

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

VOLUME I.—NO. 23.

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PRICE ONE CENT

GREED FOR GROUND IN SCHOOL FIGHT

Tribune and Daily News Get Slices of Education Fund.

BANKS ARE IN ALSO

"Moral Forces" Against Teachers Union Shown to be "Looters."

The leases of school property given to the Tribune, Daily News and John M. Smyth are a circumvention of the statutes.

For over twenty years the school fight has centered around these leases. Politicians and newspapers have been kept in line by the interests back of them.

On May 8, 1880, the originals of these leases were made out for 50 years on the basis of 5 years revaluation and 6 per cent on the value of the land regardless of improvement.

The fight was reopened in 1895, with attacks on the school board. Newspapers claimed that school property was held so high that it was stopping the growth of the loop district.

A. S. Trude, attorney for the Tribune estate, was then put in as president of the school board for the sole purpose of railroading a set of new leases through.

To keep it silent the board made a deal with the Daily News.

The revaluation clause was struck out of its lease and a straight lease till 1985 given. The terms now read, "\$14,400 rental to the end of the lease," with no reference to improvements.

John M. Smyth was needed next to hold the Irish forces in check. He was given a straight lease with no revaluation clause and a rental of \$11,000 a year.

The Tribune proceeded then to make its own terms; a straight lease at the rate of \$1 a square foot less than the McVicker theater property pays; McVicker not having had pull enough to get into the deal.

The First National Bank, paying \$54,000 a year, and the Majestic theater \$27,000, hold similar leases. In every one of these cases the revaluation of the property is so low that the lease amounts to nothing less than a steal.

These are the interests now crying through the papers and churches that they have only the interests of the children at heart.

In the present fight the "business interests" over-reached themselves. They are being forced to call their dogs off.

The Methodist churches did not take the right cue. Mr. Quayle switched the attack onto religious grounds. The Catholic church was touched. That church controls one-third of the vote. Business men know this and are calling a halt in the fight until the storm has blown over.

The ministers will not be allowed to make such a mistake again, the Catholic church will not be attacked again, and then the struggle for the chance to exploit school property will be renewed by "business men."

The school board is taking action to invalidate the long-term leases.

"We are not prepared to discuss what can be done with relation to the Tribune and News leases," said Trustee Harding, "but the question is to receive thorough consideration and the attention of experts."

In Snow and Cold. Showers to-night and Sunday, with probable snow flurries. Colder; minimum temperature near freezing point.

PROVIDENCE WHIPPED HEARST SAYS CROKER

Hearst Loved Boss When He Needed Help—Sees Class War in Trust Issue.

Dublin, Ireland, Nov. 17.—Richard Croker today gave out an interview in which he added a chapter to his quarrel with William R. Hearst and paid his respects to his enemies in Tammany Hall.

After the interview was written he personally made corrections. It is, therefore, a sort of official proclamation, the last, Croker declares, that he will make.

Judgment of Heaven.

In reply to the correspondent's first question as to what had caused Hearst's defeat in the recent election, Mr. Croker replied simply: "God, almighty."

Then he added: "His defeat is a judgment of Heaven, owing to his scurrilous charges and his ungentlemanly conduct of the campaign, vilifying every one who did not hold his opinion. In all my experience, I do not remember a campaign which sunk to such billingsgate."

Hearst Did Not Always Think Him Corrupt.

"I see Hearst referred to me as a corrupt politician. If he thinks so, why did he visit me in 1903 at Wantage and beg me to resume the leadership of Tammany Hall? Mr. Hearst implored me to re-enter politics, saying that Lewis Nixon was incompetent and that everybody wanted me to return. Hearst also confessed that he was ambitious to enter politics and said I could help him. Now Hearst is putting me in the position of being in the 'plunderbund' with Belmont, Morgan, Carnegie, Root, Roosevelt, Ryan, Freedman and the Rev. Lindsay Parker. I am proud to be associated with these gentlemen, for they have done more for New York asleep than Hearst has accomplished in a conscious state of mind."

Coming Class Struggle.

"If Hearst had been elected governor and had continued raising class distinctions, cursing those who have made our country and vilifying every one with a bank account, I am convinced he would have caused a class war, bringing sadder days than any America has ever known."

"His power to do this has not disappeared."

The Trust Problem.

"The future of the democratic party is in the hands of the working men and democrats should improve the conditions of labor and should insist that trusts which raise prices be killed."

"The real lesson of the election is that the people are alive to the danger of trusts. If the democrats fail to realize that a change is coming in America the party will surely suffer. Democrats should seize the opportunity to work in harmony with labor."

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY USED BY CAPITAL

Pretty Girls Get Signatures for Telephone Company Petition—One Penny a Name.

Two pretty girls, giving their names as "Miss Walsh and Miss O'Brien," went into the grey old pile of the City Hall this morning on business bent.

In a neat little hand-bag Miss O'Brien carried a document that proved to be a petition of the Chicago Telephone Company for the renewal of its franchise.

The girls are gathering signatures for this petition. Not one blue coat in the City Hall was passed by and many fell victims to the Chicago Telephone Company masquerading in the guise of handsome young women.

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WHO WILL GET THE DECISION?

JIM AND ED IN NICE PLAYFUL GAME

"Melon, Melon, Whose Got the Melon?"—Sport in New York.

"Jim" Hill and Harriman are having another little playful competition, just to keep alive their incentive to work. The game just now is to see who can cut the biggest melon in the way of dividends during the next two weeks.

Hill played first. He announced that he had a little matter of \$125,000,000 concealed about his person which he proposed to offer as an "incentive to thrift and industry" on the part of his stockholders.

Harriman promptly grabbed a couple of railroads in either hand, and, throwing them into the pot, declared that he would see Hill and raise him a couple of million. Harriman claims that he ought to have a handicap allowance, because he is prohibited by law from giving the stockholders of the Union Pacific a larger dividend than 10 per cent, without first sharing up with the United States government, that built the railroad in the first place and then gave it to the stockholders.

Wants a Handicap. Harriman claims that the necessary legal expenses to get around this law ought to be counted up to his credit. But Jim says that he is having almost as much trouble managing the Canadian government, and that, therefore, the odds are even. Then "Jim" points to the fact that his stockholders have already received 240 per cent stock dividends during the past twenty years, and that he ought to be allowed to count this.

It's a great game for Jim and Ed.

INDIAN WORKERS KILLED.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.] Mitchell, Ind., Nov. 17.—William Taylor and Benjamin Rubble, workmen at the Big Four quarry, were instantly killed yesterday by an explosion of ten boxes of dynamite. John Beasley was blinded by the debris. It is believed the explosion was caused by cold air suddenly coming in contact with the dynamite while it was being thawed by a steamer.

ARMOUR SLAPS THE KAISER ON THE BACK AND HE LIKES IT

Rich Americans Take Liberties with Person of Royalty.

J. Ogden Armour slaps Emperor William on the back, Cornelius Vanderbilt calls him a "good fellow," and they say he likes it.

This is the story in a book just published in Germany. The author complains that the emperor treats his own subjects, even his ministers, with contempt, while rich Americans can be familiar with him.

The emperor, says the book, is no friend of a liberal press, and that he wants to be regarded as having been put in his high position by divine grace.

Every effort is being made to suppress the book.

DOLLARS FOR LABOR; MILLIONS TO BOSS

Railroads Will Give \$1,000,000 to Labor—Harriman Gets \$10,000,000 in One Day.

Government reports soon to be made public will show that officials and unionized employes of the railroads get wage increases from ten to twenty times as great as do the unorganized workers.

The officials are kind to themselves, and the unionized workers force higher wage schedules.

The increase to unorganized men will average less than 1.37 per cent. Officials will get 28.86 per cent more, and organized men will get 10 per cent more.

The moral in this is: "Be a railway official or join a union and rise with your fellow workers."

Slason Thompson, press agent for the railroads, says wage increases will add \$1,200,000 to fixed charges. This will be divided among several million men and women. E. H. Harriman already has "pulled down" between \$10,000,000 and \$50,000,000 for himself, and other Wall street gamblers will do almost as well, including King Edward of England. Mr. Thompson does not show what the increase to Wall street laborers will be.

Now Be Quiet.

The added amount of expense due to the raise in wages will be paid out willingly, it is said, provided the employes in all branches of the railway service will accept it and cease, for the time being, any further demands for increases.

MINERS WANT TO INDORSE "TEDDY"

Gompers and Mitchell May Split on Politics in Labor Convention.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 17.—(Special.)—A fight in the ranks of the delegates to the convention of the American Federation of Labor on the question of politics seems certain.

The mine workers' delegation, it was stated, is preparing a resolution endorsing President Roosevelt's administration and may even go so far as to ask the president to reconsider his determination not to run again.

Trouble in Sight.

Should the mine workers introduce this resolution a breach between Gompers and John Mitchell, president of the mine workers, is inevitable. President Gompers is bitterly opposed to Roosevelt because he aided Congressman Littlefield in Maine, against whom the federation carried off a bitter fight.

James Duncan, first vice president of the federation, objected to the introduction of too much politics, saying that the purpose of the federation is the advancement of trade unionism and that politics ought only to be a side issue.

COMERFORD HAS BODY GUARD

Lavin's Prosecutor, in Fear of His Life, Protected by Two Policemen.

Attorney Frank D. Comerford, who conducted the case against Lavin, fears he will be slugged. Two big policemen guard him night and day.

Mr. Comerford says that on several occasions he has been followed by rough-looking characters.

The police escort the attorney to and from his office and home, and even go with him from his office in the First National Bank building to the city hall.

BRAVE FIREMAN IS INJURED.

Lieut. Edmund Sweeney of engine 29 was knocked down by a falling cornice while fighting a fire at 1251 State street yesterday, and received internal injuries. His right shoulder was also broken.

SAIL 24 MILES IN THE AIR.

Wright Brothers, Skyship Inventors, Want to Race with Santos Dumont.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.]

Dayton, O., Nov. 17.—Regarding the statement of Santos Dumont that he did not believe the Wright brothers sailed twenty-four miles in their airship, Val Wright said:

"There are at least 400 reliable citizens of Dayton who can vouch for the fact that we made a flight of twenty-four miles in our aeroplane Oct. 5, 1905. I wish to say that we never received a challenge from Dumont. The trials of our aeroplane were never made in absolute secrecy. We invariably invited a hundred or so friends to witness our efforts. One of the conditions of the invitation, however, was that spectators would agree not to take photographs."

The twenty-four-mile flight is vouched for by prominent business men here.

EVIDENCE IN SLAVERY CASE.

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.]

Pensacola, Fla., Nov. 16.—Damaging evidence was given in the United States court this morning in the peonage conspiracy trial against Harlan and others. John Atwell, who is under indictment, swore to finding two peons in the woods while searching for runaways with R. Gallagher, an employe of a lumber company, and saw Gallagher kick one of the men.

The witness said that Gallagher, who is under indictment, walked up to the men, pistol in hand, leaving his buggy a short distance away, in which were two fierce bloodhounds. Atwell is a deputy sheriff of Walton county, Fla. Other damaging evidence as introduced.

NEWS FOR MEAT CUTTERS.

New York, Nov. 17.—With a practical promise to challenge next year for the American cup, Sir Thomas Lipton, who has made three unsuccessful trials, sailed for home today on the Carmania.

He came to the United States this time, he explained, to pave the way for another race. He thinks his visit a success.

BARS BLACK ELKS.

Macon, Ga., Nov. 17.—Judge Miller rendered a decision yesterday in favor of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks against T. H. Thomas and others restraining them perpetually from organizing a negro lodge under the name and title of the B. P. O. E. of the U. S. in the state of Georgia.

FORCE LANDLORDS TO KEEP FLATS WARM

Suggestion for New Law—Locomotive Fireman Heats Up Big Building.

If your landlord don't keep the flat warm according to contract report the fact to the city health department.

Since cold weather began numerous complaints of children suffering in cold flats have come to the department and the city administration has declared that landlords must keep their buildings warm.

If a flat in a large building, alleged to be heated by steam, gets cold, there is nothing the head of the family can do. He may fight the janitor, the agent, or the landlord if he is not in California.

But while this is going on infants are being fatally chilled and other members of the family suffer. As the coal is commonly locked up the irate flat renter cannot fire the furnace himself.

Got City Hall for Relief.

When face to face with such conditions the facts should be reported to the city health department without delay. There is no good law to enable the city through its police power to summarily force landlords to carry out their contracts, but there is enough law to permit a ready executive to see that children do not suffer because of a greedy landlord.

Proposed Law for Landlords.

"The thing to do," said an alderman to-day when the helplessness of a flat dweller was pointed out, "is to have a good city ordinance adopted that will give the police power to summarily warm up a flat. Every landlord should be required to have in every one of his flats a thermometer, tested and registered on the books of the health department."

Police to Guard Children.

"If a complaint was made to the police that a flat was not kept warm all the policeman on the beat would have to do would be to visit the place and look at the thermometer. The evidence would be enough to prove or disprove the justice of the complaint."

"Will you introduce such an ordinance?" he was asked by the Daily Socialist reporter.

"Oh! No." Was the reply. "If I should do such a thing my landlord constituents would drop down on me in awful fashion. Get some of those radical fellows to introduce the measure and I may vote for it."

Harry Bacon, 1886 Washington boulevard, saved his infant child from the cold a few days ago by heroic measures. His landlord, a man of the name of Kemper, lives in Florida, so he could not reach him when the fires in the flat building went out because no fuel had been supplied.

The agents, Peabody, Houghteling & Co., were notified. They said it would be impossible to get coal to the building at once. Bacon's baby was ill and he had to have heat.

He bought a load of coal and rode on the wagon to the basement door. Fourteen other flat dwellers shivered at the windows.

Bacon broke into the basement. He is a fireman on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad and when he reached the furnace he lost no time. In fifteen minutes he had such a fire as that building had never before enjoyed.

PROPERTY OWNERS IN CUBA WANT U. S. TO TAKE ISLAND

[Scripps-McRae Press Association.]

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 17.—Adam Gray of Cincinnati, who has property interests ten miles from Havana, and who went to Cuba immediately after the American troops were landed about a month ago, has returned from his trip, bringing with him views which tend to show that unrest still prevails on the island, and that permanent American occupation will soon be demanded by the better class of islanders. The foreigners on the island, he says, are now talking permanent occupation openly, and do not seem to fear retribution. Gray said it was the general opinion among the foreigners on the island that Secretaries Taft and Bacon went away thoroughly disgusted with the conditions of graft, corruption and mismanagement which they found there.

CRIME OF TENNESSEE WHITES

Dresden, Tenn., Nov. 16.—A band of white caps descended on a negro restaurant conducted by Peter Karer last night, broke the windows and forced the inmates to flee. Karer is accused of picking up a pocketbook containing \$7 dropped by A. O. Dow, a white farmer, and which he refused to return. A warning was recently posted on his door to leave the town. Under the notice was a picture of a negro hanging to a limb.



THE GOLD-BUG
By EDGAR ALLEN POE

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could he possibly have to transact? Jupiter's account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

"Him sife, massa, and spade."
"Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de sife and de spade what Massa Will sif pon my buying for him in de town, and de debil's own lot of money I had to gib for em."

"But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan I know, and debil take me if I don't believe 'tis more dan he know too. But it's all cum ob de bug."

.....

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous emphasis which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep set eyes glared with unnatural lustre. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the scarabaeus from Lieutenant G.....

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently. "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing could tempt me to part with that scarabaeus. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it!"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of real gold." He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that scarabaeus!"

.....

"What! de bug, massa? I'd rudder not go fer trouble dat bug—yo mus git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful scarabaeus, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists—of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, "when I had completed my examination of the beetle. I sent for you, that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug."

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and—"

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and, to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next—"

.....

"You are mistaken," he interposed; "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the main land, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied; "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry—very sorry—for we shall have to try it by ourselves." The man is surely mad!—but stay!—how long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

.....

"And will you promise me upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business (good God!) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?"

"Yes, I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock, Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the

scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying—more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements without reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat deuced bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the scarabaeus, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord; twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjurer, as he went. When I observed this most plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the meantime I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than "We shall see."

.....

"We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the main land, proceeded in a north-westerly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision; pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

.....

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythes; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip-tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter, and asked if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said,

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he eber see in his life."

"Then up with you, as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will!—de goole-bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay, "what for mus tote de bug way up de tree?—deen if I do!"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why you can carry it up by this string—but if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel!"

"What de matter now massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want for to use fess wild old nigger. Was only funnin anyhow. Me feared de bug! what I keef for de bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

.....

In youth the tulip-tree, or *Liriodendron tulipifera*, the most magnificent of American forest-trees, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its ripener age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem.

Thus the difficulty of ascending, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing, with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The risk of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch—the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble; ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Eber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, tree, four, five—I done pass five big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, 't me know."

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Contributions and items of news concerning the labor movement are requested from our readers. Every contribution must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

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Labor Union News

Martin McGraw, president of the Keg Beer Wagon Drivers and Helpers, Local No. 748, of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, returned from Minneapolis and the convention of the American Federation of Labor, as representative of his local.

The most notable feature of the convention this year," Mr. McGraw said, "is the large amount of Socialists who are delegates from the various labor organizations to the convention. Practically all the most conspicuous Socialists in the country are delegates. Another interesting feature about the convention is its cosmopolitanism. There are two Canadian delegates from England, two from Porto Rico and one from Canada. At the next convention of the Federation it is believed that there will be delegates from every country in Europe.

The convention is larger this year than ever before and promises to be epoch-making in the history of organized labor. The union of farmers with the working class and the greater determination of the working people to fight out their battle in the political as well as in the economic field will probably be among the most important results of the convention."

Officials of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners declare that an investigation carried on by them shows that the Brunswick, Balke & Collender Company has non-union shops in Grand Rapids, Mich., Muskegon, Mich., and Toronto, Canada.

Stationary firemen will hold an open meeting to-night at 198 East Madison street to discuss the smoke machine. Several prominent chemical engineers will be present and attempt will be made to determine whether the trouble is with the coal or with the firemen.

Stone, Lime and Cement Teamsters, Local No. 718, I. B. of T., will hold a meeting to-night at 10 Clark street.

The Montana Federation of Labor has taken up the fight in favor of the constitutional amendment providing for an initiative and referendum in that state. The amendment comes before the people for action at the next election, and there is no doubt of its adoption.

Western Union operators getteth from \$25.00 to \$70.00 per month, most of whom have refused to join the Telegraphers' Union because they are afraid of their jobs, are petitioning the company to give them a 10 per cent raise. The floorwalker (division chief) in the city lines department, where the \$25.00 and \$30.00 operators work, refused to let the petition be circulated.

Twenty-six musicians of San Francisco were fined \$100 each by the Musicians' Mutual Protective Union No. 6, of that city, for playing with non-union men.

A decrease in wages at a time when the cost of living is constantly increasing drove 300 men at the Wyandotte shipyards, Adrian, Mich., to strike. The men demand ten hours' pay for nine hours' work.

United Textile Workers of America are continuing their agitation for shorter hours in the textile trade. With improved machinery textile workers turn out more work in eight hours now than in ten hours twenty-five years ago, yet the hours of labor have been reduced but little.

Resolutions urging the suppression of child labor were adopted at the convention of the W. C. T. U. which was held at Hartford, Conn.

Over 100 immigrants, mostly Germans, were sent by an employment agency from New York to take the place of striking bakers at Napa Junction, Cal. The agency told the men that no labor trouble existed in that city, but that there simply was a scarcity of labor. When the men, upon their arrival, discovered the true state of affairs they immediately determined to leave. A gang of armed thugs hired by the agency attempted to prevent the men from leaving, but were unsuccessful.

Two hundred and fifty weavers employed by the Renfrew Manufacturing Company are out on strike to enforce demands for new working conditions.

Members of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, constituting 90 per cent of the clerical force of the Atlantic System of the Southern Pacific Railway, who went out on strike four weeks ago, are as firm to-day as they were on the day the strike started. The men want higher wages.

Considering that the workmen have allowed the capitalists to run this government these many years there should be no surprise that the government is rotten to the stage of putrescence.—Vanguard

SHORT CALLS ON LIKELY RETAINERS

Slason Thompson, Press Agent for Railroads, Who He is and How He Makes \$8,000 a Year.

It was windy in Michigan avenue and being somewhat chilled by the lake breeze I decided to drop in and see my old friend Slason Thompson. I found him away up in the rarified atmosphere of the Railway Exchange.

He appeared to be glad to see me and agreed very gracefully to give me an interview for the Chicago Daily Socialist.

Like all successful men he was ready to tell his life story and give advice to young men just starting out to make their way.

Who Slason Is.
First, however, I will tell you who Slason Thompson is and something of what he has done. Just now he gets \$8,000 a year from the Railway Managers' association. His duty is to square the transportation corporations with the public and keep down discontent, prove that every labor union is doing an evil thing to ask for higher wages and convince everyone that the Wall street lads are nothing more than benevolent agents of organized society.

Once Carried Hod.
Slason says he once carried the hod and his strong hand and sturdy legs supports this claim to distinction. He has not done anything of equal usefulness since he wrote the biography of Eugene Field.

In early life he was a poor working boy. He says he labored from twelve to fifteen hours every day in a Canadian field and believes every one but a press agent should work as long, even now. He came to Chicago with nothing and in a few years owed almost everybody. Fortunately he secured a few downtown buildings through his domestic relations and since has been on easy street.

Wrote for a Living.
Always an industrious man he did not stop working when necessity no longer hung on his heels like a leather lugged bound on the trail of a panting rabbit. He held jobs on various Chicago newspapers, writing hot editorials against "Billy" Lorimer, or for him, as the interests of his employers seemed to need.

Jealous of "Larry" Curran.
This work took him up to the time "Larry" Curran organized the freight-handlers. "Larry" was such a good press agent for the men who don't do anything for the public but handle merchandise on trucks and by hand, that the railroads decided they too should have a press agent. Slason was in the market for any good job as re-

tainer for those that have the key to the pantry and on his talents as a book writer and producer of editorials to order, he was engaged.

For about three years he has had a hard time. His kind masters did not fix him up in a blue coat with many buttons as did the Southern gentlemen of old when they picked a likely boy for butter, but they did give him a nice office. It is quiet and there is nothing between Slason and the blue sky.

Situated thus, in the big office building, he was given a pencil and told to get busy. In three years he has turned out more pamphlets than any other human being that ever lived and wrote for money.

He says the Socialist vote has fallen off and believe that his pamphlets did the work. As no one has ever before found who read one of the printed things piled in his office, they may be true. If people only would read what he has written, Debs or some other unsafe person would be elected president at the first opportunity.

He Is Interviewed.
"What time do you get down to work?" I asked, taking a seat where I could see the cold waters of the lake.

"In summer time or in winter time?" he questioned as if ready for a trap.

"In summer."

"Well in summer I open up about 11 a. m. and remain on duty until the 12:45 p. m. train starts for the Mid-town club. In winter I sometimes remain until first call for luncheon at the Union League."

"Do you think the people of this country always will permit industry to be juggled by a lot of gamblers?" was the next question. I smiled, feeling sure I had him down.

"Say, read this," and he handed me a pamphlet.

I put it in my pocket.

"Do you think a freighthandler who has worked for twelve years in a Rock Island freight shed or James Hobart Moore, who don't know a way bill from eccentric, has the best right to a hand in the net earnings?"

"That question is fully answered in this blue booklet," he replied handing me a bulky document.

Fearing I would be anchored there for life by pamphlets I looked at my watch and hastily withdrew. As I left Slason began to read his own pamphlets which have convinced him he is right in a thousand places and that he is earning that \$8,000; more than a dozen freighthandlers earn in a year.

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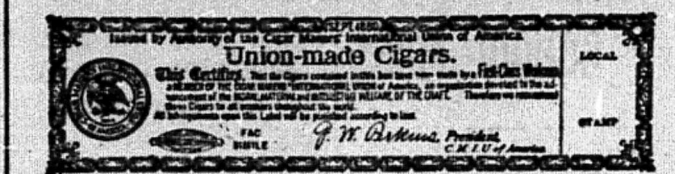
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COUNTY CENTRAL COMMITTEE Meets Every Second Sunday Each Month at 55 N. Clark St.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE Meets Every Monday at Headquarters

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



BIG CAPITALISTS EAT LITTLE ONES

Consolidations Going On Everywhere—Other Railroad News and Wrecks.

The railroads are now preparing to take over all the subsidiary companies operating on their lines. The Michigan Central has taken over the refrigerator cars formerly owned by Armour, and the Harriman lines have ordered 6,000 refrigerator cars to displace the beef trust companies on all their railroads.

Only One Killed.

Reading, Pa., Nov. 16.—The south-bound Philadelphia & Reading express train No. 12, known as "The Cannonball," leaving Reading at 8:35 o'clock last evening, was wrecked last night about half a mile north of Linfield. One man was killed, three were injured and one missing. Reading was strong on the stock market yesterday, leading all other stocks in the first hour of the game.

Woodstock, Ont., Nov. 16.—A broken rail caused a wreck on the Grand Trunk railroad just inside the city limits today. Fifteen persons were injured and it is feared some of them will die.

MILWAUKEE SOCIALISTS STEP TO FRONT OF STAGE.

Dominates the City Council and Promises to Make the Town Famous.

(By a Staff Correspondent.) Milwaukee, Nov. 17.—The influence of the big Social-Democratic minority in the Milwaukee city council is not only felt in scaring the grafters and shaming the city government into honesty. It is also making Milwaukee face about towards municipal ownership. At the last meeting of the Milwaukee council Social-Democratic resolutions were adopted calling on the legislature to give it the right to issue bonds for the establishment of a municipal slaughter house; of a municipal gas plant; of a municipal street railway system; and of a municipal dredging system.

Standard Socialist Series

- This series of books contains the classics of Socialism in a convenient, tasteful and durable form, and at a price within the reach of the laborer who wants the book. Sixteen volumes are now ready and two more will soon be ready. 1. Karl Marx. Biographical Memoirs. By WILHELM LIEBKNECHT. Translated by Ernest Untermann.

MILLION AS GUARANTY FOR CHEAP PHONES

It was announced today that Monday the Manufacturers' Telephone Company will file a bond of \$1,000,000 with the city as a guaranty that it will carry out the provisions of the franchise it asks.

COURT WORKS MORE THAN UNION HOURS

Out of 3,800 Men Examined Only 10 Jurors Secured to Try Labor Leaders.

Judge Ball and the attorneys in the Shea case are working overtime. The judge and attorneys are working even longer than the union regulation eight-hour day in their effort to secure a jury.

Ten Jurors Secured. It is over nine weeks since the case was called. During that time 3,800 prospective jurors have been examined, only ten of which have been found satisfactory.

Jurors Practically Prisoners

The jurors are practically prisoners in charge of a bailiff at the Morrison Hotel. The first one secured has been "doing time" for over two months, while the men accused of crime are at liberty enjoying life.

PEARY EXPEDITION SAFE.

Will Reach Sydney Within Ten Days in Crippled Condition.

(Scripps-McRae Press Association.) Sydney, N. S., Nov. 17.—Advices received here indicate that the Roosevelt will arrive here in ten days with the returning Peary expedition from Chateau Bay.

WORKERS RUN THIS MINE.

After a year's trial a co-operative coal mining industry at Saginaw, Mich., has been declared a success. It is owned by the workmen who operate it. They establish the prices, make contracts, and go underground to dig the product. Since September 1st, 1905, there has not been an idle day at the Caledonia mine.

LEAVE THE CHURCH ALONE AND GO TO SOCIAL REFORMS

Paris, Nov. 17.—(Special.)—Convinced that the government is in earnest about the enforcement of the church law, the Socialists have decided to support the French cabinet. Jaures, the Socialist member of the cabinet, declares that the religious controversy is taking up too much time and that it would be more profitable to go over to social reforms.

UNIONS HELP THE POLICE.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 17.—(Special.)—The Trades and Labor Council of this city is endeavoring to secure one day off in every seven for the members of the police force. Councilman P. H. McKenna and Business Agent Harry Thomas of the Council, called on Mayor Johnson but the mayor referred the question to the board of public safety and the chief of police.

SOME PLACE TO GO TO-MORROW.

M. M. Mangazarian will lecture at Orchestra Hall, Michigan avenue and Adams street, Sunday at 11 a. m. His subject will be: "Shelly the Post of Revolt."

PASSING OF A UNION SOLDIER.

Gen. Alexander McQueen died at Harvey, Ill., on Monday, November 12, in his seventy-sixth year, being born in 1830 in the State of Ohio. In his youth business called him to the Southland, and while there his heart was stirred by the scenes he witnessed concerning black slavery. Consequently he was one of the first to enlist in the Civil War, being in the army four years, eleven months, rising from a private to brigadier-general. He was one of the founders of the Populist party, and being a man with the good of humanity in his supreme desire, could find a home nowhere but among the Socialists.

BUILD CANAL UP IN THE AIR

Scheme of Kentucky Engineer—Make a Concrete Ditch and Set It on Top of the Ground.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 16.—A plan for a concrete maritime highway across the isthmus of Panama to be used as a substitute for the ditch as at present projected, has been submitted to President Roosevelt by Colonel Alexander Hogeland, known throughout the United States as the "Father of the Curfew."

ANCIENT RIGHT OF PRINTERS REVOKED

U. S. Government Takes Orders From Open Shop Bosses.

Washington, Nov. 17.—At the request of the employers' organization Public Printer Charles A. Stillings issued an order at the government printing office declaring that hereafter no bulletin should be posted anywhere in the building without first having received his approval.

ACTRESS WEDS MILL OWNER.

Paris, Nov. 17.—The marriage of La Belle Otero, the French actress and dancer, to Rene Webb, who owns spinning mills in England and America, is announced by the Journal.

HOOSIER MAYOR GOES WRONG

Frankfort, Ind., Nov. 15.—Following an investigation of his books made by the order of the city council, the city has filed suit against Mayor David W. Paul, the demand being for \$1,385. It is charged that Mayor Paul in 227 criminal cases heard before him he failed to tax and collect a fee of \$5 in favor of the city, and that in 165 cases tried before him he taxed and collected a fee of \$3, which he converted to his own use.

HE HAD A GOOD RUN FOR HIS MONEY.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 17.—W. R. Hearst defeated candidate for governor on the Democratic and Independence League tickets, spent \$256,370.22 for campaign expenses. The certificate was filed with the secretary of state this afternoon and shows the following expenditures: To Independence League, \$198,870.22; to W. J. Conners, \$57,000; to travelling expenses, \$500.

NATURE HELPS STANDARD

Coshocton, O., Nov. 17.—Bakersville, ten miles east of here, is in a vortex of excitement over the striking of oil on the George Corbet farm by a Pittsburg company. The strike was made three days ago but has been kept quiet. The Standard already has men in the field leasing. Particulars are unobtainable, but it is said to be a remarkable flow.

MEETING OF CENTRAL LABOR BODY.

The Chicago Federation of Labor will meet tomorrow afternoon at 134 East Van Buren street. The educational question is expected to come up for discussion.

Bakery, Cracker, Pie and Yeast Drivers' Union Local 734—Meeting Tuesday, 145 Randolph street. All should attend. John Foye.

Hotter Beer and Liquor Drivers' Union, Local No. 744. I. B. of T.—Meeting Sunday at 2 p. m. at Horn's Hall. Thomas Barry, Henry Sand and Terra Cotta Teamsters No. 1 of Local 716—Meeting Saturday night at 145 Randolph street. Thomas Wilson.

Coal Teamsters, Local No. 704—Meeting Sunday at 2 p. m. at 10 South Clark street. William Kelly.

Ice Wagon Drivers and Helpers—Meeting Sunday at 5 p. m. Bricklayers' Hall. C. G. Sagerstrom.

Laundry Drivers' Union, Local No. 712. I. B. of T.—Meeting Tuesday at 8 p. m. at 145 Randolph street. T. J. Lynch. Roy Palmer.

Lumber Box and Shaving Teamsters, Local No. 419. I. B. of T.—Meeting Saturday night. Report from wage scale committee. F. Hutchinson.

Miscellaneous and Hoisting Teamsters' Union, Local 743—Meeting Saturday at 8 p. m. at Horn's Hall. Election of officers. M. W. Annis.

Newspaper Delivery and Mail Drivers' Local No. 705—Meeting Tuesday at 75 Randolph street at 8 p. m. E. E. Hutson.

SOCIALISTS WILL DANCE IN THE COLISEUM.

December 15, the Date of Second Annual Masque Ball and Carnival.

Chicago Socialists have secured the Coliseum for Saturday, December 15, for their second annual masque ball and midwinter carnival. The party has grown to such proportions that nothing but the largest halls in Chicago will hold their gatherings. The entertainment committee is hard at work making complete arrangements for a grand success.

LUCKY DOG EXERCISES IN \$750,000 YARD

Rich Woman Refuses to Sell Most Valuable Lot in New York Because Pet Needs It for Exercise.

New York, Nov. 16.—(Special.)—Just before closing her contract with a real estate man for the sale of a vacant lot, Miss Josephine J. Wendell, a rich, elderly woman, changed her mind because this lot is the only place her pet dog Trixie could exercise.

FROM THE MILWAUKEE FREE PRESS, REPUBLICAN ORGAN

"If Diogenes exists in the spirit—and a great many persons will tell you that he does—there is a chance for him to throw away his lamp and shade, because an honest man has been found. Ald. Emil Seidel says he will not take the expense money for attending the convention of the League of Municipalities at Chicago, as it was a farce."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

All organizations holding public gatherings or offering entertainments or lectures of interest to wage workers, are requested to send to the Chicago Daily Socialist advance notices. A directory of meetings having educational value will be published regularly.

NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR REPORT OF EVENTS REDUCED TO PARAGRAPHS FOR EASY READING AFTER SUPPER

No agreement on wages has yet been made by the general committee of the Western Association of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, which has been in secret session in Kansas City, Mo., for two days.

Reports from Portland, Ore., indicate that the floods in the Northwestern states are subsiding. Nearly all towns in Colitz and Lewis River valleys are still under water. The Northern Pacific and the Great Northern railways are badly washed out and at many points the line will practically have to be reconstructed.

Mary Pannell, 110 years old, an ex-slave and reputed to be the oldest person in Virginia, died in Pittsylvania County, Va. She declared she remembered General Washington and the "Red Coats" of 1812.

Four men who were on the schooner Mary Lee Newton, a new New York coal boat, when it went on the rocks near Hull, Mass., were saved by the Point Allerton life-saving crew.

In consequence of the last election many important changes will be made in Congress and in the senate, young men mostly crowding out the older men.

A fire which broke out at 104 Lake street early last evening caused \$600,000 damages. Five people were hurt.

A number of antiquated pieces of furniture were ruled out by the Art Institute as "fakes."

Enrico Caruso, Italian opera singer, was jailed in New York for acting indecently toward a woman in Central Park.

Capt. Reichman, U. S. A., formerly an instructor in West Point and an attaché in the Russo-Japanese war, wrote a letter to a friend in New York saying that he was barred from the general staff because of his foreign birth.

President Hadley of Yale decried the modern tendency to legislate against corporations.

Baron Schlippenbaeh, Russian consul in Chicago, visited Mercy hospital to see that the wreck patients are well taken care of. He says the Sisters of Mercy have expelled all railroad agents.

A representative from the Toledo Pastors' Union was present at the conference of the Central Labor Union in that city. The preachers organization is now a full-fledged labor body.

The Chicago Daily Socialist, is the only paper that dared to tell the whole truth about the school leases, Hearst,

LOOKS DARK FOR YOUNG GILLETTE

Mill Girl Was Murdered in Most Brutal Manner.

(Scripps-McRae Press Association.) Herkimer, N. Y., Nov. 17.—Grace Brown was brutally murdered on the bank of Big Moose Lake by Chester E. Gillette and her body thrown in the lake is the startling contention of the prosecution in the trial of young Gillette for the killing of his sweetheart. The new theory of the prosecution has created a sensation. Until today it had been thought that the prosecution would try to show that Gillette had lured the young woman into a boat, and when-out of sight of any one on land had thrown her overboard.

Most Brutal Murder.

The secret leaked out today that the autopsy showed that Miss Brown's eyes had been gouged out; her skull fractured and her body covered with bruises. The body showed that the girl had made a struggle. The autopsy showed that the body had been dragged through underbrush before it had been thrown in the water. The examination showed no water in the lungs. The girl had been thrown overboard while alive her lungs would have been filled with water. The prosecution will endeavor to show that Gillette lured the girl to the woods and there beat her to death. Unseen by any one he dragged the body to the lake, threw it into a boat and rowed to the point where it was thrown into the water.

GIVE THE VICTIMS LITERATURE!

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 17.—It was by the distribution of Socialist literature that the Social-Democrats of Milwaukee put the Democratic party out of business in this city. By the distribution of Socialist literature they now propose to put the Republican party also out of business. At the last meeting of our local, it was decided to issue a new leaflet every month, and distribute it from house to house in every ward of the city. Thus Milwaukee will be systematically covered with literature every month, and not one house skipped. That is the way Milwaukee comrades work.—E. H. Thomas, State Secretary.

What They Want.

I say "what they want," for every banker of prominence in the country has been striving to the end that the recurrent periods of high interest rates be made less frequent if possible. Jacob H. Schiff, head of the great banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., which recently bought the Baltimore & Ohio for E. H. Harriman, and otherwise plays a big part in the country's finances, said a year ago that if currency reform were not insured soon the world would see the worst and the most needless panic in history.

Coin Is Tight.

Now money is so tight in Wall Street, the business of the country has grown so big and has put such heavy demands on the circulating medium of the country, the profits of the "elastic currency" are so great and the big railway and industrial enterprises of the Wall Street capitalists are so greatly handicapped at present that everything points to a new money law.

Though gold is supposed to be the money of the nation, the thing called credit plays a vastly greater part than money. This is the ability, intention and promise to pay back funds borrowed from someone in good supply of them. The banker is in business to sell this credit much as the butcher

BANKERS WANT TO ISSUE MONEY

One of the Members of the Socialist Party who is Secretary to a Wall Street Gambler Tells of the Currency Scheme.

Most everyone has heard about the meeting of bankers in Washington this week.

They are planning to have a law passed that will give them more of what labor produces. They think that they "make money" but they do not. They are simply necessary parasites under the present system of making and distributing useful things. Every working man that votes should know what they are scheming to do.

To issue money always has been considered the function of government, but in this "democracy" the great mass of voters will permit private corporations to issue money.

This will give them a stronger hold than ever on the industry of the working class.

The following story is somewhat hard to read and understand, because it was written by a young man who works in Wall street and he speaks a different language from that spoken in shop and mill.

ELASTIC CURRENCY.

By WALL STREET SECRETARY.

Washington advices to-day announced that a committee of bankers, after a series of conferences at the Capitol City, has decided on an "elastic currency" measure.

President Roosevelt and Secretary Shaw of the Treasury Department are known to favor legislation which in a measure will tend to check "tight money," with which Wall Street and big business men frequently are beset. Hence it is supposed that the bankers' bill will be presented to Congress at the opening of the next session, in December, and that every pressure known to the capitalist system will be brought to bear to force the measure into law at once.

Inasmuch as there are relatively more bankers in Congress than representatives of any other business calling, Bankers Hepburn, Porgan, Hamilton and others at work for legislation feel sure they will get what they want from the hands of the people's servants at Washington.

Bank to Issue Money.

Now, what they intend to do is to have Congress give the national banks the right to issue "emergency circulation." At present they have the right to issue money secured on government bonds by paying a small tax. Of course, the banks would not go to the trouble of paying a tax and issuing circulation if they did not make a profit at the business.

Book of Profit.

The National City Bank some time ago got out a book for the use of bankers, showing this profit. On every \$100,000 of money issued under existing laws, with money lending at 4 per cent, the bank makes from \$431 to \$923. To-day money is lending at above 6 per cent, and the profit is great.

Now Secured by Credit.

The new circulating medium is not to be secured by government bonds, as at present. It has been found, upon studying the statistics of the losses of depositors by failure of national banks, that a fund of 5 per cent would be ample guaranty against losses to depositors. Taking this as a basis, the bankers have figured that it will be possible for a national bank to issue a certain amount of currency under the guidance of the government and trust to the law of percentages that the 5 per cent guaranty advanced will cover losses through failures.

The new-money proposed has back of it the joint credit of all the national banks of the country. It indirectly has back of it the credit of the government. It will be taxed high enough so that not too much of it will be printed when money rates are cheap. This tax also will help to protect it.

Just a New Profit.

Hereafter, if the proposed measure becomes a law, when the crop moving period arrives in August, the banks all over the country can issue a certain amount of this new credit currency. This will be in use so long as the banks can make more money than the tax to which the circulation will be subjected. Great shipments of money out of Wall Street will be checked. The banks will make more profit for their stockholders. Wall Street will have more real money to gamble with. And the public will pay the freight.

FREE SAMPLE Delmonico Plum Pudding For Thanksgiving or Christmas Dinner

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street No. \_\_\_\_\_ City or Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Fill in above coupon and go to any Grocery or Delicatessen Store, or mail this coupon to THE DELMONICO CATERING CO., 150 Eugenio St., Chicago

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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND MAKE THE DAILY PERMANENT.

MAKE A START!

JOIN the Fraternal Homemakers and help the cause by PROVING Socialism. At the same time you will secure an assured income and perfect protection for your family by a system of wealth production that really increases the world's wealth and gives the worker the full product of his labor. Our Alabama plantation adjoining Fairhope will furnish homes and work for the first 100. One dollar will start you. Call or address FRATERNAL HOMEMAKERS Room 309, 115 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

Varicocele

Restoration to a normal and healthy condition is the result of my method of treating this common ailment, which may be cured by my treatment. Over four thousand cases treated in 25 years. My treatment, or the cure that necessarily follows it, is a surprise alike both patients and physicians. If you are suffering for the treatment of this disease, write me at once. I will send you a book that has cured thousands of cases, and will in years, remove the cause of your ailment.

J. H. GREEN, M.D., 59 Dearborn Street, Chicago. COMRADES: PATRONIZE US! CHAS TYL & CO. THE POPULAR TAILORS 772 S. HALSTED STREET 609-18TH PLACE CHICAGO



## The Capitalist at Pullman

When in 1894 the workers of Pullman were in a life and death battle for an improvement of the desperate conditions under which they had been compelled to live, the defenders of the Pullman Company had much to say about the part played by the inventive genius and managing ability of George M. Pullman.

According to these apologists for exploitation, no reward was too great for the marvelous service he was rendering to mankind. The very existence of the great Pullman shops was dependent upon his watchful and skillful oversight.

Shortly afterwards George M. Pullman went the way of all flesh. He left behind him two sons who alternated between the Chicago levee and the Keeley institute.

None of his heirs would be capable of directing the construction of a wheelbarrow, to say nothing of a Pullman coach.

Yet in the year that followed his death the Pullman stock doubled in value, and it has gone on multiplying and yielding a golden harvest to its possessors ever since.

The management, direction and operation has been the work of hired employes. These men with the host of skilled and unskilled manual and mental workers carried on the industry from top to bottom.

But from the day's work of every employe was taken a portion, and no small portion either, for those who held certain pieces of paper called stock certificates.

Does anyone pretend to say that these workers could not have constructed and operated those cars with equal skill had they been the joint owners with the rest of the community of the shops in which they worked?

Would it have destroyed their individuality to have had some voice in the disposal of their skill and strength?

Would all their incentive to work have disappeared if they had receive all they produced instead of only a small fraction?

Would it have broken up the family if the wealth produced had gone to those who produced it instead of into the hands of a lot of idle parasites?

We await a reply from the wise critics of socialism who are occupying Chicago editorial chairs.

## How the Paper is Progressing

Everyone told us that there would be a big falling off in the circulation of the Chicago Daily Socialist after the election.

Everyone was badly fooled. The subscriptions are coming in at the rate of over five hundred a day. The money received for mail subscriptions alone is greater than would be the total cost of the paper if we had a properly equipped plant.

We are still working under what to anyone but a Socialist would be considered crushing disadvantages.

The type-setting of the paper is done in one place, the press work at another a half a mile away.

The editorial room is still in temporary quarters above the composing room. There are no desks, no light but candles (this is not a joke), no filing cases, none of the things always considered fundamentally necessary for the production of a paper.

We are not apologizing. We are not complaining. We do not need to do either. We are just telling some things that we think our readers would like to know.

We want to move out of these quarters. We want to get a better equipment. We are going to have it too.

We are going to have these things because the readers of the Daily Socialist, who are employing us, and in whose interest we are fighting, are going to get them for us.

Only we would like them right now. Just a little harder lift on the stock subscriptions and just a few more subscribers for the paper each day will do the work.

You are going to help us today. Send in a club by return mail.

## The Need for Men

(From the "Sydney Bulletin.")

The world needs men—the world needs earnest fighters,

Strong men endowed with granite wills;

The world needs scribes—needs grim, defiant writers

Whose ink like boiling lava spills.

Too long we bow to charlatans and panders—

Too long we commerce with buffoons.

Caesars we need, and fiery Alexanders—

A band of resolute dragoons

To charge the ranks of sophistry and error,

To lay all lies and liars low;

A cohort that shall strike eternal terror

In each disciple of Yes—No.

The world needs men—the world needs mighty preachers

To draw mankind to surer goals;

The world needs prophets—needs new seers and teachers.

Men's bodies are incarnate souls.

Grey catalogues of saints avail them little—

Why proffer hands they cannot clutch?

The faiths of yore are clammy, cold, and brittle—

They crumble 'neath the eager touch.

Give us a faith—a faith in this existence—

Give us a heaven here below;

We weary of the mirage in this distance,

We sicken of the vain Yes—No!

The world needs men—not mountebanks and jesters—

Not pimps and plant-conscience knaves;

Wrong rangles still—malignantly 't festers,

And all the earth is full of graves;

The world needs men—oh don't you hear it asking?

The world needs you—it needs you now.

The world needs men to set them to their tasking

Behind the potent era-plough;

The world needs us—it calls us to our labor—

The world needs US, and we must go;

And we must work—must draw the mighty sabbre

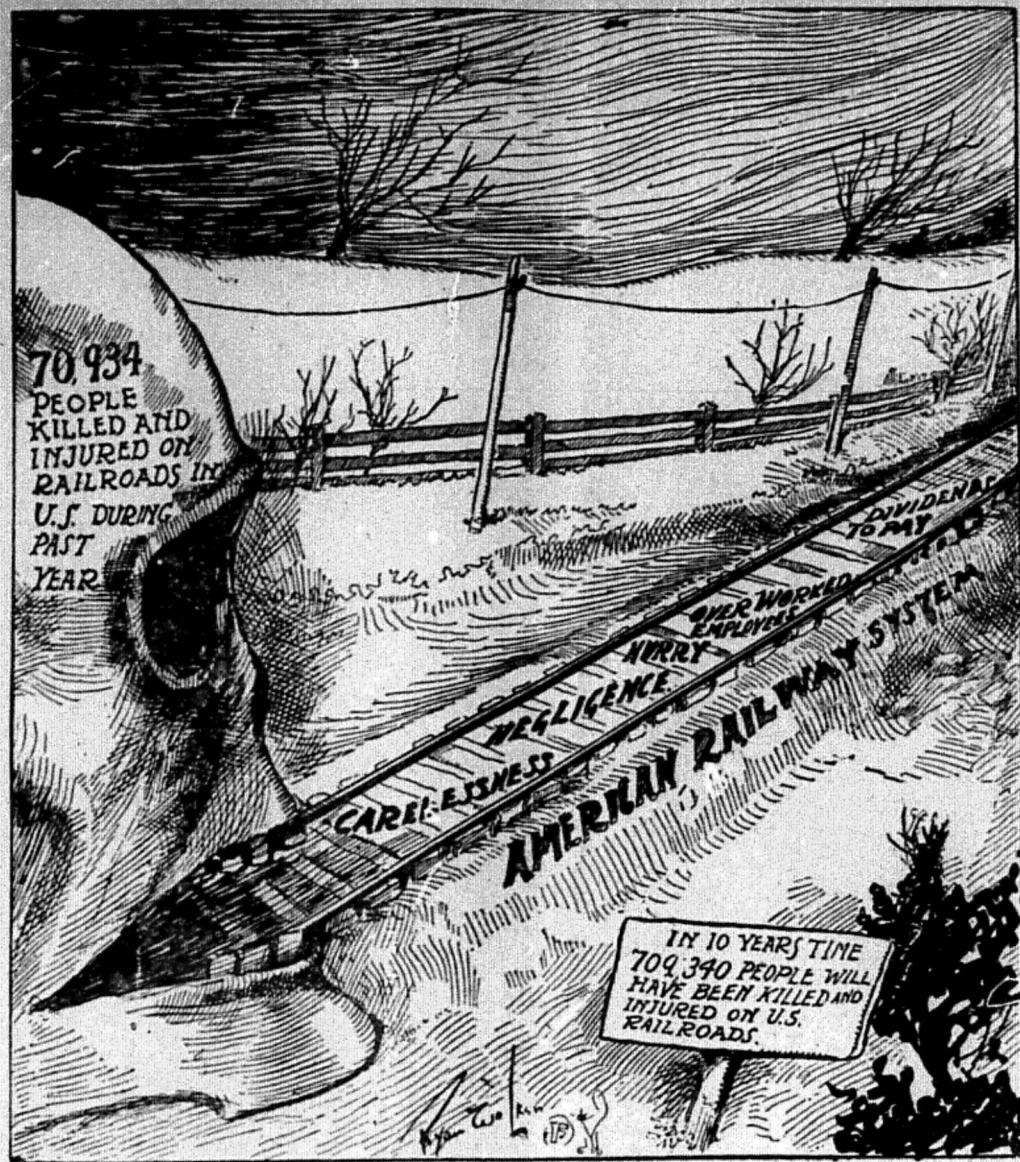
Against the Yes that is mostly No.

GRANT HERVEY.

What do you think of a civilization that furnishes \$600,000 playgrounds for dogs and stifles children in tenements?

Keep your eye on that school question. There is more to it than marking systems for teachers.

Oh God, that cars should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap.



THE END OF THE JOURNEY

## A Laugh or A Smile

By P. B.

### Compensation.

"But how can you be so happy if you say you are in hell?" we ask of the shade which has been conjured up by the spiritualist from out the nether regions.

"That's easy," replies the spook. "I was a captain of industry while on earth, and three of the committee which investigated me are now keeping me company."

The first thing a railroad does after a wreck is not to remedy the defect but to get all the victims to sign away their rights to damages.

Milwaukee reports that it is suffering from a water famine. That certainly would be one method of "making Milwaukee famous."

A great cry is being raised to have the government adopt an elastic currency. Can it be possible that the rubber trust is behind all this agitation?

It is now that the industrious poet gets busy and writes a few inspired stanzas on "beautiful snow" to be sprung on the suffering editors after awhile.

### An Easy One.

"Henry," says Mrs. Askem, "what is this uniform divorce law which we read so much about in the papers?"

"Why—er—it's a law to make all divorced persons wear uniforms so as to warn other people of course. It's a wonder to me you wouldn't think such things out for yourself, once in awhile."

If anyone had thrown a bomb at the president down at Panama of course Poutney Bigelow would have been held as an accessory before the fact.

Just to show certain people how his family takes to lawsuits, William Rockefeller sued for 18 cents, and got it.

Mr. Roosevelt wants it understood that while he arrived at Panama ahead of time he was not premature.

If those grand jurors do not quit working overtime indicting him, John D. Rockefeller will finally get as had an opinion of American magistrates as did Maxim Gorky.

### The Awful Language.

"I never can understand this American language of yours," says the tourist from abroad.

"What now?"

"I saw an 'air line' advertised and thought I would get to ride in a balloon, but it turned out to be nothing but a railway."

Mr. Roosevelt just had to be strenuous, so he got up so early that it made the people of Panama yawn all day.

How fitting is fame! The people have already forgotten about Commander Peary's exploit and are now busy speculating on whether Walter Wellman will reach the north pole next summer in his balloon.

The news of that Pullman "melon cutting" made many a white man's mouth water as well as many a colored man's.

Doubtless the cutting of the Pullman melon also aroused memories of 1894 in the breast of one, Eugene V. Debs.

## Leave Me My Dream

I know that he who makes a journey to the home of Truth, must drop many sweet illusions on the way. But in an age like the present one, so barren of joy, and bitter with grief, there is one dream too soothing to be relinquished. This dream has been dreamed by every splendid soul, by every choice spirit who ever blessed this earth; by all who love the sound of the music of Liberty's drummer, by all who are parts of the process by which this world is revolving to something better and nobler and happier and grander, by all whose faces are towards the light, and upon whose brows fall the first beams of the morning. It has been the dream of every man whose name is a rallying-cry where humanity's workers gather; whose name has become an oasis, where the weary pilgrims of freedom, wandering through the dark desert of despair, rest and quench their thirst in the shade of his great and glowing heart. It has been the dream of all the good and true and loving; and free men and free women will work for it, and fight for it, and suffer and die for it, as long as superstition has sway, and tyranny rules, and hypocrisy is enthroned.

It is the dream that some day the human race will exist without a government upheld by the bayonet of the soldier and the club of the policeman; that our jails will be empty of prisoners and our streets of beggars; that the whirl of cotton mills will not drown the sobs of babies, that breaker boys and old men will not sit in coal mines year after year and wear their lives away, that women will not be compelled to toil in poison factories five hours before their children are born and thus give birth to poisoned offspring. It is the dream that some day all will have enough bread to eat, enough clothes to wear, a home to lay their heads, and just a little time to love, loaf and laugh; the dream that the serpent with a hundred fangs, the Medusa with a thousand faces, the leech with a million mouths, will loosen its terrible grip from the toiler's bleeding throat; that labor will receive what labor earns, that they who create wealth will not be penniless, that they who feed us will not starve, that they who clothe us will not wear rags, that they who house us will not dwell in hovels; the dream that Chauvinism, which is a small, cheap, two-cent feeling, which small, cheap, two-cent politicians, fan up in small, cheap two-cent people, will disappear, and Phoenix-like from the ashes will be born the desire to be the Universal Brother; the fond dream, the sweetest hope of all, that war, the worst of crimes, will cease, and the soldier, the worst of slaughterers, the bravo butcher, the useless, wholesale murderer, will no longer flourish; the dream that some day all the nations of the earth, black and white, red and yellow, will be spokes in the wheel of progress, will be links in the grand unbroken chain of mutual friendship—Victor Robinson in Critic and Guide.

At a delegate conference called by the executive committee, which met Thursday evening, it was decided to set the machinery of the party organization to making a house-to-house canvass in the interest of the Daily and the Workers' Publishing Society.

The delegates who attended the convention will report to their various ward branches the decision of the conference.

From the enthusiastic manner in which the conference entered into this plan there is no doubt but what in a short time the Daily Socialist will have over 1,000 volunteers systematically canvassing every nook and corner of the city.

There will be another meeting of the delegates soon to make other plans for the Daily.

Any other daily newspaper in Chicago could not get for \$100,000 the work being done for this paper.

The working class is determined to have a daily to represent its interests.

QUESTIONS FOR MINISTERS OF CHRIST.

Dr. Wm. E. Barton, a clergyman of Oak Park, was told by a Chicago manufacturer, a member of his church, that of the workmen in his employ a year ago six were Socialists and today eighty are Socialists. It may be embarrassing to ministers serving wealthy congregations at good salaries to ask them to join with Socialists in their fight on child-labor, prostitution and all the forms of sin and shame which are caused and encouraged by systems of profit.

making the incomes of wealthy church members. What think ye of Socialism? Is it not the gospel? Christ and conscience must ask these questions if I do not.

Street Car Meter

See the proletariat hanging on the straps. Swinging to and fro and sitting in each other's laps.

See their noble master in his auto car, sitting back contentedly puffing a cigar.

## The Basic Thing

We are only beginning to appreciate that industry—the way in which people get their living—is the fundamental factor in civilization. Of course, religion, climate and institutions, and great ideas and heroes have all had marked influence on civilization; and each has had its advocate who made it the key of history, but no one of these can compare with industry in the constancy and universality of its operation, or in the magnitude of its effects.

These different causes have had varying values in various stages of civilization, but there is one cause which is constant, because there is one want which is absolutely universal, common to both sexes, to all ages, to all classes of society, to all nations, to all degrees of civilization and to all centuries—and that is something to eat. This is the one great necessity which forced life to evolve into higher forms. As life rises in the scale it has an increasing number of wants and of motives; and the higher the type of man or of civilization the greater will be the sway of the higher motives; but this one universal motive is never lost. Here is a necessity that is new every day in every life, and must always be reckoned with.—From "Expansion," by Rev. Josiah Strong.

Can You Beat This?

Socialist party ward organizations will systematically canvass the city for subscribers to The Chicago Daily Socialist and subscriptions for stock in the Workers' Publishing Society.

"How I Became a Socialist"

Suffering Made Him a Socialist.

When I was about 14 years of age, in the winter of 1900, our family was down to the starvation point. I used to see my dear old father, with the floor night after night, worried to death, thinking where he was going to get work so as to keep us little ones in food, clothing and a shelter over us. There were five of us and I the oldest then. I had seen how the rich had their mansions and lived in luxury and splendor, and how their children went to the best schools and colleges, and then I said: "How comes this? There certainly must be something wrong here. Here we were on the brink of starvation and still there was plenty around us, both in food and clothing. So I said like this: 'Do not we, the working people, create all this wealth, and yet receive but a mere share of it; and does not the other fellow (capitalist) get it all and yet he does not do anything?' So I had a lot of remedies in my child's mind that I thought would be a cure for all this evil. So I began to study and think it over harder and harder each day, until one day I heard a young man in our church discussing the same subject with one of the ministers. I was at that time a good church boy. So I asked him his side of the question and he explained to me the situation as now that there are eight red-hot Socialists more in the field fighting to beat the band for the universal brotherhood of mankind."

I am a comrade in a position so I cannot give my name at present, because I would be thrown on the "waste pile" and—well, you know the rest and the present existing conditions.

Herbert Spencer and Lyman Abbott Converted Him.

Having been raised on a farm, I never knew the class difference until three years ago, when I sold out and bought a small property in the city. Not having any money and not wanting to be idle, I secured a place as house man. It was then that my eyes were opened and I saw the capitalist in his greed, selfishness and bigotry. I saw for the first time that I represented the poor, but useful class, while my employer represented the idle rich. I read Herbert Spencer and Lyman Abbott and have been a Socialist ever since. FRANK GRAY, Peoria, Ill.

Debs Did the Work.

I was born in '72 and raised under a good mother and a drinking father in a

## Selling Labor Power

Capitalism's one test of value is "what it will bring in the market place." Capitalism created the maxim that "every man has his price." It has made commodities of virtue, vice and a host of things that previous ages had never dreamed of making part of the trader's stock.

But strangest of all the commodities sent into the market is labor power. The laborer himself is no longer bought and sold and so men have come to boast that slavery is no more.

But the power to produce, the strength of the hand, the skill of the brain, are still sold every day and every hour.

The price of commodities today is fixed by what it costs to produce them. The cost of producing a laborer is the amount that must be expended for food, clothing and shelter for himself and a family large enough to maintain the supply of laborers.

For about twenty per cent. of the laborers in the market, the capitalist succeeds in forcing the price below this cost, and compels that percentage of the laborers to live below the subsistence point. This is proven by the fact that the average life of the manual workers of America is only about two-thirds as long as that of the other classes of society.

There are some striking peculiarities about this commodity of labor power.

It is the most perishable of all commodities. No laborer can sell the labor power of yesterday. If withheld from sale for the moment, it is lost forever.

Labor power is the only commodity that is firmly attached to the producer. The seller of bricks or lumber does not care whether they be used in building a sewer or a mansion. He does not accompany them to their final destination. But labor power is fastened to the man who sells it. He must go with it into the depths of the mine, the sweltering sweat shop, the slippery roof of the reeling freight car, the poisonous chemical factory, or the dizzy heights of modern sky scrapers.

Another strange thing about this commodity is that, while it is bought at the cost of production, it has a power of producing much more than its cost. Using the mechanical marvels of today, one hour's labor power produces enough to pay for eight or ten hours.

These additional hours go to the producer of this strange, new product. It is from this unpaid labor power that are piled up the ever higher towering fortunes of the modern industrial monarchs.

This labor power is valueless to its possessor in a world where all the opportunities for using it are owned by others. This is why he is forced to sell it so much below its true value.

There is another peculiarity about this commodity. Its possessor has the power to think. He has the power to determine political and social institutions.

Some day he will use that power to possess the instruments which in the hands of others make for himself, and the strength of his muscles, a commodity to cry upon the market place. Then labor power will be sold no longer. Then it will be used to produce for its possessor.

## Machines and Slavery

Aristotle once said that "If the shuttle moves itself, slavery will no longer be needed." That would seem to be a sensible conclusion. Yet alongside this saying of the old Greek philosopher must be placed the other one of John Stewart Mill, the greatest political economist of the 19th century, who gave it as the result of a lifetime of study that in his opinion all the inventions ever made had not lightened the toil of a single human being.

It has been computed that 20,000,000 horsepower are used in the mills, mines, factories, railroads and steamships of the United States. Engineers tell us that each horsepower is equal to the work of eight men.

Think what that means! 160,000,000 mechanical slaves with breath of steam, arms of steel, nerves of electricity, ready to do the work of the world!

That is equal to eight slaves for every family in the United States. Yet we must agree with Mill that it is doubtful if these have lightened the toil of a single human being. They certainly have not lightened the toil of those who produce wealth—who tend and watch and work with these machines.

This is because we have permitted these machines to become the property of a few. We have created a privileged class, who, owning these mechanical slaves, have made them taskmasters to drive to fiercer exertions the wage slaves of flesh and blood.

How long will it be before we shall have sense enough to make these mechanical slaves the property of the community and let them do the work of the world?

THAT WOULD FREE THE MILLIONS OF HUMAN SLAVES. THAT WOULD BE SOCIALISM.

## "How I Became a Socialist"

Suffering Made Him a Socialist.

When I was about 14 years of age, in the winter of 1900, our family was down to the starvation point. I used to see my dear old father, with the floor night after night, worried to death, thinking where he was going to get work so as to keep us little ones in food, clothing and a shelter over us. There were five of us and I the oldest then. I had seen how the rich had their mansions and lived in luxury and splendor, and how their children went to the best schools and colleges, and then I said: "How comes this? There certainly must be something wrong here. Here we were on the brink of starvation and still there was plenty around us, both in food and clothing. So I said like this: 'Do not we, the working people, create all this wealth, and yet receive but a mere share of it; and does not the other fellow (capitalist) get it all and yet he does not do anything?' So I had a lot of remedies in my child's mind that I thought would be a cure for all this evil. So I began to study and think it over harder and harder each day, until one day I heard a young man in our church discussing the same subject with one of the ministers. I was at that time a good church boy. So I asked him his side of the question and he explained to me the situation as now that there are eight red-hot Socialists more in the field fighting to beat the band for the universal brotherhood of mankind."

home of poverty. At the age of 11 years I was compelled to leave school and go to work.

I was a republican because my father was one. About ten years ago, on Labor Day, Comrade Debs was to speak here, and I with about ten others went in a bunch to see him, because we thought he had long horns, red eyes, green hair and a tall, fork-shaped and on it. We went and stood out on the edge of the crowd.

Such a talk I never heard before. After the meeting I went up and took him by the hand. He told me, while he held my hand, to read Socialist books and to take a Socialist paper—that this world would be a good place to live in when the wage-earner got wise. I left that meeting a Socialist. BERT D. SULLIVAN, Canton, Ill.

## Soap-Boxer Caught Him.

Born in a working-class family, I naturally saw plenty of hardships. My father always worked steady and received pretty fair wages, but with sickness and trying to pay off a little home it kept us busy paying bills. I remember when about 12 years old I used to read in the daily papers about men going on strike for more wages, and when I heard of the big railroad strike in 1893 I was glad to hear that all the men had quit work and stopped traffic. They had my greatest sympathy.

A few years later I went to work in a planing mill, working eleven hours a day. After being there about three years I went to a box factory and did all kinds of roundabout work, finally becoming a sawyer at the age of 17.

During the next year, while passing through the main street with my friends one evening I heard Chas. L. Bracken and A. Ricker making a speech on Socialism. We stood first on one leg then on another to the end and were waiting for more. After the speech some traveling man got on the box and said he was no Socialist, but explained to the crowd what would never see a word about the meeting in the capitalist papers next day, and it was true—it was against their interests.

In April, 1902, Local Muscatine was re-organized and I was there, anxious to join the party, and I have been with it ever since, having held the office of financial secretary of the local most of the time. I have been blacklisted in the box business, but have secured work elsewhere since, and it has only made me a stronger advocate for the co-operative commonwealth. Yours for the revolution. LEE W. LANG, Muscatine, Iowa.

## For the Sake of Her Children.

I was born what some call a "pauper," and it seemed as time as if it was hard to live on bread with salt for butter. Then I was always hungry to go to the polls and vote. I have had eleven children, of whom nine are still living, and I don't want the world to show his teeth at their door. Socialism held the entire world for more. On with the fight! Yours forever, MRS. A. S. NORTHMAN, J.