the hands of the State."

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(Our government today has a regulatory power over communication and transportation that perhaps goes part way to what Marx had in mind in Point No. 6.)

“7. Extension of factories and instruments of production owned by the State; the bringing into cultivation of waste lands, and the improvement of the soil generally in accordance with a common plan.”

(This latter point doesn't mean much so far as America is concerned because we have more land than we need. However, when he refers to extending an industrial system owned by the government he is talking about something impossible of accomplishment. Governments cannot succeed in business.)

“8. Equal obligation of all to work. Establishment of industrial armies, especially for agriculture.”

(In his eighth point is involved more regimentation than a free people would welcome and we shall never do it. Carrying it out would develop comic opera phases. Can you imagine landing a regiment of New York East Siders on an Iowa farm?)

“9. Combination of agriculture with manufacturing industries; gradual abolition of the distinction between town and country, by a more equable distribution of the population over the country.”

(His ninth point—read it again—is something to think about. Would Marx have written it if he could have foreseen that a system like ours, which was less than seventy years old when he wrote the Manifesto, would some day, through automobiles and other mod-

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ern conveniences, cause our cities to spread out, permitting workmen to live on tillable plots of ground and make less distinguishable the boundaries of the things we call cities? There are today areas adjacent to cities, but not part of the cities, which enjoy gas, electricity, daily mail, newspapers, water and fire protection, and Henry Ford, one of the greatest opponents we have of Marxism, has long thought about a combination of agriculture with manufacturing industries.)

“10. Free education for all children in public schools. Abolition of children’s factory labor in its present form. Combination of education with industrial production etc.”

(Marx’s tenth point concerning education for all children and the abolition of child labor in its undesirable form we are accomplishing under the American system. We don’t need to destroy our system to do it.)

It is interesting to observe the cycles of history and how the methods and beliefs of a man in one age may lead to a result he did not expect, or may bring that result about by a method he did not have in mind. It was the belief of Marx that if all people were educated they would believe in communism. Therefore he included it in his Manifesto and stressed it frequently, but as years have gone by and we, under the American system, have brought a high degree of education to all our people they have learned to think for themselves and, as they think for

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themselves, they have found that the things a people desires in this world can be best had under the system that prevails here.

Marx felt that the more we knew the more we would desire communism, whereas we are finding that the more we know the less we want it, and the preservation of our national ideals, as has been pointed out elsewhere in this book, rests more upon the cornerstone of education than upon any other one thing.

And that is *The Communist Manifesto*. It is only thirty-eight pages of the usual book page. Everyone should read it—carefully. It is a masterpiece of philosophy. It is a wonderful job of selling. In fact the selling in it is so well done that it has been able to hold the appearance of a rock for ninety years, and to thousands and perhaps millions of the world's people has become almost a religion and Karl Marx their prophet. Thousands have been willing to follow blindly and, in cases where they have traveled toward the communistic heaven, they have found themselves like the children who followed the Pied Piper, whose migration ended in their own destruction.

For centuries before Marx there had been communistic beliefs. The Manifesto was written because the leaders of the movement felt that the story should be put in written form and made complete. The half century after the Manifesto came into being was in America a period of the growth of the labor movement and the slow but quiet rise along with it of certain extremist creeds. But forty years ago or there-

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abouts the socialistic idea began to expand in America and, when the automobile, the movie and the radio opened new channels to the public mind, it was a propaganda holiday for the advocates of any ism. Where the soapboxer of forty years ago could reach only those within the range of his voice he now could broadcast to the millions and the millions were not yet prepared to separate the false from the true.

Following the upset of our life by the World War, and during the age of restlessness which followed it, there arose a school of writers whose theme throughout was that our American system is not right. There were, and still are, faults in it, it is true, but the destructive contribution of these authors lay in the fact that their whole effort was to tear down. They criticized but they did not offer any substitute. Their writing, however, much of which was made into moving pictures, left millions of sincere Americans wondering if we shouldn't abandon the American way of life.

All this was an opportunity for the ismites, for millions of people were doubting Americanism and looking for an answer but none was being given. The ismite, who had now graduated from his soapbox to a microphone, stepped out before this mentally stumbling audience and offered his philosophy as the one guide to true happiness. Among the salesmen of isms—including Americanism—he was the most skillful and he won converts, many of whom, while in their hearts unwilling to destroy the America left to them

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by their fathers, lent themselves to the destructive efforts of this unholy crew.

The result was that many men in important political and legislative positions, feeling this tremendous uncertainty among the voters, aligned themselves with forces destructive to Americanism and became fellow travelers with the disciples of Marx, although many of them did not know they were doing so. Some still hesitate to fight for the right.

In our schools and colleges there were teachers sincere in motive but utterly unfamiliar with the practical things of life. They had always dealt in theory. Few had ever been required to put their theory into practice in daily life. When the age of restlessness began they accepted it as a problem requiring a solution and, when they had emerged from their thinking, many had accepted a great deal of the Marxian creed and, from their lofty positions of authority, they passed these beliefs on to boys and girls of immature mentality. Some of these teachers were outspoken, others merely subtle. But the result in either case was the same.

And so, the great masterpiece of Karl Marx served perhaps better than even he had hoped, and is still serving to shake a rather shaky world. We must admire *The Communist Manifesto* as a piece of selling, and our admiration of its cleverness must rise to great heights when we make analysis of it and discover that, instead of offering a rock to which mankind could cling, it would provide a morass in which man would lose even his immortal soul.

CHAPTER TEN

The Prayer of Schoolboy Smith

AMONG all the isms in the world is one which stands out above all the rest. It is Americanism. The dictionary definition of it is wholly inadequate, for it is so cold and formal, and what no dictionary could say, nor any encyclopedia explain, is that this greatest of all isms will never die, for it has a soul.

You cannot bind into an ism the burning ideals of a people, their love of freedom and liberty, their determination to be fair and just, and their insistence upon a square deal for every living thing, without building into that ism something so intangible that it is beyond the descriptive power of words. It is intangible, yet it is the heart of the belief itself.

Despite all the assaults made upon it during the hundred and sixty years of its existence it has stood solidly, and it will stand for centuries to come, because each passing year will witness an increase in the number of salesmen who will support this ism in the face of all the destroyers who would like to tear it down.

As this army of salesmen works for this thing we hold so dear it will develop selling weapons of many

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forms. Side by side with cold hard fact will stand inspiring tributes to those who laid the foundations, and beautiful expressions in words and music will help us hold more firmly to the faith of our wise fathers. There is a wide field waiting for men and women who can do that, and America is confident their help will come.

This selling of Americanism has been going on, but in a quiet way, since the foundations of the republic were laid, and one of the greatest salesmen of this belief was a man whose name is little known. He was Samuel Francis Smith, who was born within sound of the chimes of Old North Church in Boston, October 21, 1808. He came into the world when Thomas Jefferson was president, and he lived until the second administration of Grover Cleveland. He was born twenty years before the building of the first railroad, and he lived to see the coming of the automobile. In his boyhood he must have known men who had fought in the Army of the Revolution, and he saw America struggle through its early years and grow to greatness.

Sam Smith went to Andover and Harvard and became a clergyman. He was a preacher, a lecturer and a writer, and before he died had traveled in most of the countries of the world. Throughout his life he sold America and Americanism, but his greatest piece of selling he did when he was a schoolboy only twenty-three years old.

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At that time Smith was doing translation work for a Boston publisher and among the things sent to him was a song book designed for German public schools. In one of these he ran across a tune which struck his fancy. A patriotic impulse seized him. He reached for a scrap of paper and, within a half hour, had written upon it a sales story of Americanism destined to become immortal. At the time he wrote it he did not realize what he had done, although he was powerfully moved when he put the words on paper.

He included his manuscript with some more important things he was sending to his publisher and was greatly surprised to learn later that it had been made part of the program of a ceremony in the Old Park Street Church in Boston on July 4, 1832. When the words rang out through the windows of the old church that July night one hundred and eight years ago the sound carried farther than Sam Smith had ever dreamed, for his work became the essence of a great belief and strengthened the selling of the greatest ism of all time. For the thing he wrote was this:

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

He wrote two other verses, and then he wrote a verse that is not a song—but a prayer:

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Our fathers' God! To Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God,
Our King!

At the time Sam Smith wrote this Karl Marx was thirteen years old, a boy in school, in the land from whence the tune had come, getting ready to try to destroy everything Smith held dear. Could it be that an unseen hand guided Smith's as his words came so rapidly upon this scrap of paper? Could it be that an omniscient mind had directed this schoolboy to phrase a tenet to which we all could cling through the trials of the passing years? For the founding fathers relied not on themselves alone, and there has always been about America a protecting force stronger than anything within the power of man. It has guided us on our way till now. It will do so as long as we do not lose faith—in Him—in America—and in ourselves.

* * *

And now, men and women of the jury, I have presented my case.

I leave the verdict in your hands.

