

SOCIALIST VOT STILL SWELL

Belated Returns From Rural Districts Bring Nothing but Good News

The Socialists of Hittman, Ia., have carried the entire township and have elected all township officers except one trustee. They accomplished this against the combined efforts of the two old parties. The following is the result: Socialist, 224; Republican, 152; Democrat, 134; Prohibition, 18; People's, 1; Independence, 6.

Show Enormous Growth

Later returns from Pennsylvania and Oklahoma confirm the earlier reports of tremendous votes and enormous increases over 1904, 1906 and 1907. The small losses in different localities in the United States are more than wiped out by the gains in others, and the losses are easily accounted for in other ways than by saying that the voters had turned against Socialism.

Farmers for Socialism

The rural districts continue to show heavy gains, exploding the argument that Socialism is supported only by the "down-and-outs" and "fall-outs" of the large cities. The intelligent voters in the farming districts and in the small towns, it seems, have taken advice from the foreign-born who have seen the limit of oppressive systems and have determined that Russian methods shall not gain a foothold in America.

INDIANA FEELS ENCOURAGED

State Secretary Strickland Reports Gain of 100 Per Cent in Vote BY MAY M. STRICKLAND (State Secretary of Indiana.) Anderson, Ind., Nov. 6.—We were not able to mail enough of the precincts to give a summing up of the vote, but from reports already in we have reason to hope that we have gained 100 per cent over our vote of two years ago, or 75 per cent over the vote of four years ago.

Watchers Are Kept Out

In two different parts of Koscusko Co. our watchers were denied their legal right to watch the count. In Rushville our watchers saw 20 Socialist ballots and the officers of election give us 19. In Elwood the Socialists were offered a lump sum of \$2.50 per vote by the Republicans, and the Democrats published a canard at the last moment that the Socialist nominee for congress, W. D. Wattles, had accepted \$400 and declared for the Republican ticket, but in spite of all this trickery and confusion, the Socialists of Elwood polled a large vote than ever.

IS A POWER IN OKLAHOMA

State Secretary Writes of Wonderful Gains Made by Socialism BY O. F. BRANSTETTER (State Secretary of Oklahoma.) Oklahoma City, Okla., Nov. 6.—[By Mail.]—Many precincts in this state have been carried by the Socialists, and every county shows a heavy increase. The latest estimate is twenty-two thousand.

SOCIALISTS IN BIG PROTEST AGAINST KAISER'S ABSOLUTISM

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.) Berlin, Nov. 10.—Twenty-six mass meetings were called here today by the Socialist party to protest against the absolutism policy of the German Kaiser. It is recalled in Socialist circles that the Kaiser a few years ago made the vainglorious remark that "nothing must be done anywhere in the world without the consent of the German Emperor."

'L' COMPANY TOO POOR JUST NOW TO AFFORD NEW LOOP

The eradication of noises on the elevated railway loop, the restoration of light to the darkened streets and the beautification of the structure are likely to remain poetic ideals for a long time, according to all indications. The Union Loop company and the Northwestern Elevated Railway company, which control the loop company, are feeling extremely poor and disinclined to make improvements which they consider of doubtful value and which cost money.

BRYAN'S FRIEND TURNS SOCIALIST

Horace Mann, who has been a strong Democratic worker in Buffalo, has come into the Socialist party after seeing what the Democratic bosses did to Bryan on an election day. Mann was connected with the Referendum league of Erie County, New York, and is a personal friend of William Jennings Bryan. For that reason he cast his ballot for Bryan. But on election night he sat down and wrote out his application for membership in the Socialist party.

Norace Mann of Buffalo Enlists for Life in the Army of Progress

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Writes the Daily Socialist

Mann has written the following letter to the editor of the Daily Socialist: "Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 7, '08. 'Mr. A. M. Simpson, Chicago, Ill. 'My Dear Comrade Simpson: On election night I filled out an application for membership in the Socialist party, which I delayed thus long on account of my personal acquaintance with Mr. Bryan. But when Charles Edward Russell was here recently, I told him that Mr. Bryan had deserted this year I should join the Socialist party the next day, and he replied: 'Well, then, we will have you in the Socialist party.'"

Daily Socialist to Boom

"I congratulate you upon the success of the Daily Socialist. It is getting to be the best daily paper in the United States. I believe it is more read than any other paper coming to the Buffalo public library. The circulation ought to be built up until it is the largest of any daily in Chicago. There ought to be a Socialist daily in every city in the country, and there should be a Socialist press bureau to collect and circulate the truth, which will relegate the so-called Press, controlled by Standard Oil, to the junk pile."

BOSTON STOCK BROKERAGE FIRM IN ASSIGNMENT

Boston, Mass., Nov. 10.—The stock brokerage firm of Burnham, Bennett & Co. made an assignment today.

WIFE AND BABY WILL LIVE WITH HUSBAND, A LEFER

Washington, Nov. 10.—Mrs. John Early, wife of the late Senator, announced that she is ready to be taken to her home in Lefer, Va., with her husband, where she must live for the remainder of her life. The main problem is the one of transportation, as no railroad crosses about hauling lepers in its coaches.

SENTENCED ICE KING AND BANKER IS GIVEN A RESPITE

New York, Nov. 10.—Charles W. Morse, former ice king and banker, sentenced to fifteen years in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga., has been given another respite. By the action of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals yesterday he will remain here till the first week in January, though Judge Hought, before whom he was convicted, allowed him only ten days.

EX-SENATOR IS SHOT ON STREET

Southern Political Feud Ends in Slaying of Carmack by His Enemy's Son

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 10.—Former United States Senator Edward W. Carmack was slain in a revolver battle with Col. Duncan Cooper and his son, Robin Cooper, on the street here yesterday. The younger Cooper, who seems to have been the one who killed Carmack, was wounded in the shoulder by a shot from Carmack's revolver. The shooting was the outcome of political animosity between the Coopers and Carmack. The latter had been scoring both father and son in the editorial columns of his paper, the Nashville Tennessean.

Editorial Causes Murder

So bitter had become the anger of the Coopers that the younger, Robin, Sunday sent former State Treasurer Craig to tell Carmack he should be shot unless he ceased his editorial attacks. Carmack's only answer was to print another editorial yesterday morning. He also armed himself at the plea of his friends.

Ex-Senator Shoots Assassin

The former senator immediately stepped to one side, and as he did so drew a pistol and fired. Bystanders say this was the shot which struck the "younger Cooper."

Son Taken to Hospital

Young Cooper later was taken to a hospital and Col. Cooper is held at police headquarters. He has made no statement.

DEAD WILL SOON SPEAK IN COURT

That gawsome figure of speech—"listening to a voice from the grave"—has become a startling reality. And unbeliever to verify this statement has only to visit the office of Coroner Hoffman some time in the near future, and hear the voices of murderers making their denials and detailed confessions after they have paid the penalty for their misdeeds.

KAISER TO FLY IN AIR CRAFT

Friedrichshafen, Nov. 10.—Arrangements have been made for the Kaiser to take a trip with Count Zeppelin in his dirigible today. Meanwhile his majesty telegraphed Count Zeppelin, informing him the ministry of war sanctioned the using of his dirigible and congratulating him for his achievement.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS



TEDDY'S SNUB GOMPERS' HONOR

Roosevelt's Action in Omitting Him as Guest Regarded With Contempt

Denver, Colo., Nov. 10.—The snub of Theodore Roosevelt to the rank and file of the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor in omitting President Gompers and others from the list of invited guests to the White House for a "conference on labor legislation" has been received with more or less contempt by Gompers and other officials of the organization now in convention here.

Gompers Feels Honored

"I am honored by the president when he excludes me from the guest list," said Gompers. "It is a high tribute to the manner in which I have represented the interests of the millions of working men and women banded together in the federation, both in the matter of pressing the administration for fair labor legislation and in the political campaign just ended."

Controversy Is Declined

"I, by virtue of the trust imposed upon me by the federation, represent the millions of people of the country who stand with me in the matter of labor and women, so to speak. If the president or any other person cares to say that I do not represent the membership of the American Federation of Labor, so be it. I do not care to become involved in a controversy or to criticize such a stand. When the need presents I shall meet President Roosevelt, or any other president or public man, as the representative of the workers of the nation, if they request me or care to have me represent them."

Mitchell Closes Like Glam

John Mitchell, on the ground that he had not been officially notified of the invitation, refused to discuss the matter one way or the other.

Will Thrash Out Legislation

Washington, D. C., Nov. 10.—President Roosevelt's invitations to a labor banquet to take place at the White House on Nov. 17, have been sent to a group of leaders of organized labor.

OKLAHOMA CITY IS TO HAVE A SOCIALIST DAILY

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.) Oklahoma City, Okla., Nov. 10.—There is on foot a well-directed movement to establish in Oklahoma City a Socialist daily newspaper that will furnish the best and largest foreign, domestic, and local news service of any newspaper in the Southwest, irrespective of political affiliations.

CHASE THINKS OUTCOME GOOD

John C. Chase, former Socialist mayor of Haverhill, Mass., is of the opinion that the Socialist vote, if it will reach the 600,000 mark, will be tripled next presidential election. He thinks that the showing made throughout the United States is a good one, with the exception of Illinois, and especially Chicago.

Socialism Secured Victory

Chase has seen and helped the vote in Haverhill, Mass., grow to so large a dimension that it brought victory. He has organized in every state of the union, and has for the major part of this year worked in the national office.

What Socialism Accomplished

"To hold that vote this year, in the face of the fact that the radical voters all along the line were made to believe by both Republican and Democratic newspapers that Bryan and a radical policy had the best chance to win it ever had; and in fact of the further fact that there were all kinds of minority parties for them to vote for, meant that we were obliged to convert as many people to Socialism as really voted for Socialism four years ago."

Will Settle Electric 'War'

Some took the police order as a token of "police interference" and possible raids on various dives.

WITNESS TELLS RUSS HORRORS

Comrades Tied to Horses and Dragged Face Down, Pouren Testimony

New York, Nov. 10.—Stories of battles between Russian government troops and the militia organized among the Russian people were told yesterday on the witness stand by Jan Licht, a former neighbor of Jan Pouren, whom the Russian government is seeking to extradite. The witness said he first met Pouren in connection with a demonstration against the Russian government. The next morning was the eve of a battle between the rebel militia and several thousand Russian regular troops.

Dragged Face Downwards

Asked why the militia with which he had been connected attacked the government soldiers, the witness replied: "Because they had taken two of our comrades, tied them to horses, and dragged them face downward over the ground."

Wanted to Hang Him

When counsel for Russia demanded why he had left that country the witness said: "Because the Russian government wanted to hang me, shoot me, and was always after me."

Operator Ends His Life

John V. Cade, 65 years old, 247 Calumet avenue, a telegraph operator, while dependent because of ill health, ended his life in the bathroom of his home early this morning by swallowing carbolic acid.

RED LIGHT DISTRICT IS TO BE 'WHITE'; SHIPPY BARS COLOR

Chief of Police Shippy has caused all the electric display in the red light district of Twenty-second street to be extinguished and while the "law and order" forces are pleased the dive keepers are apprehensive. The move was made at the request of the reform societies and followed an installation of extra arc lights so that there might be no excuse that the electric signs used on the resorts were needed because of bad street lighting.

SEEK TO SAVE MAN FROM CZAR

Chicagoans Rally to Defense of Rudowitz, the Russian Political Refugee

PLAN MONSTER PETITION

Case of Alexandrovitch, Who Merely Sought Education, Bares Root's Duplicity

Battle and effective battle is being given the standard conspiracy between the American government and the czar by which political prisoners are to be railroaded back to Russia on trumped-up charges which come under the blanket extradition act of 1887 by the citizens of Chicago, almost without respect to creed, party or nationality.

Socialists Enter Fight

The Cook County Central committee of the Socialist party yesterday appropriated the sum of fifty dollars for the purpose of fighting the extradition of Russian Christian Rudowitz, who was at first booked by the officials at the county jail as "Rudowski" on a charge of murder, committed in the village of Bernhart, Ill. Courtland Russell.

Big Nonpartisan Protest

A tremendous non-partisan demonstration is being planned to give effect to his protest at Washington. On all sides Secretary Root is coming in for savage criticism for sending back to Russia a mere boy—Alexandrovitch, who was arrested with Rudowitz, whose sole offense was irregularity in his papers when he was attempting to enter a seminary and educate himself for a doctor.

Letish Residents Meet

The Letish residents met at Van Hook's hall on North Park avenue and raised a second fund of \$50 to be applied in fighting the extradition of Rudowitz. On Saturday the Letts held a rousing demonstration at Schmidt's hall, Madison street, and Russian avenue, and \$25 was collected for the defense fund. The Russian revolutionary Socialists and the other Russian societies of the west side are sending around subscription lists calling for help.

Independent Demonstrations Against Extradition of the Jewish Socialists

Three witnesses have been discovered upon whom Rudowitz says he can depend to prove an absolute alibi. This is the point which is worrying the Russian consul, whose attorney, W. C. Rigby, tried his best to railroad the man through without the presentation of any evidence for the defense except of the most perfunctory character.

Pian Monster Petition

An identical protest appealing to all fair minded Americans to resist this attempt to stomp the secretary of the republic by continuing at the plots of the bloodiest ruler that ever sat on a throne are being circulated throughout the city and a monster document will be ready for Washington by the end of the week.

Won't Hurt Business

"As a rule, people don't wander into this region for the purpose of seeing an electrical show. I have been at the game for sixteen years, and I can't see where Chief Shippy will hurt our business any by his order cutting out this electrical effect on the outside of the place."

Won't Hurt Business

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NOTICE: The Chicago Daily Socialist is not responsible for the contents of advertisements.

SAD SEQUEL TO IROQUOIS FIRE

Theater Horror Caused Man to Hate His Wife; Divorce Suit Follows

The devastating hand of the Iroquois theater fire reappeared in Judge Ball's court this morning.

Fatal Thursday Recalled: During the forenoon of that fatal Thursday in 1903, Ethel Barker had come to her mother and asked if she and a school girl chum might go to see "Mr. Blue Beard."

Abused Wife Shamefully: Then came active hate. Barker, it is alleged, began to drink and became brutal.

Disparities in Age: Jellek lives at 1750 York place, a short distance north of Lincoln park.

Strain on Mother: "If, through lack of proper attention, the baby is allowed to grow weak, the mother's strength becomes wasted."

Two Months Old—Starving: "A woman called, accompanied by two neighbors, and presented a card from Mrs. M. E. Smith."

MAN, 86, KILLED BY AUTO: HAD PREMONITION OF DEATH: August Kohlhase, 86 years old, a retired manufacturer, who lived with his son at 2035 Harvard street, died in St. Margaret's hospital in Hammond, Ind., today as a result of injuries received in an automobile accident which occurred near that city.

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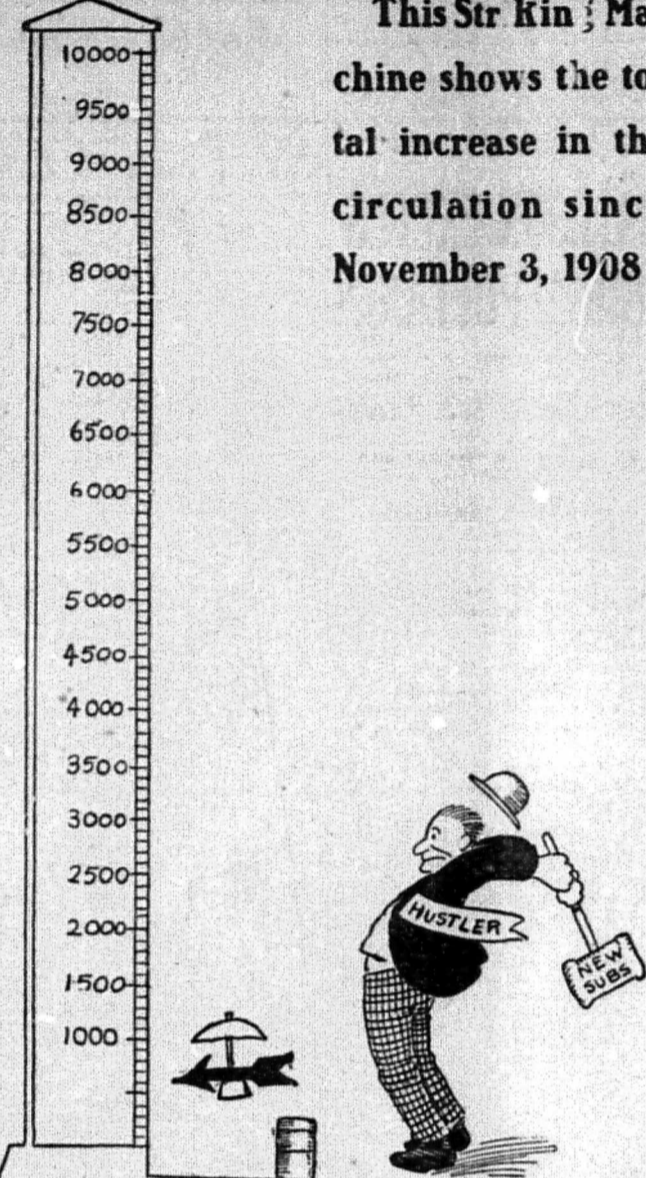
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THE HUSTLERS' COLUMN By W. H. Murphy WATCH THE STRIKING MACHINE

580 INCREASE THIS WEEK! This Strikin Machine shows the total increase in the circulation since November 3, 1908



We are it. In other words, the Daily's Army of Hustlers is making good in the STRIKING MACHINE CONTEST. LOOK AT IT—580.

We have somewhatly increased the circulation. And that ain't all. We're going to shove that indicator higher next week.

Most of the Hustlers picked up the mallet last week and swung for the sake of their Daily. This week we must hit harder and faster.

As the circulation increases the advertising contracts will come in. The business men are not sleeping, and a good many of them are watching the Daily's fight for subs. They'll come in when we get that 10,000 increase.

"HIT THE STRIKING MACHINE," should be your slogan and password until we have knocked the indicator to the top notch. Hustlers, it's up to you to make the six-page paper a sure go. You are able to put the circulation anywhere you determine to put it. You know you are, and so does everybody else.

What will you do? One week from today we will have the STRIKING MACHINE again.

If you have not struck the mallet so far, do it this week, then WATCH THE INDICATOR.

One thing you want to remember and that is that the capitalists will not keep your Daily going, and that Socialists do not grow on trees. We have got to make Socialists by feeding them on literature, and the Daily is at this time the most available thing to make new "undesirables."

My parting word is: HIT THAT STRIKING MACHINE AND WATCH THE INDICATOR.

NEW ARMY WAR COLLEGE IS OPENED BY SECRETARY ROOT: Washington, D. C., Nov. 10.—The formal opening of the army war college was signaled today by an important address by Secretary Root, popularly known as "the father" of the institution.

On account of the small capacity of the lecture hall in which the exercises were held the attendance was limited to the president and members of his cabinet, members of the diplomatic corps, the principal officers of the army, navy and marine corps, and other leading officials of the government.

Gen. W. W. Woodhempson, United States army, president of the college, presided, and introduced Root, who addressed the student class, which numbers twenty-two members.

He referred to the splendid results that had already been accomplished by the college and indicated his belief that it ultimately would do much good in advancing the military efficiency of the nation.

Run Your "Want" in the Daily for 25c—Get Quick Results. Readers of this newspaper, if you have a "want" of any kind, put it in the Daily and you will get quick results.

Department in this newspaper, and we ask you to help us. It will not cost you hardly anything to print a "want ad" in the Daily, but a good number of these little ads taken together will mean good revenue for the paper.

The regular charge per line is 10 cents. For a limited time, however, we have cut the rate radically to get you to try the paper. You can run a three-line ad for only 25 cents in any of the following lines: Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, Houses, Flats or Rooms to Rent, Miscellaneous Wants and Miscellaneous for Sale.

Send notices of your union meetings to the Daily Socialist.

SHOOTING OFFICIAL THEN ENDS LIFE

New York Postmaster Is Fatally Wounded in Street by a Stenographer

New York, Nov. 10.—Postmaster Edward M. Morgan was shot at One Hundred and Forty-sixth street and Broadway today by a man who then shot and killed himself. Morgan was shot through the stomach and probably will die. He was taken to his home in an unconscious condition.

Some time after the shooting the body of the assailant was identified as that of Erich H. B. Mackay, a stenographer. He had been employed by a firm with offices at 165 Broadway. The man had died instantly after firing three shots into his head.

Assassin Was Insane: The only excuse known for the shooting was that Mackay had complained to the authorities at the postoffice in Washington that his mail had been tampered with and that some one entered on an electric light when he was reading it in the corridor of the postoffice. Mackay had received a reply that there was no evidence of tampering with his mail, and that the incident of the electric light was an accident. Mackay's employers, the firm of Harnett & Betts, declared they could account for the tragedy only on the theory that Mackay was insane.

Began as a Letter-Carrier: Morgan has been connected with the postal service in New York for more than a quarter of a century. He began his career as a letter carrier thirty-one years ago and worked his way to the top. Last year he was promoted from assistant postmaster to the position of postmaster, to succeed William H. Wilcox, who became a public service commissioner. Morgan is the republican leader in the Washington Heights assembly district.

CHIEF OF POLICE SHIPPY IS BACK AT HIS DESK: Chief Shippy will return to his desk in the city hall this afternoon and again assume his duties as head of the police department, according to his secretary, Max Nothberg. The chief, who has been confined at home since last Wednesday morning, suffering from heart trouble, said that he had entirely recovered from his illness.

Blast River in Woman Hunt: New York, Nov. 10.—Hundreds of pounds of dynamite have been exploded in the North river to learn whether Mrs. Julius Fleischman has committed suicide by drowning.

Stock Holders of the Daily Socialist ATTENTION! Local Cook County will elect by referendum vote a full Board of Directors for the Daily Socialist, and with your aid will elect these nominees at the annual Stockholders' meeting on November 22d, 1908.

Stockholders unable to attend this meeting are requested to send their names and addresses to G. T. Fraenckel, room 12, 163 E. Randolph street, Chicago, Ill., and proper blank for proxies will be sent them for signature.

Signed: G. T. FRAENCKEL, Sec'y Local Cook County. By order of the Central Committee.

HISTORY OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES BY MORRIS HILLQUIST A complete exposition of Socialism in the United States, treating the circumstances of its origin, the manner of its growth, and the tendencies of its future development, with chapters on Sectarian Communities.

No student of Socialism can afford to be without this book. Price, postpaid, \$1.80.

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST 180 E. Washington Street, Chicago.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

LAWYERS: STEDMAN & SOELKE, COURSEMORES AT LAW, 24 N. La Salle Street, Chicago.

CARL STROVER, General Law Practice—Patents, 64 N. La Salle St., Tel. 578 Main, Chicago.

EDWARD J. ADER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 10 N. La Salle St., Chicago. PETER BERMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Suite 61-62 Stock Exchange Bldg., 109 N. La Salle St., Phone, Main 514.

M. H. TAPP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Suite 20, 77 Broadway, Second Floor, Chicago Central Bldg.

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TYPEWRITERS: BARGAINS ALL THE TIME, Reliable Repair Typewriters, all makes, rebuilt in our own factory, better and cheaper than others. 215 W. Madison St., Typewriter Exchange, 215 Dearborn st.

GOTHAM BABIES SPELL DISASTER

Institution Discovers Why Increase of Family Is a Curse to Some

New York, Nov. 10.—The way in which the birth of a child comes to mean the opening of one more hungry mouth, and nothing more, is described in a report of the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor."

Some Data from Report: Here is a little scientific data from the report:

It is well known among social workers that the birth of a child is a serious menace to the prosperity of the ordinary laborer's family; that in the case of the unskilled poor in our great cities, the birth of a second or third child, even in prosperous times, usually brings disaster to the home.

Until the first children are old enough to work, the mother must either do profit earning work in the home, hire out, or go into a factory.

Strain on Mother: "If, through lack of proper attention, the baby is allowed to grow weak, the mother's strength becomes wasted."

Last year one of our visitors discovered a woman, referred to in our report as Mrs. Davis. Though only 37 years old, she was the mother of nine children, the youngest baby 10 months old, and six others under working age.

She was much worn with the care of her large family. As usually happens, in such circumstances, the baby, too, was in bad condition.

Two Months Old—Starving: "A woman called, accompanied by two neighbors, and presented a card from Mrs. M. E. Smith."

MAN, 86, KILLED BY AUTO: HAD PREMONITION OF DEATH: August Kohlhase, 86 years old, a retired manufacturer, who lived with his son at 2035 Harvard street, died in St. Margaret's hospital in Hammond, Ind., today as a result of injuries received in an automobile accident which occurred near that city.

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SCENTED FIRE BESTS STENCH

The stock yards stench met lively competition when the Wagner Perfume company, at Thirty-ninth street and Emerald avenue, burned stench after 8 o'clock this morning. The fire started in the basement, and the chemicals used in the plant aided its spread so that the plant was quickly demolished, with a loss of \$7,000 most of which was covered by insurance.

The stock yards reeking plants, packing houses and other palaces of horrible fumes, were doing their best to pollute the air, when suddenly a new odor, or rather a variety of odors, were added. Russian violet, rose, carnation and other sweet perfumes were wafted into the very teeth of the smells from the yards.

LAMPHERE NOW ON TRIAL FOR MRS. GUNNESS' MURDER: Reports, Ind., Nov. 10.—Ray Lamphere, who was hired man at the Gunness farm, was placed on trial here today for the murder of Mrs. Belle Gunness and her three adopted children last April.

The program of the defense was to argue for quick judgment. The arguments thereon will consume only a short time and then, if Judge Richter overrules the motion, both sides will be ready for the selection of the jury.

In this examination two points will be dwelt on in particular by the state, whether the victim had any peculiarities against inflicting the death penalty and whether he has formed an opinion as to the death of Mrs. Gunness.

An agreement has been reached between the attorneys that during the trial all witnesses be excluded from the courtroom.

BECOMES AN "AFFINITY" TO CONVICT MEN OF MURDER: Denver, Colo., Nov. 10.—Police Chief Armstrong yesterday received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Minor Smith, in jail at Ogallala, Neb., pleading investigation of her story that John Harry Dale Smith had murdered Volly Mann and buried his body in a ravine in Nebraska.

Mrs. Smith writes that Smith is not her husband, but that she took up with him in St. Louis for the purpose of finding out if he had murdered her real husband, Frank Gelker. The fact that she says Smith wearing a vest exactly like one her husband owned aroused her suspicions. She still asserts that Smith killed Mann, a stranger to him, for a small amount of money he had.

BOSNIAN REFUGEES KILL 173 AUSTRIAN TROOPERS: Paris, France, Nov. 10.—A band of Bosnian refugees crept into a town of Herzegovina and blew up the barracks, killing 173 German speaking Austrian troops, last Friday night. The town is about twenty miles from the Serbian frontier. Dynamite was used by the refugees, who escaped.

Dunning Guards Cannot Tell: Patrick Mulhane and Edward Monroe, the two attendants at the Dunning asylum for the insane who are wanted as witnesses by Coroner Hovey in his investigation of Gustav Feyer's death, have been found. Neither them, however, has been able to explain how Feyer received the injury that caused the breaking of his collar bone.

CASTRO IS NOT TIRED OF JOB

Caracas, Nov. 5, via Willemstad, Curacao, Nov. 10.—The movement in Venezuela to make it possible for President Castro to continue in office for another term after 1911 is growing.

It was recorded first at La Victoria, Oct. 22, when a demand was made for the amendment of article 127 of the constitution in such a manner as to make it possible for Castro to retain the presidency. Oct. 23 the municipal councils of Caracas and many other cities and towns passed resolutions addressed to congress, to the same end.

WOODWORKERS' LOCAL NO. 1 (GERMAN) will meet Tuesday, November 10, at 25 Milwaukee Avenue.

WOODWORKERS' LOCAL NO. 7 will meet Tuesday, November 10, at 115 East Washington Street.

PAINTERS AND PAPERHANGERS OF AMERICA, will meet Tuesday, November 10, at 215 Milwaukee Avenue.

INSPECTORS' UNION OF CHICAGO will meet Tuesday, November 10, at Clark and South Water streets, northwest corner, suite 11 and 14.

WOODWORKERS' LOCAL NO. 11 will meet Wednesday, November 11, at 131 East Washington Street.

CHICAGO COMRADES take notice: Counter-bain sales of books and pamphlets Sundays. Here is your chance to load up on good literature for the campaign. Do not fail to grasp this opportunity. Remember, every Sunday is bargain day at the Chicago Daily Socialist Book Center.

Stockholders' Meeting

You are hereby notified that at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of November 22, 1908, at the rooms of the Chicago Daily Socialist, 180 East Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Workers' Publishing Society will be held for the purpose of passing

# OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

## TO THE WIVES OF WORKINGMEN

BY GRACE WOODWARD SMITH.

As long as woman takes no interest in affairs that touch and often control her method of living and her children's living, things that determine whether her children shall be educated or go to work under a false affidavit, she need not expect much change in those conditions.

The conditions under which the father of the family labors do very vitally interest the wife, because dangerous conditions—and they are many—may render her children fatherless and herself a widow with no means of feeding her hungry family.

Again, loss of employment may bring them to starvation. So it very nearly concerns the woman what the political conditions of the country may be. Nor is it hard for her to understand the political situation. She needs to apply but one test. Will the party asking support benefit the home and the children and keep the father at work at a wage sufficient to support the family well and educate the children? A woman is quick to understand and apply the principles of domestic economy, and if she will but consider that political is simply domestic economy on a larger scale and with a wider scope she should be eager to join her husband in his investigation of political situations and help him to decide what is best for the fortunes of their own family.

Time was when the wife had sufficient

to occupy her spinning and weaving, cooking and making for the entire family; but different times, different methods; now she has had all that taken from her by the irresistible march of an all-conquering machine, and she sees her husband confronted with the hard problem of keeping himself employed.

It is thus for the wife to realize that she needs now to bring her mind, trained in domestic economy and grown adept in expedients, to bear upon the situation and help her husband to understand for themselves and their children what is the matter with the political situation.

The enemies of the family are growing just as powerful and just as bloodthirsty—but quite in a legal way, oh, yes, quite and entirely legal—as were ever the red Indians in the old pioneer days. It is therefore just as needful that the wife should stand shoulder to shoulder with her husband in his effort to beat back the enemy that threatens extinction as ever it was in the old days.

And the women of the country have in them the stuff to do it. In the past they have been a little heedless of their duty in this respect, a little inclined to be influenced by the old, conservative idea that the men could run the affairs of the country, but that was when the shadow of hunger and destitution seemed far off.

Now it is getting nearer and nearer,

and it is time for the women of the working class, and all women who sell their labor power, anyhow, anywhere, or are supported by sold labor power anyhow, anywhere, to rally to the sides of their fathers, of their brothers, of their husbands, and say:

"Let us understand the situation, and, understanding it, let us grapple with it and settle it in the interest of our children and ourselves."

## French Woman Lawyer

The number of women lawyers in Paris is constantly increasing. At first their practice was largely confined to the lower courts and to unimportant cases, but recently Maria Verone, a prominent Socialist attorney, and Blanche Azoulay were engaged in several cases before the highest courts.

Mlle. Azoulay made her first appearance before the court of assizes on one of the anti-militarist cases. Her colleagues plead for the first time in the



BLANCHE AZOULAY

higher court in presenting the case of some women who had been accused of shoplifting. In spite of the fact that the public prosecutor sought to plead insanity as a reason why he could not properly present his case it was noticed that this gallantry did not affect his making a more bitter fight to secure the punishment of the accused, and also that he was met with equal or greater ability by the woman who represented the defendants.

## Explained

"War," cried the pale-visaged gentleman, "is a sin and a disgrace! War is an abomination—a blot on civilization! The very name of war is enough to make a decent, respectable man go and hang himself, out of pure disgust!"

Having thus delivered himself, he left the club room, his face distorted with emotion.

"Seems to feel rather deeply on the subject," said a member who had been listening to the peroration. "Perhaps he lost some near relative through war."

"He did," chimed in another.

"May I ask who it was?"

"You may. It was his wife's first husband."

## The Stranger

BY CHARLOTTE BECKER.

One knocked upon my door and asked My sheltering in vain.

Since I, who did not know his face, Bade him be off again.

Slowly he sought the open door, His eyes so wide with woe, That I, relenting, called him back, And begged his name to know.

Ah me, for as he journeyed on He gently shook his head— "I may not pass this way but once, My name is Love," he said.

## For Home Dressmakers

Made with the body and sleeves in one this is a simple and becoming little frock for the small girl. The pattern may be developed with high or low neck and with full-length sleeves, or in flowing style, as illustrated in the back view. Two box-plaits at the front and back, stitched to nearly the waist-line, give ample fullness to the skirt extension, which is finished with a deep hem. The square neck and wristbands are trimmed with insertions of embroidery, or fancy braid in soft Persian colors, and the little yoke is of all-over tucking. The frock is adaptable to almost any material, cotton voile, nun's veiling, albatross or challis being very soft and becoming. The pattern is in 1/2 sizes—4 to 10 years. For a child of 1 year the dress requires 1 yard of material 36 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide, or 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide, each with 1/2 yard of tucking 36 inches wide, or 1/2 yard of material 27 inches wide, or 3/4 yard 27 or 36 inches wide for collar and yoke, and 1/4 yard of insertion.

Price of pattern, 25 cents.

All orders for patterns shown in this column should be sent to the Editor, Socialist. Remember these patterns are strictly the product of union labor. Catalogue showing 1,000 patterns sent on receipt of 25 cents in cover postage.



CHILD'S DRESS Paris Pattern No. 2620

## THE TRYST WITH SONG

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

I have not moved in crowds of men, Nor known the city's jolt and whirr; If Song draws life from tumult, then I have not learned the strength of her.

But I, in wooded ways, alone, Where bed of earth and branches meet, Upon the breast of nature prone Have felt the heart of Music beat.

And there, while low winds through the boughs Breathed a calm benison above, My Soul took Soul of Song to house With pledge of loyalty and love.

—New England Magazine.

## Earth's Magnetism Source

That the earth is a great magnet we all know, and it was long ago suggested that it is an electromagnet—that its magnetism is due to electric currents encircling it from east to west. But what causes these currents? It has seemed likely to many students of the subject that they are in some way connected with the earth's rotation—that the earth is like the armature of a great dynamo in the sun's magnetic field. This view seems essentially that of Dr. F. A. Black, who contributes an article on "The Earth as a Magnet" to Harper's Magazine. Says this writer:

"The advances in electric science, in its relation to nature, have of late years brought many to believe that the sun is our great storehouse of electricity; that the ether of surrounding space is electric in character, and that electricity itself may even be atomic in structure.

"Thus the sun, in pouring out light and heat, is believed to be also pouring out electricity, or electric energy, to all surrounding space. Whether in the form of waves of the surrounding ether or of physical particles, this electrical stream flows on to the earth on the side of the globe which is exposed to the sun. As the earth in its daily motion rotates eastward, causing the sun apparently to pass around the earth daily in a westward direction, this stream or flow of electricity is caused to wind constantly around the earth in a westward direction, a coil, so to speak, being completed in each daily rotation. Thus the magnetization of the earth very probably results in a manner exactly analogous to that employed when a needle is magnetized by an electric current through a right-handed spiral coil.

"There would seem to be reason for believing, at least tentatively: (1) That the sun is an electric dynamo, and assists to such an extent of magnetizable material that it is capable, as a whole, of being converted into a magnet; (2) That an electrical stream, or current, is received by the earth on the side exposed to the sun, which, through the earth's rotation, is coiled around the earth from east to west, causing the coil to become an electromagnet; (3) That the conversion of the earth into an electromagnet in this manner is the cause of the directive tendency of the magnetic needle, both in declination and dip; while the diversities and peculiarities connected with the method of magnetization are the cause of the constant changes and anomalies in the movements of the needle; and (4) that the method of magnetization and the character of the exposure of the earth to the sun, and the irregularities of the earth itself in both form and composition, are the causes which decide the position of the terrestrial magnetic poles and the changes which occur in relation thereto."

## Too Much for Him

A wag, sauntering quietly along a street the other day, was accosted by a man who stammered.

"Can you t-t-tell me where I may g-get some g-g-good t-t-t-in t-t-tacks?"

"Certainly," replied the wag. "You turn down this street on your left, then turn again to your left, and that will bring you to the best hardware shop in the town, where you'll be sure to get them."

The stammerer continued his way. The wag, walking down the street, entered the hardware shop and proceeded to purchase the following:

"Have you any g-g-good t-t-t-in t-t-tacks?"

"Yes, sir," replied the obliging shopman, producing his best, after some rummaging.

"Are you sure th-th-they are g-g-good ones?"

"Yes, sir. The best that are made?"

"Are th-th-the heads g-g-good and strong?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have they g-g-got s-s-sharp p-p-p-points?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, p-p-please s-s-sit on them t-t-till I come back, will you?" he said, making a bolt for the door.

Presently the unlucky stammerer, having described a square, arrived at the hardware shop, and, entering, asked innocently: "Have you any g-g-good t-t-t-in t-t-tacks?"

When he recovered he asked, in a somewhat faded fashion, whether the house he fell on him, or if it was simply an explosion.

## Uncle Tom's Cabin

The Mogginies took no small amount of pride in their garden, and when sounds of a swish, followed by juvenile howls, were heard in the vicinity of their domain, the lady next door jumped to the conclusion that Master Mogginies had been down among the seed potatoes, and popped her head out of the window.

"I'm and about a score of other boys," shouted up Mrs. Mogginies, exasperatedly, administering chastisement, "I've took it into their heads that our garden is the site of a football game. I'm a prettier than they was playin' the Cup Final on it."

"Tread the garden down so, don't they?" put in the neighbor sympathetically, between the sobs.

"Kick up a row with the referee and chuck 'em into the Crystal Palace, that's what they do!" snapped Mrs. Mogginies. "And our cucumber frame 'appens to be the palace!"

## Future Precautions

Burr-r-r! Boom!

"Hallo! What?" exclaimed Dawson, waking up from his "gas." "Of course! It's out!"

"I'll never trouble you any more," reassured the dentist. "Now, rinse the mouth and you'll feel as fit as a fiddler."

Dawson rined.

"How much?" he asked, rising.

"Two guineas, please."

"Two guineas?" roared Dawson.

"Yes, sir," said the dentist. "It was an unusually hard job getting that tooth out, and required twice the ordinary amount of gas."

"Hump!" growled Dawson, as he slumped up. "Here's your money; but I tell you right now, the next time I take gas from you, you've got to put a meter on me."

# AFTERMATH OF THE FLOOD



HYDERABAD FLOOD.

The cry, "Ya Il Allah Allah ullah," the Moslem call to prayer, rang over Hyderabad, a city stricken under the waters, and the hosts that should have turned toward Mecca at the call responded not, for under the flood waters they lay in heaps and serried ranks. And a great silence was over all save where floating timbers borne on the tossing waves battered against a wall and shattered it.

And as the timbers banged a wurd (tattoo) the dead lay quiet while the cry rang forth. For what care those before the judgment seat for the calls from the temples?

On the outskirts of the broken city sat men and women and little naked children, hollow-eyed all, and pinched with a great hunger, and they wondered long and seriously why Allah had visited them with this thing. The little toads and snakes crawled forth and blinked at these people.

And the kites wheeled overhead and swooped on a lizard, or a small child, or gorged themselves with the flesh of some victim tossed high by the flood. Stench of carrion filled the air, and a fetid reek struck the nose of them who called from the mosques. And it puzzled the stricken people why Allah, on whom they called, did not tell them why the river rose in wrath and crushed them.

## THE SLOW MAN

BY ERNEST POOLE.

John Milansky, tired, awkward, six feet tall, sat alone in his tenement room, close under the gas jet, clumsily darning two big holes in a wee girl's stocking. She was five years old, and her sister seven. They lay asleep in one bed in the one small bedroom, and beside them, in another bed, lay twelve-year-old Sam. About Sam and the two wee girls Milansky sat slowly thinking—harder tonight than he had ever thought since his wife died two years back. And he almost forgot that his eyes were aching.

It was only an hour since he had come from the Jewish dispensary, where the doctor had said slowly in Yiddish: "My friend, you must get another job, and get it quick. If you stay at this job one month longer you will go blind. Do you hear? You will go blind."

Only an hour, but it seemed a year. All his small hopes for Sam and the two wee girls had been suddenly shaken. He had felt weak and sick and desperately frightened. Then he had pulled himself slowly together, and now was thinking—slowly.

Milansky had always been slow. He had been five years in America, and still spoke only the Jewish dialect of his native Galician village. Five years in the buttonhole shop, he was still the slowest worker. Being so slow, he was kept at the machine in the corner, where the light was poorest, and there for five years he had bent to his labor from seven in the morning until six at night. It was an amazing machine, created by genius, kept going by steam, swift, strong, precise. All Milansky did was to shove his coat at exactly the right place for buttonholes. The machine in one buzz cut the hole, sewed it round, and then waited for Milansky. Milansky was forever behind and striving to catch up, bending close, shoving on and on, straining eyes, nerves, limbs, and then, as the day faded, feeling eyes, nerves, limbs, all slowly wearing out. At six o'clock, in the dial, in columns of hundreds of thousands, he found his day's reward—twenty-three hundred buttonholes, which meant ten dollars a week.

And now he must get another job or he would go blind! To get another job he must speak and learn English. He was wondering how long it would take. And his eyes—would his eyes hold out?

The next night Milansky told Sam all about it. At first little Sam grew terribly frightened and stared at his father's eyes as though expecting them to suddenly close forever and leave him outside. But the eyes looked back steadily, bravely; the voice was the same old voice, slow and deep and quiet, and as Milansky talked on Sam grew more and more sure that nothing had really happened, that they were coming out all right.

So the night lessons began. Sam would teach his father English. At first Sam was greatly embarrassed by

the many "athetic blunders, but in two weeks his father had laboriously learned every word in the first thirty pages of the "Beginner's Reader."

Sam secretly left school and began selling papers. His gang helped him start. In a week he made \$3.50, spent thirteen cents, and handed the rest over to his father. Milansky was silent for a moment, then suddenly caught Sam up and held him so tight he could hardly breathe. At this Sam was greatly embarrassed, for he saw his "kid" sisters watching. He slipped down and began reading rapidly. "See the dog how he runs." The next morning he was sent back to school, and afterwards he went, under orders, to the settlement to rejoin his club. "He wants me to get all there is comin'!" he explained.

And now each morning the machine in the shop went slower as the eyes grew steadily worse. Each day the dial kept retreating less account, and at 3 o'clock showed Milansky just how much slower he was than the day before. Then he would start off on the afternoon's search. He was not alone, for in that dense square mile of humanity, the Lower East Side, there were at that very time twenty thousand men and women who wanted work and could not find it. He met their faces wherever he went, long lines of faces, waiting their turn at bureaus of employment.

Twenty thousand faces forever changing, for many are young and strong; they get work and new recruits take their places. But the veterans, the slow, the sick, weary old veterans, not tramps, but men who have worked half a lifetime, they shuffle on and on, ashamed, cast out by us all, condemned for the crime which all human crimes is most heavily punished, the crime of the age, the crime of being slow.

Five weeks were gone. At last one night Milansky came home at six o'clock. He knew that the first one last but a few days longer. He could not see the doorknob in the gaslight of the hall. He was let in by the girl of eight who was cooking gruel for supper. He fell exhausted on the lounge in the corner—and slept.

A half hour passed. The door banged hard below. Sam came up three flights two steps at a time. He burst breathless into the room. "Say! he's broke his leg; fell 'ree floors—maashed! Yer can see de bone! He's a dead one for two months—that's what he is! A dead one!" Milansky had heaped up with his hands to his eyes. He was trying hard to catch the excited words. "Dead! Dead! Who? What?" "De janitor of de Settlement! Say, listen! De janitor of de Settlement—see?—is—down an' out—fer two months! An' you—see—will get his job! I asked for it before de ambulance come!" De head lady wants yer ter come an' see her—come on! Yer gotta talk up! Yer gotta talk, 'cause I says yer could. Come on, and bring de First Reader!"

The scene at the Settlement was brief, but "de head lady" will never forget it. In her small front room, steep little Sam, proud and radiant. Beside him towered Milansky, bewildered, awkward, weak. As she came forward she could see his eyes suddenly grow anxious, and as she began to speak he heaved eagerly forward in strained attention. She had asked him where he lived. He could not catch the words. He struggled for speech. Sam stepped quickly from behind him.

"Two-hundred-two Broomer street, top floor back."

"Wait, Sam; let your father speak." "I speak," said Milansky. "I de father."

"Of course you do," she said slowly. "Have you any other children?" "Sure, we have," cried Sam.

"Sam—wait." She repeated the question. Her eyes were still drawn to his while he answered. "Two—leettie—girls." "And—your wife?" "My wife she's dead." "Bully," whispered Sam from behind. "Yer speak bully!" "And your work. Where did you work?" She was watching still the eager, strained pause, the anxious eyes trying to understand. "Work!—yes, I work—I work for—de masheen. De masheen—he make—buttonhole."

With an effort she drew her eyes away from him. "Havest you trouble with your eyes? Your eyes?" She pointed to her own. "Ah! Mein eyes! Yes. De masheen—er ist bad." His eyes spoke—the low broken words only followed. "De masheen—he get—too close—too close—alies de time. When I try—to get to sleep—he come—he stay alies de night—too close—too close." He drew himself up and waited for the next question.

"Say, lady, his eyes ain't bad, dey ain't, dey ain't!" Sam, too, had suddenly grown anxious. "He's doin' fine. He's a-gettin' better. He can do de work, lady, he can, he can! He's de highest man on de block. Dat's wot he is, an' he's square—awful square! Oh, pop, you tell her, tell her yer is on de level."

"I—see—on—de level," said Milansky, slowly, standing very straight.

"De head lady" turned suddenly and walked to the window. There was a moment of tense, anxious silence.

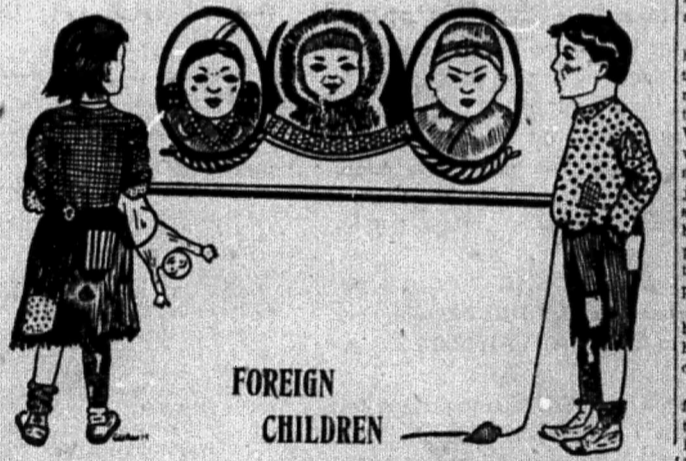
"Yer think he can't speak good, he can, lady, he can." Sam, suddenly touched her arm. She turned to speak—but stopped. Milansky stood before her with his book open. His face was white and strained, his eyes fixed painfully on the open page. His breath came hard between set teeth. In a moment he began:

"Willie—see—having a good-time see—Willie—and hees dog—how dey run—happy Willie." The scene abruptly ended. For "de head lady" was "down an' out."

She put her hands before her face to conceal her tears.

One slow, weary veteran had found a job—Everyday's.

## FOR SOCIALIST TOTS



BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow, Little frosty Eskimo, Little Turk or Japanese, Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen he scarlet trees, And the bones overseas; You have eaten ostrich eggs, And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine, But it's not as nice as mine.

You must often, as you trod, Have wearied not to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat, I am fed on proper meat; You must dwell beyond the foam, But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow, Little frosty Eskimo, Little Turk or Japanese, Oh, don't you wish that you were me?

## The Old Doll

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

Little one, little one, open your arms. Now are your wishes come true, come true!

Here is a love with a thousand charms, And, see! she is reaching her hands out to you!

Put the old doll by, asleep let her lie, And open your arms to welcome the new.

Little one, little one, play your sweet part. Mother-love lavishes treasures untold; Whisper fond words, and close to your heart, Your warm little heart, the new idol endow.

(The so with us all—to worship we fall, Before the new shrine, forgetting the old!)

Little one, little one, wherefore that sight? Weary of playing the long day through!

But there's something that looks like a tear in your eye, And your lips—why, your lips are quivering, too! Do I guess aright—it is coming night, And you cry for the old—you are tired of the new?

Little one, little one, old loves are best; And the heart, still clinging though the hands loose their hold! Take the old doll back, in your arms she shall rest, When you wander away to the dream-land fold.

(With all, even so—ere to sleep we go, The wavering heart wavers back to the old!)

Ten-Year-Old Socialist Orator

Walter Emmet Morgan was ten years old. He is the youngest son of J. Edward Morgan, a Colorado national organizer for the Socialist party. The boy was named after Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, and is in the seventh grade of the Deaver public schools. From the time he could read he has been a constant devourer of books and

## magazines especially historical works and books of travel.

A few months ago he started with his father, who was going on a speaking tour from Denver to New York. On returning from a meeting one evening to the hotel where he had left young Walter his father found him in debate with a lawyer and several Democratic and Republican politicians on the subject of Socialism. The hotel manager said to Walter's father: "This boy has been debating for an hour with these politicians, and he has completely tied them up and beaten them at every point."

"If you will bring the young man back to town I will hire the opera house for you and he shall talk on Socialism."

After that Walter spoke with his father every night, helping to conduct the question meetings. All manner of hard questions were put to the child, but he has always been able to give convincing and sometimes original replies. In New York a large audience arose to give the young agitator a vote of thanks.

Walter and his father will speak at Chautauques during the coming summer.



WALTER EMMET MORGAN

mer. There are two other children in this family, a boy and a girl, and both of them are being prepared to go out as agitators for Socialism.

## The Working Girl's Song

BY HARRIET MONROE.

Sisters of the whirling wheel Are we all day; Builders of a house of steel On Time's highway, Giving bravely, hour by hour, All we have of youth and power.

Oh, lords of the house we rear, Hear us, hear! Green are the fields in May-time, Grant us our love-time, play-time. Short is the day and dear.

Oh, lords of the house we rear, Hear us, hear! Green are the fields in May-time, Grant us our love-time, play-time. Short is the day and dear.

Fingers fly and engines boom The livelong day, Through far fields when roses bloom The soft winds play, That the work is sound and true Be the tower we build for you!

Oh, lords of the house we rear, Hear us, hear! Green are the fields in May-time, Grant us our love-time, play-time. Short is the day and dear.

Ours the future is—we face The whole world's needs. In our hearts the coming race For life's joy pleads, And you men—slaves or free—So the men unborn shall be.

Oh, lords of the house we rear, Hear us, hear! Green are the fields in May-time, Grant us our love-time, play-time. Short is the day and dear.

## Position of the School Room Desk

Dark and gloomy school rooms may have been tolerated in the past, but in these days we expect the place where our children spend the best part of daylight to be bright and cheerful. Has it ever occurred to you that after arriving at the age of six or seven your child spends more time under the teacher's care than under your own in the home? Beginning school as a little child of six or a little maid of the same sweet age, either eight or ten years successively are passed with the heart of the day devoted to books and work in a public or private school.

As children's eyes and health are important at this period and are interdependent, it is as well for parents to be informed about the position of the school room desk. Half the headaches from which people suffer are directly traceable to assignments of some other form of impaired eyesight. School desks should be so placed that the light from the windows falls over the children from the back of the room, or possibly from one side, and never from the front. No child should sit facing a glare. The desks should be of the right height for those who use them, and the

seats comfortable and provided with backs.

Another thing that may be mentioned in this connection is that parents have a right when investigating school room desks to examine the school room exits. What are the chances of escape for your child in case a fire breaks out, or a panic ensues in the midst of the morning or afternoon session? What are you finding out—slaves or free—So the men unborn shall be.

Oh, lords of the house we rear, Hear us, hear! Green are the fields in May-time, Grant us our love-time, play-time. Short is the day and dear.

Oh, lords of the house we rear, Hear us, hear! Green are the fields in May-time, Grant us our love-time, play-time. Short is the day and dear.

Driving Out the Beggars

Just at the moment when the unemployed problem and the hungry school children have absolutely overwhelmed the philanthropic organizations of Chicago and exposed their pitiable incompetency to face the poverty problem, they are attempting to attract attention from their own plight by a "crusade against fraudulent beggars."

There is little doubt that the majority of those who beg for alms upon the streets are not suffering. They have found a new profession—one at least as honorable as stock gambling, running a department store with underpaid girls as clerks, or even a charitable society that stands in the road of relieving starving children.

No one will deny that capitalism has so brutalized human beings that they will train little children to go out in the cold to beg for money that will be taken from them and spent in barrel-houses. But it is hard for some persons to see why that is so much greater crime than shutting little children up in cotton mills or working them in Halsted street sweatshops to raise money to give to organized charity with which to "investigate" beggars while children are starving.

To one who uses only common sense it is a little hard to understand why there is more joy in the camp of organized charity over one beggar "exposed" than over ten hungry children fed. A moment's thought, however, will explain this. Charitable societies are maintained by the largesses of the rich. They are not maintained by the poverty of the poor, nor FOR that poverty, although most of those who are engaged in these societies honestly believe to the contrary.

There is nothing which so pleases those who give largely to charitable societies, and consequently take from the working class, as the consolation that those they are exploiting are "unworthy," "unfit to survive," and hence deserving of exploitation. Next to this the patrons of organized charity like to have an excuse for NOT giving to those who annoy them with an exhibition of the results of the system by which these givers profit.

Finally the managers of charitable societies have a powerful motive, even though it be generally unconscious, to fight private begging. It is to their interest to have all funds pass through "organized" channels. The appearance of beggars on the streets is a much more public exposure of the inefficiency of organized charity, even though the poverty be often assumed, than the starving children hidden in the homes.

These reasons are amply sufficient to account for the sudden activity in regard to beggars just at a time when all activity should be devoted to hungry families.

ALL THIS IS BUT FURTHER PROOF OF THE UTTER INCOMPETENCY, OR WORSE, OF PRIVATE CHARITY.

The Chance of a Lifetime

It is no exaggeration to say that the Daily Socialist is just now in the most optimistically critical position it has ever occupied. If every reader could see exactly what the possibilities of the present position are there would be such a flow of money and enthusiasm that the work would be done this week.

From the very beginning the one weak spot in the circulation has been in Chicago. The reason for this was largely because Chicago readers had become accustomed to purchasing a handful of paper when they paid a cent to a newsboy. It made no difference that the matter on the paper was something in which the buyer was not interested and that far more matter of vital interest to him could be found on the fewer pages of the Daily Socialist.

The increase to six pages has produced an immediate result. Every day since the enlargement, and especially since the election, when it was expected that the circulation would fall off, there has been a steady and fairly rapid increase in the Chicago circulation. This has come without any additional advertising or soliciting, for as yet no funds are available for these purposes.

It will be several weeks before there will be any financial returns from this increase in circulation. But when those returns begin to come in the Daily Socialist will have sufficient funds to produce a daily paper superior to anything now printed in the English language.

BUT THERE MUST BE ADDITIONAL FUNDS NOW. This money is not asked for in order to PAY DEBTS, or to maintain a losing undertaking, but to TAKE ADVANTAGE OF AN OPPORTUNITY.

The thing that must be done THIS WEEK is to place at least two thousand dollars' worth of the Daily Socialist bonds. As a special incentive to make this possible some of the larger creditors who hold first mortgage notes have agreed to CANCEL AN AMOUNT OF THEIR NOTES EQUAL TO WHAT MAY BE RECEIVED FOR THE BONDS UP TO TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.

This offer is open only until the 20th of this month. The first mortgage notes which may be canceled in this manner are wholly additional to those given by Gaylord Wilshire and some others. This offer is made only to meet this special emergency, and certainly offers an opportunity that should be taken advantage of.

Understand that the purchase of a bond at this time DOES NOT INCREASE THE INDEBTEDNESS OF THE PAPER, BUT GREATLY INCREASES ITS ASSETS.

These bonds are for \$100, \$50, \$25 and \$10 and bear interest at 4 per cent. They will be secured by a mortgage on all the assets of the paper, and as all other obligations are rapidly being paid off these bonds will be secured by a FIRST mortgage.

WHAT WILL YOU DO THIS WEEK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OPPORTUNITY?

What is your opinion on \$70,000 for your wife's wardrobe this year? Remember you voted to give that much to the Goulds, Vanderbilts, McCormicks, etc. What is good enough for them ought not to be too good for your wife.

Perhaps if the Germans succeed in shutting up Emperor Billy there may still be hope of stopping the flow from Emperor Teddy.

That talk about the United States being the "refuge of the oppressed" sounds a little hollow just now.

Will it not come under the head of "cruel and unjust punishment" to make the kaiser quit talking?

"MY SHARE" OF LABOR VOTE

BY MRS. TUPPER MAYNARD

Taft's first statement after the election should be transcribed in illuminated text and placed in the home of every workman and every farmer.

TAFT'S STATEMENT

"I believe I was elected by the justice men of the country, Democrats as well as Republicans; that I received my share of the labor vote, and that the farmers generally stood by me. I am very much gratified."

He was "elected" by the business interests.

To be sure! But the business interests that controlled the machines could never have delivered the goods except as the labor vote was coerced or befuddled into ignoring its own interests, and divided so that it would mean nothing at all.

"My share of the labor vote." He was elected by the "business interests" and for the business interests but with the help of "a share" of the vote that is just lying around loose to be picked up as an aid to "business interests," because labor thinks it has no interests of its own.

Of course Bryan got a "share." Why not?

A class that knows no party of its



MRS. MAYNARD

Nothing else counts. There are so many labor voters that even "a share" does the work all right.

The farmers stood by him, Mr. Taft thinks. Do not be so sure, Mr. President-elect.

You got "your share" of this labor vote also, but if you will note the returns carefully you will find this was by no means unanimous.

The farmers are beginning to realize that they have interests of their own and cannot forever be kept as tails to the capitalist kite. They see that they must unite with other producers for interests other than those of the exploiters.

History will record this as the last election when the voting millions would consent to divide up their votes into shares for the capitalist candidates.

If the "business interests" wish to elect another president they will have to do it without the aid of the producers, who have interests of their own and a party to represent those interests.

At least it should be the aim of every working class brain on farm or in shop to arouse this determination in the breast of every producer.

Let Mr. Taft's successor be "elected" by the business interests "without the too obliging aid of any "shares" of farmer and labor vote.

ECHOES OF THE PARADE

BY R. J. CALHOUN

It was glorious to keep step with the marching multitude, and feel yourself one of the conquering army, not to place the yoke of bondage upon those who would prove to be weaker, but to set all men and women free and give them an equal chance in the pursuit of happiness.

Who would not gladly march in such a column and catch the thrill of inspiration from the thousands of tramping feet and swell of music and songs of triumph, with such a goal in view? But we would speak only of little things that escaped the multitude.

The early arrivals were gathering at one of the down town meeting places. The best brains and manhood of the best countries of the world were represented in the increasing throng; such men as are today the hope of the world; men who look to free, unexploited and useful service as the redeeming force of humanity, and who have the courage of their convictions.

But there is one in the group whom no one present will ever forget. Fate seemed to bring him there as an object lesson, or by contrast to bring the Socialist ideals out into a stronger setting. His clothes were old and thin and poor and seemed to hang upon his bony frame.

The morning was cloudy and the damp and chill November air gave an overcoat a comfortable look and feeling, but this poor man had none. He had apparently lost an eye somewhere in the battle of life and his poverty left him no better recourse than to cover the socket with a patch. But though everything else was gone out of life he could still get whisky, and now had enough to make him feel boisterous and foolish. His wretchedness was also forgotten and he seemed to remember only one dominant idea of his life—"he is a Democrat."

He shouted this fact so persistently as to make himself a nuisance, which the arrival of a marshal finally abated. "I am 45 years old and I've always been a Democrat. I'm bald headed and Bryan's bald headed and Bryan's the man

we want." And by the way, how many sober working men had a better reason?

We feel like apologizing for holding this poor wreck of capitalism up to public view. Only the value of an object lesson would make it excusable and he was the only such object lesson we saw on that day.

The mind sees marching beside the hosts of the parade another army of just such wrecks, men debauched by drink and all the evils that follow in the train of poverty and ignorance, tramps and "wastrels," and sadder still, the thousands of women who have sacrificed honor and womanhood upon the same bloody altar of capitalism, reaping only a reward of shame and degradation, all those making a host vastly outnumbering the marching thousands, and no one but the Socialists think of them or care enough about them to give them any consideration in making up a political program. Ours is the task of social redemption, through the cleansing of the fountain of corruption, even as the prophet of old changed the bitter and poisonous waters to a pure and life-giving stream.

Later in the morning thousands are waiting at Twelfth street and Michigan avenue for the march to begin. The crowd is cosmopolitan, and among these people who have made a study of Socialism and the wide range it embraces it is easy to overhear conversations worth listening to. Here a man talks Socialism whose father was a personal friend of McKinley and who can himself show credentials for important and useful service to the G. O. P., but he now has a different and nobler inspiration for service in the cause of Socialism and humanity.

Here a man speaks in a rich Irish brogue, and we feel the spell of his earnest eloquence. He is one of the unassuming heroes whose names should be inscribed somewhere on an un fading and immortal roll, and though he did not speak for publicity one could gather something of the story of his life.

In slavery days he stood on Charles street in New Orleans and saw the black race sold to their white exploit-

ers. While it may be hard for an Irishman to love a negro he can still love justice, and his heart burned within him at the sight. He was scarcely more than a boy then, but he received his baptism and vowed he would do whatever he could to help abolish slavery. Soon after, he fought in the civil war, and twenty-five years ago he joined in that greater fight to free the slaves of every race and color in every land where private ownership of the means of life makes the workers the slaves of the owning class. That was the time when it tried men's souls to be identified with the movement.

He crossed the country from Maine to the Pacific carrying the message as he went. Sixty-three times on that trip he was seized by the minions of the law whose duty it is to protect each citizen in his rights. He was thrown into jail, and threatened and compelled to "move on," but he was not alienated. Now, as the "Red Special" can speed across the continent greeted all the way by enthusiastic thousands, we can to some extent appreciate the labors of such heroes, who risked life and liberty and stood firm for truth and justice in order to make possible the greater things of today and the future. The whole range of science and history as embodied in Socialist thought flowed from his ready tongue and sledge hammer blows fell as thick and fast when speaking to a single person as though speaking in well weighed phrases to a multitude.

One after another death had severed the ties of kin and kin until now at sixty-five he is alone in the world with every moment of his life and every drop of blood consecrated to the fight that others may enjoy the fruit of victory. It was worth the time and effort of the day just to grasp his hand and feel a renewed inspiration, and to wish that he may still be spared to see the new day ushered in. As a parting thought we might well remember his statement, learned in the long school of his experience: "If you want to make a Socialist of an Irishman, let his religion alone."

Should this wise advice be thus limited in its application?

SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA IN SOUTH

BY WINNIE BRANSTETTER

The question of teaching and interesting the Spanish speaking people of our states in the propaganda of Socialism I believe to be of great importance, especially in the territory formerly occupied by Mexico.

These American Mexicans had long been secure in their fertile valleys and grazing lands, until the opening of the territories for homestead purposes. So long as they were secure in the means of life they were the passive tools of the political grafters and office seekers who have control of the territories through the corrupt system of government practiced and fostered by appointive officials.

They had no interest in the political issues, until awakened to action and revolt by what they consider the usurpation of their rights. The time is now ripe for the Socialist party to crystallize this revolt into a class-conscious, concerted political action against all usurpation of human rights, all concentration of the means of life.

We can show them that the poverty-

stricken farmers who have taken their lands were themselves the subjects of exploitation through the concentration of the wealth of the country into a few hands and the consequent control of prices. We can show him that his and the homesteaders' interests are truly identical, that they are both of the exploited, the working class.

These people, unlike the Indian, are not in a state of tribal communism, but have long ago gone through every stage of economic development; they have long been dependent upon the capitalist owned machinery of production.

That we are not premature in our desire to reach these people is evident by the fact that they are already coming to us seeking the light, even without any particular effort on our part. Recently I received a communication from one of these Mexican comrades. I could not read a word except my name and the word "SOCIALISM." My heart rejoiced, and upon securing a translation I found that the comrade was very anxious for us to prepare the way for his brethren to organize. He told me

that there were many of them already Socialists and anxious to assist us in the education and organization of others if we would give them Spanish literature.

The paths of this comrade working against heavy odds, to better the conditions of the human race, working faithfully against disadvantages such as we never knew, kind me with a sense of shame that we see our "talents" so sparingly to awaken our fellow workers.

The State Committee of New Mexico has opened a fund for the purpose of having some of our best propaganda pamphlets translated into the Spanish language. A reliable publishing house has promised to publish them for us, if we do the translation.

Any assistance either in the way of suggestion or funds will be gladly received and all moneys will be accounted for to the contributors.

Address all communications to Territorial Secretary of N. M., Winnie Branstetter, Estancia, N. M.

HOW THEY DO IT IN RUSSIA



Your Majesty, I have distributed a thousand icons, slept the newspapers, and made the people riot against the college students. What further measures shall we take against the cholera?—Jugend (Munich).

Jumblese

The railway guard popped his head in at the smoker window and bellowed: "Any chomengoshmash?"

"The four travelers, playing a game of cards, looked up indignantly. 'Any chomengoshmash?' echoed one. 'Why, that must be an Indian name!'

"Sounds like Hottentot," said a second.

"Of Eskimo," added a third. At that moment the inspector came up for tickets.

"What station was that the guard called out?" inquired traveler No. 4. "Oh, that wasn't a station!" "Then what did he say?"

"Why, Billy is so used to announcing stations in a jumble he takes that way altogether. He said, 'Have any of you men got a match?'"

A Dullard

Woman Beggar (who has been refused alms on the ground of "no change")—"If you'll give the silver to the child, lily, she'll bring yer change. She won't run away with it, pore innocent. She ain't got the sense!"—Punch.

A Necessity

"Humph! Him! He'd run before he'd fight for me!" "I guess he'd have to."—Houston Post.

Get in Line

There are thousands of persons who voted the Democratic or Republican ticket last Tuesday who realize now that they made a mistake. Many of these had accepted the Socialist position, but feared lest they "throw their votes away."

Thousands more voted the Socialist ticket, but have not yet become a part of the Socialist party organization.

Some of these thousands will read this. To them there is but one thing to say, and that is, "get in line" with those who are working in a systematic manner for Socialism. Send in your application for membership in the Socialist party. If you live in Chicago and do not know where your ward branch is, send word to the secretary of local Cook county, G. T. Fraenkel, 163 Randolph street.

If you live outside Chicago and do not have the name of the nearest organization, write to the national secretary, J. M. Barnes, 180 Washington street, Chicago.

There is a tremendous work for those who are already enrolled within the party organization. A great multitude who would not enter two weeks ago will gladly join hands in the solid ranks that battle for Socialism if they are invited at this time. Every precinct and neighborhood should be carefully canvassed and organized for the campaign that is now on.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY BY NEXT SPRING is possible if WE WILL WORK FOR IT.

LEFTS AND RIGHTS

BY B. BERLYN

The American Federation of Labor has a good deal of business before it at its present session in Denver.

First—President Gompers will submit the absolute proof in his possession that the Socialist party was financed by the Republican party and the Manufacturers' association. Don't forget it, Sam.

Second—President Gompers ought to explain how the ads. of the subsidiary concerns of Standard Oil were obtained for the September Federationist.

Third—Preparations should be made for Gompers, the executive board and organizers of the Federation of Labor to go south at once and attend the meetings of the southern legislatures to have the various labor planks in the Democratic platform embodied into the laws of the states carried by Bryan. They need them. Gompers should take charge of the lobby in Alabama. Gov. Comers will aid his friend Sammy.

Joe Cannon seems likely to be the speaker of the next congress. Ex-Member Keefe ought to get his ear.

Frank Gunsulius is afraid of Socialism; it would destroy the "individual." Ain't it awful!

President Roosevelt says that r. li-

gion should not be injected into politics. That is right, but Roosevelt will use religion or anything else against Socialism.

How considerate of President Roosevelt that he did not want to answer the letters in regard to Taft's religion because he did not want to influence the elections! How kind!

Why was not Roosevelt equally considerate at the time when the representatives of the working class were on trial for their lives and he tried to prejudice their case by branding them as "undesirable citizens"?

The election returns of the Socialist party are held back. When all the votes are officially tabulated they show a substantial increase.

The business revival is so marked that a number of workers who would like to buy new overcoats for the winter are compelled to wait for them (until they get the price).

There are a whole lot of things that the workers will have to wait for. They will have to wait four years to get another chance to break the chains of wage slavery.

POINTED PROLETARIAN POINTERS

BY BEN BLUMENBERG

How did you begin the campaign of 1912?

Did you get that job Wednesday morning?

Did you throw your vote away?

The Manufacturers' association "stood by its friends."

What will Hearst peddle next time? Address replies to Puzzle Editor.

Insanity is increasing to an alarming extent in Nevada. The election results show that capitalism was victorious in other states also.

Roosevelt Jr. would probably deny that he was coerced into voting for a continuation of the private ownership of the jobs.

The patriotic office seekers are figuring up election expenses. The cost to

the wage workers can be summed up in a word—slavery.

W. B. Hearst is taking his annual trip up Salt creek. He will return at the close of the crow season.

Bryan says Nebraska will soon guarantee bank deposits. The slaves will then migrate to that state in large numbers.

Prospects look brighter for the unemployed printers. Roosevelt is preparing a message.

That part of labor which supported its "friends" is now charged with non-support. Alimony in the form of wage reductions and adverse court decisions must be paid.

Rockefeller stood before the polling place keeping warm by "swinging his arms like a milkman," the papers stated. Thus the existence of a class struggle is disproven.

THE RACE BETWEEN WAGES AND THE COST OF LIVING

When the nation's prosperity was at the flood last year assertions were current that the increase in wage rates was lagging behind the increase in cost of living, and now these rumors are verified by the bureau of labor's statistics for 1907. While these definite figures are extremely interesting in themselves, they would be vastly more so if the corresponding statistics for 1908 were available for purposes of comparison. Nineteen hundred and eight being a panic year, however, the figures, if available, would be abnormal, and it may be assumed that when conditions have become readjusted the tendencies revealed by the tables here cited will reassert themselves.

From the bureau's bulletin we learn that the wages per hour in the principal manufacturing and mechanical industries of the United States during 1907 averaged 37 per cent higher than in 1906, while the retail prices of food showed an average increase of 4.2 per cent for the same period. That is to say, the purchasing power of an hour's wages, as measured by food, was one-half of one per cent less in 1907 than in 1906.

The retail prices of food are taken as an index to the cost of living because nearly half the money spent for all purposes by a workman's family is spent for food. These figures do not apply to salaried employes in any industry.

Perhaps a fairer idea of where the wage-earner stood in 1907 is given by a comparison between the figures for that year and the averages for the ten years from 1890 to 1899. In the same bulletin we read: "As compared in each case with the average for the years from 1890 to 1899, the average wages per hour in 1907 were 28.5 per cent higher, the number of employes in the establishments investigated was 44.4 per cent greater, and the average hours of labor per week were 3 per cent lower."

The price of food for 1907 was 20 per cent higher than the average for the ten-year period. Thus the purchasing

power of an hour's wages in 1907, as measured in the purchase of food, was 6.8 per cent above the average for the decade compared.

The comparison between 1906 and 1907 covers 41 industries, of which all but one show an increase in wages per hour.

The most interesting general results of the bureau's investigation are shown graphically.

The Louisville Courier-Journal suggests that there is, perhaps, "a sinister purpose behind the repeated publication of figures which show a very small percentage of increase in the cost of living above that of wages," since "they withdraw attention from the still greater decrease in wages in the present year, and not merely that, but the immense number of persons who are out of employment."—Literary Digest.

Saved Himself First

Sam Porter and Hiram Brown were out rowing on the Merrimack when the boat capsized, spilling both men in the water. Sam was a fine swimmer, but was not very bright, while Hiram was bright enough but could not swim a stroke. When Sam found himself in the water he struck out lustily for the shore, while Hiram clung to the overturned skiff.

As soon as Sam reached the shore he was about to plunge into the water again, when a man standing near said: "What are you going back into the water for? You just swam ashore."

Sam paused a moment, then said: "Well, I had to save myself first; now I'm going back to fetch Hiram!" And he proceeded to bring Hiram ashore.—Harper's Monthly.

Just Vacant

That house that you finished a few weeks ago is the biggest of the lot," said the real estate agent. "Perhaps that's why it's so hard to find a tenant."

"Yes," answered the builder, "it's just not leased."—Lippincott's Magazine.