







THE CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

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Fifty Cents Each

There were one hundred and twenty-two "unknown" suicides in Chicago last year. One hundred and twenty-two persons who had lost all connection with the world in which they lived, who had no friends that they cared to remember, no hope for the future, no ties with the past or the present.

When the pockets of the corpses were examined an average of fifty cents was found to mark the limit of the worldly possessions of those who, forsaken by the world, had at last, of their own free will, forsaken the world. Even in the last hideous limits of despairing poverty there were still aristocrats.

For the rest, they went out of the world with the same possessions they brought into it. In a world where the labor of a single man could feed and clothe and house a hundred, and all better than the monarchs of a few centuries ago were provided for, there were one hundred and twenty-two men last year in Chicago who did not have the price of a bed, a shelter, a rag, within their reach, and saw no hope of securing that price.

So they died by their own hands. And in this same city there is a wealthy newspaper that but a few weeks ago published several columns written by its most highly priced writer to show that there were no unemployed in America. He proved, to his own satisfaction, that there is a job for every man that wants it and a living for whoever is willing to produce it.

Not That Kind of a Special Attorney

The Daily Socialist has repeatedly declared that the time has arrived to gently set John E. W. Wayman on one side and call for a special grand jury with a special state's attorney to investigate the rotten condition of the present municipal government.

At this point the suggestion is being made that the proper person for the position of special state's attorney is Walter Fisher. It will be remembered that this is the individual who was hired as a special traction attorney to defend the interests of the city in the struggle for municipal ownership.

No; Walter Fisher is hardly the proper man for this particular emergency.

You Must Not Wait Longer

Of course you needed all your time and money for yourself during the holidays. So you forgot your paper. If the Daily Socialist had been as prosperous as we expect it will be next year it would have accumulated a surplus for this depression.

If a few hundred of the "old guard" will take a couple of hours TODAY and secure an additional subscriber, or will send in five dollars for the sub cards that will be needed during the coming months, this crisis will be met without the need of another of those desperate and dangerous struggles for life.

The need for action is growing more urgent daily. Do not let it grow until it is too late. Help NOW is worth many times the same effort in six weeks.

Bobby on the Party

Ma she looked up from her paper the other side and sez, "Pa, you on urth is the matter with the Socialist party?" Pa he sez, "nothing that I no of except that it don't cast enough votes, but it will get over that."

CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM

BY EUGENE V. DEBS.

The capitalist system of industry is the most highly developed, the most ingeniously perfected system yet devised for the exploitation of man by man; and the so-called problem of capital and labor is simply the latest manifestation of the age-long conflict between slavery and mastership.

Instead of owning the man, as did his ancient prototype, the capitalist owns the tools and materials with which the man must work to live. The opportunities, the land, and machinery, all the means and instruments of production by which and with which alone the man must labor to obtain subsistence, belong to the capitalist as his private property.

This wage is determined by supply and demand, the vicissitudes of the market, and always approaches the minimum that will enable the worker to support life at his accustomed standard of living.

The workers, receiving only a small part of the value of their product in the form of wages (approximately 20 per cent on the average), are, of course, unable to buy it back. The capitalist must, therefore, continually seek for a world market.

The profit of capitalism comes from trading in the surplus product of the workers. Were capitalism confined to the home market, it would speedily break down, as it would be a mathematical impossibility to dispose of the product.

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A TRUE STORY

BY GRACE GRUBER DELLQUEST

John Davis did not have to look at the thermometer to know how cold it was, this last day of December. He shivered, his poor clothes gave him all the protection he needed.

"Well," he began, "I walked around usual, at last I went down to Burson, Durham's factory. I walked into the office, more to get out of the cold than anything else."

"You remember when at last it was finished, how for days it seemed to me as though I had been waiting for sleep? You know how I tried time after time to interest those that had money to push it through, but he seemed to have faith in me or it, only you, I can see you, waiting then, each time I came in asking 'What luck?'"

"It was then the doctor said three hundred dollars was the price of your life, you, my only star of hope. 'I know it was I who had caused it all. That day I went out with a determination that the money must come.'"

On New Year's Day there were two new graves in the potter's field, and a little notice in the 'Daily News' explained that the double suicide was due to the man's inability to secure employment and his wife's continued illness.

A small coach composed of a wagon drawn by a team of eight camels, all of which have been broken to service within the last six months, travels from Port Augusta, South Australia, to the Tarcoola gold fields, a distance of 300 miles into the interior.

Many a mechanically inclined musician has devised means by which he can play three or four instruments at the same time, but there is a one-man orchestra perhaps the most complete of the kind, its inventor having spent eight years in perfecting it.

Those fifteen years. Louise-The Johnsons are so devoted and so happy anticipating their silver anniversary next week. James-Are they? I wonder if they ever think of the time they went in together without speaking a single word to each other.

DEMOCRACY

BY ROBERT HUNTER

There is much talk these days about Democracy. Nearly every sincere man without a great party feels instinctively that Democracy is passing from us. Many different points of view see the danger approaching now in this place, now in that.

There are those who believe the time ripe for industrial democracy. There are others who feel that the chief work of the moment is to save from utter destruction such little political democracy as still exists. Many sincere men in the Democratic party go up the land and down the land, trying to call their hosts to battle, in order to arouse the few remnants of Democracy.

Would our country be a Democracy if we had no Supreme Court or President or Senate? Would our country be a Democracy if Judges and Senators were elected by the people? Would our country be a Democracy if we turned the Republicans out and put the Democrats in, or the Democrats out and the Republicans in?

Democracy is the rule of the people, and as our modern system of government is constituted it means government by parties. To put the Democrats out and the Republicans in means today merely putting out one set of arrogant, autocratic bosses in order to put in another set of arrogant, autocratic bosses.

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To the Editor

A leading western editor ascribes the unsatisfactory condition within Socialist circles to an utter lack of vital issues. This is like ascribing the broken health of one who has been many times a mother to an utter lack of children.

Speaking of the discovery of the north pole an article in St. Nicholas says that at that point during the twenty-four hours that ordinarily make up a day, the sun's height above the horizon remains practically unchanged; every altitude is equal to every other, and consequently at ever instant the sun is due south and on the meridian.

Time is measured by the rotation of the earth on its axis. It takes five hours for the earth to rotate enough to carry the sun from the Greenwich meridian to the New York meridian, and another three hours before the sun is on the meridian of San Francisco.

At the north pole, time has no real meaning, as we think of it, and one being there could never tell whether his chronometer kept exact time or whether it was fast or slow.

Aurora Borealis Due to Gas

"Neon" A newly discovered gas, is the cause of the aurora borealis, according to a statement made recently by Dr. W. L. Dudley, head of the department of chemistry of Vanderbilt University of Nashville, Tenn., before the division of physical and inorganic chemistry at the Lowell building, Institute of Technology.

The Daily Socialist characterizes it as a "pernicious system of barlotting which affords especial opportunities to vent petty hatreds rather than to show intelligent discrimination."

It is the same issue of the Herald, under the heading: "Attempt to Capture the Socialist Party." E. H. Thomas says of our presidential ballot: "Suppose, for instance, there are thirty candidates on the ballot. Suppose thirty men want to see Comrade Hunter elected and mark the number 1 opposite his name. Suppose one impossibly does not want to see him elected, and marks the number 30 opposite his name. That number 30 just balances

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO, Girard, Kan.