

# "CRANK!" SNAPS MAYOR TO AMATEUR CLEANER



ELIZABETH FREEMAN

MRS. MARGUERITE CHARTER.

## Women Who Offer to Remove Refuse from Streets Are Treated Rudely, They Say.

Two women who called on Mayor Gannon yesterday morning to request his permission for the women of their organization to remove refuse from the east side streets themselves during the present strike were ordered out of his office by him and told that if they did not hasten their departure he would have some one called in to remove them.

The women were Mrs. Marguerite Charter and Miss Elizabeth Freeman of the Wage Earners' League for Women Suffrage. League members had talked with Ashton, the strike leader, Sunday night, and Mrs. Charter says he assured them they would not be interfered with if they attempted to remove garbage. Accordingly they called on the Mayor to ask him for the use of several carts.

They told him they did not want police protection; that they purposed to ask members of their league and women of the neighborhood visited to load the garbage in the carts themselves and drive to the dump.

### Called a Crank, She Says.

"Go ahead; do as you like. You're a crank," he said to me," Mrs. Charter told a reporter for The World. "Have I your approval?" I asked him.

"He was already very angry, and when I said that he said, 'Get out of here!' and rang the bell. 'Get out or I'll call some one in to remove you.'"

"We were very much humiliated by the way he spoke and we got up to go immediately. As we started out the door he called after us:

"It is evident you are both a couple of cranks."

"Were you in earnest about your proposal to do the work yourselves?" the Mayor asked.

"Indeed we were," Miss Freeman re-

plied earnestly. "If we could have got the carts, there would have been more women than we needed to help us. We would have appealed also to the women of the neighborhoods, and each one could have loaded on the refuse from her own household and helped clear up piles in the streets. Then there are a number of us who can drive, and we would have taken the carts ourselves to the nearest station. It would have been dirty, disagreeable work, but one has to do a lot of that in this world."

"We outlined the plan to the Mayor's secretary," Mrs. Charter took up the story, "and after a wait of an hour and a quarter, we were granted an interview. He received us pleasantly, and everything went on all right until we said, 'Your Honor, we are not strike breakers. We don't want any pay; we don't ask any protection from the police. All we want to do is to clean up the street for the protection of the children. We are in sympathy with the men'

### Not a Cart to Spare.

"At that the Mayor became angry. 'The streets on the east side are clean,' he said. 'I've been down there, and seen that they are in good condition myself. They are perfectly clean.'

"I know some places that you probably did not see then," I told him. "Can't you let us have a couple of carts and attend to them?"

"No, I can't," he snapped. "All the carts are working."

"Isn't there a single one we could have?" I persisted.

"No, there isn't one. If you want to clean the streets, do as you like. You're a crank!" Then he ordered us out.

"If the Mayor thinks the east side streets are clean, he is mistaken. On account of the crowding, the conditions are worse there than any place else. The children, some of them mere babies, are playing on the heaps of refuse, and throwing it at each other. In some streets the garbage is piled on the sidewalk and in the street until it is hard to pass. At a grocery I saw a heap of decaying vegetables and fruit knee high, and as everything in the store was exposed there could not fail to be infection in everything."