

SHAW AND TWIN MEET IN LONDON

Mark Expects to Die; Fortune Tellers Tell Him So; Don't Care, for He's Insured

(Scripps-McRae Cable.) London, June 19.—Mark Twain and George Bernard Shaw, the English author and dramatist, made things lively at the railway station today on the arrival of tourists from the United States. The two men, so widely known for their writing, met for the first time, but had several pleasant exchanges around to watch the meeting.

INDIAN AGED 100 GOES INSANE AT WIFE'S LOSS

The Death of Squaw Drives Redskin To Roving Maniac

San Bernardino, Cal., June 19.—Old Antone, an Indian who is over 100 years of age, has been driven insane through the loss of his squaw, who died two weeks ago at the Indian camp on the Whitlock place, east of this city, where she had resided for years.

POLICEMAN ASSAULTED BY ANGRY WIFE-BEATER

When He Ran to Woman's Rescue Officer Is Attacked

Woodlawn police are searching for a wife beater, Anthony Sweeney, a plastering contractor of Sixty-eighth and State streets, who is wanted also for a vicious assault on Policeman Thomas Reidy, who ran to his wife's rescue. The policeman heard cries of "Murder" and "Police" about 1 o'clock, and running to the flat occupied by the Sweeneys, entered.

FIFTH BODY FROM LOST LAUNCH FOUND

(Scripps-McRae Press Association.) Norfolk, Va., June 19.—The body of Midshipman W. C. Ulrich has been found floating in Hampton Roads and recovered, making five bodies in all of the seven men lost from the battleship Minnesota's launch to be found thus far. Search for the other six continues today.

INDIAN'S BODY BURNED WITH SAVAGE BITES

Needles, Cal., June 19.—Great excitement prevailed among the Mojave Indians when Victor, one of the best members of the tribe, who had been ailing for the past four weeks, died. He was 30 years old and a graduate of the government Indian school at Fort Mojave, Ariz.

ICE COMPANY HAS THREE ARRESTED

Charges Its Foreman With Manipulating and Ice Stealing

John Braun, a laborer for the Knickerbocker ice company; Steiny Klaus, a foreman for the same company, and Joseph Comsky, saloonkeeper at 14 South Water street, were arrested by Detectives Conk and Culhane, this afternoon on the charge of stealing ice from the Knickerbocker.

BUSINESS TRIES TO PREVENT WIRE WALKOUT

Workers Realize the W. U. Is at Their Mercy If Labor's Ranks Remain Firm—Their Grievances

Practically every large commercial organization in the United States today began active work to prevent a strike of telegraph operators in the Western Union offices. "Arbitrate or make some concession to the wire men," is the burden of the letters and dispatches sent to President Clowry of the corporation. The workers realize that now is the time to strike for an increase and union recognition. The company still maintains its uncompromising and agreement-breaking attitude and the workers are rapidly preparing for a walkout.

ACKERMAN ON LABOR SPY GAME

Man Accused by Orchard Says That Famous Murderer Was in Pay of Pinkertons

(Special to Chicago Daily Socialist.) New York, June 19.—The following dispatch was received by newspapers here last night from El Paso, Tex.: Billy Ackerman, the missing man in the Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone case at Boise, is in Paso del Norte, Mex., in hiding out of reach of the defense. Ackerman is the man whom Orchard testified helped him to make bombs and to lay for many of his long list of victims.

CORPSE IN RIVER WEARING NOSE GLASSES

With nose-glasses accurately adjusted the corpse of an unknown man was found in the river, 100 feet west of Halsted street, this morning.

LEADER NOW HEADS CHINESE REVOLUTION

Was for Years at the Head of a Secret Anti-Dynastic Movement

(Scripps-McRae Press Association.) Victoria, B. C., June 19.—Sun Yat Sen, who for years has been organizing an anti-dynastic movement in China, left Tokio a few weeks before the outbreak and is now leading the revolutionists near Shanghai, according to advices just brought here by the steamer Montagu.

MRS. PALMER WORKS A GREAT CHARITY

She Reduces the Number of Beggars by Taking Him Bodily

(Scripps-McRae Press Association.) London, June 19.—The Mendicant society is compelled to revise its figures upon the number of London beggars. Yesterday its cabled estimate was 79,320.

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GUN MEN START RIOT; FAIL; FINED BY POLICE JUDGE; LAUGH IN COURT

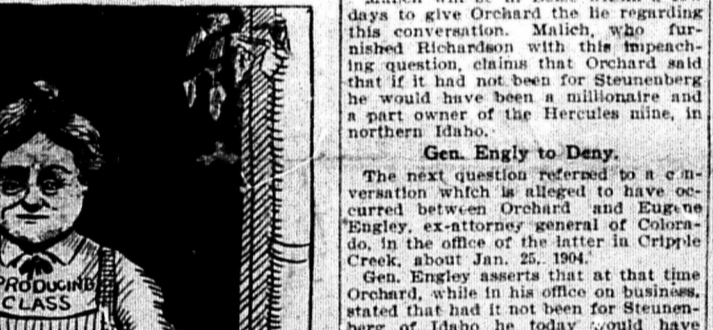
(Special to the Chicago Daily Socialist.) Boise, June 19.—Made desperate by the apparent collapse of their case against the mine diggers, the Mine Owners' association yesterday ordered its famous gun men into action.

The plan was to start a riot in the vicinity of the courtroom and thus confuse the case in the public mind, making it appear that even now the union workers are ready to do violence for their cause. Through the presence of mind of a miner, Tom Frye of Silver City, the attempt to cause a riot was turned against the gun men. Bob Meldrum, a Colorado deputy sheriff and man killer, and Clarence Barthell, a mine owner detective and thug, were assigned the duty of starting the proposed riot. They are guards for Harry Orchard and Attorney Hawley of the state.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT ARREST STRIKE LEADER

(Scripps-McRae Cable.) Paris, June 19.—Practically a state of siege exists in the Midi district, where the wine growers are in revolt to force the government to enact laws to prevent the adulteration of wine.

VISITING DAY AT THE BOISE JAIL



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EVIDENCE AGAINST HAYWOOD CAUSES AUDIBLE SMILES AMONG SPECTATORS—CASE ON VERGE OF COLLAPSE.

(Special to the Chicago Daily Socialist.) Boise, June 19.—The introduction of the copy of the Miller telegram created a general laugh among the lawyers and newspaper men. Nobody took this evidence seriously but Borah, Hawley, members of the Gooding gang and farmers scattered through the audience.

Another Smile. Like the copy of the so-called Pettibone letter, the introduction of the copy of the Miller telegram created a general laugh among the lawyers and newspaper men. Nobody took this evidence seriously but Borah, Hawley, members of the Gooding gang and farmers scattered through the audience. How the jury regarded it of course cannot be determined. Another letter was introduced which Orchard identified as the one he wrote his second wife from Denver, Colo., but which had been mailed by Marion Moore from Nome, Alaska.

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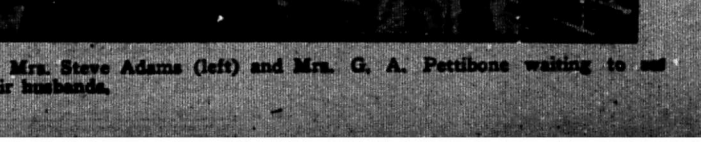
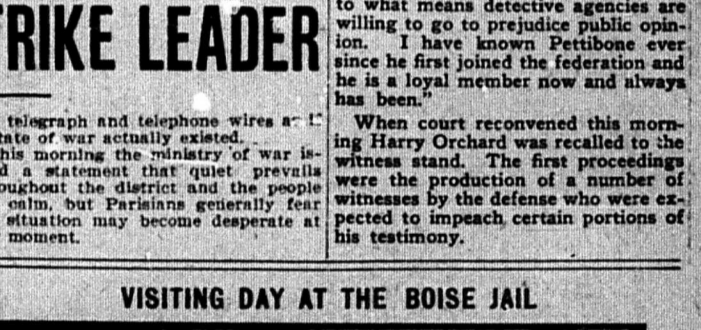
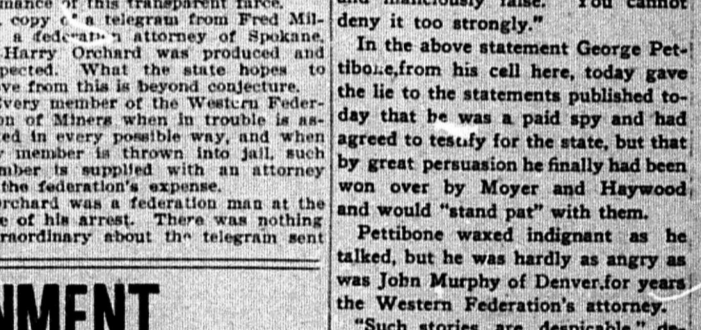
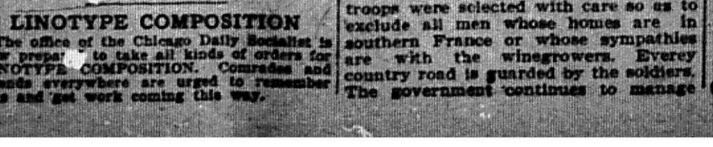
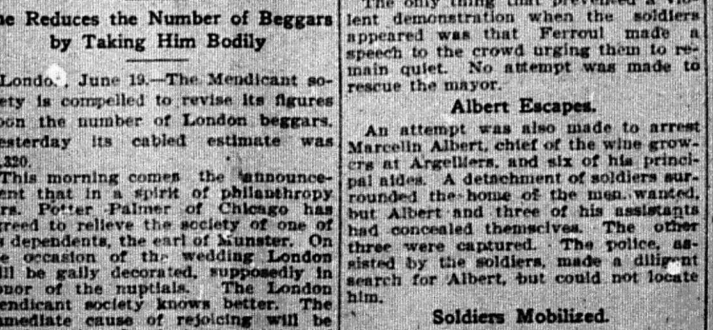
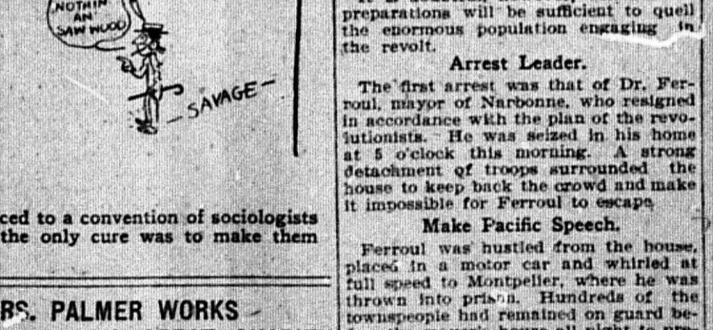
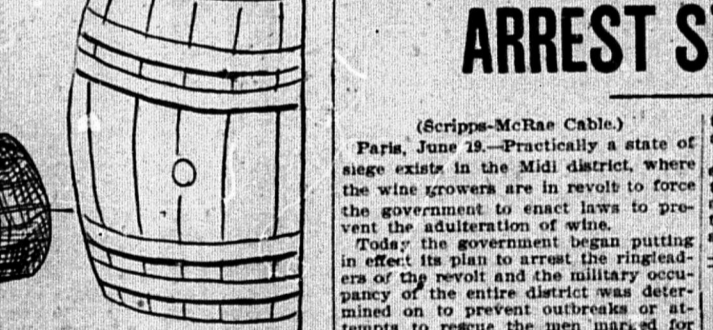
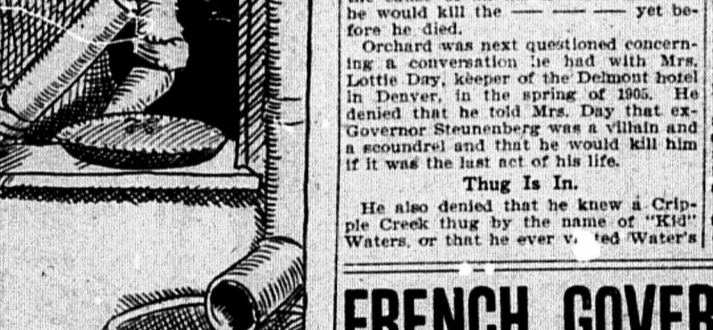
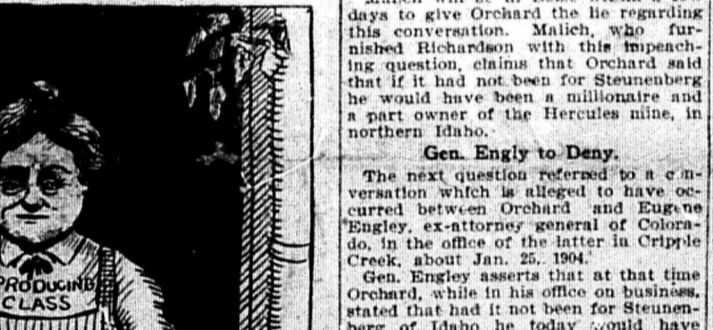
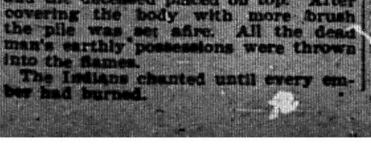
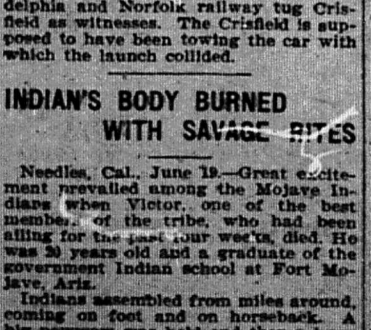
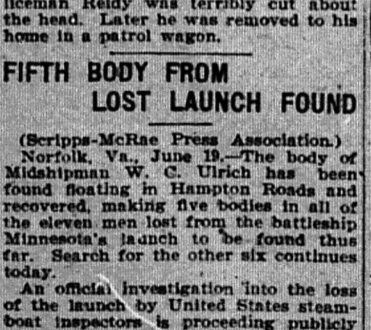
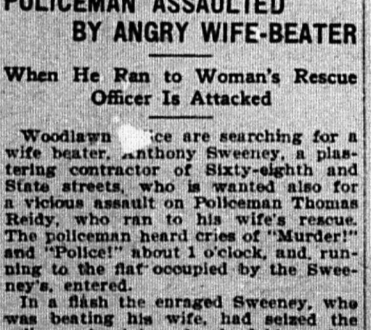
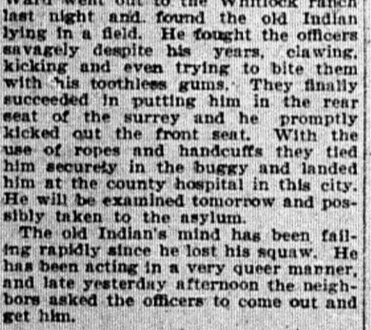
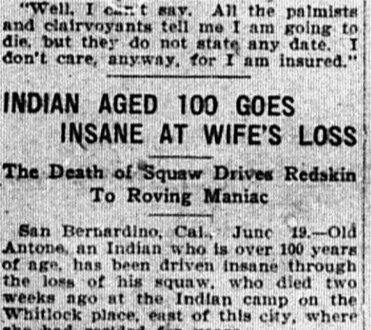
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Victory in Sight

When the Socialists declared that the arrest of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, their kidnaping and prosecution was all part of a murderous scheme to disrupt the Western Federation of Miners and thereby increase the profits of the Mine Owners' association, the capitalist press declared that such statements were hysterical, foolish, and nearly everything else but truthful and sane.

President Roosevelt rushed into the limelight to denounce those who had dared to protest against this murderous plot.

The evidence for the Mine Owners' association is now practically all in. Unless some new evidence is MANUFACTURED PROMPTLY there will be nothing before the jury but the hypocritical "confession" of Orchard. So far as this "confession" is concerned, few even of the most conscienceless defenders of capitalism have the nerve to claim that it is entitled to any credence in a case where a human life is at stake.

That he was receiving pay from the Pinkertons and the Citizens' Alliance while committing his crimes is admitted by him, and can be proven by other witnesses. That he was still receiving pay for them when he was on the witness stand is probable, with the difference that he was then being paid for lying instead of murder.

The cry is now raised that the state was depending upon Pettibone to substantiate Orchard's story, that Pettibone was really a Pinkerton detective, but that at the last moment he had decided to stand by Haywood and Moyer.

This story is almost as fishy as the remainder of the "testimony" introduced by the prosecution. The most probable explanation of this statement would seem to be that McPartland had told this story to the lawyers for the prosecution while selling them a choice line of gold-brick evidence.

To use the speech of the class with whom the prosecution is dealing, the Pinkertons have buncoed the Mine Owners' Association and now refuse to deliver the goods.

The Idaho legislature at its last session placed some laws upon the statute books for the special purpose of carrying out the murderous plot against the officials of the Western Federation of Miners. But they neglected to repeal one provision of the Idaho code that may easily prove the undoing of the whole plot.

The Idaho law provides that a person cannot be convicted of a capital crime on the UNCORROBORATED testimony of one who claims to be a confederate.

The perjurer murderer who has been trying to add one more to his list of killings, this time by the use of the courtroom and the scaffold instead of the rifle or bomb, claims to be a confederate.

Therefore, all of Orchard's testimony not corroborated by other witnesses must be excluded. But so far there has been no corroboration on any essential point.

Therefore, there is but one thing that the judge who is presiding over that trial can do without proving himself a pliant tool in a plot for legal assassination.

THAT IS, TO TAKE THE CASE FROM THE JURY WHEN THE PROSECUTION HAS FINISHED ITS CASE AND SET HAYWOOD FREE.

Will he dare to do this, or will he still endeavor to carry out the plot?

The hollowness of the plot having now been exposed, every person who continues to take part in the prosecution thereby becomes a partner in the crime.

That the plot would have been carried through to its murderous conclusion is certain had it not been for the energetic protest of the Socialist and trade union organizations of the United States.

This protest came as a staggering surprise to the official conspirators. They had for years been committing almost every variety of outrage throughout the mining states and the workers of the east had shown but little interest.

But there was something dramatic and startling about the kidnaping of two men through a conspiracy involving two state governments that caught the attention where the mere killing and deporting of miners had been passed by unnoticed.

So there came the wave of indignant rebellious protest, the closing up of the lines of labor, the fierce demand that justice be done which has so stricken the capitalist heart with terror.

The result has justified every statement of the Socialists. It has shown that by this uprising a legal assassination was prevented.

It is prevented now. The only question left is, what methods will be used by the prosecution to "save their face"?

The easiest way out for them would be to take advantage of the legal provision already described and release the prisoners when the prosecution finishes its case.

MEANWHILE, WHAT HAS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO SAY?

ON THE GLORIOUS FOURTH; OR THE UNPEACEABLE PEACE PICNIC

A dramatized version of the approaching peace conference between representatives of capital and labor at a Chicago park on Independence day. It is announced that the labor men will be of the "safe and sane" class.

Chorus: Don't go against the grain. You'd best be safe and sane. B. H.: Be gentle, with this plump-necked stew...

Chorus: Don't give him any pain. You'd best be safe and sane. B. H.: Don't wedge a clothespin on your nose. To dodge his tainted gain...

Chorus: Don't dodge his tainted gain. You'd best be safe and sane! (They dance.) One of the Hired Help—Hiss! I hear the sound of crackling gas!

Chorus: Don't dodge his tainted gain. You'd best be safe and sane! (They dance.) One of the Hired Help—Hiss! I hear the sound of crackling gas!

Doughbags, the chairman of the employers' committee? I know he'll stand for it if you don't spoil his collar. (Mike acquiesces.)

A Journalist (reading aloud, as he furiously dashes off some advance copy on the back of an old envelope)—"Hugh Clannahan, business agent for the garment fitters' union, was seen drinking from the same glass of lemonade with Oliver B. Mazuma, president of the International Bonding and Bunking company..."

Chorus: Don't wedge a clothespin on your nose. To dodge his tainted gain. Or how in time do you suppose you'll mingle with the Evening Clothes, and as a Labor Peace Dove pose?

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What Tyranny Fears

There were many parties in the duma before it was dissolved. There were Constitutional Democrats, Terrorists, Radicals and Reformers of all kinds. But the party that struck terror to the heart of autocracy, that forced the czar in desperation to dissolve the body and demand the blood of some of its members, was the SOCIAL DEMOCRACY.

The same thing is true all over the world. It is not the radicals or reformers of whom the war lord of Germany is in fear. It is none of the various parties of mere opposition that cause tyrants to tremble in other countries.

Everywhere it is the national division of that great international army of Socialism that puts fear in the minds of tyrants and exploiters.

IT MAY WELL DO SO.

The Czar accused the Socialists of plotting to overthrow the autocracy and establish a democratic state. He was right, if it be plotting to openly proclaim your intention. But there are other parties in Russia that pretend to work for the same thing. But the Socialists are the only ones that have called upon the working class to accomplish this result. And because the working class is the only revolutionary class the Socialists are the only ones that are traveling the road that leads to success.

THEREFORE, THEY ARE FEARED.

There was a time when every newspaper in America would have been sounding their praises. It has not been so many years ago since the European revolutionist, fighting to overthrow kings and czars, was the hero of the American populace. It was so with Kossuth. It was so of Garibaldi and Mazzini, while a half dozen generations of school boys have told with the applause of their parents and friends how "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

The man or woman who had raised the hand against enthroned tyranny was the especial one for whom the hospitable doors of America yearned.

IT IS NOT SO TODAY.

If Kossuth were to come to our shores today he would not be met with waving flags, and booming cannon, and shouts of acclaim from those in high positions. He would probably be stopped at the port of entry and deported as an "undesirable citizen."

The American press no longer rejoices at the fall of kings, no longer sounds the praises of European revolutionists.

The reason for this is not hard to discover.

THERE IS A TYRANNY IN AMERICA WHICH FEELS ITSELF THREATENED WHENEVER OPPOSITION TO TYRANTS RAISES ITS HEAD ELSEWHERE.

While the Haywood trial is going on in Boise, the American press can hardly applaud the resistance to governmental murders in Russia.

Besides, the exploiting ruling class of the United States is confronted by exactly the same party that is "making tyranny tremble" in Russia.

So long as it was possible to keep the workers content in economic slavery by giving them a ballot to be controlled by the economic masters capitalists were all for revolution.

Now that the workers are beginning to use that ballot to free themselves from economic serfdom the rebellious slaves are condemned by the former "lovers of liberty."

AMERICAN PLUTOCRATS AND RUSSIAN AUTOCRATS FEAR THE SAME ENEMY—SOCIALISM.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN Edited by Marie Jayne

A LETTER FROM KARL MARX'S WIFE

Kirkup, in his "History of Socialism," when speaking of Karl's remarkable how fondly he was in his marriage. The following letter from Mrs. Marx, written from London on May 20, 1851, will give some idea of the hardships which she endured. It was written to Weydemeyer, one of Marx's friends, who afterwards emigrated to the United States, served in the northern army during the civil war and died in 1868 at St. Louis. The original was published in "Die Neue Zeit" of April 1907.

Dear Mr. Weydemeyer: A year has nearly passed since you and your dear wife received me so well and made me so at home in your house, and during that long time I have been with you, have not even answered when your wife wrote me such a friendly letter, and I did not reply when you told me of the birth of your child. I have often felt ashamed of my silence, but for the most part I was unable to write, and even now it is very difficult for me to do so.

Necessity alone compels me to write to you. I beg of you to send to us as soon as possible the money which is due from the publisher of the business, very very much. No one can ever reproach us with having made much of a fuss for what we have sacrificed and endured for years, and we have not, up till now, worried the public with our own affairs. My husband is very particular in these kind of matters and he would rather sacrifice his last penny than take part in democratic begging like great officials. But he might have, at least, expected his friends, especially those at Cologne, to take an active and energetic part in the reviews. He might especially have expected this when his sacrifices for the New Rheinlander were known. But instead of this the affair was completely ruined by the carelessness and the irregularity which were shown, and I do not know which did the most mischief, the apathy of the publisher of the business, or the indifference of the friends in Cologne, or the attitude of the democracy in general.

My husband was nearly crushed by the petty cares of life in such a reputation. He saved our life, especially all his quiet confidence, of the clearness and calm of his nature to enable him to engage in the struggles of each day and of each hour.

You know, Mr. Weydemeyer, what sacrifices my husband made for the newspaper. He invested thousands of thalers in it, he became its proprietor, deceived by honest democrats when there was hardly any hope of success.

In order to save the political honor of the newspaper and that of his friends at Cologne he assumed all the responsibility, he even borrowed 300 thalers in order to pay the rent of the place, which had been hired, and the salary due to the writers, and he was brutally expelled. You know that nothing was left to us. I went to Frankfurt to pawn my silver plate, the only thing of value which I had; at Cologne I sold my furniture. When the reaction triumphed my husband went to Paris; I followed him with my three children. We had hardly reached Paris when we were again expelled. I followed him to England, and a month afterwards I had another baby. You ought to know that at a life here to understand what these words mean, three children and the birth of a fourth. For rent alone we had to pay 42 thalers a month. We were able to do little with our own hands, but our feeble resources became exhausted when the Review appeared. In spite of agreements money did not come in, or it only dribbled in in such small sums that we began to find ourselves in a terrible situation. I will only describe to you one day of this life and you will see that few lives have gone through such misery. As

GABRIELLE D'ANNUNZIO

By William Mountain

Why is it that most of the good work in literature of these days comes from the ranks of Socialism? Is it because the old ideals are dead—the ideals of romantic love, abstract beauty and medieval religious meditation—and cannot be galvanized into a new life? It is because only that which has within it the life principle can spring up into beauty? It is the ancient story of the new wine and the old bottles. Socialism, the throbbing, beckoning ideal of universal attainment—all men perfect and all men happy, is the new wine, and it will not rest quiet in the old bottles of religious, industrial and aesthetic traditions. What is needed is new bottles, bottles larger, stronger and more elastic. The new artists enthused with the new wine are making these new bottles.

The workers of old things are scattered over all the world, doing the same old things in the same old way, preaching the same sermons, singing the same songs, painting the same pictures. And they believe it is well to do so. It is easiest for them, and generally it never occurs to them to try a different way. Habit makes the most awkward, most unnatural thing easy, until an extraordinary effort is required to do anything in a way contrary to decades of usage. Try to write with your left hand, to speak Chinese, or to substitute a die of ephemeris and learn how difficult it is to do anything original.

And yet no being can be complete in experience and development until he can do all these things. Most of us are content to suck at the old pulp and skin instead of seeking a new orange. Well, the original being, the differentiated one, the genius, is he who is always looking for new oranges. We call them wanderers, Socialists, anarchists, or any bad thing we can think of. But we never think to call them spiritual pioneers, the advance guard of the race. We hate them because they are a reproach in their enthusiasm and inquisitiveness to our sluggishness and ignorant indolence. But some day they will be venerated, will be sanctified by years of custom, will be considered the conservative element of society—idols to throw at the heads of future reformers and iconoclasts!

How radical was Buddha! how radical was Jesus! How radical was Galileo! How radical were Jenner and Hanhamann! Even said old Milton was thought to be a dangerous radical and deprecated as the arch iconoclast of his time. Indeed the years do roll our feeble wits into peculiar contradictions, and I can easily imagine a not-far-distant day when Nietzsche, Max Stirner, and George B. Shaw will be elevated (?) to the dignity of bourgeois respectables. Look at poor Browning, a thorn in the flesh of an earlier day, he's been made so respectable that one fears to read him without kid gloves and a silk hat, or—forget it!

And so the old workers go on working the old things and when a new worker comes along working a new thing a violent surprise possesses them

Why is it that most of the good work in literature springs from the ranks of Socialism? Because Socialists are fired by a living and growing ideal, and because they are conscious of and responsive to the cosmic currents of progress flowing through them, making them the herald of the next step in social development and active pioneers of a new and happier civilization.

The wires from Washington will now cool off, while those leading from Oyster Bay will begin to glow.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Plan of Work. Just what reason can be advanced to permit any person to believe that the present system of taxing all the energy of 99.75 per cent of the population in order that the other .25 per cent may live lives of luxury and wastefulness is just and right phase all of my comprehension.

The flow of life is one in which there is for ever a tide sweeping some one to high ground, I will admit, still to everyone who is swept upward by the tide more than most; mine are carried downward with the ebb.

Such being the positive and absolute situation, there is but one just recourse. The 99's must rally round the polls and ballot to clean the 100's out of power.

Are you doing your share to add us to this work, comrades? This question is addressed to each and every reader of the article.

I have a suggestion to make which I think will aid us materially. It is needed and I believe will do much good.

Suppose we each and every one of us set aside a week in the near future; say the first week in July, because there will be an added day of rest given the opportunity for us—a time to be devoted to our private aims, and call it Booster Week—during these seven days let every friend to the cause pledge him or herself to speak to no less than one person each day whom we think might be induced to join forces with us.

Then in addition let us each and every one distribute not less than 100 pieces of good, convincing socialist literature.

And to close the week let us each deny ourselves of 50-cents worth of some sort of luxuries and picking the persons who to our judgment will be most benefited send him or her the Daily Socialist for a period of three months.

Will you join me, comrades? Sincerely for the cause, C. L. B. POLSTON, 1079 W. Monroe Street.

A Cry From Macedonia. We have had a lady evangelist in this section for five months. She has been faithful and has done much, but there are some old miners who can't take any person determined to have the famous evangelist, McPartland, who succeeded in making Harry Orchard

All orders for notices shown in this column should be sent to the Chicago Daily Socialist, 1079 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill. The office of notice is still in the old building at 1079 W. Monroe Street.