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ESTELLE BROWN

Sent by The World, She Joins Girls Before Shops, Hears Patrolman No. 3640 Laugh at "Strong Arm Man's" Insult to Them and Is Finally Arrested for Laughing at the Bluecoat, but Is Freed.

By Mary Train.

For one brief day I have been a striker. I have done picket duty from 6 o'clock in the morning until noon, gone without my luncheon, been arrested twice and been insulted at least twenty times by manufacturers or their hired protectors. Yet the little white goods workers tell me that nothing unusual has happened to me.

When my editor assigned me to learn the strike situation from the inside, I had many misgivings. But I bought a sixty-seven cent "Billie Burke" bonnet and, donning my much worn tourist coat, I set forth to get the "inside."

Promptly at 6 yesterday morning I reported at the Labor Temple, Twelfth street and Second avenue, for picket duty. Without glancing at me, Miss Maude Younger, who is directing the strike, ordered me to take a post at the Wilber Dyer shop, Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue.

**Ordered Not to Call Names.**

"Do not call 'Scab,' 'Blacklegs,' or even 'Strikebreaker' to any of the girls going to work, because you are liable to arrest if you use those words," warned Miss Younger.

With seven girls I walked to the shop mentioned. The girls asked me a few questions regarding my experiences with different shops, but upon my assuring them that this was my first day as a striker they promised to show me how to picket without being arrested.

"You must be careful," said pretty, black-eyed Maud Herman. "You know Magistrate Herbert said last night that he was tired of having strikers brought

before him, and in the future every striker arrested would be fined \$5. The union has to pay the fines, and if we expect to win we will have to be careful of the money."

By the time the Wilber Dyer shop was reached the strikebreakers had begun to arrive. Two policemen in uniform stood guard in front of the door, while ten men in plain clothes walked up and down the street, waiting for the workers to arrive and amusing themselves meantime by making insulting remarks to the little strikers.

"Who is the new one you have this morning," sneered one man as I passed.

With tightened lips the girls passed on, not heeding the utterances, while the fat blond policeman in charge, wearing shield No. 3640, laughed at a vulgar "joke" of one man. If the brave little fighters stopped a moment the policeman would hurry over, waving his club, and demanding that they move on or he would "run them in."

As non-union workers approached the building with their guard of "private protectors" one little striker lost her self control and shouted, "Shame! Shame!" at the women.

Immediately No. 3640 started for her. Like a flash she ran up the street. He pursued, but was easily distanced. His

disgusted expression when he returned was so ludicrous that I laughed.

He made for me. I was laughing so hard that I could not have run if I had wished to do so. He placed his hand on my shoulder and said I was under arrest.

"For what?" I asked. He replied that I was the cause of his losing his prisoner and had been guilty of ridiculing an officer. Between laughs I explained that he was the funniest thing I had ever seen. I said he ought to change the charge against me to read, "A public menace because of an over-developed sense of humor."

As I was about to be led to the police station a lieutenant appeared and told No. 3640 to let me go. Then I was warned to get away from there or I would be run in. I got.

Next I went to the factory of Schiller Bros., at No. 19 West Twenty-fourth street. Here the policeman treated the girls with much more courtesy. In a kind way he told them they would have to keep moving. But the

Next, Another Tough Breaks Camera and Bruises Reporter's Shoulder, but Patrolman No. 4715 Won't Arrest Him — Bluecoat Says He Must Seize Any One the "Guard" Orders.

whether they were from a detective agency, but their threats and insults to the girl strikers became such that appeal was made to the policeman. He ordered the men to leave the girls alone unless they started a disturbance.

After picketing up and down Sixth avenue from Twenty-eighth street to Twenty-third, we returned to the Labor Temple, where hot coffee and sandwiches were served. After a mass meeting there, we started out again. This time I was sent to the shop of Max Held and S. N. Beck, Twenty-second street and Sixth avenue. My partner was Miss Frances Duncan, a

Boston suffragist, who has been assisting the strikers. She carried a camera without film, which she intended to leave at a shop to be repaired.

On the way up she told me that a few days before she had been informed that the Beck shop was hiring men to escort the strikebreakers too and from work, and that many of the guards were from the Paul Kelly gang, so she had taken a few pictures of the men and was trying to find out who they were. As we passed down the street, Miss Duncan asked me to carry the camera. I did so.

I had not walked ten feet when I felt a tug at the camera and a voice that snarled "Let go, or you'll get your face busted in!"

The man who had grabbed the camera swore as I held the handle more tightly. With an oath and a vile remark, he called to a policeman down the street.

This officer was No. 4715. He ran up, and the tough, who held me by the shoulder, demanded that I be arrested for having tried to take his picture. I

man refused to tell me who the latter was, or, if a detective, from what agency he came.

Meantime Miss Duncan had been grabbed by another "strong arm man" and was being handled roughly. The

crowd muttered indignation. Finally the policeman let us go with a warning to get out of that neighborhood and stay out. The camera had been broken and my shoulder bruised, but again I departed.

At every place where strikers go to appeal to the non-union workers they get similar treatment. Rough men employed by the manufacturers heap insults upon the girls and the police stand by and smile. Yet this brave little band met in their rooms last evening and pledged anew their allegiance to the union.

**Why One Girl Was Arrested.**

Last Tuesday night fifteen-year-old Sarah Suttin was picketing outside the shop of Rosenstock & Cohen, at Twenty-second street and Fourth avenue, when two girls were arrested. The girls were handled so roughly that little Sarah called out not to hurt them. Instantly she too was arrested. She was locked up for three hours; then the girls were put in the patrol wagon with three women of the street and taken to the Night Court. The two older girls were fined \$5 apiece, but Sarah was sent to the Children's Court. There she was put on probation until Feb. 23.

Misses Rebecca Rogers, Elizabeth Halpin, Anna O. Bourke, Sarah Socklik, Florence Zucherman and Lena Flaw are a few of those who have been arrested and fined because a "strong-arm protector" ordered the police to seize them.

Miss Elizabeth Freeman, the English Suffragist who was arrested a few days ago, says she intends to keep on helping the strikers even if she is arrested every day in the week.

"The Magistrates do not even give the strikers a chance to tell their story," said she. "Each one is fined \$5 and warned against a second arrest. The police and these awful men who are working with them are allowed to arrest any one they choose and their word is taken, while the poor little strikers are locked up in cells with women of the street for hours at a time and then are fined, just because they try to protect their rights."

"If some of these rich fighters of the white-slave evil would turn their attention to the conditions existing in this strike they would accomplish more good than they are now doing."

### One Day in Life of Girl on Strike Picket Duty.

Insulted twenty times by thugs employed by the manufacturers.

Patrolman wearing shield No. 3640 arrests her for laughing when he failed to catch another girl. Policeman made to release her by a lieutenant and she ordered to leave the neighborhood.

Next on duty at No. 19 West Twenty-fourth street. Policeman courteous, but thugs made up for the roughness the bluecoat lacked.

At noon went to the Labor Temple for luncheon of sandwiches and coffee. After a mass meeting went on picket duty at Twenty-second and Sixth avenue.

Asked to hold a camera being taken to a shop for

was attacked by a hired, tried to take the camera.

Asked patrolman No. 4715 to arrest the tough

fused, saying "He is here

purpose." He refused to

detective agency hired

Though the camera had

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