

AMERICA 1 FIGHT DIAZ BLO BY PLAN; DARROW AROUSED

Effort to Send Back De Lara in Secret Hearing Stirs the Country

OFFICIAL PLOT IS SEEN

America Shown to Be in Coup to Deliver Up Foes to the Dictator

Efforts on the part of the United States government to turn L. Guiterrez de Lara, former national organizer of the Socialist party, over to the hired executioners of "Bloody" Diaz with the mere formality of a secret trial by immigration officials at Los Angeles, Cal., threaten to stir up the entire country as the Rudowitz case never did.

"They can't send De Lara back to Mexico merely as the result of a secret trial," declares Clarence Darrow, counsel for the Western Federation of Miners in the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone cases, and attorney in the Rudowitz case. "I am sure that a jury trial can be secured."

Darrow M. Take Case

Several telegrams have been received by Attorney Darrow from the De Lara Defense League at Los Angeles asking him to take up the case. Darrow wired back yesterday to secure information about the case and expects an answer today, which may take him to California to fight not only the United States government but the Mexican government as well.

"The question in this case seems to hinge on the time that De Lara has been in this country. The United States Supreme Court has held that that is proper matter for a jury to decide," said Darrow today.

"The only matter on which the immigration officials can hold a hearing is whether De Lara is an 'anarchist,' as he is charged with being. The immigration officials have the power to treat with alien anarchist cases."

Arrange a Secret Trial

It is announced that when De Lara is tried before Chief Immigration Inspector A. C. Ridgway next week it will be behind closed doors. Ridgway has telegraphed to the department of commerce and labor at Washington recommending that De Lara's bail be fixed at \$3,000.

The forces rallying to the support of De Lara, however, will not permit the case to be decided by a mere secret hearing before an immigration official. Funds are being raised to fight the case to a finish. If a jury trial is secured, as is very probable, startling evidence will be presented that will likely cool the recent warmth that was extended in the love feast on the Rio Grande.

De Lara claims that he has lived in this country more than three years and that he is not an alien. He contends that he did not give up his residence in this country when he returned to Mexico recently with John Kenneth Turner to gather material for articles on "Barbarous Mexico" to be used by the American Magazine.

Too Active for Liberty

It is De Lara's activity toward freeing his countrymen from the bondage of the Mexican czar that has aroused the bias government against him. Efforts will doubtlessly be made at the trial to present evidence showing an agreement between the United States and the Mexican governments for the return of Mexican political refugees, many of whom were arrested during Taft's tour through the southwest.

The Political Refugee Defense League will meet tonight, when it will consider De Lara's case and plans made to cooperate with the organizations in California that are already coming to the support of the Mexican revolutionist.

"What do you think of the attitude of the federal officials toward the Socialists at El Paso and San Antonio?" was asked of Attorney Darrow today. "Oh, they're all crazy, it seems," said Darrow, paying his tribute to the drastic methods adopted by the United States' officials.

High Handed Methods Shown

That the officials of the United States government have joined hands with Diaz in a general policy of illegal terrorism is shown more plainly by every dispatch from the southwest. Not content with imprisoning L. G. De Lara and trying to send him back to Mexico by secret process, these officials have been arresting without any process of law all those who have displeased the Mexican dictator.

When John Murray, an official of the Political Refugee Defense League, was under arrest, a committee of his friends went to the San Antonio city hall to inform the police department of his dis-

appearance and to ask that he be searched for—they, of course, not knowing that he had been secretly arrested.

Arrested, Then Released

While the committee was in the police headquarters an officer called Peter Davis, one of the members of the committee, to one side, and before his friends realized what was happening he had been imprisoned.

All efforts to discover his whereabouts were frustrated by the police until the following morning, when legal steps were taken to compel his appearance. He was then discharged without any charges having been preferred against him.

Warn Owens to Leave

On the same day officers visited W. C. Owens, a well-known prison reformer and writer on similar topics, at his home in Los Angeles and warned him to leave town if he "wished to avoid the fate of De Lara." He promptly refused to leave and up to the present time has not been further molested, although there is a general feeling that anyone who has chanced to displease the Mexican authorities is no longer safe on American soil.

PUBLICITY TO SAVE DE LARA

Is Only Thing That Will Save His Life, Says Miss Twining

"Publicity is the only thing that will save De Lara from being sent back to be murdered by the Mexican government," declares Miss Luella Twining, who stopped at the home of the Mexican Socialist during her recent visit to Los Angeles.

"Don't forget the Mexicans," were the last words De Lara said to me before I left for the east," said Miss Twining, who is now in Chicago.

For More Than Three Years

"They can't prove anything against him. If it is a matter of showing that De Lara has been in this country more than three years I am sure that can easily be done. De Lara came to this country after the famous Cananea strike of the Western Federation of Miners at Cananea, Mex. That was three and a half years ago. As a member of the Mexican liberal party, which was in favor of an eight hour day, De Lara became directly concerned in the struggle of the miners, and won the enmity of the mine owners. The strike was marked by considerable bloodshed, the mine owners shooting down their employes whenever it pleased them.

"De Lara was arrested with Magon, Villarreal and Rivera in Los Angeles at the instigation of the Mexican government in 1906, over three years ago. De Lara secured his liberty at that time but the other three Mexicans are now in prison at Florence, Ariz. If Mexico succeeds in getting De Lara across the border into Mexico and killing him they will doubtlessly attempt similar tactics with respect to Magon, Villarreal and Rivera.

De Lara Not an Alien

"De Lara has numerous friends in Los Angeles who will testify to the fact that he has lived in this country over three years and that he is not an alien. Officials of the Western Federation of Miners, to whom he is well known, will testify to the same effect."

KENTUCKIAN ARRESTED FOR MURDER AFTER 22 YEARS

Huntington, W. Va., Oct. 23.—After twenty-two years of hiding, following a murder near Hendricks, Ky., in the fall of 1887, Alexander McFarland was arrested yesterday near the Raleigh-Kanawha border by a posse of West Virginia and Kentucky officers. He was brought to this city last night on the way back to Kentucky.

McFarland and Thomas H. Patton of Hendricks met on a country road and quarreled over a woman. It is alleged that McFarland shot and killed Patton. With the aid of friends McFarland escaped from the state. He abandoned a wife and five children. After years of roaming he settled down in the coal and coke country of southern West Virginia and began life anew under the name of Press Carter. He married, and reared a family, which until yesterday, did not know that a \$300 reward was hanging over his head.

SICILY SHAKEN IN NEW QUAKE

Messina, Sicily, Oct. 23.—Earth shocks felt near Mount Etna yesterday, with the renewed activity of Mount Vesuvius, have caused alarm here. The fact that seismic disturbances had been predicted by Frank A. Perret, the American scientist, formerly assistant director of the royal observatory on Mount Vesuvius, does not lessen the uneasiness.

Mr. Perret was in this city during the last week of September and at that time pointed out that Sept. 29 would be a date favorable for earthquakes and volcanic eruptions because the sun, the earth and the moon would be in line, a combination tending to produce a gravitational disturbance of the earth's form. Mr. Perret added that if nothing out of the ordinary occurred, as proved to be the case, it would mean that the earth had resisted the unusual pressure, but that telluric convulsions probably would be experienced in the latter half of October.

See Vesuvius in Eruption

Naples, Italy, Oct. 23.—The eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which became alarmingly active yesterday, seems to be decreasing. Villages near the volcano are filled with strangers, mostly foreigners, who hastened there to see the phenomenon.

SUFFICIENT CAUSE FOR ANXIETY



News Item: KING EDWARD IS GREATLY WORRIED OVER THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE COMING GENERAL ELECTION.

SWEEPING VICTORIES WON BY SOCIALISTS IN GERMAN POLL

(News of the big Socialist gains in Germany came over the Associated Press wires last night, but was deliberately suppressed by the Chicago morning papers except the Record-Herald.)

Berlin, Oct. 23.—The German Social Democracy, which, according to the capitalist newspapers of the world, was utterly annihilated two years ago, and which, according to the same newspapers, is now so torn with dissension, continues to win magnificent victories wherever elections are held.

The diet elections in Saxony and Ba-

den yesterday show large Socialist gains. The Saxony elections were held for the first time under the new election law enlarging suffrage. The Socialists gained seats in Dresden, Leipzig and Chemnitz, and even won several from the conservative districts.

Up to a late hour the Socialists had been definitely elected and thirty-five enter reballots. In Baden both Socialists and liberals have made big gains in the city districts, according to the reports, the clericals and conservatives losing some seats. The result in both states apparently is due to the dissatisfaction of the country

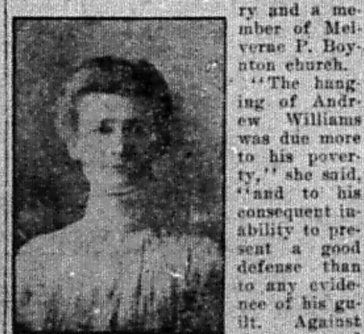
over the taxes voted by the reichstag in the summer, anti-militarism figuring largely in the people's discontent.

Dresden, Oct. 23.—At a late hour the result of the elections for members of the diet was pretty well known, although the returns have not all been received. The conservatives, who had forty-eight seats in the old diet, elect thirteen and enter fourteen reballots. The Socialists, who had only one seat, elect twelve and reballot forty-five. The national liberals, with thirty-one seats, elect four and reballot twenty-seven seats. The radicals have not elected a member, but have eight reballots.

HANGED BECAUSE HE WAS POOR?

Settlement Worker Claims Andrew Williams Owed Fate to Poverty

The hanging of Andrew Williams at the county jail yesterday was condemned by Miss Belle Buzzell, a Baptist missionary and a member of Melvina P. Boynton church.



MISS BUZZELL.

"The hanging of Andrew Williams was due more to his poverty than to any crime," she said. "and to his consequent inability to present a good defense than to any evidence of his guilt. Against the power and wealth of Cook County and the strength of the police he could oppose only the most meager financial resources. I have visited him in the jail and I am convinced from those visits and from the evidence produced at his trial that he did not murder his wife."

Thinks Father Did Shooting

"I feel sure of the truth of the story that his father-in-law, John Hardy, a Chicago policeman, had threatened the young man and that for that reason Williams, when he went to Hardy's house, went armed. I believe that the shooting of Mrs. Williams was done by Hardy accidentally when he and Hardy were engaged in a fight. I have talked to Williams and from his ideal conduct in the jail, both toward the guards and toward mission workers, I am convinced that he never killed his wife. Even if it were granted that a bullet from his revolver did kill Mrs. Williams, the shooting could not have been intentional and a verdict of guilty on the charge of manslaughter would have been all that was warranted.

Details of the Hanging

The execution of Williams, the first in Chicago in two years, was witnessed by less than 100 persons, including doc-

THERE IS STILL TIME

There is still time for you to get in your order for that ANNIVERSARY NUMBER of the Daily Socialist. This number will be full of working-class stories and reports of the work now being carried on throughout the world by Socialists. This is an opportunity not to be overlooked. Copies can be had at 75 cents a hundred or \$7 per thousand. Mail your order tonight.

BARBER SENATORIAL CHOICE OF CHICAGO SOCIALISTS

A. C. Mendell, living at 326 Warren avenue, a barber, was nominated last night by the Socialists of the Second congressional district to enter the race for the vacancy caused by the death of the late state representative, N. T. Zambel. Mendell is business agent of the Journeymen Barbers' union.

Members of the campaign committee of the Second senatorial district and the Sixth congressional district will meet with the general campaign committee of Cook county next Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock to make plans for the two special elections which will soon be held. The meeting Sunday will be held at the office of C. F. Kellogg, at 721 South Western avenue. Plans will be made at that time for numerous meetings and the distribution of a large amount of campaign literature.

ARMY OF REBELS NUMBERS 2,500

New Orleans, Oct. 23.—Private reports received here from Bluefields, Nicaragua, under date of October 16, say that the entire army of the revolution numbers 2,500 men. It is declared that the position of Gen. Chamorro between El Castillo and Greytown is strong and that he is in command of 500 men and several pieces of artillery.

With the reinforcement of 500 men started from Bluefields, he will begin his attack on the fortress of El Castillo. The army under Gen. Estrada, 20 miles north of Panama City, is said to number 1,500 men, ready to meet the government troops.

SOCIALISTS SEE NORSE VICTORY

Expect Big Gain in the Elections Now About to Be Held

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.)
Christiania, Norway, Oct. 7.—(By Mail.)—The general elections for the storting (parliament) are soon to take place. In the last parliament there were ten representatives of the Social-

ists.

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FERRER IN HIS LAST LETTER BRANDS HIS ACCUSERS AS LIARS

results in Norway and Finland—to see to what extent the women take part in the elections and how they use their votes.

The Socialist party has made great progress in Norway in the last few years. In Christiania, for instance, in 1884, 521 votes were given for the Social-Democratic candidates, while the Liberals got 8,325 and the Conservatives 7,960. At the last election the Socialist party got 9,824, the Conservatives 13,791, and the Liberals 3,763 votes. The Socialists hope to be the strongest party of all at the coming elections.

Militarism Is an Issue

The Socialist party in Norway, in common with the Labor and Social-Democratic parties all over the world, makes the strongest and most decided protest against the absurd proposals to fling away money on armaments—expenditure which only calls forth an answer on the other side, and makes an excuse for still further expenditure.

And for this the workers are called on to pay, in order that they may lay down their lives, if need be, in defense of their masters' interests and in fighting their brother workers in other lands.

FIVE LOST IN MOJAVE DESERT

San Bernardino, Cal., Oct. 23.—Somewhere along the ancient trails of the Mojave desert a man and his wife and their three children are dead or dying. Who they are or what led them to attempt to cross the desert is not known, but their trail has revealed a pitiable story and searching parties are searching them in a race against death.

W. H. Kellogg, a rancher, was riding over the Carlsbad creek country yesterday when he came across the tracks of two teams. The trails indicated to his experienced eye that the drivers were lost. He followed the trail for some distance and came up with a camp wagon and a buggy and farther away a horse dying of thirst.

Pressing on he discovered the tracks of a man and a woman and three children. Uneven at times, retreating and wavering as though the travelers did not know which way to turn, the footprints on the sand told of the search for water against a desperately growing need.

Sometimes the trail of one or the other children disappeared, indicating that the father or the mother had carried their dying offspring. The tracks followed the bed of a dry creek for miles and then led to the country from which few travelers return.

Kellogg returned to civilization and searching parties were sent out, but no word from them has been received.

THREE BOYS ARE BLOWN INTO ATOMS; SET OFF POWDER CAPS

San Jose, Cal., Oct. 23.—Three boys whose ages ranged from 8 to 10 years were blown to atoms last night by the explosion of 500 giant powder caps. The boys, whose fathers work for a mining company, were playing miner and had crawled through a crack in the masonry of the mine left by the earthquake of 1906, had taken the caps outside and had begun to tam; one of them into a hole with a bowlder. The explosion was heard for miles. Mine employes, fearing the magazine might go next, dared not approach for some time.

CLIMBS POLE TO GET GOOD VIEW OF PARADE; KILLED

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 23.—Before thousands of men and women present to look at the Portola festival parade, Gerald Mann, an employe of the Pa-

Long Epistle Smuggled Out of Prison Exposes Diabolical Plot

GIVES DETAILS OF TRIAL

Documents 17 Years Old Used to Send Him to His Martyrdom

The entire world owes a debt of deep and lasting gratitude to an unknown official of the prison at Barcelona, for, at the risk of his own life, having afforded Prof. Ferrer the means and facilities for telling the world his own story.

Evidently he had sent another letter before the two published in L'Humanite, but as nothing is said about this note by the friend who furnished the letters for publication, it probably failed to reach its destination.

Portray Diabolical Plot

These inexpressibly precious letters from Prof. Ferrer, the last documents from his hand, bearing on the tragedy which culminated in his condemnation and execution at Montjuich, after which his dead body was flung into a ditch, display the whole diabolical plot by which, under guise of legal forms, Ferrer was done to death. But far more precious are these two letters because of the august person it which they furnish of that noble victim.

The grand simplicity and calm serenity of innocence with which he unravels the plot against his life show no bitterness, but immeasurable contempt for the methods employed to compass his death and blacken his memory. He is gone, but "dead he speaks." His name and work will be vindicated and there is coming a day of reckoning for his murderers.

Text of Ferrer's Letter

Ferrer's letter, which, presumably, although L'Humanite does not say, was written to his friend, M. Naquet, president of the French committee of defense for the political prisoners, was as follows:

"Prison Cell, Oct. 1, 1909.
"My Dear Friend—They are about to lift the secret why I have been confined here over a month, but I have not yet been permitted to read a letter or paper. I will try to rectify my case to you.
"From my letter of the 10th you know that I did not have the least knowledge of the intended general strike of the 26th of April, designed as a protest against the war in Morocco, and I cannot understand how a rumor could be spread that I have provoked it.
"However that may be, I took no steps for protection, feeling sure that as I had nothing whatever to do with the movement I would shortly be let alone, but, behold, a member of my family came from Aletta terribly scared, having heard a young girl say that

PICTURE OF FRANCISCO FERRER AND HIS WIFE



This photograph was taken at Prague, in September, 1907. Professor Ferrer and wife are standing in the foreground of the picture. Just at Mme. Ferrer's left, his face barely showing above her hat, is J. J. Kral, editor of the Spravednost, the Bohemian Socialist daily paper published in Chicago.

Democracy. This time the women have the vote for the first time—that is to say, those women who have an annual income of 400 crowns, or, if they live in the country districts, of 300. If, however, they are married, then it is sufficient if the man pays a tax on that income—then both are qualified to vote.

It will be interesting to compare the

effic Telephone and Telegraphy company was killed by electricity while climbing a telegraph pole so that he could get a good view.

Mann lost his balance and seized a live wire. In an instant his body fell across the wires. All smoke began to ascend from his clothing. With the crowd watching in helpless terror, the body fell from the wire to the ground.

I was at Pemia, leading a band of incendiaries burning a cloister. This made me reflect. There was no cloister burnt at Pemia. And I have never set foot in that village. So I prepared to leave the next day and visit some friends for a few days until the excite-

(Continued on Page Five)

HOW RITCHIE TOTS ESCAPED WHEN HIS FIRE TRAP BURNED

"Cremator of children" was the title which was narrowly averted as an addition to that of sweater of women and children, would-be sweater of negro children and the insane, titles of honor which have fallen to the lot of W. E. Ritchie, president of the W. C. Ritchie company, manufacturers of paper boxes.

It is the purpose of this story to tell of the life of a girl who, for nine years, was a slave in the Ritchie sweatshop and to tell the story of a fire, the fuel for which came so near being paper boxes and little girls.

Story of Ritchie Fire
At 5:40 o'clock on the evening of the 17th of October, 1899, on the sixth floor of the Ritchie factory, two hundred and fifty little girls were outwitting the electric machines, making boxes for the Christmas trade. The only other floor on which employees were working was the second. All were tired. The poor light fell fitfully on faces lined with the touch of overwork and tinted a yellow-brown from the vapors which rose from the boiling pots of glue.

On the sixth floor was Alexander MacMasters. He was a strong church member and a good sweater. In both things he was a model. W. E. Ritchie, who it was MacMasters' boast that none of his children nor his wife should ever work in a factory.

Suddenly there was a cry, a cry which stilled the blood and then caused it to leap with terror. A pale boy, a lean, tired child-slave of the Ritchie factory, stumbled up stairs. "Fire, fire!" he panted.

Girls Flee From Building
The girls near the door took up the terrible cry. MacMasters, startled by the responsibility suddenly laid upon him, remembering in a befuddled way, that in a fire panic people should be cool, tried to keep the girls in the room. Beneath them the other employees had fled. From one end of the great room tiny tongues of fire rose through holes formerly used for steam pipes. The girls looked at the fire and made a mad rush. MacMasters was swept from his feet. Down the long flights of stairs, five long flights, raced the little girls. A torrent of humanity, they stumbled and tripped on each other. By a miracle all were saved. Those who kept their heads afloat, those who fell, those who were hurled in the wild panic.

MacMasters rushed back into the factory and was burned to death. His wife now works as one of Ritchie's women slaves.

As the children reached the sidewalk the flames poured through the building. The timbers were leaped and gnawed by the flames till they cracked and broke. Down thundered the machinery, floor by floor, carrying the interior of the building with it. There were fire escapes, but they reached only to the second floor. There was no passenger elevator.

Escape Was a Miracle
Ritchie is in no way to be blamed because the picture was not like this. Suppose that the girls had not escaped. Then with paper boxes piled under their feet the girls would have been in a veritable blast furnace. Flames would have turned their flesh into seared and blackened masses. Mounds of charred clothing and charred bones would have greeted the firemen. Ritchie's factory would have been a charnel house. It was not Ritchie's fault that such was not so.

But how did Ritchie act afterwards? Why, he never replaced the girls' clothing lost in the fire. They were in their factory uniforms when they escaped and their own had been destroyed. Later he put them to work in a temporary plant. In this plant the stair cases were without banisters, they were like ladders. The floors were wood and dry as tinder. Men like Ritchie never learn anything.

Had Ordered Fire Drill
But wait! Ritchie had actually thought of the safety of his employees. Shortly before the fire, a few months, there had appeared warnings as to the fire drill to be observed in case of fire. This had been commented on. Still when the fire came it was by the merest accident that a terrible loss of life was averted.

Here is the story of life in Ritchie's factory as told by a former child slave, whose name is on file at the office of the Daily Socialist, but which is withheld from publication by request. The date of the fire is from the official records of the fire department of the city of Chicago. But here is the human story, as told by a former Ritchie slave:

A Ritchie Slave's Story
"I was just fourteen years old," said the woman, "when I entered the Ritchie factory. I remember well when I first started in and was put at work turning in the corners of the paper which covered the card board boxes. My blood sent little tingles of health through me and there was pink in my cheeks. I call attention to that because my cheeks, which I have been out of the factory three years, still bear the brown-yellow color from the steaming glue which was used in the factory. I worked there nine years, and I came to think there was nothing else for me, that I would work there all my life. Our wages were so small we walked to and from the factory.

Forgot to Be Girls
"There were many girls of my own age, but we soon forgot to be girls and we became little spinning cogs in Ritchie's machine. We all competed against each other. We all worked to please the boss. Sometimes he came through the factory. We were young and some of us were good looking girls and, because he was old enough to be our father, he would caress one or two of the girls in his more than fatherly way.

At such times some girls would say to the one on whom the boss had conferred a fatherly caress, 'Don't try to get in with the boss, but some day it will be Peoria street for you.' That seems strange, strange that we little girls as we went along in our teens should think about things like Peoria street, but we had to pass through there, many of us, going and coming to

work, and long hours in a factory take the delicacy out of child minds.
"I can't remember that we ever had any child life. We all needed the money and the competition was desperate. Ritchie would always take suggestions which would aid him in making more boxes and some of us got ambitious and made suggestions but they only meant more work, so we stopped.
"We warmed our lunches over the steaming glue pots and our tiny tea pots were heated in a shallow trough filled with hot glue and water, which often boiled up and got into the tea pots.

Picnic a Glimpse of Life
"There was a picnic given every year, called the 'Ritchie picnic.' I recall one especially well. All of them were given by the benevolent association. The picnic I remember best was one the last year I was at the factory. It was held on the banks of the Desplaines river. Several hundred girls were there, girls as young as what we called the 'Ritchie complexion,' a yellow-brown which came from the steam rising from the glue. The girls did not know how to play. They gathered in little groups and talked shop. Sometimes there was a 'glue' which showed that they had changed from shop, but for the most part the girls were divided into little factions, all competing.

"Think of girls in their teens, working over machines till they were so tired they weren't girls any more, just working things filled with the taint of the shop and the speed of machinery. Nervous, quick-moving girls they were, with listless eyes.

One Vacation in Nine Years
"I had one vacation in nine years. In the holidays there was always overtime three nights a week. I remember the night of the fire. The young girls were all on the top floor, where the 'rest room' was. Below were piles of paper boxes on the lower floors and then the great machines. A little boy came running up the night of the fire and called 'fire!' Alex. MacMas-

ters told him to shut up. MacMasters told us to stay where we were. There was something the matter with MacMasters; he was thick-headed and did not seem to know what he was doing. We rushed for the door where he was standing and he fell and we ran down stairs.
"Many of the girls fell and were stepped on till other girls grabbed their hands and hurried them along. Just as we got out the machinery began to fall, floor by floor, clear to the basement. MacMasters went back after some papers and we never saw him again. He had the same ideas as Ritchie—just the same.

Go to Work in Firetrap
"After the fire Ritchie never replaced the clothes we had lost in the fire. He put us in a temporary factory, a building which he rented. It was a fire trap. The stairways were wooden without any banisters—more like ladders than stairs.
Ritchie was small in lots of ways. I was working at my machine one day and he came along and found a label on the floor near my machine. 'Stoop and pick up that label,' said Ritchie, and I did. 'When,' said Ritchie, 'you are as important as I am you can have people pick up things for you.' That is the way he is.
"One time he thought that the glue we girls mixed was too thick and he issued orders that a boy was to mix the glue in a vat and that only so much glue was to be put in. Then the glue got so thin that lots of the boxes were sent back to the factory and had to be reglued and the girls lost time for that. That was Ritchie's way. The machines were unprotected and many girls had their fingers crushed.

Finally Gets Married
"I was getting used to the factory and began to think that there was nothing else for me. Then I got married. I was a nervous girl and I had the Ritchie complexion. It's going away now, for it has been two years since I was in the factory. I did not realize how tired the factory had made me till the time came when I began to think of another life besides my own, a life which I was to give to the world. Then how I feared at times, feared that even if that life entered the world I would not live myself. That is over now and both of us lived and the baby is well, but it will be years before the nervousness of the factory leaves me, before my strength is what it ought to be.
"Now more than ever has come to me the wickedness of making women into machines."

lowest practical point, with work for all, and to this end we have already introduced the ten-hour law; and for that degree of leisure for all which is the condition of the highest human life.
"For a release from employment one day in seven.
"For a living wage in every industry.
"For the highest wage that each industry can afford, and for the most equitable division of the products that can ultimately be devised.
"For the recognition of the golden rule and the mind of Christ as the supreme law of society and the sure remedy for all social ills."

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CHURCHES COME OUT FOR LABOR
Baptists and Presbyterians to Aid in Fight for a 10-Hour Day

Accused by the call of the Chicago Federation of Labor the Baptists and Presbyterians, the former in convention at Galesburg and the latter at Lake Forest, have rallied to the support of the women's ten-hour law, adopting resolutions to that end and pledging themselves to agitation in its behalf. In the resolutions passed yesterday the greed of the manufacturers is hard hit.

Preamble to Resolution
The Presbyterian resolution is preceded by the following preamble:
"The working women of Illinois are fighting for a ten-hour day in the mills and factories of the state. They believe that they should be able to make a living wage in a ten-hour day. The legislature of Illinois has passed such a law. The Supreme Court of the United States has declared constitutional a similar law passed in another state. An effort is now being made by certain factory owners in Chicago to have the Illinois law declared unconstitutional so that they may work the women in their employ an unlimited number of hours.
"At the last meeting of the Chicago Federation of Labor he delegates made an appeal to the churches for help in behalf of these women."

Text of the Resolution
The resolution itself reads as follows:
"Whereas, The contention of these working men and working women is a laudable one, in that it has for its aim the protection of womanhood, the safeguarding of workingmen's homes and the consequent upbuilding of our common humanity; therefore, be it
"Resolved, That the synod of Illinois, in annual session assembled at Lake Forest, heartily expresses its conviction that the fight being made by the working women of our commonwealth is just and fair and that it is our earnest hope that they shall be successful; and be it further
"Resolved, That whenever and wherever possible the members of the Presbyterian church, in the synod of Illinois, be requested to exert their personal influence in behalf of the women who have appealed to us through the Chicago Federation of Labor, with respect to their securing the ten-hour day."

Baptists' Resolutions General
The resolution adopted by the Baptists takes up the general questions of labor and makes special reference to the ten-hour law fight. It reads:
"We, the Baptists of Illinois, 100,000 strong, in convention assembled, declare our interest in and hearty sympathy with the workman in his efforts for the amelioration of the conditions with which he is surrounded in every day life. We hereby give him the assurance that we stand
"For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.
"For the principle of conciliation and arbitration in industrial discussions.
"For the protection of the workers from dangerous machinery, occupational diseases, injuries and mortalities.
"For the abolition of child labor.
"For such regulation of the conditions of labor for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.
"For the suppression of the sweating system.
"For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the

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ters told him to shut up. MacMasters told us to stay where we were. There was something the matter with MacMasters; he was thick-headed and did not seem to know what he was doing. We rushed for the door where he was standing and he fell and we ran down stairs.
"Many of the girls fell and were stepped on till other girls grabbed their hands and hurried them along. Just as we got out the machinery began to fall, floor by floor, clear to the basement. MacMasters went back after some papers and we never saw him again. He had the same ideas as Ritchie—just the same.

Go to Work in Firetrap
"After the fire Ritchie never replaced the clothes we had lost in the fire. He put us in a temporary factory, a building which he rented. It was a fire trap. The stairways were wooden without any banisters—more like ladders than stairs.
Ritchie was small in lots of ways. I was working at my machine one day and he came along and found a label on the floor near my machine. 'Stoop and pick up that label,' said Ritchie, and I did. 'When,' said Ritchie, 'you are as important as I am you can have people pick up things for you.' That is the way he is.
"One time he thought that the glue we girls mixed was too thick and he issued orders that a boy was to mix the glue in a vat and that only so much glue was to be put in. Then the glue got so thin that lots of the boxes were sent back to the factory and had to be reglued and the girls lost time for that. That was Ritchie's way. The machines were unprotected and many girls had their fingers crushed.

Finally Gets Married
"I was getting used to the factory and began to think that there was nothing else for me. Then I got married. I was a nervous girl and I had the Ritchie complexion. It's going away now, for it has been two years since I was in the factory. I did not realize how tired the factory had made me till the time came when I began to think of another life besides my own, a life which I was to give to the world. Then how I feared at times, feared that even if that life entered the world I would not live myself. That is over now and both of us lived and the baby is well, but it will be years before the nervousness of the factory leaves me, before my strength is what it ought to be.
"Now more than ever has come to me the wickedness of making women into machines."

lowest practical point, with work for all, and to this end we have already introduced the ten-hour law; and for that degree of leisure for all which is the condition of the highest human life.
"For a release from employment one day in seven.
"For a living wage in every industry.
"For the highest wage that each industry can afford, and for the most equitable division of the products that can ultimately be devised.
"For the recognition of the golden rule and the mind of Christ as the supreme law of society and the sure remedy for all social ills."

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A handsome souvenir will be given every Lady visiting our store during our 10 days' GRAND OPENING SALE. We are not going to tell you what this Souvenir will be; we would rather give you a surprise. The Souvenir will be a useful article as well as very pretty, and if you do not attend this sale and get one, you may have cause to regret it when some Lady friend of yours shows you what we gave her. Remember that souvenirs are given you absolutely free for the asking.

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15.00 Library Cases	8.50	15.00 Morris Chairs	7.85	1.75 Golden Elm Dining Chairs. 1.00	
100.00 3-piece Parlor Suit	60.00	20.00 Morris Chairs	10.50	3.00 Golden Oak Dining Chairs. 1.75	
25.00 Leather Couches	15.00	25.00 Brass Beds	17.50	5.50 Golden Oak Dining Chairs. 2.75	
50.00 Chase Leather Davenport. 30.00		45.00 Brass Beds	28.50	6.50 Golden Oak Leather Seat	
12.50 Parlor Chairs	7.50	50.00 Brass Beds	32.50	Chairs	4.00
8.00 Parlor Rockers	5.00	20.00 Golden Oak Dressers	10.50	25.00 Oak China Cabinets	15.00
25.00 Golden Oak Dressers	15.00	12.00 Golden Oak Dressers	7.75	15.00 Oak Buffets	7.50
35.00 Mahogany Dressers	22.50	20.00 Golden Oak Chiffoniers	10.50	52.50 Oak Combination China	
15.00 Iron Beds	9.00	30.00 Golden Oak Chiffoniers	19.50	and Buffets	35.00
28.50 Brass Beds	17.50	12.00 Felt Mattresses	6.50	20.50 China Cabinets	14.00
14.00 Golden Oak Chiffoniers	8.00	45.00 Steel Ranges	37.50	12.50 Parlor Tables	7.50
25.00 Mahogany Chiffoniers	15.00	40.00 Steel Ranges	32.50	8.00 Parlor Tables	5.90
32.50 Oak Beds	20.00	45.00 Steel Ranges	27.50	32.50 Wilton Velvet Rugs	20.00
15.00 Felt Mattresses	9.00	50.00 Base Burner	36.50	25.00 Brussels Rugs, 9x12	15.00
6.50 Steel Springs	3.75	40.00 Base Burner	28.50	15.50 Tapestry Rugs, 9x12	10.00
26.50 Steel Tube Beds	18.00	30.00 Base Burner	16.50	12.50 Rugs, 9x12	7.50
6.50 Com. Cotton Mattresses	4.00	21.50 6-ft. Extension Table	13.50	2.50 Lace Curtains	1.50
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At..... **\$10.98**

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Come and see our new 5-1/2-room houses; all modern plumbing, gas, electric, two baths, bottom ground, good 4-room house, big lawn, smokehouse and bathroom, good orchard, large garden; will also exchange for city property. Call on or address **PAUL CHRISTENSEN,** 211 Indiana av.

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THE CHICAGO DAILY SOCIALIST'S LARGE CIRCULATION MAKES IT A PAYING ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Perhaps You Cannot Afford to buy Professor Thornstein Veblen's brilliant book "The Theory of the Leisure Class," and if you can, perhaps you cannot spare the time to read it. Anyhow, if you get down to the Garrick early Sunday morning—say, 10:30—you will learn more about it than if you spent a week reading it. You will also learn, what the book does not tell, how Veblen's theories are related to Scientific Socialism. Veblen was an important contributor to the literature of sociology. Doors open at 10:15. Don't be late!

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

On Wednesday evening I attended a rehearsal of the musical program for next Sunday morning, and I want to say that if you are not occupying a seat in the Garrick next Sunday morning at 10:45 when Mme. Diana Bonnar begins to sing it will be your own misfortune. She will sing the aria from the first act of "Il Trovatore" and "The Last Rose of Summer." It is not customary to announce encores, but Mme. Bonnar graciously promised me she would sing two and allowed me to choose them. Of course I asked for Tosti's "Good-Bye." The second encore will be a very beautiful song by Mme. Bonnar's famous teacher, Herman De Vries, "Thou Wilt Know How I Love Thee."

No such singing has ever been heard before at any Socialist meeting in Chicago. When you remember the quality of the Garrick program in the past, this is saying a good deal. We could not afford to pay anything like its value for it, and as Mme. Bonnar is contributing her services, and those of her accompanist, out of sympathy with the educational side of our work, it will reflect small credit on the Socialists of this city if there is a single empty seat in the theater when she begins to sing. Mme. Bonnar's picture will appear in tomorrow's issue of this paper.

Yours fraternally,
ARTHUR M. LEWIS.

SUBJECT: VEBLEN'S "THEORY OF THE LEISURE CLASS"

How to Study

Two great books have already been decided upon for "The Evolutionist's" Library Club. A special article on each book has appeared in the last two numbers of "The Evolutionist." I selected them because they are two of the finest scientific books ever written, especially for those whose educational opportunities have been limited. The first is Wilhelm Boelsche's magnificent little illustrated book, "The Evolution of Man," which brings our biological knowledge on the question down to date. The second is a volume of Huxley's "Lectures and Essays."

I can, by reason of special arrangements with the publishers, send these books for 50 cents each and a 25-cent subscription card to "The Evolutionist," good for four months, to be used in any way you please. So if you put a paper dollar in an envelope and send it along you will get both these books and an eight months' subscription to "The Evolutionist," which gives in good style the Garrick lectures and debates. It has taken some scheming and hustling to make an offer like this, and, as the supply of the Huxley book is limited, you had better act quickly, as you will discover in about a month or less. Send your orders to

"THE EVOLUTIONIST," 180 Washington street, Chicago

Chicago readers may be supplied by mail, or at the Garrick meeting, or at the office of the magazine, on SECOND FLOOR OF THE ABOVE ADDRESS.



ARTHUR M. LEWIS

Let Us Fraternize

One week next Sunday, in the evening at 7:30 o'clock, October 31, will see the opening of the first Garrick ball of this season. The Drill Hall, Masonic Temple, will be the scene, as last year. The same fine orchestra (Krell's) and the same price (50 cents) will prevail. This 50-cent ticket covers admission, cloak room privileges, which are perfect, and the same free light refreshment as before. This ball is not run to raise money for anything, and you are only invited to attend for the pleasure of dancing to fine music and meeting other members of the audience and getting acquainted with each other and the committee and lecturer. Your attendance at this ball will show whether you want more of them during the winter. Only four hundred tickets will be sold, and sale opens next Sunday at the Garrick and thereafter at the Daily Socialist office, 180 Washington street.

The Magazines

In addition to "The Evolutionist," 10 cents a copy, this month, Ferrer souvenir edition, six copies for 25 cents, there is always on sale at the book table in the Garrick entrance the International Socialist Review, 10 cents, and the Progressive Journal of Education, 5 cents, and the Modern Magazine, 5 cents. All these may be had from the ushers.

ENGLISH CHURCH FOR SOCIALISM

Bishops at Annual Conference Spend Hours Talking on Subject

At the annual congress of the Anglican church, held at Swansea this year, the perennial subject of Socialism came up again for discussion.

This time the congress devoted the entire forenoon of Oct. 5 to its consideration, and the London Times of Oct. 6 gives two entire columns of its valuable space to reporting the debate. The remarks of the bishops are encouraging, for they show that the dignitaries of the Church of England are beginning to give the subject serious attention.

It is a curious fact that the debate should have opened with a repudiation of Lord Rosebery's (former Liberal premier) slander of Socialism, uttered a few weeks previous at a great meeting in Birmingham.

Is Socialism Detestable?

In opening the subject of "Socialism from the Standpoint of Christianity," the Bishop of Truro said that if Socialism was to be defined—as it was defined a few weeks ago by an eminent statesman—as the "end of all things, the negation of the faith, of the family, of property, of the monarchy, of the bishops," then, from the standpoint of Christianity, it was obvious that Socialism was an evil thing, a "damnable heresy," to be met always and everywhere not only by the Christian and the churchman, but by every honest citizen, with the utmost detestation and the most irreconcilable hostility.

Are True Evolutionists

He held that the Christian Socialists were true evolutionists. Said the Bishop: "They (the Christian Socialists) would by the term Socialism define such a reorganization of society as should gradually take place according to an evolutionary process spread over a long term of years being part of a definite divine plan for the world, in which the basic principle of economics was to be not the accumulation of wealth through self-interest and personal rivalry and competition, but human well-being through co-operation and self-sacrifice."

"Competition was not the law of the universe, but the first words of the Lord's prayer, of the paternoster, was a proof that God's order for society was founded on mutual love and fellowship, not on competition and selfishness."

general discussion and said that "the question of Socialism is the question of the hour. He was perfectly clear himself that they must agree with the Socialist that there is something in this world amiss, that there was a divine discontent with things as they are. He could not bear to talk of prosperous people. If such people had lived for years in the slums they would adopt different terms. As he went down to the slums in his motor he was ashamed of the comfortable position of his own life compared with the awful life which the people lived in the slums. He agreed with the Socialist formula that every man counted for one and no more than one. They were quite right in saying that they had to contend for the equality of opportunity for everyone."

Why He Is Socialist

The Bishop of Southwark protested against the attitude of churchmen in regarding Socialism as taboo. He was a Socialist because he had seen some of the very best thought and life of the church moving in the direction of Socialism, and because of the growth of intellectual opinion in that direction outside the church. He was convinced they had to allow more, and more to the action of the community in the regulation of the life of man.

40,000 GIRLS IN N. Y. TO STRIKE

New York, Oct. 22.—Plans for a strike of 40,000 shirtwaist girls were perfected yesterday by the officials of the United Hebrew Trades and representatives of the Ladies' Waistmakers' union and Allied Trades. A protracted secret conference was held at the offices of the United Hebrew Trades.

Among those who attended the conference were: Benjamin Weinstein, general organizer of the United Hebrew Trades; Solomon Schindler, secretary of the United Hebrew Trades, and Benjamin Witaschin, business agent of the Ladies' Waistmakers' union.

ROSE PASTOR STOKES JUST ESCAPES IN AUTO CRASH

Stamford, Conn., Oct. 22.—Mrs. Rose Harriet Pastor Stokes, the wife of James Graham Phelps Stokes, had a narrow escape from being crushed yesterday when the motorcycle upon which she and her husband were riding hit an automobile in Atlantic square.

Mr. Stokes made a miscalculation as he was getting the motorcycle under way and it sidwiped an automobile that was standing in the street. The chair section of the motorcycle hit the automobile.

Just before the collision Mrs. Stokes gathered her skirts and jumped, escaping unharmed. She and Mr. Stokes were able to go on to their home after making a few repairs to the motorcycle.

TO END WAR IN SOCIALIST PARTY

Local Jackson, Tenn., Plans to Stop Factional Fights Within Ranks

In an effort to eliminate factional fights similar to those which have arisen and are now being waged in different parts of the United States, local Jackson, Tenn., of the Socialist party has asked for a referendum, demanding that the national committee be given the power to pass on all expulsions from a local, and that the national committee shall perform the duties of a grievance committee in all disputes between the factions of the same state.

Resolutions and Amendments

The resolution adopted by local Jackson with a view of ending factional fights is as follows:

Having noted with regret that factional fights have threatened several times to carry disorder and disruption into our national organization by the expulsion of members from one state and their admission into the organization of another state, and having noted, furthermore, a glaring defect in our national constitution, which prevents that national committee from defending the best interests of the whole organization against the factional dissensions of individual states, out of excessive veneration for the principle of state autonomy, we demand a national referendum on the following questions:

1. Shall article 2 of the national constitution be supplemented by the following amendment: Section 2. The national committee shall perform the duties of a grievance committee in all disputes between different factions of different states, or between organizations of different states, or between state organizations and the national organization in such a way that the principle of state autonomy cannot be carried to excess, so that no faction, or no individual organization of any state can place its own interests above those of the national organization as a whole. An appeal from the decision of the national committee shall be carried to the national convention. An appeal taken by any individual group or organization from the decision of the national committee or of the national convention to any court shall not be considered as a stay of proceedings by the national organization or any part thereof.

Will Cause Much Discussion

It is believed that the proposed amendments will cause a great deal of discussion and difference of opinion if they receive enough seconds to bring them to a vote.

EVA BOOTH OF SALVATION ARMY IS A SUPPAGIST

Mexican Refugee in Hospital Tells How Americans Are Trapped

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 22.—Commander Eva Booth, head of the Salvation Army in America, in an interview has declared herself in favor of woman suffrage.

"I am interested," she said, "in woman's advancement."

"Do you think women should vote?" she was asked.

"I certainly do think they should," she replied.

"Now please do not misunderstand me," she continued. "I stand for woman keeping her own place. I would be grieved to see anything done that would make woman unwomanly. You know politics is different in every country. Since the Salvation Army works the world over it is wisest to keep entirely out of politics. Nevertheless, the army gives women equal opportunities with men. It has women officers and they have the right of the public platform."

DRIVE MOSLEMS FROM SOUDAN

London, Oct. 22.—News has been received of the conquest of Wadai, the last stronghold of the Mohammedan fanatics in the central Sudan, by a small French force. The information comes from Dr. Kumm, secretary of the Sudan United mission, who left England in October, 1908, to visit the mission stations in northern Nigeria.

Dr. Kumm, writing under date of Fort Archambault, on the Upper Shari river, on July 6, tells how the irreconcilable remnants of the various Moslem forces congregated in Wadai, which has about the same area as Italy, under Sheikh Senussi, who had imported a great number of rifles and other modern firearms and some cannon.

Are Fierce Fanatics

No white man except Dr. Nochtigal, a German, in 1872, ever has crossed Wadai, the other explorers having been killed or barely escaped the fanatical inhabitants. It was against the population of slave raiders that a French force, consisting of a handful of European officers and a few hundred audacious and well-trained Senegalese troops, operated.

Capital Finally Taken

As the Arabs continued strengthening their forces and fortifications, it was decided to attempt to capture the capital of Wadai, Abesher. A French force of only 130 men and two guns on June 3 attacked a Wadai army of 12,000 men fifty miles from the capital, routed them and pursued them to Abesher, which was taken by storm. The sultan fled toward Darfur.

TOILERS LURED TO COSTA RICA

Mexican Refugee in Hospital Tells How Americans Are Trapped

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.)
Siqures, Costa Rica, Oct. 8.—(By Mail)—Stories of American bridge workers being lured to Central America to die of the jungle fever are told by George de Monteburano, one of the fugitives from the bloodhounds of "Bloody" Diaz of Mexico, who is in a hospital here after a flight that has taken him through many countries.

"There is some iron bridge construction work being done near here by the United Fruit company for which bridge workers from the United States were secured," says de Monteburano. "They were lured from the states by magnificent offers but after they had reached their destination they met with conditions entirely different."

"They are compelled to put up with the conditions provided for them by the United Fruit company or starve. The place where they are kept is very insanitary, six of them dying last month of Black Water fever."

"The condition of the working class in Costa Rica is deplorable. Toilers with big families are paid twenty-four cents, American money, a day for working from five o'clock in the morning until dark. If anyone protests he is put in the stocks or beaten by the overseer the same as in Mexico."

"All the big coffee, banana and sugar cane plantations are owned by American or German capitalists. Among these are the United Fruit company of the United States, which owns everything from Guatemala to the Republic of Panama. This company even dictates what president is to be elected and has a system all its own for keeping its peons in absolute slavery. It has signs put up everywhere, declaring that any man found absent from his work for five minutes will be arrested by order of the commandante, an employe of the company. The company has a torture chamber where complaining toilers are made more servile."

"De Monteburano is a native of Mexico but has been exiled by order of Diaz. He went to Guatemala but the Mexican bloodhounds were still after him and he was given three days to leave the country. He went to Honduras where the same thing happened. He was stopped on the boundary of San Salvador by detectives and escorted to the boundary of Nicaragua, where he was arrested and imprisoned. When he was released he fled to Costa Rica where he was taken down with the fever, being in this condition at the present time."

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ANIELEWSKI IS SICK AT HOME

Polish Newspaper Man Overworks Himself in Interest of Press

Henry Anielewski, a Polish Socialist, who lost one of his brothers through the cruelty of the czar, and who has worked for the cause of Socialism till



HENRY ANIELEWSKI

his health failed him because of long hours and hard work, is sick at his home, 1379 North Lincoln street. His physician declares that he has been overworking continuously for two years. During that time he has worked

for the Polish Socialist Daily in Chicago.

Brother Died for Cause

He came to Chicago from Russian Poland. One of his brothers, a member, as was he, of the Socialist party in Russian Poland, volunteered to carry a message across Russia. In the committee meeting, where the offer was made, a member asked for some test which would show that the volunteer had the courage to carry the message, whereupon the volunteer courier held his bare right forearm over a lamp till the flesh was burned through and the bone began to blacken. The man who had questioned him did the same thing to show, he said, "that I had a right to ask the question." The brother of Henry Anielewski, who carried the message, was afterwards held in a Russian prison where he died.

When Jerome Beyer was working on the story of Christian Ansoff Rudovitz, Anielewski was ever ready with help and suggestions and at the time of the founding of the Political Refugee Defense League took a prominent part. Few men in Chicago are more familiar with the affairs of Russian Poland than Henry Anielewski. He has been a candidate for alderman on the Socialist ticket, and at the last aldermanic election polled a heavy vote.

Hard Worker for Press

Henry Anielewski has been unsparring of his time and energies in promoting the cause of Socialism for which his brother gave his life. He is one of the best known Socialists in Chicago and has been advertising manager on the Polish Socialist paper, has written for it and has been of general utility for the past two years.

POPE PIUS SEES AIRSHIP SOARING ABOVE THE VATICAN

Rome, Oct. 23.—One of the Italian military dirigible balloons came from Bacciano to Rome, a distance of 19 miles, in 30 minutes yesterday. The dirigible executed evolutions over the city, and passing over the gardens of the vatican, was seen by the pope, who was taking his daily walk at the time. The pontiff stopped to watch the evolutions.

THOUSANDS of Chicago DAILY SOCIALIST readers are pledged to buy of MERCHANTS THAT ADVERTISE in its columns. Ask about it.

RE-ELECTION OF WRIGHT LIKELY

Election of Officers and Political Action Up Today at A. F. of L. Meet

(From Yesterday's Last Edition.)

Belleville, Ill., Oct. 22.—The election of officers and the passing of a program for political action will take up the time of the convention of the Illinois State Federation of Labor today. The indications are that Edwin R. Wright of the Typographical union will be re-elected president, defeating John J. Brittain of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners and Frank Buchanan, international president of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' International union.

To Follow Robins' Plan

The plan for political action suggested by Raymond Robins, who asked that labor vote for men and not parties, a fatal political theory, will be followed, it is probable, on the policy of "rewarding friends and punishing enemies," at least so far as the national campaign of 1912 is considered. For the legislature and for congressional contests the chances are in favor of the formation of an actual labor ticket.

The plan suggested by President Edwin R. Wright is for the joint action of several states, thus forming enough voting strength when united to come pretty near deciding the presidential election for whatever party gains the support of labor in those states. A resolution, presented by Delegate Yoakum of the Glass Blowers asking that the convention go on record for the modification of the American Federation of Labor in a body to

express labor politically and to be formed more along industrial lines than at present, was defeated.

Defeat Alien Restriction

A resolution asking that only citizens of the United States be employed on public work was defeated. Its adoption was denounced by Delegate Chas. Young of Typographical union No. 16, Chicago, by Frank Hayes of the United Mine Workers' and by L. P. Straube of the Allied Printing Trades council, Chicago. As a result of the opposition the resolution was ordered back to the committee for amendment. The convention supported the action of the organizations in Chicago which have joined the new building trades council affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. A resolution asking that an enabling act be passed to give the power to cities to have government by commission was defeated, when put to vote and ordered back to the committee for further and fuller report.

Edward Nockels of the Chicago Federation of Labor was one of its chief opponents.

Chicago City Sealer Denounced

John Kjellander, city sealer of Chicago, was denounced by delegates of the Glass Blowers union, who declared that he is interested in a firm which manufactures bottles by machinery. Therefore he is said to have been instrumental in passing an ordinance which makes milk dealers purchase the machine made bottles.

The trouble over the electrical workers, previously discussed, may come up again in the form of a resolution protesting against the action of the executive board of the American Federation of Labor. Adolph Germer of the United Mine Workers of America introduced the following resolution at the time of the first discussion at the convention: "To the Twenty-seventh Annual Convention of the Illinois Federation of Labor—Greeting: "Whereas, The constitution of the A. F. of L. guarantees to every national and international organization the right of self government under the law of trades autonomy, defined by the A. F. of L. and

"Whereas, A conflict is waging in the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, through the decision of the executive council of the A. F. of L. in recognizing one faction of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, contrary to the wishes of the rank and file of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, such decision being without a parallel in the labor movement and which has caused turmoil and chaos in the general labor movement through no fault of the state federations or central bodies who are involved; and

Speedy Settlement Urged

"Whereas, It is the opinion of all trades unions that the electrical workers should have the right of self government with the consent of the governed, accorded other international organizations; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the Illinois State Federation of Labor deprecates the existence of this condition of affairs and that to the end that a speedy settlement may be brought about the delegates elected to the A. F. of L. convention at Toronto be instructed to work for and urge a speedy settlement of the Electrical Workers' controversy in harmony with the provisions of this resolution.

(Signed) ADOLPH GERMER, "I. U. No. 1235, Mascoutah, Ill."

WAITRESSES' BALL TOMORROW

Union Women to Give Annual Affair in Roosevelt Hall

Hotel and restaurant employees will, when their organization is complete in Chicago, strive for the eight-hour day enjoyed now by many of the fully organized crafts. A strong factor in this fight will be the Waitresses' union, which gives its annual ball tomorrow night at Roosevelt hall, formerly Brand's. In the unorganized restaurants the pay for women is very low, the union scale being \$4 a week, and the system of fines which is in operation reduces the wages in open shops to a starvation minimum.

Union conditions adjust the fine system and remove its most oppressive features. This fine is imposed to make girls "careful" and not break dishes.

The open shops with their low starvation wages and long hours are used by those who desire to entice women into white slavery, and many employees of such places fall victims. The unionization of such restaurants is a protection for the employees who then receive pay, which while far too low is still above the level of the open shop establishments.

CHILD LABOR THEME AT MEET

Textile Workers O'hill Government Official for His Unfairness

Washington, D. C., Oct. 22.—The destruction of child life and health in the southern cotton mills and the miserable subservience to cotton mill owners alleged to have been shown by A. C. Stiles, chief of the United States marine hospital service, were denounced bitterly by the delegates to the convention of textile workers in session here. At a recent session of the child destroying cotton mill owners at Raleigh, N. C., Dr. Stiles was quoted by a man who was defending the exploitation of children in the cotton mills.

John L. Rodier of this city told the delegates that if the situation in the southern mills was not corrected the competition from the south would be such that the mills in New England would force the legislatures to repeal the child labor laws of the New England states.

"I and," said Mr. Rodier, "the men who advocate putting children in the cotton mills of the south do not put their own children there, but send them to school."

Mr. Rodier told of his experiences in Atlanta, Ga., during a campaign against the liquor traffic.

"Ministers of the gospel and women got down on their knees," he said, "and prayed to save big strong men from the demon rum and against their own wives, but these same ministers and women were indifferent when we attempted to get legislation preventing the employment of children under 10 years of age."

GAS EXPLOSION IN OKLAHOMA MINE KILLS TEN WORKERS

Hartshorne, Okla., Oct. 23.—Ten men are dead, two are injured and one is missing as a result of an explosion in mine No. 10 of the Rock Island Coal Mining company. Nine bodies were recovered.

The miners are believed to have gone beyond a "dead line" with lighted lamps in entering the mine, the lamps igniting escaping gas.

Peter Hauratny, state mine inspector, visited the colliery, but made no statement as to the cause of the disaster. No damage was done to the mine by

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We mean better clothes than you can get anywhere else.

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The season's showing of beautiful grays and blues are here in the greatest variety, the latest styles and best values.

Suits and Overcoats \$15 \$20 and \$25

others from \$10 to \$35.

The largest stock of Union Label Clothing in Chicago.



LAST Saturday's business on our "STERN SPECIAL" Suits and Overcoats at \$15 was simply immense—and we sold these suits and overcoats like "hot cakes"—and every man who bought one of these garments is a living, breathing "booster" for us. Just received a new lot of these great "SPECIALS"—and they're specially made for our own trade—with the new STERN non-breakable front and lapel and broad-athletic shoulders. Tomorrow we'll break a few records. On sale again either suit or overcoat, an absolute \$20.00 value—at

\$15

To afford the widest possible selection, we display the masterpiece suits and overcoats from eight other leading American makers—at \$10, \$12.50, \$15, \$18, \$20, and up to \$30—with a complete showing of all the new Hart, Schaffner & Marx suits and overcoats at from \$20 to \$40.

Cut this Coupon out and we will present you with \$1.00 worth of MERCHANDISE FREE with every purchase of a Suit or Overcoat.

Open Saturday Evening Till 10:30. Open Sunday Morning Till Noon.

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FELIX KAHN & CO.

WHOLESALE MAKERS

Now take these \$20.00 Suits and Overcoats at \$12.50—just such items as these show clearly and definitely the saving of one-third which you make here absolutely. That is your advantage in buying direct from the wholesale maker.

Men's \$20 Suits and Overcoats, \$12.50

THE SUITS beautifully hand-tailored of high-grade thibets and unfinished worsteds for dress wear. Handsome, rich garments, hard to distinguish from custom made. Compare them with suits retailed to-day at \$20.00, special tomorrow **\$12.50** row

THE OVERCOATS are the season's latest effects in very finest kersey and vicuna. Hand-tailored in the new boxy back and the long swagger styles. It's absolutely impossible to equal them under \$20.00, special tomorrow **\$12.50** row

\$12.50 Suits and Overcoats at \$7.50. The suits are those neat grays and mixtures sold everywhere else at \$12.50. The overcoats are tailored of standard gray and novelty vicunas in extreme and medium length. Choice of these \$12.50 suits and overcoats, special **\$7.50**

\$16 Suits and Overcoats at \$9.95. The patterns are new and exceptionally tasty, such as stylish shadow stripes, narrow wale serges, rich vicunas and fine smooth kersey. They are lined with silk-finished Venetian and Bellingham serge—wital as handsome a suit or overcoat as you would willingly buy at \$16, special **\$9.95**

In this special offer a saving of one-third is plainly evident. The suits are exquisite silk mixtures, high-grade black unfinished worsteds and blue serges. The Overcoats are of finest black patent beaver and gray Scotch tweed, with Skinner's satin sleeve linings, \$22.00 and \$35.00 values, special **\$15.00**

\$30 to \$35—You would willingly pay it for these beautiful imported worsteds and meltons in Suits and Overcoats. Tailored almost every stitch by hand, it's impossible to make them better. Cut in this season's very latest styles. These \$30.00 and \$35.00 Suits and Overcoats, very special, at **\$20.00**

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Lowest prices consistent with quality.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Fine Clothes.
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RELIEVES IN

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WALTER RASMUSSEN PROP.

FERRER BRANDS
FOES AS LIARS

Last Letter, Smuggled Out
of Prison Cells, Shows
Diabolical Plot

(Continued From Page One)

ment could pass over, intending to return as soon as the times became more quiet.

"On the 23th of August I read in the papers that the public prosecutor of the supreme court, who had been at Barcelona investigating the situation, had said on leaving the palace, where he had made his report to the king, that I had organized the revolutionary movement in Barcelona and the neighboring villages.

"I could not bear that any longer, and so, in spite of my friends' advice, I resolved to present myself to the authorities to protect against such rumors and such affirmations, no matter from what sources they might come.

"So I left my friend's home on the night of August 21st, so as to arrive in Barcelona without encumbrance and to present myself voluntarily.

Is Arrested in Village
"But I had failed to take into account the police in my own village, who arrested me in spite of my entreaties, and in taking me to a judge brought before the governor of Barcelona.

"The peasants, who all knew me, displayed a revolting savagery. One, especially named Bernadas Miraltag, who tied my elbows with a cord, threatened several times to smash my skull with his gun, saying that I was the most wicked man on earth, according to what he had been told and read in all the papers. For six hours he kept watch over me in the village hall. Once I asked for a drink. Some one brought me a glass of fresh water, but Bernadas would not loosen my bonds sufficiently so that I could take the glass. He offered to pour it into my mouth himself. When I declined he had them take away the water without letting me drink.

Ferrer's Books Blamed
"I tell you this so as to give you an inkling of the clerical spirit toward me. Well, next I was brought before the governor of Barcelona, who, in answer to my protests of innocence, said that reading of the school books of the modern school might well be regarded as one of the prime causes of the uprising, therefore I was responsible for the rebellion."

"Then follow some details as to his imprisonment in Barcelona. Ferrer continues:

"We have now come to the first examination by Commandant Vincente Stivina y Fernandez, the judge charged with the inquiry. That was the day of my arrest, September 1, in the evening. In the course of that examination I received the impression that the judge was really moved by a genuine spirit of justice and that I would not have to remain long in prison.

"But four days passed without my being called again before the judge. On the 5th I was again summoned.

Recognizes Old Enemy
"But it was not before the same judge. It was a commandant whose name was Valerio Pazo, but who I quickly discovered was Becerra del Toro, of evil memory. (Becerra del

Toro was the prosecutor general who failed so signally in getting Professor Ferrer condemned to death two years ago.)

"His first action was to have two military surgeons make a searching examination of my body to find out if I carried any traces of recent blows or wounds. They set to work examining me from head to foot so minutely that if unhappily in any way I had been injured recently, in all probability I would have been shot immediately.

"On the 9th of September came the first examination before this judge. He attached much importance to a biographical note sent in 1907 to Fourmont for publication in the 'Almanach of the International Federation of Free Thought.' As I had declared that I had nothing to do with any party, political or revolutionary, devoting myself solely to rational education, he seemed to think that he had caught me in a contradiction, because in that note I made revolutionary declarations.

Spring Revolutionary Leaflet
"Later he alluded to several other documents of the same character, but I reminded him that all those matters had been discussed in 1906-07 during my first trial.

"But then came a terrible thing—a revolutionary leaflet, which the police had found in my house, and which I had never seen before, and a sheet I had the appearance of being very old. The judge stated that the police had found that paper in the presence of my brother, my sister and Mad-de Soledad.

"I then told him that I did not know how that leaflet had got into my house, but that I could affirm that I had never seen it. It spoke of the burning of cloisters, exterminating the congregations and destroying the banks. Then I understood that it was intended to hold me responsible for all those events I had nothing to do with.

His Protest Is in Vain
"Ten days passed, and on the 19th of September, coming before the judge, I again protested against the leaflet being used against me, declaring that its presence was owing to an error of the police or the judge, but he insisted that it had been found in the presence of my family.

"The search of my home at Montgat on the 11th day of August, in the presence of my family, by a lieutenant of the civic guards and two of the local authorities, did in reality bring no discovery until after twelve hours' searching, when they seized three things—a letter from Charles Albert, addressed to my brother; one letter from Anselmo Lorenzo, speaking of a loan of 500 pesetas (\$150), which I had given to 'la Salaridad Obrera,' to hire an office, and a cipher for corresponding with Lerroux, many years old.

Evidence 17 Years Old
"The investigation then turned upon an impassioned revolutionary appeal made by me during the Free Thought congress at Madrid, 1892. The judge thought he could see a connection between what I then wrote and what came to pass in 1909, seventeen years later.

"The judge left, leaving me in great anguish. I made up my mind that at the next examination I would with my whole soul protest against the effort to find in the long ago of my life proofs to justify conclusions as to the present.

"Today the judge informed me that he had finished the examination of the written evidence, that one of these days I would be tried by a military tribunal, and he asked me to select my counsel from a list of officers whom I did not know. I then said to him that I had a great deal to say about the activities of the police. The judge replied that military law bears no resemblance to the civil code.

So, Then, It Is All Over
So then it is all over, and I shall shortly be tried by persons, who, I very much fear, have not minds sufficiently free to quietly weigh the charges against me.

"If I can I shall continue tomorrow.

At present I am too exhausted. I will only say that this month in seclusion has been very hard on me, in a fetid cell, without air or light, and on convict diet. One has to be pretty strong to stand it.

"Good luck to all. all. all."
"FRANCISCO FERRER."

"Infamous Lies"—Ferrer
The second letter is as follows:

"The Prison Cell, Oct. 4, 1909.
"My Dear Friend—Notwithstanding most absolute innocence, the prosecutor demands the death penalty, based on denunciations of the police, representing me as the chief of the world's architects and directing the labor syndicates of France, and of conspiracies and insurrections everywhere, declaring that my voyages to London and Paris were undertaken for no other object.

"With such infamous lies are they trying to kill me. 'FERRER.'
"The messenger is about to depart and I have not time for more. All the evidence presented to the investigating judge by the police is nothing but a tissue of lies and calumnious insinuations. But no proofs against me, 'having done nothing' at all."
"FERRER."

END OF MONK RULE IS SEEN

More and New Cabinet Expected to Change Policies of Government

Madrid, Oct. 22.—Looking upon the formation of a new cabinet as another break with monk rule and military domination, Spain is today breathing freer as a result of the ministry formed under the direction of Moret y Prendergast, to supplant the Maura-La Cierva-King Alfonso combination of political tyrants that sent Francisco Ferrer to his death.

Upon the receipt of the resignation of the premier and his ministers Moret y Prendergast formed a new ministry, himself assuming the post of premier and minister of the interior.

The new ministers who took the oath of office last night are: Premier and Minister of the Interior—Moret y Prendergast.

Minister of Foreign Affairs—Perez Caballero.

Minister of Finance—Senor Alvarado.

Minister of War—Lieut. Gen. de Luque.

Minister of Marine—Read Admiral Canales.

Minister of Public Works—Senor Gasset.

Minister of Public Instruction—Senor Barceo.

Minister of Justice—Martinez del Campor.

Senor Moret declared today that the liberal government would exactly reverse the bloody policy of the Maura regime, and maintain social order with due respect for the law. Most of the republican senators and deputies express themselves as satisfied with the latest turn of events, particularly as they believe it marks the end of clerical influence with the government.

It is understood that the new government's program includes the re-establishment of the constitutional guarantees in Barcelona and Gerona, the suppression of the censorship, amnesty for political offenses, the publication of the documents in the Ferrer case and the holding of elections within a few months.

News from the provinces today tells of enthusiastic rejoicing over the downfall of Maura and the hope of a new political order.

Rome, Oct. 22.—The Vatican did not expect the fall of Premier Maura, believing that the energy he displayed in re-establishing order at Barcelona and other affected points would bring to him sufficient strength to retain the premiership and complete the work which he had undertaken. The Vatican, however, is most reserved with regard to the change in the Spanish government, and says simply that the making or unmaking of cabinets in Spain is none of its affair.

JURY SCANDAL
CRISIS REACHED

William A. Amberg, Jury
Commissioner Defies Way-
man and Judges

The clash between State's Attorney Wayman and the jury commissioners has reached a climax. After the disclosures made by Wayman before the judges yesterday, William A. Amberg, one of the jury commissioners, today refused to resign.

"We will have our lining," he said, when asked about the action he intended to take. He refused to discuss the matter further. State's Attorney Wayman would say nothing.

The meeting yesterday was presided over by Judge Cutting of the Probate court. Judges Albert Barnes, Willard McEwen, George A. Carpenter, George A. Dufur, Axel Chytrus, Jesse A. Baldwin, Kitcham Scamlin, Thomas Windes and other members of the bench were present. The conference was secret, but it leaked out that the judges are to make a clean sweep of the jury commissioners' office.

Huge Fry '4 Exposed

Wayman presented a long report from the Probate court, grand jury concerning the jury frauds and the substitution of the names of fixed jurors for those legally drawn.

The judges appeared to be appalled at the disclosures. Judge Baker refused to join in the meeting, because the jury commissioners were not given a hearing. The men against whom the conference will act by requesting their resignation are William A. Amberg and James A. McLane, jury commissioners, who were censured because they had been lax in allowing frauds to creep into the jury system.

Hettler Case to Jury

The case of "Mike de Pike" Hettler, Samuel "Coxey" Bloom and Louis Kirsch probably will go to the jury today. Along toward the end of the morning session or the beginning of the afternoon session of court, it was said, the jury would probably retire, and it was expected by both sides that an early decision would be returned.

HARD BLOW AT CHILD SWEATERS

Kriha Brothers are Being Prosecuted in the Municipal Court

Kriha Brothers, clothiers, are being prosecuted before Judge Himes in the Municipal court for violations of the child labor law.

The Chicago Society of Anthropology meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Carlinian hall, seveneenth floor, Masonic Temple. The subject for Sunday's lecture will be "Influence of Modern Social Thought on Religion and Education," by H. F. Cope.

WHERE TO GO

The next regular meeting of the Douglas Park Woman's club will be held on Tuesday, October 26, at 2 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. Frank Callahan, 32 North Springfield avenue. Mrs. Gurney Stubbs will talk on "The Franchise for Women."

The Chicago Society of Anthropology meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Carlinian hall, seveneenth floor, Masonic Temple. The subject for Sunday's lecture will be "Influence of Modern Social Thought on Religion and Education," by H. F. Cope.

SENSATIONAL BARGAINS

Men's, Boys' and Young Men's Clothing

A Fine Suit of Clothes, all to match. This Suit is positively worth \$12.00, or your money refunded at any time during the sale. Insurance Co. price, \$3.89

A Fine Suit of Clothes, all to match. This Suit is positively worth \$14.00, or your money refunded at any time during the sale. Insurance Co. price, \$4.98

Men's Fine Suits in Cheviot Plaids, worth \$14.50 and up to \$16.00, or your money refunded at any time during this sale if not satisfied. \$6.59

Men's Splendid Suits in Velour Finished Cassimeres, all sizes. These Suits are positively worth \$18.00, or your money back. \$7.89

At \$8.49 You are Free to Choose a Suit or Overcoat worth \$15.50, \$20.00, and up to \$25.50. \$8.49

800 pairs Men's Pants, worth up to \$2.50, now. 96c

300 pairs Men's Pants, worth up to \$3.75, now. \$1.49

600 pairs Men's Pants, worth up to \$5.00, now. \$1.98

150 dozen Men's good 25c Handkerchiefs, now. 3c

90 dozen Men's \$1 Work Shirts, heavy, now. 29c

200 dozen Men's \$1.00 Dress Shirts, now. 39c

40 dozen Men's 50c Dress Bows, now. 14c

125 dozen Men's \$1 Neckwear, now. 19c

300 dozen good 50c Suspenders, now. 14c

250 Fine \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00 Umbrellas, now. 42c

600 Knox, Dunlap and Stetson shape \$2, \$3, and \$4 Hats, now. 96c

500 dozen Men's Fancy Silk 60c Socks, now. 12c

UNDERWEAR
From the World's Celebrated Looms, Spring Needle Athens Mills, Silk and Wool, Nargansett Yagars, and the Celebrated Lewis Goods, Fine Silk and Silk Wool Underwear, at 33 per cent less than cost.

125 dozen Heavy Random Rib, in Suits to match, worth 75c, Insurance price, 39c

100 dozen Heavy Wool Shirts and Drawers, worth \$1, Insurance price, 45c

of the child labor law. The firm has worked young children more than ten hours a day when the legal limit is eight. The program of grand jury action was changed at the last minute by Wayman, as the Municipal court promised quick results.

The children alleged to have been employed are between 14 and 16 years of age and include Mary Moravec, 1715 Burlington street; Mary Lettina, 534 Winchester avenue; Anne Tomasek, 2652 James street; Joe Pietilka, 1389 Turner avenue; Mary Hasek, 1767 Burlington street; Libby Sahila, 372 West Eighteenth street, and Emma Prozak, 1415 West Twelfth street. Mr. Davies announced that all the children will testify.

Violators of the ten hour law for women will be prosecuted at once.

COLUMBUS (O.) SOCIALISTS IN STIFF PRE-ELECTION FIGHT

(SPECIAL TO THE DAILY SOCIALIST.)
Columbus, O., Oct. 22.—With Marsh C. Green, candidate for mayor, at the head of their ticket the Socialists of Columbus are putting up a stiff fight in the municipal campaign now being waged here.

Among the other candidates are: President of the city council, Eber Heston; auditor, Nate D. Riskey; treasurer, Lewis S. Brown; city solicitor, Jacob L. Bachman; clerk of the police court, John C. O'Connell; justice of the peace, Charles C. Daugherty; members of council at large, Elmer F. Adel, Charles F. Weidell and Otis Skinner, with aldermanic and school board candidates.

The Socialist party of Columbus makes the following demands:

"First—The extension of the public school system so that every child will have the opportunity of obtaining a most liberal education, including, when necessary, the furnishing of food, clothing, books and medical attention.

"Second—The direct employment by the city of all laborers at union hours and at not less than union wages for municipal improvements; abolishing the contract system.

"Third—Giving the unemployed citizens of Columbus an opportunity of constructing needed public improvements at not less than union scale of wages, instead of making them victims of private and municipal charity.

"Fourth—The loaning without interest by the national government to the city if necessary sufficient money to construct needed public improvements.

"Fifth—The initiative and referendum and the right of recall.

"Sixth—Municipal ownership of all public utilities."

WHERE TO GO

The next regular meeting of the Douglas Park Woman's club will be held on Tuesday, October 26, at 2 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. Frank Callahan, 32 North Springfield avenue. Mrs. Gurney Stubbs will talk on "The Franchise for Women."

The Chicago Society of Anthropology meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Carlinian hall, seveneenth floor, Masonic Temple. The subject for Sunday's lecture will be "Influence of Modern Social Thought on Religion and Education," by H. F. Cope.

OVERCOATS

1,200 Men's Top Overcoats, positively worth \$12.00, or your money back, now. \$3.95

700 Men's Cravatette Overcoats, positively worth from \$15.00 to \$18.00, or your money back, now. \$6.98

Men's Black and Blue Cheviot Overcoats, as perfect in fit and wearing qualities as the very finest grades; very warm and heavy; regular price \$10.00, now. \$2.45

850 Men's Fall Overcoats, positively worth from \$15.00 to \$20.00, silk lined, in Kersey Meltons, your money back if not satisfied, now. \$8.98

Melton and Kersey Overcoats, warmly lined, silk velvet collars; many styles, all lengths; regular price \$12.50; Insurance Co. price, \$3.85

The best \$18.00 Overcoat values in America—Heavy Vicuna cloth, genuine Cheviot, fancy or plain, an excellent stylishly appointed overcoat; regular price \$18.00, Insurance Co. price, \$6.95

Handsome Patent Beaver and Kersey Overcoats, hand tailored and lined with the choicest materials; the kind of garments worn by the best dressers this season; regularly \$25.00; Insurance Co. price, \$9.45

No matter what your means or vocation, an English Kersey Overcoat will become you handsomely. Hundreds of these stylish coats, made by painstaking experts. Regular price \$30.00; all go at Insurance Co. price. \$11.95

No millionaire can dress better or more stylishly than in one of these \$35.00 black cloth Overcoats, made of imported cloth, hand-tailored and silk-lined; regular price \$35.00; Insurance Co. price. \$12.45

Odd Coats and Vests and Mackintoshes at your own price, and 1,000 other articles too numerous to mention.

150 dozen Spring Needle, all wool Shirts and Drawers, worth \$3 a suit, sold by the garment, shirts or drawers, Insurance price. 85c

Athens Mills Underwear, made from fine Worsted Wool, a real 25c garment, or your money back any time during this sale. \$1.15

The highest grade Yagar, Lewis and Underwear, Silk and Silk and Wool, worth as much as \$8.50 and \$7.50 a suit, sold by the garment, the Insurance Co. price. \$1.65

A FULL QUART Security Straight Whiskey FREE OF COST

Mail this ad with \$2.50 to pay for four full quarts, express prepaid, and we will give you an entire quart, new of your own choice.

We are willing to make a loan on the first shipment to introduce our goods to you.

OUR GUARANTEE: Keep the four quart and get your money back by returning the four quarts at our expense. **NO RETURN.** As to the most superb whiskey you ever tasted.

THIS LABEL

is the only guarantee that BREAD and other Bakery Goods are made in UNION SANITARY BAKERIES. Buy no others. Patronize only such places where you find this label on all bakery goods. Demand the Bakers' Union Label.

Nothing about Judge Boyer in this ad but about another Judge and Jury.

Overcoats
made out of
"St George"
Kersey at 15.00
ought to read
good to you

"St. George Kerseys" are well known to the overcoat trade, they are plain surface goods. When made up by some makers who pay out enormous amounts of money for advertising their name and make of overcoats and made out of "St. George Kerseys," they must bring at retail 20.00 to 25.00. When made up by just as good a maker who does not spend enormous amounts of money to make you know his name, yet at the same time makes me know who he is, because he makes these St. George Kersey overcoats just as good as the other maker, and he also makes me a price on "St. George Kersey" overcoats so I can sell them at 15.00, now then these coats are made with a nice serge lining, style and workmanship equal to the best, in fact they are hand tailored overcoats at 15.00. Stop and think where do you want to buy your overcoat? If you buy it of me you do not pay for the maker's advertising. I know the maker, you don't care what his name may be; what you want is the best overcoat in Chicago at 15.00. What I want is to tell you where you can buy it, and when you see these overcoats don't buy to please me, then you do please me! (Did you get that?)

These overcoats come in navy blue and black—you and perhaps your wife must be the jury. I know you won't disagree. I was the judge when I bought them.

6210-6211 and 6212 are the lot numbers of these "St. George Kersey" serge lined overcoats at 15.00. You can find these lot numbers in other stores; just ask their price.

Now then, to the man who thinks he wants a silk lined "St. George Kersey" overcoat, I sell them with a heavy Skinner, all pure silk satin lining at 22.50, just as good an overcoat as any man on earth needs to wear. My friend, you can go and pay for some maker's reputation and not get a bit better overcoat, silk lined, and pay 30.00 for it. You may scratch your head and say, "How does this man Murray do this?" All I have to say to you is, come and see whether it is true or not, then go and look at the other fellow's overcoats—you will come back to Tom.

One of my silk
lined fancy
worsted suits
will look fine
to you at 15.00

You are not up in the retail clothing business—sometimes a "con" game—when you say I can not sell a silk lined, all pure worsted fancy suit at 15.00, as good as most stores sell at 20.00 to 25.00. It is again a case of where you do not pay for maker's label. When a maker of suits pays a half a million a year to advertise his name, who pays in the end? Why, you, if you buy that label. Use your common sense. You also must know if I sold suits at 25.00 to 30.00 I would be a fool to push the sale of an elegant lot of pure silk lined all worsted fancy suits at 15.00. Believe me, these suits are made as good as if made by the maker who makes you pay for his name. Same reason is why I can afford to sell the best suits and overcoats in Chicago at 10.00. You know I always have; if you don't, just come and see them.

again
Saturday

Every Saturday I partly give away Oh! about 500.00 worth of goods; in other words, I offer certain goods at a little less than they cost me. These goods are on sale in my clothing department and are offered to get you to see the life, the activity, the enormous clothing business we are doing.

My clothing business is growing faster than any clothing business in America, and if you once come to this store of mine for some of these bargains and I am lucky enough to "meet you face to face," I believe the next time you want a suit of clothes or an overcoat you will remember me. Not that there is anything peculiar about my face, for I am just plain, every day Tom. You know I am going to be your next mayor.

Next Saturday and Monday I will again sell a lot of fancy plaited bosom 1.50 shirts at 79 cents (3 shirts to a person). A lot of those 2 for 25 cent fast black, seamless socks at 6 cents (6 pair to a person). A lot of nice, fine gray wool 1.50 sweaters at 95 cents (only one to a person).

50 cent President suspenders at 30 cents, what do you think of that? (One pair to a person.)

A lot of all worsted, Dutchess trousers at 3.00. These are the trousers that can't rip and the buttons won't come off; I guarantee that.

A lot of "Cape" gloves at 1.15, they will wear just as long as an imported 2.00 glove and look just as good.

Every day I sell all the new shades in 2.00 hats at 1.85, and I make three fancy shirts to order for 5.00, 6.00 and 7.50, and give four cuffs to each shirt.

Don't be ashamed to come to my store and buy only these bargains. You are welcome to them. What I want is to get you in this store. I want to make it so it will become a "habit" with you. Some of you pass my store every day and never have been inside of it. Don't be afraid of it, there is no Smallpox or Yellow Fever in this store, no signs of it, and if you buy anything in this store, I don't care whether it is a 6-cent pair of socks or a bill of 60.00, if what you buy don't turn out right you are not treating yourself right or me either unless you tell me of it. I will "make good," and I won't put you over the hurdles and through a lot of "red tape," making you so much trouble that you practically earn your money when you get it back. In this store you get "quick" satisfaction.

You may think it strange that I claim to do things that other merchants don't do. I have been doing these things for a number of years. My competitors have had me broke, they have said I am crazy, but the business goes on just the same, and today my clothing business is one of the largest in Chicago, and if you will come to my store you will learn the reason why.

Murray

Jackson Cor. Clark
Open till 10
Saturdays
Closed all day
Labor Day

Splendid
Overcoat \$15
Values

OUR overcoats at \$15 represent real-big value-greater than is shown elsewhere. This showing includes the "Auto" double collar coat—so warm and snug for winter. Also a full and complete line of other styles—all hand tailored—made of the various fabrics which are in demand this season. Remember—our motto is greater value. Do not fail to call and see these coats.

Other Big Values in Overcoats \$10 to \$35



Football Free in Our
Children's Department

Just now we are giving away with every child's suit at \$3.50 or over a genuine Rugby Football. Our Children's Department is noted far and wide for its great values. The most stylish fashions, here, ever shown for boys' wear—and we can save you money on every purchase.

Fall and Winter Suits

Do not fail to see our many beautiful suits for Fall and Winter wear. You'll surely want one. Hand-tailored throughout—elegantly finished—cut fancy or plain to suit any taste. All the latest patterns and fabrics. Call and see what real value is offered at from \$10 to \$35.

Furnishings, Hats and Shoes

THE
Continental
CLOTHING HOUSE

Corner Milwaukee and Ashland Avenues
OPEN SATURDAY TILL 10 P. M. OPEN SUNDAY TILL NOON

The West Side's Largest Clothing & Shoe Store



The Daily Socialist is delivered by carrier in Chicago for 6 cents per week.

DAILY SOCIALIST MAGAZINE PAGE

THE WINDS

BY ERNEST POOLE

To the Editor

Feeling the need for a wider discussion of party affairs, the Daily Socialist will devote as much space as is needed in this department on Fridays to communications on party policies...

Professionalism in the Socialist Movement

Two Pacific coast states, Oregon and Washington, have recently seen their Socialist state organizations split by factional contests. To the observer, who merely looks upon those incidents as a matter of descriptive sociology, one fact is obvious: One of the two contending factions in both states is overwhelmingly composed of professionals...

I do not wish to say that the two factions above mentioned are exclusively composed of professionals. They contain, besides these, a certain number of comrades, sincere and true, whose personal views on tactics, we may not share, but whose unselfish devotion to Socialism we cannot question.

But the split in Oregon and in Washington is due to the professionals who lead and rule on the factions in each state. This brings up the question: Is the Socialist party to use only volunteers to do its work, if men are to be directly employed what pay shall they receive and is it in the interest of the party to have salaried employees?

To have organization and routine work efficiently performed we need a nucleus of well-paid employees, but we should be careful that they remain employees and do not think that they are our masters.

Every man finds a justification for the way he gets his living, says Tolstol, and it is his.

But the problem of the professional in the Socialist movement has been a cause of irritation and acrimonious discussion for Socialist parties all over the world. It was never settled completely one way or another theoretically and it can be said that time alone brought the solution, when the European parties conquered parliamentary representation then the Socialist members of legislative bodies became organizers and the state paid their wages.

I do not believe that any writer ever had a keener insight into the psychology of the professional agitator than Zola. In "Germinal" he points out how in that man's mind a confusion arises between the idea he professes to represent and his own material welfare. He explains how this agitator in his dreams of the future unifies the first speech made by a workman in parliament with the consequent relative welfare of a middle class bourgeois smoking his pipe, while warming his slippers by a good stove and surrounded with books and papers and periodicals.

The penetrating analysis of the great French novelist is illustrated on the Pacific coast in the morbid worship of a few professionals by their followers. The leader is talked about with reverence, his personality is clothed with a half mysterious respect. He has become the lay priest of a revolutionary church and he knows it. Like all priests he is willing to do the thinking, while others do the productive work.

One-half of the party in the Pacific northwest is up in arms against such a tendency. They call it un-Socialistic. They point out that the professionals in the movement lose a realistic conception of social conditions as they are and become closet-theorists; what is the domain of scientific research, it would call laboratory scientists, and in religion, priests, such leaders make up for faulty logics and undefensible opinions by a liberal use of their personal influence. Their arguments are used to fit their individual decisions instead of having their reasoning regulate their conduct.

They draw narrow, mechanical lines of classification, which become vague in their application to their friends and intolerantly narrow when their opponents are concerned.

They clothe themselves with such a superior wisdom, that they distrust the mass of the party members. Hence, they brand as disrupters and traitors everybody who ventures to state that no mistake can ever be made by trusting an honest expression of the popular will or the party membership. They stand now committed to a restriction in the use of the referendum in party matters and an extension of the powers of representative conventions. The referendum is attacked on the ground that only a minority of the members vote on the questions submitted. Is it not exactly that same minority which is going to elect the delegates to the all-powerful convention?

Are we now to witness within the Socialist party a distrust of democratic management?

To hide discarded capitalistic party tactics under the protection of Socialistic names and principles has not prevented one-half at least of the party in Oregon and Washington from questioning the danger and shouting: Boss and machine, and the fight is on between the Socialists, capitalism left alone and our work undone. Therefore, we must solve the problem of the professional in the movement. A decision now might save us from the necessity of hurrying our progress by having to cut him out entirely some day in the near future. This will not prevent the man of real talent from making a living on the lecture platform under his own responsibility and by the attractions he has to offer. If he so desires.

We have a large amount of fine material. Why not decentralize some of our administrative work, split it up amongst several officers. Why should not comrades who have the time and capacity required ask for temporary assignments as speakers and receive reasonable compensation, thus dispensing us from the obligation of maintaining professionals and from the necessity of handing over the movement to rings of party servants prone to forget their real status.

Let us beware of the professionals. HUBERT LANGEROCK.

The Denver Resolutions

The withdrawal of 55 members in a body from the Socialist party, no matter what the grievance, merits a passing word. The resolutions of the Third ward branch of Local Denver are couched in alliterative language, and we suspect, the authors were more interested in their rhetoric than they were in their facts.

The first paragraph for instance speaks of "obtaining pelf and power at the expense of an already overburdened class." Is this class the working class or the middle class? Why is the working class overburdened? According to the doctrines of Marx in "Value, Price and Profit," it is because the workers do not get enough wages and not because they spend more than they earn.

The next paragraph speaks of prominent party officials as a "conscienceless crew." More alliteration! What is conscience? According to proletarian ethics it is that small voice which tells the worker to get more pay for less hours. Then the "conscienceless crew" is the great body of satisfied workers! And no doubt some of the 55 are in the same boat as the storekeeper C. B. overlooking the bourgeois Jew about "liberty, equality and fraternity."

Who will rise and denounce this demand? Or who will defend it? The whereas No. 5 criticizes the last referendum, "and all land." It eloquently denounces the result of the vote as the dropping of Socialism and the adoption of "an emasculated form of the late lamented Single Tax."

It seems to me it was nothing of the kind. It was an attempt to bring feudalism up to date, and the result was merely to cause the more dispirited of the comrades to look up a few "authorities." No doubt some of them quoted Henry George in the debates. I did, I know, and when the debate got too hot for me I refused to vote at all, as no doubt did all of the famous 55.

What further action they propose taking is not disclosed. Perhaps they have all joined the International Workers of the World. If so, that is where they belong. It's good enough for them and for any other disgruntled wage earner.

But how about the non-wage slave? What is he to do in the meantime? That is the question. Instead of poking sarcasm at the "preachers without pulpits, lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, storekeepers without customers," why not indicate a proper course for them to take? Take my own case, for example. I freely admit I am a lawyer without clients. I foresee the day coming and went into the real estate business, like many others of the disciples of Henry George, and learned how to maintain my standard of living through reaping "the unearned increment." During the late and unlamented panic I found the picking poor, and consequently reduced my standard of living. I have been riding on rubber-tired backs of the overburdened proletariat; now I am walking. I have joined the jolly proletariat, but so far I have failed to discover the glad hand of fellowship held out toward me.

He had always followed Tommy, followed him from land to land, with sketching tools and kodak. When the kodak, which is a dull affair, portraying only what it sees, had failed to keep up to the Flynn imagination, Crowder had tossed it aside, and grimly seizing his sketching tools had followed on admiringly in the wake of Tommy's fertile pen.

He had always followed. And now, as he strove to take the lead, thoughts and inspirations balked. His massive features glowered. When he suggested Russia Flynn pronounced that country dead, the senior partner scowled. And as he continued sketching the mother and her baby, he cursed all women under his breath, giving special attention to young chicks of girls who in the glad, mysterious spring time gaze upon young wanderers with lustrous, sympathetic eyes. Suddenly his features lightened.

"Speaking of women," he began. "Who is?" snapped Tommy Flynn. "How about those London females?" Crowder's eyes were now half closed, as though fixated upon some distant scene. "London for?" he suggested, hopefully, "pierced by the screams of the suffragettes. Call 'em 'Walkyries of Today.'"

"Biff!" commented Tommy. He was sick of women. There was a long, discouraged silence. The huge body of Crowder sagged, looked heavier even than before. But his soul was soaring high. "Aeroplane-over Paris," he said. "Covered," said Flynn. And he named the correspondents already sent out. "Paris," he added. In the world, as Tommy spoke it, there was a world of longing. Over Crowder's face spread a reminiscent smile. "They have little open cabs in Paris," he said softly. "You ride around at night. One evening when the moon was full, just as I started across the Pont Neuf."

"Shut up!" growled the junior partner. There was another silence. On the fire escape, just over the Yiddish woman's head, a lean, omnivorous looking boy crept out with a slice of bread spread thick with jam. At the sight of the bread the mind of Crowder took one swift, prodigious leap back to his native land. "What?" he almost shouted. He wheeled sharp around to his chum. "A tramp," he cried, "from the Canada line straight on down to Texas. Follow the reapers all the way!"

"You've forgotten," Tommy gently replied, "that I played that up a month ago." And he drearily named the editors who had been blind to this chance for a series. Again Crowder gloomily sketched the child. His expression grew desperate. He cleared the Pacific at a bound. "How about Japan?" he asked. "There may be war in a year or so."

"Too expensive," muttered Flynn. "They say they want it some day, but just now money's tight."

Crowder lumbered back to Europe. For nearly half an hour, while he absent mindedly imposed upon the innocent sleeping babe a heavy black mustache, his mind like some great bird of prey hovered high over the continent. "Look here, son," he growled at last. "How many times have we planned that tramp from Russia down through Poland, Austria-Hungary, Italy, all the way to Naples—our Immigrants at Home?"

"We were that," he stated at home," muttered Flynn. "The streets are blocked with the unemployed now—us for instance. Who wants to read about immigrants?" In the pause that followed Crowder appeared like an elephant chained. The baby stirred uneasily, gave forth portentous gasps, as though getting ready to cry.

"How about Russia?" Crowder asked. "Dead," said Tommy Flynn. By this he meant that for the time being the great American public was tired of reading of revolutions that didn't come off, and that therefore Russia was no place for the firm of Flynn and Crowder.

Tommy Flynn was a youth of diminutive size, whose black eyes were as sharp as his voice was soft and drawling. His partner, William Crowder, was ponderous and slow, with only now and then a most unlooked for twinkle in his impressive, deep set eyes. By profession Flynn was a magazine correspondent.

Crowder was an artist. And by nature both were tramps. Together in some seven years they had "covered stories" all over the globe. They had found themselves between two fires. Writers of books of travel, who spent years in careful investigation, had frowned upon them as hasty. Newspaper men, who rushed off all their dispatches by cable, had sneered upon them as slow. But the gods of the magazine world had smiled. Orders and orders and again orders had kept them moving year in and year out to the scenes of those varied astounding sensations that rude old Mother Earth seems to have forever up her sleeve. And their lives had been free as the lives of the winds.

Just now the winds had died away. The cheap furnished room they had taken was in a ramshackle house on the edge of one of those mammoth hives called tenement quarters in New York. The room was on the third floor back. And the narrow court outside, at the close of a breathless August day, was a humid, stagnant well of air. A well shut in by towering walls, with row upon row of windows, tenement fire escapes and listless human faces. There had been not a breeze for over three days.

In grim contrast to the commonplace room were two battered valises covered with tags and "posters" of ocean liners and foreign hotels all overlaid now by a coating of dust. The career of Flynn and Crowder had come to a dead stop.

Some five months before, in the early spring, they had come "home," prosperous, planning to "settle down" for a month or more while looking about for fresh orders. But Tommy, who until this time had been completely impregnable to all the wiles of womankind, had suddenly gone down to defeat before a mere chit of a girl with lustrous, sympathetic eyes. He had shamelessly turned a deaf ear to his chum, had implored the chit to anchor him down to a peaceful home for the rest of his life in brief, as Crowder put it, "had made a perfect ass of himself." And the chit had thrown him over. She had married the head of a wholesale house which dealt in furnaces and stoves. And to the mind of Tommy Flynn all stories the world over had become suddenly flat and stale.

"His point of view had changed. In the course of a few brief weeks he had passed from gloom to manly scorn, and then to shame and keen remorse as he turned to the chum whom he had forsaken. Crowder had promptly forgotten him, and having decided that "home" was a dangerous place for a man, they had resolved to lose no time in betaking themselves to the open road.

But that was three long months ago. And still they had no orders. For Tommy had always taken the lead; he was the vivid imagination, his moral fire that had assailed the editorial iceberg in the years gone by. And now these qualities seemed dulled. The task at best was hard.

The magazine market was slack, on account of the year of depression. Most of the "big series" orders are given in the spring—and it was June before Tommy began his search. The times, an summer came on, things worse. Dollar by dollar, and then dime by dime, the funds of the firm had been sinking low. And although through the dragging midsummer weeks the mind of Flynn roved hungrily over the face of the earth in a hunt for the "live copy" that was their only chance of escape, failure after failure had slowly weighed him down.

The winds had died away indeed. On the double bed that filled half the room Tommy lay on his back, most of his clothing cast aside, a visible leanness about his limbs, a pallor on his cheeks and brow; and his eyes were closed—opening only now and again to stare gravely up at the ceiling at seven sluggish, crawling flies.

Crowder sat by the window. A sketching pad lay on his stout knee, and doggedly he was depicting a woman and a baby some forty feet away. From her tenement room the woman had climbed out upon the fire escape, and by crooning an old Yiddish lullaby she had put the child to sleep. There were haggard lines on the woman's face, and Crowder carefully drew them in, for his sketch was one of a group of six to go on the Fresh Air Fund page of one of the Sunday papers. For the six he was to receive ten dollars. It was this meager weekly wage that kept the firm alive.

As the Yiddish woman bent over the sleeper, so tiny and so ominously frail, into her coarse, stolid face crept a look that was elemental. And just a gleam of this same expression appeared on the heavy visage of Crowder, as from time to time he glanced back at the white face on the bed. Two weeks ago King, on the staff of one of the weeklies, had offered to take Crowder with him to sketch for his series on "China." The chance of a lifetime," he had said. But Crowder had refused.

He had always followed Tommy, followed him from land to land, with sketching tools and kodak. When the kodak, which is a dull affair, portraying only what it sees, had failed to keep up to the Flynn imagination, Crowder had tossed it aside, and grimly seizing his sketching tools had followed on admiringly in the wake of Tommy's fertile pen.

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"Too expensive," muttered Flynn. "They say they want it some day, but just now money's tight."

Crowder lumbered back to Europe. For nearly half an hour, while he absent mindedly imposed upon the innocent sleeping babe a heavy black mustache, his mind like some great bird of prey hovered high over the continent. "Look here, son," he growled at last. "How many times have we planned that tramp from Russia down through Poland, Austria-Hungary, Italy, all the way to Naples—our Immigrants at Home?"

Crowder noticed the black mustache and moodily erased it. There was a creak on the bed behind him. He turned. Tommy was up on one elbow, and his eyes wore a grim, affectionate look.

"Can't you see I'm stale, Bill?" He assumed a lazy, indifferent tone. "Why not count me out for awhile? Tie up with somebody who has a job?"

"Who has?" asked Crowder, with a grin. "King," said Tommy, simply. Crowder gave a guilty start. He had carefully hidden from Tommy that offer King had made him.

"Whoever told you that," he growled, "was a liar." "Was he? I don't think so." Tommy was now sitting bolt upright on the bed. "Bill, you're going to take that job. Yes you are. You're going to see King about it tonight. And—" he got no farther.

For Crowder had risen to his full bulk, had come quickly to the bed, had shoved Tommy roughly onto his back and was looking wrathfully down. And the things he was saying were profane. He said them for some moments.

"Young un," he ended, savagely, "we're going to get out on the road, you and me! Somehow we're going to do it—we're going to do it quick!"

He returned to the window, greatly relieved by his outburst, and resumed his work. Again his expression became intent. The infant, awakening now in earnest, set up a dismal, piercing howl. "Poor little devil," he muttered. "I'd like to pump some good fresh wind into you."

A curious look crept over his face. "Some good fresh wind," he repeated. A few moments later he gave a slight start. "Did you see that A. P. dispatch," he asked. "In this morning's papers—about the Turks?"

"No." "They seem to be getting ready to rise." "How many times have they done it before?" asked Tommy. "The quitters," he added, disgustedly.

"Still," said Crowder, softly, "if that new party of theirs, 'Young Turks,' I think they call 'em—should be able to pull some thing off—it would be kind of interesting. Plenty of color over there."

"Dead," said Tommy, listlessly. The room was stifling hot.

Crowder filled his pipe and lit it, leaned far out the window and watched the blue smoke rise. The woman over across the way had again been soothing the infant by the same old Yiddish lullaby, a song that had probably had its beginning ages ago somewhere off on the Russian steppes. Once more the baby was asleep. And in the grateful silence sounds of ships and harbor craft came faintly over the tenement roofs. And Crowder, who had a way of thinking and wishing in pictures, again half closed his eyes. He pictured the winds as immense, white, billowy clouds rushing east and west and north and south over the ocean for thousands of miles. And dully he wondered whether some of their number weren't even at that moment rushing in toward Sandy Hook.

His features slowly tightened into a hungry frown. He was thinking of Constantinople.

"No," he at last decided. "Not by way of Paris. We'd go by the Mediterranean route. Three solid weeks on the water." At the thought his nostrils quivered and he drew a deep, delighted breath. But the breath cut off his dreams.

"Confound these tenement women!" he cried. "Cooking their vile onions even on a night like this! Tommy, let's get out of this hole—have something cool to eat." "Not for me," said Tommy. He had suddenly shut his eyes tight. It may have been the onions, but his face looked whiter than before. The lips quivered slightly. Crowder put on his hat and coat, watching his partner all the while.

"Better try it, son. You missed lunch." "Think of the fun I'll have at breakfast," murmured Tommy.

An hour later, in a shadowy corner of that vast labyrinth commonly known as the Astor Public Library, the senior member of the firm sat frowning over a heavy, gray volume filled with facts about the Turks. He was plowing his way through the ages, from time to time jotting down notes on a sheet of paper beside him.

He was frowning not only because of the heat, but because a still, small voice within him kept rising and saying that this was no way to go about getting "live copy." For although the great American public boasts of being hard headed, of wanting first, and above all else, the facts, Crowder knew that they wanted still more the dramatic. Facts, indeed, but brand new facts, news of the day, that struck into the soul like the crash of Sousa's band. And the facts packed into the stout, gray book before him were old.

Here was only a background, the somber shadows of Turkey's past. And Crowder knew that to go to a magazine editor on a hot midsummer's day and ask him to send you abroad to write up backgrounds of the past was not only vain but perilous.

So spoke the still, small voice. But it is easy to do wrong when there is not a breath of air. The stern resolution to do or die, with which he had left his partner only an hour before, was already ebbing fast. For evening, far from bringing relief, had made the air heavier, closer. Fled now was his vision of billowy clouds rushing east and west and south and north over the ocean in the night. The gods of the road, the roving winds, seemed all to have married and settled down. Even Mother Earth, that most concerned of female tramps, had apparently ceased her careens through space. She, too, appeared stifled, torpid, stale.

And Crowder himself had at last become stale, stale as Tommy Flynn—and he knew it. The firm had reached the end of its rope—and he knew it. Even on this last hope of his, the Turks, he was going about it quite the wrong way—and he knew it. And with his soul gripped tight by the toughest of all the known human devils—Perversity—he read savagely on.

Two hours slowly dragged away. But when outside the clock of the city of New York were beginning to sound the hour of nine, he turned from his reading with a start.

The tall, swinging window behind him, as though seized by some huge, invisible hand, had swung to with a bang.

Crowder rose slowly, went to the window, swung it back and leaned far out.

Faint and barely audible in the heavy night outside there came a rustle of air.

Several breathless moments passed. And then to his perspiring cheek came a light, delicious coolness. Farther out he leaned, and looked up toward the heavens. From the roof of a building across the way rose a whitish column of steam. A solid, sluggish column, like some fantom crowler pointing straight up toward the stars. But as Crowder sternly eyed the thing, suddenly it was seized and twisted, whirled into little fantastic clouds sent skurrying over the chimney pipes.

He turned abruptly back to his seat, closed the book with a vicious crash and hurried down into the street.

A half hour later, on the top floor of a lofty newspaper building, Crowder looked from a window again. He looked out over the roofs of Manhattan out to the distant gate to the sea, where flashed the beacon of Sandy Hook. The harbor between was studded with lights—lights now sparkling fresh and clear, for the haze that had come with the heat was gone. Over the warm yellow glow of Coney Island, to the left, hung a lowering mass of clouds. And onward through the darkness, in immense refreshing streams, in sportive gusts, in jovial blasts, hearty and hale from their journey at sea, the vagabond winds had arrived at last!

Up from the faring city below came the voice of re-awakening life. From the multitude in the tenement houses, apartments, hotels and cafes a low and indistinct hubbub arose, made up of millions of blended sounds: of quirked voices, music jerked from hurdy-gurdies; lusty howls from babies, peals of laughter, jokes and songs—in English, Yiddish, Italian, Bohemian, Polish, Armenian, Greek. Though one of these sounds could be heart apart, the mass of them all rose up in the night—a heart-murder of relief. Hundreds of little tragedies, and perhaps a few big ones, were averted by the winds that night.

But Crowder heard none of this. For in the last half hour, as though his mind had been roused and cleared by the coming of intimate, long-lost friends, he had taken a fresh start. From the home of the archives of the past he had come to a tense, tumultuous scene, the noisy home of the news of the day.

(To Be Continued)

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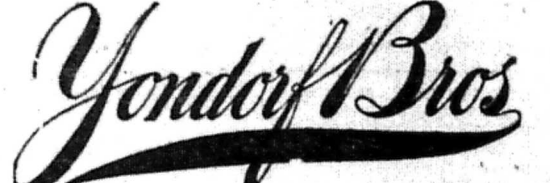
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ESSAYS ON THE MATERIALISTIC CONCEPTION OF HISTORY.

By Antonio Labriola, translated by Charles H. Kerr. The first part of this book is a historical study of the Communist Manifesto; the second is one of the most valuable statements ever written of the Socialist theory of Historical Materialism. Cloth, \$1.00.

LANDMARKS OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM. (Anti-Duehring.)

By Frederick Engels, translated by Austin Lewis. An educational work of immense value, applying the Socialist method to many fields of science. Cloth, \$1.00.

MARXIAN ECONOMICS. A Popular Introduction to the Three Volumes of Marx's "Capital."

By Ernest Untermann. This book, unlike other introductions to Marx, is arranged in the form of a connected story tracing the development of production from savagery through barbarism, slavery and feudalism into modern capitalism. This enables the reader better to understand Marx's analysis of the capitalism of today. Cloth, \$1.00.

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Entered as second-class matter, Dec. 22, 1906, at P. O. Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879.

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What Will Be Done With It The Elgin (Ill.) Daily News, under the title "What Will She Do With It?" philosophizes as follows concerning the Harriman fortune:

It is now shown that Harriman, the railway magnate, left his widow \$267,000,000 to assist in keeping the wolf from the door. It is so vast a sum as to confuse the mind in its attempt to grasp its magnitude.

The News sees the trend of events up to the point of universal concentration. Then it falls back on Taft's cure for the unemployed—"God knows."

Without claiming to rival the Infinite in knowledge, the Socialist thinks he knows what will be done when this point is reached. The "masses" will not continue to "take what is doled out to them."

It is hard to conceive of any other alternative. It is impossible to conceive of anything else except on the supposition that the "masses" are devoid of intelligence.

More Mexicanization of America

The press dispatches announce that De Lara, the Mexican whom the United States government is seeking to turn over to the torturers of Diaz, is to be tried in secret.

It will be remembered that one of the first steps taken by Diaz on the road from the position of constitutional president of a republic to that of dictator was the transformation of the courts into mere instruments of personal power.

Is Taft about to try the same game on this side of the Rio Grande?

Is the right of a "public trial by a jury of his peers" to be denied those who offend the czar and the Mexican dictator?

We do not believe that this program will be carried out. Before De Lara is given up to Diaz the working class of this country will have something to say.

REMEMBER RUDOWITZ.

Just Another Fake

On the day that Taft and Diaz met, the Chicago Journal carried a story to the effect that the United States secret service had discovered a gigantic anarchist plot to assassinate the president.

Although the "anarchist plot" story has long been one of the favorite fakes of Chicago newspapers, this one was a little too foolish for them to stand for, and all the other papers repudiated the Journal's fake.

Although the capitalist press of Chicago admitted the fake character of this story in Chicago, the Associated Press, controlled by these same papers, sent it all over the country, and it appeared in most of the country press.

Is it necessary to point out the moral?

Having drunk tea with the czar on the banks of the Neva and shaken hands with Diaz on the Rio Grande, Taft should extend the circle of his international alliances by sending an invitation to Alfonso to celebrate the murder of Ferrer at the white house.

Omitting the gymnasiums and the public assembly halls from the new school buildings is one more step by the Busse Big Business Board toward turning these institutions into educational factories.

Now that the Socialists of Saxony and Baden have just swept everything before them, it is in order for the capitalist press to write a few more editorials on the "Decline of Socialism in Germany."

SUPPOSED TO BE HUMOROUS

A certain Irishman, though a bad jockey, was nevertheless very fond of horses. One day, riding through a street, he was accosted by a would-be wit.

Mollie

"I ain't goin' to be doin' anny of the new gyrl's work!" Mollie, the Irish domestic in the service of a Wilmington household, was one afternoon doing certain odd bits of work about the place when her mistress found occasion to rebuke her for a piece of carelessness.

WHY REFORM FAILS

BY JOSEPH E. COHEN

The issue in the municipal campaigns being conducted by the old parties in New York and Philadelphia is said to be reform.

Reform is an issue every few years. One might imagine that with all the reforming the city governments have been subjected to, they should now be as pure as the driven snow.

From which it is quite natural to draw the conclusion that the whole economic system is so overrun with corruption that some of it cannot help cropping out every election.

Furthermore, it appears that, considering the number of times reformers are placed in command of municipal administrations, the purpose of reform is to do anything but reform.

In short, it appears that so long as the present economic system remains there will always be plenty of reform and there will always be professional reformers willing to do anything but reform it.

New York elects "honest men" every once in a while. Disgusted with what these professional honest men do, it then turns them out and embraces Tammany.

Philadelphia follows close in the wake of New York. In the middle ages of Philadelphia's history there was a Committee of One Hundred.

This action in reducing the number of the committee is a logical step in the process of centralizing power that is just as characteristic of a reform party as of the old party, Republican or Democratic stalwarts in power.

In truth his intention is to see how near it can come to promising something worth while and sweeping the tail of its party comet into office without so much as warning the brood of the men who supply the votes.

For example, the Committee of Fifteen has raised funds (where it got the funds is none of the public's business) to carry on a campaign for the restoration of six one-quarter tickets by the trolley company.

It so happens that there is no election for councilmen this year. And councilmen are the only ones who have authority to negotiate with the traction company for such a proposition.

Whether the gang or reform candidate wins we may be sure there will be need of reform again within one month after he assumes the duties of his office.

On the other hand, a district attorney has considerable power, not makes for the weal or woe of the toilers.

The principal officer to be elected is a district attorney. As between the old parties a district attorney can very beautifully execute the American Federation of Labor mandate to "reward your friends and punish your enemies."

Which is a good and sufficient reason for the workers to vote the straight Socialist ticket.

TWO GREAT COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

BY OTTO M'FEELY

Dr. Elliot, the retired president of Harvard university, is said to possess one of the most orderly minds in the world today. To many of us his view of the strike breaker is wrong.

He views the strike breaker as a hero. Again he strikes labor unions in the same class as the industrial trusts, claiming that the solidarity of the workers means harm to society.

But the great doctor differs with this view and some may doubt their own reason when his findings are denied by the great Harvard man.

Increase Mather, father of Cotton Mather, was the first president of Harvard. This learned man was the marvel of his day, although some few "ignorant working men" probably differed with his conclusions.

The erudite Increase wrote a book to show the relations of comets to plagues, epidemics, wars, famines and other unfriendly visitations on the Massachusetts coast.

It appears as if Elliot is more ignorant than we are. For the last president of Harvard has had greater opportunities to learn the truth.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

German Socialist Women's Movement

BY CLARA ZETKIN

In 1907 the Social Democratic party of Germany embraced 29,458 women members. In 1908 they numbered 62,287. These figures show the practical result of political propaganda in favor of Socialism during the last twelve months.

SECRETS OF THIS CAMPAIGN

BY ROBERT HUNTER

Yesterday I told one of the secrets of this campaign. Now here is another one. I saw yesterday that the fight against Tammany was a fight of big business against certain political thieves.

It is a fight of big financial thieves against paying tribute to barroom loafers, graduates of Sing Sing and gamblers for the privilege of robbing the people through franchises, privileges, etc.

This fight would be well enough if it were a fight between the actual producers of wealth and all classes of thieves.

One day, when the workers realize the duty before them, they will combine to fight an alliance between these big thieves and little thieves.

This year it looked as if discontent might find expression. Bannard and the Fusion ticket hardly promised to draw a popular vote.

There was only one thing to be done, and that was to get Hearst to run. And so the Republicans sent over a party of their followers to induce Hearst to run and to offer him support in this campaign.

It is the only party fighting the battle of the masses against two classes of thieves.

There is just one party in this campaign fighting for popular rights, for rent payers, wage workers, the exploited and the oppressed.

It is a fight between Tammany and Fusion is a fight for a fairer division of the spoils. It is a fight between big thieves and little thieves to control and own the government of New York.

The Socialist party is the representative of those who produce wealth, those who have no special privilege to rob, make profit, or graft.

They are the wage earners and rent payers. They are those who, unless they organize and fight for the control of their own government, will soon be sunk in poverty and misery and oppression.

So long as Hearst can get their votes or the two old party thieves can keep them divided, their cause will be hopeless and their end a ruin.

THE HORROR OF LONDON

BY S. T.

(The following picture of London is equally true of Chicago. The plea of London Justice for support in order to help change the English cesspool of capitalism is the same plea the Daily Socialist makes in its effort to combat American capitalism.)

A feeling of impotence—absolute impotence—comes over one when buried in the heart of London. There is something vast, cold, imposing and terrible about this huge city that appeals and crushes.

Millions and miles of monstrousities of architecture loom threateningly; gloomy streets and alleys, full of a turbid and seething life; a ceaseless roar of traffic; a flaunting display of wealth contrasting with a sullen and shivering poverty; millions of people hurrying—seemingly from nowhere into nowhere; clamoring factory bells; medieval looking churches, grotesquely stuck amid square and grimy warehouses; cavernous arches, the rough, bare full of gaudy shops loaded with bright and glittering objects; market places that glow wildly at night with naphtha lamps; a weird, Babylonian intermixture of noise, restlessness, light and shadow—such is the chief product of modern capitalism.

Formidable, ugly and sober, it stretches for miles around. Through its center flows the broad Thames, like the dark river of death. In its docks is its immense port is stowed with the riches of a hundred lands, mostly plundered for the capitalist class is a class of prey.

In its west end are the noble mansions of the spoliators—fair palaces of vice—cathedrals, and churches, where a mockery of religion is preached. And in their shadow are nightmares of squalor and misery that spread far to the north of the east and the south.

Nothing beautiful, nothing strange or charming, makes an appeal to the finer senses. Commercialism—in the form of lying advertisements—confronts one everywhere—on loadings, shop fronts, tram cars, everything.

A passionate, unnatural energy seems to possess everybody. On every hand is belied the spectacle of wealth forcing its way over the head, may be made with or without a yoke harness. And the wide sailor collar is faced with navy blue braid, the chevrons being embroidered in red and blue; the removable shield being of the white serge. The sleeves are plaited to cut depth at the wrist and a small breast pocket ornaments the left side.

Slaves of the factory and workshop trudge the hard pavements at regular hours; greasy business men unctuously drive their trade; costers—behind their barrows of piled up fruit—yell their quotidian cries; children in rags play with the garbage of the gutters; weary women haunt shops, where official and shabby are insisted upon them at exorbitant prices.

On every face can be discerned traces of care, of sorrow, of fear for the future, of past privations. Life seems a horrible farce—a hideous masquerade.

And at night the horror of London increases. Scenes of harlotry, crime, drunkenness and creeping filth and

W. S. Gilbert was lunching once at a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling-hermen, by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."—Boston Transcript.

One day a dentist had occasion to punish his five year old son for disobedience. As he picked up the rod the little fellow said: "Papa, won't you please give me gas first?"

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS



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Paris Pattern No. 2817 All Sizes Allowed. Cream-colored serge has been used for the development of this jaunty little suit, which is particularly becoming to the growing girl. The blouse, which is slipped on over the head, may be made with or without a yoke facing.

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W. S. Gilbert was lunching once at a country hotel, when he found himself in company with three cycling-hermen, by whom he was drawn into conversation. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."—Boston Transcript.

Waiting at the Church

A young man lived at some distance from his bride-elect. On the eventful evening he set off for the station in good time, but, being delayed by friends, he missed his train. Then he thought himself of the telegram: "Don't marry till I come.—Willie." Was the message he wired—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Appropriate Prize Milly—Kitty got the prize for a dinner at our cooking class. Tilly—How proud she must be! What is it? Milly—A most useful book—First Aid to the Injured.