

McBRIDE CALLS SIMPSON 'TRAITOR,' 'POT-HUNTER'

The Ward 3 Alderman Indulged in a Two-Hour Tongue-Lashing of Labor Men and Methods — Pandemonium Reigned.

CONTROLLER GAVE HIM LIE DIRECT

"He wasn't man enough to face the music here, although I issued a challenge to him this afternoon," said Alderman Sam McBride, speaking on the subject of Controller Simpson at the uproarious nomination meeting in Victoria Hall, Ward Three, last night. At that moment the controller entered the room. It was all very dramatic.

Tells of "Boo," shrieks, groans, and cheers featured the meeting throughout, but the climax was capped when Mr. McBride lengthened his allotted ten minutes to two hours or thereabouts, and employed his time in saying intemperate things about Controller Simpson, walking delegates, and all the appurtenances of trades unionism.

The meeting at times threatened to be cataclysmic. It was never allowed to be dull. Even without the supreme efforts of Mr. McBride it would have ranked as exciting, but the dynamic force of Mr. McBride's terrific tongue-lashing raised it beyond all expectations.

The meeting might have been even more interesting had Controller Simpson been given an opportunity to make a reply to Mr. McBride's violent, vivacious, and versatile exposition of his alleged delinquencies. So soon as he had finished, however, the alderman gathered up his wraps and descended from the dais. Although besought to tarry until Mr. Simpson had his say, Mr. McBride hurried to the door and was borne away by his cheering admirers. A general exodus followed, and Mr. C. A. B. Brown, a Board of Education candidate, next in order to speak, was left standing in an expectant attitude on the platform with no one to hear the oration he had begun. The lights were turned out before the hall was empty.

Violent Language.

To be called a "pot hunter," "a national traitor," and "a special commissioner to the Board of Control from a mysterious galaxy of walking delegates," all in the course of an evening must have been a unique experience for Mr. Simpson. The recipient of these denunciations bore it all, however, with a smiling countenance.

A nerve-racking uproar of cheers, shouts, yells, howls, hoots, and "Boo's!" shattered the air when Ald. McBride answered the chairman's call.

"I heard hisses," said Mr. McBride with oracular intensity. "The men that made them were sent here for that purpose; they were sent here for the deliberate purpose of heckling me." When the fresh hubbub had subsided, he continued: "It's ten years since I first appeared as a candidate on this platform; for nine years out of the ten I have represented the ward." (A voice, "Too long!")

Mr. McBride proceeded to point out and by statistics to prove, that his attendance at meetings of every kind had been phenomenal. Then came a digression on Ward Three and his connections with it. "I was born and brought up in old St. John's Ward. I've made a success of my business, and I've worked all my life. Talk about your workmen's representative! We're all working men. I am."

"Not on 20 cents an hour," said the Social-Democrat.

"It's the honest workmen I've stood up for. (There was ponderous emphasis on the word 'honest'.) The honest workman, who'd go out and give you an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. . . . I bought a home, and I paid for it, and it's not in my wife's name, and I own the key to the front door of it, and I qualified in my own name, and not in my wife's name. So away with the salary-grabbers and pot-hunters who are trying to get positions for the money it gets them—that's what I say!"

"It suits the big men, doesn't it?" said the Social-Democrat.

"Yes, and it suits Jimmie Simpson!"

"Cheap skate!"

"Aw—shut up!"

Not Friends With Simpson.

More hoots and cheers. I can say this: I'm just as good friends with a man I've had an argument in Council with as ever I was, once I get out of the Council meeting. But that has not prevailed with some men representing Toronto on the Board of Control! Some of the members of the Board of Control this year for the first time have carried the war out of the Council!"

"You insult the worker wherever you are," said the Social-Democrat.

"Yes, but I don't go round being a walking delegate and taking the workers' money."

Pandemonium for a full five minutes.

"He carries his point over to the Labor Temple when he's defeated in Council," roared the alderman, outdining the din. "Jimmie Simpson—crawl out!"

More pandemonium. "And who's Bancroft. Who's this person, Bancroft?" pursued the relentless orator.

"Better man than you are!" said the Social-Democrat.

"A Socialist of the deepest dye!" cried the alderman, answering his own question.

Nice Names These.

"You've only one man amongst you that's a credit to the city," he continued, addressing the Trades Unionists present. "That's Joe Gibbons. There's a hundred of you that's no good. I heard distinctly Controller Simpson tell one of you walking delegates to get a crowd

down here to-night 'and don't let McBride speak.'" Hoots and cheers in thunder-clap.

More uproar, through which Mr. McBride's voice could be heard anatomizing Fred Bancroft as "Simpson's pup."

"Alderman Cameron," the voice continued, "has the courage to go down and beard these fellows in their den. They give him a grand reception: it's 'Cameron's in right; McBride's in Dutch.' And they go to work and stick a knife in Cameron's back when he's got outside again—just because he's a manufacturer! Secretary Stevenson, of the Trades Council, says I'm a 'dangerous man,' I see. I am a dangerous man to you birds! He may have some come-back, may he? And I've got it, boys!"

However, Mr. Controller Simpson might govern and domineer the Trades Council, he could not sway the City Council, said Mr. McBride, referring to the controller's stand for the union labels on uniforms for civic street-car men.

"Fair wages! Fair wages!" shouted the controller's supporters in explanation.

"Listen!" countered the speaker "You few are the only birds that get fair wages—you, that come here to-night to heckle the successful business man who is trying to address you. You're trying to make Jimmie Simpson the Kaiser! Nobody's more in favor of fair wages than I am!"

"A real estate man," said the Social Democrat.

"Perhaps you were looking for a job," suggested Mr. McBride. "I'll touch your tender spot in just a moment." More hubbub. "You men in the back just kindly crawl into your holes and pull them in on top of you," advised the speaker, elevating his nose. "You may be able to run the Labor Temple, but you can't run the electors."

The Fair Wage Issue.

Mr. McBride then dealt with the Fair Wage Officer question. He said that, fortunately, against Controller Simpson's advice, the Council had left the nomination of that officer to the City Solicitor. "It was not the labor men who put Jimmy Simpson in," he said. "It was the business men, who thought that they were getting a good labor man, but were totally fooled." Mr. William Storey, advocated by Controller Simpson, for the position had wisely been rejected, the Board of Control feeling that it was better to secure an independent man—not one of those walking delegates who were "living fat" on their jobs and were "doing nothing but creating disturbances."

Mr. McBride expressed horror at the project of instituting the union rate of wages. It would mean, he said, that any rate of wages adopted by the walking delegates would have to be enforced. He painted a vivid picture of a group of such scheming delegates, conducting secret machinations in some recess of the Labor Temple—their aim, the wholesale squeezing of money from the pockets of the public. It was not the workingman he censured; it was the Trades Council—"these are the men who are taking the workingman's money!"

"A lie! A lie!" cried several.

"Don't go too far about that 'lying' business," warned the alderman in an attitude of extreme belligerency. "Put them out! Put them out!" came several abortive shouts.

Says He Helped Labor.

Why, asked Mr. McBride, did not the Trades Council give to the distressed and unemployed that sum of money which was to go towards issuing the circulars directed against himself? He could not answer his question; but—"I have done more," he said, "for the workingman than Jimmie Simpson ever could think of doing." He held up a copy of the Industrial Banner. "Your paper," he continued, "in five years couldn't publish all my good deeds for the workingman. But I—I don't get up on the housetops and tell people what I've done!"

"Mr. Simpson don't own the key to his own front door, and yet he wants to give \$1,000,000 to the unemployed. He's like the lot of you walking delegates. He protects himself by putting your property in his wife's hands."

"What wages do you pay, Sam?" queried the Social-Democrat.

"I pay more than you're worth," was the vivid retort.

He eulogized ex-Controller Spence, whom he said Controller Simpson was attacking.

"You didn't say that last year," remarked the Social-Democrat.

"Ow, didn't I?" answered Mr. McBride, with an excellent attempt at mimicking the heckler's unmistakably English accent. The alderman was brought down, and the houseman's opponents added to the uproar.

"Aw—shut up!" said the speaker, waving a disgusted hand.

Back to the subject of Controller Simpson rambled the forensic utterings. "It was a dirty, mean, contemptible thing to hit me as he did when I can't get back at him in the columns of any decent paper," said the alderman, referring to an anti-McBride article in the Banner. Further uproar being caused, he called the union men "bronchos," and proceeded:

"Who opposed my scheme of no money for members of Council? Who said: 'That would take away my \$2,500, and I'd have to go back to reporting on The Star?'—It was an excellent study in purposed facial grimaces—"Mr. Controller Simpson is there on that Board of Control as a pot-hunter!"

"He took a mean advantage of my friends the Jewish residents of Ward Three at the Lyric Theatre last night. He sneaked in there at 11:30, when all respectable candidates

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ought to be at home with their wives, and what did he say? He told them that they would be betraying labor if they voted for me!

"We've heard it said here that I kissed the Jewish babies. Well, who wouldn't kiss an honest man's baby? These Jewish gentlemen are the backbone of this section of the city, and their babies are just as dear to them as mine are to me. And let me say this: it wouldn't be the babies he was kissing!

Simpson's Dramatic Entry.

"What was he doing before he went there? Why, speaking for a sister Socialist, a candidate for the Board of Education. He wasn't man enough to face the issue here, when I issued the challenge to him this afternoon——"

Dramatic denouement! In walked Controller Simpson at the psychological moment, cheerful, unaware of the reproaches that had been heaped upon him. There was an awful silence for a moment, and then the controller's sympathizers got a bit of their own back; and it was some time before Mr. McBride could get into his stride again.

"It's not the working class I've been talking about," proceeded Mr. McBride, expressing his satisfaction at Mr. Simpson's arrival. "It's Simpson's Trades Council!"

"Aw, rot!" said the Social Democrat in the background.

Controller Simpson, who was not offered a seat on the platform by the chairman, heard himself arraigned on several different charges. On October 21, 1909, said Mr. McBride, Mr. Simpson, then a member of the Board of Education, voted to have the flags taken down from the various High and Public Schools, but was opposed by Mr. Levee and Dr. Conboy.

"He left the hall before the vote was taken," concluded Mr. McBride.

The Lie Direct.

"That's a lie," answered the controller, flatly, speaking for the first and last time during the meeting.

"On May 6, 1909," proceeded Mr. McBride, "the management committee wanted to supply 400 wooden guns wherewith to train the school children. Mr. Simpson objected to that, and the recommendation was adopted in spite of him. All that time they were getting ready in Germany for war against us. Is he loyal to the city? He's a deep, dyed-in-the-wool Socialist, and one of the worst kind! He was elected by the Socialists in Canada to represent them in Vienna, where war against Britain was being prepared for."

"He went there in the interests of peace!" interposed one of the background members, with the applause of his friends.

"It would have been a Godsend to this city if he had gone there and the war had started," snapped the alderman. "What would he have done there, anyway? He would have discussed Socialism with the Germans we are fighting to-day, who were getting ready for this war all the time. He's a traitor of the worst kind! He ranks with the German reservists whom we have interned here in the barracks. He has no right to be on our payroll to-day. He's a man drawing \$2,500 who isn't in sympathy with training our children for war and protecting the coun-

try; he is in sympathy with the Socialists, who have been plotting against us. When they wanted to grant \$1,000 for a Christmas dinner for our boys on Salisbury Plain he was the only man who objected, although he was willing enough to provide for the street car men.

"This is the man who has the gall to come into my ward and tell people they shouldn't vote for me. He uses his honorable position in the Council for ulterior purposes; he won't support anyone but the man that caters and crawls and sneaks to him. He's not looking after the workingman; he's looking for soft jobs for his working delegates and that \$2,500. He was opposed to the Boy Scout movement in the schools, and I'm told that he's even gone so far as to advise that the Holy Bible be not used in them."