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III

TOO MUCH OF THE GOOD THING

"He that maketh haste to be rich
shall not be innocent."

"It's me preclivities," said Mike, my friend's Irish gardner, when she taxed him with his sins. And he said it in a tone which showed that he washed his hands of all responsibility in the matter!

His "preclivities" were serious enough - an apparently irresistible urge to throw down his hoe and seek the shade of a friendly tree whenever he thought no one was looking - an equally irresistible urge to slip away ever so often for a spree of prolonged and prodigious proportions. That my friend, though many seasons had tolerated his lapses, was explained by the magic with which he made her garden bloom, coupled with a palaver for which one with her humor would gladly suffer long.

If there is a people on earth which should understand Mike's predicament, it is ourselves. Our chronic troubles, those that racked us yesterday, do today and undoubtedly will tomorrow, are due, in the main, like Mike's, to undisciplined proclivities. High in the list stands the National habit of overdoing whatever we touch. It is in our industrial and

financial set-ups that this incorrigible propensity works the most mischief. We let ourselves go in these fields with an abandon which frequently is akin to lawlessness and we do it quite as much, I am convinced, from sheer love of excitement as from greed of money and power.

"Let her gush!" cries the oil prospector who has brought in a flowing well. He knows there is already above ground going to waste more oil than can be used. He knows that if he insists on opening his pool he will send the market crashing, but he has waited too long for his fun to care what indulging himself will do to others.

"It is our own fault," a great manufacturer with a long and creditable record behind him told me dolefully. "We hustled in a lot of new labor-saving machinery, turned out ten times as much as we ever had done before, all without taking on a new man. We took it for granted that our selling force could keep up with the machinery. They said they could. What fools we were to expect a market, which it had taken us fifty years to develop, to absorb overnight ten times its proved capacity. Well, we're paying dear. For the first time in fifty years we are in the red, and men who have had steady work with the firm from the beginning are getting a short two days.

"The investigators who come around diagnosing our case call it "Technological Unemployment." I call it a mighty serious attack of what the Floridians in their late boom called "vision" -

"seeing things" and capitalizing what they saw, while it was still an airy nothing. That market was our vision - not a reality. As far as I am concerned I am convicted of sin."

My friend's case is as old as the machine - those contrivances which take work out of men's and women's hands, leaving them idle until such time as other men and women have learned to use more of the thing made and thus restore those ousted to labor - machine labor.

It is a process that has always scared the world. Three hundred years ago nearly - an ingenious Pole set up in Danzig a loom which he claimed would weave a web without human hands and could be run night and day. The Polish Government promptly smashed the contrivance and drowned its maker. It has not been for lack of desire to kill, that a similar fate has not overtaken later inventors. "Stop the machine. It steals the workers' jobs," has greeted each step in what we the Mechanization of Industry." Not long ago I heard an excited economist arguing that unless something was done about it, the ^{5,000,000} ~~five million~~ men, which he declared to be now unemployed because of the fecundity of the machine, ^{25,000,000} ~~would soon be twenty five million~~. He saw the earth turned over to a race of ruthless Frankensteins, who, of course, would soon put an end to our American Plan.

Now there is no denying that to one who faces a modern mechanized industry for the first time, it is a terrifying

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experience. I have been looking at them for some years now whenever I had the chance and always I ask myself with bewilderment what has become of the men who once did this work, how can the world use ^{all} that these machines can make?

A dozen years ago out in Idaho I visited the electric power house controlling the water which irrigated a big territory. A great engine hummed and the wall was decorated with dials - not a soul in sight. A telephone rang. From a nearby cottage came a trim little woman. The Lava Bed Ranch wanted water - she pushed a button, pulled a lever, waited a few moments until the telephone called her back. The water had come; and she went back to her housekeeping!

Down in Alabama I was invited to visit a deep coal mine. I put on my old clothes for I had been there before, but this was a modern electrically equipped mine. I never left the shining engine room on the mountain side. There, in a comfortable chair, facing a dial board literally as big as the side of a house, I saw a train of coal cars started by the pulling of a lever, saw it disappear into the black opening, heard a bell announce that it had arrived where it was wanted, saw a lever pulled (which they told me would start the automatic shovels filling the cars) heard the signal announcing the cars were loaded, saw a lever pulled, and a few minutes later saw the cars high with coal emerge and apparently, of their own volition travel to

the proper spot and dump their loads. Not a man - not a mule - only that leisurely figure in an immaculate white suit pushing buttons and pulling levers.

In a nearby steel mill I walked the length of at least a dozen city blocks among the great furnaces. It was as deserted as Wall Street on Sunday. The monsters feed themselves, ore, coal, lime, in proper proportion. They ran the white hot masses into moulds at the exact moment - they turned the ingots into structural steel and only now and then a quiet figure passed by. It was ^{all} fearsome, ghastly.

Out in the wheat field of the West gigantic combines - a man at the helm ^{with} ~~do~~ the work of the peripatetic hundreds that once travelled from Mexico to Saskatchewan reaping, threshing as they went - where are they now?

I could go on - an electric railway which runs itself - a ship with self-directing engine room - and all of these mysterious mechanizations with the uncanny ability to stop themselves when they get into trouble and ring a bell for help, for we are still one lap ahead of the machine - we humans. It can't help itself in an emergency!

It is a system which fills the land with things - a riot of production. Given a riot of consumption and the process balances, but slow up the consumption - make things faster than you open new markets, ^{then you} create new buyers! Why then the ~~mysterious~~ processes called absorption through which the men

thrown out at one point of this strange evolution are taken on in another, is checked. It ^{is} a case of arrested digestion.

Did the Polish authorities three hundred years foresee the gluts and famines of mechanization and so deliberately do their part to stop it at the beginning? If so, were they entirely mad - was there not perhaps wisdom in their madness?

When I am troubled by a problem touching men who make things I slip into certain New England manufacturing towns to talk it over with certain friends whom, for purpose of illustration, I'll bunch and call the Clahertys. The Clahertys being at the machine-end of the problem, operating in one industry or another for generations, give me practical experience with a background.

With them in mind I can weigh better what the economists tell me, better understand what the employer does or tries to do, gauge the wisdom of law makers who try with their ~~palliatives~~ ^{palliatives} and their prohibitions to cure the evils they believe, or suspect, to be in the situation.

I first met Tom Claherty, the present head of the group, nearly twenty years ago when tramping up and down the mills and factories and mines of the country, trying to discover what efforts, if any, were ^{being} made at the source to correct conditions of which the public were rightfully complaining. I believed then as I do now that industrial ills are only to be cured by

laboratory experiments carried on cooperatively by the employer and the employed. So I was out to see how much of it was going on.

In a certain cotton mill I asked an overseer, who had been especially tolerant of my inquiries, to introduce me to a sensible and experienced spinner or weaver. He looked about.

"Well," he said, "there's Tom Claherty, a tip-top weaver, a loyal unionist, a real man, also he has a nimble tongue and a way with the ladies," all of which I found to be true;

A weave room is a pandemonium. "Can't hear yourself think," said Tom when my efforts to catch his words failed. "If it ain't presumin', maybe you'd come out to supper with Molly and me."

I seized the chance and met them at the door of the factory at closing time.

We took a train - Tom takes you out now-a-days in a neat little car - but not to the factory residence-quarter as I had expected. We left the town behind and, on its outskirts, stopped at a rambling old farm house - trees - lilacs in bloom - a big garden - a cow in a lot - also children - and children!

We hear so much talk of the irregularity of work in this country, of big labor turn-overs, it is hard to believe there are workers who have lived literally for generations in or near the center of their trade, refusing to be uprooted whatever

the conditions. But it is true. Indeed I am convinced that workers are more tenacious of home, a birth place, than those who have money to roam.

The Clahertys are an example. Eighty years ago, early in the '50's, they had landed in Boston from Ireland - Tom and Molly ^{the} First, both weavers, with ten children. They had found work in the very town and with the very firm where I found their grandson and his wife. But they didn't like living in a rented house. America meant not merely work at their trade, it meant a "bit of land" of their own and Mollie wanted "a cow and a hen" - Tom "a pig and a smoke on the hearth!" So before the end of their first year in this country they had begun to put their savings into a little farm.

"The Clahertys were never great for movin'," explained my host when I began to ask questions. "There's a lot of 'em now and it's good for 'em to have a place to come when times is bad." [How the story I pieced together backs up Henry Ford's belief in the natural and essential relationship of the land and the factory! The factory can never go on steadily week in and week out even on a five day week and an annual shut down; nor is it good for men and women that their experience of life be limited to the machine. Nothing educates to reality - nothing brings one to consent to those laws of growth which are back of all solid achievement like contact with the soil. And what a refuge it is when we are overwhelmed by the cataclysm and changes

which nature and man force. In the case of the Clahertys, dozens of them had at different times weathered their troubles, plowing and planting and harvesting at the "old home." They cut wood - mended fences - picked apples, canned, dug themselves in until times were good when they scattered to their various trades and to the location in which they had planted themselves. There was little that had gone on in the country's industrial life since 1850 that the Clahertys did not know something about first hand.

So you see why ~~now~~ I should have wanted Tom Claherty's experiences and traditions - wanted to know if he was as badly scared by technological unemployment as ^{was} my economist friend with his twenty five million soon to be displaced, if we didn't "do something."

"Twenty five million," said Tom. "Well, I guess he never had a trade, did he? Never followed it long if he did - I used to think the same about new machines - scared me - and many's the time I've fought 'em - gone on strike because of 'em - but you find out things if you live long enough. I went with our mill to learn my trade when I was ten - I'm sixty-five now, so you see I've seen how things work in cotton - I've been laid off because of a new machine, but I was always taken on again. I used to worry about what the children would do. You see I started out thinkin' all Clahertys should be weavers or spinners -

that's what my grandad thought - "the trade and a bit of land" was what he taught us. But there ain't one Claherty out of twenty that's a weaver or spinner now and they're all workers, and most are doin' things never heard of when I was a boy. I never heard of a building with a steel frame when I was a boy - made 'em of wood - look at our plant now - not a wood frame on the lot and I've got a nephew who feels safer riveting girders on the top of a New York skyscraper than he does walkin' along Broadway, *so* he says.

"There's another Claherty making flying machines and one a United States aviator. What would grandad of said back in the '50's if you'd told him that he'd have a great grandson flying in the sky?"

"The machines kept Clahertys out of the cotton mill when we thought we ought to be in, but it gave us many another thing to do that nobody ever heard of *then*."

"Then you got to remember that the change ain't so quick as it sounds. Takes a lot of time to get a new set-up that will do better than the old one - a lot of experimentin' and while they're changin' men change too - git old - tired out - give up work, go back to Ireland, die. Looks like nature was lookin' after the men the machine throws out."

"What's troubled me most at first was seein' how much more they turned out than we'd been doing. It looked to me

as if they were gettin' it so they would want fewer and fewer of us. But you know that's happened. The more the mill turns out the more people want. I can remember when Molly didn't change the sheets on our beds but once a month. That's the way it is in Ireland today, but look at us now! We have to have one clean sheet on every bed every week and if there's company two clean sheets. Takes a lot more cotton cloth to run the Clahertys ^{now} than it did forty years ago when Molly and me set up housekeepin'. That's more work for the mill.

"And look at the new kinds of cotton. Why, I can remember when there wasn't anything but calico for the children's summer dresses. Mollie used to buy a web of pink calico at the factory and all the girls got one new Sunday dress. They looked like a bed of peonies when they went to mass. Couldn't get that on 'em now. The mills make twenty kinds where they used to make one and the women buy 'em, no two alike."

"Changin' machines don't make any where near so much trouble as the women changin's styles," spoke up Aunt Susie, the ^{only} spinster I had ever heard of among the Clahertys. "Look at me when I was a girl and made hoop skirts - good trade and steady but they kept changin', makin' 'em smaller, finally got so they went only half around - down the back and they kept shortening that half hoop - changed it to a bustle and finally gave that up and our factory closed down."

"What did I do? learned to make corsets - good work - good pay - but what did they do to corsets, kept changin' and ahangin' 'em, less whalebones - less cloth - less stitchin' - now they've laid 'em off and ^{taken} ~~took~~ to waists.

"I couldn't stand it any longer - women not knowin' their own minds [^] so I've quit and come home! One thing that don't change is chickens and I'm raisin' 'em for Tom and Mollie. Like it - always the same."

"You can't stop changes," said Tom philosophically. "What's more, look at what we get out of 'em, [^] think of having an electric range out here and a radio. That's fine for us and work for a lot of folks. What's wrong about it is they're ~~hurry~~ in too big a hurry to try out new things - don't give ' us time to change.

"We'll find something. Sure, but when? And what happens to us while we're waitin' and lookin'? A man gets discouraged if he has to look too long for work - bad for his trade too. You've got to work steady to keep your hand in no matter what you do. He gets so he don't care whether he works or not - that's bad for anybody. If we could count it up I am thinkin' the country loses more from men bein' out of work than from anything that can happen to it - except war.

"Of course the men runnin' things have their troubles. It costs a lot to scrap old machines and put in new, but the

banker will take care of them. There ain't any bankers willin' to lend on the jobs we are lookin' for. We've got to look after ourselves, but they ought to ~~ease~~ ^{ease} us off - give us time. not be in such a hurry. Seems to me that's our right."

It seems so to me, but I wondered how the economists and the employers and the law-makers felt about it, for they are hard at the problem, all of them.

The strength and the hope of the American Plan, as well as its frequent temporary confusion, is that any problem is everybody's problem. While hosts of us do little but talk loudly and emphatically about what should be done - devise plans which we can prove by figures will settle the matter - back laws which we claim will put an end once and for all to our perplexities, there are all over the land hundreds who settle down to think out, work out the puzzle. It is Democracy in its laboratory tackling trouble at the source - talking little, advertising not at all, until the case is proved.

Now luckily for us there are those who study these sober efforts, bring the theories and the demonstration into ~~a~~ ^{the} whole. Take what has recently been done under the aegis of Swarthmore College - a survey by Paul Douglas and Aaron Director, two members of the Economic Department of the University of Chicago of the whole matter of Unemployment. Here you have a fine example of what Democracy ^{can} do when she settles down in

earnest to a problem, how she can observe, analyse, experiment, plan.

Of course Douglas and Director seek for causes and of course among them they place the popular scape-goat - the machine. (It is a goat you cannot escape. Even as I set down these words an ex-service man finds his way to my study door.. He'll sell me a copy of The Cosmopolitan for twenty five cents. "Once, if you was down and out," he says, "you could get a job shovelling, but men don't do the shovelling now - it's the machines. Go up to the Radio Center, ^{there} where once fifty men would have been workin' today, there's ^{now} ~~a~~ ^{one} man in a derrick running a scoop.")

It's true, and how do Douglas and Director feel about it after looking long at what the machine is doing? Very much like Tom Claherty, only they state their conclusion in the clear and precise language of the scholar:

"The net result of these technological improvements is, not permanent unemployment, as at first seemed to be the case, but rather a transfer of labor from some lines to others. This tendency has been at work throughout the last decade."

Much longer than that, dear sirs!

"While agriculture, manufacturing, transportation, and mining have been on the wane ^(a) far as numbers are employed, the number of filing station operatives, hotel workers,

entertainers, insurance salesmen, school teachers, etc., have been appreciably increasing. Young men who otherwise would have been farmers or clothing workers have in fact become movie users, saxophone players and house-to-house canvassers."

The Claherty family, displaced by machines, found more ~~(Tom would say, one more dignified job in his family)~~ dignified jobs, according to Tom.

"If the demand is elastic, or if the quantity demanded increased in a greater proportion than the increase in individual production and the fall in unit price, then actually more money will be spent on the industry than before, and more workers will have to be employed." (Note Tom Claherty's example of the extra bed sheets and dress goods his family consumed.)

"There will then be a shift of labor from other industries to the one in question. If the demand is inelastic, or if the quantity demanded does not increase in as great a proportion as that by which individual efficiency rises and prices fall, then while some men will be squeezed out of this particular industry, an equal number of employment opportunities will be built up elsewhere from the transfer of purchasing power.

"These shifts are inevitable in a progressive society where there is a tendency towards an equalization of return. Those thrown out of work will not, however, be permanently unemployed, and to this degree, therefore, the fears of permanent technological unemployment have been greatly exaggerated."

"But," they continue, "the ultimate benefit which flows

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have been an observer of Mr. Verity's efforts to keep a great unit of the steel and iron industry sound financially, technically, socially - (three aims which must balance if an enterprise is to live in health.) He and his colleagues have always frankly faced the problems which shifting public opinions/or economic conditions forced - met them in the laboratory with painstaking tests.

Armco was one of the first manufacturing concerns in the country to carry on the experiments necessary to making the change from a twelve hour to eight hour shift in the continuous processes necessary in the making of iron and steel. It was not a change which could be ordered as a large part of the public insisted. It was a practice dating back to the '80's established by the workers themselves who feared competition in jobs more than they did long hours. The whole economic structure must be re-adjusted if the twelve hour day was to go without too great disturbance of wages, prices, dividends. It was not an easy solution to reach, but it was reached and Armco's plants were put finally on an eight hour shift early in the contest.

I felt sure that George Verity and his colleagues would face the problem of men displaced by the amazing labor-saving processes which Armco has developed in the same spirit and with the same patient effort to keep all obligations in balance that they had shown in changing from a twelve hour to an eight hour shift.

It was as I had believed.

"At the time that we introduced our new methods of manufacture," Mr. Verity wrote me, "we adopted a definite plan to enable us to tide our men over any period of unemployment. This same plan was used when we abandoned plants. The cost of this plan at the time we introduced our new method of manufacture here in Middletown," *Division in* *Ohio* *is* "the headquarters of Armco) "was so great that we received considerable criticism from our stockholders. Our management, however, felt that we could not do less for loyal employees who had served us a great many years."

The "definite plan", of which Mr. Verity wrote, directed that the Employment Department take on the placing of all men thrown out by the new process if they had been with the company as long as a year. These men were to have the first chance at the jobs in the new mills. When the rolls were filled there efforts were to be made to find work in other departments of

the Armco plants and in case there were not enough of these to go around, then in the plants of outside companies.

Men who were not placed were to be given half pay for as many months as they had years of service with the company up to six months and at a minimum of \$50.00 a month.

I think Tom Claherty would feel that here was a ~~very~~ good example of the "easin' off" he advised.

Management takes the initiative in the Armco plant and in many another plant in the country management is attempting with variations depending on its financial condition and social outlook something similar. Where it works co-operatively with organized labor the matter is often handled through an umpire or as they call him an "impartial chairman." It takes something of the coolness and justice of a Solomon to serve as a successful "impartial chairman" in labor disputes, but we have in the last decade or so grown a number of them and mighty useful citizens they are.

There is William M. Leiserson who, when he is not acting as a judge in industry, functions as a teacher of economics at Antioch College. Mr. Leiserson is an example of the foreign born - he is a native of Esthonia - who believes that the privileges of our American Plan carry with them the obligations to contribute to correcting what he sees to be wrong. The regulation of industry has been his particular study. He has

made himself an invaluable consultant of States, Federal government, organized labor, - in all that touches unemployment.

My first contact with Mr. Leiserson was seventeen years ago when I watched him fitting men to jobs in the public employment office which the State of Wisconsin had set up to help its citizens through a period of acute depression. He has been at one or another angle of the conflict ever since and that he has grown wiser and wiser as time goes on ^{shows in} what he writes and does.

Now what does Mr. Leiserson, "impartial chairman", do in a case of "technological unemployment?" A very pretty case in the printing industry was laid before him. The plant wanted to run certain presses with four instead of five men. It ^apled that the fifth man was not needed, that its competitors got on with four, putting it at a disadvantage.

Mr. Leiserson went after the facts and concluded that the employer was right. But he decided that

while the firm was justified in removing the extra men it was not justified in discharging them. They must be provided with other work.

"This decision," wrote Mr. Leiserson, "makes possible the development of a constructive policy of dealing with all questions of reducing costs by eliminating wastes, improving

methods of production, and introducing new machinery without the necessity of resorting to strikes or even to arbitration. The principle underlying the decision is that the employer shall be free to make improvement in methods of production, but that changes shall not be made at the expense of the workers who have been faithfully performing their duties. If this principle were adopted as a permanent policy (by the League and the Union) all necessary improvements could be made as fast as they ought to be made, and the interests of both the employers and the workers would be fully safeguarded.

"No employee would lose his livelihood on account of any improvement; unless the firm itself were in financial straits; but changes would be made gradually, as fast as other work could be found for him. This might involve some expense to the employer, but it would be a temporary expense which he may legitimately be asked to carry. This temporary expense of making the changes gradually would be small compared to what he incurs when the workers resist improvements for fear of loss of livelihood. But it does neither the workers nor the union any good to retain men on jobs that are unnecessary, and if employees were protected against loss of employment by transfer to other work, as far as this is possible, then they could be obligated to co-operate with the management in making improvements instead of obstructing changes designed to reduce costs."

Slowly but surely this decision is coming to be recognized as the policy of American Industry. The worker like the employer recognises that his own best interests lie with controlled, not a rampant, mechanization, and he is coming more and more to Tom Claherty's way of looking at it. This the ablest of our leaders recognize.

Take the head of the great Westinghouse concern, F. A. Merrick, who recently published a clear and convincing defense of what he calls the Machine Myth. He claims that the American workman has taken a prominent part in laying the ghost of this machine myth.

"He has had the intelligence and the judgment," writes Mr. Merrick, "to realize that his own welfare improves with every decrease that can be effected in the cost of production. He also has had the courage to act on that judgment, in the face of many specious arguments fed out to him for the contrary action." (Also in the face of many long-continued hardships as Mr. Merrick knows.)

Mr. Merrick is right, whatever hardships the workers have had to suffer through the mechanization of their industries great bodies of them have come to believe that in the long run they profit in increased comfort and convenience of living, and so believing they bear their out-of-work periods with patience and fortitude. "His justification of the correctness of his course he sees about him in the comforts and luxuries of his home and community, greater by far than have come to the lot of any other worker in any other place and in any other time."

But it is unfair to throw the full burden of responsibility for the hardships which the rushing in of new machines cause on the manufacturer. Behind him is the maker of the machines urging the advantages it will give over competitors; behind both are the bankers sighing in boom times for new mergers to finance.

The manufacturing friend I quoted at the start as confessing himself convicted of sin by his rush to increase his output before he had any reason but his hopes for thinking he could sell all he made, let fall a remark which showed that there was behind him another force than competition - something beside ambition to grow greater.

"My banker was urging me to do it. Thought it would be a good thing for the town to have ~~have~~ the biggest plant in the line here. Thought it meant a merger and he wanted to capitalize it."

The rush to merge things that were doing very well as they were because it meant new stocks and bonds to sell to a public hungering to put its money on what might, or might not, be a winner has helped more than one employer to put men on the streets in these last years.

Let me tell you a story - a true story - of a nice little merger made in the name of "benefits to the public",

(that is, to you and me!) if "everybody could be brought together" - "costly overhead wiped out" - "new labor-saving machines installed."

There is nothing so hateful to the investment broker in flush times as an enterprise that does not desire to increase its capital - a small thing that stands alone is a stick in the wheel of progress - and so when a certain promoter discovered a rather new little industry, six units we will say scattered over the country, each doing very well in its small way he set out to make them one.

These plants worth on an average about \$150,000 a piece and making six to eight percent on their investment. The promoter proposed to take ~~them~~ over paying the owners each \$100,000 in cash, \$50,000 in stock and to give them \$25,000 a year for three years as ~~xxx~~ executives in the amalgamation.

By persuasion and alarm the combination was made and \$2,000,000 stock issued, the bank financing the situation getting something like \$300,000 in stock as pay for its efforts.

The six units were made two and the new and costly machines which were to do the trick were introduced. But what happened? Just what always happens when natural growths are disturbed, forced processes applied.

There were possibly seventy five men engaged in each of the original units - laborers - clerks - selling force. They lived in the town. The change threw probably seventy five percent of them out of work, for you can believe that the promoter who forced such a combination knew and thought too little of what his project would do to men to make any plan like that of George Verity's ^{at} the Armco to carry ^{the} dislocated through the transfer period.

Between two ~~thousand~~ and three hundred men were thrown out of work - and the merger - are we getting its goods cheaper? Of course not. How could it be with interest to pay on \$2,000,000 instead of \$900,000 and with six executives, competent in their self-directing units but lost in a combination, and each drawing his \$25,000!

No, it is not alone the hurry to save labor by new machines that disturbs the balance of the working life of the United States. Behind this hurry is a rush of the promoter, not interested in proving that two blades of grass can be made to grow where there was one, but in making us believe that it will be done if we will only put up the money to buy the machines which are to force them to grow.

Industry has many elements. They must be kept in balance if there is to be health. What is made must balance

with what men and women will buy - what they buy must balance with what they can earn - what they earn must balance with their labor. Take away their labor and you take away the money with which to buy. You have saved labor and made your mechanization futile in doing it!

No - it does not work out.- this hurry to do things before the time is ripe, before the call for them has come. If the American Plan is to live it must be by understanding and following the laws of growth. Today great bodies of men and women who loudly protest their loyal Americanism are doing their utmost to destroy the plan by their childish snatching at visions of wealth, not for themselves alone - let us be just - they want it for everybody - general well-being - but they are not willing to wait on the laws of things. They are today the most dangerous enemies to the American Plan.

The prophet was right. "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent."