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Pen and Picture Pointers

FOR the first time in the history of the Methodist church women will be allowed a seat in its general conference which opens in Los Angeles tomorrow. Considering that women constitute a large majority of the membership of the church, and that they do a proportionate share of its work, now that they have been recognized in its governing body people wonder why it has been denied them so long. While this victory over prejudice is but another milestone in the advancement of women during the last half century, it is generally considered one of the most important as, oddly enough, society and even the state have been more ready to recognize and reward the efforts and achievements of women than the church, the institution in which they have been allowed to work longest and hardest.

Of the 748 delegates who will be seated in the general conference, only twenty-six are women and three of these come from Nebraska. But Nebraska's part in this progressive step dates back further than this, its first representation by women. Sixteen years ago Mrs. Angie Newman, of St. Paul's church, Lincoln, a sister of ex-Senator John M. Thurston, was elected a delegate to the general conference. Frances Willard was the only other woman elected, she going from Evanston, Ill. Both women were denied seats in the meeting, but the agitation that resulted from their exclusion did much to overcome prejudice and pave the way for the final admission of their sex. The three Nebraska women to sit in the coming conference represent two of the four state conferences. Mrs. M. J. Monnette of Omaha is sent from the North Nebraska conference. Mrs. E. M. Roberts of Lincoln and Mrs. Medora D. Nickell of Beatrice represent the Nebraska conference, while Mrs. Ellen M. Watson of Lincoln was elected an alternate from the same body.

Mrs. Monnette of Omaha, whose picture appears on the front page, was elected an alternate. Mr. Frank E. Sala of Ewing being the delegate, but as he is unable to attend, she becomes the delegate in his stead. Mrs. Monnette has been a member of the Methodist church since she was 8 years of age. Educated at Monnette seminary, now a part of the Ohio Wesleyan university, she has ever been an active worker among women in the church and out of it. She is president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Second district of Nebraska and also president of the local society at Hanscom Park Methodist church, of which she is a member. She is an ardent club woman, believing that the broad culture and education of the club enables a woman to better work for her church and the world in general. Previous to coming to Omaha, two years ago, she was president of one of the clubs of Central City, Neb., and also of the Chautauqua circle there. At the last meeting of the Nebraska Federation of Women's clubs she was elected vice president of the Second district of the federation, which recently held its most successful convention in Omaha.

Dollar that Cabby Knew

An old gray bearded, well-to-do farmer from up the state on a visit to this city had a queer opinion of the English language before he was here an hour. Arriving at Broad street station, he accosted a cabman and inquired what it would cost for a trip to League Island and back.

"Two plunks," replied the cabby.

"Two what?"

"Plunks—bones—cases—can't you understand?"

"I asked you what it would cost for the trip, and I'm not here to be made a fool of," replied the farmer with some heat.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you. Two daddies. See?"

"Excuse me, but I don't seem to catch what you mean."

"Well, haven't I tried to tell you five or six times already? Two bucks, two cart-wheels."

It was then the up-the-state man seemed to grasp the meaning of what the cabby was trying to tell him, and he said in the meekest of voices: "You don't mean \$2?"

"Yep, that's what I have told you already a half a dozen times."

At that the farmer climbed aboard and the cabby mounted the box and drove in the direction named.—Philadelphia Record.

(Copyright, 1904, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

WASHINGTON, April 28.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Take off your hat and look inside the band!

If it has a union label pasted there it was made by union labor. Pull off your shoes, and you may find the union stamp on them; and if you go over your clothing, bought in a ready-to-wear shop, you will, in all probability, find the union label of the Garment Workers sewed inside the pocket or under the collar. David M. Parry, the anti-union organizer, was surprised the other day when he was told that his clothes were union-made, and he would not believe it until the label was shown him.

If you are a horseman look well at the shoes on your steed before you go to the blacksmith's, for if they are not union-made your horse's feet may go bare. I talked the other night with a Philadelphia millionaire who has a \$5,000 team. He was driving last week on the outskirts of the City of Brotherly Love, when one of his horses dropped a shoe. The coachman picked it up, and the team was slowly walked to the nearest blacksmith shop and the man asked to nail on the shoe. He looked at the horses and examined their feet, and blankly refused the job. He said the shoes were nonunion, and that the horses had been shod by nonunion labor, and that he would not touch them for love nor money. They then walked the horses to the next blacksmith shop, where they met with similar treatment, and then to a third, where the smith replaced the shoe, but only on condition that he be paid four times the ordinary rate because the work in the first place had not been done by union men. The first two men were told that if the shoes were not put on the horse might go lame. One man said he couldn't help that, and the other did not care.

I am surprised at the growth of the union label in all sorts of business. It makes its appearance on the loaf of bread that comes to me with my breakfast. There is a union card in the shop where I get shaved, and if a little baby friend of mine could read it might see it in the bottle from which it sucks its condensed milk. I was told the other day at the American Federation of Labor here that that body sends out 25,000,000 labels every year, and that each of these finds a place on a union-made article. The United Garment Workers, who make a large part of the clothing of the country, spend \$50,000 a year advertising their label and warning people not to buy goods upon which it is not used. There are fifty different labels endorsed by the American Federation of Labor, and those trades which cannot use labels have union cards hung up in their shops. The salesmen, barkeepers and waiters all have cards of their own, and labels are used by coopers, hatters, shoemakers, laundrymen, leather workers, cigar makers and every union manufacturer under the sun. The first label was used by the cigar makers in 1880, the first hatters' labels were put out in 1885, the first printers' labels in 1887 and the first garment workers' in 1891. I am not arguing for or against these labels, but merely stating facts.

There is a question in the minds of many as to whether the union label is not a kind of boycott, and some believe both the label and the boycott an outrage upon the public. In a recent talk with John Mitchell I asked him what he thought about it. Said he:

"The union label is perfectly legitimate, and it is one of the chief weapons of organized labor in its warfare against the unjust employer. It was started by the California cigar makers to protect their work against Chinese cheap labor, and it has now spread to every branch of the cigar trade. The cigar makers' union put its labels on 22,000,000 boxes of cigars last year. The label shows that those cigars were made by union men who worked for union wages under sanitary conditions.

"The union label is now used by all sorts of industries," Mr. Mitchell continued. "The hatters' union alone issues something like a million labels every month, and every one goes into a union-made hat. The merchant tailors have a union label and so have the bricklayers. The number of men who will use nothing but union goods is constantly increasing, and it now embraces many millions outside those who belong to labor organizations."

"But," said I, "do you think the trades unions have the right to boycott whom they please?"

"Of course they have," replied John Mitchell. "The boycott is not confined to organized labor. It is used by every class of society, by churches, and by all sorts of organizations as well as trades unions. Manufacturers are often boycotted by other manufacturers and by jobbers and retailers. The retailers are often boycotted by the manufacturers. Certain firms are boycotted by banks and certain banks are boycotted by the general public. In the business world men of all kinds boycott for certain reasons, and why should not the trades unions do the same? There is no doubt about the legal right to boycott. No one can compel John Smith to buy goods of John Brown. No one can compel him to travel in the same

car, sit in the same church or eat at the same table. I think, however, that the boycott should be open and above board, and that the man to be boycotted should have the right to be heard before the boycott is enforced. I don't believe that the boycott should be intemperate or unjust. I don't think, for instance, that it is right to dismiss a school teacher because her father worked during a strike nor to allow the children of union workmen in school to boycott the children of a non-union workman. It would be unjustifiable to refuse the last services to a dying man, whatever his past record has been, and I would disapprove of any boycott which should in any way disturb the burial of such a man."

Speaking about the hatters' label, I had an interesting talk in New York the other day with John Phillips, the secretary of the United Hatters of North America, who number 10,000, an army as large as that which Xenophon led on his march to the sea. Mr. Phillips has been secretary of the Hatters' Union for many years, and he knows all about hats and the men who make them. Referring to the union label, he said:

"We give our labels to the union shops and they are put inside of every union made hat. Many men will not buy a hat without it has our label, and we find that the label greatly helps the union. As it is now nearly the whole trade belongs to the union and some of the factories keep the closed shop."

"In the first place, Mr. Phillips, tell me something about the men engaged in your trade. Who are they and what kind of hats do they make?"

"They are mostly Americans," replied the secretary of the hatters, "although there are some foreigners. There are two hatters' unions, one has to do with silk hats or plugs and the other with soft hats and derbys. These different classes of hats are generally made in different factories and each sort has its own union."

"Where are the chief hatmaking centers?" I asked.

"They are in the east," replied Mr. Phillips. "There are more in New York and Brooklyn than anywhere else, but you find hat factories also in Newark and Orange, N. J., and in Philadelphia, Boston and in and about Danbury, Conn. Danbury lives off the hatmakers. There was a lockout there some years ago and the retail merchants had to carry the men on their backs or stop business. All their trade came from the hatters."

"How about the west, are there no hats made there?"

"Not many," was the reply. "There are a few factories in Chicago and St. Louis, and quite a large one at Wabash, Ind. The Wabash factory was started by a Jew livery stablekeeper. He makes his hats out of the fur of Belgian hares and has a hare farm associated with it to supply the fur. All the best of the soft hats and derbys are made out of fur or down of rabbits, hares or conies."

"Does your union do good?" I asked.

"Yes, it does," replied Mr. Phillips. "We have not had a strike for years, and we have raised our wages and shortened the hours. When there is any trouble the employers come to us. We talk the matter over together and try to avoid a strike by making mutual concessions."

"What advantage is the union to its members?" I asked.

"It is of great advantage," replied Mr. Phillips. "Suppose I am a workman in a union shop, and a union man comes there and wants a job. When the man comes in he does not apply to the employer or the boss, but comes up to one of the men, me, for instance, and lays down his union card, saying: 'How is shop?'"

"Even if we have not much work I will reply: 'Oh, just fair. Do you want to take a turn?'"

"I would not mind," he says.

"And thereupon I take his card to the boss and tell him there is a union man here who would like a turn, that is, something to do. If there is any work the boss gives him a trial, and if he is a good man he keeps him."

"How about apprentices?"

"We allow one to every ten men. The apprentice works for the first two or three months for nothing, his earnings going to the hatter who breaks him in. After that the apprentice receives the regular prices for piece work, except that 10 per cent is deducted for the employer on account of his being a green hand. A place as an apprentice is in as much demand among us as a cadetship at Annapolis or West Point is among the general public. We want our own sons or friends to have the places, and they never go begging."

"You say that most of the hatters use union men, Mr. Phillips. I happen to know that the Stetsons do not, and I have a Dunlap hat here which bears no union label."

"You are right about the Stetsons," was the reply. "John Stetson won't have a union man in his factory. I went over his establishment once. I met the old man, and when I told him I was secretary of the Hatters' union he took me over the

factory himself, showing me everything. During the walk I said:

"I understand, Mr. Stetson, that you have determined to never employ a union man as long as you live?"

"That is true," was the reply.

"But how about when you die?"

"Oh, I will provide for that, too," said the old man.

"After we had finished," Mr. Phillips continued, "we went back to the office, where I smelt some delicious fried oysters being cooked for the officers' luncheon. Mr. Stetson asked me to come in and eat, and in reply my stomach cried out yes, but my reason said no, and I refused."

"Why did you refuse?" I asked.

"Why! If you know our men in the union you would know why. If I had lunched with Stetson I could never have explained it in the world. They would have thought I had been bought off by the chief non-unionist of the trade."

"But how about the Dunlaps?" I asked.

"The Dunlaps employ union labor," replied Mr. Phillips, "but they won't use the union label. We never have any trouble with them, for they are especially good to their men. They mix with the men and are half fellows with them. I remember once old Mr. Dunlap, now dead, called me into his office and said:

"John, I want to give you a check for \$1,000 for the union. We have had a prosperous year, and I want to show the men that I appreciate them. You can put it in the death fund out of which you pay \$300 every time a man dies."

"We can't take it," I replied.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Dunlap.

"For several reasons," said I. "First, if some of the men know that we had that thousand dollars in the treasury they would not pay their dues, and, anyway, three deaths would about take it away, and we would be just where we are now. Again, if we had any trouble with other factories and not here, the employees of the other places would say that you had bought us for \$1,000, and we would also feel under obligations to you, so you see we can't take it."

A labor leader of quite a different type from Mr. Phillips is James Daly, the head of the Dock Builders' union of New York city. He is as rough as Phillips is smooth, and makes no bones of saying just how he gains his ends for his men. I had a chat with him the other day. He said:

"I represent the men who build the docks of New York. We have 3,000 of them in our union and we do practically all the building along the twenty-five miles of dock frontage in New York and Brooklyn. We drive down piles and fortify them with stone, sand and cement, and we also put down the caissons or foundations for the big sky scrapers."

"Does your union control the trade?" I asked.

"Of course, we do," was the reply. "No man can work on the docks without he has a card from the union. We won't have nonunion men, and if they are put on we strike."

"What are your wages and hours of work?"

"The lowest wages is \$3 per day of eight hours. We have been steadily raising wages since we organized and the millionaires have come to respect us."

"What do you mean by 'the millionaires'?"

"I mean our employers, the big contractors. Oh, they are rare birds. When I was first elected secretary of the union they talked nice to me. They called me Mr. Daly, and said that they hoped we would have no trouble and that they would make it worth my while not to have any. I told them that I must be for the union and that I could not be anything but honest for the men would soon find out. Said I: 'I will do what I can for you, but I am for my men all the time.'"

"How do you go about raising wages?" I asked.

"That's an easy job," replied Secretary Daly, "but you want to know how to do it. The way we do is to say that we will demand bigger wages six months from now. Suppose it is January, we notify the capitalists that we must have more money after June 1. They think the matter over and conclude to stop it. They fix it so that they will have but little work on hand June 1, and arrange their contracts so that it would not hurt them if we struck. We know all about their contracts as well as they do and when the time comes we say nothing about wages. We just lay low and wait until there is a big job on hand worth several hundred thousand dollars to the contractors then we come up with our old demand for extra wages or no work."

"But don't the contractors object?"

"They squeal, of course, but I tell them we notified them in January and they thought they could fool us. They now see that we have the upper hand and they come down. Oh, it is dead easy if you know how to work it."

There is no doubt but that many of the demands of organized labor are extravagant. They may not come from the unions

(Continued on Page Sixteen.)