

AYOR JONES VISITS CLEVELAND FOR THE JOURNAL AND DESCRIBES THE GREAT BOYCOTT

Toledo's Executive Defends the Use of the Principle of Ostracism in Labor's War Against Oppression.

Whether the Men Win or Lose Their Struggle and Sacrifice Will Help in the Final Emancipation of the Workers

The Fight on the Cleveland Street Car Lines Is "A Battle of Money Against Men, Money Against Morals."

The Cleveland Strike Is One Proof Out of Thousands of the Failure of the Competitive System of Civilization.



S. M. JONES, MAYOR OF TOLEDO.

Not an Ideal Weapon, He Says, but Gentle Compared with Trust Methods.

JONES, THE WORKMAN'S MAYOR.

MAYOR SAMUEL M. JONES, of Toledo, is the most interesting figure in Ohio politics. He is looming up as the candidate of the independent voters for the Governorship of that State.

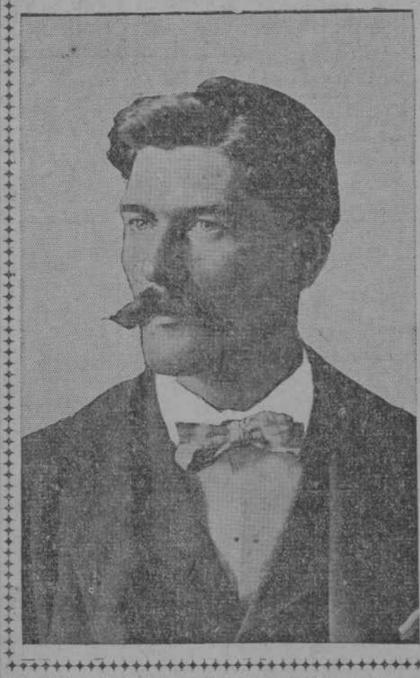
He is an employer of labor and a clear-headed business man. Under his administration in Toledo crime has decreased, labor troubles have become less, and a friendly feeling has sprung up between all classes of society.

At the request of the Journal Mayor Jones has visited Cleveland and studied the strike and boycott now in operation there. In strong but simple words he has given us his opinion on the matter.

BRYAN, THE BOYCOTT CHIEF.

H. A. BRYAN, the originator of the great Cleveland boycott and president of the Big Consolidated car strike, gave up his position as conductor on another line to accept the leadership of the labor party in Cleveland.

"The men who have elected me as their leader," he said in a recent interview, "are as enthusiastic and as gratified over the results that have already been obtained as I am. We have carried our quarrel into the daily lives and homes of thousands of Cleveland's citizens, and we mean to keep it there."



PRESIDENT BRYAN OF THE STRIKERS' UNION.

A Journal Woman Writer Tests the Boycott by Incurring Its Penalties and Proves the Effectiveness of the Ban.

She Rode on a Forbidden Street Car, and for It Was Turned from Store After Store When She Wanted to Buy.

Nails \$5 Apiece, Soda Water \$1 Per Glass and Dry Goods Were Not for Sale at Any Price to Her.

Spotters Kept Track of Her All Over Cleveland—President Bryan Explains How She Might Reinstate Herself.

By S. M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo.
MY observation of the situation with reference to the boycott of the Big Consolidated Street Railway at Cleveland, is that it is a battle of money against men, money against morals; that the street railway company, true to the record that has been made by business, and especially by corporations, in this country during the past twenty-five years, has not only been lawless, but has been inhuman and merciless in carrying out its business plans. It was lawless in refusing to submit the case to the regularly constituted legal authorities of the State—the State Board of Arbitration—repeating the trite saying of George M. Pullman, that there was nothing to arbitrate. So far as I could learn there was no disorder in the city. The cars were running along the streets, carrying but few passengers, and indicating that the boycott is still pretty well in force.

In my address at the strikers' picnic, I said: "I do not believe in war at all. I do not believe that any good thing was ever obtained through war that could not have been better obtained by methods of peace. I do not believe that any good was ever accomplished by punishment that could not have been better accomplished by love; but the people who do believe in the war that our country is now carrying on with respect to the Philippines—all of these people," I said, "must admit that both sides have an equal right to fight, and herein is the justification for all forms of organization of men gotten together for what is called mutual protection." The very existence of such organizations is a condemnation of the present system. It may be that the boycott is to bring to us a better conception of the new patriotism.

Apostolic Precedent.
When the Apostle Paul visited the Corinthian Church he found the people in a great uproar over the eating of meat. This great philosopher quickly proposed a solution of the question in these memorable words: "If the eating of meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no more meat while the world stands." Is it not barely possible that there is a conception of patriotism in Cleveland, in Ohio, in these United States to-day that is saying: "If the running of street cars makes necessary the dehumanizing of my fellow-men, makes necessary the degradation of American citizens to the level of serfs and below, then I will not ride on the street cars while these conditions remain, while men who operate street cars are forced to be something less than men, less than human?"

I have a right to say that I will not ride on cars where my fellow-men are thus outraged—nay, more, I have a right to ask my brother men that they withhold their patronage and place the seal of their condemnation upon organized wrong of this kind against American citizenship.

And is it not probable that we are on the eve of the new time when this

By Emma Kauffman.
CLEVELAND, Aug. 10.—Br-r-r! I'm frozen out! No, there's no mistake about the date. The thermometer is up in the nineties, but br-r-r! There's no freeze-out in the world like a boycott.

I have been the butt of small boys and the target for strikers. The sneers of union bus drivers have been openly thrust upon me. Women of apparent breeding have looked at me contemptuously. Petty storekeepers have indignantly ignored me.

Both Sides Have Equal Right to Fight.

The Boycott May Teach a New Patriotism.

Realize We Are Our Brother's Keeper.

It's a Rebuke to Organized Wrong.

Strikers Do Not Wish to War on Society.

new patriotism is to take such deep root in all the people that this principle will be extended not only to the street railway service, but to every department of industry where human labor is employed; when we will, realizing our social responsibility, realizing that we are our brother's keeper, make it our business to see that every American works under conditions that grant him the privilege and right to live a decently human life; and that we will refuse to participate in the enjoyment of the fruits of toll in order to furnish ill-gotten gains for private profit getters?

The Use and Plan of the Boycott.
I believe this is the meaning and the lesson of the boycott. Of course, such a weapon as the boycott would not be used in an ideal society, because the necessity for it would not exist. It is not a pleasant means of persuasion, but it is gentle and humane compared with the methods of some of the great trusts.

The primary objects for which workingmen combine are self-protection and brotherhood. They do not wish to strike or make war upon society. Those who would understand the subjects and spirit of labor organizations should take notice of the mottoes which they have adopted. The motto adopted by the Knights of Labor is "An Injury to One is the Concern of All." The motto of the Seamen's Union is: "The Brotherhood of the Sea." The Boot and Shoe Workers' Union has for its creed: "All for Each and Each for All."

In every case these precepts urge toward comradeship and helpfulness. The teaching of the trade union is the only ethical training that thousands of workers receive. Their union becomes their church, and by acts of practical fellowship their moral natures are made stronger.

Organized labor has done more in the last twenty-five years to teach the people of these United States the purpose of Government, the meaning of justice, liberty and brotherhood, than any organization I know of.

A few years ago the motormen in the street car service were standing exposed to the rigors of the wintry winds on the front ends of the street cars. The profit gatherers insisted that "no practicable vestibule could be made," and that "a man could not safely run an electric car while looking through glass," and as a result of their neglect to provide vestibules no one knows how many children were orphaned and wives made widows by the lives that were sacrificed through pneumonia and other lung disorders caused by the corporation's neglect.

One Great Labor Victory.
Then the labor unions appeared on the scene, and compelled the Legislature to pass a law requiring the men to be protected by vestibules. The social disorder which has existed in Cleveland cannot in any way be blamed upon the strikers. It is the inevitable result of allowing our

Selfishness Was the Rule of Barbarism.

People Cannot Much Longer Endure It.

Barbarous as Thumb Screw and Rack.

Brotherhood Is the Object of Unions.

Social System Unfair and Dishonest.

cities to be used for the profit of private corporations. Almost every evil that curses society can be traced directly to the fact that we are living under a social system which is unfair, dishonest and oppressive. All of our business, reduced to its last analysis, is simply warfare. It is the striving of the cunning and the strong to so order their lives that they may live in idleness and luxury by the toil of others.

Honest, legitimate business is becoming a myth of days gone by. If the laws against gambling were strictly enforced, business would be brought to a standstill.

"What is there in it for me?" is the question asked by the business man and the burglar. The whole profit system is simply a respectable method of larceny.

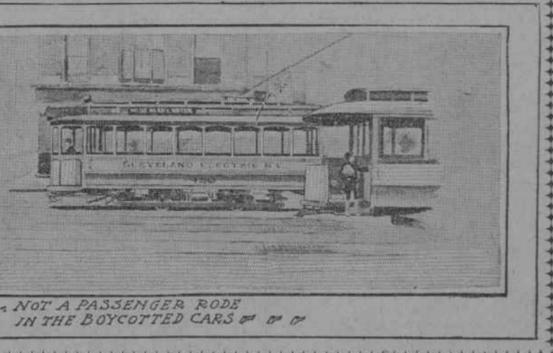
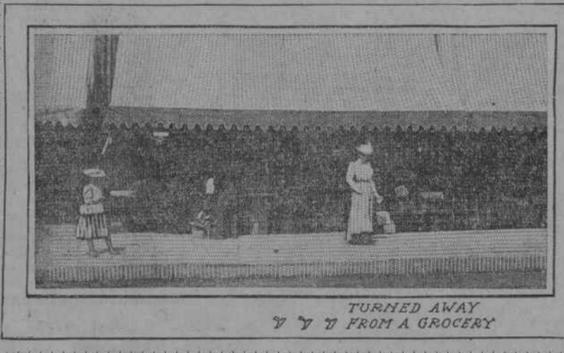
Our civilization has become so complex and highly organized that it will not stand the rude shocks that are inseparable from a competitive system. We have tried to build up a nation on competitive lines, and this strike in Cleveland is only one proof out of thousands that we have failed.

The Motto of the Past.
"Every man for himself," is a motto which originated in the dead centuries of war and hate. It is as barbarous as the thumb screw and the rack. It might appropriately be written in the museums above the war-clubs, and spears and stone axes of prehistoric times; but it has no place in a civilized community.

I honor the labor unions because they are more or less consciously fighting against a social system that makes property more valuable than people. Their members are the rough pioneers who are preparing the way for a nobler civilization, when peace and good will shall prevail in business. They are doing a larger and more important work than they realize.

The labor question is larger than the trade union programme. It means more than the raising of wages and shortening of hours. It means more than profit-sharing. Direct legislation and single tax, and free silver do not touch the heart of it. It means the establishment of national co-partnership. Whether the men win or lose in the end, we shall have learned a valuable lesson by their costly sacrifice, and it is a comfort, at least, to know that if these unfortunate men lose their jobs, no job is lost in the aggregate. The present vicious system of industry is always certain to supply a surplus of the proletarian class who have nothing but their hands and their labor to sell. Thank God, the signs of the better day are plentiful and abundant. We are now in the beginning of the better civilization that is to lead us into the time when the interest of all shall sing us to our work into the establishment of a state whose basis shall be love, and whose name shall be the co-operative commonwealth.

IF YOU RIDE IN BIG CONSOLIDATED CARS NOBODY WILL SELL TO YOU



The Journal Woman and the Boycott.

his eyes. He gave me another long, penetrating glance, and then deliberately turned back to his notes.
I had the car all to myself. For a few minutes, as the breeze whistled past me, I congratulated myself. I sat first on the far side of the seat, and then moved to the middle. A solemn-faced conductor collected my fare.
"Let me off at Willson avenue," I said.
"Where?"
"Repeatedly. The conductor grinned. As we sped along the cry "scab" echoed in my ears from moment to moment. It seemed to come sometimes from directly under me, sometimes it was behind me. Groups of small boys darted out and ran along beside the car yelling it. Women came out on their porches to look after me. I paused in their work. Laborers by the roadside turned and said, "Wall, now." Once we passed an old man sitting contentedly on his porch smoking in the shade. He lifted his eyes, held his pipe suspended in the air and shook his head reproachfully.
"Oh, ain't she bold!" cried a small girl. "She's bad" said her companion. And still we sped on. I began to wish another passenger would show up. I glanced back at the conductor, longing to have him ring his bell. He stood as though modelled of stone. Suddenly my gaze upon the motorman. Suddenly he reversed his wheel and clanged shortly and sharply for a wagon in front of us to move. I paid no attention, and we were obliged to slacken our speed. I breathed a sigh of relief.
The motorman looked at the conductor. The conductor moved up my way and shrugged his shoulders. "That's boycotters' work," he said to me. "They'll take their time."
"Oh, well," I answered, cheerfully, "there's nothing in that to worry about." At that moment there flew past us a man on a wheel. He had on a slouch hat of gray, a sack coat of tan and trousers of gray that flapped in the wind. He smiled and gazed directly, sharply at me, and then he was out of sight.

Sharply the car came to a standstill. I jumped to my feet with a scream. The motorman heard it, and turned grinning. The conductor came out of his silence. "Fah! not that!" he said, "but where the steam cars crosses, an' we has to be keeful."
"I thought it might be dy—dynamite," I remarked.
"That do happen," he said consolingly. "So help me—never again—if only I arrive safe this time," I murmured.
"Willson street, Willson street," cried the conductor twice in my ears, and I fell to earth.
In a second I had forgotten all about danger and dynamite. On the very corner in front of me was the sign I most longed to see, for the side and my nervousness had made me thirsty.
In the Thick of the Boycott.
"Ice cream soda, ten cents," it said in bright yellow letters on a green ground. Above it I read, "L. Herold's Pharmacy."
"—M—let me see," I said, looking over the blond head of the clerk and reading the list of drinks admirably disposed to entice. "Strawberry—orange—peach. Is your peach juice fresh?"
"It's fresh enough," said the clerk sullenly.
I looked at him somewhat surprised. Instantly I assumed a manner of great hauteur.
"I'll have one peach soda with ice cream," I said shortly.
"—One dollar!" exclaimed the clerk.
I looked around to see if there was another customer in the shop to whom he might possibly be speaking. I was alone.
"—I beg your pardon?" I said.
"—One dollar," repeated the clerk.
"—Why, your sign reads ten cents," I cried indignantly. "I really had forgotten my role at the preposterousness of the price."
I bounded out of this place and actually fell into the next one. It was a fruit store. Delicious looking peaches were piled up on the sloping counter outside.

Ripe peaches eight cents a box—berries of all colors sack coat and rather baggy, gray trousers.
By this time I was really in earnest. I had become indignant at being shadowed. I resented the attitude of those people as an insult, and I determined to break the boycott.
"I'll buy some peaches," I said.
"—Why, certainly, Miss," said a most polite, gentle-voiced girl; "how many would you like?"
At that moment a small boy sidled up to the nice girl and then sidled out of the store. She looked after him and then at me.
"—Why, that's too bad," said the nice girl, and then she became horrid. She began to empty the fruit back into the boxes.
"—What are you doing?" I cried.
"—I'm very sorry for you," she began; "indeed I am. But, you see, you came out on a car and I can't have anything to do with you. You're under a ban. Please go."
I expostulated, demanded, entreated, but the girl was obdurate.
"—We're going to win," she said, finally, "because we hold together."
The situation was becoming more and more unpleasant. That neighborhood had been made impossible, so I determined to try another. I walked some blocks out of sight of the insistent children and the union shopkeepers and boarded a car for Harvard street, another shopping district.
As I alighted I saw two signs that promised solace to my parched throat. One read "Consolidated Ice Company," the other "Diamond Pharmacy," and below it "Ice-Cold Soda."
I tried to possess my soul in patience, to be cautious. To ascertain if I had succeeded in evading attention, I entered first a hardware store.
Nails \$5 Apiece.
"—Nails, please," I said.
"—Yes, Miss, how many?" The man looked out into the street as he asked the question. I followed his gaze mechanically, and there, dismounting from a bicycle, I beheld that which dashed my hopes—a tall, lank figure in a gray slouch hat, a tan-

colored sack coat and rather baggy, gray trousers.
I summoned all my self-control.
"—Nails," I said, "nails, a package, please—help me, little package," I pleaded, "of nails."
You see, I knew that if I couldn't buy nails I couldn't buy soda water.
"—The price of nails has gone up, Miss," said the clerk, with a manner to which the most fastidious could not have objected. "We sell them singly. They're \$5 a nail."
As I came out of the shop half a dozen little girls drew aside their skirts. Two women stopped, and one of them pointed out to her son. He ran off and before I could say Jack Robinson returned with a half-dozen companions. They stuck close to my heels as I walked, and every now and then they broke into a chorus of "scab."
I passed the Consolidated Ice Company and the Diamond Pharmacy under their escort. Just next was an undertaker's.
"—Could you help me out of this?" I asked politely.
The undertaker looked at my black dress with a shade of pity on his face. "I can't help no scabs," he said, "into the other world even."
Two blocks down stood a line of union houses. One was beautifully decked out with blue and red cambric. It was more conspicuous than the violet trimmed one I had alighted earlier in the day.
The driver was quite as loud voiced, but I actually smiled upon him as he said, "Pile right in here, lady—always room for another."
I "piled" on to a rough board seat and sat silent and happy, conscious that I had started to lift the boycott and would be perfectly safe from dynamite on the way back. Suddenly close beside me I saw in a gray slouch hat, a tan sack coat and gray trousers, a familiar figure.
"—I'm very sorry, Miss," said the driver a moment later, "but that there seat's engaged, and I didn't know it. Here's your money back."
I "piled" out silently under the gaze of a hundred reproachful eyes.

Inably slow "buses."
"—You're unreasonable."
"—So are the men who have driven us to this. We reasoned with them. We expostulated, petitioned, demanded. We have now established a perfectly reasonable plan of resistance."
"—Forever?"
"—How about the cold weather?"
"—Buses perfectly heated and well equipped, if necessary, be run throughout the winter. My forces are thoroughly organized. I served as a military man for six years and I understand how to command. I have an executive board, a bicycle staff and a corps of men detailed to act as detectives. Two thirds of the Cleveland population is with us. The other third—your third."
The quiet little man, with eyes that are black when he talks, with a low pitched voice, and a subdued, almost indifferently manner, snapped his fingers contemptuously.
"—Suppose," said I, hesitatingly. "Suppose I want to reinstate myself among those people?"
The Chief shook his head. "It lies in your own hands," he said. "Honest repentance, long continued, may in time overcome the ostracism to which you will now find yourself subjected on Scoville avenue, Quincy street, Pearl street, Clark avenue, South Brooklyn, Jennings, Scranton."
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On a table before President Bryan were a number of small note books. He toyed with them for a moment silently. Then he opened one. He read aloud to me from it the names of firms well known and obscure, the names of people, prominent and unknown, the names of women and men of all classes. The items were similar to most respects. They related that a man of a certain firm had been seen riding on this or that non-union car, or that his employees had been spotted. Or they described a certain woman who made use of a prescribed line.
"—Am I—am I in there?" I asked.
"—Not in this one," said the Chief. "You haven't gone in yet, Charlie has you," he added complacently.
"—Charlie?"
"—Yes, he's one of our best spotters."
Just then the door opened. Through it came a man wearing a gray slouch hat, a tan sack coat and gray trousers.
"—It won't be necessary for you to make your report this time, Charlie," said the Chief. "The lady's made it herself."
The man removed his slouch hat and looked at me reproachfully.
"—I'm frozen out," I said. "I'll go to the station in a union bus, and when I return to Cleveland, Heaven grant you'll have forgotten me!"
"—Not in a thousand years," said he whom they call "Charlie." He held up a small black book. "It's all in your own hands."
"—Here you are," he said, "Page 10 in the do-able list!"