An answer which is as much of a tribute to the Board which elected him as it is to Mr. Young himself.

"The other fellow." He is always thinking of him.

The public had had an opportunity to learn this in 1919, when the President of the United States called upon him to aid in saving the retreat from the field which one of his pet commissions was making a dramatic situation.

A group of some forty men and women from various ranks of life and work came together and agreed that a practical cooperative plan for preventing industrial strife. By practical he meant a plan which in principles, at least, each of the three groups into which the conference was divided - Employers, Employed, and Public - would agree to be just and fair. What Mr. Wilson was after was setting up machinery for preventing industrial warfare as he tried on the other side of the Atlantic to set up machinery which would prevent international warfare.

The Conference had not been long in session when it became clear that the leaders of the three groups were not interested in agreements but had set their minds on getting what they each wanted regardless of the other fellow. As soon as this inability to co-operate had been sufficiently demonstrated, Mr. Wilson properly sent the conference home in disgrace, though he did give the Public Group a chance to redeem itself, to suggest a plan.
If we continue to hold the current rules, we
are bound to the present oppression and will
endure to the bitter plagues of industrial
grindmill. Our lead down poverty
will be the harvest of the future.

We must come to the people's awareness of the
humanity of the people and the future.

One day, we will come to
the people's awareness of the
humanity of the people and the future.
Now as it happened I was a member of this Public
Group and I shall never forget the humiliation I felt when I
discovered at what proved to be our final meeting that the majority
of my colleagues were in no mood to accept Mr. Wilson's suggestions,
that apparently all they wanted was to quit and go home.

Into this final meeting there came a gentleman who
had been an alternate on the conference but had never sat in its
councils - a tall, distinguished individual with a quiet reflective
face and a charming smile. "That," said my nearest neighbor, "is
Owen D. Young. He is a member of the Board of the General Electric.
Another Big Business man!"

As I watched him watching us I remember that I
wondered if there was any hope in him. I had heard something of
certain successful adjustments that he had made of his own Company's
labor difficulties in the war - adjustments which showed that he was
not inclined to throw all the burden of blame on the working man.

After we of the first industrial Conference, had
thrown down our job Mr. Wilson promptly called a new and smaller
group to save his objective and in this group was Owen D. Young,
the man who had set me wondering at the last stand we made on our
retreat.

The new conference held its meetings behind closed
doors but however tight you close conference doors the spirit of the
men conferring is bound to leak out. It was not very long before I
began to hear it remarked that the conference was holding together,
because there was one man in it who insisted that the problems of everybody concerned in an industrial undertaking be considered.

"Why," said Secretary Wilson, then at the head of the Federal Labor Department, "this man Young, not only thinks clearly and works hard, but he has a wonderful sense of fairness. He represents one of the biggest industries in America, but he is working in this conference with an open mind. What he seems to be after is the truth of things - no fear - no prejudice."

What the conference did is no part of our business here beyond the all-important fact that the members hung together until they had found certain principles upon which they could all agree and that on these principles they set up the machinery for which Mr. Wilson was asking.

There is a pretty general agreement of those who were members and confidential observers of the work of Mr. Wilson's second Industrial Conference that Owen D. Young had furnished a large part of the co-operative amalgam which has held them together until views and interests are to be attended to. It is to be a common contribution to adjust anything on the other fellow that did it they tell you.

"If you never made another contribution to the public service as long as you lived," wrote one representative of the trade, "you will have the satisfaction of having rendered a service to the country which very few men have ever had a chance to equal."
Owen said I said, "It is too dear to take and it is too cheap to leave.
And we took it."

"Well, now maybe I did say something like that, but the way he tells that story gives the idea that I had to pay him a price that I thought a little too high. It wasn't like that at all. He gave me that cow at the price less than it was worth. He is always doing that kind of work - always giving. When he tells the story about trading he always makes out that he is the one that gets the advantage.

"Then he is always paying me calls when he gets here - always brings all his friends over to meet me - sits here on the porch and tells stories. And when we were building the schoolhouse here, he was always putting me forward. Did you ever see that picture of Owen and me? Well, he took pictures up here of what we were doing around the schoolhouse and Owen said, 'Come on Uncle Abe, I want you in the picture.' Well, I just held back. It didn't seem to me I ought to push myself into a picture with Owen. Of course I wasn't trying to do it, it was he, but it didn't seem to me proper. Moreover, I never could have been anything to him - very much. It is just his kind. He is always trying to do something for somebody - make somebody happy. He couldn't stand it if he didn't think I was happy. It is a great thing for me to know him and have him like a son as he is.

"I haven't any doubt myself of his being a great man - he is a great man. He is too good a man to be President. I don't like this public work that he is doing - too hard on him. Why, you ought to have seen him when he came home from France, looked years older, we
There came a day when Dr. Schacht put before them what he believed his country could manage. The sum was so small that settlement on that basis was out of the question. Then came the long struggle - one side down and the other side up.

"The moment has not yet come," says Dr. Leon Fraser, "to recount the trying developments and dramatic episodes of the ensuing four months during which the Committee, their alternates and assistants, toiled beyond measure in an effort to reconcile irreconcilable viewpoints and to harmonize conflicting economic tenets, all earnestly held and zealously maintained."

There were dramatic episodes that did reach the public and gave it a sobering sense of the human struggle that was going on. Then there was the day when the head of the French delegation, General Moreau, angered by a figure which had been presented to him so much below what he believed France had a right to expect, and far below what he dared politically to consider, feeling that he had reached the limit of his sacrifice as he had of his patience, sprang from his chair crying, "I'm done, I'm done," and made for the door.

Men who remember Owen Young at St. Lawrence when he led in the struggle to secure a gymnasium, re-organizing bankrupt public utilities for Texas towns, negotiating labor settlements in the days after the war, who were with him in that Second Industrial Conference or on the Dawes Committee, all tell of the serene, patient, leisurely fashion in which he conducts a
deliberating body, but they also tell occasional moment, when his leisurely mind exploded in a flash of decision.

That was what happened at the moment in the Paris Conference when General Berleau started for the door — everybody at the table knowing that if he passed it the Conference was at an end.

Owen Young was instantly on his feet. "The Committee is adjourned," he said quietly.

It was the committee that went out as a body — not France. Delegate Earl_warnered.

He was skillful in anticipating breaking points. There was Dr. Schacht, powerful of mind but weak in control. Sometimes.

"Whenever I saw Schacht's neck getting red or his hands trembling I adjourned the conference," he will tell you.

Realizing at one juncture that Schacht was nervously exhausted, he said to him,

"Don't you want to do something for me, Dr. Schacht?"

And the emotional German replied, "I would do anything for you, Owen Young."

"Well, what I want you to do is go out to Versailles alone, forget this conference, sleep, walk, ride, see nobody from here, give nobody your telephone number, no one is to know but myself where you are. If it is necessary at any point I'll send for you."

Schacht did it and came back restored to carry on the rest of the sessions. That is, he looked out for the others,
a community which has been my good fortune to look at. Take this
matter of building up his herd, began fully thirty years ago, with a
$75.00 cow. He has now a herd of one, hundred and fifty Holstein worth
probably

His houses are many - his ranch and

stands

Go with him some night or morning when he says he is going out
to milk you will find that these highly bred cattle of his are not
housed in the show places that so many gentleman farmers affect. From
the start when Uncle Abe or his present manager talked to him about
tearing down the old barns and building new he put a

upon the

proposition. "I don't want any better farms than my neighbors can
have, if they will fit the work. Fix up this old one, I want to
prove to these people about here that if they will take time and
patience they can build up good herds and that they do not have to

have fancy cows."

The barn his father used, the house and storage

place still stand. It has been repaired, made sanitary and comfortable.
Electricity has been installed but it is little better than his
neighbors could have if they had as intelligently and systematically
worked for thirty years to build up a herd as he has.

I once visited the quarters of his prize bulls. They
were putting into the old barns some new pens, locomotive and
there seemed to be considerable doubt in the mind of the farmers whether
Owen would approve. It seemed that they had gone ahead as under the
advise of Uncle Abe, I think as they now and then did, making as they
considered necessary improvements, but they always had a little fear that Owen might think they were getting it too good, better than his neighbors could afford and he didn't want that.

One of the trials of the manager of the farm is now and always has been that the herd is not allowed to make the money that he feels it can and should. And that is because he is always giving away the best bull that he produced. You can't get him to sell one. We would get out of the red quickly if he would because they are very valuable. He always has somebody that he wants to give it to.

There are a great many things done in this community of Van Hornesville that have much more than a money value in the eyes of Mr. Young - always keeping Uncle Abe for years before his death last Fall, as the authority in matters, which must be decided in his absence. I wonder if he did decide them as, as I would not. It was much more important that he be happy, that he feel that he was useful, giving the best that he had. That was worth far more to me than the little money that we might have saved by a different decision.

While Owen D. Young, farmer, was steadily increasing both his herd and his land, he was little by little himself closer to the town of Van Hornesville. His father and mother lived there now. Uncle Abe lived there - retired farmers both. He liked retired farmers coming into a village which they had known all their life in which every one, less than one hundred inhabitants, were as familiar to them as their own doorsteps, took a lively interest in everything that went on. Owen D. Young heard all about it. As a matter
democracy of the world if we stop to mud-slinging against men of fine character in the selection of one of them for the great office of President of the United States? Why suffer the fanatics and unreasonableness of the Volstead Law, but on the other hand I, for one, do not propose to take any chances on liquor again obtaining the upper hand in this country. I wish a sane law, wisely administered, and one capable of being honestly administered. I would like to see the hypocrisy which now exists in our legislatures and our homes wiped out, but I want to be very patient with this effort of a great democracy in self-discipline. One does not have to be a fanatic to be dry, and unless we destroy the unreasoning and fanatical leadership for a dry America, we will some day wake up to find in the reaction a very wet America. As a friend of temperance I am prepared to support Governor Smith, and in so doing I do not propose to be classed as a wet or for liquor because of such support."

And much more of the tolerant and with reiterated confidence Mr. Hoover whom he could not support he protest against campaign by abuse.
all employers guilty of unfair and unsanitary practices.

One of the most successful campaigns the league carried on
under Mrs. Kelly's direction was that concerning ready-made
garments. The League had a label which, if a purchaser found
on a garment guaranteed that it had been made under proper
conditions. This white label has gone the country over,
though it is to be feared that many of us women are too indifferent
to refuse to buy unless a garment we want carries the proper white
label. It would be interesting to study a clever little
array of letters sent in by consumers the world over.

Mrs. Kelly's last fight was over candy and she put
more or less terror into the souls of all candy makers by
publishing lists of the firms which lived up to the standards
satisfactory to her and to the Consumer's League.

A fine and sturdy warrior, Florence Kelly, who
through a long life struggled to develop a social conscience in
our democratic body. A true organizer,

There have been and are still many fine figures in
this struggle to correct through legislation the evils of industry.

the industrial system. The chief organization in our work is
the American Association of Labor Legislation now nearly twenty
five years old and still under the direction of its first active
secretary, John B. Andrews.
His faith in the possibility of finding a way - his patience - his long sightedness - his clairvoy in setting forth what he thinks all have contributed to make him what he really is today - an unofficial advisor to the world at large. Apparently everybody the world over who has a stiff economic knot to untie seeks him. He is in constant demand in Washington where his frank expression is both a terror and a delight and almost always a help in time of trouble. There is the matter of the Soldier's Bonus last winter. Congress and the Administration were having an ugly tug over the matter. The veterans wanted their three billions and a half dollars that the Government had promised them - in 1945 - wanted it now. Congress under the pressure was yielding. The Treasury - the Bankers of the country said, "No, it cannot be done. That is more money than the country has available for investment - for building - for railroads. We need it to provide jobs, not to use in a temporary stimulation of our consuming power, as the veterans would use it." Neither side saw a middle ground.

The Congressional Committee in charge called on Mr. Young for his opinion.

"I did not want to go," said Mr. Young. "I did not know anything about the soldier's bonus. I told them so. But the committee insisted. Of course when a Government committee wants a citizen to testify it is his business to give the best that he has. Since I must go I must find out what I did think about it. So I took the documents in the case - went to the country.
"What if I were in the position of the Government,
I said to myself. Suppose that I, Owen D. Young, had given notes
to a lot of my fellow townsmen up here — notes for a thousand
dollars each, due in 1945, and one of the fellows came to me and
said,

"See here, Owen, my wife is sick and has got to
have an operation. I haven't any money. Couldn't you discount
that note now or part of it at least?

"And another came and said, Owen, I've got a
mortgage on my house. Unless I can raise a thousand dollars by the
middle of next week it will be foreclosed. Can't you discount my
note, help me out?

"Another came and said, Owen, my car is dreadfully
shabby — bad business — I want to buy a new one. Can't you discount
my note? And another — See here, I have never had a bath room in
that house of mine and my wife wants it — the children want it. Can't
you discount my note?

"Well, now what would be my duty in that situation?
Of course I must get the money for John whose wife must have an
operation and for Joe — I can't let him lose his house. But I
don't have to get it for him. I need a new car and can't afford one.
Petie
He never had a bathroom in his life. He can get along another year
until things are easier.
"So I call them together and say - I am having a hard time myself. It's very difficult for me to put my hands on money to meet my obligations and emergencies; but I'll get the money for you who absolutely must have it but I won't give it to you who want it for things that you can get along without for a year or so.

"As far as I could see that was the situation of the Government - there were thousands of veterans in tight places. The Government ought to give them money to tide them over.

"But there were thousands and hundreds of thousands of others who didn't need the money. It should not be given to them under the circumstances. There was my text. And on that text I wrote my speech.

"Some of my friends down in Washington to whom I showed it said, 'This will upset the applecart. This will put a new idea into Congress' head. They will compromise on the thing. They won't vote three and a half billions but they will vote more money than we ought to spend.' Yes, I said, but how about the veterans who are in want. They of all people in this country must be considered. You've got to find money for them. I had to testify. I could only say what I thought and I did say it."

The results are familiar. The speech showed a way out and it was taken."
One reason for the increase in small incomes is that for fifty years and more certain industrial leaders have been steadily and seriously trying to find a measure for the sources of workers. All sorts of experiments have gone on and under their operation more and more workers are becoming small capitalists.

There are plants in this country which are veritable laboratories. They attack every problem which concerns the health, safety, contentment of the worker. They seek his advancement. Today they are seeking as never before to solve the staggering problem of putting the workers in a position to live through the recurring periods of depression which they must afflict the world. Not so easy when at the same time keep the industry alive for the sake of the workers if for no other reason. Keep it alive that he may have a job in his old place when jobs are once more to be had - a time which is sure to come.

One of the really heartening things in this disheartening period is the energy with which much of our industry is analyzing itself, admitting its mistakes, taking its punishment, planning for a future in which certain of its errors will be prohibited by law if necessary, in which practices will be soberer, more grown up; for one cannot escape the conviction that a good deal of our present trouble is due to the fact that we had a multitude of men of power in every department of our
"The lawyer," he says, "knows the difference between the law of gravity and an excise tax on coal."

He illustrates from Mutt and Jeff (Mutt and Jeff are friends of his - as are Amos and Andy):

"Do you know the world is round?" Mutt asks Jeff.

"No, is it?"

"Yes, right on the other side of this world are four hundred million Chinese people right now."

"What keeps them on?" asked Jeff.

"The law of gravity."

Jeff was puzzled. "What did they do before the law was passed?"

There are plenty of people like Jeff, that see no foundations under our industrial life but the statutes on our books.

But is not such boldness in an industrial leader a menace? It certainly would be if the leader was considering only his own group. But a Big Business in Owen Young's mind is not and cannot be a private business if it is to grow - endure. It is an institution; its leaders are trustees, trustees who have obligations to...