

CHAPTER V.

THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

ONE of the most sensible first steps which can be taken, either by individual employers or by legislative bodies, for the purpose of giving work to the unemployed, is the reduction of the hours of labor. In a civilization full of contrasts, not one is more startling or inexcusable than the contrast between the overworked, pleading for leisure, and the unemployed, pleading for work. I believe in the right to rest as well as the right to work.

Two years ago I determined never to drill another well on the twelve-hour plan, or allow one man to work twelve hours while other men were unable to get one hour's work. During these two years we have drilled about fifty wells, and the workingmen who did the work have received in the neighborhood of \$2,000 more under the eight-hour plan than they would have received working twelve hours. They all express themselves as highly pleased with it. It makes better men of them physically, morally and intellectually.

The fact that some drillers refuse to adopt the eight-hour plan is not to be wondered at. They are like the negro slaves who clung to their chains and refused to be set free by Lincoln's proclamation.

For the practical information of those who are interested in this subject I may say, if I may be allowed to refer to our own experiment, that we have made the following scale of wages for the eight-hour system:

Drillers, \$3 per day, or thirty-seven and one-half cents per hour; tool-dressers, \$2.40 per day, or thirty cents per hour. This makes the expense to the employer \$16.20 for the services of six men, against \$14 for the services of four men.

It costs a little more money, but the effect of it is to give two more men a job on each well; to grant to two little families the right to live decently, and to elevate the lives of six men at every well by transforming drudgery into a reasonable task.

Most of the drillers put in *fourteen* hours, counting the time that is involved in getting to and from their work, and, while they are being worn out and ruined in health by their endless labor, thousands of other men are on the streets, unable to find any work at all, even for one hour a day.

There are cases in almost every oil field where one man is employed to run one or more wells *twenty-four* hours a day, seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days a year. True, in such cases he has no severe manual labor to perform, but he is deprived of his liberty, like Prometheus chained to the rock, never knowing a minute that he can call his own. Technically, such a man is a free American citizen; but in fact, he is as much a slave as any negro ever was in the Southern cotton-fields.

The eight-hour plan may not be immediately profitable to employers, but it is *right* and *just*, and yields large dividends in satisfaction and peace of mind. If it were universally adopted, it would do more than any other one thing to furnish employment for the workless thousands who wander with heavy hearts from factory to factory, gradually losing the hope and ambition that makes life worth the living.

THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY IN THE OIL REGIONS.

Nearly three years ago I prepared a little pamphlet on the subject, "The Eight-Hour Day in the Oil Regions," reciting the hardships of the workers and pleading for a shorter workday. I

distributed some 20,000 of them through the oil regions and in the city of Toledo during the spring campaign of 1897. The following is the text of the pamphlet:

My first purpose in writing this little booklet was to reach the people of the oil regions (our own are always properly the first objects to claim our attention), but as I thought the subject out it seemed to cover a little outside ground that is within reach, and so the oil region comes in at the close.

There is no industry where a reform in hours of labor is more in demand than in the business of drilling wells and producing oil. Three years ago, by actual count, 600 men were employed in pumping wells at the rate of one man to each one and one-quarter wells; to-day 600 men are pumping wells at the rate of one man to *four and one-third wells*. In other words, 600 men are, by the use of labor-saving machinery, doing an amount of work that would have required more than 1,800 men under conditions existing three years ago. The fact that the wells are smaller and would not pay for operating under the old system has nothing to do with the situation before us. The question is this, what is the man who is displaced by the machine and who is unable to find work, going to do to keep from starving? I reply, divide the day with him, give him a part of the work.

Notwithstanding the enormous strides of improvement that have been made in the last thirty years in drilling and operating oil wells, there has not been one particle of improvement in the condition of the oil-well worker. Wages are the same, or lower, and the hours of work remain unchanged. The gain from improved appliances has all gone to the well owners; and the same thing is true in nearly every industry, all of the benefit arising from the introduction of machinery going to the owners of the machine. *As a rule*, not one particle of the benefit arising from the introduction of labor-saving machinery goes to the worker who operates the machine, and there is no justification for this condition whatever in the domain of *right* and *wrong*; there can be no justification excepting the usual appeal to the traditions of the past, "We are doing as well by our men as others." But in the name of justice and reason, I ask, if there is improvement in the methods of production so that capacity is multiplied many fold, why should there not be improvement in the methods of distributing the earnings of the machine? Now, please stop and look that question squarely in the face and answer it. Think it out. Don't say, "Oh! that's rot." Play fair. Let us reduce the proposition to a *simple*. There are ten men living on an island, all working contentedly and getting a good living from the fruit of their toil. One of the ten invents a machine that does all of the work of the other nine. The owner of the machine hires

one of the nine to operate it, takes all the earnings for himself and leaves the other eight to hustle for themselves. There is no other work on the island. They are unable to get away to any other land, and there is but one way of escape from starvation left them: they still have left the divine right of begging from the man who owns the machine, and the brother man who operates it, but that is all. How long do you suppose these eight men will willingly look on and see others living comfortably — nay, luxuriously, while they are denied the right to live at all? I think this is a fair picture of society as I see it to-day. The illustration might be greatly amplified, but I think the point is clear. Both the man who owns the machine and the man who operates it are at fault, and the result will be that the eight men who are in enforced idleness will become totally worthless members of the little society because they are supported in idleness, or if they are denied support they will destroy the only two men who stand between them and the right to work for a living. This is not a plea for sentiment or charity; it is a plea for a scientific solution of one of the gravest questions affecting our national life to-day: "What to do for the unemployed?" I reply — give the man a chance to live — give him a little work.

The solution of the difficulty with the little society of ten on the island is very plain. The man who invented the machine, it will be conceded by all the rest, is entitled to a reward for his genius, but he knows his fellow-men must live, and so instead of hiring one to work all day, he hires all to work a part of the day; they then have an equal chance during their leisure hours for mental improvement, recreation, devising means for bettering conditions around them and so on to the end of the chapter.

The question of wages did not come up at all with this little society on the island. Neither will it cut any figure at all when we are *all* ready for the eight-hour day.

The men on the island were all working contentedly before the machine came into their life, and if the only effect of its coming was to shorten their hours of toil it would serve to increase their contentment. Don't say this is visionary or ideal; it is nothing but plain *horse-sense*. One man or one firm cannot inaugurate the eight-hour day and make it work *justly*, but if all in any given trade or calling will join, it is no longer a problem, and it is no more a question of wages than it was a question of wages with the ten men *on the island*. It is the easiest possible solution of the great question of "*What to do for the unemployed?*" Here is the answer:

Divide the day! Divide the day! Divide the day! *Give them a part of the work.*

Right here let me introduce an extract from my first report as president of the Western Oil Men's Association, presented at their first annual meeting last January:

"Before concluding this report I wish to call your attention to one department of our industry where this association may be useful if it will. I refer to the department of labor. The situation in that field is briefly this: Much has been done in the way of improving methods of drilling wells and handling oil and of operating generally. Let me illustrate by comparison. I am not yet an old man, but I worked at drilling wells when we considered that 100 feet of hole in a week was good work. I received for that work \$4 per day. To-day the driller who cannot under favorable circumstances 'string the derrick,' which means make 140 feet within twelve hours, is not in an extreme sense a skilled man. Thirty years ago the labor of the driller on that amount of hole would cost \$50. To-day the driller gets a minimum of \$4 and perhaps a maximum of \$10. I worked on a farm in 1868 where we had twenty-one oil wells. There were forty-two pumpers to operate them. Even three years ago I know of a property of sixty wells that furnished labor for sixteen men to pump and handle them under the boiler and steam box system. To-day a property similar to that is being operated by six men, the pumping power, the surface rod, the pumping-jack and the gas engine all reducing and displacing labor. This is just and proper. In labor-saving machinery is found some of the greatest triumphs of the age, but I am firmly convinced that we, as a people, have failed to appreciate the responsibility that comes to us in the introduction of labor-saving machinery. That the worker who is displaced by the machine, by the pumping power or the gas engine or any improvement, has a right to live as long as he is willing to work, there can be no question, and the responsibility of devising ways and means whereby he may live when he is displaced by the machine that makes the owner more money does not rest altogether with the worker. I am my brother's keeper.

"In the oil fields to-day, notwithstanding all the improved methods, we still cling to the antiquated, barbarous custom of working twelve hours on drilling wells. It seems to me that it would be a step in the right direction, a step that will put a seal of great usefulness upon this association, if we can simply endorse a resolution favoring a more humane and equitable division of the hours of labor and divide the day by three instead of by two, advocating working eight hours instead of twelve, and thus do something to provide for a worthy brother man who is only asking for a living and a right to work for it. I believe the workers throughout the length and breadth of the oil region will kindly take their share of the responsibility and burden of a move of this kind, and I believe that its endorsement by this association will demon-

strate beyond question that it has been more largely useful than any and all of its predecessors and will at the same time make its future bright and glorious with promise."

It is gratifying to add that a resolution favoring the adoption of the eight-hour day was unanimously passed, and it is probable that the Western Oil Men's Association is the first organization of employers on record that has taken the initiative in this great work that is yet to play such an important part in the social salvation of our beloved nation.

The melancholy fact must be recorded that, notwithstanding this resolution, the lapse of nearly three years has shown not the slightest change for the better in the condition of the oil workers. The employers simply soothed their consciences by the passage of a declaration favoring a shorter workday, and then left the fulfillment of what they declared to be just, to the processes of nature or a timely miracle.

LONG HOURS OF LONDON CARMEN AND CABMEN.

An anonymous English writer says in his book, "The Social Horizon:"

None of our men get more than thirteen hours," proudly observed a London tramway official to me when, a year or two back, I was discussing with him some of the points in dispute between the company and its servants, and had incidentally referred to a working-day of fifteen or sixteen hours, that some of the men were reported to be regularly undergoing.

"None of our men get more than thirteen hours!" Just think of it. A man starts on his first journey at 7 in the morning, and he finishes his last journey at 8 o'clock at night — summer and winter, wet and cold, all the year round — stopping and starting a tram car, putting on or taking off the brake, dealing out tickets or pocketing pence. I think of the dreary monotony of such a life.

I found, however, that only by managerial ingenuity could it be made out that thirteen hours was the maximum working day. That was only the time that the man was actually on the car. Ten minutes, or twenty minutes between the journeys was not reckoned in his day. All the little odds and ends of time required for getting his supply of tickets, handing in cash, making reports of accidents, waiting about the office for this, that and the other, none of these things were taken into account, but only just the

bare reckoning of the time-table, and of course no account was taken of the time a man required for getting to his work and getting home again. So even where this proud boast could be made, the man who turned out of his home at a quarter of seven in the morning could not expect to get back again till between nine and ten at night, and that week after week, month after month, year after year.

As to the cabmen of London, they are of course less regular. For the most part they have a certain sum of money to make up for their cabs, and after that what they take in is their own. With good luck a man may get moderate hours, but competition is such that they are often compelled to be prowling about, as I have had them express it to me, "pretty nigh all the hours that God A'mighty makes."

Sixteen hours, taking trains and omnibuses and cabs all around, is not so very far out as the working day, and we may adopt this figure for the sake of argument. Suppose that we had reduced the working-day of these 40,000 men from sixteen hours to twelve — long enough in all conscience — is it not a mere matter of arithmetic that at one stroke we should have found employment for 10,000 idle men, probably representing not less than four or five times that number of people, all of them suffering more or less in body and soul from poverty? Take the 40,000 men employed on the vehicles of London, or in connection with them, reduce their hours of work and increase their numbers to 50,000, put them into comfortable uniforms, and set up another government factory for a thousand of the unemployed, or the over-employed and villainously underpaid seamstresses of London; make the uniforms for those 50,000 men, and you will immediately send a new current of life tingling through every vein of the community.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

When I look out in the early morning or in the hours of evening at the bucket brigades that I see in my own city and the other cities of my land, upon the toilers who produce all the wealth, and reflect upon the meager share that they are permitted to enjoy, my heart is heavy with anguish as I think of the wrongs of such a system; when I look upon the army of cripples, legless, handless, eyeless, sitting about our streets, begging for a dole to eke out their miserable existence, I see in them the products of modern industry, and my mind instinctively turns, as I look upon these shapeless creatures, these distorted human beings, these

brethren of mine, to that great poem by Edwin Markham, "The Man with the Hoe." Those of you who have had the privilege of seeing Millet's picture will understand what was the inspiration of this poem. There stands the man in the bare field, bare-headed, wearing coarse wooden shoes, both hands clasping the handle of an old-fashioned hoe, and Markham says of him:

"God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him."

[By courtesy of DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE.]

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
 The emptiness of ages in his face
 And on his back the burden of the world.
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
 Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
 Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
 Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
 To have dominion over sea and land;
 To trace the stars and search the heavens for power,
 To feel the passion of Eternity?
 Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
 And pillared the blue firmament with light?
 Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
 There is no shape more terrible than this —
 More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed —
 More filled with signs and portents for the soul —
 More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
 Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
 Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
 Through this dread shape humanity, betrayed,

Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
 Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,
 This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
 How will you ever straighten up this shape;
 Touch it again with immortality;
 Give back the upward looking and the light;
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
 Make right the immemorial infamies,
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
 How will the Future reckon with this Man?
 How answer his brute question in that hour
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
 When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
 After the silence of the centuries?

EIGHT HOURS THE FORMER WORKDAY.

The artisan and laborer of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries worked only eight hours per day as a rule and were paid for overtime. Professor Thorold Rogers says:

The winter's wages are about 25 per cent. less than those of other seasons, but the winter seems to have been limited to the months of December and January. This fact, which I have frequently noticed, is proof that the hours of labor were not long. They seem to have been not more than eight hours per day, and at a later period in the history of labor the eight hours' day seems to be indicated by the fact that extra hours are paid for at such a rate as corresponds to the ordinary pay per hour for eight hours, being a little in excess. Hence the artisan, if he were minded to do so, would have time during summer for some agricultural employment; it would seem that this occupation for spare time was not unusual, for I have found employers of artisans occasionally purchasing agricultural produce from the mason and carpenter, or from their wives. Extra hours are often paid for when the work is pressing

and time was an object. Extra hours, sometimes as many as forty-eight in a week, are frequently paid for by the King's agents (Henry VIII) when hurried work was needed. Even when the Act of Elizabeth and the regulations of the Quarter Sessions prescribed a day of twelve hours all the year round, two and a half hours were allowed for rest, and the day was brought down, on an average, to nine and a half hours.

The quality of the work in the old times is unquestionable. It stands to this day a proof of how excellent ancient masonry was. I am persuaded that such perfect masonry would have been incompatible with a long hours' day. The artisan who is demanding at this time an eight hours' day in the building trades is simply striving to recover what his ancestors worked by five or six centuries ago. It is only to be hoped that he will emulate the integrity and the thoroughness of the work of his ancestors. The working-day of the English artisan in the early part of this century was increased to eleven and fourteen hours. Where the new mill and factory machinery was in use, the hours were far longer. In 1817 the workers in the stocking factories of Leicester were employed fourteen and fifteen hours. Worse still was the condition of the children "apprentices," who toiled from sixteen to eighteen hours daily.

PHYSIOLOGICAL BASIS FOR THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

That there is a sound physiological basis for the demand for a shorter workday is shown on the high authority of the "British Medical Journal," which in a recent article says:

Few will question that grinding toil from morning till night is most undesirable, and that a reasonable time for recreation and change of scene is necessary for all workers, not least for those whose employment calls into play none of the higher and intellectual sides of the mind, and for those whose work, like that of miners, is of an uninviting and laborious nature.

It is impossible, however, to argue such questions from the more lofty standpoint of theory. Labor problems cannot always be put to the touch of experiment; but in this particular case the experiment has been tried, and its success will do more to convince objectors than any amount of theoretical quibbling. Certain engineering firms in the north of England having determined to give the eight hours' day a trial, took the precaution to agree with the men to reduce their wages by such an amount as would cover half the anticipated loss, the masters bearing the other half. After a few months it was found that there was no loss whatever; the output was as large as before.

Such a result, and it is by no means unique, is not only intensely interesting

to the parties immediately concerned, but also opens up a field of physiological research which is almost untouched. It is not often that politics and physiology come into such close relationship. It amounts to this, that when the men worked for nine or ten hours, one or two hours were to all practical intents and purposes wasted.

We do not mean deliberately wasted, but that the natural processes of fatigue operated in such a manner as to lead to a wasteful expenditure of energy. In a shorter day the workmen work with a will, to put it popularly; that is to say, the hours are not sufficiently long to admit of the onset of a time when the voluntary control over the muscles is necessarily lost to a great extent.

The question of fatigue is very nearly related to that of the muscular sense, and few physiological questions have been more keenly discussed. Muscular fatigue is not a purely local muscular condition; the nervous centres are also at fault. Mosso of Turin has gone so far as to suppose that some toxic substance is produced during muscular activity which, passing into the blood and reaching the brain, impairs its activity and the will power associated therewith. He has also, by means of an instrument which he has devised and named the ergograph, shown graphically that the fall in the amount of voluntary contractions is not necessarily a steady one, but may exhibit rises in the course of the downfall. * * *

An eight-hour country need never be afraid of competing with a fourteen-hour country, because the grade of work performed in the latter is certain to be inferior. A shorter day always means a better product. Whenever you buy an overcoat made by an overworked tailor, and it rips up the back in a few weeks, you discover that *jaded men cannot do good work*.

Every week we hear of some accident or explosion caused by the bad work of some tired-out machinist. Many a runaway is caused by the careless stitches of a fagged harnessmaker, who is required to sit and sew for ten long hours a day.

If a man labors from eight in the morning until twelve, and from one to five, he has exhausted his energies for that day. Whatever he does more than this, he must do with strength borrowed from the future. If he crowds five days' work into four, he simply takes a day from his life. No man should be expected constantly to expend his energies without being allowed

a chance to recuperate. If it were not for the rest which Sunday brings to the worn-out wage-earners, they would soon be complete nervous wrecks.

THE INCREASING BURDEN OF MACHINERY, AND ITS EFFECT ON
ART AND LIFE.

Machinery has added speed, and intensity, and discomfort to production, so that many a factory worker's life is almost equivalent to imprisonment at hard labor. Consider what a machinist's work is like during the hot summer months. In spite of the intense heat, the murky, impure air, the deafening roar of machinery, the grime and sweat and dust, when every second seems a minute and every minute seems an hour, he is expected, for ten long, weary hours every day, to be as accurate as a jeweler and as energetic as a blacksmith. Surely it is not right and Christian for employers, who are finding it difficult to keep cool at the seaside or in the mountains, to require their employees to toil ten and twelve hours a day in the dusty furnace of a city street.

A mechanic's work is not physical only. It is brain-work quite as much as the labor of many a professional man. If post-office clerks, and teachers, and lawyers, and doctors, and preachers, and business men must have vacations, and a chance every day to recuperate, why should not the same privilege be extended to the working people? Their bodies and brains need rest and recreation as much as any.

Machinery is almost driving some branches of art out of existence. It is leading us to lay stress on quantity, not quality. No nation could ever manufacture so many poor articles in so short a time as we can. The combination of machinery and long hours has worked against all that is artistic and original. As John A. Hobson says, in "The Evolution of Modern Capitalism," "It must never be forgotten that art is the true antithesis of machinery. The essence of art is the application of individual spon-

taneous human effort. Each art product is the repository of individual thought, feeling, effort; each machine-product is not."

The "art" in machine-work has been exhausted in the single supreme effort of planning the machine; the more perfect the machine the smaller the proportion of individual art or skill is embodied in the machine product. The spirit of machinery, its vast, rapid power of multiplying quantities of material goods of the same pattern, has so overawed the industrial world that the craze for quantitative consumption has seized possession of many whose taste and education might have enabled them to offer resistance. Thus, not only our bread and our boots are made by machinery, but many of the very things we misname "art-products."

The same thoughtful writer, in calling attention to the effect of this craze for quantity upon our intellectual life, says:

By making of our intellectual life a mere accumulation of knowledge, piling fact upon fact, reading book upon book, adding science to science, striving to cover as much intellectual ground as possible, we become mere worshippers of quantity. It is not unnatural that our commercial life should breed such an intellectual consumption, and that the English and American nations in particular, who have, beyond others, developed machine production and the quantitative genius for commerce, should exhibit the same taste in their pursuit after knowledge. Pace, size, number, cost, are ever on their lips. To visit every European capital in a fortnight, see acres of pictures, cathedrals, ruined castles, collect out of books or travel the largest mass of unsorted and undigested information, is the object of such portion of the commercial life as can be spared from the more serious occupations of life, piling up bale after bale of cotton goods, and eating dinner after dinner of the same inharmoniously ordered victuals.

Our schools and colleges are engaged in turning out, year by year, immense quantities of common intellectual goods. Our magazines, books and lectures are chiefly machine products adjusted to the average reader or hearer, and are reckoned successful if they can drive a large number of individuals to profess the same feelings and opinions and adopt the same party or creed, with a view of enabling them to consume a larger number of copies of the same intellectual commodities which can be turned out by intellectual machinery, instead of undergoing the effort of thinking and feeling for themselves.

So it will be seen that a shorter workday is not only a requirement of the physical nature, but of the intellectual as well. As long as machinery is owned by individuals, and used to increase the volume of production and the amount of profits, we shall have neither the best workers nor the best work. The wonderful, almost self-operating machines ought to give leisure to the many instead of profits to the few; and the most sensible way of giving the whole people the benefits of machinery is by means of public ownership and a steady reduction of the hours of labor in proportion to the progress of invention.

PROVED EFFECTS OF SHORTER WORKDAYS.

Every objection that was made against the ten-hour day has been since found to be a product of prejudice or imagination. It was claimed that men would spend their extra hours of leisure in the saloons, and that the streets would be rendered unsafe by the great increase in the number of drunken men. The very reverse of this has been the fact, in every country where the working day has been made shorter. There is as much drunkenness caused by overwork as there is by idleness.

Liquor is a stimulant, and after a worker has toiled and sweated for ten long hours, it is natural that he should crave the artificial strength that liquor gives. The drunkenness which wrecks so many homes, and breaks the hearts of so many wives and mothers, can never be cured by temperance pledges or prevented by any system of license or prohibition so long as the industrial causes of drunkenness are allowed to continue. The saloon is like a sore that is caused by impure blood, and requires more than local treatment.

As John Rae says of the eight-hour system in Australia, in his book, "Eight Hours for Work:"

The "go" and energy the workingman is said to put into his work since the reduction of hours is itself good evidence that he does not spend his time in vicious dissipation. If a shorter day in the workshop meant only a longer

day in the tavern he could not possibly show such signs of invigoration, and his day's work and his day's wages would soon have hopelessly declined.

The general opinion in Victoria is that the habits of workingmen have improved and not deteriorated through the short hours. By leaving work early in the afternoon, they are enabled to live out in the suburbs in neat cottages with little gardens behind them, which are almost invariably owned by their occupiers, and they spend much of their leisure tending their little gardens or in some outdoor sport with their families.

The two first effects of the reduction of hours were the multiplication of mechanics' institutes, night schools and popular lectures on the one hand, and the multiplication of garden allotments on the other. Work people had neither time nor energy for such pursuits before — the only resource of the languid is the tavern. But with a longer evening at their disposal, it became worth while devising other and better means of enjoying it.

An English manufacturer writes concerning the reduction of hours:

Soon after our firm adopted the eight-hour system, one of the men came to me and said that, as they had more time in the evenings to themselves, he thought that many would like to buy books to read. A proposal for a book club, to be maintained by weekly contributions from voluntary members, was submitted to the works committee and heartily approved. At the close of the first year over 600 volumes were distributed, and it is anticipated that quite 1,000 volumes will be bought next Christmas. The great bulk of these books, it is certain, would not have been purchased but for this reduction of hours. Here is an interesting suggestion of how, in dealing with one industrial question, the alleviation of another may be assisted. These thousand volumes represent so much work for the papermaker, the printer and the binder, and thus shorter hours have tended to benefit the unemployed.

An English member of Parliament, writing in 1893, says:

An argument which is freely advanced against the interference of the state with the relations of capital and labor, is that it tends to undermine the independence and self-reliance of the class which it seeks to protect, and teaches them to look to the state rather than to their own exertions to remedy evils requiring redress. My answer to this is that the factory operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire have made greater advances in self-reliance and independence during the past fifty years than any other class of English operatives. Building and benefit societies, co-operative associations, both for distribution and production, have taken their rise and flourish amongst them on a scale of magnitude unknown in any other part of the United Kingdom.

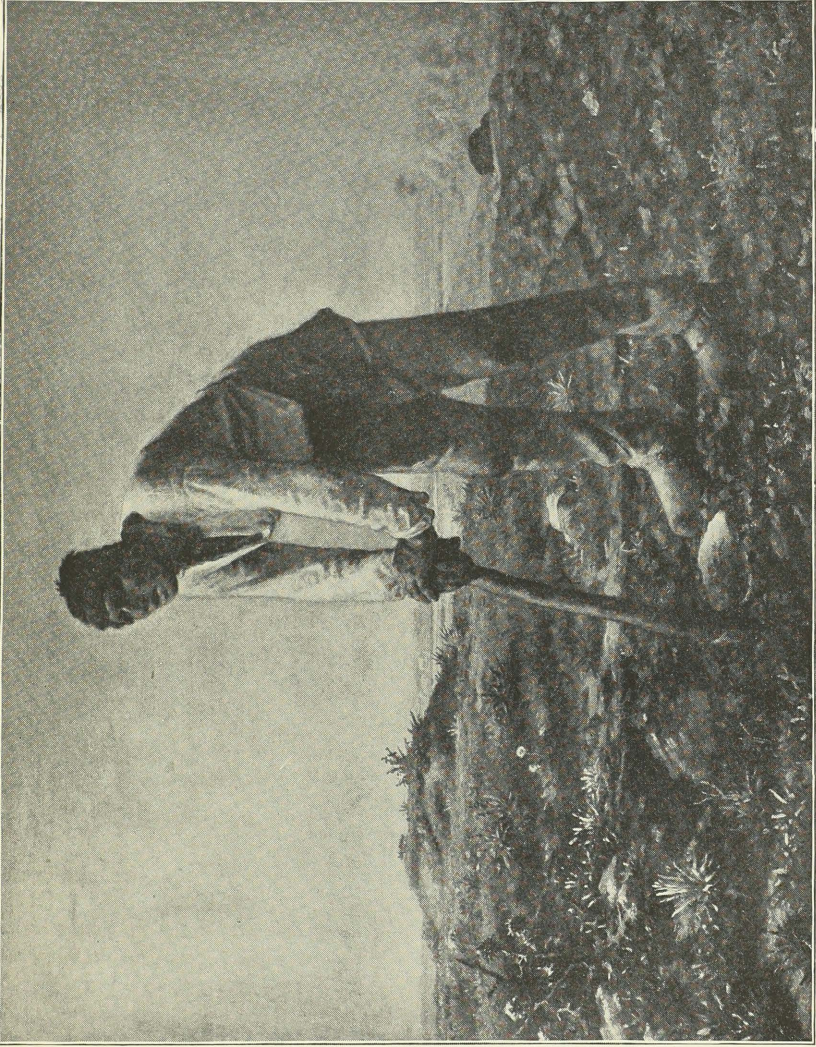
In New Zealand the eight-hour day is already established by law, and the experiment has thus far proved so successful that an agitation has been begun for a still further reduction of hours. It has been found that with an increase of leisure there has come a decrease of crime and pauperism. The liberated workers have now an opportunity to read books and become acquainted with their own children, which was denied to them before.

STILL SHORTER WORKDAY ULTIMATELY NECESSARY.

People ask me what I would do if we had the eight-hour day universally adopted and then there was not work enough to go around? I reply: Divide the day again, and then, if there should still be unemployed men, divide the day again. This is a perfectly logical, rational and reasonable programme. The simple rules of arithmetic will demonstrate that it must be a success.

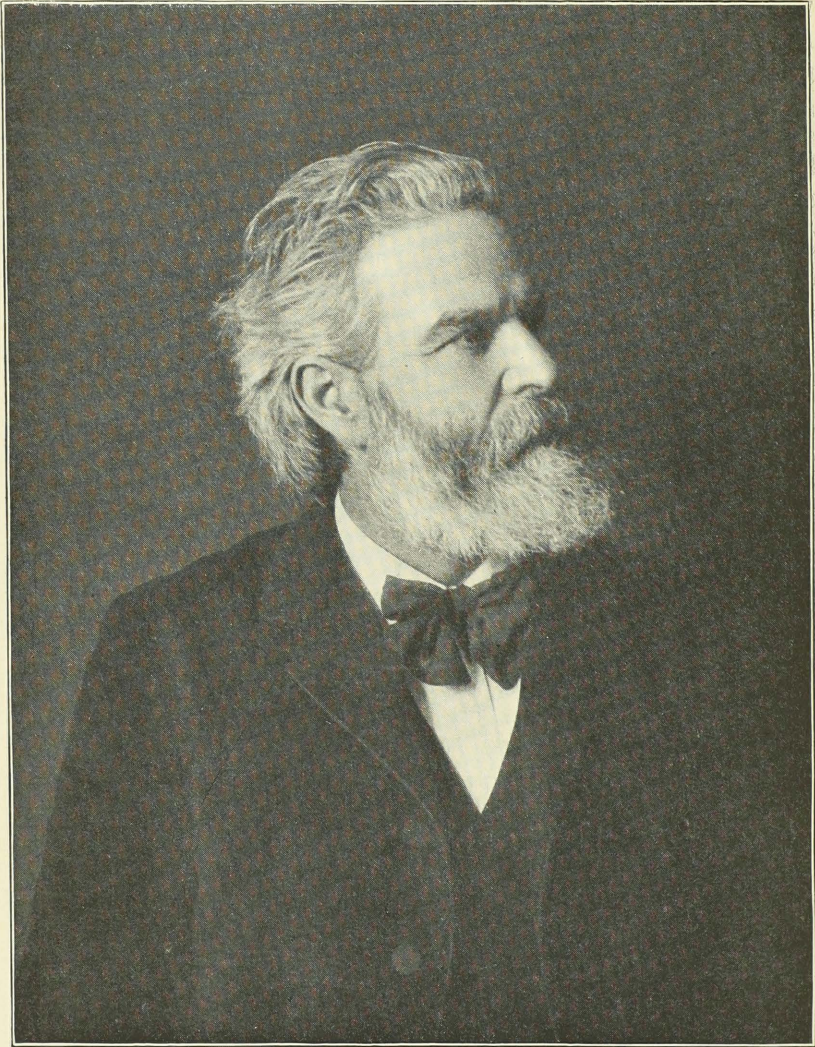
We must have a chance to think, as well as a chance to labor; else our cities will be mere hives of bees or nests of ants.

Selfishness, and greed, and love of money, grown rampant, have well-nigh consumed us, but the people, the great people, the patient, loving, waiting people, are thinking as they never thought before, and the reign of the people is about to begin. The ideal of the republic, which we find in the well-ordered family, must be realized, and that soon, if the nation is to be saved and the republic is to be permanent. I believe we are coming to this realization at a tremendous pace. The machinery which does the work of the world in one-quarter of the time or less that was formerly required to do it has made it both unnecessary and impossible to provide ten or twelve hours' work for all of the people. The people will not willingly starve or commit suicide. They have a right to live, because they are willing to work; and they have a right to rest, and to enjoyment, and to the use of every good thing their hands and brains have created.



After Millet's painting of the French peasant.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.



Edwin Markham.