

# INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM

## THE PEOPLE WIN!

Direct Legislation Charter Wins by Majority of 2,361.

Thursday, May 26th, 1898, there was a great victory in San Francisco, one of the greatest victories of this century, being achieved by direct legislation and not by the service reform, adopted by a good majority in spite of the bitter and united opposition of the politicians and coolers who have hitherto usually controlled the city.

Great credit is due the Examiner, which, single-handed, stood for the people, and from which we quote at length below. When the people get direct legislation they get everything.

The provisions of the new charter, in regard to the amendment of the instrument, are such as to remove the last cause for dissatisfaction on the part of anybody who has the interests of the people at heart. The charter is so framed that the people can strike out any provision that they do not like and apply any defect that they may discover, and they may do all this without asking the consent of any officer of the city government.

Section 22—Whenever there shall be presented to the Supervisors a petition signed by a number of voters equal to ten per centum of the votes cast at the last preceding State or municipal election, asking that an amendment or amendments to this charter, to be set out in such petition, be submitted to the people, the board must submit to the vote of the electors of the city and county the proposed amendment or amendments.

The signatures to the petition need not all be appended to one paper. Each signer shall add his signature his place of residence, giving the street and number. One of the signers of each such paper shall make oath before an officer competent to administer oaths that the statements made therein are true and that each signature to such paper appended is the genuine signature of the person whose name purports to be thereto subscribed.

The Board of Election Commissioners must make all necessary provision for admitting the proposed amendment or amendments to the electors at a special election to be called by it, and shall canvass the vote in the same manner as in other cases of election.

All the provisions of the Constitution of the state embracing the subject in this section provided for are hereby expressly made applicable to such proposed amendment or amendments.

for which they can hope to get a majority of the people.

But if you object to the charter because it does not fulfill all the needs of the people, vote for it, for it gives you the opportunity to make it into the sort of a charter you will. Under present conditions you have no opportunity to do anything but bear the sort of government the politicians and corporations are willing to give you.

Not only is the power of the people thus made effective through the initiative, but the charter is made more democratic by an adoption of the referendum. Article II, section 21, provides that ordinances granting franchises for supplying light or water, or for leasing or selling any public utility, or for the purchase of land of more than \$50,000 in value, have no force or effect whatever until they have been submitted to the vote of the people and received their approval. The last charge that can be brought against the charter is that it is undemocratic.

On the editorial page, this issue of Industrial Freedom urges all socialists to urge their congressmen to vote for civil service extension. The new charter of San Francisco shows that civil service reform may be forwarded in a city as well as in congress. We quote from the Examiner of May 25 as follows concerning

### Civil Service Reform.

The contention of the enemies of the charter that the Mayor can make himself a Czar through the power to remove and appoint all appointive officers is answered conclusively by the charter itself. The policemen and firemen are protected by specific provisions that insure them a trial by their Commissioners, with the right to representation by counsel, and lay down the specific causes for which they may be removed. The other appointees of the city government are protected by Section 12 of the article on the civil Service, which reads:

Section 12—No deputy, clerk or employee in the classified civil service of the city and county, who shall have been appointed under said rules, shall be removed or discharged except for cause, upon written charges and after an opportunity to be heard in his own defense. Such charges shall be investigated by or before the Civil Service Commission, or by or before some officer or board appointed by the Commissioners to conduct such investigation. The finding and decision of the Commissioners, or such investigating officer or board, when approved by the Commissioners, shall be certified to the appointing officer or board, and shall be forthwith enforced by such officer.

Neither the Mayor nor any other officer of the city government is exempt from control by this section, and if they want to remove anybody they will have to make their charges and have them tried in accordance with these provisions. Furthermore, if they succeed in getting the employe out, neither the Mayor nor the appointing board can put its own man in, unless he comes under the following qualifications:

Section 9—The head of the department or office, in which a position classified under this Article is to be filled, shall notify the Commissioners of that fact, and the Commissioners shall then certify to the appointing officer the name and address of one or more candidates, not exceeding three, standing highest upon the register for the class or grade to which the position belongs; but laborers shall be taken according to their priority of application.

Section 10—The appointing officer shall notify the Commissioners of each position to be filled separately, and shall fill such place by the appointment of one of the persons certified to him by the Commissioners therefor. Such appointment shall be on probation for a period to be fixed by the rules of the Commissioners; but such rule shall not fix such period at exceeding six months.

The examinations to make up the lists from which the three applicants are to be chosen must be "public, competitive and free".

Such examinations shall be practical in their character, and shall relate to those matters only which will fairly

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE)

## SORROWS OF SLAVERY.

There was a little funeral yesterday—the tiniest little funeral imaginable. It was the funeral of a little baby born to poverty and cradled in want.

It was a dollar and a half funeral—just the price of a fairly good table d'hôte dinner and a cigar; just the sum the clubman pays the cabman when he feels too good to walk home.

Did you ever hear of a dollar and a half funeral before?

Yet this was the only kind of a funeral Hugh W. Scanlan could give his little girl, and it was only after she lay three days dead in his home that he could do that much for her in the way of decent burial.

One can't do much for a dollar and a half—not in the way of burying his beloved dead; but this is what Hugh Scanlan did.

For three days he kept the still, cold body of the baby in a bare room in his bare home, and while it lay there stark and white, an awesome wonder to the little brothers and sisters, a millstone on the heart of the mother who bore it, he sought through each long day to get means to lay it away in a Christian manner, and after each day's disappointment he sat through each long night with his face hid in his hands in silent agony beside his grieving wife. Then a gentle woman doctor, a kindly neighbor, a gruff, good natured policeman, and a sweet Sister of Charity came to his aid. The Catholic Church gave a grave in Holy Cross cemetery, a charitable undertaker gave the little coffin, and yesterday while the rain was falling fast, like God's mercy on rich and poor alike, Hugh Scanlan spent the last coin in his purse for the hire of a buggy. In the buggy box he placed the little coffin. He bundled his wife up on the seat under the insufficient shelter of a battered umbrella, and taking the reins he drove to Holy Cross cemetery, and when "dust to dust" had been consigned he drove back again, wet to the skin, to the little home at 47 Lower terrace.

"And where is 47 Lower terrace?" you ask. A place so obscure that even the Directory doesn't point one right.

It is a little box of a cottage far out on the city's fringe, in the lee of Twin Peaks, up a steep, winding, broken road that was ankle deep in yellow mud yesterday. There are six little children in the cottage yet, besides the one that was taken away in the buggy yesterday. The eldest is a well-mannered little man of twelve, and the youngest a frail, toddling girl of three, and of these, one little lad of five lies dying of diphtheria, his pinched baby face, when I saw him yesterday, whiter than the pillow behind.

The father of these children has had no work since Christmas.

The mother is in no condition to work, and if she were her hands are overfull in her own household.

With it all they are simple, self-respecting people to whom charity is a bitter pill—the decent poor.

"In the months my husband has been out of work," said the mother, "we have complained to no one. We have got along as best we could. Even the children didn't know—we never spoke of—of such things before them."

"And we want nothing except what I can earn," quickly interrupted the father. "I can work, and am willing to work at anything—hard labor—anything I'll get paid for. All I want is the chance. I haven't had regular work since before Christmas."

"All I've made has been the little I could earn by odd jobs—anything from sawing wood up. It hasn't been much, but it has all gone for food—and for medicine for the little ones. I've never let my children go hungry. We're behind in our rent, but our landlord has been most kind to us."

"We've kept the children at school, and we've fed them."

"That's all we could do. I have never asked for anything except work, and even the money we spent to bury our baby I earned."

"I have no trade, I worked for years as general merchandise clerk. Then I worked at box making. I'm willing to do anything to make a living for my wife and children, and I'm handy."

"I'll do my best to earn every single cent anyone pays me if only I can get work."

Now, who in this city of wealth and pleasure and generosity will help Hugh Scanlan to help himself.—[Examiner.

## MUSINGS OF A MOSSBACK.

"Get everything you can and never be satisfied with what you get," is the advice a trade journal gives to publishers. It farther truthfully asserts that this is the motto of the commercial world.

If anyone can give a better motto for our present system they are at liberty to try. "Get everything you can" it don't matter how. "Never be satisfied with what you get," lest the suspicion arise that you are getting all you deserve. Good old competitive motto. Hang it in your Sunday schools; print it on your blackboards in your day schools. But for our unfortunate restrictive legislation in the interests of patriotism it might be well to paint it on the seventh white stripe of Old Glory.

It seems strange that we must have laws to prevent the desecration of our flag by our own people and laws to compel its appearance upon proper places and occasions. Still, as we do our best to divorce our government, and consequently, our flag, from all the ordinary connections of life it is not strange that it takes extraordinary occasions to direct public attention to it.

The plutocratic editors are gleefully telling us that if wheat gets too high we can eat the cheaper corn. We are awfully thankful for the privilege. Wheat-eaters have dominated the world, but corn is good enough for hogs. Let them take their own advice and their corn. If they don't want to eat it they certainly won't object to drinking it.

Don't you think a man is justified in fighting existing conditions? I do.

I would not care how rich anyone was if no one were poor. I could contemplate the extravagant waste of some with equanimity if no one was reduced to pinching economy.

Diamonds would not have the same effect on me as a red flag has on horned stock if their scintillations did not fall on poverty and squalor.

I could admire the beauty of silks and laces, if it was not necessary for the wearers to draw them aside to escape the contamination of rags.

People might spoil their digestions with rich foods and costly wines and be—blessed, if hunger was not abroad in the land.

Stained glass windows would excite my approbation if it were not for the old hats that shut the cold, and the light, from the windows of the tenement.

Charity might pass unchallenged on her errands of mercy if she had strangled Justice.

I do not advocate a leveling down, but I do believe there is room and necessity for a leveling up.

Harmony must be brought about between our system of production and distribution. I don't believe this should be left to chance. It is a great enough work to engage the best efforts of government, "and your petitioner will ever pray," and praying fight on.

### REMEMBER ME.

Dear Lord, I did the best I could  
My fellow-men to down,  
And I'd be thankful if you would  
My diamond crown let down.  
You know my earnest thoughts will fly  
To safes where gold might be.  
And when I pass from low to high,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

The many widows I've made mourn,  
Dear children starved by me  
My costly palace to adorn  
With bric-a-brac rare to see.  
But these are naught, yet valued high,  
And came o'er many a sea.  
A crown I want—but it comes high,  
So please remember me.  
—HENRY M. EDMISTON.

### The Man on Horseback.

Says the Argonaut, an aristocratic paper, published in Los Angeles, Calif.: "After this war we will see, as in European cities, great buildings, enormous barracks—human hives, wherein are congregated thousands of soldiers trained to slay their fellow-men across the borders and to keep their fellow-men on this side in order."

"There will be no more riots, no more Trades Union boycotts, no more railway strikes under our new policy. Our great standing army will settle that. The man of millions need not fear, wealth will be protected and life be safe if liberty is not."

## THOUGHTS.

By Your Uncle.

"THERE are four states," says an exchange, "in which mules are very numerous." It might also have added with equal truthfulness that there is not a state in the union but which is overrun with political and industrial jackasses.

"BUSINESS is increasing," says Bradstreet, and Dunn gabbles of "returning prosperity." Wonder what the 245 merchants who failed in business last week think about it, especially when there were only 214 who failed the same week last year?

PLUTOCRATIC papers deny any advance of our government toward a despotism. Their denials would carry more weight if the various departments at Washington would cease using writing paper water-marked with the emblems of royalty.

THE boast that the schools of America lead the world hardly holds water in view of the fact that it is the common practice in the schools of India for pupils of not more than 10 years of age to know by heart the multiplication table up to 40 times 40.

"THE hump on the back of a dromedary," says a natural history, "is an accumulation of a species of fat to serve as a store of nourishment against a day of want." Similar humps of accumulation upon the back of competitive industry, on close inspection, turn out to be hollows.

THAT stammering is something practically unknown among uncivilized people leads one to the inevitable conclusion that it is due to their inability to lie and then twist the lies into seeming truths, which feat is a crowning glory of modern civilization and plutocratic newspapers.

IT is stated with a due expression of wonder that the California woodpecker carries acorns 30 miles to store in its nest. This is astonishing, but not half as much so as it is to see a California farmer carry his acorns (honey, fruit, etc.) several hundreds of miles to store in some one else's nest.

THIS tax paying business is a lovely creature when you come to examine it. The delinquent tax list of San Francisco has increased so the past year that it will cost \$13,500 more than last year to print the list, or \$16,000, which will have to come out of the pockets of the fast lessening number who are still able to pay taxes.

THE beautiful sentiment of "for home and country" which the American soldier of today is applauded in fighting for can be no better illustrated than by the fact that a society has been formed in New York City, known as the "Soldiers' Family Protective Association," to take care of homeless wives and babies of volunteers, and who are without means of support and must accept charity or starve.

HUMAN beings who desire to let the light of day into their dwellings now have to pay an advance of 110 per cent, in the price of window glass for the privilege of so doing. As the average wage has not advanced a 110th part of a cent it is now in order for a "tariff-protects-the-workingman" howler to explain how long the people can pay this increased price in glass and hundreds of other necessities before a panic of first-class magnitude and extended duration hits "McKinley Prosperity" a fatal blow on the solar plexus.

THE Standard Oil Co., with a capital of millions, has secured control of the Tobacco Trust with \$35,000,000 of capital, and is said to be securing control of the Sugar Trust, the latter having a capital of millions also. Here are a few men who wrung from the American people last year profits of over \$50,000,000, and into whose hands are going the industries of the country. And yet there are a few millions of fools who cannot see the logical conclusion of such concentration—either despotism by the few or public ownership by all. That people who are thus blind are fools is evidenced by their idiotic hallucination that we still have a competitive system of production and distribution.

If the Spaniards have been in the habit of reading our daily papers they have very solid ground upon which to base their assertion that Americans are a race of "shop-keepers and hogs." Nothing is more degrading to a true patriot than to see merchants and other grabbers of profits use the patriotic sentiments of the people for the purpose of penny plundering, on exactly the same moral basis that certain parasites of the sea make themselves attractive to induce their prey to come within their grasp. Listen to a few "patriotic" pleas to come and be plundered for profit. Such things makes an honest man sick at heart at the foul and false "patriotism" of our latter day commercialism. Words in quotations are taken from the ads:

A cut of Old Glory: "In time of Peace prepare for War. Buy our Fine Shoes. Jeff. of Aberdeen, Wash."

"The Maine Went Down, so have our Prices on Prints, Shoes, Hats and Caps, etc. D. A. Burritt & Son, Shelby, Nebraska."

"Patriotic Neckwear, Patriotic Waists." Remember the Maine, but come to us to be skinned. "One Country and One Flag. Bergerman Bros., Pueblo, Colo."

"The Boys in Blue and the Jackies, Too! Eat Dunlevy's White Lily Breakfast Bacon."—[In Pittsburg Pa., Dispatch.

"Sure to kill the Spanish, also Potatoes and Bed Bugs." At Blear's Drug Store, Milbank, South Dakota."

"Be Patriotic. Get our Portfolio of the Navy, San Francisco Examiner." And help us to make a few cents off your Patriotism.

"Look at Uncle Sam's Picture" and whoop up your Patriotism. But "don't forget to buy our Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla."

"Use our Soap, and" out of the Profits we Skin You Out of, "we will give you" back a cent or two in the shape of a "Chromo of the Navy, Walker's Family Soap, Pittsburg, Pa."

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home, Inspires Your Patriotic Spirit." Sing for your country, while we sing for Profits and your Money. "Winter & Harpers, Seattle, Wash."

"Before the War With Spain Our Prices were as low as any other Store. With every 50c. purchase we give you a Glass of Soda Water." This is the place to drink to your Country and Our Profits. "315 Santa Fe Ave., Pueblo, Colorado."

"Patriotic Sailors! Dewey's Great Victory! Buy our sailor's suits for the boys. Sailor's whistle and lanyard with every suit. Raphael's, San Francisco, Calif."

"War is On! Guns at Reduced Rates, Ladd's, San Francisco." Come to us for latest improvements in killing human beings.

"Talk of War! Are you nery enough to go through a battle? Use our Electric Belts to brace you up. Sanden's Electric Co., San Francisco." Your using 'em will also brace up our pocket book.

"Strains of War are Tremendous, Warner's Safe Cure will ease the Strain." All other medicines will help the Spaniards. Use ours. But we want your money first.

"Good soldiers should be strong men. Use our 30-day cure. No after effects. Hudson Medical Institute, San Francisco."

"President McKinley Proud of His Country, and we are proud of the sales of our wagons. Hartford Wagon Co., Conn." Yes; if you've got wheels in your head come to us for a whirl.

The following is not from an actual advertisement, but is what would be written if army contractors had the honesty to advertise to the world their real method of conducting their business:

"Buy food of us to feed the soldiers, and we will furnish stuff unfit to eat and insufficient in quantity so that we may skin you out of an extra profit." Contractors to U. S. Army, as per dispatches in daily papers relative to "scant and unwholesome rations" served to soldiers at San Francisco.

I print the names of the advertisers for the purpose of showing that they who would denounce a socialist for forgetting the narrow confines and emblems of a single nation in his love for all nations and all humanity, would themselves offer a greater and far more gross insult when the question of "profit" can be made to ride on the swelling heart of the nation's patriotism. Truly, the list of traffickers in human sympathies and human hopes is a shameful monument to that American greed of which the Spaniards speak with so degree of truth.

UNCLE SAM