

THE DAY BOOK

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THAT PARADE

By H. M. Cochran

There was something about Tuesday's garment workers' parade that was a little different. The four-by-four ranks of strikers, men, women, children and babies, mixed in, didn't suggest, as you might suspect, any anger or ill feeling. The general expression on the marchers' faces was very much smile.

The answer is simply that the workers realize what they are out for. They know that they are not on parade and doing picket duty simply because some one of their officers called them out. They fully realize that food is necessary, that rent days come around and that it costs money to raise, feed and dress babies.

And we all know that the garment workers are in the class of people in this country who have babies. And they have lots of them. Babies are half their lives.

If you can have lots of money—well, that class don't have so many babies. They get their pleasure—what they get—from spending their coin. But when you haven't got the money you have time to realize that babies bring good times—even better times than money.

And the garment workers, we repeat, are in the class that have the good times, without the money.

As one of the strikers expressed it:

"We only live once, so why the hell can't they let us really live. Money enough to eat, pay rent and buy clothes. Is that too much? We don't want machines or grand opera theater tickets. The street car and the movies, now and then, will satisfy us. But at least give us that much."

There you have it in a nutshell!

Of course, conditions that are up to health requirements are demanded. Why not? Why don't the bosses put up and carry out such signs as: "If you spit on the floor at home, spit on the floor here, because we want you to feel at home."

Some day some big boss is going to realize that by giving you can get. If the workers in Chicago were given fair play all the way through and a decent place to work in—who needs ask what sort of work they would turn out?

But that parade! It was a right interesting mob of humanity. From the first ranks to the last, faces carried their amount of seriousness—but all the time smiles were mingled in. The marchers knew that public opinion is behind them. That is what really brought about Tuesday's parade.

Several mothers trudged along with little youngsters on their arms. Some of them didn't quite last until the parade was over. But they went far enough to pass the bosses' headquarters and offices. They did their share in jolting in an impression on the citizenry of Chicago.

The parade, as a whole, was a huge success. The workers were right game. And they were game, right!

Supposin' the bosses do have to cut down on their gasoline—isn't it as important that little Becky, Mary, Johnny and Charlie eat as it is that the boss ride over to the corner in his auto?

Wall st. knocks at every door, but beware! It is not Opportunity.

Microbes in kisses, like homeopathic pills, are always sugar coated.