

## PIONEERING IN INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

Dedicatory Address of Louis F. Post at the Unveiling of Memorial Window at the Shepard School, Chicago, on Labor Day, September 7, 1914.

We have unveiled a memorial to a useful man whose work among us is done. Are we, then, at variance with those who object to a multiplicity of memorials to the dead? Not necessarily; for it is unwholesome to live overmuch in graveyards. We can certainly agree that it is wise to "let the dead past bury its dead." The *dead* past. But not the past that lives: and much of the past does live. It lives as the seed lives in the sprout, as the sprout in its maturing stalk, as the stalk in the flower it bears and the fruit it yields. It lives as the principle of the wheel, discovered in darkest antiquity, lives in the newest automobile; as Promethean fire lives in the motive power of modern machinery; as the blood of father and of mother lives in the lives of their children. When our meeting, and this school building, and the memorial window we unveil, and the man to whose memory we dedicate them both, and every trace and tradition of them all are wholly forgotten, the influence of Henry O. Shepard's unpretentious work for human progress will still live and still serve, a rich inheritance of each generation from the one before, a richer legacy from each to the next. This is what our memorial is to acknowledge, this is what it celebrates—not the dead, but the living.

And Labor Day is appropriate to the purpose, for more than many of us may suppose, more than Mr. Shepard could have anticipated, that undying legacy of his is related, beneficently related, to what most of us now know as "the labor question." In some shape this question is as old as history. Slavery is its crudest form, and was its most disturbing form in our country at the time of Henry O. Shepard's birth. Public opinion had already been deeply stirred by it; a little later public opinion was lashed into fury over it. The immediate cause of that agitation, slavery itself, went down in the crash of the Civil War while Mr. Shepard was still a youth. Its fate had been sealed ninety years before by the Declaration of Independence: slavery could have no permanent abiding place in a Republic rooted in the principle of equal rights. Not for us, however, is it to indulge in denouncing that peculiar institution. The time for this was when it had able and brave defenders to talk back and to strike back. Conscience and courage and intellect were necessary then to denounce slavery; but any empty demagogue, any arrogant plutagogue, may win applause by denouncing it now. In all good feeling, then, let us count slavery as one of the things of the dead past which it is for the dead past to bury.

It concerns us only in so far as its barbaric method of labor coercion reflects and therefore exposes the subtler methods of labor coercion that have taken its place. For labor coercion did not die with slavery. The "irrepressible conflict" survives, and we have labor problems now as fundamental in character and as menacing in import as slavery was. In one form or another we shall have labor problems of like character and like ugly import so long as we tolerate labor coercion in any form.

The decree of God, the law of nature—the rule of reason, if you prefer—that man shall eat bread in the sweat of his face means that each must eat bread in the sweat of his own face, that each must live by his own work—at least that no one shall live by the coerced work of somebody else. Would it not seem, then, that labor conflicts ought to be between those who live by their own work and those who live by the compulsory work of others? Unhappily this is not the form that the labor conflict has yet taken on. Its hostile alignments are between one kind of useful labor and another kind of useful labor—between wage workers on one side and working employers on the other. Now, while it is true that some employers do not live at all by their own work; while it is true that some who do live somewhat by their own work, live for the most part by coercion of others; while it may be true that nearly all employers are beneficiaries more or less of labor coercion; nevertheless, employers are as a rule themselves useful workers in some degree. And to the extent that an employer is a useful worker, to that extent does he not live in the sweat of his own face as truly as the wage worker does whom he employs?

The interests of wage workers and the interests of employers are really much more alike than is commonly thought. That they are identical is often said, but this is said lightly. It is one of those half truths which, as Tennyson wrote, are "ever the worst of lies." To make it a whole truth all employers must be doers of useful work and none of them absorbers of unearned dividends. Even then there would be a flaw in the statement. If it were not for that flaw, though, the interests of wage workers and the interests of working employers might indeed be identical. They would be as much alike as the interests of foremen and their subordinates, as much alike as the interests of the skilled and the unskilled, of piece hand and time hand, of man worker and woman worker. For what are wage workers and working employers but co-operative specialists? Is it answered that industry could be so organized as to dispense with employers? That response misses the point. The point is that in industry, not as it possibly could be organized but as it is organized, in industrial relations as we find them now, working employers are industrial specialists with productive functions. Their functions would have to be performed

by somebody under any conceivable system of industrial organization. The wage worker contributes his labor in a particular specialty—for instance, the making of Mergenthaler slugs; or the operation of a power press; employers contribute their labor in ways to make the various specialties of wage workers effective in general results. Is it not plain thus far that the interests of both classes are identical?

Thus far, I say. For if we go a step farther we shall find the difference I have hinted at. It is a difference that ought not to be. It is a difference that would not be if natural opportunities for self-employment were not unjustly monopolized. But it is a difference in fact, and one which puts wage workers at a disadvantage. The difference is that the employer has many customers and is dependent upon no individual among them, whereas the wage worker can have but one customer at a time. His employer is his only customer, and upon him he is dependent for his daily bread. Loss of this one customer means bankruptcy to the wage worker unless he finds another customer immediately; and fear of not finding another weakens his bargaining power in contracting for wages. And what are wages but the wage worker's share of the wealth which he and his employer produce together? In production wage workers and working employers are specialized partners; but when it comes to distribution, individual wage workers have a hobson's choice which necessitates unions for collective bargaining. This necessity gives to the labor conflict its form of a war between two groups of useful specializers in the field of labor. Nor is that form of the labor conflict wholly illogical—not as a beginning. It is at any rate analogical, for all progress seems to begin with the superficial and proceed toward the fundamental. The first machine hayrake, so I am told, was an indescribably complicated imitation of a farmer raking hay with his hands. But the labor problem will never be solved in wars between wage workers and employers. The fundamental warfare, the right warfare, the only industrial warfare that will count for much, is intelligent warfare by all working interests allied on one side against mere monopoly interests on the other. Such a war would not be one of carnage; it would be a war of peace, *in* peace and *for* peace.

Meanwhile, however, we must face the obtrusive fact that the labor conflict in its most disturbing form today is a conflict between wage workers and working employers. It was while that conflict in this form was showing its first faint signs of taking the place of the slavery question in public controversy, that Henry O. Shepard came actively into industrial life as a wage working printer. How well some of us remember that period in the printer's trade! The heart wounds of the Civil War were still raw, its flesh wounds were everywhere in evidence. Many a man at the case had but just

laid down a musket or a sword for his old composing stick. The tramp printer, at whose lust for wandering we boys of the country-paper printing offices wondered, and whose ease and skillful craftsmanship we admired, was a romantic feature of the calling we proudly thought of as a "mystic craft." Little did we dream back there in the sixties that tramp printers—so few, so scattered, so unique—would have a legion of imitators in the hobo armies of a day so soon to dawn. And the compositor! At that primitive period he had only begun to be a specialist in the trade. He looked upon himself as an industrial aristocrat. Mere pressmen, what were they but automatic attachments to machinery? Anybody could be a pressman in those days, so thought the compositor; but a compositor, ah! When you got machines that could think, then might you pull down the compositor from his aristocratic elevation, but not before. To set a stickful of type, to justify its lines, to empty it without making pi—this was work which required different thinking for every kind of motion, and not only for every kind of motion but for every repetition of the same motion. The compositor had to think, and thinking needs a thinker, and a thinker has to have brains, and you cannot put brains into a machine. That was the compositor's argument then. Oh, your compositor of that period was no monarch-made aristocrat! He was an aristocrat of the intellect. Yet he was not over vain about it, nor ungenerous to the rest of his craft. He saw that the labor fight was his fight, too, and he took his place on its labor side. Conditions for that struggle were gathering fast while Henry O. Shepard worked his way forward in the printer's trade. When he came to Chicago a full-fledged printer, the industrial storm of 1873 was almost ready to burst. He was still a wage worker here when it did burst, when American highways began to fill with tramps, with tramps drawn from the ranks of the disemployed. *Disemployed*, mind you; for those tramps did not shirk work at the first. They were tramping to find work. They were hunting for another customer to take the place of the one customer which each of them had lost. This industrial storm abated before Mr. Shepard passed from wage worker to working employer, but the modern labor conflict of which it was the first large sign had gained momentum. Whatever may have been his opinions of the essential character of that conflict, whatever his penetration into its causes, Henry O. Shepard must have seen as others saw that its hostile camps were *unnatural* foes. To this much, at the least, the industrial representations at our meeting and in the preparation of this memorial tribute, give eloquent testimony.

For here we find wage workers' organizations and employers' organizations co-operating. It is not as if this were one of those patriotic meetings

in which all classes participate more or less thoughtlessly. It is not as if we were dedicating a memorial with no labor significance. These organizations are co-operating to honor the memory of this man with reference to the very relations over which wage workers and employers are in conflict. Mr. Shepard must have had a wiser and a lovelier vision than is common on either side in our unbrotherly labor war.

And mark you, the joint tribute of these organizations now is in harmony with their friendly attitude toward the man in his lifetime and with his toward them. On this point it will be sufficient to quote the declaration of the Board of Education of Chicago when officially assigning Mr. Shepard's name to this school building. "In his earlier life," so that dedicatory declaration reads, "he was a working printer in Chicago, and as such, a consistent and respected member of the union of his trade. In later years he became an employing printer at the head of a large Chicago establishment founded by himself, which, while always maintaining fair and cordial relations with the printers' union, commanded the respect and the confidence of the business world to such an extent as to raise it to national distinction."

That same schoolboard resolution recognized another phase of Mr. Shepard's useful work. Here are its words in that particular: "In friendly co-operation with the International Typographical Union, he established a school for the technical education of printers." This school marks Henry O. Shepard as a pioneer in the movement for industrial education which is beginning now to promise so much. Not that automatic kind of industrial education which would train fingers while letting minds run to seed, turning out abjectly dependent wage workers in overwhelming supply. Such systems of industrial education would chain wage workers to machines like galley oarsmen to their benches. Such systems of industrial education contemplate nothing better than mechanisms of blood and sinew to operate mechanisms of wood and metal. There is no heart-throb in them, not a democratic note in the whole chord. Very different from all that was Henry O. Shepard's ideal of industrial education. His ideal was to promote conditions that might lift the makers and users of machines to higher industrial levels than the machines they make and use.

There is nothing essentially new about industrial education. What else but industrial education were the old apprenticeships? What else was education in the professions? Time was when the physician or the lawyer, like the mechanic, served a sort of apprenticeship to a master. It was no doubt a good way in its time to learn the technical side of a calling. But technical skill alone is not industrial education. The professions have found this out; the crafts also are finding it out. What kind of industrial progress, what kind

of civic influence could we expect of a nation of technicians? of technicians intensely specialized? of technicians who would know little of their own crafts as a whole, who would know nothing of the co-operative relations of their own crafts to other crafts, and who would know hardly anything of civic policies and obligations except what they might gather at red-fire political meetings?

None the less, however, the technical school for printers which Mr. Shepard fostered was a long stride forward. In educational tendencies emphasis had settled upon education of the classical order. This was natural enough, for distinguished careers lay along the lines of professional service and classical culture was the entrance-way to the professions. Consequently classical culture appealed to the ambitious-minded. So classical culture was regarded as the only education and our public schools took the cue. Technical training in the trades suffered accordingly. There was no systematic technical education except in the three professions—law, medicine, and divinity. But by degrees, as science came more and more into her own, those three were added to until now the professional field has come to be wide and diversified. Cultural training has at the same time and in the same connection begun to offer more of an outlook upon the living world. To consider what education is in the still widening professional field is to grasp the idea of what all technical education ought to be.

That school for the technical training of printers supplied a lacking educational factor of Henry O. Shepard's time. It was designed to supplement such cultural education as youthful artisans in "the art preservative of all arts" might have acquired at the public school—to supplement this with a technical education that would improve their workmanship. The time had not yet ripened for adapting and unifying the technical and the cultural education of craftsmen so as to make industrial education an integral part of a full rounded educational system. But that is what industrial education ought to be. For industry is not apart *from* life; it is part *of* life. The pupil should be so trained from childhood in hand and brain that the two will co-operate—"like fingers, like hands, like the upper and the nether teeth." The graduate should be equipped with skill in his chosen specialty, he should be saturated with general knowledge of the craft to which his specialty belongs, he should have an intelligent understanding of the co-operative relation of his specialty to his craft, of his craft to all other vocations, and of all these to all life. We do not want mere factory hands, we will not have a republic part master and part serf. What we demand of our school systems is a perpetual output of trained and cultured young men and young women who know how to live well in the sweat of their own faces, who expect to do it, and who in fact will do it with skillful hands,

with quickened minds, with moral purpose, with joyful hearts.

Henry O. Shepard was himself an encouraging product of the democratic principle underlying all this. Schoolboy, apprentice, journeyman, foreman, employer, citizen—he was always a democratic workingman. In the technical school which he fostered, in his personality, in all grades of his vocation, he appears to have been sensitive to democratic impulses and alive to the responsibilities of craftsmanship. Belonging to a ritualistic order descended from an ancient trade union of builders, he seems to have taken the wholesome lessons of its symbols seriously in his everyday life—its rough and its perfect ashlar, its 24-inch gage, its plumb, its level, its compasses, and its square. And he must have perceived the democratic spirit of those ancient symbols in the fraternal purposes of the union of his own modern craft. Inasmuch as he promoted democratic harmony in the printing trade, inasmuch as he fostered democratic methods of industrial education, could it have been for any lighter reason than that democracy was to him a vital moral force?

In the same spirit, a truly American spirit, let us dedicate this memorial. Old-time printers have contributed it; Thomas A. O'Shaughnessy has designed and produced it; the Board of Education has set aside the place for it in this school building already distinguished with Mr. Shepard's name for its own; his daughter has drawn away the veil.

May we not all receive this artistic gift with grateful hearts for the industrial progress it so beautifully symbolizes? A century of invention has translated the hand press of a Franklin into the power presses of a Scott, the composing sticks of the old-time printer into the linotypes of a Mergenthaler. These are among the marvels of typographic inventions. But the printer's trade does not monopolize mechanical progress. The whole mechanical world seems on the verge of realizing some of our visions of life after death. Do we not communicate with one another almost as if there were neither time nor space to interfere? Do we not go up and down the earth with little reference to distance, as our forefathers a century ago understood distance? We may well ask ourselves if mechanical progress has any limitations at all. But what of social progress? Social progress for all is what I mean; for social progress for less than all, for a privileged few or even a privileged many, means in the long run social retrogression for everybody. No one can live unto himself alone. We must all go ahead or we shall go backward. There is no exemption of person or nation or race. The famous New England clergyman was right in his sociology as well as his religion who said, "I thank God that my own lot is bound up with that of the whole human race."

An old-time printer has left us this warning: "With steam and electricity and the new powers

born of progress, forces have entered the world that will compel us to a higher plane or overwhelm us as nation after nation, civilization after civilization have been overwhelmed before." Once more the question, then, What of social progress? Our artist has helped us to an answer. If we and the generations to come are satisfied with the kind of progress which in this memorial window he symbolizes with portraits of Mergenthaler and Scott, two great mechanical inventors to whom we are enormously indebted—if we are satisfied to foster *only* that, then indeed may we fear for our civilization. Not so if we likewise foster democratic industrialism as Benjamin Franklin did within the limitations of his century and as Henry O. Shepard did within the limitations of his. For thereby we shall promote fair distribution of wealth as well as magical production of wealth. Then—in still other words of the old-time printer from whom I have just quoted—then, "with want destroyed, with greed changed to noble passions, with the fraternity that is born of equality taking the place of the jealousy and fear that array men against each other, with mental power loosed by conditions that give to the humblest comfort and leisure, and who shall measure the heights to which our civilization may soar?"

There we have the lesson as I see it, of that work of Henry O. Shepard's which lives, and which on this Labor Day we gratefully acknowledge. In his promotion of industrial education he stood for the principle of progress in the production of wealth; in his craft affiliations and business intercourse he stood for the principle of fairness in the distribution of wealth; in both his heart must have throbbed for industrial justice, his spirit must have yearned for industrial democracy.



### EMPTINESS OF WAR.

Harriet Monroe.

O battles huge and dire!  
Dark games of death's desire!  
Proudly your banners wave  
Over the deep-dug grave!

When will the cannon rust,  
The glitter fade in dust?  
The soldier's bloody fame  
Turn to a thing of shame?

We've had enough of war!  
Weary the nations are!  
Of slaughter make an end—  
Draw near, as friend to friend!



The way we are going at it, reclaiming swamps and deserts, and blasting out stumps, you might think the earth is getting overpopulated, as proclaimed in the Malthusian doctrine. Something is certainly wrong somewhere!—Harry W. Olney.