

GIRL AVENGER TELLS OF CRIME

Young Russian Woman Talks of Murdering Her Despoiler

(Special to the Daily Socialist.) New York, June 16.—Rose Pastor Stokes, in an article in the New York Call, describes the events that led up to the murder of Dr. Martin W. Auspitz by Sarah Koten, a nurse, who had been wronged by the physician, her former employer. Mrs. Stokes interviewed the young Russian girl in the Tombs yesterday.

Without fear, emitting not a single tear, the young girl told word for word of the circumstances leading up to the murder of the doctor. She told how she had entered her room one night while she lay asleep and how she chanced to find the doctor in the act of murdering her.

Tells Deplorable Tale Here is the girl's story from her own lips as told to Mrs. Stokes: "Yes, I was born at Minsk. I am 22 years old. I came to America when I was 16. I had no relations here then and have none now. A landman of mine came to the steamer to take me out."

And at once I went to work in the factory—a waist factory that was—and I earned 15 cents a week. I was content for a while. For some years—until last year—I worked in the factory, but for a long time I had the ambition to do something more useful—I wanted to leave the sweatshop and do something better.

Once in a while I saw an advertisement in the World which said that a woman was wanted in a certain sanitarium to learn trained nursing. Ensnared by an Ad. "I answered the ad. It was then I met the man who ruined me. After some talk as to terms I agreed to work for two months without pay and get my board and lodging free. That was in his own home."

For his board and lodging was in the same building where his home was. He lived on the third floor with his wife. I was given the room on the first floor that was used by day as a waiting room for the patients.

Chloroformed at Midnight "Near the end of last September—it was on a Friday night—he came into that child was coming to sleep and chloroformed me. I had a faint recollection in the morning of a struggle and of crying out with all my strength, but it was more like a nightmare than a reality.

"In the morning I was ill, but I went to work for I worked hard—so hard. I wanted so much to be a good trained nurse. I went about my work and said nothing. For a long time I was very silent and felt very terrible. But nothing happened to me, excepting that I worked harder than ever before and felt more tired and worn."

Learns of Her Condition "There came a period after a few weeks when I looked for assurance that all was well with me. But I was not assured. There came red doubts, and for some weeks I struggled with them. It was horrible. But I worked—so hard. Then doubt turned into a nameless fear. And when, one day, a doctor on the east side whom I knew and she told me what my condition was—

"Oh, can you imagine what a girl all alone in the world would feel through no fault of her own, and that every one would despise her, and that she would find no place in the world?"

She Welcomed the Grave "I found that the child under my heart was two an da half months old, and if the grave had not closed over me I could have been in less despair. I cried, and cried, and cried. It seemed as if I couldn't leave this woman doctor's office after she told me what she did, and when at last I felt her and walked with blinded eyes back to the hospital after a while I could know but those who have been tried what I felt. Oh, you can't understand—no, you can't understand!"

Urges Inhuman Deed "All this time Dr. Auspitz begged that I go to the home of a certain doctor and let him subject me to a criminal operation. "Come," he said, "in a little while you will be well again and go about your work as if nothing had happened to you, and you will get your diploma and be a successful nurse, as you are striving to be."

THE OPENING OF THE G. O. P. CONVENTION



WHEN THE GAVEL WHACKED—THE LID WAS KNOCKED "GALLEY WEST"

CHAMPION HARD LUCK OF PANIC

No Job, Dead Baby and Sick Wife Confronts Hungarian

(Special to the Daily Socialist.) New Castle, Pa., June 16.—What is a man to do who marries, loses his job, becomes the father of a child which dies shortly after, have his wife grow deaf after the birth and have no money in the house or no way of getting it? That is just what Peter Baker, a frail Hungarian—reading at 48, Mahoning avenue, is pondering over in his little two-room abode. It is a sad and strange story, but, then, truth is stranger than fiction. It is a story that would move a man with an iron heart to tears. Baker's troubles are the troubles of hundreds of thousands of other foreigners who come to this country in search of a living.

Both Were Happy Baker came to this country seven months ago with the expectations of finding work which would enable him to support his wife. Both of them were happy when they came, because, well, they expected a baby—a baby which was to bring unlimited joy to both of them. Baker hustled around for work like a demon. Each day he would leave early in the morning and come home late at night. He was tired—yes, dead tired, but he had to go to work to support his wife and the baby.

Unable to Hire Doctor Finally the child was born on Thursday night. He could not hire a doctor and had to call in some of the kind-hearted women neighbors. Yet his pleasure was so great that he cared naught for his poverty. All went well until the woman spoke to his wife and received no answer. She stared at them with eyes that had no meaning in them. Then he learned the truth. She was dead. The strain had been too great for her. The realization nearly killed him; but, then, she would get over it, the neighbors assured him, and he still had his child.

Crepe a Piece of Sheet "The final blow came when one day returning from his fruitless hunt for work he found his child dead. The neighbors heard him cry out like a wounded animal. Then they saw him run out of his home with tears streaming down his cheeks. They perceived him the best they could and notified the authorities.

Outcast and Miserable "He was comfortable and happy. I was an outcast and miserable, and he had made me a southeast—me, who longed to be useful to my kind. I could not have taken life under any other circumstances. But when I thought of my broken life and the lives he might live to break—lives that may be too weak to bear him out of the way of harming others—well, I felt it was my duty to kill him."

That ended her story.

TRY TO LOCK UP GIRL SOCIALIST

Relatives Seek to Put Woman in Asylum; She Is Rescued

It will cost Oscar Hassling, 207 Townsend street \$35 because he retained counsel and saved Carrie Fallstrom, a Socialist, from being sent to an insane asylum. Socialists are asked to help defray the expense. Carrie Fallstrom came from Falan, Sweden, to the "land of opportunity," meaning America, at the behest of her second cousin, the Messing, who lives at 961 Kedzie avenue, Chicago. She arrived December 5, and found her second cousins, who had paid her passage, glad to see her, and they took her to live with them under the agreement that she do general housework for a consideration of her board and lodging.

Relatives Rising Capitalists The Messings are rising capitalists. They have a grocery store and they attend church with great regularity. They think that honesty, frugality and sobriety, taken together, spell wealth. Their new charge is a Socialist. She was not strongly religious, or not just their way, and general housework was tiring and not conducive to their kind of devotion.

The newcomer sought a place elsewhere and left the country roof. Her Socialism had led them to call her crazy. It was just a reflection at first. Later, when they could no longer stand her, they took her to the hospital and pronounced sane. Now Hassling and his wife, who prevented the girl from being sent to an insane asylum, have given her a home at 207 Townsend street, where they live.

If Sent to Dunning So she approached her ward and induced her to come back. There were the same old bickerings. Carrie Fallstrom sought another place. Again the household began to fall heavily on the shoulders of Mrs. Messing, and again she called on her ward to return. This Carrie Fallstrom did. There was the same old family friction. It is said by the Hasslings that the guardians of the girl told her that if she would think as they did the results of their work would accrue to her when the last Messing will and testament was duly executed. This inducement failed, and the Messings, taking this for a sure sign of insanity, the story runs, sent the girl to Dunning as a pauper, with traces of insanity.

Girl Is Now III Now the Hasslings find that they are up against a lawyer's fee and \$10 in court costs—fair share of preventing the girl from having her sphere of Socialist propaganda limited to the insane asylum, and they ask many Socialists who may be so inclined to help them with the burden which they thus assumed.

The worry incident to the prospect of being sent to an insane asylum in a strange land, has somewhat impaired the girl's health, bringing on an attack of nervous indigestion.

COW IN LEAP NEARER MOON

Additional Advances in Price of Beef, Lamb and Pork Loins

Housewives were called upon yesterday to dig deeper into their purses for dressed beef, lamb and pork loins, additional price advances being about half a cent, a cent and 2 cents a pound, respectively. Prevailing high quotations on stock on the hoof and a broadening of the outside demand for the manufactured products were held responsible for the upturn in the cuts.

Will Wipe Out Retailers The rise came on top of a series of advances that has greatly curtailed the prospective demand. Retailers in the lower sections of the city complain that their business, especially in beef, has fallen off until it has become a mere shadow of its former proportions, and that it will be virtually wiped out by the further advance.

Kansas City Advance Kansas City, flooded and virtually isolated from the cattle producing country, saw beef values advance 3 cents. Many cattle that ordinarily would be shipped to the Missouri city are going to Chicago and other markets.

The new planks in the platform, which have also been drafted by Wade Ellis, relate to trusts, railroads and currency.

The trust plank is as follows: "The Republican party passed the Sherman anti-trust law over Democratic opposition and enforced it after Democratic dereliction. It has been a wholesome instrument for good in the hands of a wise and fearless administration. But experience has shown that its effectiveness can be strengthened and its real objects better attained by amendments as will give to the federal government greater supervision and control over, and secure greater publicity in, the management of that class of interstate corporations having power and opportunity to give monopolies, and at the same will not interfere with the existence of associations among business men, farmers an dwage earners so long as their conduct or operation results in a positive benefit to the public."

JUDGE DENIES PATRICK WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS New York, June 16.—The application of Albert H. Patrick, who is serving a life sentence in Sing Sing for the murder of William Marsh Rice, an aged Texas millionaire, for a writ of habeas corpus, was denied by Judge Lacombe of the United States circuit court yesterday.

Advertisement in the Chicago Daily Socialist.

G. O. P. CONVENTION OPENS SESSION; HOT FIGHT ON THE INJUNCTION PLANK

Gavel Goes Down on the Convention—Looks Like Taft and Fairbanks—Conservatives Seem to Be Ahead in the Fight Against the Anti-Injunction Declaration

When Chairman Harry New brought down his gavel calling to order the cut and dried convention of the G. O. P. at noon today, a political death grapple was opened between the radical and the reactionary forces in the Republican party. With the nomination of "Injunction Bill" Taft assured, the vice-presidency lying between Fairbanks of Indiana and Dooliver of Ohio, with the reactionaries entrenched firmly in the resolutions committee and the fate of the administration platform thus rendered precarious, the forces of "stand fast" Cannon, with the conservatives from the New England states, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, have lined up to kill all anti-injunction planks.

So bitter have these elements become in the opposition that Congressman Littlefield of Maine, who succeeded in preventing favorable action on an anti-injunction law by congress, was sent for last night in great haste so that if the anti-injunction plank is not cut into kindling and fed to the flames by the resolutions committee Littlefield will take the floor in the convention against it. The conservative forces are lining up to give labor a slap in the face, and tell it to go about its business.

The make up of the resolutions committee, which is as follows, and the record of "Injunction Bill" Taft show labor what is going to happen to it during and after the convention: The resolutions committee members are: Senators Hopkins, chairman; Crane of Massachusetts; Hiram of Indiana; and Long of Kansas; Representatives Dalzell of Pennsylvania, Payne of New York, and Pearce of Maryland; Wade Ellis, who brought the administration platform with him from Washington, and Frank B. Kellogg of Minnesota, the administration's "Standard Oil trust buster."

Three Not Hostile Pearce of Maryland, Wade Ellis of Ohio, and Frank B. Kellogg, special federal attorney during the investigation of the Harriman lines are the only ones to be counted on to support the plank unless as the plank is. The others will fight against allowing the plank to go before the convention at all.

Having prepared a means with the Vreeland-Aldrich bill which will enable Wall street to issue currency through the medium of the banks, either owned or controlled, the G. O. P. declares in its tentative platform that the Vreeland-Aldrich measure is one of emergency, and that it pledges itself to a thorough renunciation and change of the currency system.

The tariff is also up and receives a plank which declares for its revision; the railroads and railroad rates receive a plank which declares the work of the administration, while the "trusts," after the approved manner of the administration, receive a slap on the wrist which should prove intensely painful. The anti-trust plank, which a Roosevelt official in a burst of confidence at the time of the Harriman railroad investigation declared "impossible of enforcement," is touted as a bit of independent publicity to cover the defeat by the Republicans over Democratic opposition.

The new planks in the platform, which have also been drafted by Wade Ellis, relate to trusts, railroads and currency.

The trust plank is as follows: "The Republican party passed the Sherman anti-trust law over Democratic opposition and enforced it after Democratic dereliction. It has been a wholesome instrument for good in the hands of a wise and fearless administration. But experience has shown that its effectiveness can be strengthened and its real objects better attained by amendments as will give to the federal government greater supervision and control over, and secure greater publicity in, the management of that class of interstate corporations having power and opportunity to give monopolies, and at the same will not interfere with the existence of associations among business men, farmers an dwage earners so long as their conduct or operation results in a positive benefit to the public."

The railroad rate plank reads: "We approve the enactment of a railroad rate law and a vigorous enforcement of the present administration of the statutes against rebates and discrimination, as a result of which the advantages formerly possessed by the large over the small shipper have substantially disappeared. In this connection we commend the appropriation of \$350,000 by the present congress in order to enable the Interstate Commerce commission to thoroughly investigate and give publicity to the accounts of interstate roads."

It is believed, however, that the interstate commerce law should be further amended to give the commission authority to publish traffic agreements subject to the approval of the commission, but maintaining all

Labor Heads' Draft of Planks in Republican Platform Completed—Leaders Want a Hearing—Gompers Bitterly Resents the Daily Socialists' Attitude Towards His "Political Action"

What the American Federation of Labor wants from the Republican convention is no longer a secret. The "plank" has gone to the platform committee with a request that members of the council be given a hearing to discuss the plank. As given out by the platform committee late last night, the plank asks that the Sherman anti-trust act be so modified as to exclude organized labor from the provisions of the law. A demand is also made that the party platform include a declaration for the curbing of the power of the courts in the issuance of injunctions in labor disputes where unions are involved in strikes.

A plank is also demanded declaring for the eight hour day to all government and contract work. "Labor is not property, and should not come under restrictive laws governing property rights," declares the memorial. "Labor is personal privilege—a suffrage guaranteed by the constitution, and is in no wise combined together in restraint of trade, as interpreted under the Sherman anti-trust law."

The third demand in the schedule presented to the platform committee asks for a constitutional amendment in order that federal judges may be elected by direct vote of the people. President Samuel Gompers was seen by a Daily Socialist reporter after the session at which the plank was agreed upon had adjourned. "You can readily see why it is to our interests not to divulge the wording of this plank," he said. "It has been agreed upon by the members of the council and a way will be found to get it to the proper persons in the convention."

Talks of Socialist Party "All attempts to draw President Gompers into a discussion of the political question proved futile. "Will you not make a statement, tell us how the American Federation of Labor should not endorse the Socialist party?" he was asked. "That would take too long," he said. "There is no more reason why the federation should endorse the Socialist party than it should endorse any other party."

"Don't you think it would accomplish more?" "I don't believe you are acquainted with me," he said. "You seem to have mistaken me for someone else. Whom do you think I am?" "Mr. Gompers," replied the reporter, "Don't you really think that the federation would accomplish much more by endorsing the Socialist party than by trying to get something from the other parties?"

He Can't Say He Does "I can't say that I do." "I am very busy here," continued Gompers. "You see the stuff I am going over. They are reports from various sources on different things, and some of them concern the manufacturers' association."

The Daily Socialist, which pretends to be a friend of the working man, has attacked me in most unjust manner. Simply because I am doing what I think is right for the course your paper comes out the same as the Chicago Inter Ocean and the New York Sun and denounces me as though I was a regular Judas. "I have put in the better part of my life in defense of the working man and doing all I can to make his lot better and these silly attacks from different sources cannot stop me."

Will Not Be Doubted "You can say for me that the Chicago Inter Ocean, the New York Sun, the Chicago Daily Socialist, the Manufacturers' association, nor anything else can hinder or coerce me into not doing all that lies within me for the cause that I took up many, many years ago."

IOWA "POPS" PICK STATE TICKET; SEEK REPUBLICANS Des Moines, Ia., June 16.—With a special appeal to Republicans, who "oppose corporation domination," the Populist party of Iowa nominated a full state ticket here yesterday. The men assembled declared for free trade, local option, and a tax on what is owned and not on what is consumed, with no special privileges to corporations. Following is the ticket: For governor, D. C. Cowley; For lieutenant governor, Stephen Harvey; For secretary of state, J. N. Martin; For auditor, J. W. Hart; For treasurer, L. M. McLaughlin; For attorney general, C. A. Gay; For superintendent of public instruction, J. H. Williams; For clerk of supreme court, A. M. Addison; For railroad commissioner, J. H. Deas and Howard Ross.

YOUR FRIENDS! In order to enable the readers of the Daily Socialist to send the FOURTH OF JULY SPECIAL to their friends and relatives throughout the country, the following arrangement has been made: Send us lists of those to whom you wish the paper sent, and copies will be mailed to them at the rate of ONE CENT EACH—enough to cover the expense of addressing and handling.

This scheme will enable you to enlarge the scope of your Fourth of July activity. Many of the persons you know and who live at a distance from you may be ripe for Socialism. The Fourth of July issue of the Daily Socialist may be the means of winning them to the cause.

Remember, the price of the Fourth of July Special is ONE HUNDRED CENTS in bundles, or sent to separate addresses for ONE CENT each. It will be mailed so as to reach everyone before the Fourth. "I have prepared their minds for what it will have to say. The time is ripe. It is up to YOU."

Are They Helping Labor?

The officers of the American Federation of Labor, who are begging favors of the Republican national convention, complain because they are criticized by the Daily Socialist.

There is a slight break in the logic by which this conclusion is reached. It presupposes that the efforts which are being made to get the Republican Party to place some deceptive planks in its platform are in the interest of organized labor.

If the Socialists really believed that the cause of organized labor would be benefitted by any promises that might be secured from the Republican Party, then the Daily Socialist and all Socialists would be busily engaged in assisting Gompers, Mitchell and the other trade union officers who are now button-holing delegates and asking for favors.

There never has been a time when these men were fighting the cause of Labor that they did not find the Daily Socialist with them. When the American Federationist no longer dared to publish the "unfair list" it was the Daily Socialist that repeatedly gave it publicity.

ON ALL THESE OCCASIONS, WHEN THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT THE INTEREST OF LABOR BEING AT STAKE, THE PAPERS THAT ARE NOW SUPPORTING THE REPUBLICAN PARTY WERE OPPOSED TO GOMPERS AND HIS EFFORTS.

Today many of the very papers that approved of the court decisions that sought to disrupt organized labor are aiding him in his effort to secure an anti-injunction plank by which to secure votes for "Injunction Bill" Taft.

Moreover, it is possible that the time is not so very far distant when Samuel Gompers will be forced to admit the correctness of this opinion. Not so very many years ago he was denouncing anyone, and most all the Socialists, who dared to suggest that Labor should use its political power as a means of fighting for freedom.

For this much we are thankful. The Socialist recognizes that it is a sign of progress when organized labor awakes to the necessity of ANY SORT OF POLITICAL ACTION.

But the mere fact that the Socialist advised political action does not compel him to endorse political action in the interest of the enemies of Labor.

The Socialists would be traitorous to the working class if they were to join hands with trade union officials in an effort which cannot but end in the disruption of the very trade unions in whose name it is made.

Why the Republican Party Should Succeed

The Literary Bureau of the Republican Congressional committee at Washington is advertising that it will pay \$150 for the best article of 1,000 words telling "Why the Republican Party should be successful next November."

The Daily Socialist does not consider that the subject is worth the space named and does not expect to get the prize, but it is willing to offer a few suggestions that the committee is at liberty to use.

The Republican Party should be successful because it best expresses the spirit of capitalism and capitalism is in the saddle today. Republican officials in state and nation have shown their ability to keep the workers in submission, and that is the main purpose of government at present.

The Republican Party should be successful because of the piety of its leaders. No other candidate for President has had the sublime faith in the power of Providence to solve all problems, and especially that of the unemployed, that was expressed by "Injunction Bill" Taft, in his infamous "God knows" speech.

The Republican Party should succeed because it has kept as free as possible from showing any sympathy with the working class and history would seem to show that a majority of the workers like being kicked.

The Republican Party should succeed because four more years of the present brand of Republican prosperity ought to give such a liberal education to the laborers of this country that nothing on earth would keep them from voting the whole capitalist system out of existence.

There are any number of similar reasons that might be given, most or all of which apply equally well to the Democratic Party.

Overproduction Under Socialism

A. W. Brey of Ontario, Wis., is troubled over the question of how a Socialist society would prevent over-production. He says: "There will always be some people who will work hard and save up money and some who will not."

A society in which the working class through its government owns the means with which wealth is produced and distributed will calculate each year how much of a given commodity is needed, allowing always a sufficient surplus to meet emergencies.

If any individual should be so obsessed with the desire to work and save that he insisted on laboring throughout the year there could be no objection to his action by anyone else.

Daily Socialist Not Wanted

There is one place where the Daily Socialist is decidedly not wanted, and that is on the floor of the Republican national convention.

The fact that the Daily Socialist has a larger circulation than "The only Republican paper in Chicago," did not prevent the Inter Ocean, which carries this motto at its head, from getting all the privileges it wished, while the Daily Socialist is practically debarred from the hall.

Evidently the last thing the Republicans wanted was the publication of the truth about their gathering. Nevertheless the truth will be published. Watch the Daily Socialist and see.

"Injunction Bill" Taft running on an Anti-Injunction platform would be an interesting sight. Almost as interesting as John Mitchell running under the personal supervision of "Ogden Gas" Sullivan.

A CONTRAST OF THE PROFIT SYSTEM

BY LEWIS G. DE HART

If you went in at the main entrance of the old tumble-down building, walked up the first flight of stairs, rested a minute and then climbed another flight, opened the third door to your left and stepped in, you would have found yourself in Dr. Henry Bascom's office.

And if it had been a certain day in June, at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, you would have found the doctor in conversation with his old college chum, Lawyer Reynolds.

Then, if still assuming your invisibility and noiselessness, you had quietly gone down to the busy street, followed it for a few blocks to an old-fashioned, decaying house on a dirty street, and slipped up the uncarpeted stairs into a dingy bedroom, you would have seen and heard something different, and yet, after all, the same.

Other than the resources of nature, Socialists maintain that Labor of brain and brawn, Labor of mind and limb, produce all wealth.

LABOR PRODUCES ALL WEALTH

BY BEN HANFORD

Other than the resources of nature, Socialists maintain that Labor of brain and brawn, Labor of mind and limb, produce all wealth.

Because Labor produces all wealth, we maintain that those who do the Labor should have all the wealth produced.

There are those who will tell you that capital produces wealth and that money makes money. Let us consider it a moment.

Good old pious Deacon Rockefeller no doubt has capital to the equivalent of a billion dollars. Now, suppose that Mr. Rockefeller could get a billion dollars in gold eagles coined in the United States mints.

Now, if the Labor of the men in the building trades erected the factory, if the Labor of the machinists built the machines, if the Labor of the tanners made the leather, and if the Labor of the shoemakers made the shoes—if Labor did it ALL, where is the reason in justice that those who did ALL the

moody out of the open, screenless window.

"Yes, Margie," he finally answered. "I know you would, and you know I've tried everyone I could find, and none of them ever came but once. I couldn't pay them; I couldn't even pay for the medicine they prescribed. Oh, it's a horrible thing to be poor when the only one in the world you care for is dying for lack of a doctor and medicine! And not a job of any kind to be had—not even sweeping streets!"

There was silence for a long minute, then the man moved over to the bed-side and took the wife's frail hand in his own as he spoke:

"I've done my best, Margie, but I swear that if you die because I can't get a job and a doctor that I'll not be long after you. There wouldn't be anything to live for then!"

And in the deathly stillness that followed the husband's words you would have gone again to the street, and even if you were not an "undesirable citizen," you would have thought some thoughts you'd never thought of thinking of before.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

The Call for Woman

BY AGNES H. DOWNING

Kipling once wanted to make some men look base in the eyes of the world; he wanted to make them look mean and unworthy of belief, and in doing this he compared them to comfortable women—sheltered women," he called them, who "if their own front door is shut, they'll swear the whole world's warm."

The lines stung me at first. I wondered if it were true—wondered if there could be women who, safe and comfortable themselves, cared not for the rest of their brothers.

Yes, such women exist. The woman who will tell you that the workmen would be all right if they would only save their money is such a woman. The woman who will tell you that working women would be all right if they would only all do housework is such a woman.

The woman with leisure, who does not interest herself in the great struggles of humanity, is such a woman. To woman with even a little leisure, that does not try to learn how the rest of the world lives, is, to some extent, such a woman.

What are the rewards of such lives? The physical satisfaction of eating and drinking and dressing themselves—what Browning called the pleasures of the crop-fall bird, or the maw-cramped beast, and the kind of friends that eat your bread today and tell your faults tomorrow. For the rest, the scorn of the best minds of our own time and the pitying contempt of time to come.

If life be worth more to thinking mankind than to dumb beasts, woman can only take that better part by engaging herself in that vital question—how people live.

Kipling gives quite another picture of woman in "The Gift of the Sea." Here the widow, in her little cottage by the channel, watching over her dead child, heard a voice calling from the sea. It was the soul of her child trying to pass, she thought, but her mother soothed her by saying that her suffering from the wind-bill play child was baptized, that it would have no trouble; but the voice came again. This time she laid a sheet at the door and even opened wide the latch that her baby's soul might pass. But when the call persisted and the woman could not agree with her mother that—

"'Twas the ache in her breast that broke her rest, and when all had been done that custom knew for the dead child, finally, she put her mother aside, in Mary's name let her be!"

"For the peace of my soul I must go," she said, and she went to the calling sea.

So down she went to the "wind-bill pier," and there on the twisted seaweed found a little child. She grasped it up eagerly, put it in her own child's place at her breast, but though the little thing was still warm, life had fled. The poor woman returned to the cottage and the poem ends with the lines:

And the dead child dripped on her breast.

And her own in the shroud lay stark! "And God forgive us, mother," she said, "We let it die in the dark."

The poor woman's sympathies were right. She was willing to help, but when the call came she was not ready. She was too much engrossed with her own sufferings, that were deep, indeed, and she failed to interpret the voice that would have given her a mission.

And, I thought, it is a picture such as the world gives us today. The working woman is right in her sympathies. She knows that humanity is suffering, she has no delusions about the whole world being warm. She knows the needs and is willing to give herself to relieve them. Yet, when the call comes she, too, is slow to interpret. She looks to the needs of her own family, but she is not ready—she is laying a cloth for her daughter to reach the heaven of a successful marriage, or she is making the sign that is to give a great career to her son. So the is calling for economic justice that will give shelter and protection to its lost victims, but by the time all is done that superstition or custom can do for our own children, it may be too late. We stand deluding ourselves to be soothed by the hope that our own ego of the need, praying for our own resurrection, watching over our dead hopes, not permitting the call of the drowning world's workers to bring us to the battling waters.

We open the latch of our own doors to make ascent possible for our own children—to ask that Mary's hours be shortened or John's pay increased. But that does not or cannot relieve us. The battle is no longer each worker for himself; the battle is for the workers together. In the labor unions for their economic rights and in the Socialist party that they may clinch with their laws their hard-won victories.

And the call for woman is out by the wind-bill pier—out by the stormy sea. It is where the needs are and where the work can be done. It is wherever the heart of humanity suffers, wherever the soul of humanity is chained.

Socialist Home Book

GREEN CAPS.

Here is a nice way to use up the little green apples which will not ripen, or windfalls may be used in the same manner: Wipe the fruit-eyes, about 1 pound—and remove the cores. Put the apples in a sidewalk, with just enough water to cover them, and cook very gently till tender, but not broken. Take them out carefully, arrange them in a glass dish, pour a little of the liquor round them, and sprinkle plenty of sugar on the top. Make a pint of nice custard with milk, 3 eggs, 2½ table-spoonsful of sugar and orange peel flavored, and serve it with the apples, or pour it over them. The liquor may be cooked a little longer, until like jelly.

Inducements to Capital

I read in an investment journal the other day an inducement which Mexico offered capital. It said the laborer there was ignorant, had little or no wants, made no trouble, but could work as well as the American and he could be had on your own terms. A fine opportunity for the man with means.

Can you not see that the prevailing object is not to relieve misery, suppress vice or correct improvidence, but to make money out of vice, misery and improvidence? The ignorance and vice of the many is a necessary condition to the economic supremacy of a few, with all the advantages that economic supremacy implies.

JESSIE M. MYER.

For Home Dressmakers



LADIES' JUMPER DRESS Paris Pattern No. 2350 All Measurements Allowed.

Copenhagen bias mercerized poplin, has been made up into this charming frock. The front has a princess panel formed by wide tucks, stitched for a considerable depth below the waistline, these tucks being seen only in the waist portion at the back; the sides of the skirt being without other plaits or fullness over the hips, and closing under an inverted box-pleat at the back. The neck and sleeves are trimmed with insertion and edging of coffee-colored lace. The pattern is of 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches bust measure. For 36 bust the dress requires 22½ yards of material 36 inches wide, 8½ yards 27 inches wide, 6½ yards 26 inches wide, or 5½ yards 25 inches wide; 1½ yard 20 inches wide; 1½ yard 27 inches wide; ¾ yard 25 inches wide, or ¾ yard 27 inches wide extra. For bias lace: 3½ yards of 2½ inch wide trimmings, 1½ yards of insertion, and 2½ yards of edging.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

A NEW TERM WANTED

By Robert Hunter.

A gentleman said to me the other day that Socialists were too bitter—that there ought to be more sweetness and brotherliness in all we say.

For instance, we sometimes speak of our corporate masters as thieves. Now the word "thief" is an ugly, harsh word, a word to be used with caution and precision.

The other day in New York we witnessed a little muck-raking.

A rich and powerful corporation which owns most of the streets of Manhattan WAS CAUGHT in a very disgraceful act. It was discovered that this corporation, beside owning the streets, owned a number of judges. Even this did not content the corporation. It fixed the juries. It went further. It paid five dollars a day to every policeman called as a witness into the courts.

In other words, it owned the judge, the jury, and the chief witness.

Every day someone is killed and injured on our railroads. Fathers of little children are crippled and maimed. Widows and orphans are made. Every day biting grief and bitter anguish enter someone's home because of death or serious injury due to the street railway traffic.

If a citizen attempted to confiscate a single steel rail, or an old horse car, or a nickel fare, a piteous howl would go up from this mighty corporation.

Yet every day this corporation CONFISCATES SOMEBODY'S ARM OR LEG OR LIFE.

Heretofore our courts have decided that it is illegal to confiscate without compensation.

But this corporation found it had to pay too much compensation for arms and legs and lives. It therefore decided to own the courts.

Penniless widows and orphans come into the supposedly honest and incorruptible presence of the court, stricken with grief because something has been taken away from them that no money, not even the millions of the corporation, could replace.

They expect in entering the court to receive fair treatment.

Instead they are up against a bunco game that would make an ordinary pickpocket blush with shame if he were mean enough to practice it.

The judge is against them, the jury is fixed, and the policeman who picked up the dead body is paid to testify against them.

Now the proper word to apply to this corporation escapes me.

"Thief" is not the right word exactly. "Murderer" does not quite fill the bill. "Traitor to the institutions of one's country" applies only to a part of the corporation's conduct.

The old Greek terms, "furies," "harpies," "fiends," are terms altogether too gentle.

"Scribes, pharisees, hypocrites, whited sepulchres" are bitter, but not bitter enough.

We need a new term.

Perhaps my sweet, brotherly gentleman friend may be able to supply it.

Unconscious Socialists—Corot

BY JEROME BEYER

Just a landscape; but terror, death, revolution, the ferocity produced by capitalism and even the hopes of the coming day, the day for which Socialists' prayers have besieged high heaven for years untold, are there.

Corot was never a conscious Socialist. But there is a landscape of his in the art gallery; it is the second as you enter the room on the right, on the second floor, and it simply proclaims Socialism to the four heavens.

It is just a landscape; but such a landscape. On one side a seething backwater, full of foulness. This foul backwater, indeed, is the foreground. In the backwater is a boat, and in the boat is a man in a red cap. The presence of that red cap makes me believe that I am doing Corot an injustice in classing him as an unconscious Socialist.

Sitting under a tree across from the man in the red cap is a woman. She is clothed in a gray silk dress. She is sitting on the ground with her back against the tree.

The woman—well, Corot meant to say something and he said it. That is all.

Just beyond the backwater, between the foulness of the stream and a fresh running river, is a pasture of green. In this pasture is a cow. The cow has her head buried in the luscious grasses.

The cow is capitalism. She is hiding

her eyes from the man in the red cap, just as the ostrich hides his head in the sand from the inevitable danger. But the difference, as Corot expresses it, is that the capitalist cow is eating while hiding her head.

This cow eats while running away from the inevitable. While capitalism is hiding its head from the inevitable retribution it is still eating.

Beyond the cow, which hides its head like the ostrich, but which eats and eats at the luscious grasses, is a running stream—progress—yes, just progress. Corot said this, whether he meant to say it or not.

Present-day society, expressed by dead water, a man in a red cap and a woman; capitalism on guard, trying to hide while still eating away at the vitals of society; beyond, the running stream of the true life and the New Day; also the city that is to be, the New Jerusalem of Hope.

Was Corot trying to say these things, or did a higher power than Corot handle the brush that presented this terrible painting to the world?—for the landscape is no less than terrible. It is terrible in its significance; terrible in its import, and most of all terrible in its prophecy. Terrible is the great sense, as all revolutions are terrible.

And beyond the river, dimly outlined against the blue dimness is a city. It is the New Jerusalem, the city of the new day by the side of the running waters—the waters of life.

TWO SONNETS

BY JOHN H. BINGHAM

I—In the Shadow of the Cathedral

I know—too well—a drear and dingy street Where pallid faces set in dumb despair, Uptended children in the blighting air And hastes past in bare and suffering feet. The ginship with an ample cheer doth greet And cast its tragic spell; the evening glare Doth bid despised men accept the face Of fellowship—and fellowship is sweet. What lost and godless land hath such a spot, Some eastern port fermenting in its sin? Ah, no! my brothers, nearer; know you not The homes of England, those who dwell therein? I speak of where—O God, the thought appals— The shadow of the gray cathedral falls.

II—The Child of the Worker

Beside the hearth the cradled babe is sleeping When comes the mother from the busy mill. Looks o'er those wicked walls and takes her fill Of that frail mite, left in another's keeping. It knows not yet the foll that fate is heaping For all its able years; the heartless ill. The strength of that inevitable will That gives the little alone and not the reaping. "Best while thou canst, 'till she says, "For soon 'thy days Shall be a constant struggle 'midst the wheat. For thou art born to work." O Justice, raise The mighty spirit; her dumb spirit feels: Perish the error that doth bind its life With man-made fetters to unworthy strife.