

300 ENTOMBED IN A CAL PIT

27 Bodies Are Brought From Depths of German Mine Wrecked by Explosion

THOUSANDS KILLED IN MINES IN THE LAST FEW YEARS

Table listing deaths in mines across various states including Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Ohio.

Hamm, Westphalia, Germany, Nov. 13.—There was an explosion of fire-damp in the Radbod mine this morning...

Believe 150 Men Are Doomed

One hundred and fifty men are in shaft No. 2, and it is believed that they are all doomed.

IS ROCKY ROAD TO PROSPERITY

(Continued from Page One)

President has appointed his successor and admits that it has a flavor of "hereditary transmission."

Large Decrease in Loans
The last New York bank statement shows a large decrease in loans.

BURNED \$2,000 IN STOVE BEFORE HE KILLED HIMSELF

Helena, Mont., Nov. 12.—Albert Berger, a former Alaska miner, just before committing suicide at Canyon Ferry Tuesday night, threw \$2,000 in post-office money, payable to himself, into the stove, declaring that the money was in the hands of the government and no one would quarrel over it after he was dead.

COURT HALTS PEONAGE CASE AGAINST SOUTHERN RAILROAD

After several witnesses had testified today in the trial of agents of the Florida East Coast railroad, charged with keeping employees of the company in peonage, Judge Hough in the United States court, brought the proceedings to an abrupt end for the day by refusing to hear further testimony until the government had established the conspiracy charge against the defendants.

OIL FINE TO THE SUPREME COURT

Washington, D. C., Nov. 13.—Prolonged conferences were held at the department of justice today with respect to the action of the Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago in refusing to grant a hearing of the Standard Oil case in which Judge Landis originally imposed a fine of \$23,340,000.

Lewis' Meeting at San Diego
San Diego, Cal., Nov. 13.—The meeting of the Lewis' organization in the country in proportion to population, it has over 400 members with a population of about 40,000.

LEWIS' MEETING AT SAN DIEGO

BY ARTHUR M. LEWIS
(Courtesy of the Lewis' organization)
San Diego, Cal., Nov. 13.—The meeting of the Lewis' organization in the country in proportion to population, it has over 400 members with a population of about 40,000.

MORE SOCIALIST RETURNS ARE IN

Toledo, Ohio.—Debs polled 3,773 votes in Lucas county and the legislative ticket polled 5,169. This was the most ever polled in this county.

Large Farmer Vote
Lansing, Kans.—Socialist electors in Leavenworth county were given 286 votes by the judges, which may or may not be correct.

KAISER IS MUM AS AN OYSTER

Berlin, Nov. 13.—The five members of the foreign affairs committee of the federal council of Germany met today and discussed the present crisis.

TOO HUNGRY FOR HUNGRY PUPILS

Ohio City Will See That Its Children Do Not Study Without Food

Toledo, O., Nov. 13.—There will be no hungry children in Toledo schools this winter. Free breakfast for all who may be deprived of the nourishment at home is to be furnished by the board of education as soon as the educational committee can devise a means of extending the service to every building.

INCREASE 1,750 PER CENT

Swissvale, Pa.—Don't forget Swissvale. In 1904 it gave Debs 6 votes. This year he gets 111, an increase of 1,750 per cent.

IOWA VOTE GROWING

Davenport, Ia.—Belated returns show a substantial increase in the Socialist vote in this county. The official count will show the vote to be over 700 instead of about 500, as previously reported.

A GOOD SHOWING

Meadville, Pa.—The official vote shows that Crawford county gave Debs 324 votes and the balance of the ticket from 215 to 222. Kennedy, candidate for Supreme court judge, received 222.

MINNESOTA STILL INCREASING

Morgan, Minn.—The official count of Redwood county, Minn., gives Debs 64 votes over 14 four years ago. Morgan village, 7; four years ago, 6; Milroy village, 5; four years ago, 0.

AN OREGON GAIN

Grants Pass, Ore.—The official vote in Josephine county, Taft, 967; Bryan, 727; Debs, 299; Chaffin, 217; Hagan, 20. Four years ago, Roosevelt, 914; Parker, 327; Debs, 288; Swallow, 47.

BERKS COUNTY OFFICIAL

Reading, Pa.—Reading, 1904, 1,155; 1908, 1,425. Berks county outside of Reading, 1904, 150; 1908, 432. Total, 1904, 1,305; 1908, 1,857, a gain of more than 42 per cent.

DEBS, 29; BRYAN, 7

Thompson, Minn.—The town of Thompson, Carlton county, cast 19 votes for Debs, against 7 in 1904. There were 7 for Bryan. The total vote cast was 194.

LINCOLN COUNTY, KANS. 58

Lincoln, Kans.—Debs, 33; state ticket, 32; Roosevelt, 42. No county ticket in the field. Democrats around Ketter are calling for Socialist literature.

SOCIALISTS GAIN, OTHERS DECREASE

North Fork, Cal.—Out of 68 votes in Brown's precinct, Debs received 12, a gain of 4. The Republican and Democratic votes were both less than four years ago.

DEBS, 29; TAFT, 3

White, Ark.—Vote in White, Ark.: Bryan, 33; Debs, 29; Taft, 3. Vote for governor last September: Democrat, 21; Socialist, 3; Republican, 1.

LEADS TAFT'S VOTE

Sabano, Tex.—Total votes cast, 85—Bryan 45, Debs 23, Taft 13. Debs in 1904 got one vote. All Socialists could not vote at this election.

MUSIC FAILS TO WIN RECRUITS

Jobless Not Lured Into the U. S. Army by Strains of an Italian Band

Patriotic Americans—fighting men—are needed.

This has been the cry for the last four years. Ever since Theodore Roosevelt, the "rough rider" president, took office the United States has been scouring for young men who would be willing to serve the union.

On State street, near Twelfth, right in the center of the free soup houses and "ten-twenty-cent" rooming houses, is located the spacious recruiting station.

Music Hath Charms? On State street, near Twelfth, right in the center of the free soup houses and "ten-twenty-cent" rooming houses, is located the spacious recruiting station.

First Lieutenant F. G. Kinsey, being of an observant nature, noticed the hesitation of the men to enlist and a brilliant idea struck him.

On one side of the recruiting station is a saloon and dry bread soup house, on the other a "ten-twenty-cent" rooming house.

Music Fails to Charm Creator is great, but he fails as an improvised recruiting sergeant.

Some Americans would prefer even hunger or suicide to becoming professional murderers.

Continued proofs of the innocence of Christian Rudowitz, the Russian political refugee seized in Chicago by the Chicago agents on a murder charge, continue to pour in.

The attorneys for the defense of the prisoner now declare that if Rudowitz is taken back to Russia it will be the worst miscarriage of justice that this country has witnessed for a decade.

There was talk today of application for a writ of habeas corpus for the prisoner, so strong were the proofs of his innocence.

Bladen, Neb.—Debs, 4 votes; for governor, 4 votes. Nothing two years ago or four years ago.

Illinois Miners' Precinct
Spring Valley, Ill.—The vote for Dailzell, Ill., was Republican, 51; Socialist, 44; Democrat, 2.

Eric County Official
Eric, Pa.—Socialist vote, Eric county, 1,037. Geo. B. Allen, Corry, Pa., for congress, 744.

"On Victory Line"
Sharon, Pa.—Small vote in Sharon, but we are still on the victory line for 1912.

Small California Precinct
Lankershim, Cal.—Lankershim precinct gave 20 straight Socialist votes.

150 Straight Votes
Beaumont, Tex.—The result in Jefferson county shows 150 straight votes for Socialist, but only 16 two years ago.

Equals Taft as Starter
Fort St. Philip, La.—In this far-away corner of the union, the extreme southern part of Louisiana, where there is no local, the few Socialists made an effort for the first time and in two polling places succeeded in getting 11 votes compared with 45 for Bryan and 11 for Taft.

New Orleans Official
New Orleans, La.—Official vote for New Orleans for Debs, 253, a loss of 43 per cent compared with four years ago.

Old Soldiers Progressive
National Military Home, Leavenworth, Kan.—At the home the Debs vote was 73, while in 1904 it was 35.

An Oklahoma Sample
Peachbottom, Okla.—Dow township, Pittsburg county, Oklahoma, 99; Democrat, 54; Socialist, 46. Samples: 2; Republican, 14; Democrat, 9; Socialist, 16; McKeister, fifth ward, Republican, 40; Socialist, 34; Democrat, 33; Gowen, Latimer county, Socialist, 48; Democrat, 71; Republican, 74.

BLIND WOMAN IS RESCUED FROM BURNING STRUCTURE

Several families were driven from their homes by three fires, which occurred in various parts of the city early today. In one instance, a blind woman, who was partly overcome by smoke, was found groping in a smoke-filled hallway and was carried to the street by two policemen.

Another fire was discovered in the basement of a three-story apartment building at 2123 Westworth avenue shortly after 4 a. m. and all those who were sleeping in the building were hurried to the street.

La Porte, Ind., Nov. 13.—Bringing with him letters written in Norwegian, which tend to prove that Ray Lamphere murdered his brother on the now famous Guinness murder farm through jealousy, A. K. Helgelein arrived here today and placed his written testimony before the prosecuting attorney.

Ten jurors have been tentatively accepted in the case, all of them being farmers. Eighty-seven talesmen have been named.

A New York dispatch says that Mrs. Cora Heeren, who was arrested on a New York Central train suspected of being the proprietress of the murder over the New York Central railway for \$30,000.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 13.—A terrific explosion in the glazing room of the Excelsior Powder company at Dodson, 10 miles south of Kansas City, this morning, wrecked that part of the plant and overturned a Kansas City Southern passenger train, inbound for Kansas City, and standing on the tracks near by.

One person was killed, a man employed in the powder works, and thirty-five persons were injured. Most of the injured were on the train, which was not badly damaged.

Hughes' Election Expenses \$369.65
Albany, N. Y., Nov. 13.—Gov. Hughes filed his certificate of election expenses with the secretary of state yesterday, giving his total expenditures as \$369.65.

Some Americans would prefer even hunger or suicide to becoming professional murderers.

PROVE REFUGEE IS NOT GUILTY

While Reading Socialist Literature BARNEY BERLYN'S BEST

When ordering literature order a sample box of these cigars.

25 Good Berlyn Cigars, postpaid... \$1.00
25 Better Berlyn Cigars, postpaid... 1.40
25 High-grade Berlyn Cigars, postpaid... 1.75

THE CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST (Literature Dept.) 180 E. Washington St., Chicago

HALLS For Meetings and Par. Jss. 55 N. Clark st. 144 Michigan st.

VORSATZ & SCHUBERTS' North Side Trades Union Hall

IF YOU WERE LATE FINE WHISKEY FREE OF COST A FULL QUART

Commonwealth Edison Company 139 Adams Street

Every Housewife Desires a clean house—and she should have it illuminated with the only absolutely clean light invented—electric light.

Commonwealth Edison Company 139 Adams Street

Business Personal
SMITH'S RHEUMATIC LINIMENT has no equal for the relief of rheumatism.

FREE HOME REPAIRS
FREE HOME REPAIRS IN THE WINTER? We'll repair your furnace, boiler, water heater, etc.

\$100 A Week

If we can get the readers of this paper to write us and send what we are doing for our contacts and friends we shall be able to pay the Daily to the extent of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS OR MORE PER WEEK.

CONRADE STOCK AGENCY 117 MI N. 2d AVENUE CHICAGO OCTOBER SALES, 2,008 SHARES.

A Study Course in Socialism

The International Socialist Review starts with its November number a Study Course in Socialism, prepared by Joseph P. Cohen, easy enough for a workingman to enjoy as he goes along, thorough enough to give him an insight into capitalist society that will make him doubly effective as a fighter for the Revolution.

CLASSIFIED

HELP WANTED Male WANTED—BRIGHT YOUNG MAN TO ACT AS ASSISTANT TO R. W. G. care of Daily Socialist.

FINANCIAL IF YOU CAN INVEST \$1,000 TO MEET AT ONCE. We have a business that will revolutionize the printing industry.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE—AT WINNETKA—4-ROOM house, 2 blocks from depot, electric light, gas, hot water, etc.

WANTED—WILSHIRE UNIVERSAL MACHINE and other socialist stocks.

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LEWIS' LECTURE AT THE GARRICK

DOORS OPEN 10:15; MEETING 10:45--108 EAST RANDOLPH STREET

No Socialist who wishes to get to the bottom of the question should miss this lecture. Lewis will make plain the famous controversy between Frederick Engels and Professor Eugene Duehring, which covered the most vital points in the Socialist philosophy.

The committee and the 21st Ward Branch wishes to tender its thanks to the audience for responding last Sunday to the request to come in time for the music. We respectfully urge you to do so again next Sunday.

SUBJECT:--ENGELS' REPLY TO PROF. DUEHRING

How Is This?

A man who had a lifelong friendship with Henry George, and who treasures a precious collection of George's letters, lives in San Diego, Cal. He regarded George's position as invulnerable. Then he read the lecture on George by Lewis in the "Ten Blind Leaders of the Blind." He went to bed furious and swore to himself he would answer those Socialist criticisms next day. When he tried he found it rather difficult, and more so the harder he tried. Finally he gave it up and took out a membership card in the Socialist party and was one of Lewis' most enthusiastic auditors when Lewis lectured there last month.

Get a Copy.

All the Lewis lectures will be published in book form and in uniform volumes, 50 cents a volume, and ten lectures to the volume. Two volumes have already appeared: Vol. I, "Evolution, Social and Organic"; Vol. II, "Ten Blind Leaders of the Blind." Both these volumes can be obtained at the literature table in the foyer of the theater or from the ushers. The second volume contains the lecture on Henry George referred to in the above paragraph, along with nine other of Lewis' finest lectures. The International Socialist Review, 10 cents, and Peyton Boswell's Progressive Journal of Education, 5 cents, and the Socialist Woman, 5 cents, will also be on sale Sunday morning.



ARTHUR M. LEWIS, 3312 Wabash Ave. Telephone Douglas 2392.

A Windfall.

An old man and his wife in an Indiana town, both Socialists, spoke as follows to a visitor from Chicago recently: "You see, comrade, ever since we began to read the Lewis lectures in the Daily we have always wanted to go to Chicago and see a Garrick meeting and hear Lewis. But we are getting old and couldn't afford it. And now what do you think? We have just had some money left, enough to see us through to the end of our days, and we are selling out our little business and we are going to live in Chicago and go to the Garrick every Sunday morning. Isn't that glorious?" And the old veteran rubbed his hands together and chuckled in sheer joy. And yet there are a few Socialists in Chicago who have lived here while Lewis has delivered over sixty lectures without ever attending one of them and who don't know even yet what they are missing.

Educate Your Fellows.

You can do no better or more lasting work for Socialism than to take a bundle of the lecture edition of the Daily Socialist every week and distribute them among your friends and neighbors. They will only cost you half a cent each, and you could get twenty copies every week for an outlay of a dime. They would learn from these lectures that Socialism is something vastly greater than the kicking of a few disgruntled men and women. There is no hope for Socialism outside the education of the working class, and what could you do better in that direction than spread the lecture edition of the Daily?

SPANK CHILDREN INTO PRISONS

Neurologists at Ghent Declare Parents Make Criminals of Offspring

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.) Ghent, Nov. 12.—The congress of neurologists, which is in session here, has taken up the subject of refractory children and declared that it is quite possible to "punish a child into jail." In other words, to use repressive means until the child ceases to be a part of the body politic and becomes a parish, with a prison as its probable destiny. Spanking is denounced. The physicians attending the congress denounced in unmeasured terms the practice of "spanking a child for five years until he is made unfit to be a citizen." The refractory children cannot be cured by repressive measures, according to some opinions advanced in the congress, any more than consumption can be cured by hanging the patient. According to one of the most eminent physicians of Belgium, the child, after undergoing several years of repressive discipline, becomes useless, incapable and inert, and is started on the highway to crime.

Nerve Diseases Possible. As a matter of fact, the refractory child, according to the doctors, may be suffering from some nervous disease, which his punishment only accentuates. It was asserted by one physician that nervous children, more than any other, tended to become refractory under punishment, that punishment destroyed their faculties and that they should be treated as sick rather than merely "naughty." The large number of children classed as abnormal would doubtless be greatly decreased if decent methods were brought to bear in their home and school life, according to one of the speakers. That the development of the psychic faculties demands the closest attention of both parents and teachers, that the psychological must be a much greater factor than it hitherto has been in the rearing of children, that the segregation of children as abnormal after hasty examinations is inadvisable were all points emphasized by the members of the congress.

NOTE TO ADVERTISERS. Mr. Walter Huggins, 233 N. Kedzie avenue, placed an ad. in the Daily and says: "I received more answers at half the price it cost than I did from the Daily News."

PARISIAN JUDGE GOES OUT AND WORKS UP OWN CASES

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.) Paris, Nov. 12.—This city has just seen the spectacle of a judge going out to stir up his own cases, accompanied by detectives, and then sitting upon the case in tribunal of justice.

Justice Khlen, who is a Justice of Peace in the Terrene quarter, is the man who has so degraded the ermine.

Khlen heard that a banner hanging on Guersant's restaurant was seditious. The banner was a parade flag of a local union, with the inscription of the union on the front face.

Judge Khlen had enjoined the banners of workmen and so enthusiastic was he in enjoining that he called in Detective Lepollotier and another detective and went to the restaurant where he immediately ordered the banner taken down. Not recognizing the justice two workmen insisted that he leave the flag alone, and when Khlen and his detective friends started to make trouble they were summarily ejected from the restaurant.

The next day two workmen of the Terrene quarter were haled before Khlen for trial on the charge of violating court orders. Khlen himself admitted that he did not recognize one of the men, Jacquart, as having had any hand in the trouble, but Lepollotier refreshed his memory a moment and promptly testified against him. Khlen thereupon sentenced the men—Girard to three years in prison and Jacquart to two years.

An appeal was taken to a higher tribunal and Khlen's "justice" was upheld on six months in the case of Girard and from two years to three months in the case of Jacquart.

There is a great uproar in the Socialist circles of the city over this miscarriage of justice and a fund is being raised to carry the matter before the court of cassation.

SAFETY APPLIANCE LAWS CAUSE ACCIDENT DECREASE. Washington, D. C., Nov. 12.—There were 2,764 persons killed and 58,989 injured in railroad casualties in the United States during the fiscal year ended June 30 last, according to an announcement of the Interstate commerce commission yesterday. Owing to the enforcement of the safety appliance law this is a decrease of 1,236 killed and 3,297 injured, as compared with the previous year.

WITH ARMY OF "OUT OF WORK"

Progress of Industrial Depression Abroad Shown by Daily's Dispatches

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.) Trieste, Nov. 12.—The management of the Austrian-Lloyd Steamship company has received word that the strike of the dock workers at Smyrna has been broken and that the men are returning to work at the terms set by the company. The steamship Urano has just been able to clear the port with a full cargo, the first of the Lloyd ships to do this for some months.

The men who are returning to work are driven by the acute distress prevailing throughout Anatolia.

Families Face Starvation. (SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.) St. Louis-sur-Sevrouse, France, Nov. 12.—The striking furniture workers here have sent out an appeal for help in which they declare that the employers are using the old trick and organizing a "yellow union" among the men who have taken the places of the strikers. Two hundred families are on the verge of starvation because of the strike.

Troops Prevent Picketing. (SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.) Lisbon, Portugal, Nov. 12.—The strike of the soldiers at Pertuisas has spread to the women employed in the canning factories. The government has become so alarmed at the situation that pickets of cavalry have been set about the factories and several troops of infantry have been sent to the scene. The

troops are preventing any picketing by the strikers and are breaking up all groups of more than two or three persons on the streets.

Socialists Fight for Fund

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.) Brussels, Nov. 12.—Attempts are being made to nullify the recent action of the general council of Brabant, which voted \$20,000 for the relief of the unemployed. All the old tricks of statistical charity are being used by the clericals, who declare that "great care should be exercised to avoid a vicious distribution of the fund." The Socialists, led by Strauss, are up in arms and fighting any efforts to delay the immediate disbursement.

Feel Heel of Government

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.) Buechktach, Hungary, Nov. 12.—The striking miners here are beginning to feel the heel of the Austrian government. The activity of the police has succeeded only in bringing on the military, and there are now 50 infantry soldiers quartered at the police barracks here for the purpose of overawing the strikers.

ORIENTALS SMUGGLED FROM CANADA DIE IN BOAT WRECK

Buffalo, Nov. 12.—A motor boat containing ten Chinamen and three white men was wrecked on the breakwater off the foot of Michigan street yesterday. Six of the Chinamen were drowned or dashed to death against the rock ribbed sea wall. The four survivors were rescued by the crew of a police boat.

The three white men escaped and the federal authorities and local detective forces are securing the city endeavoring to round up men suspected of being engaged in the smuggling of Chinamen into this country from Canada. How the white men got to shore is the subject of a searching investigation. The statement of an elevator watchman that a second motor boat left the shore side of the breakwater just before dawn is a clew upon which the authorities are now working and which may lead to arrests.

One of the Chinamen told the immigration inspectors that the ten Chinamen left Toronto a week ago and had been lodged in a barn on the Canadian side of the lake opposite Buffalo awaiting a favorable opportunity to make a landing in the United States.



FREE TURKEYS AGAIN!!

Following the plan that has made us thousands of friends, We are going to give a Fine Turkey Free WITH EVERY \$10 PURCHASE OR OVER

Yes! And what's more, this offer holds good on anything you may buy right now in our Clothing Dept. during our

Gigantic Unexpected Sale of SUITS AND OVERCOATS AT

\$10 \$12 \$15

IT'S A TWO-IN-ONE OFFER AND THE BEST IN CHICAGO

NORTH AVE. AND LARRABEE ST. **W. W. STERN CLOTHING CO.** NORTH AVE. AND LARRABEE ST.

"THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU A 5-SPOT on Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothes, Society Brand clothes and L System clothes."

FREE TURKEY
With a \$10 Suit or Overcoat
BENSON & RIXON
947-951 MILWAUKEE AVE.

M'MEONEN, W. Va. All persons wishing the Chicago Daily Socialist delivered daily in Wheeling, Benwood and McMechen, at 1 cent a copy can do so by addressing O. V. Leeds, Box 99, McMechen, who will be glad to serve them daily and collect at end of month.

Senator Gaylord Lectures-- MAKE DATES NOW. Address 781 42d St., Milwaukee, Wis. Read the Daily Socialist.

LOGAN CO. ASSOCIATION BANQUET THE LOGAN CO. ASSOCIATION OF CHICAGO has chosen Nov. 15 as the day for its annual banquet. The affair will be held in the Carrie Alley shop & Madison st. All Chicagoans of Logan Co. birth lineage, education or residence are invited. H. Wills is president and Katherine Nelson secretary. KAY MARINE BRITTON, 909 W. Madison.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

THE FALLACIES OF PIERRE J. PROUDHON

LECTURE DELIVERED IN THE GARRICK THEATER, CHICAGO, NOV. 8, 1908.

BY ARTHUR M. LEWIS.

THE DRINK PROBLEM IN IRELAND

BY ELIZABETH HEANEY BEYER.

A number of misinformed persons on this side of the water imagine that there is practically no prohibition sentiment in Ireland.

Prohibition, as understood by Americans, it is true, is not as yet an Irish issue, but the anti-drink agitation is a most lively and pertinent factor in Irish politics.

I have just read a little letter in an Irish paper which shows the way Irish sentiment is swinging on the drink question.

"If a man who is ground under the feet of capitalism until he feels that he is no longer worth while to the world desires to get out from under that heel by the only path possible—death—he is permitted by the expenditure of a few pence to obtain a razor, a rope, a pistol or poison to rid himself of his own life, and then every obstacle is thrown in the way of the execution of his plan of escape.

We can feel in our hearts, but we have great trouble in making our hearts speak aloud. The heart strings sometimes snap under the strain of our feelings, but we cannot make that snapping into words.

As Seen by a Nineteen Year-Old Girl

BY HILDUR PETERSON

"Wake up!" I tell you, "Wake up!" Take a day off and think if you can't work and think too. Here is your country, my country and everybody's country, who claims to be a citizen, or so-called "our country."

This does not mean you, the individual, alone; but the great mass of people who wait upon the kings of industry. Who in their turn turn with us as a cat does a mouse.

You may pretend to be working for the good of your fellow men, or doing so in earnest. But stop and think a minute: Do you really mean it? If a good office be handed you with a neat little income, would your thoughts change? Would that selfishness and greed which is the undoing of the human race bud forth in you too?

Don't be too harsh in your judgment of the hand that controls the means by which we exist. For we have made it what it is by denying ourselves and heaping up riches for it in a lavish way.

How I wish I could tell you some of their stories! How temptation besets them at every turn. Now, what are you going to do to help them? Sit down and wait a bit for better times! No; you are not. You are going to help make conditions more harmonious so that we have a few hours of leisure which is now denied us.

How do you spend your time? Shall I tell you? Eighteen hours you work (eight or ten for a master, or more, and then your own work fills in the remainder) six hours you sleep with very little time for eating. And if you wish any recreation, then forfeit some of your hours of sleep. You don't need to read the papers to learn of our conditions. Look into your own home and those of your neighbors and you will be satisfied that something must be done, and that soon, for there is only one alternative.

Lincoln freed some of our slaves; them at every turn. Now, what are you going to do to help them? Sit down and wait a bit for better times! No; you are not. You are going to help make conditions more harmonious so that we have a few hours of leisure which is now denied us.

The next time you go down the street notice the pale, peaked faces that you

It strikes me that this signed letter to an Irish publication indicates that there is some sentiment in Ireland against forcing a workman to choose whether he will drink himself to death or speak off some place under the stars and dawn the great question by shorter route.

Of course I do not pretend to be able to say the things I really would like to say on this question. Working girls such as I am are unfortunately not gifted with the talent for expression.



ELIZABETH HEANEY BEYER

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The next time you go down the street notice the pale, peaked faces that you

up than the distiller and the brewer, that drink is the direct product of a system of society which places a premium on overwork, to the destruction of the vital forces of men and women and children; in other words, that society which makes drunkenness the only refuge of the toiler in a society so bad, so barbarous, so unfeeling that it is not fit to exist.

I have seen good men, fine upstanding men, splendid men, the best men in my home town of Arklow, driven to choose between drink and suicide if they would forget the troubles with which they were harassed. And I know of my own knowledge that those troubles came not so much from any fault of the men themselves, but from a something which I do not pretend to be able to explain but which I know lays somewhere higher up than those men.

It is sometimes very hard for me to keep my temper, thinking of the misery which the profits of certain persons have caused. Take the profit out of our present society, give to each his own, and it seems to me that there would be no necessity for brewers and distillers, or at least that the workers would be placed on such a secure foundation that they would use drink if at all as a beverage instead of a desperate attempt to get away from the terror that haunts them by day and by night, the terror of starvation for themselves and the ones they love.

It is only lately and after long thought that I believe I have seen to the bottom of the drink problem. I think now, of course this is only the thought of a poor girl who cannot perhaps state it very clearly, that we will solve this problem when we solve a very much bigger one, the giving to each the just rewards of his toil. My way of looking at things may be wrong, but it does seem to me that when you take the terror of starvation out of the world you will solve the drink problem. From my Irish experience I am positive that you will not solve the problem in any other way.

Latest Toy in London

The latest mechanical toy that is now being seen in the London shops is that of a policeman taking a suffragette to



the station. A pneumatic ball and tube make the figures move in a lifelike manner.

Socialist Cook Book

Tripe with Fried Bacon

Have a nice tender boiled tripe cut into neat slices and roll in flour. First fry in any slices of bacon as you wish to save—then a few slices of apple; put both aside to keep hot, and then fry the tripe to a nice brown. To serve, have a very hot dish, put the tripe in the center, and arrange the bacon and apple on it.

Stuffed Cabbage

Is excellent this time of year, when nice firm saucy are easily obtainable. Take a good sized cabbage, remove the heart, chop some cold pork finely, season it with sweet herbs, pepper and salt, add half the quantity of bread-crumbs, and bind with a beaten egg. Fill the cavity with the stuffing, bind the leaves firmly together, and boil for an hour. Serve with a good brown gravy poured over, and scatter a few crumbs over.

For Home Dress-makers



MISSES SHIRT-WAIST SUIT.

Paris Pattern No. 2589

All Seams Allowed.

Nothing is more serviceable for the every-day attire of the young girl than one of these jaunty little shirt-waist suits, developed in serge, Panama cloth, mohair, cotton voile, or canvas-cloth. The fullness in the front of the waist is distributed in a narrow backward-turning tucks stitched to nearly the bust-line, those to the back being stitched in beautiful effect. The nine-gored plaited skirt may be made separate or attached to the waist along one side; the joining being hidden under a belt of the material, or of ribbon, passed through a neck.

The sleeves are in full or above length; the former finished with straight cuffs held in place by buttons and buttonholes; the latter having turn-back cuffs of the same or a contrasting material.

Pattern is in 3 sizes—12 to 17 years.

Use a scale of 15 yards; the suit requires 10 1/2 yards of material 20 inches wide, 8 yards 2 1/2 inches wide, 5 1/2 yards 26 inches wide or 5 yards 42 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

All orders for patterns should be sent to the Chicago Daily Socialist, 100 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Catalogue showing styles and prices of patterns of all kinds on request.

He stoutly maintained that the abolition of competition could never be accomplished, because, said he, it involves

It was a countryman of Proudhon's, August Comte, who illumined the intellectual history of

the human race by dividing it into three periods—the theological, the metaphysical and the positive or scientific. These periods are the mental infancy, youth and manhood of the race, and all live in one or another of them.

The minds of most men are an incoherent mixture of two or even all three.

Peter Kropotkin reached the third stage—the positive—in his views on biology but he never emerged from the first in his political and social theories. Proudhon passed the second stage in anything.

Marx and Proudhon were at one time close friends. Marx relates how in 1844 he and Proudhon sat up, often awake at night, discussing questions of philosophy and political economy. Four years before, in 1840, Proudhon had written his book, "What is Property?" Marx saw from the brilliance and force of Proudhon's style in this work that he was destined to wield an immense influence in the Socialist movement of France.

For this reason Marx endeavored to influence his opinions. "I infected him," says Marx, "with Hegelianism, to his great prejudice, since not knowing German he could not study the matter thoroughly."

Two years after these all night discussions, in 1846, Proudhon produced his second important work, "The Philosophy of Misery," and Marx says, "Proudhon informed me of it in a long and detailed letter, which was a very other things he said: 'I await the blow of your critical rod.' And very soon this fell upon him in such a way as to forever shatter our friendship."

Misery of Philosophy

The "critical rod" fell in Marx's "Misery of Philosophy." Marx saw by Proudhon's second book that his case was hopeless and that he would never escape the narrow grooves of working-class thought, which could never become more and more ennobled.

Marx's preface is only two paragraphs and the longer of them is as follows: "M. Proudhon has the misfortune of being singularly misandered in Europe. In France he has the right to be so, in account, because he passes for a good German philosopher. In Germany he has the right to be a bad philosopher because he passes for one of the greatest of French economists. We, both as German and socialist, wish to protest against this double error."

Two years after Marx wrote this preface in 1848—Proudhon gave a very striking proof of his incompetence in German philosophy. In an article in his own paper, "The Voice of the People," in November of that year, he develops his theory of the state. He regarded that article of such importance that he published it as the preface to the third edition of his "Conditions of a Revolution," written in the same year.

Proudhon on Kant

Proudhon announces: "What Kant did some sixty years ago for religion, what he did earlier for certainty of certainties, what he did later for him and attempted to do for happiness or supreme good, the 'Voices of the People' proposes to do for the government."

What was it then that Kant did for religion—according to Proudhon? "It was to deny, as being superior to humanity, there must also exist a system of the relations between this Being and Humanity. What then is this system? The search for the best religion is the second step that the human mind takes in reason and in faith. Kant at once and forever strikes out of no longer asked himself what is God, and which is the best religion, he set about explaining the origin and development of the idea of God; he undertook to work out the biography of this idea."

And this is what Kant discovered in that search—according to Proudhon: "What we seek, what we see, in God, as Malebranche said, is our own ideal, the pure essence of Humanity. Kant denies the possibility of becoming conscious of it. He through premeditated contemplation, as the psychologists put it, as if it were a something outside itself, as it were a different Being face to face with itself, and in this inverted image which it casts on the mirror of its own mind, order, law, are no longer things revealed from above, imposed upon our free will by a so-called Creator, unknown and understandable; they are things that are proper and essential to us as our faculties and our organs, our mind and our blood. In two words religion and society are synonymous terms, man is as sacred to himself as if he were God."

And so Kant is represented as having reached the conclusion that God is simply an "inverted image" of man himself; a pigment of the human brain. Now the merest novice in German philosophy knows that Kant never did anything of the kind. Kant in his "Critique of Pure Reason" denies the possibility of our knowing anything at all about God. He maintains that the human mind is not equipped with any faculty or faculties that enable it to penetrate beyond the phenomena to the noumena.

Not Kant at All

True, in his "Critique of Practical Reason" he brings God back again in the name of Practical Morality. But never did Kant maintain that God was an "inverted image" of man. This whole theory which Proudhon attributes to Kant belongs to Ludwig Feuerbach. No wonder that the Germans considered Proudhon a bad German philosopher.

But as interesting as his derivation of Feuerbach's theory from Kant is the use he makes of it when derived. He applies the same anthropomorphic reasoning to the state.

"What humanity seeks in religion and calls God is itself." "What the citizen seeks in government and calls king, emperor, or president, is again himself, is liberty." "Outside humanity there is no God; the theological concept has no meaning—outside liberty no government, the political concept has no value."

Just as God, whom nobody has seen or felt to be a pigment of the religious brain, so the state with its laws, its soldiers and police, is a mirage of the political imagination.

What a monumental warning to all those thinkers who reason by analogy. Human Nature Fifty years ago the Socialists foresaw the inevitable collapse of competition. Not so Proudhon. He believed, like all the other utopians, that society would have to bend to "human nature." And human nature, as he conceived it, was Proudhon's in the haggard of the petty trader.

He stoutly maintained that the abolition of competition could never be accomplished, because, said he, it involves

"a transformation of our nature that is without historical precedent."

To this Marx replied: "M. Proudhon does not know that the whole of history is but a continual transformation of human nature."

Human nature was not the only metaphysical abstraction that held Proudhon's mind in bondage. There was one on which he claimed to have found his whole position. This was that particular kind of the petty bourgeois, eternal justice.

He does not to his readers the following grandiloquent jargon about justice: Proudhon on Justice "Justice is a faculty of the soul, the foremost of all, that which constitutes social being."

"Justice is the inviolable yardstick of all human actions."

"Justice is the central star which governs societies, the pole about which the political world revolves, the principle and the rule of all transactions. Nothing is done among men that is not done in the name of right; nothing without invoking justice."

"All the most rational teachings of human wisdom about justice are summed up in this famous adage: Do unto others as you would have done to you; do not to others as you would not have done to you."

All this empty claptrap about justice was beginning to lose force even fifty years ago when Proudhon wrote it and now it has the hollow sound of third reader oratory. Eternal Justice! Eternal nonsense!

Justice is determined by class interests. Justice from one point of view is injustice from another. In the days of Plato chattel slavery was just. In the days of Burke and Chatham it had become unjust.

Chattel slavery was just and unjust at once and the same time in two different parts of this country—just in the south, unjust in the north.

It is true that "nothing is done among men that is not done in the name of right." The feudal nobility fought the bourgeoisie in the French revolution in the name of right, and the bourgeoisie fought just as fiercely in the name of right; and the working class, without knowing what it was all about, took up the cry of right and rushed in and was crucified between the two thieves.

The employer reduces wages in the name of right and the employes invoke justice and the demand for justice is always invoked on both sides of every question.

Due to Mon Droit The belligerent French nobility had a battle cry in the middle ages "Droit Mon Droit," which was supposed to be a calling upon God and the right. But when properly translated "the right" here means the right hand. And the right hand was the sword hand. The feudal warrior posed his faith in the power of his sword.

It was a modern general who said: "I was in God and keep your powder dry." One can understand that a regiment with dry powder would have a chance even though for a time the thought of God, as would be natural enough under the circumstances, should be out of his mind. But what would befall a profoundly religious company which entered the fray with wet powder?

When the hypocritical British went to war with the Boers they invoked justice; their preachers roared in their pulpits and devoutly requested the Duty to enable the British arms to penetrate the bodies of the offending Boers, and the citizens of the Transvaal republic and the Orange Free State, also, with greater show of reason, invoked justice, and the pastors of that exceedingly pious people called upon the same Duty to enable their sharpshooters to let daylight through every British soldier.

The Golden Rule The idea of the golden rule is about as old as the Rocky Mountains, but it has never had any force since the dawn of "civilization," and never can have so long as private property in the means of life persists. Like justice, it is a meaningless abstraction.

To take one illustration that comes close home: Here is the capitalist who says, "I have accumulated property and now my style of living and that of my family depends on my ownership of that property. Now, you Socialists, put yourselves in my place, and would you like me, if I were in your place, to come along and take away your property?" Of course not.

Then there is the other side. The golden rule workman says to the golden rule capitalist: "I work long hours and produce much wealth, and when I have done so you take the greater part of it. Now, you Socialists, put yourselves in my place, would you like me, if I were in your place, to come and appropriate the greater part of the wealth which you had by your labor created?" Certainly not.

The Socialist philosophy has recognized long ago that this problem will never be solved by any application of the golden rule, but only by a class war.

Equality of Labor The question of the difference in value between different kinds of labor is one of the controversy and it fur-

nishes an excellent illustration of the difference in the types of mind of Marx and Proudhon.

Marx maintained that there were two kinds of labor—simple labor and complex labor—and that as an axiom in political economy the complex labor had the higher value. The complex laborer spent some years as an apprentice, learning how to perform skillful labor, and three years had to be reckoned in the cost of the production of his particular labor power. When he worked as a journeyman he expended not on his direct labor power, but he incorporated with it the labor power of previous years, thus making it complex.

The simple laborer began work with a shovelful of previous training and expended all his labor power that did not involve the expenses of an apprentice-ship.

Proudhon refused to accept this doctrine and considered it reactionary. He maintained that all labor had the same value and should receive the same reward.

Marx, taking, as he always did, the evolutionary view, allowed that this differentiation in the valuation of labor was wanting even in bourgeois society, and the real difference in the mental powers of the two disputants appears in their accounting for the origin of the idea of the equality in value of all labor.

Proudhon, after his fashion, believed the idea to be simply a deduction from the eternal principles of absolute justice. Marx, on the contrary, true to his whole philosophy, held that the notion had its origin in economic pro-

cesses. He pointed out that the highly complex machine was rapidly displacing the mechanic's skill and reducing him to the level of simple laborer, and that out of this "fact" grew the "idea" of their equality; it did not descend, as Proudhon thought, from the cloudland of eternal justice, but was created by modern industry.

Economic Traditions Proudhon believed that the social question consisted in certain economic contradictions and its solution must be found in a reconciliation of those contradictions. These economic categories had two sides—a good side and a bad side. The good side was expounded by the economists; the bad side was criticized and condemned by the Socialists. The good side must be conserved and the bad side abolished.

Here, for example, is the good side of competition: "Competition is an essential to labor as division of labor. It is necessary to the advent of equality."

Now the bad side: "This principle is the negation of itself. Its most certain effect is to ruin those whom it draws into its train."

The inconveniences which follow in its train, as well as the good which it procures, flow logically, the one and the other, from the principle."

To find the principle of reconciliation, which must be derived from a law superior to liberty itself.

"It cannot therefore be here a thing as to destroy competition, a thing as impossible as to destroy liberty itself; it is a question of finding the equilibrium."

And so, according to Proudhon, the problem is to find the reconciliation. The two sides must be reconciled, and the two classes, laborer and capitalist, must be reconciled. In 1848, two years after he had developed this theory of contradictions, he ran as a candidate for office at Doubs, and the following was printed on his election circular:

The social question is clear: you must escape from it. To solve it we must have men who combine extreme radicalism of mind with extreme conservatism of mind. Workers, hold out your hands to your employers; and you, employers, do not deliberately reject the advances of those who were your wage earners."

The man who was to combine extreme radicalism of mind with extreme conservatism of mind, and reconcile the good and bad sides of bourgeois society and bring together in friendly relations the two classes, was no other than the Socialist philosopher, proclaimed by Kropotkin to be the father of modern Socialism, Proudhon.

Proudhon's Historical Method Proudhon maintains that society begins by applying its simplest wants fully and then "attacks the production of objects which cost more labor time and which correspond to wants of a higher order."

To which Marx replied: "Things go quite otherwise than as M. Proudhon thinks. To say now that, because all the wants of all the workers were satisfied, men could give themselves up to the creation of products of a superior order, more complicated industries, would be to make abstraction of the antagonism of classes, and to overthrow the whole development of history. It is as if one should say that because under the Roman emperors, murenses were nourished in artificial fish ponds there was food in bondage for all the population of Rome. But, on the contrary, the Roman people wanted the necessary means to buy bread, while the Roman aristocrats had no lack of slaves with which to feed their fishes."

Another of Proudhon's pet theories is

that those commodities which are produced in the smallest amount of utility and are, therefore, in the greatest demand.

Cheap and Nasty This economic absurdity Marx repudiates at some length. "Cotton, potatoes and spirits are the objects of commonest use. Potatoes have engendered scrofula; cotton has largely driven linen and wool out of the market, although wool and linen are in many cases of much greater utility, if one be considered from the hygienic point of view, again, have largely replaced beer and wine, although spirits used as food, are generally recognized to be poison. For a whole century government has been considering the means of European opinion, economics prevailed, they dictated orders to consumption."

These illustrations advanced by Marx could easily be increased ad infinitum. A few years ago, when the vine-growers of the south of France (most plunged that country in revolution because the wine trust was using chemicals in place of grapes in the production of wine, and the vineyards were falling into ruin as a consequence) it was never contended by anybody that the chemical wine had greater utility than the grape wine. But it was cheaper and it was more easily made.

A few weeks ago in the south I heard a commercial traveler, who represented a firm of jelly makers complain that the jelly business, which used to flourish, was now about dead. He gave a detailed account of the reason. The jelly makers who had adulterated most could sell cheapest and got the whole market, and then the public discovered that jelly—any made—was indigestible, and they ceased to buy it at all.

The lesson that "all

"Why, then," asks Marx, "are cotton potatoes and spirits the pivots of bourgeois society? Because the least amount of labor is necessary for their production, and they are in consequence at the bottom of prices. Why does the minimum of price decide the maximum of consumption? Can it be by any chance because of the absolute utility of these objects (as Proudhon maintains) of their utility, or their utility, if it is to all the world, as they correspond in the most useful manner to the needs of the worker, as man, and not of the man as worker? No, it is because, in a socialized society, the utility of these products have the fatal prerogative of serving the use of the greatest number."

To say now that because the least costly things are the most generally used, therefore, they are the most useful, is to say that the extensive use of spirits because of their low cost of production is the most conclusive proof of their utility; it is to call the utility of the potato the most salutary meat; it is to accept the existing state of things; it is, in fine, to make, with M. Proudhon, the apology for a society without comprehending it.

In a future society," Marx concludes, "where the antagonism of classes will have ceased, there will no longer be classes, use will no longer be determined by the amount of labor in production; but the time of social production which will be devoted to the various objects will be determined by the degree of social utility."

The Contract We shall have to deal briefly with Proudhon's proposal to reconstruct society on a basis of contract. This idea of the freedom of contract was very dear to the bourgeois heart and was at the very center of the Manchester school of political economy.

They answered the worker's complaints by telling him that he was free to make any contract he chose, and if he did not wish to work for one employer he was not compelled; he was no slave, but a free contractor.

Proudhon's contract was to take the place of all law, as it would be impossible on a national scale it was to divide society into small contracting groups, which would be free to make institutions. Any refractory member who failed to keep his contracts could, as Kropotkin suggests, go and spend the rest of his days among savages—though it would probably probably prefer a term in jail as a much lighter sentence.

It is of course obvious that these small groups would be much harder to control than a centralized state. The whole proposal, at bottom, is to substitute a federation of small states for one big state.

Constitution of Value Proudhon's great doctrine and panacea, "the constitution of value," shows how thoroughly he was imbued with the ideas of the small bourgeoisie. The small capitalist was very desirous that the determination of value by labor time should be made permanent, and he was ready to do the research of the fluctuations of the market. He saw the big industrial capitalist with his improved plant producing the same commodities as himself in half the labor time as his handful of workers and he was ready to do anything to reduce his commodity to a value only equal to one-half the time his workers had put into them.

This must be changed, and Proudhon proposed to do so by "constituting value." A commodity should exchange at the actual cost of its production at the time it was, no matter how much the cost of production might have been lowered, between the manufacturer and the sale. Bourgeois civilization was to be preserved by taking out the principal wheel of its mechanism.

Again, the State Although Proudhon was opposed to the state to the point of denying its existence, he was ready to call upon it when value is to be constituted and small capitalists are to have their profits guaranteed against the encroachments of larger ones.

"It is to suppose that the provisional government or the constituent assembly, had seriously wished to help along business, encourage commerce, industry, agriculture, stop the depreciation of property, assure work to the workers—it could have been done by guaranteeing, e. g., to the first 10,000 contractors, factory owners, manufacturer's, merchants, etc. in the whole republic, an interest of 5 per cent on their capital, say, on the average, 100,000 francs, that each of them had embarked in his competitive business."

Morality in Economics The fundamental point of difference between Marx and Proudhon, however, is as to the source of ideas, the question as to where we must look for an explanation of progress and for indications of the course of future development.

Proudhon, utopian to the core, looks to metaphysical abstractions such as "human nature," "eternal justice," etc. Marx holds that moral notions should be kept clear of economics. The value of a notion of justice depends wholly upon whether or not it is founded on economic reality. The moral condemnation of an economic form can have no value unless it is based upon the fact that the economic form in question is already being superseded in the development of industry.

The hope of socialism does not lie with the Socialists, but with the worker who proclaims its superior justice. It will triumph because back of the inexorable economic evolutionary process, which is the capitalist, it is powerful, and moves unflinchingly forward to the dawning of a new day.

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The Future of the Democratic Party

Some Socialists are already hailing the death of the Democratic party. They are declaring that it can no longer maintain an existence.

Such jubilant mourning is a little premature. There is no doubt of the existence of the corpse. The Democratic party is not simply dead. As the political expression of any real social need it is very dead indeed.

But it does not always follow in politics that just because a party is dead that it will be removed from the political arena. It may be embalmed and rigged out in fantastic mummery and made to do duty for several years after a decent respect to the noses of mankind requires that it should be laid away in the political mausoleum.

Something like this appears to be the probable fate of the Democratic party. It once represented the hopes and aspirations and interests of the small competitive capitalists. As such it sought to scale down debts, hamper the trusts, restrict commercial expansion, and in general to turn society back to the "good old days" when every workman stood a chance of being able to graduate into the class of little labor skinnners.

The class that the Democratic party then represented has grown too feeble to require or to maintain a political party. According to all the rules of political diagnosis, the party that represented this class should have died and disappeared. It did die. It refuses to disappear.

Two things account for this seeming miracle. In the south the Democratic party is simply an organization of a ruling oligarchy. True political parties must be sought WITHIN its ranks. It has no real opposition. In the north the Democratic party is simply a hunger and thirst for righteousness, but for the spoils of office. Its machine is organized purely for plunder. It preys upon the depraved at both extremes of society—upon the franchise-seeking capitalist and the denizen of the red light districts.

In pursuit of the offices the party is willing to accept any principles. It is willing to be conservative one year and radical the next and make concessions to reaction at all times. When it comes to national offices this policy is hopeless. If a Parker is nominated all the Bryan voters leave him in the lurch, and the process is reversed when Bryan receives the nomination.

This means that, so far as the national elections are concerned, the Democrats can never hope for anything but defeat. However, even this is not as serious as might be thought. The Southern autocracy is as little interested in national success as the Sullivans, Murphys, Connerses and their kind in the North. Each is fairly well satisfied with what spoils can be secured locally. Furthermore, experience has shown that a national election may be a source of profit, even to a losing party, if the proper sort of bargains can be made with the victors. If you doubt this, ask Roger Sullivan.

Finally, the Republican party has need of an opponent. Rather, to speak with exactness, the capitalist class has need of two parties within its own ranks. Therefore it permits some of the good things to fall to those who are willing to be forever in a minority.

One strange thing about this situation is that this Democratic mummy seems to be able to so deck herself out as to attract the support of some who have caught a partial grasp of the trend of social events, and who should, by rights, be in a party of progress. Perhaps the next few years will serve to undeceive these.

They're After Him

There is always something humorous about all great situations. Which is only another way of saying that a situation which is really great reflects all sides of humanity.

The real issue that is convulsing Germany is, of course, that of a responsible ministry versus an absolute monarchy, and is but a part of that tremendous movement toward democracy that is shaking the world.

In Germany, however, it takes on the phase of keeping the emperor from talking too much. The Kaiser's loquacity has always been a source of trouble. The "ego in his cosmos," as one of the Reichstag members expressed it with true German metaphysical terminology, has always been too great.

Three million German voters have already started after the whole system of absolutism, political and industrial, and it is these three million Socialists that are making it necessary to put a curb on his tongue.

All this shows that the "world do move." Ten years ago the mere suggestion by any German, on the floor of the Reichstag or elsewhere, that the Kaiser ought to keep his royal mouth shut would have meant a prosecution for lese majeste before the echoes of the offending words had died away.

Ten years ago, in the palmy days of Mark Hanna, an open alliance of any political party with the great capitalists was considered a source of strength. How many even remember today that McKinley died at the home of one of the great Standard Oil attorneys, with whom he was visiting at the time of his assassination? Such relations did not excite any comment at that time.

Today, although the alliance is equally close, it is concealed. The industrial autocrats do not talk so openly as they did. When a Rockefeller expresses his presidential preferences he is told that he "talks too much" as promptly as the Kaiser.

Autocracy has ceased to command honor or respect. It is tottering to its fall.

Political Points "You keep peep here?" "All kinds, sir." "Well, put me up some treachery and sort in a few causticities. I've a political article to write."—Boston Transcript.

An Early Worm, Too "You'll wake up some day and find yourself famous." "Well, I dunno. I've been going out early for the morning papers for a long time now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Choice Landlady—Will you take tea or coffee? Boarder—Whenever you call it—New York Sun.

The ex-Presidential Yacht Noah surveyed the Ark. "Think what spot Roosevelt would have by chartering this ship," he cried. Here with us drove the animals aboard.—New York Sun.

THE PRIDE OF MR. JAKOKSKY

(A LITTLE ADVENTURE ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK.)

BY ERNEST POOLE

"Tell Colonel Jakoksky," said my stout, solemn chum, Abraham in a fine bass voice, "that I am the military editor of the New York Sun—come to inspect his regiment."

The sleek, dark, dull-eyed old waiter gave a dazed look at Abraham, Mike and me, then turned and translated in Hungarian.

The "regiment" stood rigid and breathless at attention. Twenty-six Hungarians, immigrants newly arrived, artists, musicians, clarkmakers, barbers, waiters, tailors and cooks—tonight all warriors in the "regiment" of Mr. Jakoksky, the barber, in a long, low, red walled room up over a Hungarian cafe, with a huge Hungarian flag draped over one door, the Stars and Stripes over the other, and below it a stout keg of wine. Twenty-six figures in line, from the tall top-heavy cook at the head to the twinkling-eyed little fiddler below. Twenty-six fierce black mustaches, large and small, thick red lips, swarthy cheeks and flashing eyes. All leaned slightly forward, quivering with sudden excitement and pride.

Proudest, swarthiest, quivering hardest of all was little Mr. Jakoksky. He stood out in front, his little chest swathed in two wide crimson bands of blue and white ribbon, his sword at "Present." His curly head thrown back—listening. As Abraham's outrageous lie was slowly translated the little man's fine pointed mustaches curled half way up to his eyes, his mouth opened, teeth gleamed and in high treble, but valiant, tones he jerked out an impassioned oration.

"He say," said the dull-eyed waiter, in slow, deep, grunts, "he say he is glad he get so tremendous glory all in a minute. He say his heart will go bust. He also say his brave comrades—all hearts will go bust. He say, hooray for de faderland an' hooray again for de America land, and also hooray for de great New York Sun. Once more his heart will go bust. An' now he will make de regiment give de show off in honor of you an' America." The old waiter eyed us with just the ghost of a twinkle. "But I think," he added, "you boys is damn fake editors."

The top heavy giant at the head of the line seemed to catch this last, his massive face grew dark, he advanced one foot and his mighty right arm stiffened. He was looking at me; I shivered and wished I were home, for I am thin and five feet three. But Abraham smiled loftily.

"Tell Mr. Jakoksky," he said, "that this gentleman"—pointing to me—"is our special war correspondent, just home from Japan. And this"—pointing to Mike—"is our greatest military artist, Mr. Spanglebini."

Mike, who is tall, hollow chested and gaunt, and a dry goods clerk by profession, now sat down and began slowly to sketch on his pad, stopping now and then for an attentive look at Mr. Jakoksky, whose chest swelled slowly with pride.

Waving his sword, the little barber snapped out orders pell-mell, the man at the piano crashed a wild, martial air, and the "regiment" swung into action. In a long, solemn line they swept slowly across the hall. Abraham looked on in dignified approval.

"Mr. Jakoksky," he dictated to me (Abraham is by profession a life insurance agent). "Five feet one—heart ready to bust—lungs sound but greatly swelled—hair black, long, nicely curled and polished—whiskers ditto—pretty head—also swelled—plenty of room inside—safe investment—sure to live—too pleased with himself to die—joy in life—good asset."

He stopped and gravely raised his hand to his cigar in salute, as the "regiment," wheeling into fours, came tramping by with Mr. Jakoksky strutting ahead.

"Mr. Jakoksky," continued Abe, in a loud, earnest monotone. "Fine boy—"

little feet—back bone rigid—hands nervous—bully barber—dainty waist—proud of it—proud of it—watch him now—watch and listen—repeat Jakoksky—more the better—Jakoksky—again Jakoksky—fame and glory—how he likes it—major—captain—general—barber—let us give three long cheers for Jakoksky—ah—Jakoksky!"

With a courteous smile Abe walked behind Mike and glanced, now at the portrait, now at Mr. Jakoksky, who had brought his regiment to a halt directly before us and stood with his sword again at "present," eyes blissfully staring up at the ceiling, mustaches still curling up into his eyes.

"Ah," said Abraham. "Fine—very fine." Again he saluted the colonel and again he glanced at the portrait. "Fine—very fine." Mike was clumsily drawing a wreathed, scrawny likeness of a mule. Mike's lean face was solemn and set, from his eyes flashed the light of creative joy, he took a long, reflective look at the blissful little Jakoksky, then bent over his pad and laboriously added a left hindleg to the mule. "Ah," again murmured Abraham, nodding his head. "Fine—very fine."

It was too much. The little colonel drew a deep, quivering breath, wheeled about, gave a sharp order and flourished his sword. The "regiment" broke ranks and came crowding around the artist. Another instant and our young lives would have been shattered forever. But Mike was a genius. Claspings the portrait to his breast—mule side in, he rose with dignity, bestowed a lofty frown on the smiling Jakoksky, jammed his hat on his head, buttoned his scanty frock coat, and with a wrathful glance at Abe—turned to leave the hall. Abe, in great, apparent anxiety, rushed to him, clasped his arm and strove to soothe the outraged artist. Slowly Mike yielded and sat down—still frowning at the regiment. Abe turned to the waiter.

"Tell Colonel Jakoksky," he cried, angrily, "that Mr. Spanglebini is an artist who cannot be insulted. He never allows the public to see his works before they appear in press! He is now so wounded in his soul that I fear he will draw no portrait at all—or that if he does he will make it ugly—extremely ugly!"

When the waiter translated this news Mr. Jakoksky turned pale, sternly ordered the "regiment" to fall back, and while Abe anxiously placed a cigar in the teeth of the indignant Spanglebini, the little colonel rushed with a waiter to the stout keg of Bulgarian wine. Glasses appeared and were filled to the brims. Abraham, Mike and I were offered foaming red beakers, the "regiment" lifted their glasses on high—teeth gleaming, eyes flashing, mustaches all a-quiver. And as Mike drank he slowly relented. Puffing his cigar he bent again to his pad, another meditative look at Mr. Jakoksky—and he carefully added a right hindleg to the mule.

Mr. Jakoksky, in an ecstasy of joy, relief and pride, again whirled his sword, the regiment gave three wild cheers and redoubled glasses; again and again we quaffed that fiery, tickling, tingling wine, until even the ponderous cook grew bright in his yellow eyes, while his face became rosy and broke into a heavy jovial smile. "The regiment" now went round the hall double quick in columns of fours, the little colonel prancing ahead with his chest well ahead of his body, his hair down over his flashing black eyes. Mike watched him go by and solemnly added a dapping right ear to the mule.

Abraham, with cigar in one hand and glass in the other, surveyed the drill, now smiling approval as Mr. Jakoksky saluted, now gloomily shaking his head as the top-heavy cook stumbled and sprang on the floor, completely blocking the maneuvers. By motions of hands and feet Abe showed to the colonel a more spirited style

of running—lifting the feet high and straight up like a carriage horse in the park. Round and round pranced Jakoksky and the twenty-six. Down came hair, chests heaved, mustaches flapped, more fiercely gleamed the eyes. Again the "regiment" broke ranks round the keg, again glasses rose on high, again Mr. Jakoksky stood blissfully puffing. And Mike, after an anxious look, put his cigar in his teeth, bent to his pad and began the enormously left ear of his mule.

The sleek old waiter, tip-toeing behind, caught sight of the portrait: At the same instant Abe saw him and tapped Mike's shoulder. Mike glanced up, saw that all was discovered, removed the cigar from his teeth and gloomily frowned on the waiter. The old waiter stared back, hesitating. He glanced over at Mr. Jakoksky, his countryman, he glanced down at the wreathed, scrawny mule, he glanced at the keg, now empty, and then he turned with a dull but threatening eye on Abe. Again Abe smiled.

"Bring up another keg," he cried, "and also a box of your best five-cent cigars!"

One moment still the waiter paused. An icy shiver went creeping down my spine. Then he turned with a grin. For his sake he had sold his country's honor.

The keg was brought, the cigars were lit, and Abraham stepped forward: "Tell the great colonel, Jakoksky," he began, in a voice deeper than ever, "that he does well to prepare his brave friends in the art of self defense. This great city is full of perils and most of all for new Hungarians. Murderers, thugs and grafters are on every hand. Anarchists from within and Spaniards from without constantly threaten the lives of the people. Death lurks forever behind us—death which bears us away and leaves our wives and innocent babes to starve as paupers on the streets. Death—death—death! He does well to prepare his regiment. But let him also—here Abe's voice sank to slow, impressive professional tones—"let him also seek protection—by a sure and safe and infallible means—in short—I may say—by—life insurance. Again I wish him glory and honor! And let him be patient. If the account of tonight's inspiring spectacle does not appear tomorrow, or even for weeks ahead, let him know it is only because our great military artist, Mr. Spanglebini, has other great men to portray. And now good-night—farewell—good-by!"

Abe took Mr. Jakoksky's address, to send one of his fellow agents to call the next morning. We turned to go. And then Mr. Jakoksky, stepping forth from his comrades, with eyes raised to the flag, piped forth his farewell oration.

"He say," grunted the waiter, "he say his soul burnt in a fire. He is proud for because his speech will go to all people. He is proud for because he stand between his faderland and de America land. He wish he could shout a hundred times so loud. He thinks once more his heart will go bust. He say he is ready to fight for de America land—for Roosevelt an' Murphy an' Jerome an' Hearst an' also for de kind, de tremendous New York Sun. Once more his soul is hot in a fire. He will work hard to make his regiment brave an' fine. He will make his regiment by red hats an' green pants an' also tremendous white ribbons. He will get de life insurance, although he don't know what it is. He will parade in de street for Roosevelt, an' Murphy an' Jerome an' Hearst an' also for de kind, de tremendous New York Sun. He will shout; he will sing; he will dance. Again he think his heart will go bust. An' he ask you to put in de paper de address of his barber shop an' you say he make de tremendous hair cut for fifteen cents—an' also two hair cuts for a quarter."

the water and grit to the sides and passes to a water seal. The gas then passes along to the engines, where the normal process of carburation and ignition takes place. The engine is of five cylinders of the four-cycle type. The exhaust gases are treated by means of an exhaust drum, with tubes, through which water is circulated, and the steam thus generated is conveyed by the producer to assist in the production of gas. The exhaust boxes effectively silenced the engine of the Rattler, which, with all its cylinders of 2 1/2-inch diameter and 2 1/2-inch stroke, produces 200 horse-power at 26 revolutions per minute, driving the vessel at an average speed of ten knots. While the owners of the gas-producing plant claim that the application of the gas engine to marine engineering would revolutionize the mode of propelling vessels designed to travel at a slow speed, it would not, they admit, compete with the steam turbine at high speeds, as the limit of its usefulness is reached at a speed at which that of a turbine only begins, viz., about fourteen knots. As an auxiliary power to sailing vessels it is said to supply the desideratum of economy in fuel and space.

A GAS-DRIVEN SHIP

Vice Consul W. J. Suttie of Liverpool gives the following account of the successful demonstration of the applicability of gas propulsion to slow-going ships just made there on the River Mersey: The Rattler, on which the experiment was carried out, is an obsolete British gunboat, now being used as a training ship for volunteers. This vessel of 700 tons made a trip to the Crosby Light ship and back, about fourteen miles, propelled by gas. The old steam machinery, which was of the usual horizontal triple expansion type, with two navy boilers, was removed, and replaced by a single-acting gas-producing plant and five cylinder machines, made by a firm of engineers who have had extensive experiments with the new propelling agent.

A feature of the plant is the great economy of coal which takes place by its use. It being calculated that the consumption of the anthracite coal used was equivalent to 68 pound per indicated horse-power per hour, while the machinery, weight for weight, is 25 per cent less than that of the old machinery. The saving of space by the absence of boilers is marked, and there is no stokehold. The whole staff engaged at the engine consists of three engineers and two firemen. The producer is a steel casing, lined with fire brick, and is fed from the top with coal once every hour. No trimming or dressing is required, and the coal, being all used up, leaves a residue of pure ash.

The gas is formed by the air being drawn in through the bottom of the producer, which, having been decomposed, reaches the top of the consumer in the form of gas. After leaving the producer the gas passes through a cooling tower, where it is treated by sprays of water, and thence to a centrifugal drier, where the water is separated. The drier consists of a fan revolving at a high rate of speed, and the gas, being lighter, remains in the center of the drier, and the high rate of speed of the blades throws



A Worthy Desire An ambitious young Chicagoan recently called upon a publisher of novels in that city, to whom he imparted confidentially the information that he had decided to "write a book," and that he would be pleased to afford the publisher the chance to bring it out. "May I venture to inquire as to the nature of the book you propose to write?" asked the publisher, very politely. "Oh," came in an offhand way from the aspirant for fame, "I think of doing something on the line of 'Les Miserables,' only livelier, you know!"—Lippincott's.



LIBERTY LIGHTING THE WORLD

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

(John Boyle O'Reilly wrote this poem in 1852. Then the bloody alliance between American bondholders and Russian autocrats had not yet been concluded. Then America was still the refuge of the politically oppressed, and the proposal to return a man who had revolted against autocracy in government would have never been entertained.)

Majestic warder by the Nation's gate, Spike-crowned, flame-armed like Aagon or Glory, Holding the tablets of some unknown law, With gestures eloquent and mute as Fate, We stand about thy feet in solemn awe, Like desert-tribes who seek their Sphinx's story, And question thee in spirit and in speech: What art thou? Whence? What comest thou to teach? What vision hold those introverted eyes Of revolutions framed in centuries? Thy flame—what threat, or guide for sacred way? Thy tablet—what commandments? What Sinai? Lo, as the waves make murmur at thy base, We watch the somber grandeur of thy face, And ask thee—what thou art.

I am Liberty—God's daughter, My symbols—a law and a torch; Not a sword to threaten slaughter, Nor a flame to dazzle or scorch; But a light that the world may see, And a truth that shall make men free.

I am the sister of Duty, And I am the sister of Faith; Today, adored for my beauty, Tomorrow, led forth to death, I am the whom ages prayed for; Heroes suffered undismayed for; Whom the martyrs were betrayed for.

I am a herald republican from a land grown free under feet of kings; My radiance, lighting a century's span, a sister's love to Columbia brings. I am a beacon to ships at sea, and a warning to watchers ashore; In palace and prairie and street, through me, shall be heard the ominous ocean-roar.

I am a threat to oppression's sin, and a pharos-light to the weak endeavor; Mine is the love that man may win, but lost—it is lost forever. Mine are the lovers who deepest pain, with weapon and word till wounding sore; With sanguined hands they caress and chain, and crown and trample—and still adore. Cities have flamed in my name, and Death has reaped wild harvest of joy and peace, Till mine is a voice that stills the breath, my advent an omen that love shall cease. In my name, timid ones crazed with terror. In my name, Law with a scourging rod. In my name, Anarchy, Cruelty, Error. I, who am Liberty, daughter of God!

Peace! Be still! See my torch uplifted— Heedless of Passion or Mammon's cause. Round my feet are the ages drifted, Under mine eyes are the rulers sifted— Ever, forever, my changeless laws.

I am Liberty. Fame of nation or praise of statute is naught to me; Freedom is growth and not creation; One man suffers, one man is free. One brain forges a constitution; but how shall the million souls be won? Freedom is more than a resolution—be it not free who is free alone. Justice is mine, and it grows by loving, changing the world like the circling sun; Evil recedes from the spirit's proving as mist from the hollows when night is done. I am the best, O silent tellers, holding the scales of error and truth; Proving the heritage held by spoilers from hard hands empty, and wasted youth. I, like you blind, from your futile banding; know the rights, and the rights are won; Wrong shall die with the understanding—one truth clear and the work is done. Nature is higher than Progress or Knowledge, whose need is ninety enslaved for ten; My word shall stand against mart and college: THE PLANET BELONGS TO ITS LIVING MEN. And hither, ye weary ones and breathless, searching the seas for a kindly shore, I am Liberty, patient, deathless—set by Love at the Nation's door.

THE MASTER BUILDER

BY AN IBSENITE.

"Vague" and "perplexing" they say it is this story of the Master Builder, this picture of a man with the huge selfishness and the penetration of genius, who saw the folly and senselessness of building churches to a "jealous god," anxious only for his own glory; who realized that even the rearing of homes with splendid steeples above them—warm, comfortable homes, where merry children played—was not the greatest thing in the world; who stood alone once in the strength of a great idea; and who fell at last because he himself was not built strong enough to endure high altitudes. But at least the portrait of the Master Builder's wife stands out clearly drawn, and the critic's rather uncertain taper is not needed to illumine it. This woman, holding with all her heart to the ways of the past; grown to womanhood clinging to the dolls down to her when she was a little child; able to see a "dispensation of Providence" in the death of her little ones, but not in the dividing and changing of the family estate—how real she is, and what a part of society does she represent! She should have had a life of her own; she should have known it was her duty to submit, and so she went into

the structure of the Master Builder, and weakened it. She, too, was never made to stand alone. Strength endures, and weakness falls away; it is not entirely a new idea, that. But the structure of the play was built up in the air of truth; so clear an atmosphere belongs to it that one looks into the distance and sees new edifices looming up ahead, of form and color different enough from those familiar to our eyes, and here and there upon the right and left, are cracks and gaps in foundations that we once believed supported everlasting towers of strength. Whether we fight it with our wills or with our tears, the new comes and the old goes on its way; that is the fashion of the world, which turns up on its axis regularly in order that we may have new days and nights and the four seasons of the year. Better to accept this truth, better, even to stand out clearly drawn, and the critic's rather uncertain taper is not needed to illumine it. This woman, holding with all her heart to the ways of the past; grown to womanhood clinging to the dolls down to her when she was a little child; able to see a "dispensation of Providence" in the death of her little ones, but not in the dividing and changing of the family estate—how real she is, and what a part of society does she represent! She should have had a life of her own; she should have known it was her duty to submit, and so she went into



larger and larger. Sunday night the subject was "The Psychic Factors of Civilization," and it was so well received that the collection was the largest we have ever received since the course began, and when you consider that the election is over and the excitement is supposed to have subsided, it will be seen that these lectures most possess genuine merit. From these meetings radiates the most healthy sentiments. Arguments have been advanced at these lectures that have assisted our local workers. The philosophy of Socialism has been so clearly expounded that utopianism has been largely banished from our local movement, and we can safely say that 80 per cent of our splendid vote recently cast is a relatively clear vote. We are now striving to transfer our former street meetings into schoolhouses and branch meeting halls, so the end and all our local speakers may improve as well as carry on the agitation. For our spring campaign for municipal officers is just in front of us. Three towns in this county, besides Pittsburg, where the large meetings are addressed by Comrade Clayton, as above mentioned, are arranging to have him deliver the same series either weekly or semi-monthly for them. Thus the whole country will move thoroughly be permeated with the good work. We sell from 200 to 300 Calls and Chicago Dailies at each of our Sunday lectures besides getting some subscribers. So all in all, it can be readily seen why we had a big time and why we think it is a sound one. Then, too, we have organized two new branches since the election and have four more in sight, and feel sure we will not meet any members during the coming winter than ever before. The same length of time. W. C. MCKEAY.