Darlington, Indiana,
March 20, 1916.

My dear Miss Tarbell,--

It was just a bit disconcerting to get such a cheerful letter from one who, according to the dope,--my grouch's dope, ought to be groveling in sack cloth and ashes, and in anything but a playful mood. Your wide-eyed surprise upon learning that there had been a grouch simply confirms what I had already suspected, that my grouch was not getting its work across. It had a place in my poor establishments by reason of the claims it made of what it could do to you and to Mr. Taylor. The promised estrangement between yourself and that gentleman has not been effected, according to the advices contained in your communication. So there was nothing left for me to do but to tie the can to my guest, which thing has been done.

Now that I have openly confessed everything from which I trust that you will bend a listening ear to my plea. I abjure all magic, for the Union Label. If you have not already done so, I want you to read the little booklet I sent containing the prize essays. Do you know, Miss Tarbell, that no first-class mind has ever turned its optics in the direction of this despised token? Have you ever given particular attention to the chapter on Symbols in Carlyle's Sartor Resartus? He would have been a good one to pick up the Label and hook it up, where it belongs, to the Infinite. But he died and passed to his reward long before those California cigar-makers got to marking their product with a white printed slip of paper in 1871. The Union Label would have been pie for Tam. No moreso, tho, than it would be for you. You would make an awful killing with

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the Union Label as a theme. It has all the ear marks that you demand, and the transition from your efficiency work to the Label would be easy and perfectly natural. All the great work you have done in the past, Lincoln, Napolean, Standard Oil and your campaign for Efficiency, in fact ever line you have ever written is but the preface, a thundering preface, and introduction to the commission here presented for your very earnest consideration.

The time for the exploitation of the Label is here. In it lies wrapped the whole philosophy and kick of Unionism. The men who wrote these little essays sensed these things, but Mr. Gompers and Union Officialdom are mostly oblivious to the very heart of the matter about which they are busying themselves. To my notion they have gone at the business of propagating Unionism, backwards. They have taken the thorny path of strikes, boycotts and violence when there was a perfectfully smooth one leading in the direction they were headed for. I mean of course that thy should have confined themselves to preaching the Gospel of the Union Label.

The Merchants and Manafacturers, and Employers, generally, are in a frame of mind to"lap-up" Unionism when disinfected, as you, Miss Tarbell, would disinfect it very early in the game. Here is the way roughly indicated: Out there in the offing stands the spectre of Socialism. You wont have to spend much time and effort in calling attention to the specter, for they all know about it, and that it demands the whole apple, and that its chances of getting the whole apple are growing better and brighter every day. Now Unionism, you will explain in that sweet chatty way of yours, only asks for a bite of the apple. The American Magazine, if that should be the vehicle you select,

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need not suffer the loss of a single one-inch add, or be deflected a single hairs breadth from the wise middle course it is now pursuing in the matter of this controversy between capital and labor. The "whole apple," or the "bite of the apple" argument would keep 'em all lined up. You would be staving-off Socialism, and rebuking Union Officialdom before the whole world for not knowing its business, at one and the same time. This course would warm the cockle's of the capitalist heart, and it would soon be that when you saw a plute coming towards you that you would side-step him and all his kind, just to keep him and them from falling on your neck. You would have the whole country, rich and poor alike, swearing by the Union Label.

As an adventure into the/little traveled realms of brotherhood, it would prove the most exciting and wholesome journey you ever embarked upon.

Will you not, Miss Tarbell, look into this business?

Yours in all kindliness,

RP Cunningham

Your letter was a peach.'

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