

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

VOLUME I--NO. 2.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1906

PRICE ONE CENT

TRUE STORY OF CHICAGO'S BIG STORES

Starvation Wages for Women Employes.

NO UNIONS, CONSEQUENTLY MERCILESS EXPLOITATION

Overtime Constantly Exacted By Employers Without Extra Pay.

Visitors to Chicago are shown two great sights—the packing houses and the State street stores. These stores in ten years have grown from insignificant shops into palatial retail houses...

40,000 Employes Overworked and Underpaid.

Over 40,000 men and women are employed in the State street stores. No other body of workers are so completely helpless when they bargain for wages and hours of work as the employes of these stores...

Story of Alice Breton.

Alice Breton, a clerk at Marshall Field's, receives \$5 per week and no commission. She has no parents to live with. This is her expense account per week:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes Room (\$1.50), Board (\$3.00), Carfare (.60), Laundry (.50), Total (\$5.60).

Men Clerks Get \$7.

A man clerk at Marshall Field's, aged 24, gets \$7 per week. He paid for his regulation black suit on the installment plan. He does not support a family.

Hours as Wages are Low.

Hours are no more satisfactory. Employment by the department stores means that a man or woman promises to work as many hours, either night or day, as the management dictates. Here is a contract to be signed by an employe of The Fair:



NEXT!

AMBITION PREVENTS DIVORCE

Duke Prefers Cabinet Position to Prevent Expose of Scandal in Courts

London, Oct. 26.—Only the earnest pleadings of intimate friends not to ruin the present future of her husband by creating a scandal which would be sure to ruin him, have induced the Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt of New York, to abandon her contemplated divorce.

Marlborough Ambition.—The Duke of Marlborough is hopeful of securing a place in the British cabinet in a future ministry. It was pointed out to his wife that such a scandal as her suit would have aroused antagonistic feeling and meant political death to the duke.

As a compromise terms of separation without a resort to the courts have been arranged under which both parents will be allowed to see the children. The troubles of the duke and his wife have thus been settled temporarily at least. Had the duchess brought suit, a well-known American beauty, whose name has been linked recently with that of a prominent European prince, it is said, would have been named as correspondent. It was to prevent this scandal that the duchess was urged to agree to a private separation.

Coolness, Old Story.

Coolness has existed between the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough for a long time. When the duchess discovered the unfaithfulness of her husband she was very angry, according to all reports, and insisted upon bringing immediate suit for divorce. It was with the greatest difficulty that friends who have succeeded in patching up other quarrels between the couple were able to induce the duchess to abandon her proposed suit for divorce.

PUBLICITY FOR DIVORCEES

New National Law Gives Various Causes For Separation.

Philadelphia, Oct. 25.—(Special.)—Common Pleas Judge William H. Staake, secretary of the General Divorce Congress, to-day sent to all delegates to the congress a draft of the new uniform divorce law, to be considered when that body meets.

Publicity is probably the most important feature. It is proposed that even if the defendant fails to contest the case, a divorce cannot be granted until the charges are publicly proved. Provision is also made that either of the divorced parties may remarry within a year.

Lawyers are prohibited from soliciting divorce cases by advertisement or otherwise, and a penalty of \$1,000 fine and a year's imprisonment is provided. To adultery, bigamy, desertion and cruelty as causes for absolute divorce are added conviction of crime followed by two years continued imprisonment, and habitual drunkenness for two years.

NO SHOT FIRERS' LAW

In Ohio, Consequently Three Miners Died Yesterday.

Columbus, O., Oct. 26.—The bodies of three miners were found in the W. J. Mullin mine No. 1, near New Philadelphia, Wednesday night, after a search of hours. It is supposed that the miners had made a "shot" and had returned to the "bank" too soon and were suffocated by gas arising from the blast. After the three miners had been missing several hours a search was finally instituted, which resulted in the finding of the bodies. State Mine Inspector Harrison was notified by Mullin Thursday morning that the accident had occurred. Deputy Inspector W. H. Turner, of Cambridge, has been ordered by Chief Harrison to make an investigation. Most of the accidents in mines occur when the blasts are fired, showing the need of expert "shot firers" to do this work.

RAILROADS DECIDE TO FIGHT MEN

Shorter Hours Would Save Lives But Reduce Dividends.

That railway switchmen will strike now appears to be certain. Railroad managers have figured the cost of an increase in wages and the cost of fighting a strike. To whip the union would cost the companies perhaps \$50,000,000 in the loss of business and expense of strike breakers.

Refuse Eight-Hour Day.

The companies have flatly refused to consider the eight-hour day proposal of the yardmen. They say they cannot make changes necessary to establish this condition. The union committees have submitted arguments and facts tending to show that the eight-hour day will be cheaper for the companies than the long hours they now work.

ARTISTS OF DEATH ATTEND SCHOOL

Nearly Perfect in Proficiency and Faultless in Punctuality.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 25.—While the second torpedo boat flotilla was in Newport waters recently its record for torpedo target practice is reported to have excelled any previous marksmanship by a torpedo boat flotilla of the navy. The destroyers Hopkins, Lawrence, MacDonough, Truxton, Whipple, and Worden, in command of Lieut. Com. Edward A. Anderson, fired ten torpedoes at moving targets with the destroyers racing at various speeds and made an average of eight of ten hits. The official report will be forwarded to the navy department at the end of the quarter.

Arrest Doctors and Lawyers.

Lodz, Russian Poland, Oct. 25.—The police last night searched 143 houses here. Doctors, lawyers and business men to the number of seventy were arrested.

GETS STAMPS CHEAPER

Postage Stamps to be Printed by Cheapest Buyer of Labor.

[Scrapps-McRae Press Association.] Washington, D. C., Oct. 25.—The United States probably will lose its own contract to furnish postage stamps to the government which it has held for twelve years, the bids of the American Bank Note Company, of New York, opened this afternoon, being much lower on all stamps.

PROMINENT GUESTS COME

Vanderbilt's Prize Winning Horses Reach Chicago Today.

A special train will arrive here today bringing the stable of horses belonging to Reginald Vanderbilt, which will appear at the Chicago horse show. Activity was apparent in the basement of the Coliseum after the arrival of the stable of C. W. Wetson of Baltimore yesterday, his score of fine horses and ponies being under the care of F. T. Mitchell.

OPPOSED TO UNIONS.

C. W. Post has practically donated the entire upper floor of the Post building, formerly used by the Athletic club, to the Battle Creek board of trade and agrees to spend \$8,000 to furnish it. Mr. Post is out to boom Battle Creek and, especially, desires that the town be known throughout the country as non-union.

TROUBLE WITH WOMEN IN POLITICS

All Want to be on the Reception Committee.

Logansport, Ind., Oct. 26.—Republican county chairman John M. Ashby started something without political precedent for perplexity when he announced that a dozen society women would be selected to meet Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth at Kekono Saturday and escort them to this city, where Longworth is to speak.

HEARST MAY BE THROWN OFF TICKET

Political Corporation May Be Declared to Be Illegal.

[Scrapps-McRae Press Association.] New York, Oct. 26.—William Randolph Hearst and every other candidate on the Independence League ticket, down to the lowest office for which nominations were made, will be barred from appearing on the official ballot in the coming election if a contention raised before the Supreme court by Daniel Cohan, representing Tammany Hall candidates, is upheld.

LIPTON TO RACE AGAIN

Workers of Stock Yards Will Build Aim At Least One More Yacht.

New York, Oct. 26.—At a dinner at Delmonico's Sir Thomas Lipton of the Lipton Packing Company of Chicago announced his intention to build another yacht with which to challenge for the American cup. Sir Thomas declared that he "hoped" he might be privileged to challenge for the international trophy, and intimated that he would issue a challenge next year for a race possibly in 1908 or 1909. Sir Thomas lunched to-day with the flag officers of the New York Yacht club and talked over cup affairs. All troubles had been smoothed away. He can have a race under the present rules of the club, and that it is now up to Sir Thomas to say whether the race shall be sailed. "Don't think I have given up the idea of having another go at the famous old mug. On the contrary, I hope in the near future to pave the way to arrange another challenge. I never will rest until the cup takes another trip across the ocean and renews acquaintance with its original home."

"AN EYE FOR AN EYE" BY G. S. DARROW

The Story of a Condemned Man's Last Night on Earth.

RIGHTS OF REPUBLICATION KINDLY ACCORDED BY FOX, SUFFIELD & CO.

(Jim Jackson, an expressman, killed his wife one night and was condemned to death. The night before he died, Hank Cleary goes to the jail to visit Jim and they talk over the crime together.)

Hank looked around for Jim, but was told that he was upstairs locked in his cell. The guard explained that the death-watch had been set on him and that for some time no one had left him day or night. He was to be hanged in the morning before sunrise. He himself had gone around that day and handed out invitations to the judges to be present. Some of them had asked him whether they could get in a few friends who wanted to go and see the hanging. The guard said they had over a thousand applications for tickets; that it was one of the most popular hangings they'd ever had in the jail. He supposed this was because Jackson had killed his wife and the newspapers had said so much about it.

He could not help feeling sorry for Jackson. Of course, he supposed he was awfully wicked or he wouldn't have killed his wife, but since he had come to know Jackson he had found him a perfect gentleman and very kind and obliging, and he acted like a good fellow. It really seemed kind of tough to hang a man. He had seen a good many men hung and was getting kind of tired of it. He believed he would go to the country fishing somewhere to-morrow instead of staying to see it done. They never needed so many guards on that day because the prisoners were kept locked up in their cells.

As Hank went along, the guard chatted to him in the most friendly way. He pointed over the court-yard where there were some long black beams and boards, and said that was where they were going to hang Jackson, that the carpenters would put up the scaffold in the night. The murderers' row where Jim was kept was around on the side where he couldn't see the carpenters put up the scaffold. It used to be right in front but it had been changed. The guard said he didn't see much difference, because the men could not see it and they knew just what it was and anyhow they never could sleep the last night unless they took something. He told Hank that after they got through he would take him down to the office and show him a piece of rope that they used to hang the anarchists, and the one they used on Pendergast, who killed Carter Harrison, and the one they had for the car-barn murderers. It was the best rope they could get; some people wouldn't know it from clothes-line, but it was a good deal finer and more expensive.

The guard said it was strange how these men acted before they were hanged.

"You wouldn't hardly know these from the prisoners who were in jail working out a fine," he explained. "They don't seem to mind it very much or talk about it a great deal. Of course, at first they generally kind of think that the Supreme Court is going to give them a new trial; their lawyers tell them so. But half the time this is so that their friends will get more money to pay for carrying the cases up; though I must say that some of the lawyers are good fellows and do all they can to help them. Sometimes some of the lawyers that have the worst reputations are really better than the others. Then after the Supreme Court decides against them, they have a chance to go to the governor and the Board of Pardons. Of course, this isn't much use, but somehow they always think it will be, and the case is never really decided until the last day and that kind of helps to keep them up. Now, there's Jackson; I took him the telegram about an hour ago and he read it and it didn't seem to make much difference. He just said, 'Well, I s'pose that's all.' And then he picked it up and read it again and said, 'Well, the lawyer says he's going back to the governor at midnight. Something might happen then, will the office be open if any telegram comes?' I told him that it would and he says, 'Well, I presume that it's no use; but where there's life there's hope.' I s'pose the lawyer just said that to kind of brace him up and that he took the night train back to Chicago, but I didn't tell him so. Well, anyhow, I'm going to see that he has a good breakfast. We always give 'em any thing they want, either tea, coffee, ham and eggs, bacon, steak, beans, potatoes, wheat cakes and molasses, almost anything you can think of. Of course most of 'em can't eat much, but some of 'em take a pretty big breakfast. It really don't do any good, only the taste of a good down; they are always dead before it has a chance to digest. A good many of 'em feel rather squeamish in the morning and drink a good deal before they start out. We always give 'em all they want to drink; most of 'em are really drunk when they are hung. But I think that's all right, don't you? There were some temperance people once that made a row about it, but I think carrying temperance entirely too far myself."

"Well, I didn't mean to gossip with you so much, but I thought maybe you would like to know something about it and so long as the alderman sent you over I wanted to do all I could for you."

Give my respects to the alderman. I guess he'll be a candidate next spring. He says he won't, but I think he will. He always knows what he's doing. All he wants is to throw them reform guys off the track. They might know that they couldn't beat him. Our people out there don't care anything about municipal ownership and Civil Service Reform, and things like that. What they want is turkeys on Thanksgiving and to be helped out of the lock-up and paid out of the Bridewell and found jobs. That's what they want, and there ain't an alderman in town that tends to the business of his ward better than ours, and we don't care whether the railroad companies give him money or not. We don't expect him to work for nothin' and don't want him to; and what do we care about the streets? None of us has horses and the fellows that wants 'em ought to pay for 'em. Well, here's Jackson, and I'll tell the guard to let you stay with him all you want to; he's a good fellow and will do what I want. You can say anything you please to Jackson and he can talk to you all he wants to; the guard won't listen if he knows you're all right, but it isn't any more than fair, anyhow, for this is his last night.

Hank listened to the guard without being impatient for, in the first place, he felt as if he had made a new friend, and he liked him; he was such a good talker and told him such good news and he didn't seem to be at all stuck up, although he had such a good job. Then at last he felt nervous and uneasy about meeting Jackson; the Jackson he knew was not a criminal but a good fellow who used to play pool and drink beer and go to primaries, while this man was a murderer who was to be hung next day; then again he didn't seem a real man, but a sort of ghost, so that Hank had a good deal the feeling he used to know as a child when he went past a grave-yard, or that he felt in a morgue, or when he went to look at some dead friend.

When he came to the cell Jackson was smoking a cigar and talking with the guard. At the first glance the uneasy feeling passed away. It was the same Jim Jackson that he knew, except thinner and paler than when he saw him last. Before the guard had time to speak Jackson reached out his hand, smiled and said, "Hello, Hank, I'm awfully glad you came. I've been looking for you all the afternoon." Hank took his hand without the least feeling that it was the hand of a murderer. It was only the old friend and comrade he had known.

The guard unlocked the door and told Hank to go in. Then he said: "Now, you folks talk all you want to, I won't hear a single word you say. I'll sit out here and if there is anything I can do, let me know."

Hank went into the little cell. On one side was an iron shelf and on this a straw tick and some bed clothing. A little wash-stand and slop-pail stood in one corner, a chair was near the stand, and a few pictures taken from colored supplements were on the white walls. The guard handed in another chair and the two friends sat down. At first there was a short, painful silence. It was plain that both were thinking what to say and neither knew just how to begin. Hank had thought that he would ask Jim how he happened to kill his wife; he thought he ought to talk with him and tell him how terrible it was. He believed that perhaps this was his duty toward a fellow-being standing so near the presence of his Maker. Then, too, he had the feeling that unless he really told Jim what he thought about his crime, it would almost be the same as being accessory to the act. In fact, when Hank was going to the jail he had a vague idea that his only right to visit Jim was to preach to him in some way. He would almost have thought it a crime to meet him on equal terms.

After they sat down Jim was again the first to speak. "My room here's pretty crowded but I guess it'll do for to-night. Make yourself just as comfortable as possible for I'd like to have you stay with me as long as you can. It's a little lonesome you know. The guard's a good fellow. He visits with me every night and is as friendly as he can be. He told me that he was in jail himself once for burglary, but you mustn't say anything about it. His lawyer got him out; but he says he was really guilty. That was a good many years ago. He says he believes if he had gone to the penitentiary he would never have amounted to anything, but as soon as he got out of jail he turned over a new leaf and made up his mind to make something of himself, and just see where he is now. He is an awful kind fellow. I know he feels sorry for me. He gives me all the cigars I want and all the privileges he can. There's a guard here in the daytime that I don't like; he was appointed by the Citizens' Association. He's strict and awful good. He's always asking me questions about myself, says he's getting statistics for the association. He seems to think that it must have been whiskey that made me do it, and he gave me tracts; of course that's all right, but still you'd think that once in a while he'd say something else to a fellow, or at least give him a cigar. Some way he don't seem to have any feeling. I s'pose he's a good deal better than the other guard but I don't like him near as well."

"But that wasn't what I got you here for. I really wanted to talk to you. You see no one that I know has been to see me since I came. I don't know how I ought to expect they would. I need to know a good many fellows who went to jail but I never want to see 'em. I always kind of thought they wasn't fit for me to associate with, and I s'pose that's the way most people believe. But since I came here somehow it don't look quite the same. Maybe that's on account of what I done. I told the priest I thought you'd come because we was always such good friends, and he told me he would go and see you. He's been awful good to me although I never went to church any when I was out. He talks to me just as if I was like other people. And I know I did, but I don't know as if I was the only one that ever done wrong, and if he and everyone else was so much different, and as if he couldn't see how I done it. He's just as if my soul was worth as much as anybody's and as if I'd have a better chance afterwards than I ever had before. Anyhow he's done me lots of good and honestly I believe he's made me a better man, and if I only had a chance to do anything now I'd amount to something, but of course I can't. But still, I wanted to tell you a few things that I really wanted to tell you, for you know that, no matter how good he is, he somehow seems different from you, you know I know of it as if you was just like me. You'd excuse me, I know, for saying this, but as the time is so short."

[To be continued.]

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST

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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

To secure a return of unused manuscripts postage should be enclosed. The fact that a signed article is published does not commit the Chicago Socialist to all opinions expressed therein. Contributions and items of news concerning the labor movement are requested from our readers. Every contribution must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Application made at the Postoffice, Chicago, Ill. as second-class matter.

SOCIALIST MEETINGS TO-NIGHT

- CASINO PARK HALL, Division and California—Jas. H. Brower and J. W. Bartels. 419 STATE ST., First Senatorial District—Matt Whalen. LAWN CLUB HALL, 634 and St. Louis Ave.—Seymour Stedman and James A. Pratt. KUONOVSKY'S HALL, West 23d St. and Sawyer Ave.—John Collins, Andrew Olson and James McCarthy.

BOOKS WORTH READING

If You Want to Understand the Socialist Movement.

7. Socialism, Utopian and Scientific. By Frederick Engels. Translated by Edward Aveling, D. Sc., with a Special Introduction by the Author. Cloth, 50 cents.

This is one of the two or three most essential books for the student of socialism. The word Socialism was formerly used to describe the sentimental ideas of men like Fourier or his modern disciple, Bellamy, who took the sentimental rather than the scientific view of human relations, and held that the beautiful ideal of co-operation should rally the great body of the capitalists as well as the laborers to its support. Engels here shows how the word has come to belong to those scientific thinkers who see that social progress since the beginning of class rule has been through class struggles, and that we are now in the midst of the last and greatest of the class struggles of history.

Our edition of this work, unlike other American editions, contains the Introduction written by Engels in 1892, which includes one of the best statements ever written of the theory of historical materialism. Many thousands of this book have been sold, and it has been translated into all the European languages and printed in every conceivable form. One of the handsomest editions of the great work that has yet appeared in the English language.

This edition we sell in two forms, one a paper covered volume, and the other in beautiful cloth binding, printed on good antique paper, with wide margin. The former we sell at 10 cents, the latter at 50 cents. No matter how many of the paper covered books you buy to give students, you should certainly have a bound copy for your library.

8. Feuerbach: The Roots of the Socialist Philosophy. By Frederick Engels. Translated with Critical Introduction by Austin Lewis. Cloth, 50 cents. Feuerbach was a popular writer in Germany sixty years ago. He accepted the facts of materialism when they were new and were regarded as dangerous by the respectable classes. He stood for revolution, against aristocracy and orthodoxy. But he could not get away from the mental atmosphere in which he had grown up, and in that atmosphere he could not realize the meaning of the new materialism on which modern scientific thought is based. So he tried to construct a hybrid system based partly on science and partly on sentimentalism.

Feuerbach died many years ago, and his name is nearly or quite forgotten. But wherever the socialist philosophy is spread, there have always been people to repeat Feuerbach's impossible attempt, and thus a study of him is still worth while for those who wish to think clearly on socialism and its relations to science. This study by Engels was not written in the heat of the controversy with Feuerbach, but forty years later, and it represents his matured estimate of the tendencies for which Feuerbach stood. These tendencies are still frequently re-appearing, both within and on the borders of the socialist movement, and this book by Engels is one of the most important helps toward a sane, clear and rational view of the whole subject.

9. American Pauperism and the Abolition of Poverty. By Isador Ladoff, with a supplement, "Jesus or Mammon," by J. Felix. Cloth, 50 cents. This work is very largely a compendium of facts. It is just the sort of study of census and other official documents that has been needed in the Socialist movement for some time. The chapter on Pauperism and Poverty in the United States leaves one with an impression of the terrible mass of poverty existing in the United States that can never be forgotten. In the third chapter these facts are specialized with regard to the "children of poverty." This gives details of the number of, destitute children, the number who are engaged in industry, with some illustrations of the worst conditions in such industries. In the high chapter, on Industrial Evolution in the United States, we have a very satisfactory summary, with, as before, an immense mass of statistical information concerning the changes which have taken place in capitalization, wages received, amount of product, etc., for the United States. The final chapter on the Abolition of Poverty draws the irresistible conclusion from the facts built up in the previous chapters, that the terrible mass of poverty and suffering by men, women and children is unnecessary, and that it is due to the present organization of industry. Furthermore, he shows that this industrial organization is moving towards socialism. There are few books that will prove more irresistibly convincing to the

non-socialist reader, or more fertile of valuable information to the socialist worker.

10. Britain for the British (America for the Americans). By Robert Blatchford, with American Appendix by A. M. Simons. Cloth, 50 cents.

Probably few people outside of the Socialist movement, and not all of those within that movement, are aware that the book that has had the largest sale of any book published in the last fifty years was a Socialist book, "Merrie England," by Robert Blatchford, has had a sale of over 2,000,000 copies and is still selling at a rate that would put many of the popular novelists in the shade. On any principle of comparison, "Britain for the British" should have an even larger circulation. It is a better book. It is written in the same popular, entertaining style. It comes at a time when there is much more of a demand for Socialist literature. The names of a few of the chapters will give an idea of the subject-matter. "What is Wealth? Where Does it Come From? Who Creates It?" "How the Few Get Rich and Keep the Many Poor." "What Socialism is Not." "What Socialism is." "The Need for a Labor Party." "Why the Old Parties Will Not Do." For propaganda work among those who know nothing of Socialism, for "setting people thinking" for a "starter," "Britain for the British" is unexcelled. There is a little too much of an inclination toward State Socialism, and it will need to be followed by more thorough literature. But its reading will make the unconverted eager to know more about Socialism, and there is plenty of literature which will give this higher education. This is a book not so much for the library of the student as the armory of the propagandist.

The Communist Manifesto is too well known to need description here, but for those new to the socialist movement it may be said briefly that this document, first issued in 1848, has been translated into every civilized language, circulated by the million wherever Socialism has followed Capitalism, and is today the accepted statement of the principles of the International Socialists of the entire world. For a full account of the origin and the influence of the Manifesto, the reader is referred to the opening essay of Labriola's work, "Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History." Liebknecht's "No Compromise," written and published shortly before the death of the great German Socialist, is a clear and timely discussion of the relations of the International Socialist movement to the old parties controlled by capitalists. It is of especial value to the new convert in this country, since it will enable him to understand the mental attitude of old party members, which without this explanation might impress him as narrow and intolerant.

12. The Positive School of Criminology. By Enrico Ferri. Translated by Ernest Untermann. Cloth, 50 cents. The author of this book is at once one of the foremost men in the ranks of the proletarian revolution and of modern science. He is one of the very few men whose great ability is recognized on both sides of the class lines. It is not too much to say that the school of criminology of which he is now the head has revolutionized this science. His previous work on criminology is the text book in every University where that subject is taught in the United States. This work is more than a summary and popularization of his larger book. It is written some ten years later and contains much additional material and new points of view. He takes up the story of the evolution of the treatment and philosophy of crime, shows how it has been affected by economic conditions, and finally enters into an analysis of the causes and treatment of crime in our present society. He shows that "the classic School of criminology is still in the same stage in which medicine was before the middle of the nineteenth century." "It deals with theft, murder, fraud as such, but it has forgotten to study the murderer, the thief, and forger, and without the study their crimes can not be understood." He shows how crime can be treated preventively and scientifically to secure its abolition and not simply to vent revenge upon the criminal. It is a book which every voter should know.

11. Manifesto of the Communist Party. By Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. Authorized English Translation. Edited and Annotated by Frederick Engels. Also included in the same volume, "No Compromise: No Political Trading." By Wilhelm Liebknecht. Translated by A. M. Simons and Marcus Hitch. Cloth, 50 cents.

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French Premier Tries to Please Socialists With Broad Program.

Paris, Oct. 25.—The Clemenceau cabinet has begun the formulation of its program and the indications are that it will be very broad and that possibly some surprises are in store. In well-informed circles the impression prevails that the plans of the government include, besides the complete carrying out of the law providing for the separation of church and state, legislation establishing workmen's pensions, the state purchase of the western and some of the southern railroads and the creation of a state monopoly of petroleum and alcohol.

The United Shipwrights Association, whose members in New York City and Brooklyn were on strike October 1 to October 3, was held a half holiday on Saturday the next day, has requested a conference with the New York and New Jersey branch of the National Metal Trades Association. The union withdraws the demand for a half holiday and is willing to accept \$3.75 a day instead of \$4.

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M. H. PAFF, Attorney at Law, Suite 54, 97 Randolph St., Box 100, Phone Cent. 2013.

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SHORT HAND BEST OPPORTUNITY AND SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS to young men and young women who desire to become stenographers and typists and for particulars, Chicago Railway and Commercial Institute, room 28, 19 Washington Street.

MARKET SHOWS LITTLE CHANGE Sausages and Potted Ham Open Very Strong.

Union Stock Yards, Ill., Oct. 26. Cattle—Receipts 30,000. Prime beefs (for trust magnates), \$5.70@7.10; westerns (for lawyers, (not corporation, and preachers), \$3.90@5.40; Texans (for small business men), \$3.50@4.25. Cows and Heifers—(For foremen and superintendents), \$2.60@5.10; stockers and feeders (for skilled workmen), \$2.35 @4.40; canners (for the common workman who does more work and casts more votes than all the others), \$1.25 @2.50.

HELP WOMEN WORKERS. What One Chicago Union Has Done for the Fair Wage-Earner. Labor unions have always maintained that women should be paid equal wages with men for equal services performed. A recent agreement between the management of the Chicago and Oak Park elevated railroad and Division No. 308 of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees shows what that union has done in that direction. Before the union was organized the women

SALE OF FIRST DAILY. The first copy of the Chicago Daily Socialist was raffled off to Barney Beryn yesterday. It brought \$4.80, which sum was turned into the campaign fund. The headquarters was crowded with an expectant audience, eagerly awaiting the arrival of the first issue. The office force has had to work the limit. There were many failures in delivery, but in a day or two the machinery will be in good working shape.

Reports from all over the country indicate that the strike for a week of forty-eight hours, inaugurated on August 1, by the Lithographers' National Protective Union, is fast accomplishing its purpose. Butte, Mont.—Three thousand Montana smelters are on strike.

SOLIDARITY OF WORKINGMEN DEMANDS THAT THEY SMOKE UNIOX MADE BLUE LABEL CIGARS

HERE'S ANOTHER Did you see what I offered for \$9.90 yesterday? Well I have a lot more Watch Bargains, Reliable Watches, Remember! A 15 Jewel Waltham Movement fitted in a 20 year Gold Filled Case at \$9.90 is my leader today! Come up and see me, I'll not rob you. I would advise you to watch Dr. Clawson though, you know he attaches specks to your nose to make you see better; his head is hairless but he can't help it. I WILL SEE YOU TOMORROW WATCH FOR BY AD SUNDAY A. B. CONKLIN, 25 McVicker's Bldg., Chicago

SOCIALIST PARTY COOK COUNTY HEADQUARTERS 163 RANDOLPH ST. CHAS. L. BRECKON, Secretary

If you are at all interested in the Socialist Party Organization, address as above and learn how you may become a member.

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

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE Meets Every Monday at Headquarters

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The Evening's Golden Thought

It is well nigh impossible for a very rich man to defend his children from habits of self-indulgence, laziness and selfishness . . . they have no opportunity for acquiring any habit of productive labor.—President Eliot of Harvard.

KEEP HIM A CRIMINAL

Ex-convict Finds It Impossible to Conduct Business.

New York, Oct. 25.—William F. Miller, formerly held of the notorious \$20 per cent swindle known as the Franklin Syndicate, closed today the doors of a little restaurant in Brooklyn, where he sought to earn an honest living. He was unable to make the business pay.

Since his release from Sing Sing prison three years ago, Miller has constantly asserted his purpose to lead a proper life. He has helped as much as he could to recover assets of the Franklin Syndicate with which to reimburse in part the concern's creditors.

But the fact that he had been once convicted of a crime made it impossible for him to find an opportunity to make a living.

CHILD LABOR EXPLOITED

Children Under Age Found Working in Sweat Shops.

State Workshop Inspectors Griffin and Bach have caused the arrest for alleged violation of child labor laws of the following men, all of them proprietors of tailor shops: Joseph Hodek, John Mazonek, J. Hlinofsky, John Bucher, Julius Kastrenek, Anton Votava, Frank Manek (two cases), M. Masil, F. A. Korak, Frank Kleka, J. Hoaln, John Artlf and Louis Smolka.

The shop of M. Bartl was closed because he made clothes in the same rooms where his family lived. He is also charged with illegal employment of child labor.

The cases will come up for hearing in Justice John Brown's court.

Warrants have been issued also for E. H. Williams, manager of the Cleveland Chocolate & Cocoa Co., where, it is charged that four girls were employed without certificates; and for Ephraim Bauman, vice-president of the Wuest, Bauman & Hunt Candy Co., where it is said that three girls did not have school certificates.

As early as 1847 a law was passed in New Hampshire making ten hours a legal day's work.

FOR CIGARS call on or write to B. BERLYN, 662 E. 63rd St., Chicago, Ill. Phone Hyde Park 5425.

THE ONE PLACE

In America where books of International Socialism are published is the co-operative publishing house of

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It is owned by 1,525 socialist locals and individual socialists, scattered all over the United States and the English-speaking world. They have each subscribed ten dollars to publish socialist books, and they are doing it. They get no dividends, but they buy their books at cost.

For example, Dietzgen's POSITIVE OUTLINE OF PHILOSOPHY, now first published in English, is a book of 444 large pages, handsomely printed and bound; a capitalist publisher would charge \$2.00 for it; we sell it to anybody for \$1.00, and to our stockholders at 50c, if called for, or 60c, if mailed. Call or send for catalog.



PRINTING

What Well Dressed Women Wera

Being a Series of Letters from Mrs. Peyton Scudham to Her Niece Josephine, in the Country.

DEAR CHILD:—I am yawning so I can scarce hold my pen this morning—mercy! That sounds as if I were one of those Japanese jugglers, writing with my mouth, doesn't it? However, I mean that only my fondest affection for you could get me up at this hour. Every one in town is asleep, and what I shall do from now until eleven—Well, I'll just keep on writing, though what I shall find to say from now—ten o'clock—until then remains to be seen.



Creation of lace relieved with parrot bands and bows of amethyst velvet. Hat in parchment color with violet.

Chicago to visit the Pennywises almost two months sooner than had been arranged. Of course there is a Lady Cumst, but no one who knows cares about her. She earned her own living before she was married. Don't misunderstand me, my dear. Of course I respect her for it. And many of our liveliest young women have been forced to do the same thing when their papas grew lamblike and wandered down Wall Street. But she is different. Her father and grandfather before her were in trade, one actually worked with his hands, I understand, and never gilded the spade and shovel with money, and of course that puts quite a different light upon the matter. So though every one pretends they never knew, no one cares particularly what she thinks.

Just to give you an instance of what I mean: She was wearing last night a really beautiful frock—a modified empire in white soft satin. The skirt was beautifully embroidered with gold and pearls to represent yellow poppies and buds, and some lace was used to suggest background. Thickly embroidered bands of satin crossed at the bust line by up and down bands of the most exquisite point. Lace about the shoulders in place of sleeve suggested just a cloud, you know, so airy and filmy. Really it was a creation of which no description can give any idea.

Well, that lovely Bertie Kimble I mentioned to you once, the one who was expelled from Harvard on account of some actress who afterward almost was killed in an automobile race—was sitting next to her ladyship at supper last night. Some way, the talk turned on gowns, and Bertie turned to her and with just a glance in the direction of My Dear Friend who hugely enjoys a practical joke, said to her ladyship: "That's a pretty dress you have on. How would you feel if someone spilled a cup of coffee on it?"

"Very badly, indeed," she answered. "This is the first time I have worn it. I should hate to think that all the money Albert put into it, was wasted."

"I will make a confession," she went on: "I was forced into buying this gown! Nothing but Albert's persistence would have caused me to do so, and as it is I feel guilty! When I think of all the poor women who could have gone warm all winter for the price of this one frock—"

You can see my dear the sort of person she is—for there, were actually tears in her eyes. So stupid when one is trying to have a good time, as one does at a ball when the birds are cold and the wine is hot as it was last night. However, Bertie saw the point at once, and how every one about us was beginning to feel gloomy. So he just leaned over and said: "Oh, it is your first wearing—and your first ball in America! The gown deserves a christening! And he tipped her wings of champagne over the front of the gown."

cottillion started somehow, and it won't get into the papers, for after Lord Cumst had whispered to her, her ladyship seemed quite calm again.

It didn't at all spoil the ball, for it really gave us something to talk about. All were agreed that the thing was due to her ladyship being a really low-bred person, and no one was sorry when she left, rather early.

We could help comparing her with a lot of women we know, and, of course, all got to telling similar experiences.

My Dear Friend, always so charitable, was inclined to be severe with her. "Mercy, who minds a gown more or less?" she said with great truth; "I can't remember a single dance since I was a mere child at which I have not danced out several yards of lace—"

(And My Dear Friend's lace, Josephine, is in the hundreds the yard—it's famous lace)—"and what is the gown when the lace is gone? Light a fire with it!"

And, of course, every one remembered the perfect tact with which Mrs. Newget Gane treated Bertie, the time that he broke a set of Belque which had been an heirloom in somebody's family, throwing it at the Japanese prints she had just collected. That certainly was a much more trying occasion, for the cups were not always empty, and so most of the prints were ruined by the coffee splashed all over them. Cups at twenty dollars each and prints at hundreds!

That was perfect tact! And that is one of the reasons why Nora Gane has made and kept a really good position for herself. She understands human nature—and she knew it was only Bertie and so it was all right.

Just see! Here I have kept you in suspense all this time about what I wrote to the ball. I got carried away. Forgive me.

I was so glad I had finally decided to take that Doucet gown last September! For here I was quite prepared for what may turn out to be one of the events of the winter. For the calendar of coming events does not look very thrilling just now.

I wore sky-blue. Yes really. But the gown cost me \$400 and almost all of that was in the color, a do not sniff. This particular color, they tell me, is made by a hand dyeing process, which employs several persons to do it properly, and as they have to pay them special prices for their work they take it out on poor us,—of course. Some sort of chemical is used which turns the hands blue, so that after working with it a short time, the workmen always have blue hands afterwards. Of course it works off to a large extent in time, but I understood that the color is not due to dye on the surface of the skin, but to inhaling the fumes, which causes a sort of exudation in the pores—like blue perspiration. Isn't it funny? Think of perspiring blue and green! However, the color is safe enough for the wearer, as it is afterwards treated with other chemicals to fix it.

Under the edge of the skirt is a narrow ruffle of valenciennes, the lower edge of the skirt is finished merely with folds. It is a circular skirt and hangs like a cob web for comfort. The waist has sleeves of beautiful lace crossed with bands of velvet of a pale—very pale—blue. The waist has a bolete effect, with bands of velvet continuing across the front. The color in the gown is its distinctive feature. Otherwise it is quite simple, though by no means ordinary.

My Dear Friend admired it very much. I think from my description of my own gown and of that of Lady Cum-



Street costume of copper-colored chifon, broad cloth. Toppie and feather of the same color.

ust, you can form some idea as to what to get in the way of décollete gowns this winter.

Simple lines, but graceful, much trimming in the way of a beautiful embroidery and lace and some good bits of jewels—the all you will need to feel well dressed.

I am sorry that I have to give you these suggestions at long range. When your father recovers his financial health I hope we can all see away again to dear Faree.

With much love, ever your devoted Aunt

CASSANDRA.

Botany may not recognize it, but it is nevertheless a fact that orange blossoms have been known to sprout from widows' seeds.—New York Herald.

HUMAN NATURE SOMETIMES WEAK

Not Always Virtuous on \$3.50 Per Week.

(By a Special Correspondent.)

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 25.—Organized labor in Wisconsin stands pat for the Social-Democratic party, as the Socialist party is officially called in the state. The state organizer of the Wisconsin Federation of Labor, Frank J. Weber, has just returned from a short trip through the industrial towns of Wisconsin, where he spoke in behalf of the Social-Democratic party. He reports large and enthusiastic audiences in Manitowoc, Green Bay and Racine.

In his Manitowoc speech, Mr. Weber charged John Wanamaker, eminent church man and prominent financier of this country, with having created thousands of unfortunate women. Mr. Weber related how he once called the great department store king to account for the starvation wages paid to the girls in his stores, and for the immoral conditions arising in consequence. Mr. Wanamaker explained these immoral conditions on the ground that "human nature is weak." "Yes," retorted Mr. Weber, "very weak on \$3.50 per week."

Which Kind of Politics?

In closing Mr. Weber said: "The American Federation of Labor has said we shall go into politics. I am glad. I have said so for years. But we must go into right politics. The democratic and republican platforms say nothing and they mean nothing. They simply give us a lot of platitudes which mean nothing. Today the workers are unable to get their rights. They are helpless in the grasp of corporate greed. Not only that, but the judiciary is controlled by capital. It decides for those who have the most money, and laws are enacted for those who pay most. If you don't change the system soon, you will not get the right. They will take it from you. We must go into politics, which will bring about a higher class of society which will give to the workers their rights. For a quarter of a century we have been held out of politics, but now we are free. Those who ought to control the government don't do it. Those who ought to uphold the conditions of society are not in a position to do it. Our only remedy is to vote the Social-Democratic ticket and vote it straight."

SOCIETY HESITATES BETWEEN OPERAS

Fashionable Leaders of New York Arbiters of Music.

Old-time students of the "Four-Hundred" have already made conclusions as to the outcome of the so-called "Operatic War." New York has ever been a city of quantity so far as music is concerned. Whether it can swallow—digestion is a secondary matter here—two seasons of grand opera that for seventeen weeks will be simultaneous, remains, however, a problem. Society may be thinking hard about this problem, but the contingent that is to lend fashionable prestige to the new Manhattan Opera House, in Thirty-fourth street, near Eighth avenue, remains as yet an unknown quantity. From the point of view of the really fashionable Society, there can hardly be any dissension from the opinion that, at the outset, Mr. Hammerstein has made a grave mistake in selecting precisely the same nights of the week for his subscription performances as those that have been the rule at the Metropolitan so long as to have become a tradition. There was no possible way of avoiding a clash on Fridays, but he could have picked out Tuesdays and Thursdays instead of Mondays and Wednesdays, and thus have given himself the greater chance for gaining prestige by the attendance of the very pillars of the Metropolitan. Melba will naturally command attention from Society when she sings there in January, and during the first week, Mr. Hammerstein hopes to prove that in Bonci, he has a second Caruso.

LABOR NOTES.

Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen now has 60,000 members. Garment Workers' union is the largest labor organization in the United States to be composed chiefly of women.

Louisiana sugar planters are trying the experiment of Porto Rican labor. Fifteen hundred Porto Ricans are to be employed.

Street car men in Tokio, Japan, recently went on strike in sympathy with a public agitation against the high fares, and serious rioting was the result.

Large numbers of artisans and laborers are reported to be leaving New Zealand for San Francisco, being attracted to that city by reports of high wages.

It is not improbable that the International Stars and The Roofers' Union will unite with the Amalgamated Street Metal Workers' International Alliance, as the officers of both organizations are said to be considering the question.

What To Have To Eat Tomorrow

Conducted by Mlle. de la Sauce Mayonnaise.

One of the greatest bores in ordinary life is the necessity for planning meals. The working man who must eat some place near where he works gets so he just hates the sight of the menu card, and the housekeeper can't think what to have to eat to-morrow. This column is designed for their especial use. The luncheons and breakfasts and dinners chosen are given from actual menus, and the place where they are to be obtained, prices, etc., are added for convenience.

Table with columns for Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner, and Suggestions from Doctor's. Lists various food items and prices.

Shy of the Needful

My old woman says to me, "Pop, the kids are needing shoes, Saw some things down at the store Yesterday that we could use. Flour bin is getting low, Johnny's pants are almost through, Mable wants a writing book." Crackie, this is rent week, too. Makes a fellow feel so good That he wants to crack a joke When the folks is needing things And he is tetotal broke. Little old fifteen a week Lasts about as long round here As a snowball in the place Where they raise the Texas steer. Lucky that we didn't move To that flat they het with steam, Then we would have been against Something worse than a dream. Lucky thing for me, you bet, When the work was getting shy And they laid the fellows off That the foreman passed me by.

—D. U. S.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD

Especially If It Falls in the Harrison Street Station.

A new matron has been installed at the Harrison street police station. The old one has gone. It is not strange. She staid too long in that damp, dark basement, watching the dregs of manhood come and go.

The way of the transgressor is hard, if her lot falls in the police station. Women accused of crime are taken to a cell underground to wait for trial. Sometimes this means a stay of six or eight days. The sunlight never comes near these basement cells and the place is unheated. Two feet from the cement floor, along one side of each cell, runs a bare plank, two feet wide, to serve for a seat and bed. There is absolutely nothing else in the cell,—no pillow, no blanket, no toilet articles of any sort. A stream of water flows through the cells, carrying away the refuse. Vermin and rats make night a horror even to old and hardened women.

The Menu.

Three times a day, bread without butter, is given to the prisoners through the bars of her cell and a small tin cup of water is pushed through the grating.

These brutal conditions become unbearable when a trial is delayed. The women cling to the bars of the cell, fall into hysterical weeping or stare dully at one through the grates.

This first contact of the wrong doer with the powers of government is not calculated either to reform or deter from crime.

MACHINISTS' STRIKE THREAT.

Signs of Trouble Between Big Union and Employers.

New Orleans, Oct. 26.—10,000 members of the International Association of machinists are threatening strike. They are members of District No. 11 of the association, extending from New Orleans to Portland, Ore., throughout the western section of the country.

Charleston, S. C.—Machinists of the Southern Railway shops here struck today from headquarters of the union. Their places have not yet been filled. Between fifty and one hundred men are out.

Striking shirtmakers in Trenton, N. J., have decided to start a shirt factory, with a capital stock of \$25,000.

The Socialist Campaign in Illinois

Politics are getting into a very lively gait in Cannon's district. John H. Walker, the Socialist party nominee has set "Uncle Joe" a merry gait, and the district is being filled up with the big guns and the other guns. Cannon is really growing fearful that his gun is going to be spiked in this campaign. It is a bit refreshing to consider that the first campaign in thirty-four years that has caused this old Republican veteran any uneasiness has been occasioned by the candidacy of a Socialist and a union man. A bet of ten thousand dollars was turned down the other day in the town of Westville that John H. Walker would not get two-thirds of all the votes in that town. When the giant of labor awakes from his long sleep, and he is awakening, many of the old dry bones of this decaying system will rattle in sympathy with "Uncle Joe."

Hungry Six Returns.

Six "Soap Boxers" who have spent the past two months down the state making it interesting for the old party candidates, have returned to the city. They bring with them most glowing reports of the wonderful increase in the Socialist sentiment from Cairo to the southern boundary of Wisconsin. Tens of thousands of pieces of literature have been put out by the efforts of these pioneers, and the lines of the organization everywhere strengthened. From many of the legislative districts come reports that indicate that Ambroz and Olson are going to have plenty of company in Springfield this winter. When twelve or fifteen Socialist members rise up and respond to the roll call and inform the speaker of the house that there are more coming, the hungry six may take not a little credit for the result.

Watchers at the Polls.

A no more important duty in any campaign than providing watchers at the polls can be considered. Unless the votes cast for Socialism are counted and recorded as the expressed will of the voter, then all our work is in vain. Ward captains should be extremely vigilant in this matter, as on the good results that will follow careful work in watching may hinge the election of a member of the general assembly. In each of the legislative districts the Socialist party has but one candidate and therefore, under the law, each vote cast for such candidate will count three. Badges and credentials are now ready at headquarters, and officers will see to it that they receive a supply sufficient for each precinct within their jurisdiction.

Campaign Meetings.

There is a heavy list of campaign meetings coming off in the remaining days of this campaign. Party workers will take great care in the efficient distribution of hand bills and in the giving of the widest possible publicity to these meetings. We must reach every workingman in the various wards of the city and see to it that he becomes informed on his class conscious duty and shall learn why he should vote the Socialist party ticket straight from top to bottom. There is a big field of candidates, this fall and the only way the workers can win is to stick together on election day. They will surely remain in a class all their own all the rest of the year.

Illinois for the Workers.

A leaflet under the above caption has just been issued by the campaign committee and has been shipped down the state in large bundles. It makes its appeal primarily to the farmers, but is equally applicable to the city wage workers. It will make a Socialist of every farmer under whose eye it may chance to fall. If this leaflet is given the careful distribution that its merits warrant, then look out for results.

Advertisement for Buttons, Buttons, Buttons. Stand up and be counted. Every Party Member should show his colors by wearing the PARTY EMBLEM. Includes prices for single buttons, gold plate buttons, and a list of Socialist Party branches.

To the Editors of the Capitalist Daily Papers of America

GENTLEMEN—
 You have had lots of fun with Socialism. Haven't you?
 You have ridiculed it, you have lied about it. Controlling the organs of publicity you have denied publicity to it.
 You have taken up all the fantastic theories you could find, labelled them "Socialism" and proceeded to demolish them.
 You have insisted that the interests of capital and labor were identical and bewailed the lack of patriotism of the agitator, who would array class against class.
 And you knew all the time (in the language of your sporting editor) that such talk from you was "bunk." Didn't you?
 Did your pressmen ever go on strike, or your stereotypers, or your compositors, or your carriers? Were your interests identical with theirs? Did you ever try to prevent a union from forming in your office? Why, if your interests were identical?
 You all represent capitalism. You all want the system to go on, whereby a few idlers or capitalists live in immense luxury and power, while the great mass of working people, whose labor produces all the wealth in the country, must content themselves with inferiority at all times, bare comfort in good times and not even that in bad times. You are for this system, but we are against it.
 We now offer you a chance to show why, FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE WORKING CLASS, social and industrial democracy would not be better than the present social and industrial system.
 Mind the condition, FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE WORKING CLASS. We are not going to try to prove that social and industrial democracy would be better than the present social and industrial system for the capitalists.
 We do not care whether it would or not.
 Now, you, who have been having so much fun with socialism by lying about it, come forward. Socialism will have some fun with you by telling the truth about the throne of mammon before which you are courtiers.
 You would better take this chance to crush us. We're alone in the daily field now, but in two years we shall have half a dozen comrades, and in ten years half a hundred. We're extremely anxious to hear from you, soon. Yours impatiently,

CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST.

Fighting for Illinois Central

President Stuyvesant Fish of the Illinois Central railroad was in his private office at the Park Row depot until 2 o'clock this morning. Closeted with him was J. B. Dill, the famous corporation lawyer of New York, who is his attorney. There were also present officials of the road connected with the auditing department. Mr. Fish was laying his plans for a battle royal which will be fought out this morning.

On the Twentieth Century limited train on the Lake Shore which will arrive in Chicago at 8:30 o'clock this morning are E. H. Harriman and a party of his financial friends. They were coming as fast as the fastest train in the country could carry them to make the fight against Mr. Fish.

The price is one well worth striving for. It is the control of the Illinois Central railway system, with its lines reaching to the gulf of Mexico on the south and the Missouri river on the west, with its thousands of cars, its great terminal facilities in every important city it reaches, including the vast docks at New Orleans—all the things which go to make it one of the great railroads of the world.—Chicago Tribune, Oct. 17.

The Illinois Central Railroad is the leading railroad of the Mississippi Valley. Modern civilization does not exist without railroads. Fifteen million people in the Mississippi Valley live by and through the Illinois Central. It transports their products to the markets of the world and fetches them all the commodities of civilization for which they are able to pay. Isn't it plain that this railroad—the Illinois Central—should be run for the benefit of the 15,000,000 who depend upon it?

But that is not the case. This road is run for a few thousand stockholders. Most of its stock is held in New York by rich men who come West only for the annual meeting of the stockholders.

The duty of the railroad management is not to give good service or low prices, but to get as much money as possible out of the 15,000,000 people in the Mississippi Valley.

The destiny of the road is not first of all to serve and enrich the people of ten states, but, first of all, to serve and enrich a few magnates in Wall street.

And the people of these ten states are solemnly undecided as to whether this present arrangement is good for them or not.

Where the News Quit

The Chicago Daily News for October 6, printed the following:
 Selling the World's Wealth.

An extraordinary transaction was completed in New York yesterday when James J. Hill sold to the United States Steel corporation many millions of tons of iron ore for many millions of dollars.

It was Hill's ore because he had come into control of the land containing it. Now the ore passes to the great steel company at a price that is satisfactory to Hill. In the next hundred years or so the ore will be transformed into iron and steel and will be purchased by consumers all over the world at prices fixed by its manufacturers. Since the one huge corporation has now obtained control of practically all the great ore beds within its field of operations it is in fair condition to fix such prices as it chooses for its products.

Such mineral lands as still are a part of the public domain should be retained by the government as affording the public some protection against private monopoly.
 Here we are told, with a healthy show of indignation that the Great Northern Railroad and the United States Steel Corporation have been bartering in the national iron wealth of the country. By its purchase of the ore beds the Steel Corporation comes into possession of all the iron ore in the country.

The iron ore was put where it is some hundreds of thousands or even millions of years ago by geological process. It does seem rather ridiculous, as the Daily News implies, for Hill and his friends to be able to sell this iron ore to Morgan, Rockefeller and their friends.

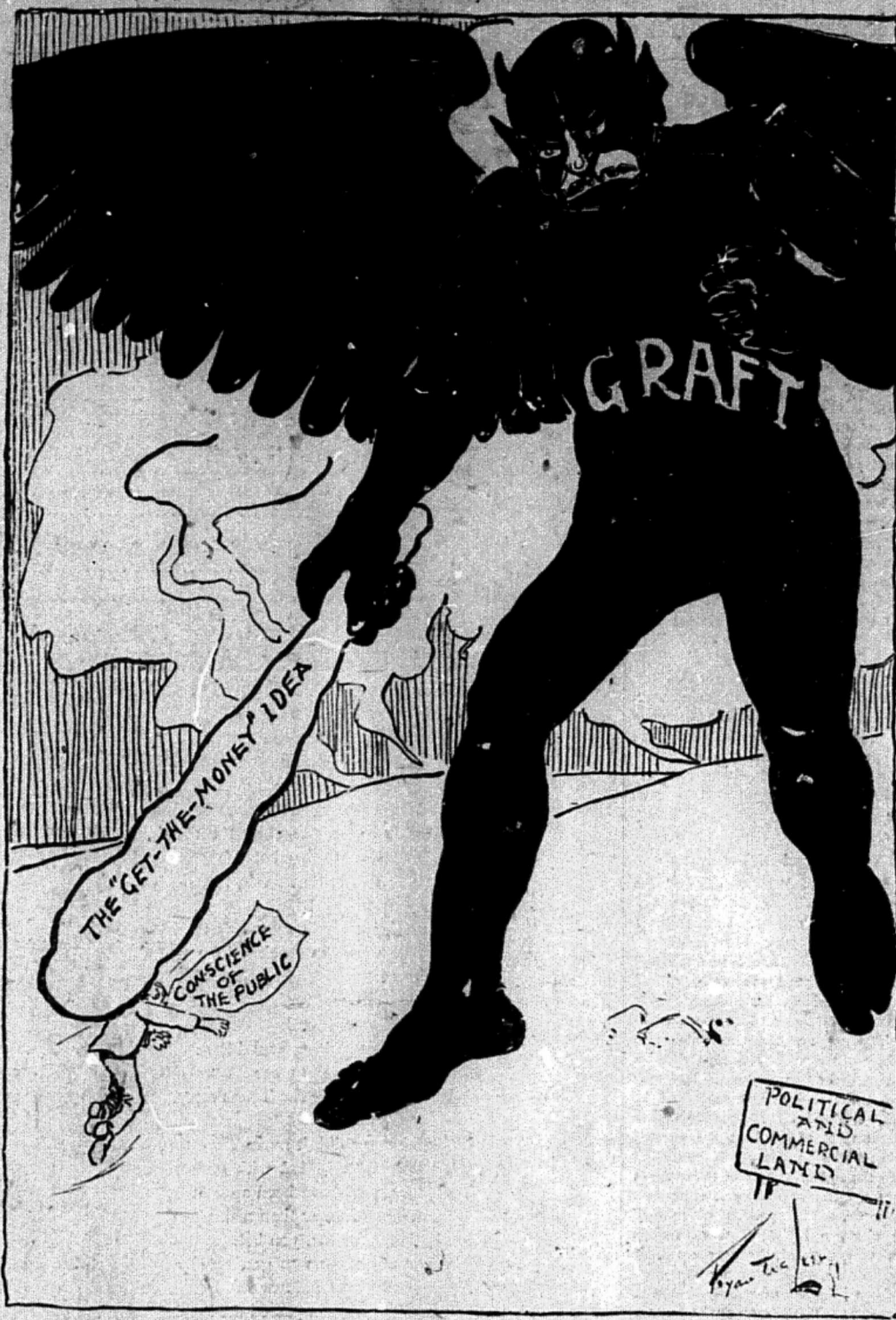
But just as the Daily News seemed ready to tell the truth straight through to the end, it quit. Its capitalistic influences were too strong for it. Its feeble attempt to fly came to an unglorious end. The News wouldn't acknowledge that since Mr. Hill's sale of the iron ore of America, which had been hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of years in formation, was ridiculous. THEREFORE, the laws which permit such a ridiculous transaction are also ridiculous and ought to be changed.

The News contented itself with saying that hereafter the iron ore in the public lands of the United States should not be handed over to great private corporations. But since there is practically no iron ore in the remaining public lands of the United States, what this proposition amounts to is to lock the barn door after the horse has been stolen—a pretty silly remedy, considering that the thief is in plain sight and might easily be collared and relieved of his booty.

Why doesn't the News advise the capture of the thief and the return of the booty to the proper owners—the people of this country?

Simply because it is a capitalist paper.

SPIRIT OF THE AGE



(From The Arena.)

A Laugh or A Smile
 By QUIZZ TZZIT

Coming Our Way.

Old Mother Hubbard, went to the cupboard

To get her poor dog a bone.

But the trusts had been there.

And the cupboard was bare.

So the poor dog joined the radical

democracy and tried to bust up the

wicked corporations. Some day he

will become a Socialist.

Fall plowing in the Northwest this

year seems to be mostly snow plowing.

What is the matter with our old

friend the roofock who usually sticks

his snout into the affair towards the

end of the campaign?

That competition is the life of trade

is a well-known saying, but just now

the death of competition is the life

of the Democratic party.

When those New York citizens get

the Hearst question settled, then they

can go home and begin figuring out

the Christmas present problem.

A Joke on Himself.

"When fall comes I always go into

the woods to do my writing," remarked

the humorist.

"Why is that?"

"Because that is the proper season

for chestnuts."

The president is going to make a

trip to the Panama Canal. Is it possible

that he harbors a lingering doubt

that what Poulter Bigelow said may,

after all, be true?

It is a brave candidate who will talk

to the people about canned beef. The

word "can" is so suggestive.

The Socialist is an extreme type of

individualist—only he is wise enough

to see that as an individual he stands

no sort of chance under the present

order.

Surely President Roosevelt would not

rob society of one of its chief amuse-

ments by making it harder to get a

decree of divorce?

The officials are after the Pullman

company for serving bad food to its

patrons. It is doubly a crime, for do

not the very best people in the land ride

on the Pullmans?

In a Restaurant.

"Here, waiter, that isn't the proper

way to open a bottle of beer. I'll give

you a tip—"

"Thank you, sir. I says to myself

when you comes in that you was all

right to give a fellow a tip."

The greatest joke about the apathetic

campaign, from the Socialist standpoint,

is that the apathy isn't especially no-

ticeable in the Socialist party.

It isn't time to quarrel with Japan yet.

Wait until the next spell of hard times

makes it necessary for the ruling class

to divert the people's minds with a lit-

tle patriotism.

The czar is trying to fix the coming

election so that he will have a majority

in parliament. He ought to send over

to America for a few political experts to

help him.

Many a poor politician would give

half of the graft he ever expects to

get for George B. Cortlyou's method

of climbing the ladder of office.

Election day approaches apace, but

neither Platt nor Depew have told the

New York voters yet how they would

like to have them vote.

Down on the Farm.

"I'm afraid our son down at college

is losing his mind," said Uncle Silas

Hardapple.

"Why?"

"He wrote me that he had soaked his

watch. He ought to have sense enough

to know that water will ruin it."

Some of those experts on statistics

might tell us just how many families

eat chicken on Thanksgiving and then

boast about turkey next day.

The Chicago Tribune printed an edi-

torial some time ago about the death

of Socialism in America. After elec-

tion day it will print another editorial

on the dangerous qualities of the

corpse.

Why should the farmer pay much at-

tention to this election? Isn't there a

bumper crop of apples, and don't apples

make hard cider?

A new and strange disease has ap-

peared in New York. If the doctors

can't diagnose it exactly at least they

can lay it onto the trusts.

The cool weather may be deadly to

other crops, but it certainly serves to

stimulate the new crop of fall whiskers.

Little Bobby on Strikes and Mules

Pa sez a strik is an unkonshus protest

agent-exploytashun. He sez mules and

wurking men are alike in sum ways, and

in sum ways thear diferant. My god-

fapathy sez they ar wild mules in south

amerika. Wen a drov sents danger they

put thear beds toger ther and thear heels

out, so if they hav to fite they do it with

thear bizness end. The branes is on the

inside bosing the defence on the outside.

Wen men strik pa sez they put thear

heads together and thear heads outside

and wen they kik they kik each other.

Pa sez konsentrashun of thot and

akshun is necessary to akomplish any

undertaki. The mules konsentrate the

branes and skatter the kiks and the

strikers konsentrate the kiks and skatter

the branes. A wurking man and a mule

is alike because they both wurk for a

boss, and they both get thear board and

klotthes.

If it ranes and they kant wurk the

mule dont kare because he stays in the

barn and gets his grub anyhow. But if

the man dont wurk he dont get any grub

unless the groseary will trust him.

The mule dont hav to pay rent or

doktor bills but the man dos.

If the man dies the boss dont kare

because he advertizes in the paper and

gets another.

If the mule dies he has to by another

one and that kosts munny. Of korse the

mule aint got any hands but he has

foriet.

If a mule luses his job he can eat gras

and hav a gud time but if a man luses

his job he has to hunt another one.

When a mule runs away his boss hunts

all over 4 him so he can find him so

he will work for him. If a man runs

away his boss ginst gets another man.

You see the boss is hunting the mule and

the man is hunting the boss.

Of korse a mule dont no wen he is

well off because he kant read the paper.

I dont no wether I wd rather be a mule

or a man wen I grow up. Wen a mule

strikers he generally busts smthing and

wen a man stikes he generally busts

himself.

I told pa wat I hev wrote and he sed

my sun you are a very prekoshus yuth.

You hav takeled a subjekt kwite out of

proporition to your leavins. Striks and

thear kauses hav received the best thot

of the best minds of the age, but seem-

ingly the solushun of thes difficulties is

still rapped in the folds of a distant and

unsertain future. I wisht pa woodent

talk so hifaloten. BOBBY.

Daily Reminder

Lives of business men remind us

- If we're square and honest, too,

Six months or a year will find us

With our business up the flue.

So Good of Us

You see them nobby houses, pard,
 There sitting on the boulevard
 With sassy grass in front and back,
 And on the side an auto track,
 And loads of room and light and air?
 Well, you and me we don't live there.
 No, we don't own them places, still
 'Twas you and me that built 'em, Bill.
 Them factories that hurt your eye
 To look at, seeing they're so high,
 And all them heavy works inside,
 That workmen so smoothly guide,
 And make them grind out, so they say,
 A bunch of profit every day.
 Where engines hardly ever stops,
 Well, you and me don't own them shops,
 No, we dont' own the smallest mill,
 But you and me, we built 'em, Bill.

You see them engines on the track?
 Them street cars running out and back?
 Them cranes that blocks of iron snatch?
 We build the whole blamed shooting match.
 The guy that calls them things his own
 He never set a single stone,
 Nor drove a nail, nor laid a sill;
 'Twas you and me that built 'em, Bill.

-D. U. S.

Break Down the Wall

We live in a land of boundless opportunity, fertile prairies, ex-

haustless mines, far-reaching forests and populous fishing grounds

supply raw materials beyond the most extravagant demands of our

people.

Nor are we lacking in skill to transform this material into shapes

that will satisfy human wants. Working with the most perfect ma-

chinery, hitched to the tireless powers of wind, steam, water and

electricity, we produce at a rate that staggers the imagination.

Around these exhaustless natural resources and the mechanical

marvels, with which they are manufactured into usable products there

stands a mighty wall, labeled PRIVATE OWNERSHIP. Outside the

wall, stand the workers of the world. They cannot produce, they cannot

create wealth, they cannot live unless they can get through, over or

around that wall. Here and there are small holes in the wall, labelled

"JOBS." Through these the workers crawl in order to get a chance

to produce the products that feed and clothe and house the world.

But the holes are so small that when they crawl back all the product

is scraped off save barely enough to keep body and soul together for

the next day's work.

All over the world the rapidly increasing body of workers are

beginning to look rather closely at this wall. They see it placarded with

signs. Here the editor has posted word that this wall is the foundation

of our social institutions. There