

the right of the laborer to strike must consider that this cannot be done without substituting protective legislation for the laborer. Herefore, the state has not only failed to restrain, but to a great extent it has shown itself an ally of employers. It is largely because the state has failed in its duty towards the laboring classes that we have strikes in our economy to-day. Should the state, then, by absolutely prohibiting all strikes, remove from the laboring classes the right to strike, it would be doubly guilty. In the case of a just strike, neither the strict rights of the employer, nor of society, are violated. Only the striker's rights have been violated, and against such violation it is the state's duty to protect the laborers, rather than wrest from them their only weapon of defense. To forbid strikes would constitute violation of the sacred right of the laborers which the state has the solemn obligation to safeguard. Therefore, we must in all justice conclude that unless the state provides adequate machinery for the settlement of disputes, we shall continue to have a chasm of divergent interests separating employers and employees. At present, with the balance of economic power in the hands of the employer, we can expect more strikes. As long as remedial measures are not provided by the state, the laborers cannot be prohibited from participating in strikes.

—FRANCIS BOLGER '47

PRINTING A NEWSPAPER

Strange thing about a newspaper plant—no matter how busy the workmen are, they always find time to show visitors around the premises. How about letting me be your guide on an imaginary jaunt around a newspaper office and show you just how a daily newspaper is printed? Okay, here we go.

See that strange looking machine over yonder? No, it's not a typewriter. In a printer's language, that is a linotype machine. Attached to the back of it is a large iron pot full of lead, which, as it hardens, is conducted into the linotype in the form of slugs. The man at the keyboard types out the words on these slugs as they roll by. They are then mechanically arranged under one another and ejected from the machine by means of a small chute. This is how columns are formed for the newspaper sheet.

Oh, oh, I see that the linotype operator made a mistake in the typing of a sentence. How do I know? See that man who picked up the column? He is the proof-reader. He takes the columns to his desk, inks them with a small roller, places a clean white sheet of paper over them, presses the paper onto the columns with another roller, and presto! he holds in his hands a printed column exactly as it was on the slugs, the exception being that while the sentences are printed backwards on the forms, they are now in the correct

order on the paper. The proof-reader then checks the copy for mistakes. See, he is just showing one to the operator, who will now type out another sentence to replace the faulty one.

Over here we have the fellow who makes up the pictures for the paper. They too are made on metal. He first procures what is called a "mat", which resembles a piece of cardboard. After this mat is moulded into the shape and lines necessary for the picture, it is then placed in another machine with a pot of hot lead attached to it. The operator pushes a lever and the liquid lead spreads on top of the mat to form a lead plate. In a minute or so he snaps down the handle again. The hot lead has taken an impression off the mould, which is then torn away from the hardened metal. After that he has the picture, or the cut, ready for the printer.

You say that you find it stifling in here? Come into this room, then, and we shall see the make-up man at work. There is his desk over there; that big, flat, stone table. Homey, isn't it? His job is to collect the metal columns and the cuts from the last two men that we watched. Then he takes an iron frame, much like a picture frame, and arranges the columns and the pictures in such a way as to make up a page.

But who wants to read a metal newspaper? No, I thought not. Here is where the pressman enters the scene. His job is to "run off" all the papers, and for this he has the largest machine in the plant. He places the metal frame, prepared by the make-up man, in his machine and locks it in. Then the machine starts rolling; ink rollers pass over the forms; the part of the machine that contains the frame begins to rotate and each time that it goes around it inks a new page. Each page as it is inked is carried out on the far side, where it is cut to the desired size and folded. Finally the papers emerge on this side of the machine, where they are stacked and bundled, ready for delivery.

"Paper Boys!"

I have to go now; that calls means me.

—ALEX McINNIS '50

IMAGINATION

Alone in pensive moods my thoughts take wing;
They dart about in search of brighter ways;
In spite of time and space, to me they bring
Small worlds of mine or deeds of yesterdays.

Sometimes they take me back through woods to view
The wondrous fairy circle, darker green,
Where elfin feet so early shook the dew,
And left the orb so plainly marked in sheen.