

# CHICAGO SUNDAY SOCIALIST

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## "SOMETHING ROTTEN IN IDAHO"

### The Tale of the Conspiracy Against Moyer, Pettibone and Haywood.

—By JACK LONDON—

Up in the State of Idaho, at the present moment, are three men lying in jail. Their names are Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. They are charged with the murder of Governor Steunenberg. Incidentally they are charged with thirty, sixty, or seventy other atrocious murders. Not alone are they labor leaders and murderers, but they are anarchists. They are guilty, and they should be swiftly and immediately executed. It is to be regretted that no severer and more painful punishment than hanging awaits them. At any rate, there is consolation in the knowledge that these men will surely be hanged.

The foregoing epitomizes the information and belief possessed by the average farmer, lawyer, professor, clergyman and business man in the United States. His belief is based upon his information he has gained by reading the newspapers. Did he possess different information, he might possibly believe differently. It is the purpose of this article to try to furnish information such as is not furnished by ninety-nine per cent of the newspapers of the United States.

#### Were Not in Statz at Time.

In the first place, Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone were not even in the State of Idaho at the time the crime with which they are charged was committed. In the second place, they are at present in jail in the State of Idaho because of the perpetration of lawless acts by the officers of the States of Idaho and Colorado. These three men are illegally in jail. Their constitutional rights have been violated. The law of the land has been trampled into the dirt by the officers of the law, from their chief executives of the States down to the petty deputy sheriffs—and this in collusion with mine owners' associations and railroad companies.

Here is conspiracy self-confessed and openly flaunted. And it is conspiracy and violation of law on the part of the very men who claim that they are trying to bring to punishment conspiracy and violation of law. This is inconsistency, to say the least. It may be said that it is criminal inconsistency. Two wrongs have never been known to make a right. Yet the mine owners begin their alleged crusade for the right by committing wrong.

This is a bad beginning, and it warrants investigation and analysis of the acts, motives and characters of the mine owners; and, incidentally, an examination of the evidence they claim to have against Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone.

#### Orchard's "Confession."

The evidence against these labor leaders is contained in the confession of one Harry Orchard. It looks bad, on the face of it, when a man confesses that at the instigation of another, and for money received from that other, he has committed murder. This is what Harry Orchard confesses.

But this is not the first time these same labor leaders have been charged with murder; and this is not the first confession implicating them. Colorado is a fertile soil for confessions. Moyer, in particular, has been in jail many times charged with other murders. At least five men have solemnly sworn that at his instigation they have committed murder. Now, it is a matter of history that when the tool confesses the principal swings.

Moyer gives the lie to history. In spite of the many confessions, he has never been convicted. This would make it look bad for the confessions. Not only does it make the confessions look rotten, but the confessions, in turn, cast a doubt on the sweetness and purity of the present confession of Harry Orchard. In a region noted for the rottenness of its confession-fruit, it would be indeed remarkable to find this latest sample clean and wholesome.

#### Unclean Hands of Complainants.

When a man comes into court to give testimony, it is well to know that his character is, what his previous acts are, and whether or not self-interest enters into the case. Comes the mine owners' association of Colorado and Idaho to testify against Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. Well, then, what sort of men are the mine owners? What have they done in the past? That the mine owners have violated the laws countless times, there is no discussion. That they have robbed thousands of voters of their suffrage is common knowledge. That they have legalized lawlessness is history. But these things have only a general bearing on the matter at issue.

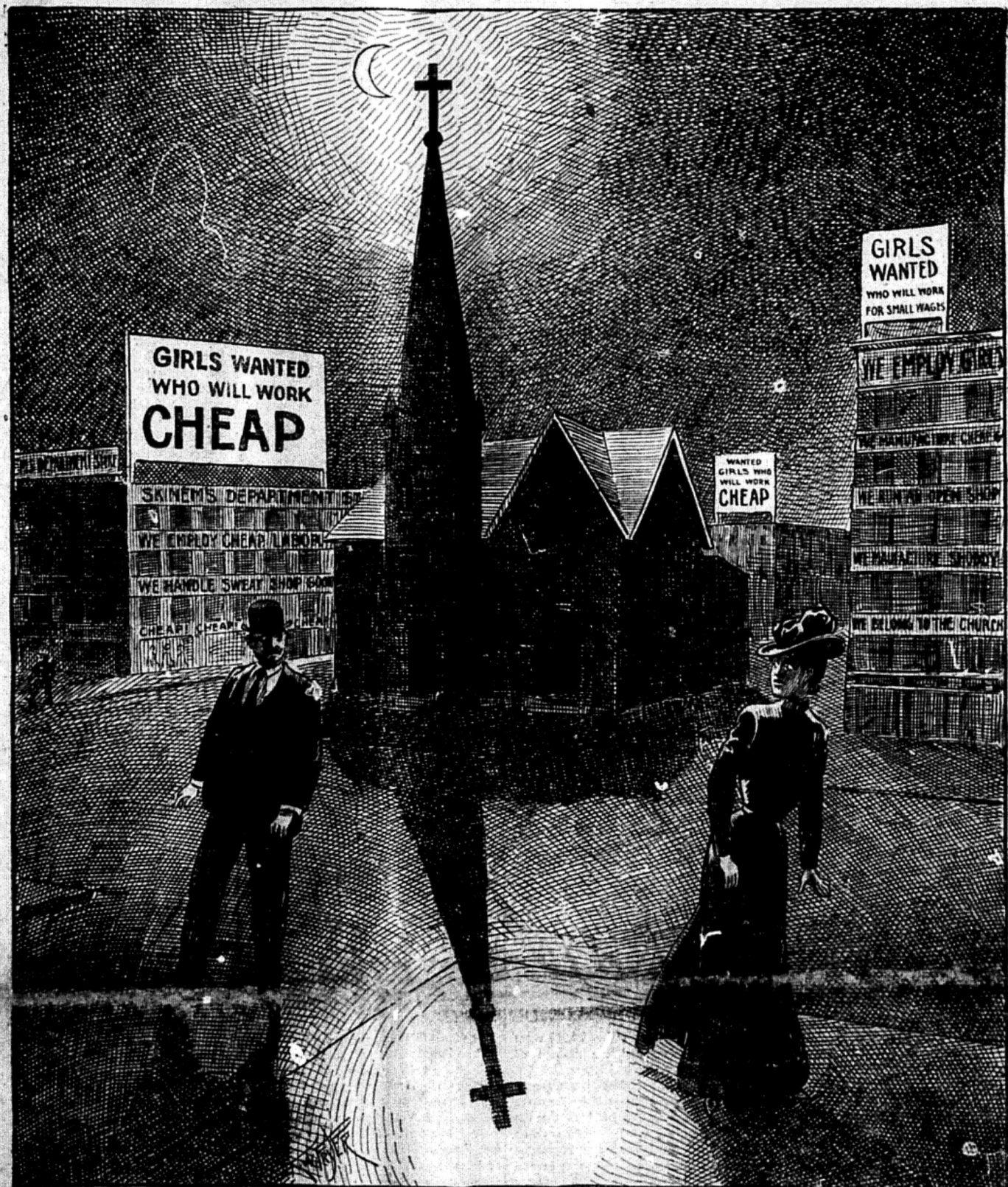
In particular, during and since the labor war that began in Colorado in 1903, the mine owners have charged the members of the Western Federation of Miners with all manner of crimes. There have been many trials, and in every trial the verdict has been acquittal. The testimony in these trials have been given by hired Pinkertons and spies. Yet the Pinkertons and spies, masters in the art of gathering evidence, have always failed to convict in the courts. This looks bad for the sort of evidence that grows on the fertile Colorado soil.

But it is worse than that. While the Pinkertons and spies have proved poor evidence-farmers, they have demonstrated that they are good criminals. Many of them have been convicted by the courts and sent to jail for the commission of crimes ranging from theft to manslaughter.

#### "To Hell with the Constitution."

Are the mine owners law-abiding citizens? Do they believe in the law? Do they uphold the law? "To hell with the Constitution!" was their clearly enunciated sentiment in Colorado in 1903. Their military agent, General Sherman Bell, said: "To hell with habeas

(Continued on page 2.)



## REPORTERS LOSE THEIR JOBS

### Two Discharged by The Daily News at the Request of Big Merchants.

Mighty capitalists secured the jobs of two reporters yesterday.

One Daily News man wrote a story about the department stores and their drivers. This displeased State street merchants and they sent a grievance committee to see Victor Lawson.

The publisher received them and decapitated the reporter, who had been with the Chicago Daily News for ten years.

This man had just left the office when John J. Mitchell of the Union Traction Co., and president of the Illinois Trust and Savings bank, called up on the telephone and caused another reporter to be mustered into the unemployed army. His crime was "misquoting" the traction-franchise-banker.

Most reporters know enough to handle State street stores and banks with gloves. When a newspaper writer is sent to State street or to a bank by a capitalistic daily he takes his job in his hands.

Anything the moneyed ones don't like causes a "kick" that is law to the publishers.

## MORGAN IMPORTS MSS.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] New York, Nov. 3.—Ten thousand dollars duty was paid yesterday by J. P. Morgan, when through an agent he cleared through the custom house two volumes of Robert Burns' poems and letters, said to be valued at more than \$50,000. For several years agents in the employ of Mr. Morgan have been traveling about Europe collecting these manuscripts.

Each volume has about 400 pages and the collection embodied therein is almost complete, containing the original manuscripts of almost all of Burns' poems and scores of his letters.

## GOLD MINERS FIGHT WAGE CUT

### Simultaneously, Gold Miners Increase Profits to \$10,838,195.

## ALL THIS IS HAPPENING IN AUSTRALIA

[Special Correspondence.]

Kalgoon, West Australia, Oct. 2.—During 1905 there were 34 men killed and 270 seriously injured in mines of the Golden Belt.

The dividends paid by the gold-mining companies for the same period was \$10,838,195, as compared with \$10,252,735 paid during 1905.

#### Wages May be Lowered.

Notwithstanding this increase of dividends, wages did not rise, and judging by the remarks of Gardner, the employees' advocate at the Coolgardie Arbitration Court only this week, the miners, when the present award expires, will have to fight to maintain the existing rates.

## TELEGRAPHERS GET RAISE

### Will Get a Somewhat Larger Share of What They Produce.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 4.—The Railway Telegraphers of the Chicago, Great Western and Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha roads have secured an increase in wages ranging from \$5 to \$12.50 per month. J. A. Newman, first vice-president of the Order of Railway Telegraphers, who has been in St. Paul aiding the local committee, announced a new schedule to-day.

## MAYOR FAVORS FIELD'S

### Decides To Grant Special Favor To Department Store.

Mayor Dunne has decided to sign the amendment to the building code which was passed to fit the conditions at the new store of Marshall Field & Co. This decision was reached as a result of his investigation of the building yesterday, when he was accompanied by James J. Eagan, an architect and a personal friend. Mr. Eagan advised that the exits to adjoining buildings were far better than stairsways. Vice President Simpson of Field & Co. visited the mayor today and assured him that the fire doors were in good working condition and was told that the ordinance would be signed.

## PURITY BY PARADING

### Denver Women Have New Scheme To Treat Effects of Capitalism.

Denver, Nov. 3.—Twenty-five women, members of the National Purity Federation, have announced their intention of parading up and down the "red light" district in the hope of shaming the frequenters of the dance halls and brothels, until their patrons will drop away. Dr. Emma F. A. Drake will inaugurate the plan. She says it is a part of the general plan adopted at the meeting of the National Federation in Chicago a short time ago. They do not state how long they intend to keep up their nightly parade, or what measures they intend to take to make the results of their procession permanent.

## WALKER HAS CHANCE AGAINST UNCLE JOE

John J. Fitzpatrick, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor, received word that large meetings have been held at Kankakee, Hoopston, Mokenca and Watseka. The feeling in those towns, Mr. Fitzpatrick said, is that Cannon will be defeated by Walker, the Socialist candidate.

## BUFFALO MACHINISTS FOR HEARST

### Quietly Organizing To Strike If Editor Wins.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 3.—(Special.)—The machinists in the New York Central shops at Depew are quietly organizing, thinking that if Hearst is elected they can get anything they ask for from the Vanderbilts. The great majority of them will vote for Hearst.

## NO RAISE FOR CRIPPLES

### Injured at Work While Wage Scale Was Being Raised.

Two members of the labor committee of the Illinois Central will not be benefited by a new wage scale. They were absent when the roll was called at McCoy's hotel today. Inquiry developed the fact that both of them had been crippled, for life while at work in the Illinois Central terminal.

Thomas Whitby, 7144 Ingleside avenue, was one of the men, and J. P. Lyons, Seventy-second street and Woodlawn avenue, was the other. Each man suffered the loss of his left foot. The accidents were caused by a "safety" brake which would not work.

## SOCIALIST PAPER STARTS IN CHINA

[Special Correspondence.] Hongkong, Oct. 4.—A Socialist monthly in the Chinese language, called the Revolutionary Review, has appeared in Tokio. The first number deals with the Russian revolution from the standpoint of Social Democracy. The contributors and editors are Chinese Socialist students. A Japanese Socialist daily, "Nikari," is also published in Tokio.

## IMPRISONED STRIKE BREAKERS ESCAPE TO UNION

### Armed Guards Threaten To Shoot Men.

## CLIMB OUT OF WINDOW

### One Man Badly Injured By Falling From Roof.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] New York, Nov. 3.—Held prisoners for many days, six men defied their armed guards today and made a thrilling escape from the main garage of the New York Transportation Co., whose 300 chauffeurs are on strike.

The men had been held with many others as strike breakers in the main garage by a score of armed private detectives. Unable to obtain their freedom six of the men today tried a window open on the third floor. The noise alarmed the guard but before they could reach the window the men climbed through and dropped to a roof of an adjoining building, twenty feet below. The guards drew their revolvers and cried to the men to halt. The men ran to the edge of the roof and dropped to the street many feet below. One of the refugees, Daniel Stevens of Boston, was badly injured by the fall.

A strike has been on in the company for ten days and men hired to learn to drive an automobile and then break the strike were held prisoners in the garage. He said that more than 100 men were held prisoners in the garage.

## RAILROAD MEN'S WAGES RAISED

### Small Portion of Raise in Cost of Living Counteracted.

That the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia and Reading railroads are to advance the pay of practically all their employes 10 per cent was the statement sent out from New York today.

In the Pennsylvania system, it was stated, the increase would go to all employes, both east and west of Pittsburg, who now are paid less than \$500 a month, and would benefit unorganized employes as well as union men.

#### Five Dollars a Month Raise.

The new scale will increase the pay roll more than \$10,000,000 a year, and 133,000 men will share it. The average will be about \$5 a month per man. This will be the largest general wage boost, it is said, in the history of American railroading.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company also has announced an increase of wages of 10 per cent to all employes whose salaries are less than \$200 per month. The increase is effective from Nov. 1, and it is said it will effect about 25,000 employes.

The entire Philadelphia and Reading system is included in the increase. The system extends from Philadelphia to Williamsport, Pa., on the north; Boundbrook, N. J., on the east; Shippensburg, Pa., on the west; and Wilmington, Del., on the south.

#### Pennsylvania in Doubt.

While confirmation of the Reading report came from Philadelphia, the story, so far as the Pennsylvania is concerned, was denied at the Pennsylvania offices in that city. An official of the road said that the statement was unauthorized and that while it was true that consideration was being given to this subject, the matter had not taken definite shape. It was said that it could not yet be decided what advance might be necessary to secure an equitable compensation to the employes of the various departments.

## THE CHICAGO, NOT WESTERN, WAS CENSOR.

In this column was yesterday published the account of a Newspaper Union which refused to print the weekly edition of the Chicago Socialist which contained a resume of the Daily Socialist's expose of conditions in the big stores of the city.

This concern was mistakenly said to be the Western Newspaper Union. The firm which plutocratic interests controlled was in reality the Chicago, not the Western Newspaper Union.

REACHING THE WIRE IN NEW YORK

Secretary Root's Sensational Speech Expected to Cut Great Figure.

BETTING 5-TO-1 ON HUGHES

Farmers Have Given No Sign of What They Will Do—More of Them For Hearst Than Supposed.

New York, Nov. 3.—(Special).—The nation turns to New York. Who will win—Hearst or Hughes?

The betting is 5 to 1 on Hughes. How much the gamblers in Wall street allow their riches to influence their judgment can not be even guessed at.

Usually they are a pretty cold-blooded lot. Usually, but not always, the odds forecast the result.

Labor is for Hearst in the main. Business men are for Hughes in the main.

The farmer is an unknown quantity. Signs are that he will be for Hearst more largely than people expect.

Root's Tremendous Effort. Root's Utica speech in which in the name of the president of the United States he accused Hearst of being not guilty of the murder of McKinley caused a tremendous effect.

Immediately after this speech the odds against Hearst rose from 5 to 2 to 5 to 1.

The action of the president in sending Root to New York with such a message was sudden, dramatic, climatic.

The time was cleverly chosen. A week sooner and the effect would have worn off in the heat of the fight.

Bitterest Arraignment in History. Such a bitter arraignment of a candidate has never before been heard in the United States since Alexander Hamilton's wonderful philippic against Aaron Burr.

The effect will be largest among the farmers—the unknown, doubtful vote. Signs of a reaction against the speech have been carefully watched for but not yet identified by the Hearst managers.

What Will Tammany Do? Will Tammany double-cross Hearst? Croker has cabled from London he is against the editor. If now the editor is defeated, Murphy will be deposed from power.

Murphy at least therefore will work for Hearst as hard as he knows. The other sachems—the two Sullivans especially—who are jealous of Murphy, would not unwillingly see his downfall.

Hearst Appeals to Radical Sentiment. Hearst's appeal is in a milk and water way a class appeal—not made openly, proudly, defiantly, as a class appeal should be made—but timidly, fearfully, by indirection.

Hearst doesn't tell the working people they have a right to unite and fight for their own interests against all other interests. He isn't bold about it.

But at the same time, though Hearst is no Socialist and never will be, he has been useful in starting the working class thinking. He has attended and nourished the infancy of a movement which, when matured, and it is maturing very rapidly—will grow far beyond him and far beyond all other individuals.

The working class will never go back one step of the path along which Hearst has led them. They will go on and on until they come to the logical conclusion of the teachings which Brisbane preaches when there is no campaign, when Hearst is not running.

Hearst doesn't realize what he is doing. Truly, nevertheless, any votes that he may in this campaign take from the Socialist party will be returned to the Socialist party ten times over within a very short space of time.

Socialists Will Gain. Many people thought that the Socialist party would be entirely lost in the midst of this tremendous squabble, and there is no doubt that both sides would be gratified at such a result. All reports, however, would seem to indicate that the Socialist party will make a rather large gain. It has been carrying on a campaign in a far more effective manner than in any previous year. Lit-

erally tons of literature have been distributed throughout the state. For several weeks fifteen speakers were kept constantly in the field in the up-state country, while New York street corners have seen hundreds of meetings each week.

Chase and Two Stokes'. The candidate for governor, John C. Chase, former Socialist candidate for mayor of Haverhill, has been touring the state with J. Phelps Stokes and his wife, Rose Pastor Stokes. They report most enthusiastic receptions at all points.

The fact that Stokes was a former official of the Independence League and a nominee on the Hearst ticket of New York last spring is causing many of those who voted for Hearst at that time to endorse the Socialist ticket this year. In this connection the fact that in his reply to Comrade Stokes' letter of resignation Hearst made use of the phrase, "I am not against capitalism, large or small," has also cost him many votes among those who really were deceived into believing that he was a Socialist.

Hillquit for Congress. On the East Side, Morris Hillquit is making a remarkable campaign for congress with good prospects of success.

The house-to-house canvass up to Oct. 27 showed the following: Total number canvassed, 7,545; for Goldfogel (Dem.), 4,151; for Adler (Rep.), 945; for Hillquit, 2,345; independent and non-committal, 2,370. Of those declaring for Hillquit, nearly all are believed to be straight Socialist votes. The total registration in the district this year is computed at 14,865. If this canvass can be relied upon, and there is no reason to doubt it, Hillquit should be elected with a free ballot and a fair count.

BORDER STATES WAKE

Vigor of Movement Reaching Tennessee and Missouri.

Nashville, Nov. 3.—The Socialist party in Tennessee is for the first time carrying on an energetic campaign. The candidate for governor, John M. Ray, has held twenty-four well attended meetings. The state committee has enough money in its treasury to meet all expenses and the official weekly of the party is in a prosperous condition.

MISSOURI

St. Louis, Nov. 3.—The Socialist ticket in St. Louis is receiving the almost solid support of the trade unions. There has also been more than ordinary activity throughout the state, and it is probable that Missouri will contribute its share to the growth of the Socialist vote this year.

RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT READY FOR ELECTION

Has Some Improvements of American Electioneering Methods—Except in Colorado.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 3.—The government is bending every energy to exclude from the suffrage all persons hostile to the autocracy. Thousands of voters have been excluded from the registration lists by special rulings designed to disfranchise the working and revolutionary classes.

Students Sympathize with Revolutionists. Work was suspended to-day at the Women's University and Academies as a mark of sympathy with two students, Anastasia Mameieva and Anna Benedictova, who were executed Tuesday at Cronstadt for complicity in the conspiracy of Oct. 18 to blow up the building where the court-martial trying the mutiny cases was sitting, in revenge for the execution of mutineers. They were both very young and were engaged in their first terrorist attempt.

Officers Punished for Agitation. The supreme military court has confirmed the sentence imposed on Captain Bolgakoff of three and a half years' imprisonment in a fortress for engaging in revolutionary agitation among the Russian prisoners in Japan. Bolgakoff was one of the defenders of Port Arthur, and was decorated with the St. George's cross and presented with a golden sword for bravery.

Reign of Terror Established. The sentences imposed on twenty-three peasants of the Baltic provinces who organized the attacks on soldiers at Talsen in December have also been confirmed by the supreme military court. Eight of them will be executed and one will be sentenced to imprisonment for life. A state of siege has again been proclaimed there on account of the continuance of revolutionary terrorism, particularly the assassination of Prefect Elchabegoff, who was killed by the explosion of a bomb. The inhabitants have been forbidden to leave their houses after 7 o'clock in the evening under penalty of a fine of \$75. The governor has demanded that the population surrender the assassins of Elchabegoff, but they are still at large.

KINDNESS REWARDED. Boston, Nov. 3.—Austin G. Metzler, a lawyer of this city, who was left \$6,000 in the will of the late Edward H. Dunn, says the bequest was the result of his kindness in offering Mr. Dunn the shelter of his umbrella during a shower several years ago.

CHICAGO LIKELY TO SEND SOCIALIST TO CONGRESS

McCarthy Has Good Chance to Win in Stock Yards District.

Chicago, Nov. 3.—There is little to add concerning the Illinois situation that has not appeared in our columns from day to day. The present outlook for Chicago indicates that at least five members of the legislature will be elected from the city of Chicago, and two from the mining districts of the state. James McCarthy in the Stock Yards district and John Walker in the Danville district are more than congressional possibilities.

The heaviest increase in the Socialist vote this year in Illinois will be found in the mining districts down the state. It is certain, however, that the vote of the state as a whole will show an increase over that cast in any previous election.

PROPAGANDA ON BOSTON COMMON

Big Crowd Listens to Revolutionary Talk in Beantown.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 3.—More than a thousand people listened to the Socialist speakers on Boston Common yesterday afternoon. Comrade Curtis opened with an address showing the political and economic fallacies of the Hearst movement, and exposed the attempt of the Hearst papers in exploiting quotations from Lincoln in the attempt to make the people believe that in Hearst were contained all the virtues of all great men, both living and dead. He was followed by George G. Cutting, candidate for congress in the Eleventh district, who informed his auditors of the methods used by trappers in enticing game into their traps by using the bait most attractive. The trappers were not the friends of the game, they only sought to catch it. The politician was the political trapper who baited their traps with political planks here and there which seem to be Socialistic in order to catch the political game.

Massachusetts Reawakens. The state secretary claims 20,000 votes in Massachusetts and the election of three members of the legislature.

Massachusetts promises once more to return to the position which she once occupied close to the head of the list of states in the number of socialist votes. Comrade James Carey is making a remarkable canvass of the state and will certainly receive a great increase over any previous socialist vote cast. Over half a million of pieces of literature have been distributed by the State Committee. Comrade Wentworth is practically certain of election to the legislature from Rockland district. There are several other districts that may send socialists to Boston this winter.

WAGON TRIP FOR SOCIALISM

Comrade Allen Drives From Michigan to Florida, Preaching the Gospel.

Henry E. Allen, a Michigan farmer, is driving from his home in Benton Harbor to Florida preaching Socialism as he goes. He is accompanied by his wife, son and friend, James Walker.

Treated as a Freak. He is passing through many towns where Socialists were never seen before, and, although usually accorded fair treatment, is regarded as a freak. Most of the seed which he is sowing will undoubtedly fall on stony ground, but just as surely some will fall on good ground and bring forth a hundred fold.

Central Indiana Ignorant. From time to time we shall publish letters telling of his experiences. In his last letter from Central Indiana Allen writes as follows:

"Through this part of Indiana the capitalist press has certainly done its best to make Socialism odious and it has succeeded well. Not one in twenty-five of the people we have met are able to define Socialism with any accuracy, nor republicanism and democracy for that matter. This is true even of the bankers and editors and the merchant class generally. Not one opponent of Socialism I have met has read any authoritative book or pamphlet on the subject. In my interviews I always try to bring out these facts."

LID IS OFF IN COLORADO

Roorbacks, Bribes, Arrests, Intimidations, Threats, Deportations, Terrorism Springs Forth.

NO HOLDS BARRED

Haywood Is in the Race to Stay—His Vote Will Be Heavy.

Denver, Colo., Nov. 3.—(Special).—Politics are particularly turbulent this year. The Republican candidate for governor is Henry A. Buchtel, a Methodist clergyman and former foreign missionary. He only received the nomination after it had been hawked about among the professional politicians, none of whom seemed to desire to touch it this year. The Republican party is distinctly the party of the Mine Owners' Association and the street railways of Denver, both of which are more or less under Standard Oil influence. It is at least suggestive that Buchtel is the president of Denver University, which was largely endowed by a Denver street railway magnate.

Adams Democratic Candidate. The Democratic candidate is Alva Adams, who ran two years ago and was elected but did not have backbone enough to insist upon his legal rights. He is a typical Democratic candidate, representing the small capitalists, who are trying to fight the great corporations.

Judge Lindsay, who has gained considerable fame as judge of the Juvenile Court in Denver, is running on an independent reform ticket. Nobody expects him to cut much figure in the campaign.

The Socialist ticket, headed by William D. Haywood, is gaining steadily in strength. The growth of Socialist sentiment, largely due to the outrages of the Mine Owners' Association and the backboneless character of the Democratic party, has badly frightened the old party politicians. The Democrats have been circulating rumor after rumor that Haywood would withdraw in favor of Adams. These rumors have finally received a quietus by a telegram from Haywood, in which he declares that he would go to the gibbet before he would betray his party.

Senator Patterson Tried to Make Haywood Withdraw. The Denver Post says T. M. Patterson tried to get Haywood to withdraw, but failed. He publicly expressed himself as fearful of the Socialist vote.

Haywood has time and time again stated in all the papers excepting those of Patterson—who refuses to accord the candidate such courtesy—that he is in the race to stay until the votes shall have been counted.

Patterson's latest scheme, it is claimed, is to publish an unsigned statement purporting to come from Mr. Haywood, on the morning of election, to the effect that he has withdrawn. The Socialist party has been warned of this move and will print signed statements from their candidate, in which he will emphasize the fact that he has not and will not have the slightest intention of quitting the fight.

Mighty Effort Being Made. The National Socialist party has been pouring speakers and campaign literature into the state. The Appeal to Reason has raised a special campaign fund and is sending 50,000 copies each week to Colorado voters. The Socialist state campaign committee has also issued a special call for funds which has been responded to quite generally by trade unions and individuals throughout the country. The Brewers' union, for example, voting \$500 at its recent convention.

Comrade Guy Miller, who is running for Congress in a strong mining district, stands a good chance of election. He was one of the men deported from Cripple Creek two years ago and has been acting as a national organizer for the Socialist party since that time.

STORE DRIVERS REORGANIZE

Union Prevents Rank Injustice To Their Department Store Drivers.

Department store drivers, whose union was "busted" by the Employers' Association a short time ago at an expense of \$10,000,000, has come to life.

Fearing that the overworked teamsters would strike Monday, all State street store managers met the Union committee yesterday and adjusted their grievances.

This organization is not yet strong enough to demand overtime pay, but it has proved itself strong enough to prevent a reduction of pay. Two drivers with several years' experience were discharged from one store and when hired by another store were given the pay of beginners.

This the Union objected to and secured for the men \$15 a week, the highest wages.

Next year look out for the Department Store Drivers.

PACIFIC COAST PROMISES MORE THAN USUAL INCREASE

California and Washington Have Responded to Propaganda.

San Francisco, Nov. 3.—California is another state that is going to sow a heavy increase this year. The Socialist candidate for governor, Oscar Lewis, has been making a tour of the state, and reports a remarkable increase in Socialist sentiment at all points.

In San Francisco the expose of the depths of rottenness reached by the labor mayor, Schmidt, under the dominancy of Boss Rele, and the reports of Hearst newspapers, are bound to react strongly in favor of the Socialist candidates. Indeed, this attempt to steal the Socialist thunder appears to have run its course in California. Los Angeles also shows exceptional signs of Socialist activity and will give a good report.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 3.—(Special).—The fight of the Socialists for free speech still continues. Last evening, the Socialists determined to make one more effort to assert their rights and attempted to hold meetings on the streets. The police raided the meeting and arrested fifteen Socialists. They were taken to jail and in defiance of law were denied right of bail. Among those taken were the candidates for congress, the Supreme and Superior courts and other officers to be voted on next Tuesday. This will not by any means be the first time in history that Socialist candidates for office were within prison walls at the time of election. The spectators were arrested on charge of interfering with the police.

WISCONSIN'S VOTE WILL RUN UP

Social-Democratic Campaign Has Been Vigorously Pushed—50,000 in State Expected.

A queer state of things exists in Wisconsin in the present campaign. Outside the Social Democrat camp there is the most deadly apathy. The fact is that the Wisconsin voter is the most disillusioned mortal imaginable. For years, Senator La Follette has posed as a "reformer," and by his personal influence pushed through the primary law, which was supposed to give the people a chance to make their own nominations and "bust the machine." Then the grafters succeeded in working the primaries, and slew the "reformers," and nominated their own men. It is enough to dishearten any "honest citizen" who puts his hope in old party reform.

La Follette's Somersault. But this is not the worst. The great "reformer," Senator La Follette, seeing which way the wind is blowing and determined to be on the inside somehow or other, suddenly whipped around and is now supporting the candidate whom he could not defeat. This candidate, Gov. Davidson, is the corporations' own man. The trusts, the railroads and corporations are all supporting him. To find La Follette, the model "reformer" in the crowd is enough to sicken any honest republican.

The democratic party is no better. Their candidate for governor has lobbied for the Milwaukee Gas Company in several successive legislatures.

Consequently thousands of republicans and democrats will stay at home this year, and thousands more will vote the Social Democratic ticket for the first time.

Result of Straw Vote. Our noonday meetings at the gates of the factories, breweries, tanneries, machine works and other plants have been more successful than in any previous election. A straw vote was recently taken in one of the West Allis car shop, where 200 men are employed, with this astonishing result—of 200 workmen 175 voted for the Social-Democratic party.

The Socialist representation in the legislature will certainly be largely increased, and there is a good prospect of electing two congressmen from Milwaukee. Wisconsin will run its vote from 30,000 to 50,000 this fall.

"SOMETHING ROTTEN IN IDAHO"

(Continued from page 1.)

corpus! We'll give them post mortems instead!" Governor Gooding, the present governor of Idaho, has recently said: "To hell with the people!" Now, it is but natural to question the good citizenship of an organization of men that continually and consistently consigns to hell the principles of habeas corpus, the people, and the Constitution. In Chicago, a few years ago, some men were hanged for uttering incendiary language not half so violent as this. But they were workingmen. The mine owners of Colorado and Idaho are the chief executives, are capitalists. They will not be hanged. On the contrary, they have their full liberty, which liberty they are exercising in an effort to hang some other men whom they do not like.

Why Mine Owners Dislike Haywood. Why do the mine owners dislike Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone? Because these men stand between the mine owners and a pot of money. These men are leaders of organized labor. They plan and direct the efforts of the workmen to get better wages and shorter hours. If the mine owners are compelled to grant higher wages and shorter hours, the operation of their mines will be more expensive. The higher the running expenses the smaller the profits. If the mine owners could disrupt the Western Federation of Miners, they would increase the hours of labor, lower wages, and thereby gain millions of dollars. This is the pot of money.

It is a fairly respectable pot of money. Judas betrayed Christ to crucifixion for thirty pieces of silver. Human nature has not changed since that day, and it is conceivable that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone may be hanged for the sake of a few millions of dollars. Not that the mine owners have anything personally against Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, (Judas had nothing against Christ), but because the mine owners want the pot of money. Judas wanted the thirty pieces of silver.

Wants to Wipe Out Western Federation of Miners. That the foregoing is not merely surmise, it would be well to state that the mine owners have frequently and outspokenly announced that it is their intention to exterminate the Western Federation of Miners. Here is motive, clearly shown and expressed. It merits consideration on the part of every thoughtful and patriotic citizen.

In brief, the situation at present in Idaho is as follows: Following a long struggle between capital and labor, the capitalist organization has jailed the leaders of the labor organization. The capitalist organization is trying to hang the labor leaders. It has tried to do this before, but its evidence and its "confessions" were always too rotten and corrupt. Its hired spies and Pinkertons have themselves been sent to prison for the commission of all manner of crimes, while they have never yet succeeded in sending one labor leader to prison.

The capitalist organization has been incendiary in speech, and by unlawful acts has lived up to its speech. It will profit by exterminating the labor organization, and it has openly expressed its intention of exterminating the labor organization. The capitalist organization has a bad character. It has never hesitated at anything to attain its ends. By sentiment and act it has behaved unlawfully, as have its agents whom it hired. The situation in Idaho? There can be but one conclusion—THERE IS SOMETHING ROTTEN IN IDAHO.

JACK LONDON.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND MAKE THE DAILY PERMANENT.

H. R. EAGLE 19 EAST RANDOLPH STREET

SPECIAL PRICE CUTTING SALE ON GOOD RELIABLE GROCERIES

Table listing various grocery items and their prices, including 2 1/2 gal. Jacket Cans Fancy Table Syrup, 50-lb. Bag Cocoa Beans, etc.

La Follette's Somersault.

But this is not the worst. The great "reformer," Senator La Follette, seeing which way the wind is blowing and determined to be on the inside somehow or other, suddenly whipped around and is now supporting the candidate whom he could not defeat.

The democratic party is no better. Their candidate for governor has lobbied for the Milwaukee Gas Company in several successive legislatures.

Consequently thousands of republicans and democrats will stay at home this year, and thousands more will vote the Social Democratic ticket for the first time.

Result of Straw Vote. Our noonday meetings at the gates of the factories, breweries, tanneries, machine works and other plants have been more successful than in any previous election.

A straw vote was recently taken in one of the West Allis car shop, where 200 men are employed, with this astonishing result—of 200 workmen 175 voted for the Social-Democratic party.

The Socialist representation in the legislature will certainly be largely increased, and there is a good prospect of electing two congressmen from Milwaukee.

Wisconsin will run its vote from 30,000 to 50,000 this fall.

CLOSING OUT

The balance of the Mail Order Department must be closed out at once regardless of cost.

SPECIAL

400 Pairs Ladies' and Misses' Dress and House Slippers, worth \$2.50 to \$4.00, all well known makes, to close at \$1.00. \$1.19

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND MAKE THE DAILY PERMANENT.



Roosevelt

The people of this country are divided into three classes. The first class are the very rich, the plutocrats, who, with their valets, their grooms, their maids, their manicurists, their chauffeurs, yacht captains, lawyers and brokers make up 1% of the entire population.

The second class are the small capitalists—the little manufacturers, traders, small business men, who are being wiped out by concentration. These number perhaps 10% of the population.

After these two classes of capitalists come the immense majority of the people of the nation. These are the working people, including the farmers.

Theodore Roosevelt hardly considers this immense majority. He stands in the midst of a circle of light and in this circle sees only the struggle of the small capitalist against the trusts.

His sympathy goes to the small capitalists and he tries to help them.

But his vision is not long enough, nor clear enough for him to observe the hard and bitter fate of the working class, which abides in the darkness without the circle of light. Then he neither sees nor considers.

Roosevelt's greatest performance thus far has been the passage of the railway rate bill. This has been widely heralded as a corrective of the evils springing from the private ownership of railroads.

What does this bill amount to, anyway?

Simply this: That when the railroads are evidently making too much money, after a long court row, the rates to shippers will be reduced.

This law seems of benefit to the shipper, though the ultimate result will be simply a lowering of his selling price, not an increase in his profits.

How will this railway rate law help the working people, the 90% of the immense majority?

In no way.

If Roosevelt, in his reform program, had considered at all the interests of the working class, he would have proposed that the Interstate Commerce Commission should have the right not only to lower rates for shippers, but also to shorten hours and to raise wages of railroad employes.

But Roosevelt never thought of such a thing. He is for the middle class. For them he will fight against the upper class, but he will not fight for the working class against the upper and middle classes.

Now the middle class is just as hostile to labor as the upper class—perhaps more so.

The middle class is fighting desperately for its own existence, and must cut every expense to the bone.

It must keep its wages as low and its hours as high as it possibly can. The trusts pay better wages than the small business men.

The greatest purpose of President Roosevelt is to dig the Panama Canal, which again will help the small shippers. It will prove an effective regulation for railway rates, providing water competition.

But how will the Panama Canal, so advertised, so heralded as a universal benefit for all the people in America, help the working class? What will it do for the men who make the goods which the shippers ship? How will it benefit the men who have nothing to ship but themselves?

The canal is to be dug by Jamaica negroes and Chinese coolies, who are not allowed to observe the eight-hour day.

The most recent of the proposed Roosevelt reforms is an inheritance tax on swollen fortunes. If this ever became a law, one man, instead of leaving two or three hundred millions to his children could only leave fifty millions, or perhaps only twenty-five millions.

How does that affect the working class?

He won't receive any of the millions that the rich man doesn't leave his children. They will go to building up "the finest navy in the world."

Roosevelt is the best and most sincere man in Washington for the middle class. Bryan, Tillman and La Follette stand with him.

Aldrich, Spooner, Cannon and Allison are the most conspicuous upholders of the upper class, the plutocrats, the 1%.

But among all the officers at Washington, there is not one to represent the interest of the great majority of people—the working class, the 90%.

If this great majority want to have their interests taken care of at Washington, they must send people there to represent them, just as the upper and middle classes do.

Vote The Ticket Straight

In the fourth column of the official ballot in Chicago there is a ticket that represents a definite class interest; that represents a clearly cut principle; that stands for a single complete program.

That class is the workers; that principle is justice; that program is Socialism.

To vote for that ticket is to vote for that principle, that class, that program.

The men who are upon the ticket are men who have been chosen with care, because of the fact that they are entrusted with the defense of the interests of the working class.

Just how worthy they are as individuals is seen by the fact that nearly all the various legislative committees, whose business it is to pick out "good men" have been forced to select men from the Socialist ticket, although not a single Socialist has a place upon any one of these selecting bodies.

It is not as individuals, however, that they come before the working class, asking support.

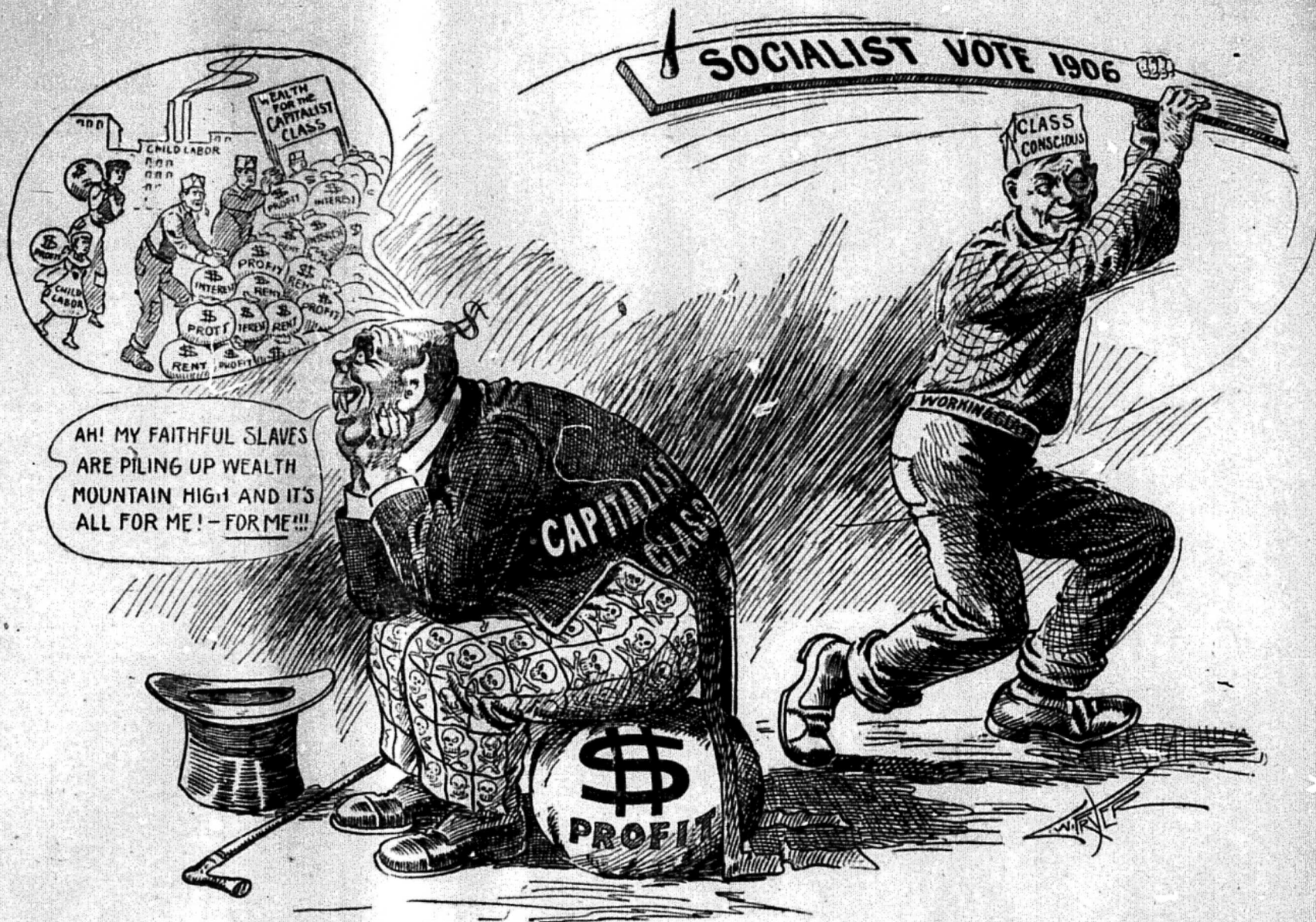
They come as representatives of the American division of that great working class army that all over the world is moving forward with a single purpose—and that purpose the victory of the producers of wealth.

Buying space in our advertising columns does not carry a preferred mortgage on our editorial and news columns.

Ask your shop-mate every day whether he has read that article in the Daily Socialist.

Let us know when you think this paper could be improved.

"DO IT NOW"



THE CAPTION SELECTED BY MISS FRANCES O'CONNOR, ROCKFORD, ILL., WINS PRIZE IN CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

Many, various and clever were the suggestions made for names for this cartoon.

Some of the answers are printed here. The prize is awarded to Miss Frances O'Conner of Rockford, Ill.

"DO IT NOW."

Miss Frances O'Connor, 125 Longwood St., Rockford, Ill.

"Down with Capitalism, up with Socialism."

Miss Anna Cohen, 680 N. Western Ave., Chicago.

"Knocking out the Bottom from Under the Capitalist Class."

"Driving the Spike in Under the Capitalist Class."

Mr. Wm. Bell, 528 W. Van Buren St., Chicago.

"The Unexpected Always Happens."

J. J. Ruzicka, 1402 So. Homan Ave., Chicago.

"The Smile That Will Soon Come Off." "Inflation Profits its Joys— Before and After Taking." "Anticipation in Two Worlds."

Frank Holmes, 2943 Indiana Ave., Chicago.

"Vanishing Dream of Capitalism."

F. K. Behne, Alta, Iowa.

"Our Idiotic System and Its Cure."

N. Johnson, 640 N. Maplewood Ave., Chicago.

"The Heinous Glutton." "Enemy to Welfare."

Carl C. L. Harting, 85 E. 23rd St., Chicago.

"Will the Vision be Destroyed?"

Ray Schneider, 86 Czeley Ave., Chicago.

"Beware of Attack (a tack) from The Man Behind."

H. M. Howe, 313 S. Western Ave., Chicago.

"A Point not to be Overlooked." "A Socialist Pointer." "It's a Shame to Wake Him Up." "Making a Point." "Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before."

G. Edward Lind, 237 Elm St., Chicago.

"23." H. Murray, 105 N. Joliet St., Chicago.

"The best laid plans aft gae agly."

"The Impressions Made by the Pointed Attack Will Modify Capitalism Plans."

B. Blumenberg, 1608 Cass St., Chicago.

"How to Strike Capitalism an Effective Blow."

"Why Don't You Turn Around and Strike Him?"

Otto Isasovitch, 419 S. Hermitage Ave., Chicago.

"The Point."

Isaac Hubbell, R. F. D., 1-21, Avon, Ill.

"Skidoo—23."

Max Brodkey, 716 4th St., Sioux City, Iowa.

"Interrupted Bliss."

Chas. W. Howe, 1903 School St., Rockford, Ill.

"Spiking the Big Guns of Capitalism."

D. S. Cameron, 3130 Pine St., Dubuque, Iowa.

"The Re-Action."

C. M. Stostrup, Clinton, Iowa.

"Ignorance and Truth."

E. W. Lovelace, 645 Hampshire St., Quincy Ill.

"The Slaves, Their Owner and Their Emancipator."

J. H. Hanley, Quincy, Ill.

"I Got Mine."

"Not Yet But Soon."

(Anonymous.)

"A Pointer for the Capitalist."

"Let all the Ends Thou Aim'st at be Thy Country's Despoilers."

"The Only Method of A-Tack That Will Make Capital Sit Up and Take Notice."

"A Small Weapon Properly Used May Produce Great Results."

"Labor's Chance to 'Get Back' at Capital."

"The Worm May Turn. If so, Look Out!"

J. W. Holton, 108 Franklin St.

"Don't You Think He'll Soon Feel the Point?"

E. M. Garwood, Zimmerman House, Greenburg, Pa.

"Not Yet But Soon."

Miss A. Annibale, 694 W. 26th St., Chicago.

"He Will Never See the Point, but—"

(Anonymous.)

"Justice."

William L. Wilson, 1505 Arch St., Allegheny, Pa.

"Waiting at the Church."

La Salle Street Broker.

"A Fair Strike." R. Bayles, 15713 Carse Ave., Harvard, Ill.

"Reality vs. Contribution." H. C. Park, Huntington, Ind.

"Capitalism's Nemesis." A. A. Rushford, Witt, Ill.

"A-Straight Shot at the Bottom of the Thing." J. M. Crook, 841 N. 53rd Ave., Chicago.

"The Rude Awakening." Wm. T. Moore, Soldier's Home.

"Plutocrat's Paradise And Worker's Gehenna." James Popplers, 3850 W. 62nd St., Chicago.

"Man's inhumanity to Man Makes Countless Thousands Mourn." Mrs. Ella Burruss, Masconbab, Ill.

"Spiking His Battery." J. W. Taunt, 715 Blair Ave., Bellville, Ill.

"The Only Way." Ed. Higgins, 1305 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Hard Labor and Small Pay." Mrs. J. E. Smith, Box 128, Colchester, Ill.

"Bound by Fetters the Vote Can Break."

"Faith." Gertrude Werder, 5347 Theodosia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

"Vote as You Strike." Miss Mildred Beery, Box 663, Crestline, Ohio.

"The Capitalist Miller." John Kambish, Ambridge, Pa.

"Watch Him Hit It Up." H. Rimbach, 632 W. River St., Elyria, Ohio.

"A Rude Awakening." Geo. H. Spash, 544 East Main St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Growth of Socialist Vote

Table showing the growth of the Socialist vote in various countries from 1867 to 1906. Columns include Year, Vote, and Reprs. for Germany, Italy, Belgium, France, Austria, United States, and Great Britain.

A Laugh or A Smile By QUIZZ TAZZIT

No Thieves Abroad, Then. "What do you Socialists want, anyway?" interrupts the loud mouthed individual. "The whole earth, with a fence around it."

The only man who can consistently vote a straight ticket this fall is the Socialist.

In the Socialistic movement no man elected to office dares disobey the mandate of the party. Therefore a Socialist never scratches his ballot.

Goodness, but the insenseness of the New York campaign does make the other states feel jealous.

Doubtless there are lots of men in Pittsburg who would exchange their millions for the popularity which Count Boni seems to have with the women.

The chief of the rebellious Utes is called American Hero. He ought to be told that the horse in this day and generation is a back number.

Not at Present. "Here is a Socialist paper which speaks of the 'idle classes.' Does it mean the millionaires?"

"I suppose not. The millionaires have to work fourteen hours a day fighting indictments."

Anyway, the man who "throws his vote away" on the Socialist ticket never has to kick himself afterward because the man he supported turned out to be an enemy of the working class.

The Socialists can't lose Tuesday. Their vote is going to increase as it does in every election, and that will be victory.

Count Boni still hopes for a reconciliation. Somehow, he can't come to realize that he is about to be pried loose for good from those American millions.

Mrs. Sage has doubled the wages of all the employes in the Sage banking house. It is plain that if the old man had been under petticoat government he never would have amassed all that money.

When you scratch a man on the back it pleases him, but when you scratch a ballot it goes all to pieces.

When they took Banker Stenland out of prison and dressed him up in citizen's clothes, in order that he might attend court, he looked very well, except for the style of his haircut.

Mr. Hearst's followers might point out that Root rhymes perfectly with Ute.

How amusing it is to the Socialist to hear the bloody rumpus that is now going on in New York.

"AN EYE FOR AN EYE"

BY G. S. DARROW

The Story of a Condemned Man's Last Night on Earth.

[Jim Jackson in jail for killing his wife, working as a switchman was unnerved by seeing a fellow workman mangled; got work in stock yards; out on strike; black-listed; took to peddling. A cold day's peddling leads him to stop at saloons but instead of spending money at last saloon decides to take home beef steak to wife. He finds her scolding the child. She upbraids him for buying the steak; they quarrel and she purposely spoils the steak in cooking. He goes on to tell what took place after supper; of a fierce wrangle and the killing of his wife; of his efforts to revive her and attempts to commit suicide.]

"Then I felt sure 'twas all off. I'd done everything I could think of, and I'd prayed just as hard as I knew how, and I was sure no one ever meant it more'n I did or wanted it any more, and I knew, of course, God had seen the whole thing and could do it if he wanted to, and that he didn't want to, and that she was clear dead. I kind of half set and half laid down on the floor a little while longer, tryin' to think about it and what I was goin' to do. But I couldn't make any plans; I kep' thinkin' about how it had all happened, and it begun to seem as if I wasn't really me that hit her with the poker, but as if both of us was somebody else and I was sort of dreamin' about it all. Ain't you ever had them kind of feelin's when somethin' awful has happened? But, of course, nothin' like that ever happened to you. I thought most about that beefsteak, and how I stopped and bought it, and didn't go in and get a drink, and all the time it seemed to me just as if that was where I made my big mistake. And then I thought how awful near I come to goin' into the saloon instead of the butcher-shop, and then some of the time I'd kind of feel as if mebbe I was goin' into the saloon after all, and it wa'n't goin' to happen. Don't you know how it is when anybody's died or anything happened? You think about everything that's done, so as to see if mebbe you can't make it come out some other way after all? Well, that's the way I done about every little thing, and every word we both spoke till I hit her with the poker. Another thing where I almost missed killin' her was that poker; that coal pall she'd belong in the settin' room at all, but ought to have been in the kitchen, and I don't know how it ever got in there. Mebbe the boy hugg'd it in for a drum. You know he didn't have many playthings, or mebbe she started a little fire in the settin' room, for 'twas the first cold day. I don't see how it could have been that either, for she was washin' that day and wouldn't have any time to set in there. But I don't know as it makes any difference; the coal pall was in the settin' room and the poker was in the hall, and they was right before my eyes at the time. If they hadn't been I never would've used the poker. When she stood up and told me to kill her, I'd most likely struck her with my fists and that would only knocked her down. But anyhow it didn't do any good to go over it, for I couldn't go into the saloon instead of the butcher-shop, and I couldn't get that coal pall out of the settin' room, and it had all been done, and she was dead! And I killed her! After I'd went over this a long time I made myself stop so I could do somethin' that would be some use, for I knew there was lots to be done before mornin', and I hadn't a minute to lose. I knew I must get up off'n the floor and try to act like a man, and not give up, no matter how bad it was. But before I got up I thought I'd just take one more look to make sure that there wa'n't no use. So I went over her again, just as I done before, and at came out the same way anyhow. I didn't much think it was any use then and would've just about as soon begun at the head and got through with it right away.

"After I had looked her over again I got up and set down in a chair to make up my mind what to do. I hadn't been there very long when I knew I couldn't figure it out; 'twas too much for me the way I was, and so I thought I'd just quit tryin' and do a few things first. And then I wondered what time 'twas. I hadn't thought of that thing about the time before, but I s'posed it must be about mornin' for just as I heard an express wagon drive along the street, and anyhow it seemed an awful long while since I got home. The clock was right up on the mantel piece and was tickin' loud, but I hadn't thought of lookin' at it before and didn't even know it was in the room. I looked up and seen it was goin' and that 'twas only a quarter to twelve. I was surprised that it wa'n't no later, and wondered how it could be, and just then it struck me I kind of kep' count because I was sort of thinkin' of the clock and it stopped strikin' at nine. Then I thought somethin' must be wrong with the clock, too, and I looked back again and seen that I'd made a mistake in the hands and 'twas only nine o'clock. I couldn't believe this was so, but the clock was goin' all right. Then I kind of braced up a little and thought what was to be done. First, I looked 'round the room. I told you, didn't I, that we'd be in the settin' room? It was a settin' room and a dinin' room both. Somethin' was eat in the kitchen, but that was pretty small. The table stood there with the dirty dishes just as we'd got through eatin'. There was the plates and knives and forks, and the tea-cups and the big platter with some of that steak left, and the gravy gettin' kind of hard like lard all 'round it. The coal pall was there and the poker down on the floor. The chairs was standin' 'round the table where we'd set to eat, except the rockin' chair which was over by the stove. I looked at all them things, and then I looked down at the floor, and there she

lay with her head over toward the Joset door and her feet up almost under the table. It was an awful sight to look at her on the floor, but there wa'n't nothin' else to do, so I looked her all over as careful as I had before, then I got kind of scared; I hadn't never been in a room alone with any one that was dead, except at the morgue, but, of course, this was worse than anything of that kind. I'd always heard more or less about ghosts and haunted houses and things like that, but they seemed to come back now when I looked over where she was layin'. I was afraid of everthin', not of people but of ghosts and things I couldn't tell nothin' about. I knew she was dead and must have gone somewhere, and most likely she was right 'round here either in the bedroom lookin' at the boy or out here seen how I felt and what I was goin' to do with her. Just then I heard somethin' move over by the closet and it scart me almost to death. I knew it must be her and couldn't bear to see her unless she could come to life down on the floor. Finally I looked around where I heard the noise and then I seen it was the curtain; the window was down a little at the top. I went and put up the wiii, and then hated to turn 'round and look back where she lay. Then I went to the bedroom door and opened it about half way just so the light wouldn't fall on the bed and wake him up, but so I could hear her breathe and it wouldn't be quite so lonesome. Everthin' was awful still and like a ghost except the clock, after I got to thinkin' of it. Then it ticked so loud I was almost 'fraid they'd hear it in the next house. When I got the bedroom door open I thought I must do somethin' about her and the room before I made up my mind what plan to take about myself.

"First I went and hunted up the cat. I'd always heard about that, so I went into the kitchen and there she was, washin' 'round the sink. I couldn't help wishin' I was the cat, although I had never thought of any such thing before. Then I took her in my hand and went to the outside door and threw her out in the yard and shut the door tight. Then I came back in the settin' room and thought about what had to be done. I looked over again at her and then I saw her eyes still lookin' right up at the ceiling, and round and shinin' like glass marbles. I thought that wa'n't the way they ought to be and that all the dead folks I'd ever seen had their eyes shut. So I went over and got down by her head and kind of pushed the lids over her eyes, same as I'd always heard they did, and put some nickels on 'em to keep 'em down. I don't know how I done it, but I felt as if it had to be done, and, of course, they wa'n't no one else to do it, and nobody knows what they can do until they have to. And then I saw that there was a good deal of blood on her face, and I wanted her to look decent though I didn't know then what would be done with her, and I went into the kitchen to the sink and got a pan of water and some soap and an old towel, and washed all the blood off that I could find, and wiped her face careful to make her look as well as I could. Once or twice while I was doin' it I kind of felt down to her heart, but I knew it wa'n't no use. Still I thought it couldn't do any hurt, and that God might've thought I wa'n't scart enough so he wa'n't; but I didn't feel nothin' there. Then I kind of smoothed back her hair like I'd seen her do sometimes. 'Twas all scattered 'round on the floor and pretty full of blood. I couldn't very well get the blood out, but I fixed the hair all back together the best I could. Then I noticed that her jaw kind of hung down and I pushed it up and tied a towel around it to keep it there, and then she looked pretty well, except that great long gash over her face and head where the poker went.

"Then I thought I'd have to fix up the room and the floor a little bit. I s'posed I could get a little more room, and then moved her a little way and straightened her out some. First before I moved her I got that paper I'd been readin' and laid it on the floor and then I took up her shoulders and lifted 'em over to one side and laid her head on the paper. Then I moved the rest of her over to match her head and shoulders. There was a lot of blood on the floor where she'd been, and I knew I had to do somethin' about that.

"There was a nice Japanese rug on the floor, and her head had struck just on the edge of it over by the door. I'd bought her the rug for a Christmas present last year, and she liked it better'n anything she had in the house, but it was beginnin' to wear out some. A part of the blood was on the floor and a part on the rug. So I went and got another pan of water and the soap and towel and washed the floor; then I washed the rug the best I could, and lifted it up and washed in under it, and then threw away the water and got some more and washed it all over again. When I seen that the last water was a little bloody I thought mebbe I'd better go over it again, so I got some more water and went over it the third time, then I threw the water out and washed the towel as good as I could, and 'at back it and looked 'round the room to see if there was anything else to do. Just then I noticed the poker that I hadn't thought of before. I took it to the kitchen and washed it all over and then dried it and then put it in the stove and covered it with ashes, and then laid it down on the hearth; then I went back in and seen that everthin' was finished and that she was all right, and there wa'n't nothin' to do except to make my plans. But before I go on and tell you what I done with her, let me speak to the guard a minute.

"Hank and Jim got up once more and looked out through the bars. The guard was sittin' on the stool and asked what he could do. "What time is it?" said Jim. "Oh, it's early yet, only a little after twelve," he replied. "Wouldn't you like a little more whiskey? I've got another bottle here, and I can get all I want down to the office. If I was you I'd drink it. I don't think whiskey does any hurt. I'm always arguin' with that other guard all the time. He's bug-house on whiskey."

the sheriff. You'd better ask for all of us." "That whiskey makes me feel better. I've been takin' a good deal tonight and I s'pose I'll take more in the mornin'. That's one reason why I'm drinkin' so much now. First I thought I wouldn't take any tomorrow—or I guess it's today, ain't it? It don't seem possible; but I s'pose it is. I thought I'd show the newspapers and people that I been tellin' a coward I was to kill a woman; but now I think I'll take all I possibly can. I guess that's the best way. It don't make no difference—if I take it they'll say I'm a coward and if I don't, it's only bravado. Most people takes so much that they almost have to be carried up, and they don't hardly know. I guess that's the best way. Some people take somethin' to have a tooth pulled, and I don't see why they shouldn't for a thing like this. Mebbe the whiskey makes me talk more'n I meant to, and tell you a lot of things that ain't nothin' to do with the case, but it's pretty hard for me to tell what has and what hasn't."

"After I got her all laid out and the floor cleaned, I set down a minute to think what I'd do next. First I thought I'd go in and get the kid and take him away, and leave her there, and I guess now that would have been the best way, and they wouldn't find it out so quick. But then I thought the people next door, or the postman, or milkman, or somebody, would come along in the mornin' and find her there, and I couldn't get far with the kid. Besides I only had about ten dollars, and I knew that wouldn't last long. Then I thought I'd just go out and jump onto one of the freight trains they was makin' up in the yards, and leave her and the kid both; then I couldn't bear to think of him wakin' up and comin' out into the settin' room and findin' her there. He wouldn't know what it meant and would be scart to death and 'twouldn't be right. Then so long as I couldn't do either one, I had to get her out, and I didn't know how to do it, and what was I goin' to do with her when I got her out. First I thought I'd try to put her in the sewer, and then I knew some one would find her there for that had been tried before; then I studied to see what else I could think of.

"Finally I happened to remember a place she and I went once picnicin', just after we was married. I don't know how I happened to remember it, 'cept that I couldn't think of anything to do, and then I was kind of goin' over do, life, and it seemed to me that was the nicest day we ever had. One of the boys had been tellin' me about the new street car lines that run way off down through Pullman and South Chicago, and out into the country, and how nice it was out there away from all the houses. So one Sunday we went over to the street cars and started out. I don't know whether we found the right place or not, but I remember just when we was goin' to turn somewhere to go to Pullman or South Chicago we saw some trees off in a field, and thought that would be a nice place to go and set in the shade and eat the lunch we'd brought along. So we went over under the trees, and then I saw some rocks further over, and then she and I went over where they was and there was a great deep pond with big stones all 'round the edge. I heard that it was an old stone quarry that had got filled up with water. But it was awful deep and big, and we set down under a little tree on top of one of them big rocks and let our feet hang over the sides, and the water was way down below, and I said to her just in fun, 'Now, if I wanted to get rid of you, I could just push you over here and no one would ever know anything about it.' She kind of laughed and the idea came into my mind of wanted to get rid of her I wouldn't have to push her off any rock, that she'd go and jump in somewhere herself, and I told her if I ever wanted her to I'd let her know, and for her to just wait till I did. And we went all 'round the pond, and I threw stones in it and tried to see how near across I could throw, and we stayed 'round until it was time to take the car and go home. And I don't believe I ever had a better time. Now and then when we was friendly or had got over a fight, we used to talk about goin' back there again, but we never did.

"Well, after thinkin' of everthin' I could, I made up my mind that the best thing was for me to put her on the express wagon and take her out there, if I could find the place. I didn't believe anybody would ever know anything about it, and if they did 'twould be a long time and they wouldn't know who she was.

"Then I thought it might be dangerous gettin' her out of the house and gettin' the wagon out on the street that time of night. If any one seen us they'd be suspicious and want to know what I was doin', and they'd be afraid the policeman would be watchin' for suspicious people and things along the street. But I didn't see anything else to do, and I knew I had to take chances anyway and would most likely get caught in the end. I looked at the clock and found 'twas only ten, and I felt as if that was too early to start out. The people next door wouldn't be abed and if they ever saw me carryin' her out they couldn't help noticin' it. So I set down and waited. You ain't no idea how slow the time goes in such a case. I just set and heard that clock tick, and the boy breathin' in the other room; it seemed as if every tick was just fetchin' me that much nearer to the end—and I s'pose mebbe that's so, whether we've killed anyone or not, but you don't never think of it unless it's some place where you're waitin' for someone to die, or somethin' like that. Then of course I kept thinkin' of everthin' in my whole life, and I went over again how I'd done it, but I couldn't make it come out any different no matter how hard I tried.

"Then I wondered what I was goin' to do next, and how long 'twould be before they'd catch me, and if I'd stand any show to get out, or if I got ketch'd. Of course, I thought I'd have to run away. I never seemed to think of anything but that. I guess everybody runs away when they do, ever such thing; 'tain't so much been safer, but they want to get away. It don't seem as if they'd ever be any chance any more where it's done. But I couldn't just higger out where to go. Of course, I knew I'd take the cars. There ain't any other way to travel if you want to go quick. Then I thought I'd have a long enough time to figure out what I was takin' that drove 'down across the prairie. Anyhow I'd need somethin' to think about while I was goin'."

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

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THE H. G. ADAMS PRINTING COMPANY. 85 Fifth Avenue.

SOCIALIST MEETINGS TO-DAY.

- Slavia Hall, 47th and Winchester Av.—Jas. McCarthy, Jas. A. Ambroz and John Collins, 7:30 p. m. McKinley Hall, 35th and Archer Av.—B. Berlyn and Jas. McCarthy, 7:30 p. m. Monroe Hall, Monroe and Sangamon St.—J. M. Patterson, Thos. J. Morgan and Jas. B. Smiley, 7:30 p. m. Metropolitan Hall, Jefferson and O'Brien—J. J. Kral, Thos. J. Morgan and A. M. Simons. Kaiser's Hall, 2988-90 Archer Ave.—Geo. Koop and Fred Foster, 7:30 p. m. Byiski's Hall, 2545 Milwaukee Ave., corner of Gresham—Geo. Koop and H. Anielewski (Polish). Chicago Heights, Ill.—Andrew Lafin, 3 p. m. Kensington Turner Hall, Kensington Ave., near Michigan—Charles L. Brecken, E. J. Vind and Matt Whalen, 7:30 p. m. Carlson's Hall, 5th and Greenbay Ave.—T. J. Vind, Matt Whalen and Nels Anderson. Stodola Hall, 107th St. and Greenbay Ave.—Speaker, Barney Berlyn. 419 State St.—Adolph Hancock.

ELBCTION RETURNS.

Watchers will report on election night at Brand's Hall, corner of Clark and Erie streets. Full returns will be at hand. As far as possible ward chairmen should assemble the report of their ward, and bring same in complete. The gathering at Brand's Hall will be a typical Socialist gathering. There is no doubt that some highly enjoyable Socialist news will be made by the ballots on (Tuesday Nov. 6) election day.

BOOKS WORTH READING

If You Want to Understand the Socialist Movement.

FOR SALE BY CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST.

Socialism has a library of its own—a library so great that its very size bewilders many a seeker after the truth and leaves him undecided where to begin. For the benefit of busy men, we have compiled a long list of the best books on Socialism, together with a little description of each book.

We print a different part of this list every day.

These books may be obtained from the Chicago Daily Socialist at the prices shown.

Manifesto of the Communist Party. By Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. Paper, 10 cents. (Also in cloth, bound in one volume with Liebknecht's "No Compromise," 50 cents.)

"Thus the history of the Manifesto reflects, to a great extent, the history of the modern working-class movement; at present it is undoubtedly the most widespread, the most international production of all Socialist literature, the common platform acknowledged by millions of workmen from Siberia to California."—Extract from Engels.

"The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggle." Commencing with this postulate, the Manifesto of the Communist Party proceeds in a masterly manner to proclaim to the world the principles of that party, now known as the International Socialist Party.

It is a book that one cannot read without thinking, but having read it once thoroughly the student reads and re-reads it with ever-increasing interest. Although it was written in 1848, and although much of the literature and most of the political movements which it criticized have passed away, yet the fundamental principles which it deals with remain as true today as they did fifty-five years ago.

Katherine Brezhkovsky—"For Russia's Freedom." By Ernest Poole. Paper, 10 cents. This is the true story of a Russian woman revolutionist who has been addressing immense crowds in American cities. "Daughter of a nobleman and earnest philanthropist; then revolutionist; hard-labor convict, and exile for twenty-three years in Siberia; and now a heroic old woman of sixty-one, she has plunged again into the dangerous struggle for freedom. The following extract will give some idea of the intensely interesting story.

One morning the Cossack guards entered our cells, seized us, tore off our clothes, and dressed us in convict suits alive with vermin. That scene cannot be described. One of us attempted suicide. Taken to a old prison, we were thrown into the "black holes"—foul little stalls into a low, grimy hall, which contained two big stoves and two iron windows. Each of us had a stall six feet by five. On winter nights the stall doors were left open for heat—but in summer each was locked at night in her own black hole. For three months we did not use our bunks, but fought with candles and pails of scalding water, until at last the vermin were all killed. We had been put on the "black hole diet" of black bread and

water. For three years we never breathed the outside air. We struggled constantly against the outrages inflicted on us. After one outrage we lay like a row of dead women for nine days without touching food, until certain promises were finally exacted from the wardens. This "hunger strike" was used repeatedly. To thwart it we were often bound hand and foot while Cossacks tried to force us down our throats.

The Economic Foundation of Art. By A. M. Simons. Paper, handsomely printed, uncut edges, 5 cents. "Every organism, whether it be social or biological, if it is to survive, must seek pleasure and avoid pain. Without accepting any particular theory of ethics, it is safe at least to say that the things which give pleasure are better than those which give pain. The best social relations are those securing the greatest amount of happiness to those who maintain them."

This book, which is reprinted from "The Craftsman," a monthly periodical devoted to the interests of art allied to labor, published by the United Crafts, Eastwood, N. Y., is an excellent treatise. It deals better than most any other work on similar lines with the subject of the joy of working under proper conditions, and furnishes a fitting answer to the man who believes that people will stop working under socialism.

"Mass Struggles in America." By A. M. Simons. Second edition, revised and enlarged, 64 pages, paper, 10 cents.

"America has been one of the latest in the family of nations to take up the doctrine of Socialism. Germany, France and Belgium were counting their votes by the hundreds of thousands ere the much more numerous American working class has begun to learn the lesson of Socialism. But now the same spirit which carried America to the forefront of capitalist nations in a score of years, which made her productive forces greater than those of any nation, will, when that energy is turned toward striking off the chains that our vast working class cause her to lag far behind in the race toward this greater goal of freedom at a rate that may yet leave all other nations in the rear."

In this book, as in the American Farmer, Comrade Simons has entered the almost unbroken field of American economic history. Facts are shown here which prove with greatly added force the doctrine of historical materialism. To those who learned their history of America out of the standard school books, this book will be a great surprise. Many idols are destroyed, but the vast majority of authorities quoted will convince any one of the theory, which this book is intended to teach, viz., that "In every historical epoch the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organization necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the political and intellectual history of that epoch."

The present edition of this pamphlet contains scarcely any of the matter included in the original edition, not because the author found it necessary to modify to any extent the views expressed in the earlier edition, but because his later studies brought out a wealth of additional detail adding greatly to the interest of the work.

Socialism vs. Single Tax: A Verbatim Report of a Debate held at Twelfth Street Turner Hall, Chicago, December 20, 1904. For Socialism: Ernest Untermyann, Seymour Stedman, A. M. Simons. For Single Tax: Louis F. Post, Henry H. Hardinge, John Z. White. Paper, 25 cents.

Just now when a last effort is being made to revive the single tax philosophy by adjusting it to fit small capitalist interests and revising it in order to attempt to make it explain modern industrial concentration, this debate becomes of special interest. On the side of single tax are Louis F. Post, Henry H. Hardinge and John Z. White, who will certainly be admitted by all single taxers to be among the ablest representatives of that school of thought. The debate occupied nearly the entire afternoon, and sufficient time was thus offered for a very thorough presentation of all sides of the case. The socialist side was represented by Ernest Untermyann, Seymour Stedman and A. M. Simons, men whose work for socialism is sufficiently well known to need no further discussion. The debate covers practically the whole field of difference between two schools of thought, and socialists who have read it declare it to be one of the most complete refutations of the single tax position ever set forth. An interesting feature of the book is portraits of all of the debaters, and also of Karl Marx and Henry George. Wherever there are any remnants of single tax left, copies of this book should be on hand for sale by the socialist locals, and every socialist should be familiar with its arguments in order to meet any phase of single tax which may arise.

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WORKINGMEN ATTENTION!!!

By wage slaves? When? May become independent!

We have 2,500 acres of land at Fairhope, Alabama, that we are developing on the co-operative plan. One hundred people, both sexes, wanted at once to work land, and in housebuilding, fishing, canning and preserving plants, and other industries; also as teachers in Industrial School. Five hundred more wanted later. Good wages, profit-sharing. A beautiful, healthful climate; a cultured, prosperous, progressive community.

We also have 640 acres in Colorado, and a large tract in Saskatchewan that we will develop next spring.

FRATERNAL WOMENMAKERS SOCIETY, 20th November St., at 200, 115 Dearborn Street, Chicago. After that date, at FAIRHOPE, ALABAMA.

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WEAR THE JOHN F. COLLINS UNION MADE \$2-HAT-\$3 MID-WINTER STYLES QUALITY THE BEST S. W. Cor. Madison and La Salle Sts.

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SOCIALIST PARTY COOK COUNTY HEADQUARTERS 163 RANDOLPH ST. CHAS. L. BRECKON, Secretary

If you are at all interested in the Socialist Party Organization, address as above and learn how you may become a member.

COUNTY CENTRAL COMMITTEE Meets Every Second Sunday Each Month at 55 N. Clark St.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE Meets Every Monday at Headquarters

Find your place in this organization and become identified with the greater movement in the history of the human family.

Buttons Buttons Buttons STAND UP AND BE COUNTED Every Party Member should show his colors by wearing the PARTY EMBLEM. Single Button, 3c; 10 to 100, 1c each; 500 for \$4.00 Gold Plate Buttons, 25c each; 10 for \$2.00

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THE BITTER CRY OF THE CHILDREN BY JOHN SPARGO Library Edition.....\$1.50 By mail.....\$1.65

THE CALL OF THE WILD BY JACK LONDON Library Edition.....75c By mail.....85c

CHICAGO SOCIALIST, 163 E. Randolph Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Varicocele. Restoration to a sound and healthy condition in the case of any method of treating this disease. J. H. GREER, M.D., 52 Dearborn Street Chicago

# Sunday's Golden Thought —

The prostitute under the lamps, the baby beggar in the gutter, the broken pauper in his livery of shame, the weary worker stifling in his filthy slums, the wage slave toiling at his task, the sweater's victim, 'sewing at once with a double thread, a shroud as well as a shirt'— these things are dreadful, ghastly, shameful facts.—Blatchford.

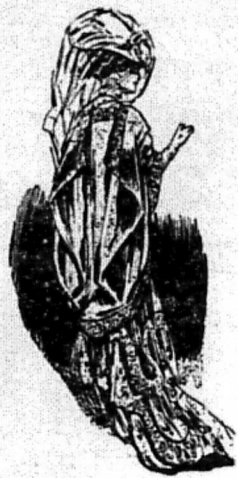
## What Well Dressed Women Wear

Being a Series of Letters from Mrs. Peyton Scudham to her Niece, Josephine, in the Country.

After all, dearest sweetest child, you were right in following the dictates of your heart.

I have just ordered an exquisite gown of limerick lace, with just a princess slip of ivory satin to go under it, a white picture hat covered with long white plumes, the inevitable long white gloves—a white taffeta skirt embroidered in ribbon work and very full around the bottom, sheathlike at the top; a white nainsook petticoat with convent-made embroidery and eighteen tiny ruffles with scalloped edges set on with French seaming and edged with real valenciennes; a French corset of white satin, beautifully plain, with just a corsage bow of blue; white Florentine silk underwear; white silk stockings, the plain kind, no drop stitch, and white satin shoes—the most beautiful things Sweet ever made. (I have drawn ahead two quarters on the estate. The trustees permitted it under the circumstances.) And

waists, silk and wool underwear and little silk waists of plaid, for the dampness destroys lingerie. Three dinner dresses, one of embroidered mull trimmed with renaissance point, another yellow crepe de chine, hand tucked and trimmed with



Cape, Picture Hat and Veil worn by Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr.

hand embroidered insets, and a more elaborate dress of Irish lace. Two evening coats, one of lace and designed to match the dinner dress, and one of black velvet and sable, with which there goes a great black hat trimmed with plumes and sable.

Two street gowns, one of leaf green cloth, trimmed with velvet and Irish crochet, and one of bright blue trimmed with bands of the same and velvet.

Six negligees of crepe, lace and silk, in various light colors, including one of Martiniot stripes and one of Pompadour silk, but all very flatty with lace. Three imported Japanese kimonos. Two dinner gowns for dinner en famille, one of jetted net and one of pale green dotted tulle, trimmed with hand-painted crepe de soie in many tints.

I know one can get such lovely lingerie in Paris that I am getting very little, only eleven sets, a few extra silk petticoats for steamship or travel, etc., five dozen handkerchiefs and twelve boxes of stockings. Gloves, too, beyond a few dozen pairs I am leaving till then.

The only things I have ordered which really matter are my furs. These can be got better in Ottawa, Canada, than abroad. So through a friend I have ordered a set of ermine, a set of white fox and a set of lynx. The ables I have are good enough, for they cannot be duplicated, I learn, on inquiry, for \$15,000. They consist of long stole, big muff,



Paris Negligee of yellow and white crepe de chine and chiffon; surah bands; pearl buckle, surah ties; lieres lace.

now you see the reason why I underlined the blue bow was because it is my wedding costume.

Mr. Acton and I are going to be married very quietly in two weeks at the Church of Saint Ixibus by the Lake, at noon, and hardly any one there. We are telling no one, for we do not wish it to be announced in the papers, and so do be careful not to breathe it. There would be a string of photographers there, and they would write their own descriptions and get the name of the material wrong and spell the name wrong—I know how it is. I prefer to send in the notice.

So it was I after all, and not my dear little puritan who was destined for my distinguished personage. Strange how I have called him that all along.

I have told no but but My Dear Friend. She seemed very sympathetic after she had got over her first astonish-



Attractive Street Shoe in special design.

small collar, and the lovely cloak which I wore last winter when you were here, you remember?

So I am getting all this outfit for a trifle under \$8,000. I suppose I could do better in Paris, and I expect to add to it there—especially hats and lingerie, taking with me only what we shall need for our short visit in England. And then one has to pay one's dressmaker to hurry, and—dear Mr. Acton is so impatient.

I wonder what every one is saying of me. Certainly there can be but one opinion of him. He has spent his whole life in the midst of beautiful objects. There have never been for him any of the harsher, cruder scenes or experiences—nothing but beautiful and soft surroundings, exquisite cookery, finest wines, finest tobacco, finest linen, richest of hangings, beautiful music, beautiful paintings, beautiful women with low voices.

I am thankful that after the conservatoire in my teens I kept up my voice work until it was an established habit, for I may owe my splendid Mr. Acton to that.

Ah, well, 'tis human nature! And have I not told you all along that your fond auntie was a silly romantic thing at heart, under all her worldly veneer?

Mr. Acton's maternal grandfather was old General Chester, who founded the Chester family fortunes in this country. He tied up his money in such a way that only a small percentage could be spent for fifty years. The fifty years is just up, and so Mr. Acton, although a man of mature years (he is, as I told you, prematurely gray), is just coming into his fortune, as if he were a boy of twenty-one.

I have heard that it amounts to about a hundred million. But that is a great exaggeration.

However, it is better than the paltry sixty thousand a year which he has had to do with all his life.

He has told me that it has taken all the ambition out of him, to feel that he had to live until 1906 before he could be independent.

So you were right, dear child, in doing as your heart told you to do. And I am doing the same thing. Do not think of putting yourself out to be present, when you have your own wedding to think of! We shall be married very quietly and fit away to dear Fares, and Ostend and Nice, where I hope you may come sometime to visit your fond affectionate aunt.

CASSANDRA.

P. S.—Dear love to your father and ask him to help you not to be such a little Puritan after you are married.

## TRADE UNION MEETINGS TO-DAY.

Bottled Beer and Liquor Wagon Drivers and Helpers' union, Local No. 744—Meeting Sunday at 2 p. m. at Horan's Hall. All stewards attend. Important. Thomas Barry.

Coal Teamsters' Union, Local 704—Meeting Sunday at 2 p. m. at 10 Clark street. William Kelly.

Department Store Delivery Drivers and Helpers' Union, Local 715—Meeting Sunday to hear report on wage scale. All urged to attend. Peter W. Reitz. Furniture Drivers and Helpers' Union, Local 722, I. B. of T.—Meeting Sunday at 2 o'clock at 145 Randolph street. James D. Slaver.

Newspaper Delivery and Mail Drivers, U. T. of A., Local 706—Meeting Sunday at 3 p. m. at 75 Randolph street. E. H. Hutton.

Office Building Janitors and Window Washers, Local 11,692—Meeting and smoker Sunday at 2 p. m. at 10 Clark street. Bring a friend with you. E. J. Wood.

## SWITCHMEN MAY STRIKE MONDAY

### Roads Refuse Demands of Men — Committee Given Authority to Call Strike.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 3.—The switchmen on the Northwestern roads entering in St. Paul will strike Monday if the wage question they have been discussing with the roads is not settled before. A poll of the roads completed to-day gives conference committee the authority to call the strike if negotiations fail. The switchmen's committee met officials of the roads this morning, asking that final meeting be held Monday morning. The men demand an increase of 10 cents an hour. The roads have flatly refused this request, but a settlement may yet be secured, on a modified basis. A. T. Hawley, chief of the switchmen, will arrive in St. Paul from Chicago, Monday.

## SEVEN WOODMEN JAILED

### Refused To Work For Lumber Company and Got Ten Days Apiece.

### ALL WERE AUSTRIANS

Seven Austrians accused of obtaining transportation under false pretenses, were found guilty in Judge Cutting's court yesterday and sentenced to ten days each in the county jail. They are Mike Kaiser, John Benacitz, Thomas Lui, Mike Tony, Anton Bericzitz, Mike Devitz and Mike Benacitz.

The complaint was sworn to by John P. Buckley, a local employment agent, who told the court that he had hired the men to work in the woods near Pratt, Wis., for the Lake Superior Lumber & Box Co.

Men's Side of Case. The men objected to the food and wages, claiming they had been misled. They attempted to return to Duluth, but were arrested.

## TO STICK TO UNIONS

### Stogie Makers Will Not Form Separate Organization.

A conference between cigarmakers and stogiemakers for the purpose of discussing the right of the stogiemakers to become an independent organization was held in this city yesterday.

The stogiemakers were denied the right to be recognized as a separate organization by the Cigarmakers' International Union, and it will remain a subordinate organization in that union.

Delegates were present at the conference from Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky and Illinois.

## SALOONS LESS, INCOME MORE.

Chicago has lost 122 saloons during the last license period. The report of the city collector shows that only this number out of the 7,353 issued last summer when the restricting ordinance went into effect failed to transfer their privilege or renew.

There were 800 transfers. The total amount of revenue collected during the last month from the saloons was \$3,315,000.

The revenue collected from the dramshops has helped the city financially and as a result the comptroller has begun to discount all current bills for supplies.

## CUT FIRST WARD REGISTRATION.

Over 700 names were erased from the registry list of the first ward yesterday by challengers.

The democratic vote will therefore receive a severe setback.

**THE ARM OF UNION LABOR**  
THE SUPPORT OF THE FAMILY  
THE PROTECTION OF THE NATION

**DON'T WEAR POOR FITTING NON-UNION MADE CLOTHES**

When we will make you a custom Union-Made

# Suit or Overcoat

to your individual measure at

**NO MORE \$15 NO LESS**  
REGULAR \$20 VALUE ELSEWHERE

Direct from our own Mills to you. Special Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, 486 pieces of English Black Thibet suiting to order \$15. Regularly sold for \$20.

372 pieces of finest Kersey and Melton overcoating to order \$15. Regularly sold for \$20.

Special Offer to Readers of Chicago Daily Socialist.

Handsome suit case free. Cut this out and present it with your suit or overcoat order and this suit case free on presentation of this advertisement. Send for our book of samples. Please mention this paper.

FREE

OPEN EVENINGS TILL 9 O'CLOCK, SATURDAYS TILL 11.

**United Woolen Mills Co.**  
258 State Street Between Jackson and Van Buren

## A SOCIALIST

Emblem on the back of a watch looks good to us Socialists, I engrave them in all sizes and at all prices. As a special inducement for the next 10 days I will engrave the emblem free of charge on any watch bought during this time. A Jewel Seth Thomas movement fitted in solid nickel screw case \$3.00. 5 year gold filled case \$4.25. A ladies' 20 year gold filled hunting case, fitted with a good Elgin or Waltham movement only \$10.00. A lot of other bargains. I can save you money on watch repairing and do it right.

I WILL SEE YOU TOMORROW

A. B. CONKLIN, 25 McVicker's Building, Take Elevator, 4th Floor

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BUILT TO ORDER. Repairing promptly attended to. Lauritz Olsen, 101-102 E. North Ave. Phone North 1946.

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ENGLEWOOD WINDOW GLASS CO., 832 W. 62nd St. Window and Plate Glass.

FOR RENT—One or two pleasant rooms; private family; positively agreeable; working couple or two working girls preferred. Hyde Park district; no saloons in neighborhood. Address—Daily Socialist, Room 14, 163 Randolph St.

FURNISHED ROOM TO RENT, \$150 per week. Apply 682 Park ave.; Socialist preferred.

FOR CIGARS call on or write to B. BFRLYN, 662 E. 63rd St., Chicago, Ill. Phone Hyde Park 5425.

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Smart Tailor Suit of black. Hat of pearl, green and black scarf.

ment. She said of course she could not help being surprised; we had been to discreet all along.

Dear fellow, he will not hear of my waiting to arrange for a trousseau here. He says all that can be done so much better later in Paris. So I am complying with his wishes and merely waiting what things are to be had from Day and one or two others. Perhaps as you are going to be married also you may like a few suggestions.

Going-away gown, severely tailored suit of mahogany chiffon broadcloth, with small capes in epaulet effect, little waistcoat of the same and etched bands. Small hat with each of these, shoes and embroidered lingerie, walking boots.

Two visiting costumes, one chiffon broadcloth in pearl gray and one a plaided chiffon velvet in blues and greens. Small hat with each of these, shoes and gloves, box of veils, to match.

One traveling suit for the steamer of rough gray chevise and one ditto of black, with rakish little cloche hats, and six-yard veils, and half a dozen lingerie

# WILL HARRIMAN OWN THE UNITED STATES?

## Control of 27,000 Miles of Railroads Gives Supreme Power — Money Rolls In and He Will Buy Chicago Gas and Electric Plants

Harriman is the partner of kings. Leopold, exploiter of the natives of the Congo and the greatest profligate in Europe draws thousands of dollars from the pockets of American working men, through his association with this railroad king.

Railroad and factory workers are as profitable to King Leopold of Belgium as are the ignorant rubber hunters of Africa. In the wilds of the dark continent he must keep soldiers in the field to force the inhabitants to work for him. In the United States the natives work without the expense of an army to watch them. Indeed, they seem pleased at the

fact that Leopold "invests" money here and "makes work for them."

King Edward a few weeks ago made a few millions in Wall street. He has the money now.

Where did it come from?

It came from the source of all wealth—from the working class. If a tax was to be levied on wage earners in the United States to pay King Edward, a weak-minded creature that is the victim of circumstances and the ignorance of the British people, these millions, there would be a war.

But Harriman knows a better way. He knows that the working class will

respect the "rights of private property," so he takes the king's money and gambles with it. Of course Harriman has reached the point where he has a sure thing and he let the king in on it. When he goes to England this broker's clerk will be received into "society."

By means of these deals the people of this country are paying to King Edward fifty times more than they pay President Roosevelt.

From British working men and by owning land he never worked in his life, this Edward gets money to gamble in Wall street. He tried the horse races and when a young man "went broke,"

He is older now, and having won the friendship of trader in stock, has found a "sure thing."

Roosevelt and Bryan have not said anything about this putting King Edward on the payroll. They do not want to "array class against class" and probably will keep still.

If the government buys the railroads as some reformers advise, they will not only have to pay the horsey Moore brother, King Harriman, but also King Leopold and King Edward. Now the Moores, and Harriman, and Rockefeller, and the Vanderbilt boys, and the Gould brothers, have done as much in building

and operating the railroads as have the European kings.

And that is nothing. This is not the common opinion. So confused have working men and students become that they think they would be idle if it were not for these parvenu kings and vulgar captains of industry.

They appear to believe that all steel mills would shut down if it were not for J. P. Morgan. They fear that the L. & N. railroad would become useless if it was not for the executive ability of the noisy John W. Gates and his red-vested son, Charles.

Chicago working men of course pay

their share to King Edward now, but they are to pay more. Harriman is about to come into control of Chicago's gas and electric plants and the subway. He will own the car lines if Mayor Dunne is not careful, and strange as it may seem Mr. Dunne is in favor of granting a telephone franchise. If he does Harriman will own that also.

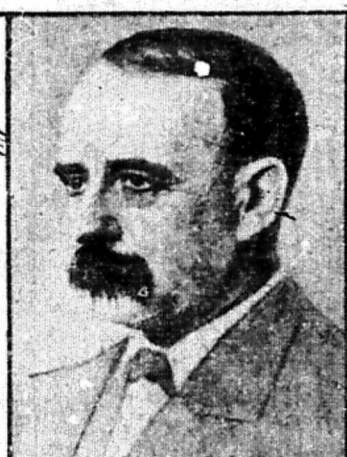
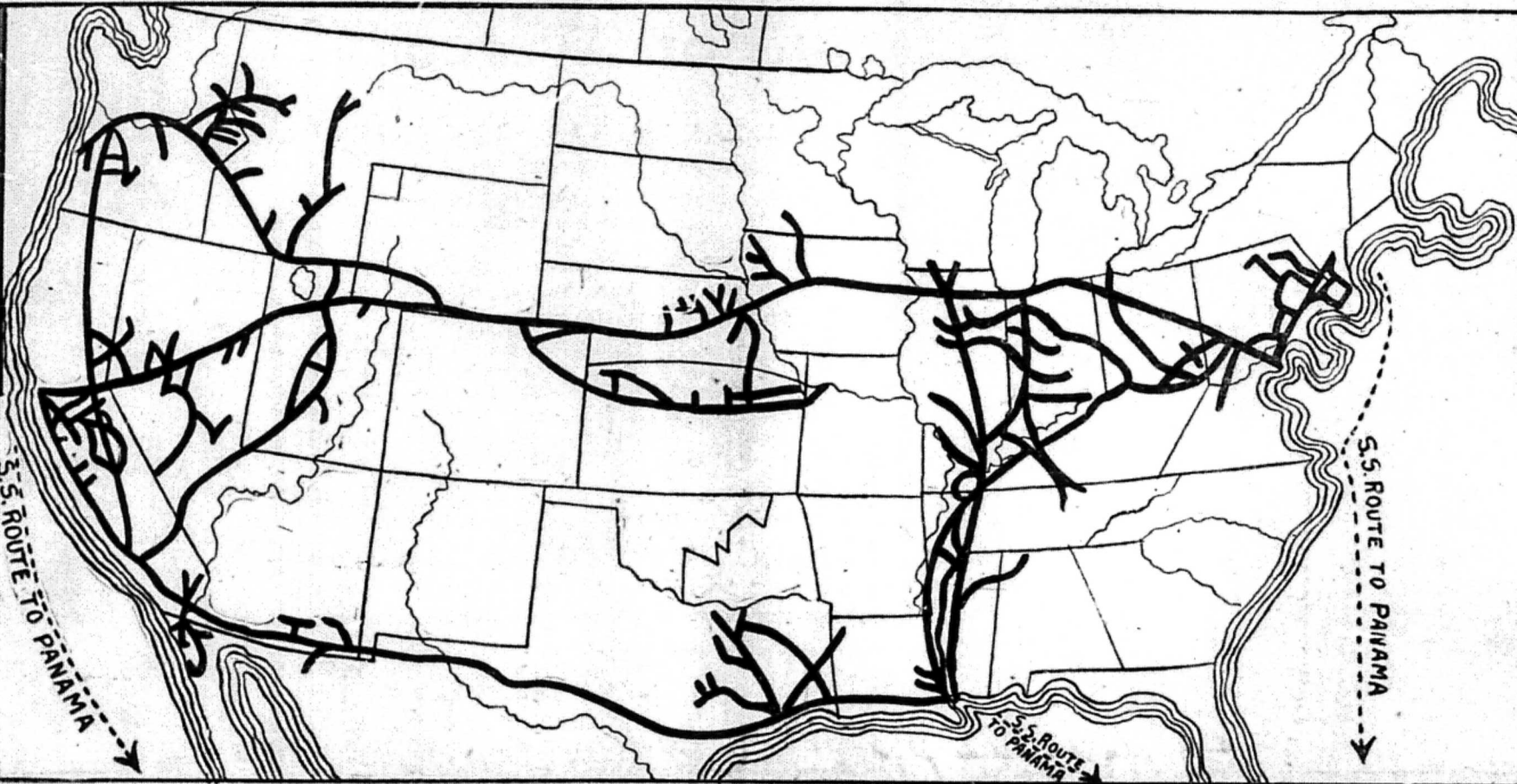
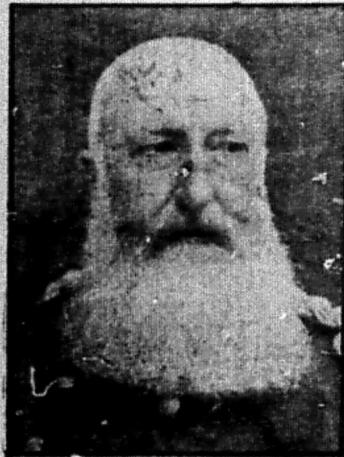
Do you think he will forget his kingly friends when this rich deal is made? He will not.

When a captain of industry once gets acquainted with a real king he never again is satisfied with the society of his

"social equals" and is forever trying to get his daughters married into the nobility.

Now the people of Chicago can be assured that very shortly they will be paying tribute to King Edward and that without "representation."

If they get angry about this and turn toward Socialism they will be told that if they own their own light plant, their own gas works, the railroads, the tools they use, the land they live on, their own home and their own automobile, that the family will be destroyed and all "incentive to work" will be wiped out.



IS THIS THE DOMINION OF KINGS? HARRIMAN AND HIS PARTNER, LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.

### GAMBLERS OWN RAILROADS KINGS DRAW PAY FROM AMERICA

#### Managers, Switchmen, Trainmen and Other Experts Bossed by Wall Street and Speculators Get the Money.

Eight years ago the entire Union Pacific was sold for a little over \$53,000,000 in cash and \$27,000,000 in securities, \$40,000,000 of this went to the United States government to satisfy a lien arising from government subjects, so that only \$13,645,000 was paid in cash for this property. There was then less than 2,000 miles of railroad and the land grant was 6,500,000 acres.

Then Harriman got hold of it and things began to happen. He capitalized it for \$231,000,000 to start with and then began to use the Union Pacific as a center, around which to crystallize some of the most important railway systems in the United States. The man who

merger decision. It is popularly supposed to have crushed those who were attempting to "criminally stifle competition." Although Harriman was driven out of the field momentarily he succeeded in making a profit of \$70,000,000 out of the properties he had secured in this connection.

#### Owens Highways of Nation.

Today the Union Pacific system embraces 15,000,000 miles of railway line; it reaches from Chicago to New Orleans, from San Francisco to Portland, Me. Its total valuation is \$1,182,367,000. Even this is but a beginning. Through his ownership of these roads and by other means, Harriman controls either directly

#### Figureheads of England and Belgium Expensive Luxuries for U. S. Railroad Workers—Edward Finds a Sure Thing.

Mr. Carnegie is worth about \$300,000,000—most of which he accumulated in the steel business—where he made a great reputation as a believer in the "open shop." His successful conduct of the "Homestead" strike in 1892, through the lieutenantcy of Henry C. Fricke, is still well-remembered by the working people of the country.

On the other hand, Mr. Carnegie seems naturally, to be a kind-hearted man; his

benefactions have been numerous; he has given back to the working class a large percentage of that which he had previously accepted from it—perhaps 15 per cent.



Edward VII. at the Races.

Comparing him with other capitalists he shines luminously. Still the fact remains and must be remembered, that under the regime of even such a naturally decent man as Mr. Carnegie, the working men, who produce the steel in the mills which he owns, are underpaid and overworked, and that the libraries which have been scattered up and down the face of two continents, are paid for by the sweat of their brows and not by the sweat of the brow of Mr. Carnegie himself.

#### Clark's Control of Copper.

Senator Clark is worth a amount of money that nobody can estimate, since he owns a hill of almost solid copper out in Montana and all he needs to do to

get more money is to go and dig. He makes no concealment of the fact that he purchased his seat in the senate. But as a result of the business deal with Heinz, his famous rival, relative to control of certain properties in Montana, it



Rockefeller at Golf.

has been agreed that Heinz should take up Senator Clark's relinquishment title at the end of Senator Clark's present term—next year.

#### Vanderbilts Play: Railroads Work.

The Vanderbilts get their money from railroads, but the present generation makes no pretense of active participation in the management of their roads, the chief of which are the New York Central, Illinois Central and the North-Western. The amount of money extracted from the various railroads by the family is about \$20,000,000 a year, all of which of course comes from the men who run the railroads at an average of \$1.50 a day.

#### Street Cars Support the Belmonts.

The Belmonts get their money chiefly in street railways, having obtained the privilege of carrying the common people at 5c a head and making them stand up. The Belmonts never associate with the common people themselves. They hire agents to collect the nickels from the common people. They do not dream of riding in their own cars, for fear of contagion.

#### The Astors Live on Tenement Rentals

Col. Astor's immense fortune is derived from rentals from tenements from the slums of New York. He, of course, never visits his property, since he loves the beautiful things of life and hates to see the sight of human suffering. His agents collect the rent, send him checks, and where necessary superintend the evictions of delinquent tenants.

#### Stock Manipulation Made the Goulds.

The Gould fortune, of course, was inherited from old Jay Gould, and is mostly in the Missouri Pacific and the Western Union Telegraph company. Jay Gould won the roads in Wall street. The employees of the road and the Telegraph company send George Gould about \$3,500,000 annually. Until the recent trouble they were in the habit of making up an annual purse of \$100,000 and sending it over to Count Boni de Castellane (who married Anna Gould) in order that that nobleman might hang pearl necklaces on the necks of French comic opera singers.

#### The Two Johns.

The Rockefellers (the two Johns, William, Percy, Frank, and the rest of them), derived their money first from their control of all the oil in America. Their surplus from oil they invested in various enterprises; the snowball rolled up and now they are the dominating factors in gas corporations all over the country, including the Peoples' Gas Light & Coke company of Chicago, in the St. Paul and many other railroads, in the United States Steel corporation, Colorado Fuel & Iron company, and other great concerns.

### RISE OF A BROKER'S CLERK

#### Greatest Railroad Combination in History Forces 250,000 Workers to Pay Tribute to a Dozen Men.

If you would own a railroad do not learn anything about the operation of a line. Railroad men do not own the properties they operate. The expert track man, car builder, engineer, switchman, superintendent, general manager and managing president are only the hired men of stock speculators. A few years ago the Moore brothers, of Diamond match fame, secured absolute control of the Rock Island system without spending a cent of their own money. Neither of them can tell a piston rod from a stocking, iron, but they had the sense to hire experts, leaving them plenty of time to attend horse shows and spend the money earned by real railroads.

#### Gamblers Own Railroads.

Of the same type is E. J. Harriman. He started in life as a broker's clerk. Now he is the greatest railroad king in the world, but he still is a stock dealer. All improvements of his lines are made with the view of stock deals. When he can make \$10,000,000 in an hour out of deals why learn to run a railroad? If he was the greatest expert on operation of the lines he would simply be in the employ of a stock gambler.

He has more power than the President of the United States, for is not the man that controls the paths which all men and the things they need must use possessed of kingly powers?

No radical reformer is as bitter in his enmity toward Harriman as is the small shipper and the stock gamblers that he has fooled. They want him controlled. Democratic statesmen want his "trust" busted so everybody can return to Jeffer-

sonian simplicity and travel by stage coach and prairie schooner.

It would be as sensible to talk of controlling a burglar. For instance, establish a law authorizing men to rob houses on a small scale but assessing fines against those that "lifted" more than a certain amount.

#### Railroad King Buys Politicians.

Harriman has no intention of being controlled or busted. He gradually is getting control of newspapers so that you will read only safe and sane news. He is active in politics in every state. Of course he doesn't look after the republican and democratic statesmen himself. That he leaves to "experts."

Just now he is taking a hand in New York's affairs. He is afraid that Hearst will be elected and cause a "revolution." He is for Hughes in spite of the fact that the clever lawyer a short time ago had him on the spit in the insurance investigation.

#### Heir to Rockefeller Power.

Harriman is heir apparent to the throne of Rockefeller. He has the oil millions to handle for the son of Old John is too weak for the great burden his father tried to put upon him. Rockefeller and Harriman are making money so fast they do not know what to do with it. If you want to have a good thing to float see them. If you can get their ears and can convince them you have a scheme by which they can get more money by investing some of that which is coming to them at the rate of thousands of dollars a minute they will go in and your fortune will be made.



Morgan Driving in London.

was lucky enough to buy 100 shares of Union Pacific preferred stock on March 12, 1898, would have doubled his capital by this time besides receiving 8 per cent yearly on his investment.

#### Smashing the Trusts.

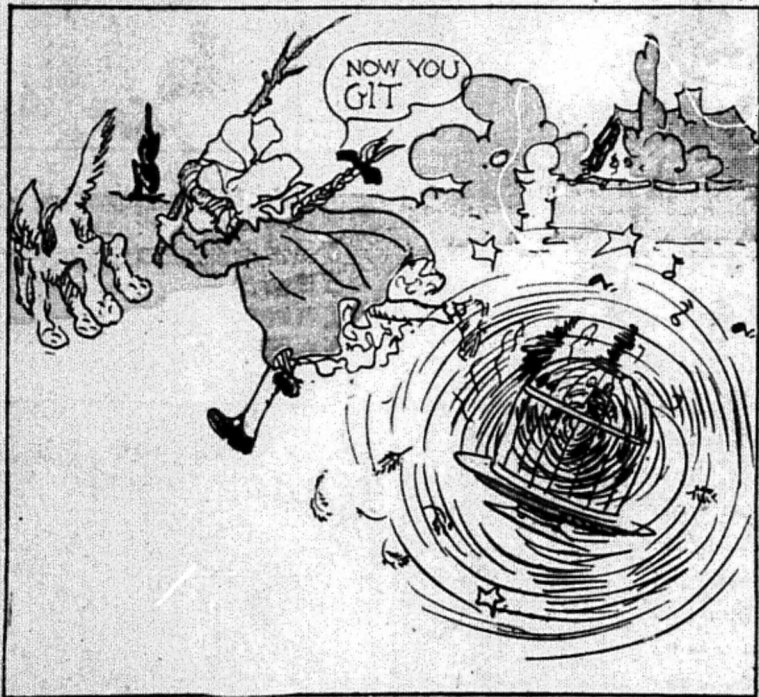
It was not alone in the stock market world that Harriman began to expand the Union Pacific. He bought the Oregon Short Line and the Oregon Railway & Navigation properties, giving new outlets to the Pacific. Then he took the Southern Pacific with 9,000 miles of line reaching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific.

In 1901 he started out to conquer new territory in the Northwest. Just before he got hold of the Northern Pacific system there came the Great Northern



Harriman and His Family.

# ROSY POSY---MAMMA'S GIRL



# SAMMY SMALL



# TOILERS WHOSE WORK IS PLAY



The quarrel between Ben-Hur and Messala.

"The Grand Mogul" soon will appear at the Colonial theater. This is a musical comedy and depicts adventures of an oriental potentate and not American mogul. The oriental type is more interesting. His clothes make good stage pictures. This comedy follows George Washington, Jr., which roused flag and patriotic societies to wrath, but after analysis proved to be not unpatriotic. Theater goers leave the theater a loyal to justice as they went in, so the common opinion is that Cohan's Washington will not destroy love of country.



Judah, Prince of Hur, drives the Arabian steeds of Sheik Ilderim to victory in the arena of the Circus of Antioch, defeating his enemy, the Roman Messala, and three other contestants. This scene, with its five glittering chariots, their dazzling accoutrements and twenty neighing stamping steeds, is a triumph of stagecraft in the production of "Ben-Hur," now being presented at the Auditorium.



Geo. M. Cohan—Colonial.

Everyone will be pleased if the announcement of the Garrick theater is true. Its next attraction, to begin November 11, is styled a play "unlike any that has ever been." Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland and Beulah Dix are the authors.

"McFadden's Flats," a favorite musical comedy, the constituents of which are pretty ballets, singing comedians and vaudeville, will entertain patrons of The Columbus. The droll antics of two dwarf actors who box terrific rounds and caper through the several acts, create merriment.

"The Embassy Ball" by Augustus Thomas, will be seen at Powers next week. Lawrence D'Orsay, with his air of good breeding and droll manner, will be the star.

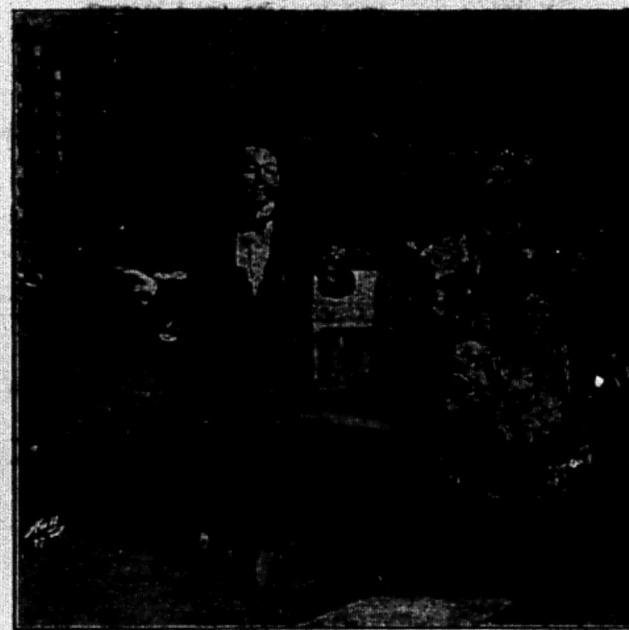


The turbid drama with emotions aroused by the persecutions of a beautiful young heroine will appeal to elementary natures at The Alhambra. Numerous exciting situations, much scenery and virtue triumphant in the end, contrary to the rule in real life, are the ingredients. The title of this play is "How Hearts are Broken." It might be explained by the average housekeeper when he counts his cash after buying groceries, coal, and other necessities.



Crap Wilbur, now causing thrills at the Alhambra.

Devotees of art and intellectual advancement ought to rejoice together if the promises of Manager Sam Gerson of The New Theatre are realized. Mr. Gerson has caused a fine production of Rex Beach's novel, "The Spoilers," to be prepared for initial performance on the first day of the week. Mr. Beach's story describes graft as it existed in Alaska (and still exists wherever old party rules prevail) and stirs the blood with adroitly wrought situations. The novel was so realistic that its perusal by the president, who acts in such matters when he must, caused the dismissal of two grafting United States judges. "The Spoilers" is a good socialistic argument. The New theatre is conducted on the co-operative plan by a number of wealthy patrons.



A moment in "George Washington, Jr."

De Wolf Hopper, a longitudinal comedian with a vocabulary like that of the dramatic critic on the venerable Daily News, continues to exhibit his company of attractive young women at The Garrick. Mr. Hopper long ago learned the art of tickling the theatre goer and serves the useful and profitable purpose of presenting merry, melodious diversion. This week marks a split bill, "Happyland" (conceive that under a capitalistic scheme), continuing till Wednesday, and "Wang" being the attraction for the last half of the week.

De Wolf has been here a long while, but folks never weary of him. Wang is almost of age but draws the crowd as of old.



Mrs. George Cohan.



Nettie Douglass, who lives for Art's sake and acts at The New Theater.



James Durkin—New Theater.

Miss Lillian Woodward, a gifted elocutionist, is to give the first reading in America of Phillips' English drama, "Herod," November 15, at The Garrick. Herod was a fine type of ancient capitalist. He seized young women for his harem, ordered the slaughter of innocents and luxuriated in sumptuous living while his fool subjects listened to priests, fought his battles and created luxuries for his palace. Producers who perpetuate their own flashy conditions today by voting the old party tickets are as wise as were Herod's human meal tickets.

## Educated by Gendarmes

By Elias Tobenkin

That happened years ago, in Russia. I was then a child seven years old. Yet that day still lives in my memory as if it had been only yesterday. The air was full of mystery. Everybody talked in a whisper. People avoided the eyes of each other, still everybody seemed to understand everybody else. The stores of the village were open, yet no one was seen to enter them. The inns were empty. A deadly stillness suddenly descended upon the village; yet it was Thursday, usually the busiest day of the week. Here and there one saw a woman in tears or a gray haired man walking

along the street with no object or destination in view. Officers, who were called—nobody knew whence this name suddenly came upon the lips of everybody—gendarmes, kept on running to and from the station, followed by hundreds of eyes. The gendarmes carried themselves with great dignity, yet with a politeness, a peculiar softness and cautiousness, which one never finds in them ordinarily. They entered houses—of the richest and most intelligent in town—and when they left some one from that house, usually a young man, went with them,

surrounded by the gendarmes with naked swords. At my uncle's house, where I spent most of my time playing with his children, there was a great commotion that morning. His son, a young man of twenty-four, who had just returned from abroad, was excitedly looking over letters and papers and throwing a great many of them into the stove. Several times when I happened to disturb him in his work he ordered me out of the room with a half severe and half subdued voice. About noon the gendarmes entered my uncle's home. Then there began a pack-

ing and sealing of books and papers. During that time two of the gendarmes surrounded my uncle's son, Leonid, and did not take their eyes off him for a moment. Another of them walked up to him, asked him some questions, the answer to which were the words Berlin—student—medicine. Then they left the house, leading Leonid, with an air of great mystery. As they passed through the streets people avoided meeting them. Late that afternoon three carriages of three horses each drove up to the station. At nightfall six young men, Leonid among them, in groups of two,

and surrounded by four gendarmes, entered the carriages. As they started from the station the vilgac constable gave a sigh of relief, as if a great burden had been taken off his shoulders. That evening at the supper hour half the people in town were not at the table. Men walked about the streets dazed and with blood-filled eyes. My father was unusually kind to me that evening. He sat me on his knee and caressed me with a strange, almost hysterical affection. It frightened me and I burst into tears. "What ails you, my child?" my father asked in a subdued voice.

"Leonid," I said, "why have they taken Leonid?" "Sh-h-h," was his only answer. I kept on crying. "My son," he began, after a few minutes. "Leonid, those men, were—unfortunate people—they were—good people." "Then why were they put in chains?" "They were, my son, they were—Socialists—revolutionists—so they call them." "What does it mean?" I demanded. For a moment my father was silent, then said with a forced severity: "You must not ask such questions or

the officers will take you too." Later in the evening, my father, seeing my troubled face, said softly to me: "When you grow up to be a big boy I will tell you all about Leonid and about those people. But you must be a good boy and study hard like Leonid did." It was late before I fell asleep that night. My father's words, those two strange words, were ringing in my ears. I dreamt that night that I had grown big, very big, and that my father was telling me all about Leonid, about those men, about the two strange words. And it sounded so mysterious, so wonderful.



# Gorgeous Gewgaws of the Gaudy Rich

## How a Fashionable Leader Wore \$840,000 Worth of Pearls at One Time —This Article is Designed to Stir Up Discontent—It Ought To.

"This woman, ambitious and vain, thinks to enhance her own value by loading herself with gold and precious stones. In order to deck her in brave array the whole nation exhausts itself; the arts groan and wreathe in laborious servitude; the whole range of industry wears itself out."—Boswell

There are a score or more of women in New York who represent a fortune every time they appear at a big social function. Their husbands own coal mines, railroads, lands, factories and stores and thus have millions of working people producing money for them.

This creates a stream of money which must be spent and the women of the wealthy men do their part to keep the golden flood from swamping them. They spend millions for diamonds, pearls, rubies and other baubles.

At a recent gathering of the select rich in New York one woman appeared with \$840,000 worth of gems on her pleasing person. They flashed brighter than her eyes, and she was lost in the wonderful display.

### Startling List of Gems.

She wore two black pearls in her ears worth \$40,000, five pink ones in a brooch worth \$50,000, a rope of very white ones worth \$300,000, and around her neck two strings of large ones worth \$300,000 and \$250,000 respectively. So that as she stood there she was worth in pearls of various sizes and colors, the enormous sum of \$840,000. Which means that she had spent on useless baubles dangled over her body enough money to buy a year's meat and milk for 10,000 starving tenement children!

Her pearls represent scarcely a third of her jewelry. She has two diamond crowns, one studded with sapphires and another with rubies, she has necklaces that would have been envied by queens a hundred years ago.

There are women in New York city who own single strings of pearls worth from \$200,000 to \$300,000.

### Jewels from Labor's Pay.

Tiffany & Co. have sold a single string of pearls for \$200,000, and it is not uncommon for rich women to add new pearls to a string. Very likely there are single strings in New York worth \$250,000 and perhaps \$300,000.

There are about \$500,000,000 worth of diamonds in the United States. Nearly half of them are in New York, say, \$200,000,000 worth at least.

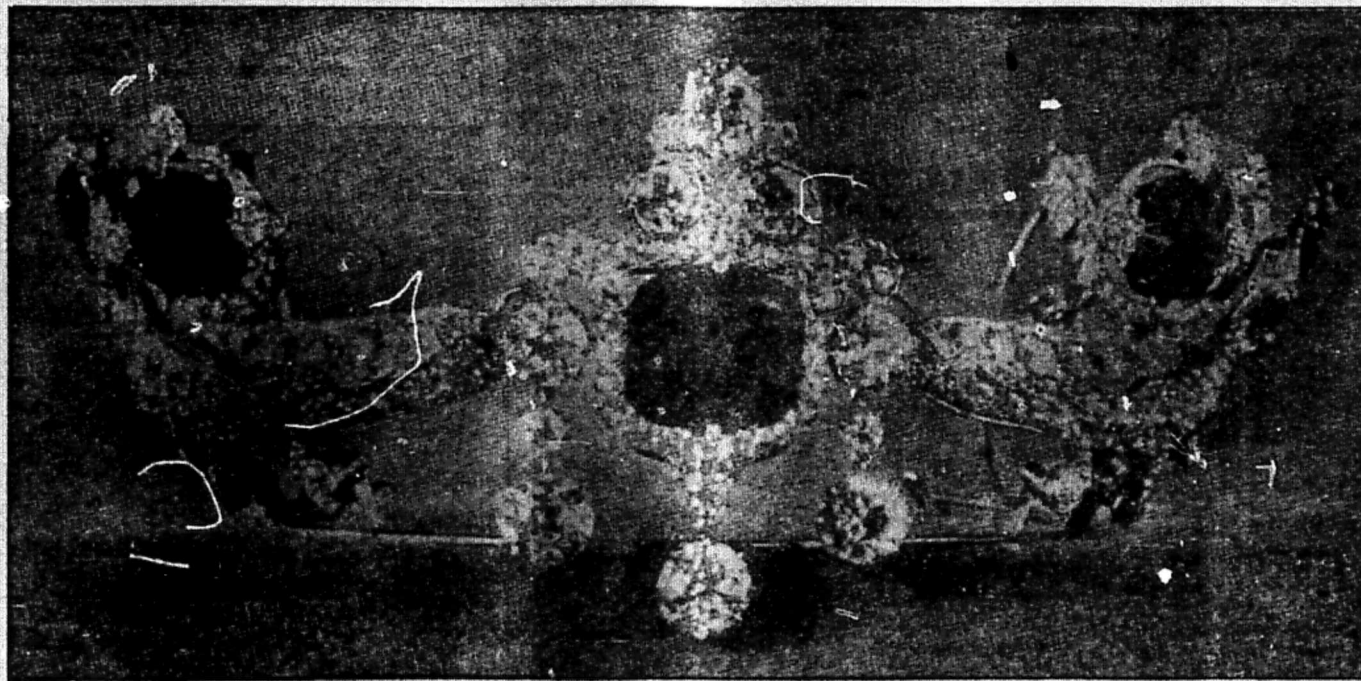
Two hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds in New York city!

The more one looks into this matter the more one's conviction grows that never since vanity came upon the earth have Eve's daughters decked themselves with precious stones as they are decking themselves to-day in America.

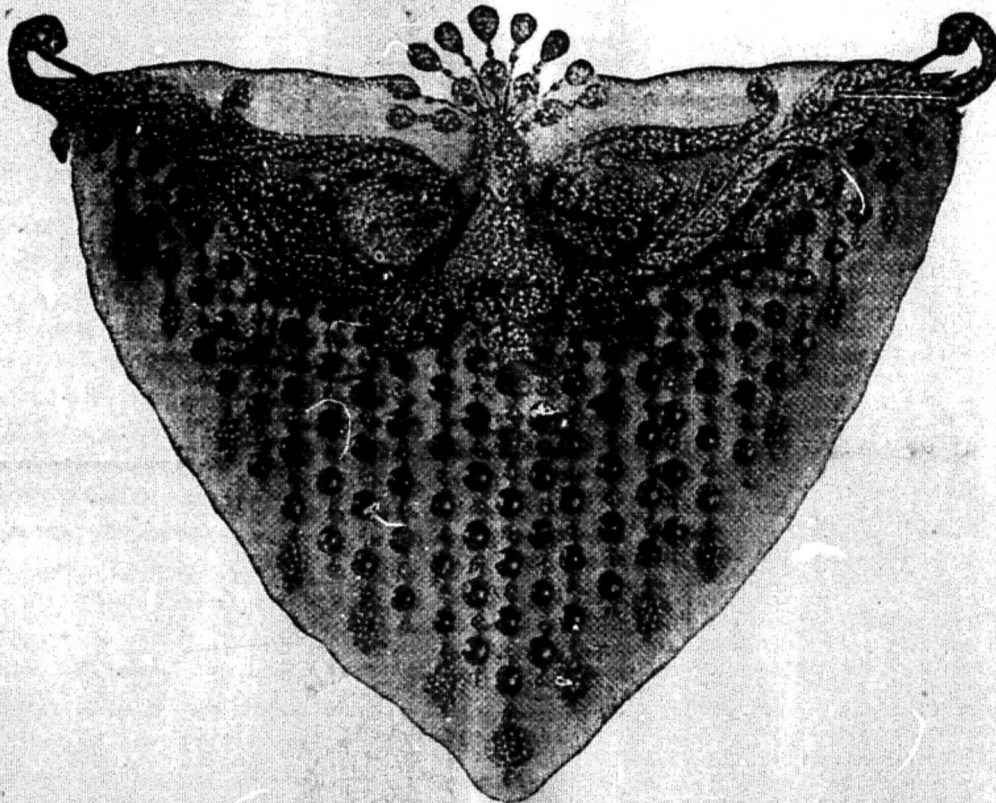
Here is a rich woman, Mrs. Leland Stanford, who died last year, leaving a million dollars' worth of jewelry! Think of that!

And here is the government report showing how amazingly the demand for precious stones has increased in the past decade and stating that we are actually importing over \$2,000,000 worth of diamonds a month, cut and uncut, with a total for the past year of over \$26,000,000 worth!

To which must be added the cost of cutting, the cost of gold settings and the profits of retailing, all borne by the purchaser!



This is a beautiful head ornament, composed of three very large emeralds surrounded by a cluster of large brilliants. The sides are flexible so that the piece may be worn at the corsage. The three emeralds weigh over one hundred and twenty-four carats and there are four hundred and ninety-six diamonds, counting all the small ones in the ornamental work. Price, \$95,000.



Greatly reduced.

This is a bird of paradise for a corsage ornament. Its head is crested with pear-shaped diamonds; its breast is blue with pendant sapphires, and its wings are set in conventional diamond ornamentation. The price of this piece of jewelry is \$25,000.



THE CARELESS RICH

Wherever we follow our spectacular rich, we find them parading fool eccentricities, taking off shoes and stockings in Baltimore, after a fashionable gathering, to wade in a public fountain; playing leap frog in Washington (men and women) after a smart dance; wandering off for hours in the Bois de Boulogne (in couples with husbands and wives separated), after a brilliant Paris dinner; watching the body to body contortions of a young woman and a boa constrictor (this in New York before a company of men); applauding unmentionable features of the stupid Seeley revel; gambling, gorging, drinking, gadding, in short challenging the devil to offer any filip for their jaded senses!

Indeed, every year we spend three times as much on diamonds as on sewing machines! A pretty subject there for a sermon!

Of course no one objects to women having a reasonable amount of jewelry, what they can wear without ostentation or any great concern for its safety; such modest possessions are sanctioned by universal custom, and from all time jeweled rings and trinkets have been symbols of love and should remain so. Besides there is a beauty in precious stones just as there is in other stones not called precious—witness the opal, the most beautiful of them all. But when women value jewelry neither for its beauty nor its associations, but merely for its costliness, when they wear as much of it as they can simply to show that they have been able to buy that much or more men buy it for them, when their pleasure in having it lies chiefly in the knowledge that others envy them, then the love of jewels is an evil thing, based on arrogance and selfishness.

What justification can any woman who knows of the misery about her find for spending half a million dollars or anything like it on jewelry?

### Jewels Cause Crime.

It should be noted, furthermore, that the chief harm of this passion for jewels is not in the waste of millions involved, although that is bad enough, but in the stirring of envy, in the prompting of extravagance, in the urging to dishonesty. If you could know what crimes have been committed for the sake of diamonds we should see that there is some devil's hypnotism in the glittering stone, and would have them all cast into the sea for general safety. Certain it is that no house where precious stones abound is free from evil desires. Servants are tempted, guests are tempted, strangers are tempted, even intimate friends are tempted.

### Detectives in Homes.

Who has forgotten the story of those stolen Newport jewels? And so the unfortunate owners of these wonderful necklaces, tiaras, plastrons, rivieres, etc., must hire men to guard them when they wear these coveted treasures or else leave them unseen and unused behind stupid iron doors. There are palaces on Fifth avenue with safes for silver and jewels as massive as those in a bank. And there are millionaire homes where no one is ever free from the hard eye of a lurking detective. I know one such home where three detectives are on duty night and day, each one to watch the other two. That is one of the minor penalties of riches.

### Other Follies.

So much for jewelry which after all is only one item in the catalogue of luxury of the idle.

There is still to enter the homes of the rich, the palaces of Newport and New York and see what sums are lavished on such dull things as chairs and tables, rugs and tapestries, marbles and wainscoting.



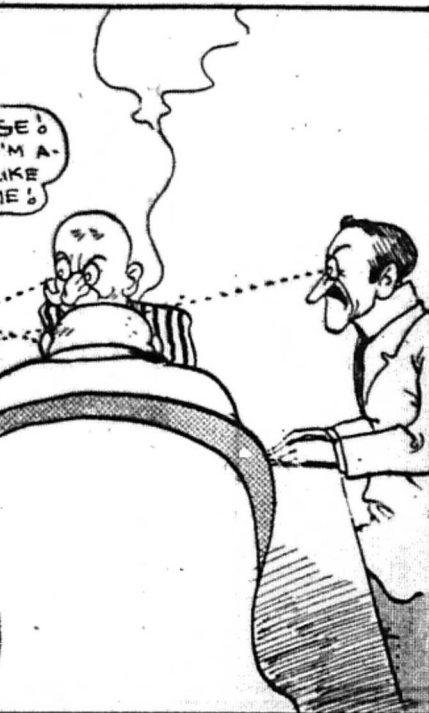
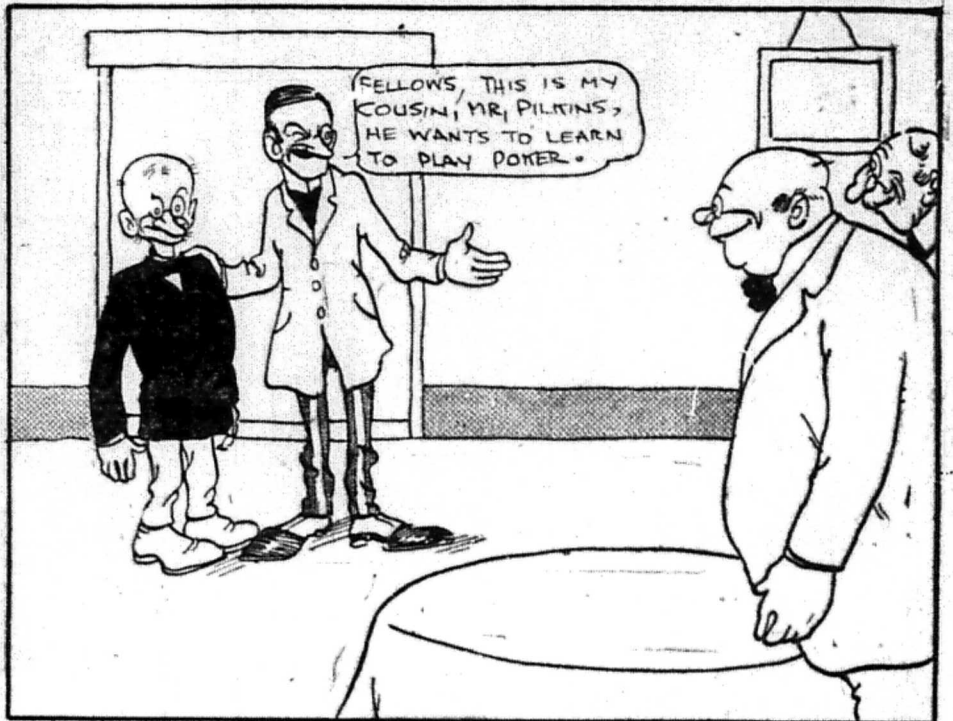
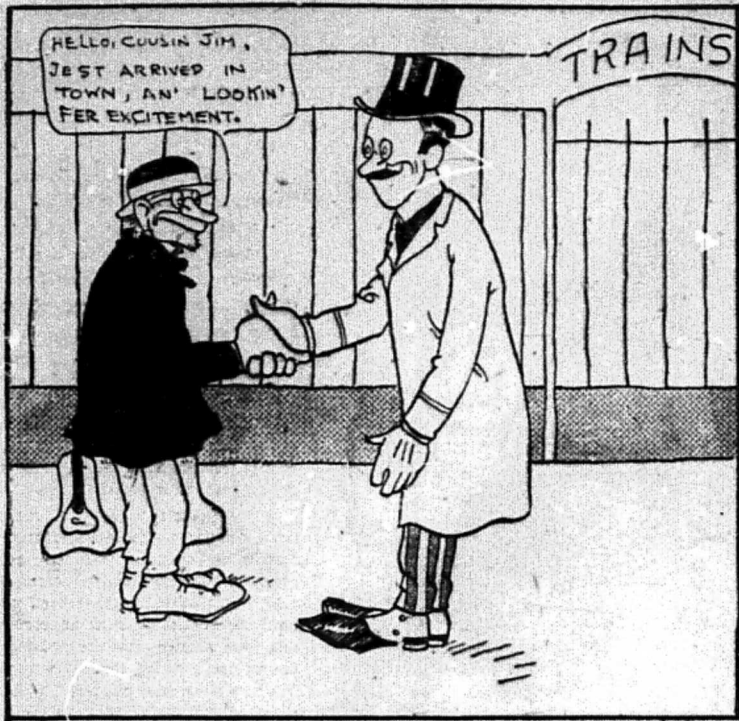
Here is a fan of pearl and lace worth \$1,250. It is such a fan as might be given to one of the guests as a souvenir at an ostentatious dinner.



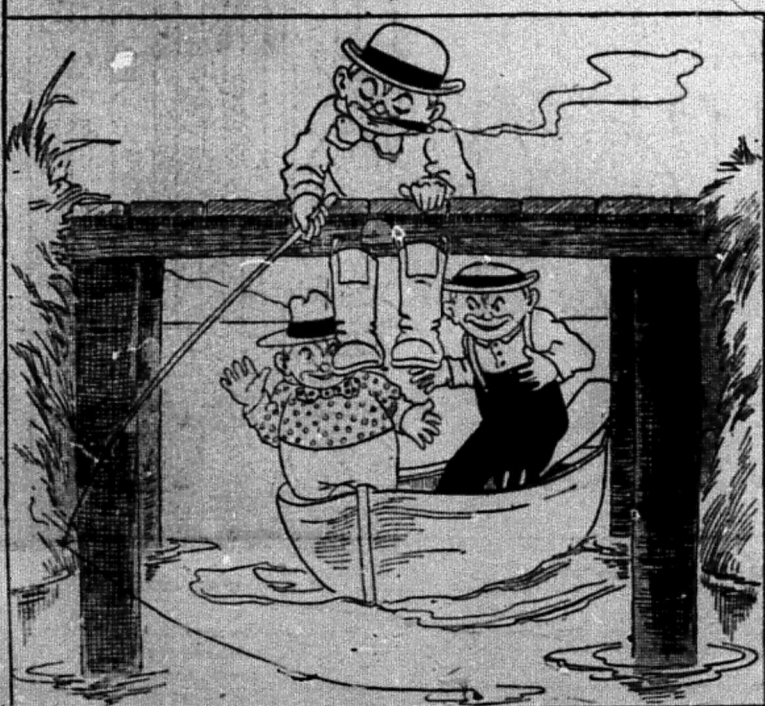
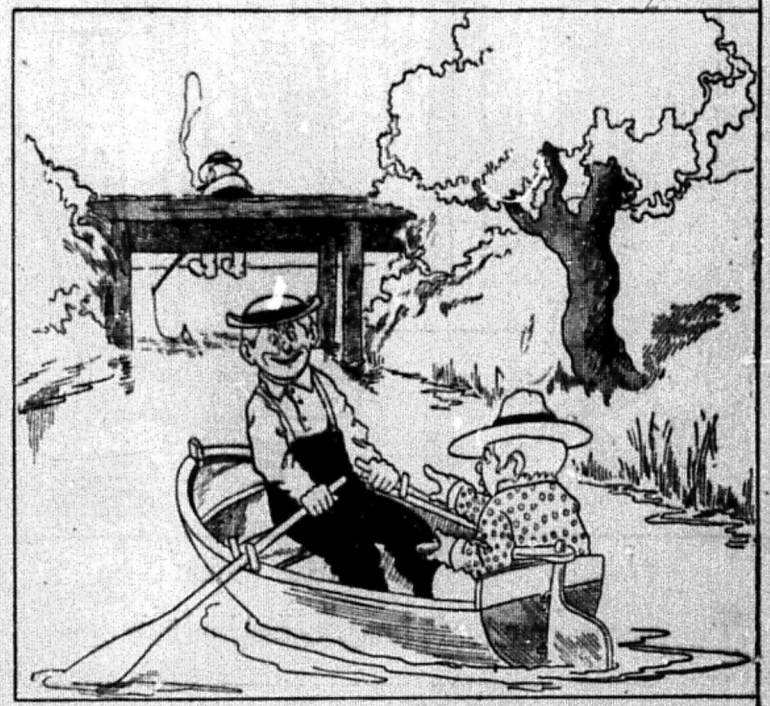
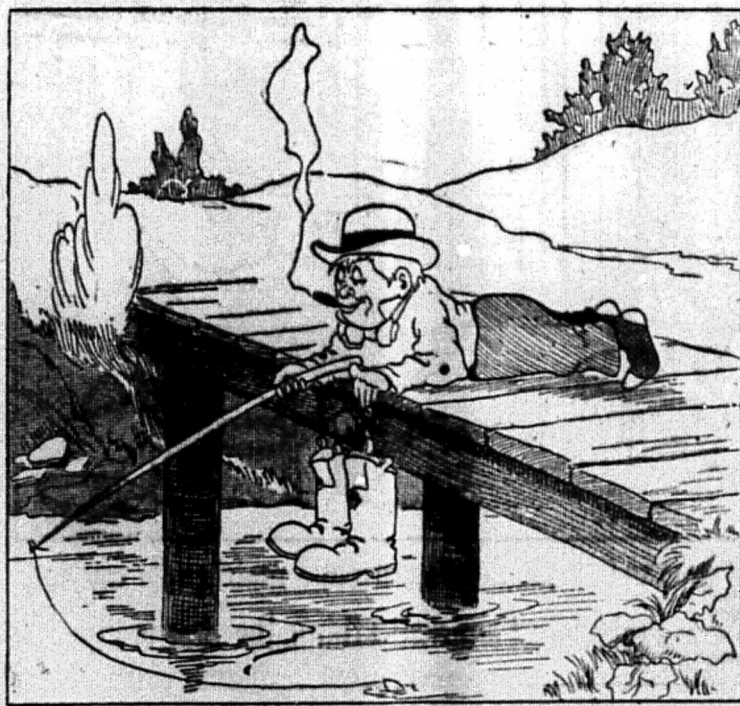
This heavy gold collar, when opened out, is over a foot long and contains five hundred and forty-seven American sapphires, two hundred and thirty-three brilliants and thirty-six rose diamonds. The sapphires are set in twenty-seven gold, the diamonds in platinum. The gold in this collar weighs two hundred and eighteen pennyweights, and the making of it required eighteen hundred and sixty hours of expert labor—over six months at ten hours a day. Price, \$87,500.



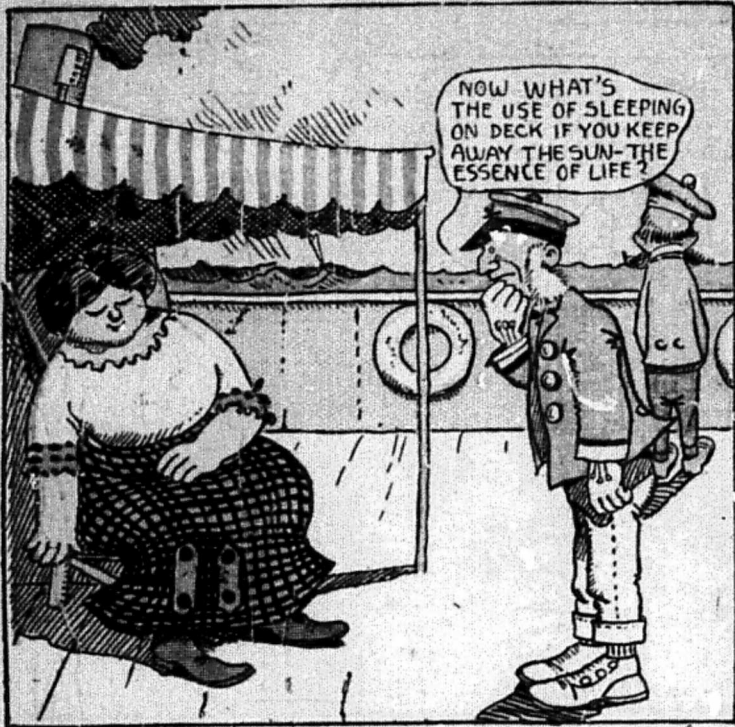
# SAY!! DID THIS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU??



## COUSIN BILL ~ FROM THE CITY



# MAJOR OZONE'S FRESH AIR GRUSADE



NOW WHAT'S THE USE OF SLEEPING ON DECK IF YOU KEEP AWAY THE SUN-THE ESSENCE OF LIFE?



I'LL DO HER A GREAT FAVOR. I'LL REMOVE THE AWNING

I WONDER WHERE OZONE IS.



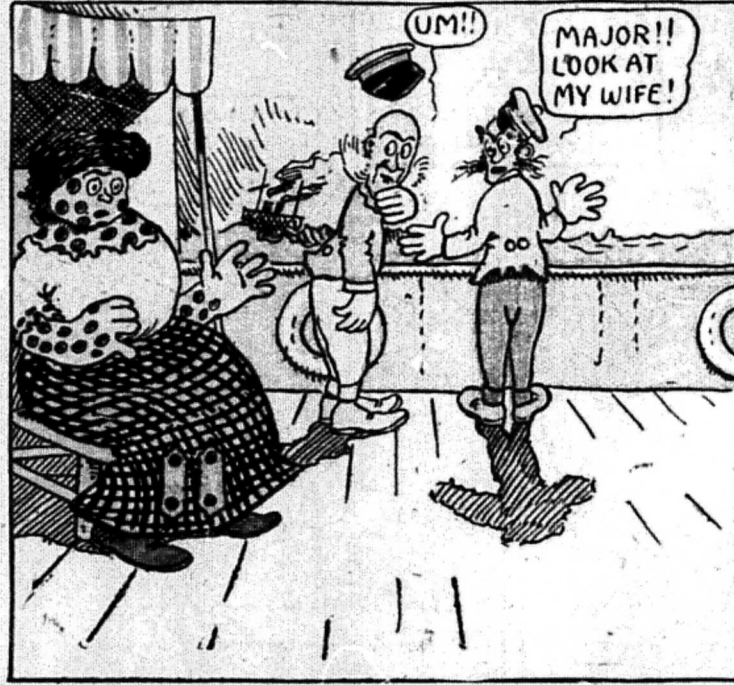
YOU WIFE LOVES THE OPEN, DOESN'T SHE?

YES, BUT SHE HATES THE SUN. SHE GETS FRECKLED SO EASY.



IF I HAD A WIFE I'D MAKE HER LOVE THE SUN.

I'D HATE AWFULLY TO HAVE A FRECKLED WIFE.



UM!!

MAJOR!! LOOK AT MY WIFE!



BOO-OO-HOO!!

CONFOUND IT!! YOU MADE HER LOOK LIKE FITZ!

I DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS SUBJECT TO FITS—

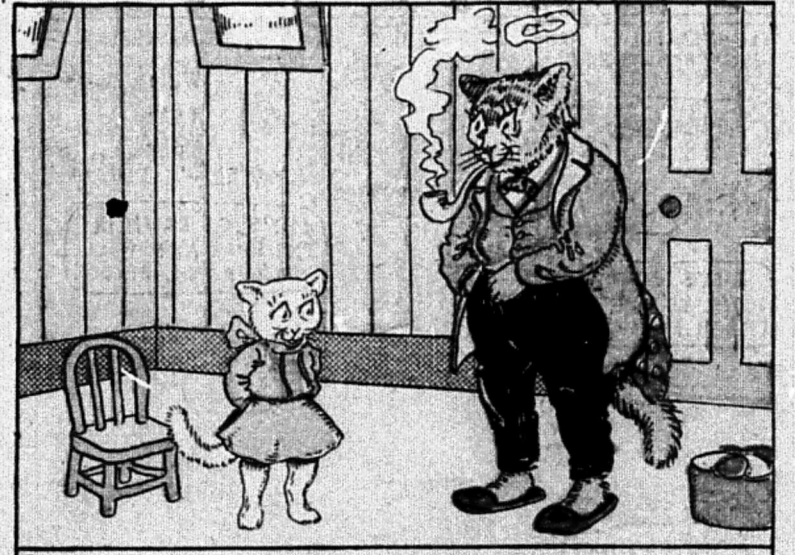
## PINKIE PRIM



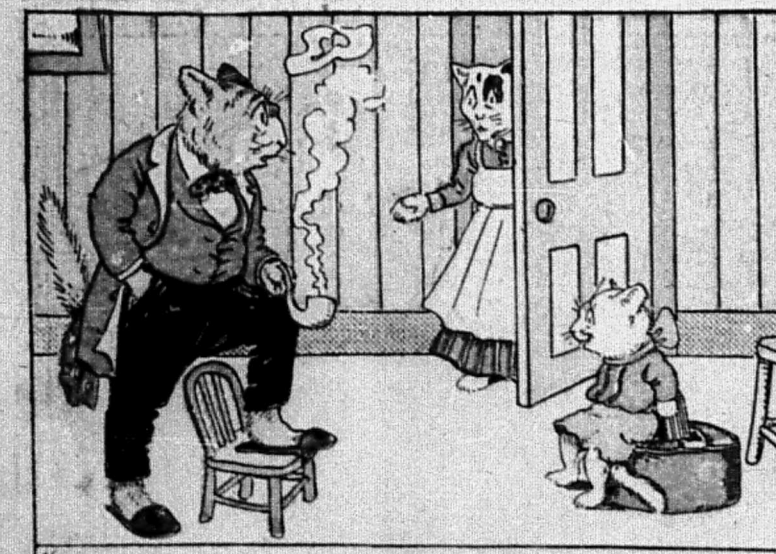
I didn't take no money," said little Pinkie Prim.  
Why, goodness me, that's funny," replied her Uncle Jim.



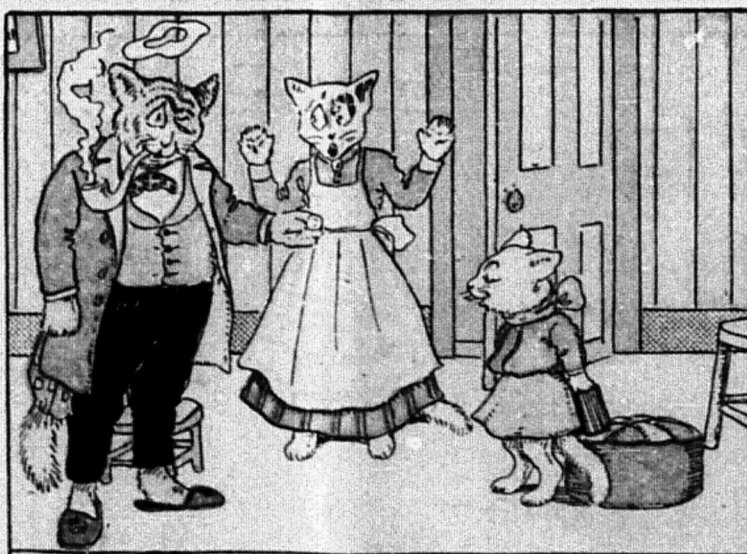
You ran to fetch my slippers and matches for my pipe.  
You ought to get a nickel! I think the time is ripe



To show appreciation in some substantial way  
For one who loves her uncle!, which you have shown to-day."



I didn't take no money! My Mama'll tell you so.  
She says it's 'imposition on visitors', you know."



Thus Pinkie answered Uncle; who merely winked his eye,  
And said to Pinkie's Mama, "I think she's pretty sly!"



She's no such thing!", said Mama. "But, if you wish to thank  
Our Pinkie for her kindness, just drop it in her bank!"