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## PRESS OPINIONS

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### The Elections.

The (St. Louis) Mirror (ind.), Nov. 10.—Had New York alone gone Democratic, we might say the election of Tuesday squelched Roosevelt, but pretty nearly everything went Democratic. It's Taft who's repudiated. Roosevelt is still on the job and will be called to save the party in 1912. It wasn't a Democratic victory. That party slipped in while Republicans were squabbling. Missouri went Republican because insurgency was smothered. St. Louis saved the State to that party. But Democrats blame the brewers and reprisals are hinted. Reed has wiped up the earth with Francis for the Senatorship, which shows that a bolter can't come back and pluck the choicest party plum. Missouri is wet by a tremendous vote.

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### Unemployment.

The (Middleton, England) Guardian (radical Liberal), Oct. 1.—Bravo Joseph Fels! Into the midst of the Paris "World's Congress on Unemployment," the other day, he hurled a disconcerting bombshell of common-sense that set some of them thinking. They had spent all the time in interminable discussion on statistics—how to ascertain the number of people out of work,—and the Germans, having muddled their own heads with figures, proceeded to do the same for the delegates from all parts of the world. . . . Only once was the Anglo-Saxon tongue heard, and that was when Joseph Fels mounted the platform. He thundered out: "Mr. President, I protest against this waste of time. You cannot cure unemployment by statistics. What we want is to discuss the cause of unemployment. How can you remedy a disease until you know what the cause of it is? There is only one remedy. I am not ashamed here upon this platform to raise a voice in defense of the teaching of that great man, Henry George!" And then the fat was in the fire. . . . This contempt for statistics seemed to the Germans almost a piece of profanity, and when Mr. Fels pressed the matter to a division, demanding that we should cease to waste time in discussing statistics, a solid phalanx of Austrian and German hands went up, and the motion was lost by a large majority. This is not to be wondered at. We owe to the Germans and Austrians the inextricable muddle into which the great question as to how to earn a living (Political Economy) has been plunged in this country. . . . If we are to seek out the reason why these men will do anything but come to the real point, as suggested by Joseph Fels, we shall find it in the fact that they belong to the House of Have, and as their interests do not lie in the direction of a too close inquiry into the cause of unemployment, they are likely to go in any way but the right one. . . . The cause of unemployment is quite apparent to those whose interests do not lie in maintaining present conditions or are not befogged with the word-spinning and phrase-mongering of the professors. It is simply the denial of access to natural opportunities. If the people of this country determined that

the land should be put to its best use, there would not be an involuntarily idle man to be found. That is not saying that everybody would betake themselves to agricultural and mining pursuits; but sufficient would do so to keep the men of all other trades and callings fully employed.

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## RELATED THINGS

### CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

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#### A GRACE.

Before we taste of food and drink,  
A moment let us pause to think  
How all the time in every land,  
With active brain and busy hand,  
Men toil, that we may eat.

Their number we may never know,  
Nor can we pay the debt we owe,  
With money. Only service given,  
According to the law of Heaven,  
Will render us complete.

Now may we eat, that so we be  
For service strengthened, and may see  
Assurance of that coming day  
When none shall want, when each shall say:  
"To serve, indeed, is meat."

G. T.

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## IMPRESSIONS OF THE GARMENT WORKERS' STRIKE.

Caroline L. Hunt in La Follette's for November 12.

There are certain words and phrases which fall readily from our lips as we speak about the conditions of factory labor. We talk of "speeding up," and its effect upon the workers; of "division of labor," and the consequent "monotony" and the loss of the "joy of labor." I have used all these expressions myself many times and have felt that I realized the misery and the social waste which lay behind the words. But recently as I sat beside a young Russian Jewish girl at a breakfast given in Chicago by the Women's Trade Union League, as I looked at her white, drawn face and heard her describe her work, it seemed to me that all these expressions became linked in my mind with human experience more closely than they had ever been before.

When my neighbor arose she said nothing about "speeding up," but she said: "Four or five years ago when I was strong I could earn \$13 a week by working all the time, always so fast as a devil, like a machine." I am sure that whenever in the future I read those words, "speeding up," I shall see that white face and hear the broken English.

She said nothing about "division of labor," or "monotony." What she did say was this: "Now the work is divided in so small particles that a

pair of pants goes through fifty-one hands. The particles into which it is divided is so small that you could not write them out. One girl is sewing all the time on watch pockets, another on the large pockets, and so on,—on all those little particles. By working all the time now I can make only \$10 a week."

This girl had for two or three years worked sixteen hours a day. That was when she earned \$13 a week. It was before the ten-hour law was passed. Much of the work was done by electric light. "The girls they have all to wear glasses thereby and suffer most terrible with the headaches. Myself have spoilt my eyes, and now wear these glasses all the time." . . .

Two other impressions which have been very much strengthened are, first, that the spirit of co-operation among the workers, the disposition of the stronger ones to help the weaker — of the skilled operators, for example, to protect "those babes" as they called the little girls who do the basting—is one of the most hopeful conditions in our modern life; and, second, that the spirit of antagonism and hostility which is being engendered by the evident partiality of the police and their brutality is most dangerous. After I had been shoved by a policeman and told to move on simply because I was standing beside a photographer who was trying to take a picture of one of the factories, with its quota of policemen and detectives standing around the door, I found myself looking upon policemen as my natural enemies instead of as my protectors and guides, as I had always before thought of them.

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### JOSEPH FELS AS SEEN BY LINCOLN STEFFENS.

Reprinted from the American Magazine for October  
By the Courteous Permission of the Publishers.

Five minutes after meeting Joseph Fels you know him; in an hour you have the illusion that you have always known him; and then, next, you feel the certainty that you always will know him. And the reason for this is that he is all there all the time. There isn't much of him physically. He is just about five feet tall.

"This city will be bigger some day," said a St. Louis judge who was answering a speech by Fels. "You yourself are bigger than you were when you were born, aren't you?"

"Not much," said Fels.

But this tiny body hasn't anything to do with his being. Quick, nervous, eager, glad, his horsepower, so to speak, is that of Theodore Roosevelt. He flies at his work, like an insect; he is gay about it. "It's so easy," he says.

And he has humor and wit. His wit has been sharpened by the heckling he gets while campaign-

ing in England, but it is founded on humor, and his humor is founded on his success in making money; soap, too, but principally money; very much money.

"It is so easy," he laughs. "You get a monopoly. Then you get a lot of people to work for you, and you give them as little as you please of all they make. It's easy, as easy as stealing."



In his speech at the Chicago City Club (March 11, 1910) he said it was robbery. Addressing "the Armours" and other rich men he said:

"We can't get rich under present conditions without robbing somebody. I've done it; you are doing it now and I still am doing it. But I am proposing to spend the damnable money to wipe out the system by which I made it." And he invited all men to match him dollar for dollar in the fund he has established (to "the extent of his swag," as he put it) to "abolish poverty."

And he laughs; not maliciously, but with amusement; and some wonder.

"Isn't it strange?" he says. "They don't see that. They don't think it is robbery; they don't