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ENEMIES OF LABOR.

It is unfortunate that some representatives of union labor profess to regard Robert P. Brindell, of New York, as "persecuted." Such defenders are not very familiar with Brindell's record as president of the New York Building Trades Council and the system of extortion for which he has been convicted, or else fail to appreciate the full significance of his acts.

Samuel Gompers, while not actually undertaking to defend or excuse Brindell, seems to appeal for class sympathy for him. "It is a strange anomaly," says Mr. Gompers, "that the grafters among the employers, who have been indicted and who pleaded guilty, should be let off with a money penalty, while the imposition of a prison sentence has been placed upon a labor man."

It must be obvious to any disinterested person that in this case, if anybody deserved a heavy punishment it was this same labor man. The building contractors, while they were guilty of law-breaking, were merely paying the bribes that Brindell demanded as the price of allowing union men to work on their jobs. It is inconceivable that they wanted to pay that money. They paid it because if they refused Brindell would have made it impossible for them to fulfill their contracts. Brindell was the instigator of the offenses, and it was he himself who profited by them.

Moreover—and here is the moral crux of the matter, whatever may be the legal crux of it—while he was extorting money from employers he was selling out the very union men whom he officially represented. For corruption money from the contractors he would graciously allow his men to work. When the contractors refused to be held up, he would call the men off the jobs, leaving them idle until the necessary bribe was forthcoming, when with an honest man at the head of their organization they would have had steady work at good wages all the time.

The case inevitably recalls one that occurred three or four years ago in another big American city. An officer of the Building Trades Council was sent to the penitentiary for similar crookedness, and was shown to have robbed his union brethren just as he had robbed their employers; and when his prison term ended, he was welcomed back with enthusiasm and given his old job again!

It may be said safely that nothing ever done against union labor by its avowed enemies in that city ever injured the union labor cause so much as that exhibition of mistaken loyalty. Any grafting labor representative is a traitor to labor, and should be treated as such. The greatest obstacle union labor has had to contend with is the leadership of untrustworthy men, just as the greatest obstacle honest business has had to contend with is the occasional leadership of men who are grasping and unfair.

At the present time particularly it behooves labor to be above suspicion. Its best friends can wish it nothing better than a good housecleaning, with utter repudiation of traitorous leaders.

SELF-DETERMINATION FOR ULSTER.

Eamon De Valera, in an interview in France, is reported to have said: "The Irish people claim the right of self-determination. If England should concede that right, there would be no further difficulties, either with her or with the Ulster minority. If Ulster should claim autonomy we would be willing to grant it."

This is a statement that will probably find ready agreement in America, even among those who have opposed the Sinn Fein policy heretofore. If the party now dominant in South Ireland, while claiming the right of that section to do as it chooses, is also willing to concede the right of Ulster to do as she chooses, the situation becomes simplified. It was the denial of Ulster's right of self-determination which led to the dangerous movement headed by Carson before the World War. The Ulsterites were determined not to be ruled by South Ireland, and still South Ireland holds to its determination not to be ruled by England.

The test will come, however, if Ulster, exercising this right of self-determination, elects to adhere to England. Will the Sinn Fein government then keep its word?

And there is a further possibility which may similarly test the good faith and democracy of Ulster. That, giving itself to Protestant and pro-English only by a small majority, suppose its Catholic counties desire to adhere to the Sinn Fein government of Dublin. Will the Belfast government permit that? Where is self-determination to end?

EMPHASIS ON PEACE.

A recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post relates a delightful fable, dealing with a land in which the wise men decide that the way to achieve peace is to emphasize it. So they have the children, which they find to be little more than military records, equipped until periods of combat appear only as incidents in peaceful progress. These peaceful progress they achieve by making the achievement of peace glorious rather than a source of war. In view of the

past and current history of the world, it is a pity that the fable cannot be made fact in all national life.

Since the beginning, written history has been the record of wars, scant space being allotted to peaceful achievements. It is no wonder that today, when men want peace, they have no language in which to express themselves but that of war. If this attitude toward the importance of war could be changed, so that in real life as in the fable "It came about that school boys learned to covet honors that could be won in peace" instead of being taught that "war is a pathway to fame," and end of wars would not be far off.

Most men either have an automobile or wish they had one. But the automobile is rapidly depriving the people of the daily exercise they require to keep their bodies in fit condition. The owner of a car spends most of his time in his machine—that is, his spare time—and while he is thus skimming over the country, he is depriving his body of that exercise which the law of human nature demands. The car is a modern necessity, and everyone who can afford it should own one, but not at the expense of health. Take your daily exercise before you take your drive. You will be able to live longer and thrive better.

It is estimated that there are about four million men in this country out of employment, but country editors are not included. The income of the news gatherer may decrease but never his hours of toil.

General Dawes served his country well in France and was forgotten. But when he caused out a congressional investigating committee, he became a national figure.

If discretion is the better part of valor, etc. conscientious objectors must have been wonderfully brave men.

The House wants to restrict immigration by one formula and the Senate by another, both of them good, and so there probably won't be any migratory restriction this season.

THE OFFICE CAT



—By JUNIUS—

OUR HOME ORCHESTRA.

Here friends: Last night I went to the concert given by our home orchestra. I believe in a home orchestra the same as I believe in home mishuns, home talent and home brew. I never could abide foreign things. I hope you get my point. I will now try to give a detailed account of the orchestra. There are seven men in the orchestra. I understand that seven is a lucky number, but I guess it is all according to what you are playing. There are two females in the orchestra and this is quite enough to keep any orchestrastrate and besides one doesn't count since we here she is in law. I would say more about the females, but I am one myself and believe in safety first.

First, we will notice the leader. There is nothing to distinguish him from the rest of the orchestra unless it be that he wears liver pants. The man who plays the horn is inclined to obesity. If he will turn to page 4, Evening Observer, he will find an ad named "Too Fat." He will not have to rest so long between tunes if he uses this remedy. Then the drummer. I do hesitate to criticize the drummer, since he let me go to the concert for nothing, still he was a disappointment to me as he did not play on sandpaper as all up-to-date drummers do. Also he seemed to be shy several hairs on the front of his head; I do not know this, my actual count, merely by observation.

The flutist was a lengthy chap. The Lord gave him some lovely bones but forgot to put meat on them; outside of that he could flute some, think marvelous. Since I am blab on the same lines of architecture I will say no more. The second violinist had a smile all evening. I cannot say what was behind it. Perhaps he was born with it. Who knows? The first violinist resembled the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon Bonaparte and myself. This kind of looks always denotes brains. I do not know about the duke and Napoleon but as regards myself it is perfectly true. The man who played the cello had a greased look all evening. I think it was due to indigestion or being married, either affliction would be enough. I hate to assume to criticize the trombone player. He made me think of a bo I had when I was an unattached maiden, who used to play the slide trombone. How I used to sing, "I'm In Love With the Slide Trombone."

I am not much of a musical critic as all of my time was spent in reading, writing and spelling. But on the whole, I think our home orchestra did itself proud and I am sure the evening was enjoyed by all. I rather outdid myself clapping. Since I got in for nothing, I felt I owed it to the orchestra. Hear's hoping they will appear again soon. I must close. Yours for an early spring. ELI ZER.

Mary drove her little fiver. In a way to make one shiver. When upon the gas she stepped. One noticed she was no adept.

With All Cheese Dishes

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Snow Flakes are truly a unique soda water. Made from finest ingredients in modern, sunny bakeries. Their wholesomeness and invariable freshness will delight you.

At your grocers. In red packages and family tins.



Mary in the churchyard lies
"Neath green trees and sunny skies;
Her car refused to climb a pole,
That's why she's now in such a hole."
—P. W. H.

Governor Edwards, of New Jersey, in his annual message, warns against "Blue" laws and says he favors a more liberal Sunday. More power to him.

An interesting and popular form of solitaire is figuring row-which you'd be if you'd stayed single.

"Drinking near-beer," says W. H. Talbot, "is like dancing with your own wife. You don't care how soon the party breaks up."

A New Jersey man convinced the undertaker he was not dead. Must have been some traitor.

Headline says: "Old-Fashioned Family Doctor Is Disappearing." And E. E. Bragg adds: "So is the old-fashioned family."

Speaking of automobile speed maniacs, you ought to "Say it with flowers."

We'll Risk An Eye.

The topic under discussion was the advantage of a woman's stocking as a bank.

"Nowadays, women wear hose so thin that you can read the serial numbers on the bills in the bank-roll," advanced the New Fangled Guy.

"Oh, I admit the principal is all right, but the money draws altogether too much interest," persisted the Old Moneybag.

He took his car apart, did then, And thought he was in clover; But when he put it back again, He had ten parts left over.

BOLSHEVIK "SOCIETY" NOTES.

Mrs. Solomon Hildog, 129 West 10th street, who is in the east visiting her daughter, Miss Saucy Hildog, a student at Rand's school of Sassy Science, New York, will return home next week to take part in Mrs. A. Slaughter's Xmas killings.

Mrs. Mary Bulshevik, daughter of Mrs. and Mr. Anarchist Bulshevik, 300 Riverside Drive, will return home for the annual celebration of the Bomb Makers' Club to be held at the Home of Radical Publicity. She is a student at Miss Scallan's School, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Slovene Sneakstein, of Minneapolis, who have been the honorary guests of their son and daughter in Seattle, will leave next week for their summer home bordering Hell's Half Acre. It is said that A. Northwest Patriot advised them to leave the city.

Miss Ethel Allen is expected to return to her adopted home in St. Paul before leaving on an extended trip with Miss Emmy Holdman. It is said that the Holdman Berkman Dynamite Parties have been more successful in America than in India where they formerly entertained lavishly.

An old-fashioned bomb party with special fireworks and torch-lighting features is now being arranged by members of the Communist Section of the United World Revolutionists. It is reported that the leading parts in the play will be taken by Mr. and Mrs. Open Revolutionist, while Mr. Socratic Bomb-flinger will take the villain's part. Miss Nonne Parle, the young debutante daughter of Old Man Exploiter of All-Parties, will play the role of the ingenious, while the spectacular act will be held by Hbn Kib All Quiet. Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Pseudosky have taken boxes for the occasion. Mr. Readie Propaganda is in charge of the publicity. —Northwest Woman's Magazine.

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—Smart sensible walking Oxfords with the military heel seem to have won their way permanently with heretofore fickle fashion. Comfortable soft Kid Oxfords, in brown and black, low-heeled sport Oxfords of calf-skin, and low-heeled Pumps of black and brown kid—are the first arrivals for the season.

BROWN KID OXFORDS — Military heel, welt sole, AAA to C widths; price \$10.00.

BLACK KID OXFORDS — Military heel, welt sole, AAA to C widths; price \$9.00.

BROWN CALF SPORT OXFORD — Low heel welt sole; price \$8.75.

BLACK KID PUMP—Plain, with low heel, welt sole, AAA to D widths; price \$8.50.

BROWN KID PUMP—Same style as black; price \$9.50.

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—In stocking our Yarn Department, we searched the field for quality—for richness of color, softness and strength. We found them in this famous make. MINERVA Yarns are sold exclusively at this store. In addition to their worth and beauty, they are wound on a ball that uncoils easily.

—New shipments just received to supply all demands. Prices 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c and 75c.

Beautiful Tropical Plants.

Most plants in the tropics have two fruiting seasons and millions of seedlings start, but few ever get sufficient foothold to develop beyond the first stages of plant growth. But the one that does can almost be seen to grow. Their upper leaves are all on a level and glow with the most beautiful tints. The branches of the different trees are so interlaced that it is impossible to distinguish which flower and leaf belongs to which tree.

Some Yarn, Eh?

"Several years ago," said Binks, "I raised some watermelons which grew to an enormous size. One day a three-masted schooner went aground on the mud flats just below my house. I immediately rolled one of these huge melons to the side of the stranded craft, cut the melon in two and enough juice came out of it to float the schooner safely into deep water." —New York Globe.

The United States Wearing Away.

An average of 95 tons of soil, pebbles, and rock is carried by the rivers into the ocean every year from every square mile of the United States, according to the United States geological survey, department of the interior. The immensity of this contribution may be better comprehended when it is realized that the surface of the United States covers 3,088,500 square miles.

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