Dramatic Celebration

(By John D. Barry.)

hile Miss Alice Paul was hun-
riking in jail," said Miss Maude
er, of San Francisco, at the
meeting in Washington recent-
the National Woman's Party
eighty-six thousand dollars
aised, "she received a visit one
g at nine o'clock, an hour after
ne when all the prisoners were
sed to be in bed, from a gen-
n known to be closely associa-
ith the Administration. If he
been closely associated with
dministration he couldn't have
to prison. The attorneys of
Paul had been forbidden to see
ven during visiting hours. Al-
h it was understood that none
women should be visited in
without their consent Miss
was not consulted and she was
uch astonished to see the man
ng at her bedside. He stayed
o hours, talking over the sit-
. He asked Miss Paul how long
nd the other picketers would
he Administration before they
picketing again. She said it
depend on the attitude the Ad-
ration and Congress seemed to
ing toward the Federal Amend-
He said the Prohibition bill
be brought up and passed and
that was out of the way the
ge bill would be taken up. He
f we would be content to have
through one House this session
ait till the next session for it
s the other House. Miss Paul
that if the bill did not go
h this session the Woman's
would not be satisfied. Then
an said the President would
ention Suffrage in his message
opening of Congress but would
it known to the leaders of Con-
that he wanted it passed and
see that it passed. He also
at the agitation of the picket-
treatment as political offend-
as very embarrassing for the
that it might encourage other
of offenders in war time to
the same kind of treatment."
sensational announcement
ly one of several sensations
arked an extraordinary after-
When Dudley Field Malone
forward to make his address
od waiting for silence he did
the agitation in the
t the theatre was caused by
termined effort of five hun-
people outside to get into an
ium already overcrowded.
five hundred people were
hat mollified when one of the
rilliant of the speakers among
keters went out to make
in the frosty air and to have
isfaction of seeing President
dash past the crowd in a

ne made a very eloquent
He said many clever and
ing things He was most ef-
when he pointed out that pic-
as a method of agitation had
immensely the victory for
in New York by appealing
ympathies of the workers who
and so desperately had clung
ting in their own fights. In-
lly he made a reference to
troversy involving Sam Gom-
er the organizing of postal
es. "I have even the toler-
concede Post Master Burleson
the right to be wrong, which he usually is."

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont read her paper reciting the sufferings of the picketers in jail and prison so dramatically that it seemed less like a reading than an impassioned spontaneous speech.

The most dramatic scene of the afternoon came when the picketers who had been in prison, about eighty marched slowly down the aisles with their banners, young women and old women, short women and tall women, all with fine serious faces, the most interesting being Mrs. Nolan, seventy-three years old, who had come up from Florida to work for the cause.

Miss Lucy Burns, the red-haired young agitator from New York who had been manacled to the bars of her cell on "the night of terror" in Occoquan prison, and Miss Alice Paul, the recognized leader, the inspiration of the picketing, who had recently come back from jail after a five weeks' hunger strike, with about three weeks of forcible feeding, a delicate, shy little creature, with big black eyes.

Those who like plenty of action in their drama would have been delighted with the scene managed by Mrs. Thomas M. Hepburn, of Hartford, Connecticut, who presided in a way that might have been envied by that genius among presiding officers, Champ Clark. She explained the need that the organization had of money to carry on its work to the success that seemed imminent, a called for pledges. Soon they were coming so fast that two or three speakers would be heard at the same time, eager to make their offerings. Five thousand dollars, three thousand dollars, five hundred dollars, fifteen thousand dollars, five dollars, the amounts would keep varying and with them there would be brief speeches, offering the pledges in behalf of this state or this person in honor of some friend of suffrage or of freedom, living or dead. Mrs. Howard Gould, just returned from a long motor trip through the south with Miss Maude Younger, to let the people know what the picketers had been enduring in jail, rose in her box and said she wanted to pledge five thousand dollars in honor of Dudley Field Malone whom she celebrated as a politician because he was so different from other politicians. He will be a remarkable character if he is not spoiled for the rest of his life by that incident.

So many people were eager to give money that Mrs. Hepburn, as evening approached, was obliged, with reluctance only too evident, to stop the proffers.

By this time the audience was exhausted. But Miss Maude Younger performed the feat of reviving interest by her story of her tour with Mrs. Gould where the two ladies encountered and overcame a multitude of obstacles thrown in their way by those who tried to make them appear seditious, finally making everyone sit up by her story of Miss Paul's visitor in the jail. It was this storyy that formed the chief topic of comment as the audience passed out. Would the Administration really support the Federal Amendment?

SPREAD THE TRUTH.

reat objective of the Social-
o break through the mental
of prejudice in the average
enlighten his ignorance. All
s understand full well that
rage man doesn't benefit in
test from the present system.
contrary, it is only too evi-
t he suffers greatly from it.
his nose pressed perpetually
rindstone in an effort to make
and shuts him out from the
s of life. It denies him op-
y, and makes his hope a
He is merely one of the
asses that slave for the rich
n the earth. Without the
of Socialism, his children
emned to the same joyless,
opeless existence.
e Socialist shows him this
of joy and freedom and op-
for him and, if not for him
or his children. He shows
the present system, that op-
im along with the majority
nd for the enrichment of a
ot a necessary system. He
n the possibility of a world
orkers, without master and
slave. He shows him the
in which his interests and
his children lie, and rouses
oin his fellows in working
premacy of these interests.
ho suffer from capitalism
d with the truth of Soc-
would be no need to
e attitude of the few
who benefit from capitalism. Socialism will come when men know the truth—that this system, with its class rule and class privileges, is not for the good of mankind, but is a vast and cunning conspiracy against mankind.

MARY AND THE LANDLORD.

Mary kept a little shop
To help her on life's way;
Her honest toil found fit reward,
And it began to pay.

"How's biz?" the landlord often asked,
And Mary was imprudent;
Of course, she never guessed he was
An economic student.

But Mary's landlord's eagle eye
Was watching how things went,
And when the 15th May came round
He doubled Mary's rent.

The imposition staggered her,
But what could Mary do?
Subsistence bare is the tenant's share,
All above is the landlord's due.

Still Mary struggled as before,
Improving as she went;
But, step by step, with increased trade,
The landlord raised the rent.

Still Mary voted for a tax
On all that life required;
Her landlord now is very rich,
But Mary has expired.

—The Liberator.

WINNIPEG WINS POWER PLANT

Snappy Story of Long Struggle and Splendid Victory of People Over Financial Pirates.

(By GEORGE A. BRIGGS, Elkhart, Indiana, in Christian Socialist.)

Here are some facts from Canada and elsewhere that throw light on the high cost of lighting; also on the low cost of making the electric current for which we pay so much. When the cost of production is compared with the selling price, then we get a high-voltage jolt which, whether welcome or not, we rightly deserve.

The first eye-opening hunch came to me some weeks ago in a conversation with Hugh Reid in Chicago. At the time of our conversation the Electric Light Magnates of Indiana were conducting a campaign of publicity. They begged, whined and wheedled for higher rates. They made a plausible case based upon the higher costs of labor and materials. I was almost convinced. Reid scoffed He said that the Chicago Drainage Canal folks are making current at a cost of much less than one cent per kilowatt hour. To me this seemed incredible.

Yesterday and today however, in His Britannic Majesty's American possessions, where this is being written, corroborative detail has accumulated rapidly. At the Royal Alexandra Hotel in Winnipeg I met an old-time friend from Nebraska. He owns and operates an electric light plant in the Republican River Valley. Part of his power comes from the waters of the Republican River. The remainder he gets from big, oil-burning Diesel engines.

This man told me that including all overhead expense, depreciation, interest, etc., he produces current at less than one-half cent per kilowatt hour.

"If this be true," thought I, "It is no wonder that the owners of lighting plants have grown so rich. But what beautiful nerve they have to ask for yet higher rates."

I didn't say much to my friend, but I suppose my face revealed my incredulity. A little later when we took a motor trip about this beautiful Canadian city, he had his revenge. Everywhere almost we saw billboards on which were advertisements soliciting the people of Winnipeg "To patronize the electric plant you own; buy current from the city at one cent per kilowatt hour."

My friend was kind. He didn't rub it in—much. So he talked of other things and of other days.

This morning, however, I made a bee line for the city hall to get the facts. Here they are. They were given me by Magnus Peterson, Secretary of the Board of Control of the City of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The city owns a municipal electric plant, but it is not a municipal monopoly. A private company competes. For lighting only, the city charges three cents per kilowatt hour. For cooking, heating and for domestic power, the rate is one cent. Users of domestic power get their lighting current also for one cent.

Users of commercial power pay on a sliding scale running from one cent down to eight-tenths of a cent per kilowatt hour. From this rate on yearly contract there is a discount of ten per cent. On a contract for three years the discount is fifteen per cent; while on a five year contract the discount is twenty per cent.

On long time contracts then the consumer gets commercal power for sixty-four one-hundredths of one cent per kilowatt hour. Near where I live I know of no such rates. What do you pay?

ALL THIS SERVICE IS RENDERED AT A PROFIT, TOO. Last year the municipal company had more than thirty-four thousand customers. The maximum load was twenty-six thousand horse power. Earnings totaled $971,839.79. This amount exceeded all charges including sinking fund, depreciation, operating, maintenance and general expense, by the sum of $78,684.72. This was the net profit after all deductions were made, among which were:

Depreciation $264,254.52
Interest on Funded Debt 310,253.84

These bare facts show what may be done by municipalities when constitutional restrictions do not prevent them from taking over and operating profitable public utilities. They also indicate of course, how the users of electric current in most places are being soaked.

Speaking of constitutional restrictions, it is an interesting coincidence that neither capitalists nor supreme courts object to the public management of unprofitable public utilities like the police and fire departments. It is quite clear, however, to capitalists and to most supreme courts that profitable public utilities should be privately owned.

How Winnipeg struggled, as in spots we Americans are now struggling against oppressive monopolies; and how she freed herself, even as we hope to free ourselves, is a story full of interest. I didn't get all of it from Mr. Peterson. He knew part of it. Robert L. Scott, Secretary of the United Grain-Growers, gave me another part. The rest just oozed out of every man I met.

Here is the story. The dominating personalties in the privately owned company that competes with the municipal plant, are those of Sir William McKenzie and Sir Donald Mann. Those knightly titles sound strange to American ears. Nevertheless they are logical. Up here in Canada, don't you see, when a man grabs a franchise, and, out of the tribute-levying power it gives him, hogs a fortune, then the people want some way permanently to identify him with his deeds. So, frequently, they have him knighted and tack a Sir onto his name.

Sir William and Sir Donald earned their titles. Their company, the Winnipeg Electric Railway Company, originally charged a uniform rate of TWENTY CENTS per kilowatt hour. The thrifty knights claimed that a lower rate meant bankruptcy. The citizens suspected, however, what we at home are beginning to suspect, namely, that privately owned public functions are operated and managed with a minimum of efficiency and maximum of gall.

The first step towards demonstrating the truth or falsity of this suspicion was taken in June, 1916, when, by means of a referendum, the tax payers voted $3,250,000.00 for the creation of a municipal Hydro Electric Power Plant.

Then the jockeying began. In 1916 the company reduced its rate one half. This was done evidently, to discourage the people from proceeding further. The people of Winnipeg however, didn't even hesitate. They went right ahead with their plans.

When the panic of 1907 broke, the city owed the Bank of Commerce several millions of dollars. Then Sir William and Sir Donald played their trump card. These knightly souls not only dominated the local utilities situation, but they also dominated the Canadian Northern Railway. Through their ramifying financial interests too, they had great influence with the bank that was the financial backer of the Canadian Northern. This bank, gentle reader, was none other than the same Bank of Commerce to which the city of Winnipeg owed several millions of dollars.

Pretty soft for Sir William and Sir Donald—what? The bank called the loan. The city asked for more time. The bank thought the time might be extended if the city would give up its visionary and impracticable project of supplying itself with light, heat and power.

Here is where a fatal lack of financial team-work played into the hands of the city. It seems that several of the directors of another bank, the Bank of Montreal, are also directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Among them is Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, now Lord Shaughnessy. These directors, and their bank therefore were not friendly to that interloping railroad, the Canadian Northern. It was poaching on the preserves of the Canadian Pacific.

Naturally enough, then these directors, and their bank were not friendly to Sir William McKenzie and Sir Donald Mann. So, the bank of Montreal, in spite of the panic, loaned the city enough money to pay off the Bank of Commerce and thus the municipal enterprise was saved.

The city went steadily ahead. It built a power plant on the Winnipeg River some seventy-seven miles from the city. It brings the current to the city over a right-of-way that is one hundred feet wide. The plant was completed in the autumn of 1911 at a cost below the engineer's estimate.

Early in 1912 the city commenced to distribute power. The low rates, now in force, went into effect immediately. And what did Sir William and Sir Donald do? Did they go into bankruptcy? They did not. They promptly met the prices asked by the city.

Before doing so however they made one last effort to "protect their interests." During the same year, sometime in the autumn, Sanford Evans, Mayor of Winnipeg, being then in the last year of his reign, chanced to cross the Atlantic Ocean homeward bound on the same steamer with Sir William McKenzie. His Worship returned to Winnipeg all aglow with a proposal that the city purchase the Winnipeg Electric from the two Orphan Knights. "Consolidate the plants and overhead," was the mayoral slogan.

Sir William and Sir Donald lived up to their titles in their negotiations with the city. They asked twenty-two million for their plant. Dollars, I mean, of course. This modest demand was for the city to buy the bonds amounting to seven millions of dollars at par; and the common stock amounting to six millions of dollars at two hundred and fifty dollars per share; the par value being one hundred dollars per share.

The nerve of this proposal will be evident when I tell you that from the original sale of the bonds came all the money that was invested in the plant. The common stock was given without charge chiefly to Sir William and Sir Donald and to other "useful" persons. But because of the exorbitant rates charged, the company for years paid twelve per cent per annum on all this water-logged capitalization. Figuring money at five per cent then, this common stock that was wholly water, was worth almost $250.00 per share. After due manipulation it sold for that on the open market. It was considered a gilt-edged investment.

The people of Winnipeg thought it was a guilt-edged investment. But why try to fix the blame? It is the apotheosis of futility to do so. The situation didn't arise because Sir William and Sir Donald were bad and unscrupulous. Quite the contrary They had certain ideals. Like the rest of us they tried to realize their ideals with the least effort.

They had personal vision, and the ideal of personal economic salvation. What they had done in pursuit of those ideals was to capitalize the ignorance of their fellow citizens. They cannot be blamed for capitalizing whatever the law permits to be capitalized. Neither can the people be blamed for their ignorance. So don't you see, no one was to blame. The people finally awoke to the high cost of ignorance. Then they punctured the honest graft of Sir William McKenzie and Sir Donald Mann. After all, isn't ignorance, and not sin the curse of Adam?

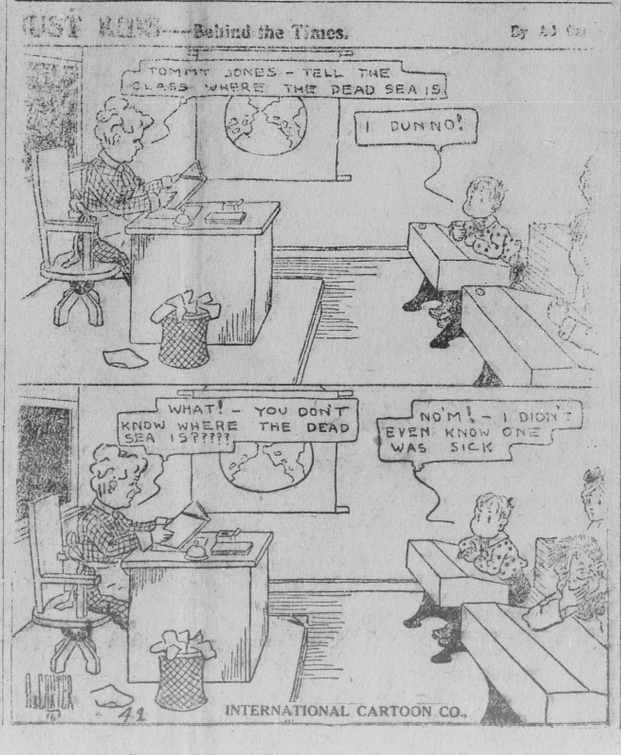
Put to get back to Winnipeg. The city might have bought the plant at the enormous price asked. Much pressure was brought upon the council to make the deal go through. Fortunately there is a legal provision whereby the council cannot make a capital investment that mortgages the assets of the city, without a referendum. The referendum never was taken. Mayor Evans' proposal never reached that stage. That is one beauty of the referendum. The fact that it can be used often heads off crooked deals.

In this case Winnipeg was favored by almost miraculously having two un-kept newspapers. These journals slammed and the people damned. Public Opinion said "let's wait until 1927 when the McKenzie-Mann franchise expires. We can take over the property then at a physical valuation." The mayor's proposal was turned down.

Sir William and Sir Donald have fallen upon evil days. Their misfortunes did not end when they were forced to sell current at one cent per kilowatt hour. They also own the street railway system. Or, perhaps I had better say that their company owns it. The jitneys came and cut the car earnings a cool half million dollars per annum. To meet this competition street car fares were reduced. In Winnipeg you can get eight rides for a quarter at certain hours of the day. Always you can get six for a quarter or twenty-five rides for a dollar.

In spite of these reductions in the rates of both of their utilities, the water in the Winnipeg Electric Railway utilities is valuable water. Although the entire issue of common stock represents no value, nevertheless that stock now sells for almost fifty dollars per share. It is worth that. Its earnings justify the price.

Thus in Winnipeg, as well as in Nebraska, and in other parts of this land of the free, it is being demonstrated beyond doubt that there is ample profit in hydro-electric plants at one cent per kilowatt hour; and that with an electric plant, where the power comes from oil or coal, a slightly higher rate will yield a handsome profit.



WHAT SHERMAN DID SAY.

General Sherman's often quoted and at present time most significant statement regarding war, is not known by man in its entirety. Here is what the famous general did say, and it is a classic:

"I confess without shame that I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. Even success, the most brilliant, is over dead and mangled bodies, the anguish and lamentation of distant families appealing to me for missing sons, husbands and fathers. It is only those who have not heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and lacerated, that cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell!"—Advertising Club News.

Organized workers in New York are spporting pending legislation which would increase wages of city laborers to $3 a day.

Virden (Ill.) Co-operative Society has paid a quarterly dividend of 9 per cent. to its members.

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* * *

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HARRY ISAACSON, Water street at corner Bridge; Clothing, Shoes, Gents' Furnishings. County phone 18.

JOHN E. HAMILTON, Main St., Drugs, Soda Water, Cigars. County phone.

J. C. DULL, Water St., Shoes, Gents' Furnishings; Bicycle Supplies.

F. W. MENSER, Plumbing, Heating, Tinning. County phone.

W. E. DOYLE, Main St., Barbering, Shampooing, Massage.

HOOUERSMILLE GARAGE, P. M. Boyer, Prop., Successors of Autos. Both phones.

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MARKLETON STORE CO., General Merchandise and Country Produce. Economy Phone.

* * *

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